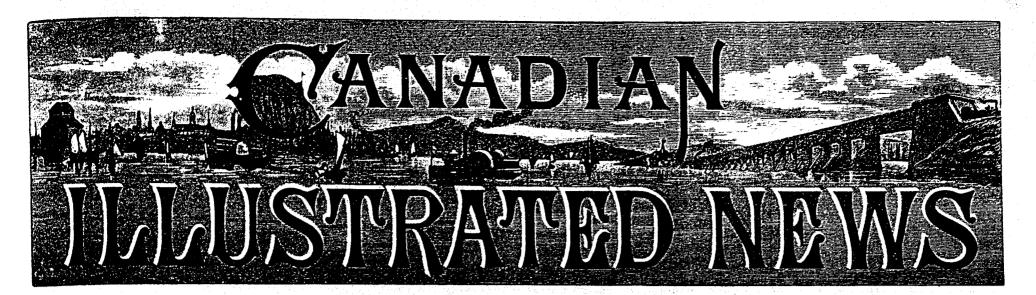
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Vol. XXVI.—No. 20.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1882.

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



"OUR FATHER."
FROM THE PICTURE BY M. SIEFERT.

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.

#### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

It has become necessary once more to call the attention of our subscribers to the large number of subscriptions which remain unpaid, after repeated appeals for prompt settlement. Prompt payment of subscriptions to a newspaper is an essential of its continuance, and must of necessity be enforced in the present case. Good wishes for the success of our paper we have in plenty from our subscribers, but good wishes are not money, and those who do not pay for their paper only add an additional weight to it, and render more difficult that success which they wish, in words, to be achieved.

Let it be clearly understood, then, that from all those whose subscriptions are not paid on or before the 1st of December next, we shall collect the larger sum of \$4.50, according to our regular rule, while we are of necessity compelled to say to those who are now indebted to us that if they do not pay their subscriptions for 1882 before the above date, we shall be obliged to discontinue sending them the paper after the 1st January, 1883.

All those who really wish success to the Canadian Illustrated News must realize that it can only succeed by their assistance, and we shall take the non-payment of subscriptions now due as an indication that those who so neglect to support the paper have no wish for its prosperity

We have made several appeals before this to our subscribers, but we trust the present will prove absolutely effectual, and we confidently expect to receive the amount due in all cases without being put to the trouble and expense of collecting.

We hope that not one of our subscribers will fail in making a prompt remittance.

#### TEMPERATURE

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

Nov. 4th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881				
- 1	Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.		420		Mon.	43,⊃	40=	130
Tues				Tues.	450	3,5	390
Wed		42 =		Wed.	36,⊃	260	31 >
Thur	, 53⊃	42 =	- 43°5	Thur.	46	26⊃	35°
Fri.	. 522	:>;⊃	41°=	Pri	<i>(f)</i>	20,0	41=5
Sat		38=	41=	Sat	5/1=	200	41 25
Sun.	. 52=	.33 =	412	Sun	62=	460	542

#### CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cartoon—Our Father—The Missionaries' Dinner at the first portage, River Abittibi—Spar Lock Bridge, Sussex, N.B.—The Beauyt Tournament at Budapesth—On the Upper Ottawa—The Mission of Lake Abittibi—Towing the Steamboat Motionon—The Grand Review in Cairo—A Fusitive Thought—The Khedive Decorating Sir Garnet Wolseley.

LETTER-PRESE.—The Week—The New Comet—The True Story of Tel-el-Kebir—Our Illustrations—Never write on your cuffs—How to choose a Minister—News of the Week—Ireland—Love's Loyalty Humorous—The last Farewell—Aunt Suky's "Chis"—Varieties—Sic Semper—Culture and Morals—How a Banker lost his Daughter—Echoes from Paris—True Honors—A few thoughts about Hoote—Echoes from London—My Grandfather's Coat—An Eccentric Fishing Excursion—Musical and Dramatic—Our Chess Column.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 11. 1882

#### THE WEEK.

THE calamity which occurred in the burning of the Park Theatre on the very night on which Mrs. Langtry was to have made her first appearance, has deprived the New Yorkers of the pro-

mised treat for a time. However, Mr. Abbey lost no time in seeking for a fresh stage upon which to display his prolege, and an arrangement was made almost immediately, by which Mr. Lester Wallack, in the most friendly manner, agreed to postpone his forthcoming novelty and allow the Jersey Lily to appear at his theatre, where she will make her first bow this (Monday) night. The account of Mrs. Langtry's loss by the burning of the theatre seems to have been wholly unfounded, but another public favourite, Mdme. Christine Nillson, lost, it appears, a considerable number of costumes and some valuable jewelery.

THE arrival of Mrs. Langtry seems to have put all other celebrities out of people's heads for the time being, and it is hard to realize that Nillson and the "diva" Patti are actually together in New York, and they are to be followed during the coming winter by scarcely less famous names. New York seems really to be deserving a reputation for the place in which art is most loved and honored of any city in the world, not excluding London. With the advantages of a large proportion of the wealth of the continent, and, indeed, of the world, the result of this awakening has been that artists are flocking to this new Eldorado, and the coming winter will probably show a larger array of first-class musical stars than can be seen at one time in any of the great cities of Europe.

RENEMBERING, says Mr. Yates, the many agreeable reminiscences of his contemporaries Carlyle has lately been made to favor the world with, through the good offices of his ingenuous friend Mr. Froude, it is in possible to read, without a secret feeling of satisfaction, what one of his contemporaries thought of him. Writing of him in 1852, that lively (and also very overrated) little body, Miss Mitford, opines: "In England his fashion is waning rapidly, and I have no doubt but that, like most overrated men, he will live to share the common fate of idels-knocked down by his former worshippers in revenge of their own idolatry." Which prophecy, according to M. Edmond Scherer, was in very truth fulfilled.

THE Oxford University examinations are beginning, it seems, to be severely criticized in England. Considerable indignation was felt and expressed at the end of last term at the ridiculously small numbers of those who were adjudged worthy of honors. There were numerous complaints, not only of the rigorous standard which condemned the large majority of candidates to third and fourth classes, but also of the injustice of many of the questions set by the examiners. But the examiners have outdone all their past performances in a fresh instrument of torture, which is known as the "Examination in lieu of Responsions," and which took place at the beginning of October. "Responsions" is the high-sounding title given to the first and easiest test which an undergraduate has to undergo in his academic career, the name being, of course, a piece of fine irony to signify the entire absence of "responding" on the part of the victim. On the present occasion, 394 young men presented themselves before their judges, and 218-more than half-went empty away. Now the examination is not in any sense competitive, all that is required being a very moderate acquaintance with elementary Latin and Greek grammar and elementary mathematics. Either, then, the ignorance on the part of young men of the age of eighteen is positively alarming, or else the examiners are to blame for excessive severity.

THE worst featurs in the case, which cannot but occur to any unprejudiced observer, is that it is more profitable to the University exchequer that a man should be "ploughed" than that he should pass. Every time an undergraduate has to go up for an examination he has to pay a fee to the University chest. Thus a very unsuccessful undergraduate is a good investment for academic purposes, and the University gets a better chance of being able to pay off its enormous debt on the new schools. Is it too much to hope that the Master of Balliol, who is the new Vice-Chancellor, will spare some part of the time spent in attending 'Varsity sermons to a consideration of this important subject!

"HIGHLANDERS," were the words addressed by Sir John Moore at Corunna to the 42nd Rogiment-the famous "Black Watch"-" Highlanders," he said, " remember Egypt;" and the brilliant and decisive charge that followed is still held in honor as one of the brightest traditions of that distinguished regiment. In the criais of some great future battle similar words, no doubt, with similar results, may be addressed to the Royal Irish Regiment, who have earned at Tel-el-Kebir the especial notice of Sir Garnet Wolseley. It would serve to remind them of their dash at break of day on the fortified lines of the Egyptians, where they were first among the foremost, and where, while all were brave, they were accounted bravest of the brave.

#### THE NEW COMET.

In the beginning of the year 1880-more exactly on Jan. 27th there passed closeby the sun a comet with a long, but not very brilliant, tail. It was not observed till after it had made its nearest approach to the sun. But observations were made which suffice to show that it moved in an orbit very similar (at least in the sun's neighbourhood) to that of the comet of 1843. The idea was then thrown out that the comet of 1813, which was not expected to return in less than a century (some assigning to it a period of 400 years), had been so retarded during its passage close by the sun in 1843, that its period of revolution had been greatly reduced, so that it had returned in rather less (about one month less) than thirty-seven years, Many indeed, observing the singular resemblance between the orbits of the comet of 1665 and 1843, suggested the startling thought that the comet of 1668 had returned in 1843, after a circuit lasting 175 years, then in 1880 after a circuit of thirty-seven years, and so might re-turn in a much shorter period still: "as for instance," said Dr. Hind, "in fifteen years." Of course, all such estimates would be necessarily vague, since astronomers can tell very little of the effects of frictional resistance in the suu's atmosphere, or in whatever matter, coronal, meteoric, or otherwise, may exist in the sun's neighbourhood in such sort as to retard a comet moving through it.

And now a comet has come into view, rushing swiftly towards the sun, and circling sharp around him in its perihelion swoop, along a course so near that of the comets of 1608, 1543, and 1880 as to suggest that, not in fitteen years, but in less than thirty-two months, this strangely-freated comet has come back, to return next after a yet shorter interval, then more more quickly still, and so on in ever diminishing circuits, until eventually its path shall become actually circular and very close to the sun—a state of things which must inevitably lead before long to the absorbtion of the comet beneath the sun's glowing surface.

beneath the sun's glowing surface.

It may be well to recall here the fact that these ideas about the probable destruction of the comet of 1843 are by no means new. When that comet was visible in the southern bemisphere, it was thought by many that its course had actually grazed the sun's surface. "But it proved," says Sir John Herschel, "to have just missed by an interval of not more than 80,000 miles, which, in such a matter, is a very close shave indeed to get clear off." He then notes that the comet of 1668 was "just such a comet, with the same remarkable peculiarity, of a comparatively feeble head and an immense train." The comet of 1880 showed the same The comet of 1880 showed the same peculiarity, inasmuch that when news was sent home by an observer who had been so stationed that the head was above his horizon, he drew a picture carrying the outlines of the tail beyond the true place of the head, and wrote, have caught a comet by the tail, but the head we have not yet seen." This, however, was when the comet had already passed some distance from the sun. Lest any should imagine that the comet which on Sept. 17 and 18 last was seen close by the sun cannot possibly resemble the comet of 1843, which had a "com-paratively feeble head," let it be noted that the comet of 1843 also was seen at moonday, quite close to the sun, at Halifax, N. S.; for instance, so close to the sun that Sir John Herschei's informant told him the sun's light dazzled and almost blinded him as he looked at the comet.

It may, perhaps, interest the reader to know precisely how the track of our recent visitor is situated with respect to the sup.

In the accompanying figure S is the sun, A B D the earth's path, S E + the direction of a line to the earth at the time of the verual equinox; A the earth's place on Sept. 17, when the comet was first seen in the direction shown by the arrow n, close to the sun (on the side above the sun in the figure) and drawing apparently nearer to him; B the place of the earth on Sept. 24, when the comet was seen in the direction shown by the arrow m, and drawing away from the sun, as it had been ever since the afternoon of the 17th. The plans of the comet's path cuts the plane of the carth's motion in the line n S n'. The curve a pb represents Dr. Hind's estimate of the comet's path. The dotted curve kpl represents the part of the path of the comet of 1843 (according to the best elements) nearest the sun. The dotted part of the other part represents the rest of the curve, with the elements obtained by Dr. Hind. The

curve kpl represents the part of the comet of 1668 near the sun, about as closely as it represents the path of the comet of 1843.

It may, perhaps, be thought that the resemblance between the paths is not very close. But, in point of fact, it is only the part aph which is to be compared with the path kpl for only this part has been available for determining the orbit—and Dr. Hind's result is admittedly rough. I have obtained, myself, a different orbit, which, however, agrees with Dr. Hind's in running very close by the orbit of 1843, from a to b.

But a circumstance I have not yet seen noticed really leaves us, as I think, very little room for doubt that the new comet is doomed to speedy destruction. It is certain that on Sept. 17 the new comet was close by the sun as at p, while on Sept. 24, as observed at Vienna, it was at b, the position of which point on the figure I have carefully and closely determined, Now, the longer the period of the comet from p to the time of its next return, the farther from S would the comet have got on Sept. 24. But I find from a careful computation that, if the period were but a single year (in which case the centre of the comet's path would be at Ci, the comet on Sept. 24 should have been at ci instead of b. If, then, the Vienna observation on the 24th (as reported by Mr. Christie, the Astronomer Royal) is correct, the comet is retreating on a path which it will circuit in less than a year. So that, whether we regard at as indeed the same body as the comets of 1668. 1843, and 1880 come back, or as another comet which has chanced to arrive in a course resembling theirs, it has certainly undergone such retardation near the sun that it will come back in much less time than it occupied in its last circuit. For assuredly there has been no comet within the last twenty years, except the comet of 1880, which has traversed this comet's path near the sun.

It seems certain, then (if we can depend on the Vienna observation of the 24th), knowing, se we certainly do, that the comet was at its nearest to the sun on Sept. 17, that before many months are over we shall see it back again, to return in ever-narrowing circuits and ever shortening periods, until, finally, it will circle round the sun in a few hours, to be constantly retarded by frictional resistance, but accelerated in greater degree by resulting inrush towardthe sun, until, finally, each portion of its substance reaches the sun's surface with a relocity of a little more than a mile per second. There will then, in all probability, be considerable disturbance, but, although the idea is now utterly exploded that comets are mere films of vapour, the total mass of the comet thus dectroyed is, I conceive, too small for any such increase of heat to be produced, as will reriously trouble the juhabitants of the earth.

The motion of the comet as it recedes may prove that the Vienna observation was inexact, and the inferences I have deduced from it incorrect; but none of the observations yet recorded are consistent with an orbital circuit of long period.

Since the above was written Dr. Hind has calculated the orbit of the new comet afresh, with a result close to that which I have obtained (see last week's Knowledge), and bringing the path very near that of the comet of 1843 His result also gives evidence of serious retards tion when the comet was near the sun. Singuarly enough, there was evidence of a precisely similar sort (then neglected) in the case of the comet of 1843. It would occupy too much space to discuss the matter here; but I may be permitted to refer readers to next week's Knowledge for an account of the rather singular evidence showing that the comet of 1543 was bound to return in less time than its former circuit had occupied; and that so also is the great comet now passing away from us.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

[Besides the Illustration engraved for this page, we give a view of the comet as seen on the 2nd inst., at 4.30 a.m., at Lake Timaab, on the Suez Canal; this is from a drawing by Mr. G. T. Simmons, R. N., engineer to H. M. S. Orion.]

#### THE TRUE STORY OF TEL-EL-KEBIE.

Official despatches are at best but hald general statements; and the letters of private individuals seldom give more than n racting periences, extending over a limited area. The future historian who would give a clear com-prehensive account of the battle must depend on a host of minor details, which can only be gathered from the conversations and informal descriptions of those personally engaged. I have already had the pleasure of talking to several distinguished officers who have come home, and have learnt many curious and interesting facts. It is pretty nearly certain that the result of the action was an extraordinary fluke. No doubt Sir Garnet had carefully weighed all his chances, and had come to the conclusion that those in favour of a successful attack preponderated. But it was a very near thing. Our forward mov-ement was no surprise to the enemy. On the contrary, they were fully informed of it. The moment we broke up our camp, on the Monday evening, two Arab spies who had been actually in our midst ran off as hard as they could to Tel-el-Kebir and gave the alarm. Arabi's troops stood to their arms; the trenches were lined with soldiers, the reserves brought up from the main camp, and all preparations made to receive us. What upset the enemy's calculations was

our halt to rest between seven and midnight. As we know, this delay was specially arranged, so as to time the arrival of troops, just as dawn broke, close up to the entrenchments. But its effect upon the Arabs was to persuade them that we meant to make no attack that night; and after midnight the reserves were dismissed back to camp, only the trench guards or first line being retained, but even their officers went to bed. Probably most of the men themselves slept calmly through the rest of the night; but they had their open cartridge-boxes at their side, and at all the batteries we found after the works were taken enormous piles of shot and shell ready to be hurled at our men.

On the other hand, although betrayed at the last moment, Wolseley was well served by his own Intelligence Department, under Colonel Redvers Buller and Colonel Tulloch ; the latter, from his longer experience, being simply invaluable. A regular system of daily information was kept up by spies who came and went between our camp and Arabi's lines. From them our General learnt full particulars of Arabi' strength, of the position of his forces, the relative strength of the various bastions and other parts of his works, more particularly of the number of guns mounted along the line of entrenchments. Perhaps the most important intelligence supplied to Sir Garnet, which no doubt encouraged him to huzard an attack, was the knowledge that the Egyptian army kept little or no look-out at night. They had no regular system of outposts, and, except a sentry or two in the front pretty close to the main body, were quite unprotected from surprise, and we were upon them without the slightest notice of our approach. Had they been warned, we should have met with a very different reception, and the fight might have had a different result. The works would probably have been carried all the same, but it would have been at a terrible ex pense--perhaps of half the attacking force.

The night murch which preceded the attack was well managed, and, making due allowance for the difficulty of moving through sand ankle deep and in pitch darkness, there was wonder fully little confusion or mixing up of the column. The troops were formed in two lines of halfbattalions in double companies, each half-battalion being supported by its other half in the second line. The reserves, or supporting line, were linked with the first by a chain of men at a few yards apart, who thus kept up the proper direction. The advance was due westward. It was literally "steered" from about the centre of the line by poor Rawson of the navy, who was killed, a most promising and intelligent officer, who had been with Wolseley on previous campaigns. Sir Garnet himself, with the head-quarter staff, was about the centre of the line of advance, near the railway, along which ran a line of telegraph-posts. By means of these and the wire temporarily laid down, as the movement continued, he kept up his communications with the cavalry on the extreme right, and Macpherson's Indian contingent on the left. Besides these measures to assist the advance, the Royal Engineers, the day before, bad erected a few posts, which were useful so far as they went. No orders were given above a whi-per. The march was conducted in absolute silence; nothing was to be heard but the slush of the long line of feet through the sand and the muffled rumble of the wheels of the artillery. No lights were allowed, but now and again a staff-officer struck a match inside his belinet, and auxicusty examined his watch. Time was stealing on, and it was important to know that the dangerous road was nearly traversed before the daylight, which breaks as quickly as night comes on, betrayed the attack to the enemy.

The Highland Brigade must have got to their work-that is to say, within a couple of hundred yards or so of the entrenchments-just before dawn. They were then detected. Two shots were fired in the air, to give the alarm; then came a volley, fortunately aimed high, as the enemy thought our men were a long way off. After that a pause; then a second volley, which made great havoe, and gave some idea of what would have been the slaughter had the advance been longer and in broad daylight. The order given to our troops at the first volley was to press on at once at the charge, and the lines went on just as they were, in double companies. Only one regiment, a little to the rear, had been halted by the sound of bugle, blown no one can say why; and they were preparing to open fire, officer, and sent on at the double. The ditch of the trench was deep, the slope on the other side difficult and long; but the men got up by making a ladder of one another's shoulders, and, although the first few to crown the parapot were shot dead, and fell back, others got over by twos and threes, and gradually the whole line was inside the trench. After that there was little opposition. Indeed, the enemy's confidence had been shaken almost from the very first at the appearance of what they described as a great black wave coming towards them. As soon as the trenches were carried, it was a regular stampede; our own troops pressed on in such hot haste that they too lost ail formation, and were more like a contused mob - men of all regiments intermingled; among those leading, and in the very first flight, was Sir Edward Hamley, the divisional general, and near him was Sir Archibald Alison, the Highland brigadier. The panic-stricken Egyptians streamed away across our front to the left, little knowing that the Indian contingent were on that side of the canal.

hereabout, and yet the Indian contingent had only two or three killed.

Our people was greatly blown in their race to the entrenchments. A rather good story is told by an officer who went back to hurry up all the men he could find, and who came upon a small purty, under a sergeant, halted, the whole utterly dead beat. He pressed them to push on, but exhausted nature could do no more. Still, they were ready to try if they could only get a mouthful of food or water. There was none of either to be had. Only a smoke then, said the sergeant. The efficer said he could not help them, having neither pipe or tobacco. He was told they had everything but a light; whereupon he produced a match box, and, to the in-tense delight of all, passed it round. "Hech, mon !" said the Highland sergeaut, forgetting his respect, "ye've got a match!" After that, and with three short whiff, they were so reinvigorated that the little party again raced forward at the double.

All accounts are agreed as to Sir Garnet's demeanour both before and after the fight. His coolness and self-reliance were extraordinary. On the morning before the battle, when he took all the generals and their respective staffs, to reconnoitre the enemy's lines, he dismounted within a couple of miles of Tel-el-Kebir, and, gathering the others around him, explained ex actly what he meant to do. With a short stick he pointed to the entrenchments as he might to black board in a lecture-room, and quietly indicated in turns the position of each part of the attacking force. He had the whole thing off by heart, knew and explained in exact detail what every regiment had to do. While they were thus occupied, protected only by a small cavalry escort, the enemy sent out a party to observe them, but made no further demonstra-tion. Wolseley's "lecture" finished, they all remounted, and rode back to camp. After the battle was practically won, Sir Garnet came to the bridge across the canal communicating the right with the left attack, and, getting off his horse, quietly began to write his telegram announcing the victory on a scrap of paper handed to him by one of his staff. Here too he received the reports from the various staff-officers of divisions and brigades, asking more particularly as to casualties. "Are you quite sure!" he always said. "Don't give me wrong figures. Don't mention any officer's name unless you are quite positive he is hit." All this time he was giving orders right and left, now to one staffofficer, now to another, and through it all, confusing and embarrassing as the situation might well have been, was perfectly quiet and unconcerned.

It seems more and more certain that Sir Garnet kept his own counsel as to the move to Ismailia. No one whatever seems to have been in the secret. Possibly one or two confidential friends on his own staff; but even this is unlikely, and it is almost positively stated that the divisional and other generals were quite in the dark. The force left at Alexandria had its detailed orders to move out from Ramleh the following morning to cooperate in the attack upon Aboukir, and were only stopped at daywhen the general commanding, Sir Edward Hamley, had opened and read a sealed packet intrusted to him. So complete was the take-in that a special steamer left Alexandria with three hundred passengers on a pleasure trip to witness the bombardment of Aboukir. They arrived at Aboukir to find only one ship left, the Temeraire, acting as guardship, and returned to Alexandria very much sold. The chief commissoriat officer was also in ignorance of the real move, and was directed to load the ships with fourteen days' rations, in order to feed the troops on landing at Aloukir. Contracts had actually been made some time previously in England, to deliver stores and goods at Ismailia; but these were for the moment countermanded, to carry out the deception. All things nearly are permissible in war, provided they succeed. Sir Garnet can laugh now at the indignation of these he took in, but they would have raised a fine chorus of disapprobation had he failed.

Some of the correspondents had a rough time of it. One eminent artist, representing an illustrated paper, owing to the strict limitation of sumbers, had to get to the front concealed in a truck full of hay. Hay must be worse than dust in a draughtsman's eyes, and the correspondent's sketches were made under considerable difficulties. The question of supplies, where every one had to be fed by the commissariat, was a delicate one, as also was that of progression, seeing that, being an eachette, he could not show himself much, and at no time could he ride, having neither a horse nor rations to give one. Fortunately for him, the other representative of his paper fell ill, and he was allowed to take the place.—The World.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The illustration on our front page gives one of those charming little character studies for which the artist is so famed. The devotional aspect of the girl cannot be mistaken, and besides her beauty there looks out from her eyes that goodness which makes us feel that the angels have already carried her prayer upon their wings and laid it at her father's feet in Heaven.

panic-stricken Egyptians streamed away across our front to the left, little knowing that the successful maidens at the recent beauty tournament in Hungary. This original idea, which They found small morey from Macpherson's mon.

They found small morey from Macpherson's mon. Some eight hundred dead bodies were found this country, was a feature of the fair held at on my cuffs, to consult before starting down children their parents.

Budapesth. The ladies who deemed themselves worthy to compete for the prize, entered the lists solemnly, and after due consideration were arrayed in classes according to the judges' decision of their relative merits from an artistic point of view. A careful comparison of the types with our own ideas of beauty only serve to prove that beauty is after all a good deal a matter of taste, and partially of nationality and climate.

THE inspection of the Brighton company of engineers, a sketch of whose work appears in this number, took place on the morning of the 11th ult., at Sussex Camp. The corps were inspected by Lieut.-Col. Walker, who, after the marching past was over, called the officers to the front, when Lieuts. Tompkins and Connell in turn took charge of the company. Lieut. Tompkins put them through the manual exercises in a most satisfactory manner, after which the details and commands for company drill were correctly given by Lieut. Connell, the corps marching to front and rear and forming to right and left very correctly. After the parade was dismissed, the company again fell in with picks, shovels, axes and other working tools. and marched up to Morrison's field, where, after some instructions from Col. Walker, they were divided into three parties. One squad, under Lieut. Tompkins, constructed a casemate or shelter at the foot of the hill to the north of the camp grounds; Lieut. Connell went with a number of men to the gun pits, which they connected by a prolongation of the trench in rear of and parallel with the face of the works, throwing forward the dislo iged earth, to form a revetment parapet, under which they hollowed out a magazine four feet deep. While these operations were in progress, party number three in charge of Sergt.-Major Swyny dug a hasty shelter entrenchment for infantry, the regulation time for which is half an hour, though the work was performed in 23 minutes. Another shelter pit for troops kneeling, the loop-holes being formed by laying a small spruce pole along the top of the breastwork, and thrusting the handle of a pick through at intervals of two aces, a quicker and more substantial method than that usually adopted. In the afternoon the work on the gunpits was completed by the party in charge of Lieut. Connell, who con-structed a second magazine and lowered the parapet and embrasures several inches. The squad under Lieut. Tompkins were engaged in aying the roadway on the bridge, during which Col. Irwin made a sketch of the bridge as seen from the rear of the 73rd Battalion's quarters, which we reproduce on another page. The Colonel expressed himself as delighted with the proficiency of the Engineer corps, stating that he had never seen a better officered and manned company in the militia of Canada-high praise, coming from such a source. Serg... Major Swyny, meanwhile, was actively employed with his men on the hill, constructing a deep rifle pit capable of holding a large party of sharp shooters, and perfectly sheltered from hostile fire, being covered in with timber and eight inches of clay. Col. Walker is not demonstrative, but was highly pleased with the alertness of the corps and the capacity of the instruc-tors. Mojor Vince is justly proud of his command.

#### NEVER WRITE ON YOUR CUFFS.

"The fact is," said Jim Keene, the great New York rival to Jay Gould, "that no matter how clever and thorough a man's system of stock operating may be, there is always occurring some little unforeseen and apparently insignificant circumstance that is for ever knocking the best laid-out plans into a cocked hat." how?" " Well, for instance, about a year ago was doing a good deal in Lake Shore, and counted on making a big clean up. I discovered, however, that there was some hidden influence in the market that was always against me. It didn't exactly defeat my plans, but it lessened my profits. I soon saw that there was some operator who was kept informed as to my movements in time to make me pay for his know-ledge." "Broker gave you away," said several. ' Not at all. I never gave an order in advance, and, besides. I used as now half-a-dozen brokers. and also gave "cross" and "dummy" orders in One day, while I was standing at the window of my up-town place, cogitating over this state of affairs, an elegant private coupé ana stopp my door. It contained a richly-dressed lady and a ragged-looking girl. The latter got out, rang my basement bell, and was admitted. I sent for my man-servant, and inquired who the gir might be. "She comes for the wash, sir," he said. "Does she generally come in a coupé?" I inquired. "Why no sir," said my man, very much surprised; "her mother, the washerwoman, is very poor." Just then my own carriage drove around for me, and as it passed the other I could see the lady eagerly sorting the soiled clothes in the coupé on her lap. This excited my curiosity, so I had my driver follow along behind. Pretty soon the coupe stopped, and went into a brown stone front on 29th street. The coupé then kept straight down to Wall-street and stopped in front of a broker's office, where the and stopped in front of a broker's omce, where the lady alighted with my entire lot of soiled shirt cuffs in her hand." "Shirt cuffs!" cried the entire company. "Exactly, shirt cuffs. I saw through it all in a moment. You see I am, or rather was, a great hand while at dinner or at the theatre in the evening, to think over my plans for the next day, and to make memoranda

town in the morning. My washerwoman had found this out, and had been quietly "coppering" my game by means of my cuffs for over a year." "Well, by Jove." "It's the cold fact," continued Keene. "In less than eight months she had cleaned up over \$600,000, and was washing my clothes, at least the cuffs, in an \$80,000 house. She had diamonds and horses until you couldn't rest." "You didn't make any more cuff mem", after that?" laughed several. "Well, not many—just a few," said the great operator. "I believe I kept it up about a month longer, at the end of which time I had raked in the washerwoman's banking account, and even had a mortgage on the brown stone house. It was a queer coincidence, w isn't it? But perhaps the information she found on the cuffs after that wasn't as exact as it had been, somehow, or as reliable."

#### HOW TO CHOOSE A MINISTER.

Some very painful evidence was given at a meeting of the Presbytery of Garioca, to examine witnesses against the settlement of a minister presented to that parish. One farmer objected that the minister's composition of a sermon he delivered in the kirk was faulty : "He did not bring out the spiritual doctrine that he should have brought from the text." Another farmer deposed as follows: "I didn't love his discourse. I didn't think much of him. He was paying close attention to what he was reading off o', and wasna looking through the kirk. He had always one hand on the paper; but whether he was pointing with his finger or not, I couldna say. I heard him vera weel. He read the same as you and I or onybody would have read a chapter, wi' little or ony alteration in his voice. wasna altogether pleased wi' his manner. dinna think I could esteem him for his works, that I ever heard him do. I mean by his works his preachin' and readin' oot o' the pulpit. He didn't show by accent in his delivery any liveliness towards the congregation. My own intention is, that if he be placed, I winns be here very often. My intention is to leave the kirk I won't say when, but it will be very soon, if he be placed here." The witness further explained what a minister's manner should be like in the pulpit: "He should be a good lively speaker, and nae be tied to his book, and should be able to look frae ae en' o' the kirk to the ither and try to attract his hear-rs." Such was not the case with the unfortunate minister who was the subject of the inquiry. He looked up "vera little. He might has gen a short glimpse up at a time. It was," added the wit-ness, "my thocht he kept his hand on the book to keep his place. He didna every now and then look up and around the church. He might, for a second, have looked at a time at one end and ani her time at the ither end. I watched him pretty close, and had my eye upon It would appear from this testimony that the minister was evidently in the wrong place. He should have been in the body of the cnurch, and the congregation in the pulpit.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Bey of Tunis will spend the winter in Paris.

EX-GOVERNOR HENDRICKS' condition continues favorable.

Four hundred Mormon converts landed at New York on the 3rd.

HEAVY frost and thick ice in different parts of New York State.

LIEUT. COL. IRWIN succeels Major-Gen.

Strange as Dominion Inspector of Artiflery.

New regulations governing the admission of cadets to the Royal Military College, Kingston,

have been issued.

A GANG of burglars from Chicago visite I the American express office at Winnipeg ou Wednes-

day night, and stole \$11,500 in money.

The candidate in Edinburgh for the Commons who favored immediate disestablishment of the Scotch Church has been defeated.

THE ex-Empress Eugenie is reported to have made her will in favor of Prince Victor Napoleon, who inherits the Napoleonic succession.

OUTRAGES against the Jews have been renewed in the district of Presburg, Hungary, which was recently placed under martial law in order to prevent such outrages.

THE Department of Justice will recommend His Excellency to commute the sentence of death passed upon Constable Albert to twenty years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

HEAVY snow-storm in New Brunswick on the 2nd. The ground was covered three inches deep in some places.

THE annual report of the Supervising Inspector of Steamboats at Washington, states the casuaties at 205, or 73 less than the previous year.

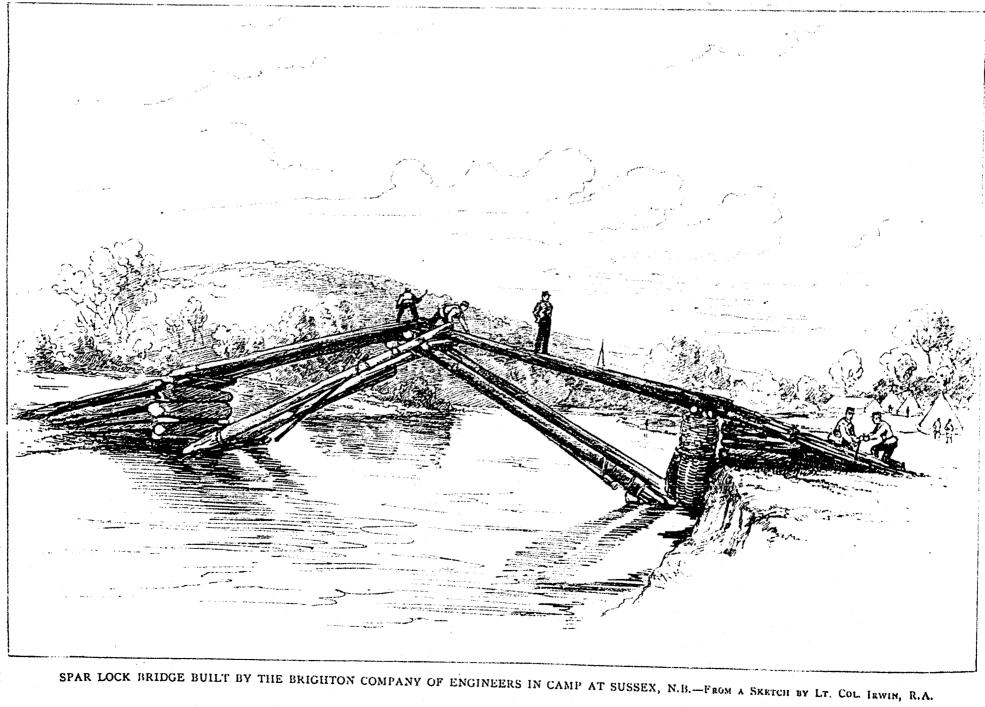
THERE is a mile of forest fire in the Catskills, opposite Germantown, N.H. The flames seem to be working rapidly toward the mountain summit.

PERSONS arrested for complicity in the September anti-Jewish riots at Presburg, in Hugary, have been sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

The mortality from yellow fever at Mier, N.M., was horrible, and the fright so great that parents deserted their afflicted children and the children their parents.



THE MISSIONARIES' DINNER AT THE 1st PORTAGE, RIVER ABITTIBL





THE BEAUTY TOURNAMENT AT BUDAPESTIL -PORTRAITS OF THE PRIZE WINNERS.

#### IRELAND.

(Lines written at the request of N-r-h.)

Sweet isle of the ocean, how oft to thy mountains My soul seems to fly and drink deep of the foun-tains

tains that spring from the depths of thy sea of devotion and mingle their waters in freedom's broad ocean, est visions that bring me the scenes of my child-And mingle their waters in freedom's orona ocean. Blest visions that bring me the scenes of my child-hood.

The sea-beaten rocks, mountain, valley and wild-

wood,
The home where in youth 'twas my infantile glory
To list to the wielders of romance and story.

Sweet, lonely "Gougane," is thy stillness around me?

Do thy dark, beetling cliffs in their majesty bound me?

On thy far tow'ring heights is the lightning-flash

On thy far tow ring heights is the lightning-mash playing?

O!-tell me what sounds are thine echoes obeying? Thy green mantled zone seemeth downward to tumble.

In violent response to the thunder's loud rumble; In white, tosming torrents a thousand streams, gushing.

Along thy declivities, downward come rushing.

Along thy declivities, downward come rushing.

And, dashing in spray on the low-lying water, Arouse the wild swan that, like "Lirr's lovely daughter" From the lone, dreary lake spreads its snowy-white

From the lone, dreary lake spreads its snowy-white pinions
And launches for into celestial dominions.
Heave thee Gougane, but as westward I turn—
What dismal ravine! Why seems nature to mourn?
Why, clothed in verdure most beautiful only
And foliage, seem all things so dreary—so lonely?
'Tis lone 'Kcim-an-eigh' in its evergreen weeping.
Like a beautiful maiden whose lover is sleeping
In the grave from whose bourne his smile shall beam
never

never On that fair one whose high hopes are blasted for

ever:
High tow ring in air the bleak, bold cliffs assemble,
At the noise of each footfail they vibrate and
tremble:

Till well nigh an arch to the dark pass is given, Where meet their brown summits betwixt earth and heaven.

From that lonely defile in sublimity clouded And to? it have, and in wonderment shrouded; And to? like an eden whose glory has faded. Smiles on sand by the ocean in loneliness shaded. Say is this "Hi Eraril" attractively beaming? Or the land of "Cocagne" in its luxury gleaming? Or famed "Tiernanogue," land of the still blooming flowers.

Or famed "Tiernanogue," land of the still blooming flowers.

Where age never enters youth's evergreen bowers?

Ah! no; 'tis Iveragh, 'tis Clara, 'tis Beara, 'Tis the home of the best and the bravest of Erié, 'Tis the rampart that long kept the foe at defiance Till da-tards betrayed in unholy alliance. O, glorious land! once the pride of a nation, Thou'rt now but a blauk, full of dark desolation: Thy children in bondage unheeded are weeping; And the brave, who would free them, for ever are sleeping.

Their chain of destruction was ruthlessly woven: Hanged, butchered and blasted they have been, and

Dyed red with their blood was the Ocean's blue Dyed red with their ploca was the state of water, water.

And recking and bathed was Beard of slaughter;—
Dear land of my fathers, once island of gladness.
How dark was thy transit to the deep depth of sadness.
How fruitful to-day 'neath the sway of the spoiler Thou sweet Innistail, rightful home of the toiler!

Sweet paths of my youth which I never shall wander weet pains of my youth which I never shall wander. Sublime, lovely scenes, on your beauties I ponder; Majestic abodes where wild grandeur doth mourn, To your solitude drear I shall never return—O, turn my soul! from such sad recollection, And make thine adopted the land of affection? "Ah! no." screams my spirit, "my motherland, sireland. Shall ever and ever be bleet, below I are ""

Shall ever and ever be, blest, holy IRELAND!"

Montreal, Oct. 31st. 1882.

#### LOVE'S LOYALTY.

"DUNBOY."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY BOGIES," "A LITTLE MISTARE," ETC.

Christmas in the Australian backwoods, away from settlement, and without a neighbor nearer than a teu-mile ride, is scarcely so hopeful or likely to be as joyous as those which here in our England come to us charged with the heartiest of wishes, "A merry Christmas." Indeed, contrast the two, and in Australia Christmas is no Christmas without the charm of its season. The hurning heat instead of, as here, the time-honored snow-crowned day-the day when, of all other days, peace, goodwill, and charity, whether of the heart or the pocket—charity in forgetting and forgiving—is deepest stirred, and words, " Peace and goodwill to men," rung out by the merry bells, strike upon the heart and cry to us, "Forget and forgive!" Hard, indeed, the heart that will not let that cry enter in blank, indeed, the life which has notice on which to lavish something of a generous feeling begotter of that day. And yet in Australia, where this sad page of a life's history opens, no poverty met the eye to stir the compassionate feelings of the heart; no biting cold on that day called forth sympathy for less fortunate brethren; and no merry bells spoke out through the hot slowmoving air to call up memories of the past, and bid men live in "peace and goodwill." Yet there is a charm in the name of Christmas; and to all to whom it comes, memory is revived. For all the weary quiet life, sheep-farming in the backwoods, it has one influence for good-olden memories of home.

In a cabin of rough hewn logs in the backwoods, slone, and without a hut within a tenmile circle, Gerald Edwards sat in the silence which was hat ful to him, wrestling with the olden memories of home. The recollections of the 118t were heavy on him.

He was a man whom one, looking at, would have said was born for life in the wilderness. Powerful in trame, strong in spirit, fearless, bold

to desperation, the world was as nothing to him. He braved the elements and feared no danger; was wild and reckless; maybe he courted death.

Yes; life was a bitterness to him, and his heart was very heavy.

So true it is that we never to the full extent know the value of anything until we have lost

It was true with Gerald Edwards; and memory carried him back to the Christmas of a year ago, in a quiet English homestead of the fine old country town of a midland shire. The old scene came before him once again; and, mingled with the vision of the happy faces which had filled that homestead, came one fairer, brighter, dearer far, than all the rest. And what a face! Not classic, not Greuze-like, not waxen pretty, but fair and bright, grave yet open; eyes which looked out from a fringe of lashes with love's softest glances, which had seemed to him to say, in their dumb eloquence, "You are my love, my all the world."

And so his life came back before him, sitting in that log-cabin; the faces mixed up with things around, the old scenes passing like a panorama before his eyes. And this was his

Years ago two brothers had stood hand in hand by the bedside of a dying father, and promised him to live in love one with another, to sacrifice to each other, to bear and forbear. It would be so easy to keep that promise, they said to themselves. They had always lived together from childhood, had worked side by side on their father's farm, and not a difference had ever existed between them. It seemed so unlikely that they, jointly inheriting that farm, should ever separate, that the promise was readily given. The life in that dear old place near the midland county town was so uneventful, so rich in the luxuries of peace and goodwill, that the sacrifice which their promise should one day demand of one of them never could have been believed had any prophet foretold it. Yet it was to be, and it came when the brothers had reached man's estate.

Across the bridge of the old mill-dam, one evening in the spring, little light feet trod, and a girl of bright beauty, glad at heart, and of merry voice, looked down upon the rushing waters below; while above the rattle they made her voice was heard singing a merry song, and filling the quiet evening air in over-gladness of heart.

Ida Rutland was the only daughter of Squire Rutland, who lived at "The Hall" in the village, and who was at once half lord, half slave, of the people. No one was more open to the imposition of any one who had a pitiful tale to tell, or who told one, true or not. His heart was so large, and his nature so good, that Tom, Dick, or Harry had but to send word he was ill, and forthwith the squire might have been seen wending his way across the fields to the cottage of the unfortunate sufferer. Sometimes a servant carried a basketful of such eatables as would have satisfied the family of Hodge for a week. The squire was at once master, friend, minister, and doctor. Food for mind or physic for body he would dispense with the ready heartiness of a man who asked the love of those beneath him, and thought his trouble well spent. "Nothing like twenty-four hours' bread and water," he would say, for Giles's willful son who wouldn't eat good fat bacon. Nothing like brimstone and treacle for a little girl who had disobeyed her mother and eaten too much sweetstuff. And yet he spoilt the children himself, and one and all ran to meet him if he stopped, or blew kisses to him as he passed riding on his horse to the county town.

Ida Rutland was motherless and her father's idol. Pet though she was, he had never spoilt her, and she had all his goodness of heart, love and pity for the poor, who loved and almost worshipped her.

Of course it was Fate that led her that evening to the old mill-dam. The squire had gone on business into town, and she knew the time he would return and also the very spot where she could meet him. And she had started for that purpose; but the rains had been late that season, the water to the bank. He is safe, but the peril farm, and there was danger in the dam. The waters foreseen by Gerald is realized. The dam gives As he entered the great kitchen, he cast a hurwere out, and rushed down with more than usual way under the weight of the vehicle, borne by ried glance around. It was tenantless, and no purpose; but the rains had been late that season, force; and the question had been asked, "Would the dam hold?" As Ida stood looking down into the rushing water, increasing in bodily force, as she sang little snatches of song in the joy and gladness of her heart, no sense of insecurity was felt by her; but yet the wooden | engaged in it was seen three months later. Of bridge on which she stood shock by the water's course G-rald, in the eyes of the fair young lady rush, and that was not usual. She would not who had witnessed his noble exploit, was from upon his heart. have long to wait, however, before her father would arrive in the dog-cart which he would drive from the town, and then she would mount beside him and both would go home together.

The ann was just cone down, and the grav light in the eastern sky was creeping over to the west to jut out the daylight which the sun had left behind, and the air was very still. Presently beside Ida a man's form appeared, and she turned and found it was Geraid Edwards, the elder brother.

He saluted her with gentlemanly courtesy, and then asked,

"Do you think there is any danger, Miss Rutland!" "Danger ?" replied Ida; "danger of what?" "Of the mill-dam giving way," he answered.
"The water, I fear, is increasing, and certainly

I think the bridge shakes more than it did." "I did not notice it," she said. "I was waiting for paps, and did not think of the danger. But what do you think, Mr. Edwards !"

"I am afraid there is danger unless the water goes down during the night. If it were morning now, something might be done to strengthen it but as it is we must hope for the best. I have warned the good people in the cottage below that they must watch all night. They have a boat tied at the door, so that should the dam burst and the water reach the cottage they will take to the boat and trust to it."

You are very thoughtful," she said gravely " and that is why I often wish I was a man. should never have provided for such an emer-

gency. But men are very brave."
"I am glad you think I have done rightly. Accepting your compliment, Miss Rutland, will you not allow me to suggest that you should leave the bridge! I cannot think it safe. It seems to me that the water has loosened the sup-

ports, and it so, it may go at any moment."
"Do you think so?" she said.
"Yes," he answered gravely. "But I am going down the bank to examine it, and when return I shall know if there is much danger.

Saying this, he tied one end of the long cord he carried round a post on the bank, and began to descend. Ida watched him curiously as well as anxiously, as he went carefully down the slippery bank, and disappeared in the dim light beneath the supports of the old wooden bridge. She knew now the danger which threatened the village, and as she stood thinking over it and waiting for the verdict of the man who was to her mind so noble, the quick steps of an approaching horse and the rattle of wheels fell upon her ear. It was her father returning. At once the sense of his danger struck her. He must cross the bridge. Would it bear the weight of his horse and vehicle? Could he, dare he, cross? Without a thought she ran from the bank to cross the bridge. Gerald Edwards called to her from below.

"Stop, Miss Rutland ! It will not bear your weight! It will go directly! For God's sake,

stop!"
"My father! my father!" she cried in fear. "Where !" asked Gerald, and instantly sprang up the bank. There on the other side was the squire fast approaching, and Gerald knew that he must be stopped; for if he attempted to cross, the bridge would go down. With all the strength of voice he could command, he shouted, "Stop!"

But the rattle of the wheels of the vehicle the squire was driving, and the rushing of the waters, deadened the sound, and still he drove

Then Gerald knew the danger that was before him; and as the squire reached the bridge on the other side, he threw off his coat and seized the cord which he had fastened to the bank. That would hold he knew.

A moment more the horse was on the bridge. It seemed to shudder beneath its weight, then shook violently, then yielded. Man, horse, and vehicle were plunged into the seething waters

The next second Gerald, with a call to Ida. vho stood paralyzed with fear, to remain still, threw himself down the bank, and grasping the cord in one hand dropped into the water.

Thoughts pass quickly through the mind at such moments, and to Gerald the thought occulishing idly upon the water, and curred that the moment the heavy weight of the fore her with his hands in her lap. horse and vehicle, or some of the supports of the bridge, should strike the dam, it would give

rope. Down the str am nearer to the dreadful bank, and although the cord strains fearfully, they get a foothold. A few feet more, and the the waters with a heavy shock against it, and sound, no cheery voice within the house called the waters with a heavy snock ngainst it, and sound, no cheer, rocking the angry tide is let loose upon the village below. 'Not returned," he said. 'Well, 'tis better low

That night's work was dangerous in more senses than one; and the effect upon two of those that time forward a hero equal to any Rome had ever produced. The leap of Horai is into the Tiber from its broken bridge was nothing by comparison. So, at least, she thought; and who would quarrel with her for extelling the heroism ! heart, or that, Gerald having won it, gave her his own in its place?

It is true that the squire did not at all depre cia'e the nobleness of the service Gerald had rendered him. Yet it can scarcely be wondered if he, as lord of the manor, and owner of nearly half the village, felt some regret that his daughter should not have—and there he stopped Have made a better match !" his heart asked " No, hang it!" he answered himself, "the boy's good enough for the first lady in the land.

Love, then, was the ripened holier feeling of gratitude for that night's work; and the squire, having heard the honest fatiner's acknowledg-

ment of his passion, shook him by the hand, and owned the worthiness of his daughter's choice.

Frank Edwards, his brother, was the first to congratulate him, and he said that he was sure he should always love Ida.

And the days after that, and the weeks and the months that passed, saw two as bright and happy

lovers as ever the world had held. And yet - And yet wa find them parted, and he living the life of a recluse in the Australian wilderness, with vengeful thoughts of that brother who had held the warmost place in his heart, and nursing memories of wrong, bitter thoughts of what was home.

And this is the reason why.

Early spring had come again, and the time was fast approaching when Gerald would claim the fulfilment of Ida's promise, and she would be all his own.

Love is luxurious; and man in his soul hugs himself in the contemplation of his promised happiness. Apart from her who holds his heart, his best enjoyment is in solitude and silence. Look at the youth lying there on his back, kicking his heels on the grass plot, and doing nothing but stare up into the delicious green foliage of the branches above him. He is in love, and building castles in the air; not for greatness, not for wealth for himself, he only wants love in a cottage, but his castle is built for happiness. This is selfishness, but the un-blameable selfishness of love.

So it was with Gerald; and on an afternoon of the next spring-time he had taken his boat, and lying on the seat, had let it rock itself idly along, while he gave himself up to the calm enjoyment of his soul's happiness.

And the boat had floated on, and lay at last out of the running stream behind some tall, quiet reeds which rustled round, and made muste to him. Eye, ear, and sense were wrapped in "love's Lethe stream of rich delight!" His was the acme of selfishness, but he had a rude awak-

As he lay there alone in his boat, voices came to him borne upon the air, and down upon the atream another boat came floating towards him.

The occupants of that boat were Frank, his brother, and Ida, his own affianced wife.

But the words that came to him, how they dropped upon his our and scorched themselves into his heart! The tones of the sweet wellknown voice came to him across the water, and yet he could not believe that he had heard aright. From the very depths of his love, sucpicious through its greatness, a voice seemed to cry to him that his brother was a traitor, that the fair sweet young face he had called his own was but a mask hiding a fickle and false heart. And the voice cried to him, "" Up, up; and see a loving brother's treachery! Up, up; and look in scotn upon the face which seemed so fair, which is so false !"

Fool like, he obeyed the voice; but better far if he had turned away and closed his ears, had shut out sense and sound.

He stretched across the boat, and parted the tall reeds which stood curtain-like between him and the unconscious speakers beyond.

There they sat .- Frank in his boat with the sculls lying idly upon the water, and bending be-

Slowly they came, or seemed to come to the agonized watcher; they passed at length, and way. Once that happened, all human help the last words of Frank in response to hers, and would avail nothing. Both would be carried hers in reply to him—"But what will Gerald away by the suddenly freed waters, and both say!" and "Oh, he will be jealous; but you would perish together. He struggles bravely to reach the squire, who burnt into his heart. "False," he hissed le-had fortunately got clear of the vehicle. He tween his teeth, "false to me!" He raised his seizes him, and, though carried round and round hand to heaven in strong agony of spirit, as if by the eddying waters, chings to the rope. The he would have smote the brother who was so squire also seizes it, and with wonderful presence treacherous, and on his lips a curse had framed of mind releases Gerald, and both drag on the itself. But it did not pass into utterance. A second more and his resolve was taken. The utill wheel, they go, and two lives hang upon memory of his promise was strong upon him, the the rope. Will it hold! Yes; they near the bitterness of his heart was changed to sorrow; it was not hatred,

With desperate energy he seized the reeds mill wheel had caught them. The squire's which grew low on the water close to the shore, strength fails him now, but G-rald has him in and pulled his boat to land; then, springing his arms, and at the last g sp d ags him through out, he can without ceasing until he reached the

it should be so."

Into the house he passed, and the door of his room shut heavily behind him, as if it shut out life and hope, as if it shut the door against peace,

One hour, two hours passed, and then he came out and called to one of the farm-servants, bidding him harness his horse and bring it to the

He had passed those two hours fighting with of the man who had saved her father's life! the agony of his heart, yet outwardly he was Who will wonder that to that man she lost her calm. He had loved the girl with all his manhood; and in the depth of his soul now he beheved she did not love him, but that his brother had taken his place in her affection. She should never know what it had cost him to yield to her, but his brother he would never see again.

When Gerald left the house he was accoutred for travelling, and he strode straight down the path to where his horse stood.

Beside it stood his brother, laughing with the farm servant attending the horse.

Going to the town, is he ?" he was saying. Queer Gerald, love-mad, decidedly love-mad. Gerald started when he heard the ringing tones, and the thought crossed his mind,

he such a villain t'

Answer it he could, to his sorrow, and he

Frank met him and exclaimed laughingly "Well, Gerald, your mad half-hour has certainly come now. Poor boy, I didn't think love was such a serious complaint."

Then first he noticed his brother's altered manner, and a fear of some coming evil, he knew not what, came over him.

Gerald went straight down the path to where the horse stood; and Frank, suddenly withdrawing his hands from their accustomed place, his pockets, went after him. The fear had taken

shape at last.
"Gorald?" he cried, "what is it? Where are you going I Tell me, what is it! Where are you going I Tell me, what is the matter?"

An angry answer rose to Gerald's lips, but he gulped it down, and with an effort forced him-

self to answer quietly, if coldly,

"Frank Edwards—did I call you 'brother,' I should give you a sacred name of love, and that you have disgraced-you ask me where I am going; I answer, away from here-where, I do not know, I do not care. Why? Because I did not know that, when I believed I had found happiness here, I was standing in the way of yours. I am awakened now; and though you break my peace, I am glad that you, at least, gain your own. I go because the promise of my boyhood is in my mind now. I keep that pro-

Be happy in your new love, but not in my sight. I say good-bye for the sake of auld lang syne!" He spoke quietly, but he spoke quickly; and before Frank had recovered from his surprise sufficient to reply, Gerald was on his horse. As he took the reins, Frank started forward to seize

the horse's head, but Gerald drew his whip across

mise; I yield to you; I leave this place for

the animal's back; it bounded forward, and Frank's cry, "Gerald, come back!" went after him upon the breeze. He was gone.

These are the memories of the past that come over him now in his solitude and weariness of spirit, the memories of his English Christmas time, which was a Christmas indeed. The face of the fair being he has loved, whom he still loves he feels, with all the strength of his soul, seems to look upon him from every bush that grows about his hut. Her voice seems to call to him and cry, "Forgive!" Home and friends seem to pass before him and say, "Come back!" and Christmas is no Christmas to him there.

In the bitterness of his thoughts he cries aloud, "I have lost her, England, home, friends, brother ! No, not him ; unworthy thought-

still more unworthy name !"

His words come back to him in the dreadful stillness of that place, and seem like voices mocking his great misery. He cries aloud in his sorrow and flings himself upon his couch of skins. There he fights his battle alone, there the happiness of the past comes dancing before his eyes. Sleeping or waking, his fight goes on. Forget he never can, but he must forgive his brotherand-and her.

In England again, when the autumn is drawing to a close, and dead leaves falling tell the

Into a cosy sitting room of Rutland Hall the rays of the October sun are falling redly bright. They rest unshadowed upon the form of a fair young girl half lying, half sitting upon a couch the deep embrasured window, through which she gazes upon the brightness before her. Her face, so sad, so thin and white, is very painful to see, and the great sad eyes, unnaturally brilliant, tell too plainly a painful tale. The thin white hands move nervously, and as if seeking some object which they never reach, as if holding out a welcome to one who does not

Ida Rutland, for it is she, is changed indeed We saw her last that day of broken hopes, of peace destroyed, of forsworn faith, and broken plighted troth. On the terrible night when the news of his desertion had come to her, her life had died. Proud for self, she had gone about hiding the wound open in her heart; but she had pined then, as she is pining now. She had resisted long, but had to yield at last to the fever which was burning up her young life. What had she to live for I she asked herself. Nothing: But kind friends who penetrated her secret grief preached the proverb, "While there's life there's hope," and told her he would come back. No, she said; there was no hope. He believed her guilty, and for her the lamp of love

And there she sits now, in the fading red sunlight, the glare subdued by the closing year; and looks out upon the still green life of earth, to die there than with strangers, unknown, per-upon the fresh green lawn before the window; haps unburied. and watches the dead leaves falling. Yet who shall say what she sees! All that passes before her eyes may be as nothing to her. Nor is it.

Thoughts, heart, and mind are far away, and the bright death-telling eyes are fixed on

vacancy.

Beside the couch stands a small table, and upon it are two articles. One a picture drawn in water colors, the other a handkerchief, white and torn at one corner. Sometimes these two objects seem to bear a great interest to the fair fragile girl, and she will turn her head from the window and scom to gaze at them. She moves her hand towards the handkerchief and passes her hand over it, as though it were something with life, and with a nature to be caresred. She does it dreamily, unconsciously, and touches it always at the same ragged edge.

What is the story of that rent ! Is it that she feels how frail and slender are the threads which holds its parts together t Does she find there

an analogy to her own life, now, like those

threads rudely torn!
And the picture! Does that bear a history, that it is always before her ! Like the handkerchief, it is her constant companion. But she never looks upon it. It is there, and she will not have it moved, but its face is covered. It lies within her reach, yet she never touches it. What is the secret there?

Only one thing now serves to rouse the unhappy Ida from the dreamy languor into which she has fallen, and in which her life is passing quietly away. The sight of her father will call up a smile to her face, but it is faint and quickly

And the squire? The once jolly hale squire, how is he? Changed, sadly changed. No more is he seen making his way across the fields to the poor laborer's cottage home, to cheer or help the sick man. Even the smile with which he seeks to greet his daughter comes forced and painfully. The great blow has reached him through her, and as day by day he sees her pine before him, and fade, and droop, a curse rises to his lips, good old man at heart though he is, against the man who has destroyed the life of the one being he had left to love, and to love him. Once only had that name been mentioned between them, and then she kissed him to stifle the harsh words which rose upon his tongue, and stopped them with the mild entreaty,

No; I love him still."

Now, from the further end of the room, he mes towards her. She does not hear him, and she does not look up. In the shadows of the room she sees a vision of the man she loves. Her hand goes out with the same nervous movement as if to welcome him, but meets only the handkerchief; and, as before, her fingers trace their way along it to its ragged edge. And now her face is turned from the window and follows the movements of her hand. Now for the first time throughout the day the vacant eyes seem to brighten, the dreamy look passes off, and she sees the object she is touching. She grasps it quickly, as if with some sudden feeling; then drops it, as if the memory of that feeling pained Its fall to the ground releasing with a flutter the ragged parts, and the pieces lie before her, parted and alone. "Like my love," she murmurs; "like my

love."
"No, Idy darling, not like me; and am I not

She looks up and sees her father, who, bending over her, kisses her very gently and very, very lingeringly. Then he seats himself beside her, and asks again.

"Am I not your love, Ida?"
"Yes, now," she answers faintly.

But she turns away her head, and once more that handkerchief, with the ragged pieces, lying parted on the floor, meets her eye; and when he turns to her father again; a tear, hot and glistening, falls upon his hand, and tells another

They had come at last-the tears, which had so long refused to relieve her, flow now, and, held in her father's arms, she weeps from her weary broken heart.

The birds chirped their evensong upon the window-ledge before her; the dead leaves still fell; the sun ran its course and sank to rest in the quiet western heaven. And so the day slowly died, and with it the pure bright life died

On a bright day in May,-May again, when Nature seemed bursting in her fulness, and the land looked very beautiful; when strong men were playing, in the great heat of the day, the wonderfully heating game of cricket, as if, notwithstanding the almost meridian sun, the blood was cold in their veins; while they raced in mid chase after a ball sent hither and thither across a six-acre field; while some made frantic efforts to knock down two little bits of stick stuck across three other sticks planted in the ground, and others exerted themselves as frantically to avoid such a consummation; while one and all panted and puffed, bowled and batted, in the exuberance of that strength known only to youth, -a train started on its long journey across country to the old country town of a midland shire, bearing to his home a man "come back

Come back to die ! He, with his tall form, broad chest, and bronzed face? He, with the years still young upon his head? Yet Nature, which, disown her as we may for years, at last compels us to yield to her demands-Nature had cried out "Home!" and he had yielded. Better

And yet, when spring has clothed the land again in all her newest beauty, it scarcely seems the time to die. It breathes of health and strength to be renewed to the sinking body, brightness and happiness to the youthful pleasure-seckers, peace and great gladness to the restless troubled spirit; to all, the sweetness of life, making it so hard to leave. Yet I would rather die in the spring-time, and draw my last breath of pure untainted air, to lie at last beneath some young fresh budding tree, than leave the earth in her term of darkness and

chilly wintering.
Some such feeling must have been felt by the king, stern ruler though he had been, who could not die within palace-walls or in cloistered abbey, whose soul demanded that his eyes should look upon Nature in her beauty, for it could not out of door or window."

When, towards the closing of that May-day the train reached its journey's end, Gerald Ed-

wards, for it was he, looked once more upon well-remembered scenes. As a chaise bore him from the station, and he turned his face towards the village home he had left in such great bitterness of heart, who shall say what feelings, what emotions, passed through his breast? Was the old anger dead? Was the hope of life quite gone ?

A common man, in the rough cord suit of a railway porter, who, in sympathy for the weakness of the traveller, had helped him into the chaise, and settled the rug about his legs, and who, for his attention, had received an unex-pectedly handsome fee, wished him a hearty good-night, and thank'ee koindly, sur."

It woke the traveller from his strange half. absent feeling, and he responded involuntarily and almost as heartily as the man's "goodnight." The contrast between the two men was so strange. One face broad, coarse, and red with exertion, the other sad and thin from quiet consuming illness. The one with a frank goodhumored smile, the other with a look of sorrow and the lines of pain. It was a great contrast, but each was real, true, and faithful. If "poor and content is rich," then that common man in the railway livery was rich indeed.

The chaise rattled on through the deepening gray of evening, and the traveller passed through old and well-remembered spots towards his home. Memory was hard at work, and his thoughts were busy and confused. Did recollections of old and happy days come crowding in upon him like "troops of friends" to welcome his return?

Welcome? From whom ! From-not-from her-she was dead, he knew-but from his

As he neared the village of his home he asked himself, in doubt and irresolution, why had he returned? And he answered himself, that time had thrown a doubt upon words which, when he had heard them uttered, seemed to bear but one meaning. Now he had asked himself if he had not with jealous soul hastily placed upon them a construction they were not meant to bear. Was his the error! Better far to solve the question-to forgive, and, if need be, to be for-

given. So he had returned to see the old place, to hear once more the voices that had laughed with his in childhood, and dying, to lie near her who even yet, he found, filled the one place in his thoughts and in his heart, and the tress of whose bright golden hair lay upon his breast still

beating for love of her.

And now, when the chaise has reached his vilage home, he fears the coming meeting at the farm, and dares not think it may be happy there. He leaves the chaise at the corner of a lane that leads away up to the quiet old village church, and bids the driver go slowly on. For-getting for the moment where it would lead him only wishing for the respite of a few minutes and the quiet of the evening—he walks on until he stands under the grand old trees by the dear old church, and finds around him white tombstones, heading quiet graves dotting the green churchyard. Beneath him lies the village, and he can mark every turn of the white roadway, tracing it along nearly to the farm. That, too he could see, he thinks, if he crossed to the other corner of the churchyard. Would it have its old red glow of firelight in the kitchen, blaz-

ing through the windows winter or summer!
Acting on the impulse of his thoughts he crosses the churchyard towards the other side, trembling, not from the ghostly dimness of the place, but from very eagerness. He was weak he knew, and the excitement he thought would pass off. But before he could reach the point he had proposed to himself, before he could view the farm, the home to which he was returning now, he stopped as though struck.

There, there before him stood the box-like stone which marked the entrance to the Rutland vault. It came upon him so suddenly, and yet he knew it so well, but had not thought, that he staggered as though he had received a heavy blow. The memory and the presence of the dead came before him then, and he stood spellbound, transfixed by the terrible charm of death's monument.

The trees waved in light leafy canopy over the sacred place, and all around the light and quiet air seemed to be. To him it seemed that the statue-angels guarding the corners of the vault were indeed angels, and shed around that grave -her grave, he thought-their holy light. Only when the leaves rustled, at last the spell upon him seemed loosened, and then he staggered for-

"Ida, Ida ! he cried aloud, "why did I ever

leave you!"
"Gerald, Gerald! whose fault was that!" voice said close to him.

Raising his head, separated only from him by the stone, he saw his brother.

And so they met. There was no anger, only

anguish, in Gerald's mind.
"Take me away, Frank," he said. "This is too much for me now. I have come back to

die. " No, not to die, Gerald. You will be better soon, and she-

"Hush, hush, for pity's sake! Take me away from here. Take me home-your home, if you will," Gerald said.

"My home! Both our homes-the old home,

"Hark !" said Gerald, as they turned to the gate. "Hark!"

Below them the sound of voices, coming up the village street, came borne upon the nir-voices of strong hearty men, happy light-hearted men. And the chorus, nearer and nearer as they came

below them, rang out upon the evening air, surged up to the two men, so painfully parted, so strangely united again, and sent a thrill to the hearts of each: "Auld Lang Syne!"

Frank felt that the words forged stronger the link in the chain of reunion. Gerald felt that it recalled his last words to his brother at their

parting.
"For Auld Lang Syne !" Again the chorus came up upon the air, and Gerald reached out his hand and cried.
"Frank, Frank, forgive me!"

Frank led him away down a quieter way than than that of the village road, and on towards the old home; but before they reached it the tale of

Frank heard him out with wonder, scarcely knowing how to undeceive his brother, and fearing by a sudden shock to add to the chances of his illness. He led him on, not speaking much, but trying gradually and gently to bring before him the events of the past twelvemonths, And Gerald walked on quietly, unconsciously, until he found himself standing almost at the

wrong was told, and Gerald sought no explana-

entrance of Rutland Hall. He started then; for there, upon the low bal-cony which ran in front of the house, he saw, outlined by the soft light from within the room, a fair form he had known too well. Was it real, or only a dream? Was it life, or a spirit of the past ?

It moved—the form upon the balcony stretched forth a hand to welcome him—it lived.

But two words passed between them: "Ida!"

"Gerald!"

tion.

And hers came with a gasp, for the next moment he held her in his arms.

Perhaps it is as well here to follow the custom in such cases, and apologize for not being able to give the conversation which followed—if conversation the disjointed utterances could be called. Suffice it that to neither was the sudden surprise fatal.

We all know who has said that there is nothing new under the sun; and taking it as truth, what is the good of repeating stale things ! If not true, wait, reader, till the time comes, if it has not come to you already, when the deepest, truest, holiest emotion of life glows in your heart. At such times then there is something "new" for "poor humanity" under the sun; and I would not for the world anticipate it for

"I thought you were dead," said Gerald at length, when, having taken her into the room.

they were seated together.
"Dead!" she repeated.
"No, papa--"
He did not let her finish; but she gave him to

understand that his was only a dream in that Australian cabin, and she blessed the dream which had sent him back to her, to forgive him and once more to call him hers.

It was only after some hours had elapsed that Frank-discreet man-reappeared. He came then, and to the two listeners told the tale of the error. Ida too produced a picture, and a handkerchief marked with blood and torn at one corner.

The handkerchief Gerald recognized as one that she had bound round his head that evening he had rescued her father and injured himself. The picture was of a man rescuing another

from a mill-stream. In it Gerald recognized two portraits, and he pressed the original of one to his heart.

To secure that picture, having taken Frank into her confidence, Ida had perilled her life's happiness, though unknowingly. To that the conversation on the river had reference. If, upon the reader's mind, there appears little ground for jealousy in the words spoken, let him remember this: In man's quick nature the greater impulse is honor. Gerald's was a mind nobly endowed, his nature strong, and he offered, as a sacrifice upon the altar of his brotherly love, the highest affections of his soul.

The explanation bore to each a lesson in love, in courage, and in life; and though seas were set betwixt them, their hearts were not divided, but owned "Love's Loyalty."

#### HUMOROUS.

THE best reason yet advanced for having Monday washing day, the next day after Sunday, is because cleanliness is next to godliness.

In Russia, "Hello" is rendered "Tzijakanfitkrajanjanzski." hence the telephone can never introduced into that country.

A CARELESS boy swallowed a revolver carind his mot wallop" him for fear he'll go off.

LADIES are like watches—pretty enough to look at: sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate" after they are set a-

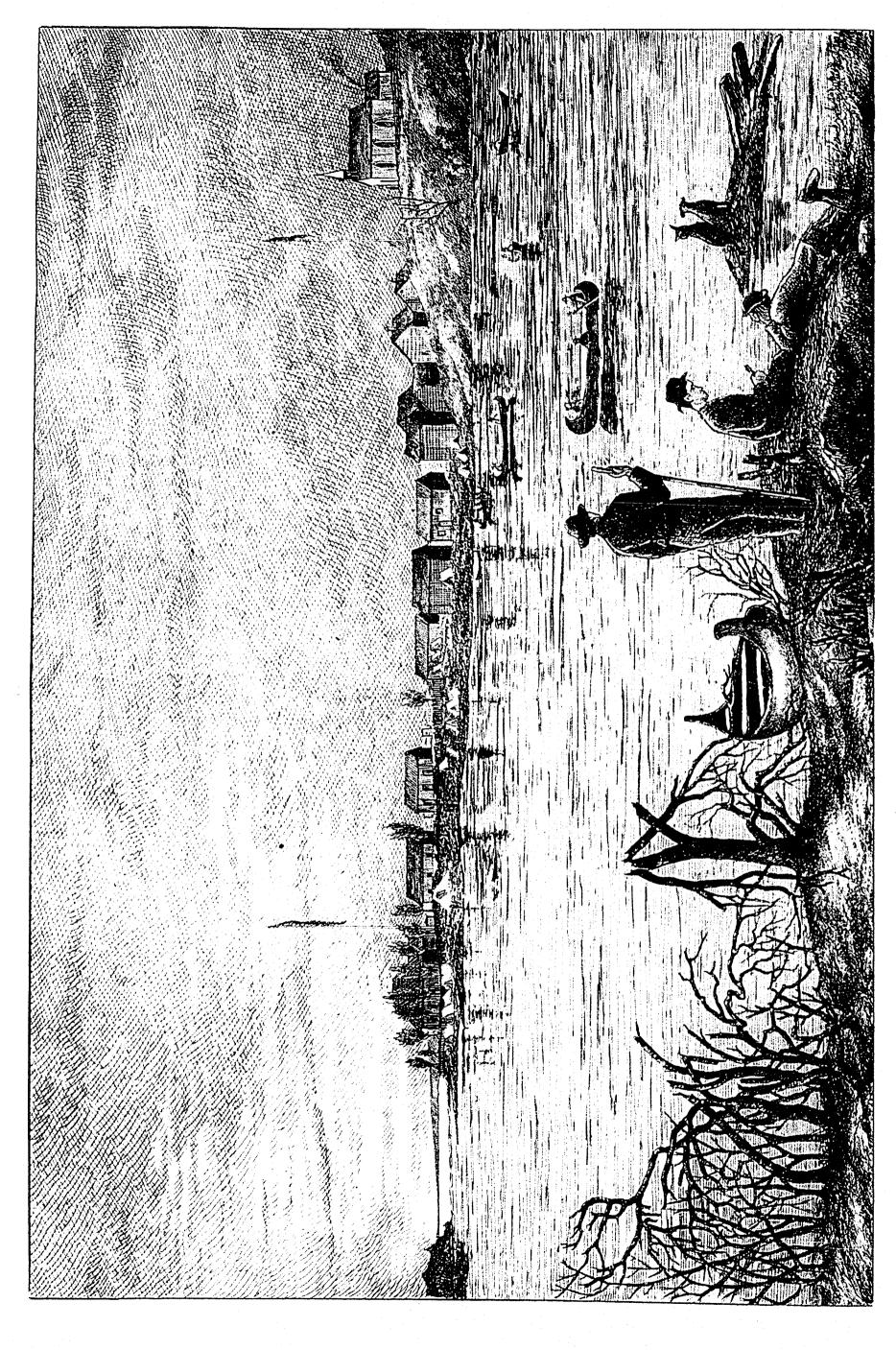
BEWARE !- He who courts and goes away may live to court another day, but he who weds and courts girls still, may get in court against his will.

"THERE!" triumphantly exclaimed a Deadwood editor, as a bullet came through the window and shattered the inkstand, "I knew that new 'per-sonal' column would be a success."

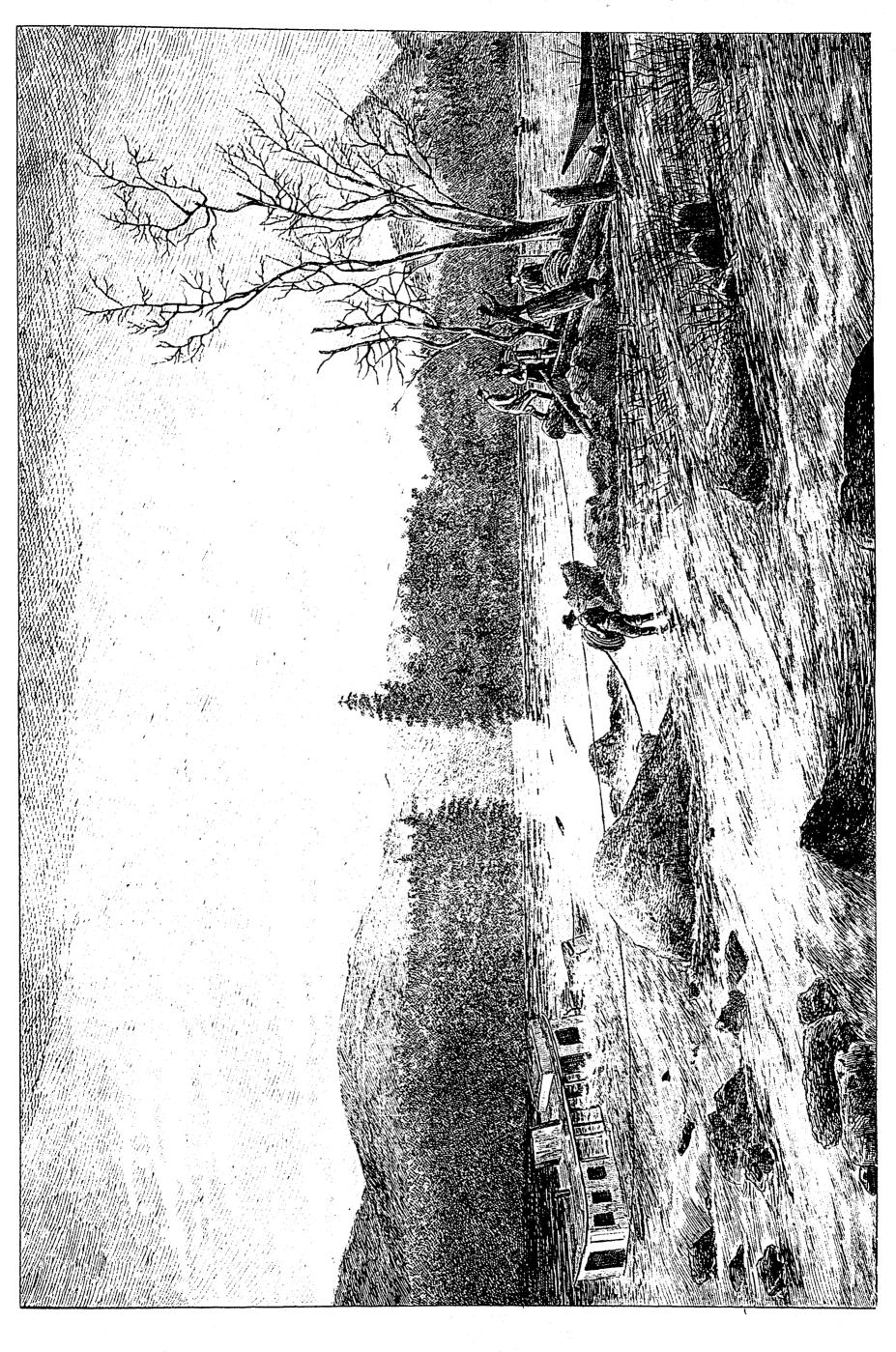
A MAN named Dunlop requested Theodore Hook to make a punning allusion to his name. "Well, just lop off the last syllable," responded the wit; "and it's Dun."

WHEN a man kums to me for advice. I find out the kind of advice he wants, and I give it to him; this satisfies him that he and I are two az smart men az there is living.—Josh Billings.

The boy stood near the mule's hind legs, With utmost confidence -Although no more he'll look so sweet, He'll have a deal more sense.







#### THE LAST FAREWELL.

Farewell to love, farewell to home, I bid ye both a last good-night; Soon speeds my bark across the foam. Soon will ye both be lost to sight. For I must seek a foreign strand.

Perchance another home to find; But in my own, my native land.
I leave my heart's best lave behind.

For though I roam from pole to zone, And wander o'er the waters wide.

And wander o'er the waters wide.

My heart will cling to her alone
Whom once I hoped to call my bride.

Whom once I hoped to call my bride.

That speaks of hopes decayed and dead.

Of pictured pleasures blotched and blurred,
Of saddened heart and aching head.

Whom once I hoped? Oh, speak it not, Nor rend the broken heart again. Nor rend the broken heart sgain,
To that sad thought the present lot
Owes all its blackness, all its pain.
Cease, Memory, cease thy saddening sway;
Thou art at best a doubtful good;
And let the dead past haste away
Into "the years beyond the Flossl."

For I would sing a happier strain.

And bid my love good-bye in peace:
For now we ne'er may meet again.

All bitter thoughts at least should cease.
If e'er I wronged her, she'll forgive,
In memory of the love I bore.
Norlet a fancied slight still live
To rankle in her bisom's core.

And though to me she was not kind.
Though all my hopes she dashed away,
Yet shall her image in my mind
Shine bright as on the happiest day.
No change of home, no change of seene.
Shall that bright image e'er deface,
Or still the thought of what has been.
Or from my heart my love crase.

Then farewell, love, and farewell, home, I bid ye both a last good-night: Soon speeds my bark athwart the foam, Soon will ye both be lost to sight. Perchance upon a foreign strand Another home I yet may find; But in my own, my native land I leave my heart's best love behind.

H. B. HARROP.

### AUNT SUKY'S "CHIS."

A bitterly cold, marrow-piercing blood-congealing New England winter has sent scores of people with delicate lungs to regions where breathing is a luxury and not a penance, among them pretty, frail Mrs. Hawkins, who finds herself established in a large, old-fashioned plantation house near the village of Initman, Georgia. To sit by an open window, drink great draught of the deliciously bulmy, pine-laden air, to walk in the sunshiny, neglected, old garden, gather great baskets of violets, marshal niels', cape jessamines, lamargres, and the floral treasures such as she has been in the habit of admiring in her rich neighbours' conservatories, or longing for steiry florists, as they lay embedded in green moss, behind plate-glass windows, at a dollar pice, or thereabouts, seems to the little lady the ne plus uitra of enjoyment. It is dashed by the thought that her Charles is a lonely husband, charned to a desk the best part of each day, and walking cheerily, or drearily through a strong atmospheric solution of carvingknives to the modest suburban home which somehow, seems to get farther out in the country every day; but all the same she revels in her new surroundings. "The house is big, and quiet and comfortable; the garden is big and quiet and sunshiny; the proule are big and quiet and kind. The men are all sons of Anak, the woman daughters of the gods, divinely tall and fair. Think of being in a place where there is no snow, or wind, or rain, or noise, or dust apparently where roses nod persistently against the windowpane and the sun steams in a broad, beautiful band across the door-sill. Think what it is to band across the door-sill. Think what it is to hips, and her head on one side, looked at her get all the flannel out of your lungs and lose all critically and said: "You're better. De Lord's the woolly tones of your voice, and ceuse to think perjetually of your wraps and overshoes, and umbrellas and no longer take as much care of yourself as you would of your grandmother, and get yourself quite off your mind ! Think of being with people who live like aldermen, and are as kind as sisters of charity, and as unworldly as the angels, and have never heard a strain of "Pinafore" and only ask thirty dollars a month for the privilege of living under the same roof! Is it not incredible ! I ask myself every day if I am on this continent and in this century. she wrote home; and truth to tell she was in good quarters, with southern warmth and sunshine and kindness enveloping her as in a man-In a few weeks, a faint, wild-rose, imitation tea-rose bloomed on the wan cheeks, she unded, girlish outlines and developed an amount of energy that clamoured for expression all the more for years of enforced subjugation and idleness. And then with the infacuation of the half cured invalid she committed a grave imprudence. With soul intent upon millinery, she ran out in the hall one day and dragged in her largest Saratoga, opened it, found the ribbon which was to adorn the bonnet she was making, and straightway, dyed it crimson! Great was the consternation of ner kind hosts when they found her lying white and speechless on the bed; and the first thing done was to send simultaneously for the doctor and Aunt Suky, the two lamily-props. Both responded promptly; the first, a pompous, ornate medical man, very imposing in his technical phrases, his dignified attitudes and a certain magisterial way of flourishing a gold-headed cane, presented by a former grateful patient; the second a tiny, old woman with all her features drawn to a focus, a wrinkled nose and half-shut eyes,

"So glad you've come, Aunt Suky," said the

lady of the house in a cordial whisper.
What de matter? Hamridge, you say! I know'se all 'bout dat; nussed Kallines Emma wid 'em pretty nigh five years, till de Lord took her into glory,,' replied Aunt Sukey in a low voice, taking of her shawl as she spoke. Limping across the room she deposited what she called her "armbureller" in the corner, came back and stood by the bed.

"How do you think she looks! Dreadfully pale, isn't she! said the mistress.

"Wait till I gets my eye specs;" said Aunt Suky, frowning; and fishing in the depths of a huge pocket she produced a pair of blue goggles, put them on elaborately and looked over them at the patient. Then drawing up a chair she added: "You kin go, chile, I don't want no whisperating and cirucumferatin' goin' on in a room I'se called to nuss. With this she settled herself well in the arm-chair, pursed up her

month to a rather finer point than before, gave her bandauna a slight hitch over the left ear and took command, as bold as an admiral on his

own quarter-deck.

Many days passed before Mrs. Hawkins took much interest in what was going on around her. Beyond a general impression that the affairs of her world, the sick-room, were under wise and beneficient control, she knew nothing. The thousand unimportant nothings of the situation were carefully attended to; food and medic no were administered with clock-work regularity, and she seemed to see in feverish half-dreams the figure of a queer old black woman who might have been a cobold, or banshee, or anything else that way uncanny hovering above her, curled up on the floor beside her, nodding sleepily opposite, but always alive to her every want or movement. Opening her eyes one night, after a long and refreshing sleep, Mrs. Hawkins saw the old woman over in one corner of the room, sitting by a table, on which a tallow candle flared and smoked. Her spectacles were pushed well back, her head-handkerchief drawn down to meet them, one eve was screwed up, and her mouth drawn around toward the closed eye, while with the open one she glared intent-Iv at a needle held about two feet away, at which she made various and sundry "passes" from time to time in a vain effort to force a coarse waxed thread through its eye. Presently she succeeded, her features relaxed, and picking a garment off the floor, she began working with stiff rheumatic old fingers, the wrinkles in her forhead running up to the fringe of grey hair

"Who-who is that !" quavered Mrs. Hawkins, puzzled by the queer figure before her.

Suky, honey, you jes turn over and go to sleep agin," said her nurse looking up for a moment and then going on with her work.

"And who is she?" said the confused patient, half to herself.

'She's de cat's mother," said Sukey shortly, giving her eyes a disapproving roll toward the ted, and feeling the remark a personal indignity. "Yer ain't very perlite," then waving an enormous pair of shears towards her she added: "Sick, or well, remember dis, manners all take you furder 'en money."

Mrs. Hawkins was not in the habit of being called "honey" by her servants, neither was she accustomed to being criticized by them, so she resented vaguely what she conceived to be an impertinence, and wondered vaguely how she had given offense, and laid still revolving both problems in a head that felt like a bee hive, until she fell asleep again. Next morning she had both strength and leisure to examine her companion more narrowly than she had yet done. Aunt Suky, when she had attended to all her patient's wants, and propped her up skillfully on a huge square pillow, put her hands on her got work for you to do here yit, and yer gwine to git weil." Mrs. Hawkins was about to pour out a string of questions and comments but she was interrupted: "Hesh, child, you ain't to talk. He said so,"—with a contemptuous jerk of the head in the direction of the village-"and dough he don't know much it's a mighty

big fool dat ain't right onest in a lifetime."

Aunt Suky was frequently called in to nurse the doctor's patients, and a bitter jealousy and a raging contempt for him was one of the strongest centiments that animated her. This with some other of Aunt Suky's peculiarities soon struck Mrs. Hawkins who studied her as if she had been a curious insect under a microscope; knowing nothing of the genus whatever. She noticed that while Annt Suky's dress was spotlessly clean, it was most obtrusively patched in a dozen different places with bright bits of new calico, whose fresh tints made the garment look quite painfully faded by contrast. "Poor old soul, how fearfully poor she must be, and yet how neat and industrious," thought Mrs. Hawkins. "I wonder why she always wears the skirt of one dress and the body of another. I shall give her a nice new one, when I get well. What a quizzical old face, and how well that towering bandanna' and the white handkerchief across the breast sets it off," (Then aloud.) "What a good nurse you are, Aunt Suky, and how kind you've been to me.

"There's them as don't think so," replied Aunt Suky moving about the room, putting everything in its place as she spoke, "but I nussed ole mistis for seben years wid ipecactic fits, and master allus wuz having de screwmatics; us for dem children I jes took dem and fotch

mammy if day got a pain in de big too. I was raised by a mighty 'ristocratical family, honey, and I stayed brung up when I got my freedom. Dere ain't a nigger in dis town, now, what can open de door for quality. I was tole to open de front door quiet as a tief in a watermillion patch, and den I stood back 'gin de wall to let de company pass, and den I drop a courtsey and say: 'Walk in ladies; what might your name be! Ole mistis didn't know you was a coming, and she's jes stepped out, but Miss Anna 'll be down direckly.' Now, one er dese wuthless yaller niggers bing open de door and stand dere wid dere hands in dey pockets, like a scarecrow in a cornlield, and stare and stare, and say 'What you want ?' 'Who you want to see l' And dev calls dat manners. Aunt Suky's face were a look of withering scorn as she pointed out the deficiencies of young Africa, and presently she went on: "I allus did spise em. Long as dey'se got anyting in dere stummucks, or on dey backs, dey ain't gwine work, not a lick! I see to 'em over and over agin, "Linkum would tie you up and give you fifty of he had de chance, and den dere would be back rations owin to you! Passel of lazy, trilling, good-fornothing," here she dropped the large clean towel that she always carried over her arm, and stooped stiffly to recover it, saying parenthetically: allus carry dat roun', and of I want to wipe a plate, or bresh off anything, dare it is. Well, lawn, my son, born de same year ole master's Robert, he done married one er dem fly-up-decreek, yaller gals, and bring her home to lib. He went to kawlidge, and she went to kadeimy, and de fus' ting I knowed dey was man and wite fore de justush of de peas. Jawn used to be a good boy fore dat, but a bad wife 'usl spoil the angel Gabriel. He's got kinder shamed of his ole mammy here lately, and dat 'Ria's de sassiest imp dat ever made my blood bile. She's allusaying I ain't got no eddercation. Dis morning she asked me whar de skillet waz, and I say I dunno dezackly, and she laste and say to Jawn 'Tell your mawmaw dat it ain't prenounce dat way; its 'alzackly,' and I up and sex I: 'Jawn been calling me mammy ober since he was knee high to a duck, and el he call me 'mawmaw' now, I gwine whop him of he was a hundred! And den slam de door un cum away. She tinks cause she has went to a kadermy and wears a china saucer at the back of her head, and a bonnet top nor dat, dat she's a lady! One time not long ago, 'Ria got ligious, she said, and we wux at a camp-meetin' and de sperrit flung her on de thoor, and dat saucer went crack! and de pieces thus every which a way! 'Ria was mid, I tell you, and I thought I would 'evsplit! 'Tank de Lord I ain't got no shinyon,' sez I.'"

Mrs. Hawkins laughed feebly over this incident, and the enjoyment it seemed to afford Aunt Suky, who eackled shrilly at the remembrance and showed one snag of a front-tooth, the last of the whitest set of ivories that ever lit up a black face, and a broad expanse of girms framed in deep wrinkles. Presently she stopped abruptly, re-focussed her mouth and said: "Stop talkin', child; I don't want to lecturefy yer, but you've got to stop when you're told." Mrs. Hawkins laughed again, remembering what her share in the conversation had been, and tried to extract fresh reminiscences from Annt Suky, but for the rest of the day she was speechlessly industrious, and mounted guard at the other end

of the room.

That night she went home and having brought Mrs. Hawkin's tea and the lights, said before starting: "Fi I'se livin' and well I'll be back in de mornin'."

"Why, Aunt Soky, do you feel ill?" ques tioned her patient, impressed by her doubtful tone, and the air she had of taking a long fare-

"It may be de Lord's will to take me," said Aunt Suky dolorously and enigmatically, as she left the room.

"Is she worn out norsing me, do you think !" asked Mrs. Hawkins of the mistress, who was sitting by.

"Oh, not at all. She has no more idea of being snatched away by a sudden or violent death than I have, but it is one of the peculiarities of the race, like their distaste for confessing themselves in good health. If you were to ask Aunt Suky every day for a year how s'ie was, she would have fresh ailment and answer for every occasion. She would say that she was 'creepin' through mercy, or 'taukfull' or that she had a 'misery in her head,' or a 'bone in her arm' but she most certainly would never say that she was well. 'Enjyin' had health,' would be the nearest approach to it, perhaps,'
"What a queer creature she is," said Mrs.

Hawkins. Hawkins. "I have never been so snubbed and tyranuized over in my whole life."

"What a dear creature, you mean. I don't know any one that I have a heartier love and respect for. I feel that I can never repay the goodness, and tenderness, and filelity she has shown us before and since 'the late unpleasantreplied the mistress, rather surprising Mrs. Hawkins by her enthusiasm; as with her it was a fixed conviction that every Southerner's hand was raised against the newly-emanci-

Bright and early next day Aunt Suky made her appearance with a lovely spray of columbine in her hand, which she gave her patient saying: "Dere some flowers for you. Mighty pretty, ain't dey? Dey calls it the concubine, and it runs all over de poche uv my cabin. How does you feel, right now I'

"Much better, thank you," said Mrs Haw-'em troo ebery ting dat came along till dey was kins, putting up her handkerchief to conceal to join her mother, followed by a grown and married, and now dey sends for her smiles at Aunt Suky's shocking botanical plause from the assembled crowd.

revelations, "I think I shall sit up, after a while.

white.

"Gracious mussy, what's the child thinking uv 1 Set up 1 No, indeed, and double deed. Don't you be so previous. I gwine clean you up and lay you out presently, and dere you stay

for a week," announced Aunt Suky.
"Where do you live, Aunt Suky!" asked the patient, "I'd like to go and see you when

I am well enough to take a drive."

"Well, you goes out Main street'til you come
to a corner, and deu you turn around and go on for awhile, and den you branch off dere till you gets to a street dat runs paralevel wid anoder street, and den you turns down de lane, and dere I is. Dere ain't no water on de place, and its mighty ill-convenient. I'se makin' my derangements to leave, and go furder in town. I kain't stay all day with you, honey, widout you need me berry much, cause de 'siety gwine to 'turn out for a big buryin'. But Miss Anna say she'll nuss you.

"Society, why what society do you mean ?"

"Mslevolent Society, child. Ain't you heard of 'em ! Why, where you been raised! ] keeps de regalium myself, and when I dies I ain't gwine be builed like a nigger dat ain't got no frens, I tell you! I'm goin' to have a real nice funeral. I done got my cloas, and de 'sie's will march behind de cawfin in a perseshun, and when they gets to de grave, Brudder Bever. ly will be drawed out and wrassle in prayer and den dey'll sing : 'De Golden Slippers is on Her Feet,' and 'Glory Halleluyah,' and de doxolgum, and kiver me up slow and softly and leabme to de lard. Dev allus does dat way for sisters in good standin', and of I sez it, der ain't no sister dat can trow dirt at me." A smile of extreme gratification lit up Aunt Suky's face as she dwelt on her future obsequies, and it was easy to see that it was a favourite subject of

meditation with her.
If I am glad to see that you are so pious, Aunt Suky. What church do you belong to?

(To be continued.)

#### VARIETIES.

A rew months ago the Earl of Dalhousie aldressed a letter to a number of the European universities, in which he asked the professors for their opinion on the Scriptural law regarding marriage with a deceased wife's sister. the professors there is only one who holds that the Pentateuch forbids such marriages. This branch of the controversy may now be regarded

THE engineer of a train near Montreal saw a large dog on the track. He was barking furious'v The engineer blew the whistle at him, but to did not stir, and, crouching low, he was struck by the locomotive and killed. There was a lat of white muslin on the locomotive, and it attracted the attention of the engineer, who stope ped the train and went back. There by the dead dog and a dead child, which had wandered upon the track and had gone to sleep. The dog had given his signal to stop the train, and had died at his post.

Mrs. LANGTHY, as she stood on the deck of the Arizona on the morning of herarrival, presented, according to the Tribune reporter, a realization of classic Greek beauty-in all things harmony; everywhere gracefulness; in outline, speech and action, repose. Her simple dress was without trimming or ornament other than a plastron of narrow gold braid; with a row of small buttons on either side and gold-braided cuffs. Promusder a simple little hat, which did not hide the delicate moulding of her temples hung a heavy coil of lustrous, dark brown hair. Her photographs have made known the lines of her all but perfect profile, but they have not hinted at the loveliness of her great violet eyes nor suggested the marvellous mobility of her features. In them and in the perfect purity of her complexion has the charm which will perhaps compensate for the absence of the brilliancy of style to which Americans are partial. Her voice is full and vibrant and her speech rich in melodious modulations that keep time with the expressive play of her features.

MILE, VAN ZANDT was the heroine lately of comical little scene, played by her with infinite skill and merriment at the Musee Grevin a few evenings ago. She went there with a party of friends, including her mother, and on entering one of the rooms where there were but few visi tors, she spied a vacant niche draped in its red curtains. Watching her opportunity she slipped into it and closed the curtains across the lower part of the front, so as to leave visible only her pretty piquant head, crowned with a picturesque Virot hat. People came in, spied the charming little head, and recognized the dainty features, fair locks, and sparkling eyes at once. Murmurs of "There is a new figure—it is Van Zandt what a good likeness," ran through the room. A group gathered around her, and mean-while the little prima donna remained motion: less, personating a wax figure to perfection, and being inwardly much amused at the comments of the gazers, some of whom thought the likeness flattered, while others declared it quite the reverse. Presently a languid-looking lady came up, looked at the pretty head, and said to her companion, "So this is Mile. Van Zandt, is it? Quite pretty, but no likeness—I never should have known it." This was too much for the risible faculties of ha mignanne Mignon; she burst out laughing, threw aside the curtain, and fled to join her mother, followed by a round of up-

#### SIC SEMPER.

"O, will I?" and "O, will I?"
A protty maiden said,
A-playing with her tresses,
When I asked her for to wed.

"O, will I?" and "O, will I?"
And "If you capture me,
To wed you I am willing,
As willing as can be!"

And then she ran before me As lightly as a fawn, Intangible, delusive, As fleetly as the down.

She led me hither, thither O'er many a mocking mile, 'Mid brambles and in roses, O'er meadow and o'er stile.

Till 1, a-sudden thinking.
Stood still with closed eye—
The maid the world ran over
Then in my arms did lie.

WILLIAM J. BERRY.

CULTURE AND MORALS.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES DOD, LL.D.

In a recent number of this journal there appeared an extract from a speech of John Bright's to the following effect:

Some years ago I met a German gentleman in Birmingham, himself, I believe, from the kingdom of Saxony, and the question of education was being discussed. He told me that fifty years previous-that would be now perhaps sixty years ago-intemperance was so common in that country that if there was a man anywhere very drunk they said, "Why, he is as drunk as a Saxon;" but, the gentleman added, now you might use the very opposite expression, and if you wanted to describe a man who was to be reited upon for his sobriety you would say, "Why, he is as sober as a Saxon." I said, tell me how this has been brought about; have you had any great changes in your laws with reference to the sale of intoxicating liquor? He replied that so far as he knew there was no such legal change of any importance -- none that struck his mind -but, he added, that he held that the change had been made entirely by the schools. He said that they had had an admirable system of educatron established, and the result had been such a change in the character of the growing generation-so much self-respect, so much knowledge of what was due to themselves and those around them, so much sense of what would contribute to their own comfort and happiness -that the practice and the vice of intextcation have been almost banished from among them.

This may be taken as a practical answer to the position assumed by many so called "friends of education " that mere cultivation of the intellect, apart from moral training, is not conducive to virtue, and that, since religion is the firmest support of a moral character-some say the only insurer of truly virtuous conduct-our schools should combine religious instruction (of a non-sectarian nature, of course), with the secular knowledge imparted to their pupils.

Now, it is true that education, in its broadest sense, embraces all those agencies which are calculated to produce a healthy, harmonious development of the entire manhood or womanhood embryonic in the child-physical, intellectual and moral; and the true teacher, in his ambition to have bright scholars, will not forget the physical wants of the growing child, nor will be negieet any opportunity of tostering right habits, instilling correct principles and developing noble sentiments. And yet we maintain that it is proper for the secular teacher to regard intellectual advancement as his chief objective point. And this not merely because the home circle and the Sunday-school are the more appropriate spheres of moral training-if parental influence antagonizes the teacher his labors in the moral direction will be almost fruitless-but because intellectual culture, in the true sense of the word (which implies a great deal more than the simple acquisition of knowledge), does, in itself dignity the aims, enlarge the reason, quicken the activities and sweeten the tone of our whole morel being.

In the subjoined extract from an essay on "The Chief Aim of Education," published not long ago in one of our educational monthlies, there is just enough of truth to be misleading :

It is a mistake to suppose that the enlargement and dissemination of knowledge, the mere culture of the intellect and the multiplication of the treasures of fearning will afford any protection against vice, crime, disorder, anarchy, wretchedness and social dissolution. It is not the amount of knowledge which is a private and jublic blessing, but its character and its use. It is not what he knows that elevates a man, but the improvement of his nature by the discipline which he has undergone in its acquisition. It is not what he knows, but what he is, that makes the good citizen, the good neighbor, the good brend, the good husband, lather and master. The intellect and heart require to be purified and expanded even more than they need to be ennefied. All the crudition in the world will not make a man either good or useful, but he may be both with "small Latin and less Greek.

Not one of the above propositions, taken sep arately, is at variance with the truth. Yet the impression intended to be produced by the paragraph upon the render's mind is not such as can be sustained by valid argument. The intellect does, indeed, "require to be purified and ex-

panded" even more than "to be enriched." But suppose this very enrichment of the intellect is also found to be one of the most effective methods of purifying and expanding it! (Of course no real enrichment results from knowledge simply crammed into the intellectual stomach and left there undigested and unassimilated by the mental powers).

Why is it that the morals of civilization are better to day than at any previous period ! That the world has advanced, not only in knowledge, but in virtue as well, no student of history will deny. A purer code of social morals, a clearer conception of the rights of man and the claims of universal brotherhood, a stronger and more helpful sympathy with all forms of distress "the larger heart, the kindlier hand," a marked diminution of the rancor of religious and national hatreds-these, next to the wonderful achievements of nineteenth century science, are the most prominent features of the age in which we live, distinguishing ours from every age which has preceded it. Does the increase of knowledge stand to "the nobler modes of life, with sweeter manners, purer laws," in the relation of cause We think so.

The root of all vice is selfishness. Now, ignorance, embracing within the circle of its sympathies but few opinions and forms of thought, is essentially narrow-minded, bigoted, selfish, intolerant, cruel. The highest moral law ever promulgated for the government of our intercourse with our neighbors commands us to love them as ourselves. "But this we cannot do unless we can enter, with an appreciative sympathy, into their thoughts and feelings Hence whatever enlarges the range of a man's thoughts widens the scope of his sympathies and makes him a more actively virtuous man.

A mere theoretical acquaintance with the principles of ethics and the truths of religion will not "purify and expand the heart" more than will the knewledge of the facts of astronomy or geology-hardly as much. The application of moral principles to the conduct of real life depends upon the clearness with which the intellect perceives the good or evil couse quences to our neighbors that may result from our actions, and upon the vigor of the sympathies through which conscience is awakened to apply her decisions to the practical problems of socia duty. Hence the training of the intellect reacts beneficially upon the moral nature -except with those individuals whose studies have been too much specialized and self-centred to permit of their sympathizing with intellectual pursuits differing from their own.

We have here hinted at a danger which, in the modern demand for specialists in every department of professional research, scientific investigation and mechanical ingenuity, may result in an isolation of individual sympathics apparently contradicting the assertion that knowledge conduces to benevolence and virtue. It is not knowledge, but breadth of knowledge, that enlarges moral sympathies. If the Italian inquisitors had added to their theological learning some slight tincture of the scientific spirit they would never have imprisoned Galileo.

The specialist, while recognizing that distinction in modern times can be gained only by knowing the details of some one subject more thoroughly than anybody else does, should recognize with equal clearness the moral obligation of maintaining an interest in every human interest. Homo sum, et nil humani a me alienum puto. This is really an intellectual obligation as well; for so interconnected are all subjects of human thought that he who would have a complete and comprehensive grasp of any one of them must follow, to a greater or less distance, many paths of study that have only an indirect relation to his main line of esearch.

The fact that there have been learned men who were not exemplary in the discharge of ordinary social duties is frequently explainable in accordance with the views here stated. When culture is so exclusive and partial as to lead to a want of sympathy with all classes of manking and an inability to estimate aright the depth of their trials, the purity of their motives and the dignity of their aims, it is not surprising that the cultured egoist (Gothe, for example,) comes to think that the humble plodders dong the common highway of life have no claims upon him and no rights which he is bound to respect.

There is one form of partial culture which is particularly apt to encourage self-indulgence and sybaritism. The imagination is one of the noblest and most useful of human faculties; hardly b said to have attained the full staturch . Its affice is to ch nakedness of abstract truth with living and lovely forms; to lift men out of the mire of maternalism; to arouse and quicken their sensimilties, and to enable them to realize by spiritual vision the facts of an unseen world. And yet, naturally domiciled as it is in the region where abide fath, hope and charity, when it is cultivated with exclusive assiduity by those who deal with it professionally-poets, novelists, dramatists, actors, musiciaus, artists -its tendency is to become degraded into the mere servant of intellectual or emotional pleasure, and to effect in its devotees a softening of the moral fibre which readily yields to temptation and prompts them to pursue sensuous alturements with the same zest with which they have sought the higher enjoyments of the asthetic disposition. Hence the fact that poets and other imaginative workers have sometimes been dissipated or dissolute does not warrant the conclusion that there is not in the

general culture of the intellect a force that warms and vivifies the moral nature.

The intellect of this utilitarian age and country rather needs development in the direction of a high and noble imaginative culture, and cannot do better at present than adopt the motto of this journal:—We should do our utmost to encourage the beautiful, for the useful encourages itself. Yet we should remember that all one-sided culture is injurious; and the experience of ancient art-loving Greece and of mediæval art-loving Italy should show us, in the corruption which finally rau festering in poisonous streams through all classes of their society, that excessive devotion to the beautiful as an end in itself is not less sure to work moral death than is the most sordid materialism or the most abject slavery to earth-born ideas of

utility.
"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,"
The renot only intellectually but morally. The re-medy, however, is not total abstinence from the medy, however, is not total assumment," but inspiring waters of "the Pierian spring," but deep draughts from many fountains. We be-lieve that most of the instances of abnormal depravity met with occasionally among the highly-educated are due as much to one-sidedness of intellectual culture as to any defective ness of early moral training. At any rate the rare exceptions—such as Lord Bacon, who certainly was no man of partial culture, for he "had taken all learning as his province"—cannot invalidate the generalization drawn from the comparison of less enlightened ages with

HOW A BANKER LOST HIS DAUGHTER.

A London correspondent furnishes the follow-

ing readable story

A very good sell is related of a wealthy banker here, who is very good natured, but inclined to be a trifle fast in his views of life. He had a favorite clerk, a young man about twenty-one, remarkably handsome, modest and intellectual. For these qualities he was liked by every one, and the banker did not escape the general feel ing of good will. He was as poor as -his salary and had no connections to push his after for tunes, and so, like most English clerks, he would rise to a hundred and twenty pounds a year, to go on for eight years, at ten pounds a year, henceforth to vegetate for the rest of his life.

The banker, on Sunday afternoons, when no one was expected, would occasionally ask the young man to visit his family at his suburban villa, as the conversation of the young man was so correct and clever that it could not but be of advantage to his children. This was a mistake, evidently, but it was a good-natured error, and we can only wish that there were more commit-I have not mentioned that there was a beautiful daughter of nineteen, but that may always be understood in any English family that has known wedded life long enough. But there were, of course, no attentions on the part of the young man, other than extremely delicate, reserved, and proper. The youth, in spite of a two or three days' invitation to the banker's seat, to breathe the fresh air and clear his lungs of London smoke, was evidently very ill, and though he declared himself well and robust, the banker shook his head.

"I cannot make out what is the matter with my young clerk," said the banker to a confrere who was in his back office with him after the youth had brought in some papers.

" Well, you are rather green, I should say, for a man of your time of life and experience," said banker number two. "Don't you see what's the matter? He's in love."

"In love! Bah! He is modesty and propriety itself."

"I tell you it's a fact, and with a rich old fellow's daughter, who would no more think of having him for a son-in-law than you would."

"On, the haughty old fool; my clerk is as good as his daughter, and be hanged to him! Thank you for the hint.'

As soon as banker number two had disappeared, the clerk was called in.

"So, sir, you are in love, and pining away for the object of your affection; that's your secret, Why did you not tell me before, sir?' The youth was silent.

"Well, my boy, I pity you, but I'll give you a bit of advice. If the daughter is fair, she is worth running a risk for. Look here! there are £500, and two months' leave of absence. Run away with the girl. Bah! don't look so stupid. I did the same before you, and it has not nurt

The clerk fell upon his marrow bones, and was when the old man rose and left precipitately, to avoid a scene. The young man considered and acted, and the consequence was that the next day week there was no daughter at the dinnertable of the banker at the country house. The house was in consternation, and search was made in all directions. A note was found, however, on her dressing-table, conveying the customary prayer for forgiveness, and one enclosed from the young clerk, stating that, believing the banker had meant to give him a hint in regard to his daugater, and was not able to give his public consent owing to appearances, he had acced on his suggestion, and that, ere his father-in-law received the letter, he (the clerk) would be his son in law. The pill was a bitter one, and the ioke a terrible one against him, and as the city men are very averse to a joke against them, it was hushed up, and has got only to the ears of the purveyors of scandal, and to your correspondent, who records it as a trait of London life.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, October 21.

MR. HENRY DODD, an English gentleman, has left by will the sum of £5,000 to the Paris Hospital for Children.

THE Paris municipality have decided to follow the example of London, and to lay down wood pavement in some of the leading streets in the metropolis. The avenue between the Place de la Concorde and the Palais de l'Industrie is already closed, and the laying of the pavement will soon commence.

MADAME AMELIE ERNST, the French elocutionist, has recently been publishing in the Foltaire a series of her reminiscences of the celebrated personages whom she has met. As the wife of the great violinist, Ernst, as well as on account of her own talents, she has always mingled with that brilliant society which is composed of the literary personages and artists of France.

A YOUNG lady who rejoices in the name of Gambetta, and can prove her right to it by cousinship, intends to make her debut shortly at one of the music halls. Claire Gambetta is described as a most piquante brunette, with a fairly good contralto voice, and with an aptitude for public life; which means that she has no dread of facing two or three thousand people -on the contrary, has a certain winning manner about her which will catch the good favor of the majority.

THE Parisians have thought of every means of utilizing the Tuileries when rebuilt except the right one-putting a king into it. Their want of smartness in missing the correct tip is marvellous. They have fallen back on the routine idea of making it a museum; surely there are enough of these musty holes in Paris aiready. A ritle gallery would be a better notion.

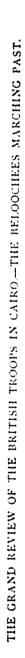
THE latest practical joke has been at the expense of the aged Count de N-, who had to eceive, and get rid of as best he could, some 500 good-looking young ladies, who had been advertised for by his victimiser as "a pretty companion wanted." Also, 500 wet nurses, in full nursery power, who had also been adver-tised for. There was a great commotion around his hotel, and fierce merriment at the cost of the victimised Count.

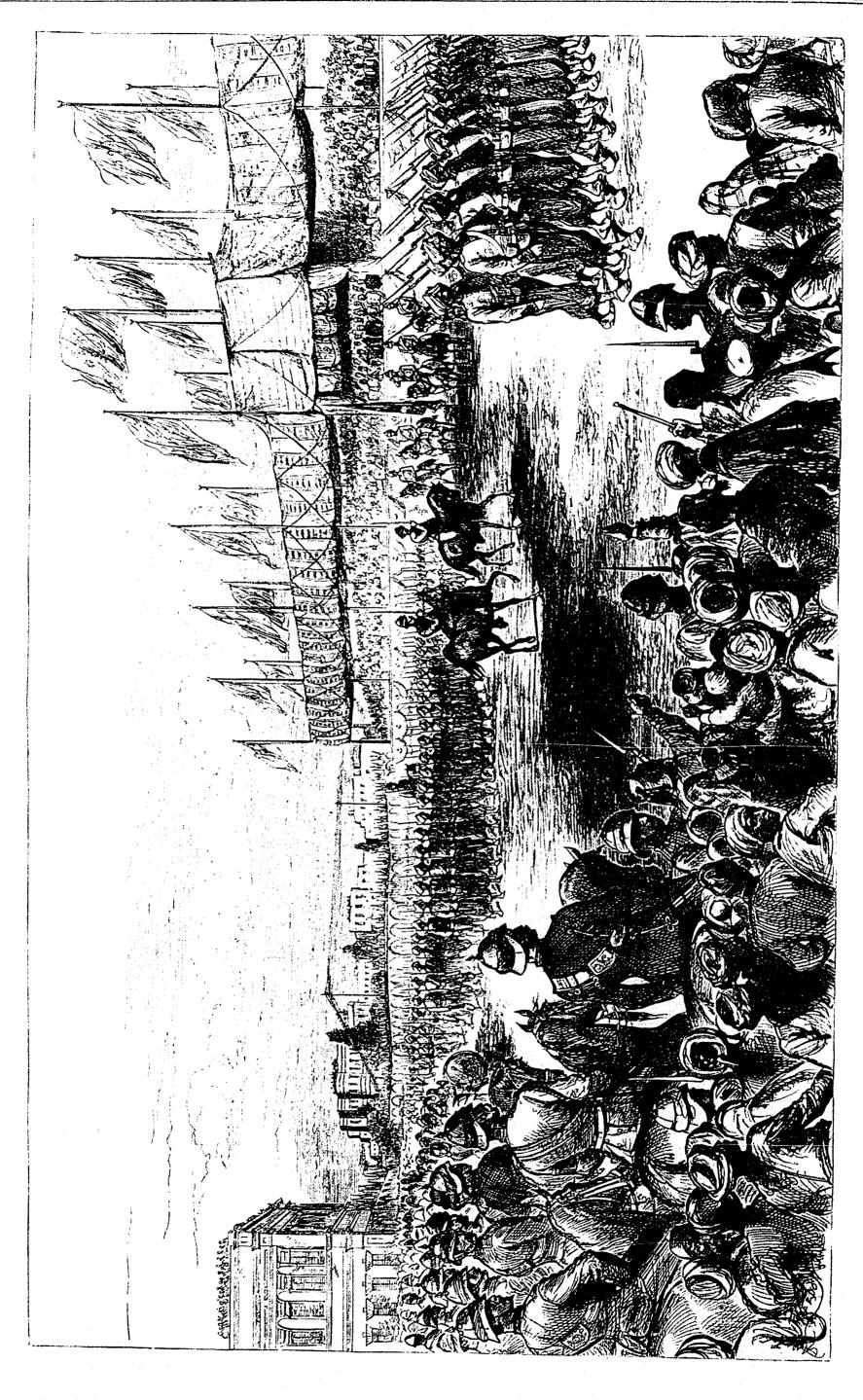
PARIS society has learnt the reason of the disappearance of the Marquise de G--, who was expected back daily to that life which seemed to be as necessary to her existence as the air of-well, say Heaven, by way of the old phrase, though she lived a life which entitled her to the soubriquet of suivez mais jenne homme. The lady, still with charms sufficient without the aid of art, to attract, has gone to embellish the interior of the convent of the Ursulines at Prague with her beauty, and to live a life of goodness henceforth. Sourcat femme rarie.

FLOWERS, poor things, have gone out of fashion; they are for the moment in disgrace. Once, and not long ago, the gift was a bouquet that, smelling, might be kissed; now the gallant act is to pre ent a bird, alive or dead. The giver has his choice; life or death is immaterial to the receiver. Alive, it must be in a cage of filagree gold set in ivory. Dead it must be of the loveliest colors; for the setting, a few jewels are not objected to, as it may then be worn en bouquet, or on the right shoulder.

THE Château de Valençiv has resumed after many years its old grandeur, and the vast establishment of lacqueys and domestics of all ranks that it once displayed during the lifetime of Prince T dleyrand. The first grande chasse took place on Thursday last, and a magnificent stag was run down after five hours' hard riding. The Dake and the Duchess de Valenciy received on this occasion all the mambers of the real sporting world, and the Château de Valençiy resounded once more with the joyous sounds of the cor de chasse, and echoed to the laughter of the guests as in the merry days of yore.

THE chase of the fox does not find a vast number of ardent disciples in France. There are splendid and daring horsemen and amazones enough, too, mounted on the best that unlimited cash can purchase, but the fox hunt is considered slow upon the whole. A novelty pre-ferred is a hunt after a lady. The fact may be conceded, and it is not unfrequently carried out. A number of ladies and gentlemen recently assembled near Paris, and gave a spirited horsewoman, the Marquise de C--e, a quarter of an hour's grace, and then went off in hot pursuit. The race was to be over in two hours, and eatch her who can the sole hunting law. The lady was not caught, though frequently kept in full view. But she led the followers a splendid rush over the country, hedge and dit h and stream, and had such obstacles that had not amour propre, perhaps gallantry, been concerned, most that followed would have hesitated or turned aside.







A FUGITIVE THOUGHT.—FROM THE PICTURE BY H. S. MARKS, R.A.

#### TRUE HONORS.

A bard lived, once upon a time, Of good and honest name, Who frequently dropped into rhyme, Without a thought of fame,

Until one day an agent trim
Appeared before this singer,
And asked if he might name for him
His patent new clothes-wringer.

And then he heard that far out West A nursery man of means Had called for him his very best Superior kind of beans.

Fast flocked these honors at his feet, Faster by far than dollars; And when for him was named a sweet New thing in paper collars,

He asked, confused by all these brands,
"What is there in a name?"
And all the people clapped their hands,
And answered, "This is fame."

## A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT BOOTS. It is not the world renowned "boots," the trial as well as comfort of all travellers to whom trefer, nor is it that especial "boots" introduced to the public by Mark Twain in his "Idle Excursion," but merely to boots defined in the dictionary as a covering for the leg and foot. They are of many varieties and descriptions; I've seen them, long and short, new and old, buttoned and buttonless, laced and unlaced, broad and narrow, high and low, tight and loose, polished and unpolished. For instance, ersconce ourselves comfortably in some roo which has a large window facing the principal street in some city, let it be between seven and eight a.m. when we first begin to scan the boots of the passers-by. Very few new ones are out so early in the morning—some are patched and others ought to be; many are open at the toe, smiling, as some one once pleasantly remarked; others full of bumps and hollows, some, two or three sizes too large for the wearer. By eight o'clock a few shiny ones appear; here is a sensible pair, broad, with thick soles, fit-ting well and showing themselves to be support-ers of the ankle, and assistants in the work to be done through the day. Later on a greater

variety appears, and by noon they are so numerous that we can scarcely note them all. The ladies are coming down Town to shop, those with pretty feet and with well-fitting boots indulging in dresses short enough to display these said boots, of course there must be a little vanity somewhere, but perhaps only in a small degree and legitimate too, I'll allow, for all should think enough of themselves to appear to the best advantage provided the making of that good appearance does not interfere with duty. What is the matter with that lady? Her duty. What is the matter with that lady? Her head shoots forward, her shoulders are round and she looks as if she were deformed almost; turn your attention to her boots, therein lies the secret; those high heels are the cause, starting almost from the centre of the foot, tilting the whole body forward and forcing the wearen to walk in a most peculiar way and resulting eventually in a weak back, turning into a querulous invalid what might have been a strong, healthy woman. Look! there is a contrast, an English lady, we feel sure, and not long from across the water: her boots are ugly, yes, but see how well she walks; she holds herself erect, shoulders back and head high; those boots are strong, a good thick sole, not too narrow, a heel broad and low, and the whole boot giving strength and support to the ankle; that lady will walk three, nay, six miles and feel nothing of the fatigue the former would in doing one. of the fatigue the former would in doing one. Here are two handsomely dressed ladies, everything agreeing in richness and taste, until we glance downward to the feet. Oh! hide your eyes; old and torn prunella boots, pieces of white lining shewing thro' the ripped seams, elastic sides in a sad taste; it is true the dresses are pretty long and it may be that only on the crossings are they visible, where the skirts have to be lifted; but what does it intimate? Love of outside show, untidiness and carelessness inof outside show, untidiness and carelessness in side, we would not like to be left to the tender mercies of either.

There is a gentlemen with a good pair of boots, but why does he have a gallery extension on one sole? It must become rather tiresome be-fore the day is over, carrying such a quantity of mud about. There goes a sensible pair-sole thick, leather good, well-polished; that foot is put down with a feeling of prosperity and good feeling. on the sole? It must become rather tiresome be-

Here is a poor, untidy looking individual, Yes, just what we expect to see, eyes vacant. shoe strings hanging, probably have not been tied at all; he must be a poet, might possibly be an artist: they generally light in appear ing in a somewhat tumbled fashion; but it strikes us that they neither tie or button their boots and pay special attention to keeping the hair on end and looking as if they dwelt in a country where high winds prevail and brushes are scarce.

That lady has lost numerous buttons, still we will not insist that she is lazy or indifferent to her personal appearance, indeed, the taste and style displayed in her costume would conand style displayed in her costume would contradict us; probably in her haste to keep an appointment the same accident has happened to her that has come to many; at the moment of buttoning the boots, those buttons have snapped off, the question is now whether she should, for satisfaction to herself, stop and sew on more buttons, or put pride in her appearance aside and think of those who are waiting to meet her,

the latter would certainly be the right course. But this young lady who now comes into view, can gain no sympathy from us, buttonless al most are the poor boots; glance at her face, plump and round, large grey, soft sleepy eyes, mouth being fair, but no firm lines about it, verdict is,—lazy and indolent, probably selfish, no strength of mind. Here is a gentlemen in "patent leathers" probably a traveler, most sensible thing to wear when sible thing to wear when moving about. "Boots" cannot worry you then. What is the trouble now? this "swell" (no other term would be suitable) seems to be walking over broken glass or eggs. Let us examine him; a new suit to begin with, an overabundance of shirt front and cuff, brilliant necktie, sparkling pin, glossy hat, light kids and cane, face is slightly contorted, difficult to describe the expression. Oh boots! you are new and stiff, but more than that you are too small for the poor fellow; those boots pinch. A smile illuminates his countenance, an eager look forward, off goes his hat, but in stead of a smile now, (at this most critical moment) a fearful contortion of the face which loosens the eyeglass and she's past and gone like a beautiful flower; boots won't let you catch her, her feet are properly encased, and firmly and erectly she gracefully passes from your sight. boots that are run down at the heel, we will judge gently, perhaps the poor feet have tender parts, and the owner thereof so puts down those feet that the hardier parts shall bear the brunt of the burden. Here is a patched pair, hardly perceptible, showing the wearer to be careful and economical. A patch is no disgrace, a hole is. We do not agree with the lady who said she never repaired anything because it was premeditated poverty. She preferred to twist up the gaping fingers of her gloves and stick pins in them, much to the discomfiture of those who shook hands with her before knowing her who shook hands with her before knowing her principles. It was much safer to take pussy's paw than her hand, pussy having the grace to imbed her claws in a soft cushion giving one a friendly purr at the same time. No matter how sweet the greeting of the lady it was instantly forgotten in the pain suffered thro' those dreadful pins, or unpremeditated poverty. Here comes another style, leather toed prunella boots, congress we would mention as there are many congress we would mention as there are many pretty buttoned, leather finished prunellas, but these horrid boots—and worn by a man. He certainly is not troubled with vanity concerning his personal appearance. We may pass into the by-ways and alleys and see there also the different grades of respectability and well-doing marked by the boots worn, but we will not enter there, or we must touch upon the misery, broken hearts and crimes which are too closely crowded together in these places, all too numerous they notwithstanding the constant untiring care of the many Christian men and women who devote so much time and money for the purpose of lifting up and purifying in some degree the human beings so wrapped in wickedness, ignorance

and superstition.

We may leave the crowded streets and return ing home prepare for a dinner party. Here we see all sorts, shapes and sizes again, all tending more to firmness and beauty. Later on we enter a ball room and before the evening is over come to the conclusion that more torture is borne and endured by the wearers of tight boots and slip-pers than any one would imagine, those enduring that torture being the very ones who in the common routine of life are the first to murmur and sink under any slight disappointment, trouble or ordinary suffering.

There is a story told of a gentleman (he is said to have had enormous feet) who attended a ball determined to settle his fate. His idea was to seek it from the lady of his choice in the con-servatory after supper. But alas! The pain indicted by his tight boots began to affect him some time before supper, and during that repast the exquisite torture made him slip them off under a table, he, thinking he could manage, some way or other, to get them on again; but such hopes were soon dispelled. He was obliged to ask a friend to escort the lady back to the ballroom, while he as quietly as possible made his exit through a side door, leaving those boots a legacy to the hostess. That she never found an wner for them is easily credited.

The negroes in some of the West Indian Islands are very much delighted if they are able to sport the upper part of an old pair of boots, the sole is of no consequence, the appearance of owning boots is sufficient. A grand review took place in Hayti not long ago; in the front rank were placed all who owned a pair of boots, then came those who owned one boot, those who were dependant upon nature for a covering bringing up the rear. It is very common in the mountainous districts of Jamaica to see whole congregatious carrying their boots until they reach the church door and then putting th them as soon as service is over. We have looked at boots rather as an index to the character of the bearer than at them as they stand a subject of themselves. Quite a volume could be written upon them, their origin, the changes that have been made through hundreds of years, in shape and material. We could bring historical boots into notice and find in fairy lore many wonderful tales of boots, of course including under the head of boots all covering used for the feet to fill the same purpose. We will merely mention one or two well known species, namely, the sandal of the East, the sabot of the Normandy peasant introduced into Canada by the early French settlers and still to be seen in the French villages. Then the "clang of the wooden shoon" rings in our ear and a voice from a very respectable pair of boots begs space for a few words, in which

they wish to make an appeal to the public in

THE BOOTS SPEAK.

"Dear fellow-labourers, for as such we look upon all who wear us, perhaps it has never struck you in that light, therefore are we constrained to address you. In the morning a bright wel come await us, especially if we have been rubbed the right way and our shine knows no flaw. It takes much practice and a willing hand to bring takes much practice and a willing hand to bring us up to the desired state of polish, and we are not to blame if being rubbed the wrong way gives us an appearance of dullness. All day long we are pretty well content with the treatment given us by reasonable people, that is, provided we are a good comfortable fit, but when home is reached, and worn out and weary, our companion in the toil of life sends us off with a "How glad I am to get those horrid boots off, I am heartily tired and sick of them. What a comfort to put on one's slippers again !" Down we are thrown, no matter where, and unnoticed and sad are left until grasped on the morrow by 'boots' who, regardless of our feelings, brushes and rubs till our much abused sides and soles give way, and we become, some people say, port wine. It must take a wonderful amount of pounding to reduce us to that, we, as a pair, would rather be cremated. "Those delightful slippers"—delightful indeed! What have they done all day? Stared with vacant eyes from out their kid-lined soles, from an embroidered, beribboned case, taking their ease and now joining in our discomfiture and summary dismissal. W said we were left alone for the night, but sad to relate that is not always the case. How often have our feelings been harrowed, our sides bruised by being thrown along a passage down-stairs and even into the yard in order to quiet some unruly cat, whose unmelodious voice had disturbed the slumbers of all around. And now, a favour I would ask, this, that you give your weary helpful boots a friendly pat of appreciation and a word of encouragement when the day's work is done, thereby making forever grateful, at any rate.

ONE PAIR OF BOOTS.

#### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, October 21.

An æsthete has, after an infinite expenditure of imagination-labor, got a new idea, namely, an esthetic glove for winter wear. The colors are alternately green and yellow, laid on in strictly horizontal lines, crossing the glove from left to right. It looks like the beginning

THE largest parliamentary debating society in London is that which is called the Hackney Parliament, which has just commenced its autumn session. Singular enough there is no House of Lords; but proudly enough the Hackney ney Legislature is going to have the speeches of its "House of Commons" printed. There are about 800 gentlemen who have the honor of being addressed on their letters, M.P., Hack-

The idea of lighting railway carriages with luminous paint, which had only a partial ac-ceptance when it was realized on the Metropolitan Railway, which is all tunnel, has not been abandoned, and is now about to be tried on lines which have a few tunnels. It has been this week tried on the South Eastern Railway, and it is to be hoped that success will lead to its adoption. The directors of most lines want a coat of this paint.

\$109,500 a year is a pretty good rent for furnished apartments, yet at this rate, that is, £60 a day, the Grand Duke Vladimir. his wife and suite, are lodged in the grand suite of apartments on the first floor of the Hôtel Continental in Paris. If the other expenses are at the same rate, he had need indeed be a Russian Prince of the Imperial House, though such expenditure would put trouble into the finances of even some of them. Is the Duke waiting to see Ignatieff and have a little strong talk with

THE homeward-bound generals and soldiers from Egypt are not the only people who are to be liquized upon their return from Egypt. Already preparatious are being made to do honor to the war correspondents. The newly-established Press Club has taken the lead by inviting the correspondents to the inaugural dinner, which is to be celebrated on the 28th instant; later in the season these gentlemen will be entertained by Mr. Sala. Already arrangements are being made to fête individual correspondents, and in connection with these enterprises the names of Messrs. Cameron and Bureigh are mentioned.

THE success of the Press Club has far exceeded the anticipations of its most sanguine founders. Members continue to pour in, and-what is still more indicative of the quality of the popularity, so to speak—the culinary resources of the institution are taxed to the very utmost. It is the daily and nightly wonder of members of this excellent club why such a resort for Press men was not established many years ago. The Press Club begins its history on a sound pecuniary basis. It is solvent, and its furniture

is its own. This is more than some institutions can plume themselves on. Although the situation of "the house" is admirable—in the most journalistic part of Fleet street—the time cannot be far distant when more commodious premises will be required.

IT will be a surprise to most people to learn that Mr. Toole attended the Church Congress at Derby. It is not said that a love of things ecclesiastical led the popular comedian to make a special journey to that town; but being there he accompanied a friend to the Congress one day, joined in hymn with great fervour, and listened to the speeches with utmost interest. In the course of the proceedings a young clergy-In the course of the proceedings a young clergy-man gave an excellent address, which, however, was not to the taste of some of his elders. "I cannot listen to any more of this," said a grave and reverend parson behind Mr. Toole. "The man is much too young." Mr. Toole put his glass in his eye, turned round, and with that indescribable twist of the mouth, which play-goers know so well, exclaimed, "Well, he can't help that you know!" help that, you know!"

NORTHUMBERLAND avenue is destined to be one of the grandest of London thorough ares. The Grand Hotel is to be surpassed in size by the Hotel Metropole, the foundations of which are being prepared. This hotel, it is said, will be one of the largest in the world. The frontage to the Avenue will be 300 feet in length; there will be an equally long façade in Whitehall-place, and the ground plan covers an acre in extent. A handsome block of buildings at the south-west corner of the avenue is being rapidly completed, the upper storeys to be used for offices and the ground floor for shops. The Metropolitan Board of Works are building a fire brigade station close by the avenue. There is to be yet another hotel, a contract having been entered into for the erection of "The Northumberland Avenue Hotel." At another corner the foundations of the Charing Crass Turkish Baths are being laid.

MRS. LANGTRY sailed for America from Li-MRS. LANGTRY sailed for America from Liverpool last Saturday. A lady writes:—We went this morning on board the Arizona to say good-bye to Mrs. Langtry. We found her in her cabin with her friend, Mrs. Labouchere, both looking very sad and quiet. They had come from London by the night mail, and had a special tender to take them on board early this morning. Mrs. Langtry's departure was without ostentation or any attempt at effect. Her eyes were full of tears. She said she felt nervous, frightened and lonely, and for the first time—now that all the excitement of getting away and parting with her friends was over— began to realize the importance of the step she was about to take. A stranger, and almost a novice, to face the critics and public of New York, it made her heart sink. It seemed so easy here, where she had so many friends, but there—"Oh! how I wish I were home again," she said.

A KIND of confidence trick was performed by the police authorities recently. It appears that an inspector of police sallied forth from the head office and put the question of confidence to some respectable gentleman in this way. "Would you oblige us, sir, by stepping into the head office for an instant or two, merely for the purpose of conferring a great favor on the department." A gentleman, whose feelings of doing his duty to his country were touched by this appeal, describes the result of his complying. On entering the police station I was surprised to find waiting there five city gentlemen who had also been inveigled thith r by similar assurances to those above described. I could see that the officers enjoyed the seriousness with which some of us began to view the seeming dilemma in which we so unexpectedly found ourselves. The joke seemed to be stretched still further, and the mystery at the same time deepened by the superintendent liberally supplying us with cigars to while away the time. After a time, and in answer to our inquiries, we were informed that in the adjoining room there was a respectable man in custody on the charge of stealing from the person, and as the prosecutor (who had not yet arrived) was confident he could identify the man, the police, in order to test his discrimination, and to give the prisoner at the same time fair chance for his liberty, hal determined to place him with half a dozen others when the time for identification arrived. At length the prosecutor arrived, and we were ushered into the room, and the min in custody took his place at the head of the file. A brief but critical examination followed, which resulted in a verdict of "not there." A sigh of relief escaped from one and all, for the posi-A sigh of bility of a case of mistaken identity, and of the innocent being confounded with the guilty, had flashed across all of us. Before leaving, one of the party gave expression to this feeling by inquiring of the superintendent what would have happened supposing the prosecutor had fixed upon him or any other gentleman called in to "assist" the police. The officer smil d blandly, and informed us that in that case he supposed it would have been his duty to have detained the person so identified! While laughing at what might have been a very awkward confretemps, we departed, each fully determined to see the force far enough before he would be entrapped into a like situation on the plea of "conferring a favor" on the department.

#### MY GRANDFATHER'S COAT.

My Grandfather's coat was so big in the back
That the tails used to drag on the floor;
It clung to his form like an old potato-sack,
In wrinkles behind and before:
Twas so high in the neck that you couldn't see a

speck
Of the poor little man inside;
But 'twas cut short into a pair of pants for me
When the old man died.

It was made of cloth that would stagger any moth,
For 'twas tough as the hide of a cow;
And its color was a shade that was never known to

And us considered fields.

Indep How I laugh when I think of it now;
It was lined thro' and thro' with a sort of dusty blue,
And the lining was all inside;
But 'twas cut short into a pair of pants for inc
When the old man died.

The coats of to-day soon will pass, pass away,
The sack-coat, the freek-tail and all;
They're stylish and gay but they don't come to stay
But a spring, summer, winter or 'tall.
Oh! they're not by any means like this old Kentucky

That so long was my Grandfather's pride, And was cut short into a pair of pants for me When the old man died,

TROMAS P. CULIAR.

#### AN ECCENTRIC FISHING EXCURSION.

I am indebted to my friend Grains for the most eccentric day's fishing I ever enjoyed, Grains is a brewer, who determined ten years ago to become a landed proprietor, and therefore bought an estate in Suffolk; and when all being ready for his reception, he took possession with his charming and amiable family, I was invited to accompany them on a visit.

It was a beautiful place. There was a home park, with tame deer in it; acres and acres of wood, well stocked with pheasants and rabbits : and a large pond with swans, and an sland and a Chinese summer-house.

As our introduction to all this took place in July, when there was no shooting, as the family were as yet totally unacquaint d with their neighbors, and archery parties, pecutics and other social gaieties were therefore in absyance; and as the hospitable Grains was anxious to amuse his guests, he naturally thought of a fishing excursion, and sent for his head-keeper.

"Can we have a day's fishing in the lake to-morrow, Williams?" he asked.

"Certainly sir," said Williams.

"There is a boat, I see; is it in good re-

pair ?"

" Yes, sir."

"That's all right. Then I will give directions for all my tackle to be put in your hands, and you can get everything ready for us."

"Very good, sir." "Get some worms, you know; and some live bait, and some spinning bait."

Yes, sir. At eleven o'clock on the following morning the whole party, consisting of the jovial Grains, the kindly Mrs. Grains, their three charming daughters, Fanshawe, of the Admiralty (a good fellow, but suffering from Alice-the second girl-on the brain), and myself, went down to the water-side. Grains and the keeper took the boat, the latter rowing slowly about, the former throwing a dead dace, arrayed in a bristing panoply of hooks, in all directions and drawing it in again; the rest of us being entrusted with rods and lines with enormous floats, and live little fishes attached tenderly to tempt the jack. But the jack were superior to tempta-tion. Lunch time came without anyone having had a ghost of a run, so we desisted for a while and pic-nic'd.

No use trying for jack any more to-day, ch,

Williams P' said Mr. Grains." No, sir."

"Well, then, shall we try for perch?"
"If you please, sir."
So fresh tackle was distributed, and we dis persed, taking up various coigns of vantage about the banks of the lake, Fanshewe and Alice Grains discovering a very likely spot, somewhat seeluded, in a clump of trees. We baited with worms and we baited with minnows, but with no more success than we had had during the morning. The afternoon waned. Fanshawe, indeed, secured Alice, and Alice hooked Fanshawe that summer's day, but no finny prey came to bank.

"Come, Williams," said Mr. Grains, as we prepared to go back to the couse, "are there any fish at all, of any description whatever, in this lake ?"

this lake ?"
"I never heard tell of any, sir," said the imperturbable keeper.

What Mr. Grains said I did not hear.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

OSCAR WILDE, it is said, is thinking of the

MAUDE GRANGER last week in the Academy

MDLLE. RHEA appears next week at the Academy

Mrs. LANGTRY is in New York and will appear on Monday next. THE Montreal Philharmonic Society are prac-

tising for a concert to be given shortly-THE Caledonian concert on Hallowe'en at the Queen's Hall was a magnificent success

ABBEY's Park theatre, at which Mrs. Langtry was to have made her debut in New York, has been burnt to the ground.

#### OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Lleberrated News, Montreal.

A.W., Montreal.—The room of the Montreal Chess Club is at the Gymnasium, Mansfield street.

W.H., Montreal.—We did not get your notice in time for insertion in our Column of last week.

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

Mr. Blackburne, as we learn from Land and Water, has been displaying his skill of late in different parts of England. Provincial clubs in the old country have long been aware of the benefit to be derived from securing occasional visits from first-cluss players. These, as a matter of course, cannot be obtained for nothing, but there are few players who are desirous of improvement, who would not willingly put themselves to some expense, in order to have an opportunity of receiving a lesson in their favorite pursuit from one who has been acknowledged as a master of the royal game.

The contemplated visit of Mr. Steinitz to Philadelphia, some particulars of which we give in our Column to-day is an evidence of what a club may do, the members of which are determined to bring themselves in contact with the best talent of the day.

Our renders will be much pleased to hear that Capt. Mackenzie immediately after the conclusion of his match with Mr. Blackburne, began another of three games with Mr. Mason. We hope to be able to give full particulars of this contest in a short time.

Breatano's Mogozine, it appears, is to be discontinued. The last number was the one for August and September. We are sorry for this, as it was beautifully got up and everything seemed to be done to make it acceptable to chessplayers. Chess is a pastime which costs so little, as a board and set of men are all that two players require for years of and sement, that we are surprised to find any smatteur unwilling to give a small sum to keep in existence a first class chess magazine.

We have been informed by Mr. J. G. Ascher, the Secretary of the Montreal Chess Club, that he has received a letter from Mr. Steintiz in which that eelebrated chessplayer announces his intention of visiting Montreal after the tuiliment of his engagement with the Philadelphia Chess Club.

Mr. Steinitz proposes to visit Philadelphia and play a match with Mr. Martinez, on the following conditions:
That Mr. Steinitz is to be paid \$500 for travelling expenses and costs of journey, and stay in Philadelphia.

That Mr. Steinitz, in consideration of the above, agrees to stay in Philadelphia torty days, as the guest of the Philadelphia Chess Club.

That Mr. Steinitz and Mr. Martinez play a match of the first seven cames (clraw games not to count), for \$2.0 a side. Time limit, fifteen moves an hour. Four games to be played each week, or not less than seven games in two weeks.

That Mr. Steinitz agrees to play no games in the City of Philadelphia, except at the Philadelphia Chess Club, unless at the consent of the Philadelphia Chess Club.

The Panadelphians have accounted these manifolials.

The Prinadelphians have accepted these conditions, and it is probable the match will begin early in November,—Globe-Democrat,

We are gratified to learn from the Philadelphia Times that all the arrangements for Mr. Steinitz's coming have been snecessfully completed. On Saturday last £50 stipulated for expenses were cabled to Steinitz, and by the agreement he was to start within ten days, and he will probably accompany Captain Mackengie. Now that for the first time a champion of Earops is to visit our shores, we hope our chesplayers will hestir themselves to give him such a welcome as will testify their appreciation of the event. For it is an event to be well marked and eclebrated. Notwithstanding many of the finest chess players have gone from America to the old world, yet Europeans have been much in the habit of leaving America out cutriely in their chess calculations. The visit now of an acknowledged European master is a pleasing indication that all this is to be reformed, We hope that Mr. Steinitz's visit will be a pleasant one, and we wish him all he desires, except a victory-over Mr. Martinez. Mr. S. will visit the metropolis, and the leading chess club ought to lose no time in extending its hospitalities to him on his arrival.—

Turi, Field and Farm.

PROBLEM No. 406. By F. W. Martindale.

8 \$ ğ 4

WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 404. White. Black.

1 B to R 6 2 B to B 4 3 Kt or Q mates.

1 B to B 2 (a) 2 Anything.

2 Kt to Q B 6 ch 8 Q mates

(a) 1 P takes Kt (b) 2 K moves.

2 Q takes Kt's l' 3 Mates.

(b) 1 Kt to B 3 (c) 2 Anything.

(c) 1 P to 0.6 2 Q to Kt sq and mates next move.

#### GAME 533RD. CHESS IN LONDON.

Played in the recent match of three games between Capt. Mackenzic and Mr. Blackburne. First match game played at Simpson's Divan, Sept. 25th.

(Scotch Game.)

WHITE. (Mr. Blackburne.) 1 P to K 4 2 K t to K B 3 3 P to Q 4 4 Kt takes P 5 B to K 3 6 P to Q B 3 7 Kt to B 2(a) 9 P to B 3 10 Q to Q 2 11 Kt to B 4 12 Kt takes B 12 B to Q B 4 14 P to K Kt 4 15 Castles Q R (a) 16 B to K 2 17 B takes Kt (f) 18 P to K B 4 (g) 19 P to B 5 19 P to B 5

P to B 5
P to Kt 5
B to B 3 (i)
K to Kt sq
Kt to K 3
Kt to Kt 4
Q to Kt 2
P to B 6
P takes P ch
E to O 5

28 R to Q 5 29 Q to K B 2 (4)

1 P to K 4 2 Kt to Q B 3 3 P takes P 4 B to B 4 5 Q to B 3 6 K Kt to K 2 7 B to Kt 3 (b) 8 Q to Kt 3 9 Kt to Q sq 10 Kt to K 3 11 P to Q 3 12 R P takes Kt 13 Castles 14 Kt to B 3 15 Kt to B 4 16 Kt to B 3 (b) 19 Q to B 3 21 R takes P 22 R to R 2 22 R to R 2 23 Kt to B 5 (k) 24 Q to K 3 25 Q to K 3 26 Q to K 3 27 K takes P 28 Kt to B 5 (k) 28 Kt to B 5 (k)

BLACK.

(Capt. Mackenzie.)

BLACK.

# **1 三** 2 දුන

WHITE.

30 P takes Q St Q to B 2 32 K takes R Resigns.

(Duration 32 hours.)

NOTES.

(From the Field.)

(a) The usual continuation for White here is B to Q B 4, B to Q Kt 5, B to K 2, or Q to Q 2.

(b) 7. P to Q 3 may also be played, but the Captain's move is commendable, especially as he obtained an open Rook's file later on, when the B was exchanged.

(c) We should have preferred 8, Kt to Q 2. White's intention evidently was to exchange the Bishop and to advance the Kt to Kt 5. Black very cleverly obviates this manouvre.

(d) Having already commenced an advance on the King's side. White ought to have continued with P to K R 4 instead of castling. But Mr. Blackbarne did ant cansider the open rook's file dangerous, Black not yet having developed his Bishop.

(c) Obviously White threatened to win a piece with 17, P to K B 4, and 18, P to B 5.

(f) We do not think there was any immediate necessity to take the Kt. 17, P to KR4 was more to cessity to tak the purpose.

(g) Mr. Blackburne ought still to have proceeded with P to K R 4. The text move weakens the K P, and forces the Queen into a capital place.

(h) If 18, Kt takes P. Black would have lost a piece by 19, P to B 5, followed by 20, P to K R 4. Black could obtain an equivalent in Pawns; but it would have exposed the King's side to a strong attack.

(i) As already hinted above, the attack ought to have been made with the K P, which would have temporarily kept the bostile queen out of play. Now Write is obliged to defend the K P, giving his oppon-ent time to capture the R P.

(j) It would have been injudicious to take the offered Kt P.

(k) A very deep mave. It is evident now that the Captain was preparing the sacrifice of the queen, which he had in view all along; and the manner in which he played up to it, by apparently only detend-ing himself, is highly creditable.

(I) Of course this move loses the game right off: but it is difficult to find a defensive move which will stave off the threatened danger. 29, Q to Q 2, or K R to Q sq. or Q R io Q sq. are met with 29, B to Q 2, followed by 30, K R to Q R sq. with an irresistible attack. 29, Kt to B 6, looks tempting, but proves unsound.

(a) If 32 K to Kt sq. then 33, P takes Kt. and Black

(m) The remainer of the game is characteristic of the Captain's elegant style, specimens of which we have seen in the recent Vienna Tournament.

JENNY LIND in her beautiful home in South Kensington, London, leads a life of tranquil domestic happiness, honored, beloved, and still an authority in the world of art. She is now a very pleasant-looking, elderly lady, wearing her abundant hair turned back in the self-same style that she brought into vogue in America over thirty years ago, while her large lustrous eyes, always her greatest beauty, retain their clear azure and kindly expression. She always speaks in enthusiastic terms of her American tour. It was while she was in America that she was wooed and won by Otto Goldschmidt, so the memory of a happy love may lend its glamour to her recol-lections of our transatlantic plaudits. The great French tenor, Roger, who frequently supported Jenny Lind in her operatic tours, cherished for her to his latest hour an unavowed passion. Roger was married, and far from happily, when he first saw her; but one has only to turn to the pages of his lately published memoirs to trace the depth and force of the impression produced by the fascinating Swede.



# St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary.

#### TENDERS FOR FIREWOOD.

SEALED TENDERS, endorsed "Tender for Firewood," will be received at the Warden's Office until noon, MONDAY, the 20th day of NOVEMBER inst., for the quantities of Firewood required for the years 1883-84, viz; four hundred and fifty (450) cords of hard wood, one-half maple and one-half black birch (merisic rronge) piled on delivery separately; three hundred (200) cords of tamarac (epinette ronge).

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arden. Raft wood will not be allowed to form any part of

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GODE, LAVIOLETTE.

2nd November, 1882.

Warden.

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NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE PERCENT, 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 Bank" ing House in this city and at its branches, on and after

FRIDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT.

The Trapfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 20th of November next, both days inclusive. By order of the Board,

W. J. BUCHANAN,

General Manager.

Montreal, 24th October, 1882.

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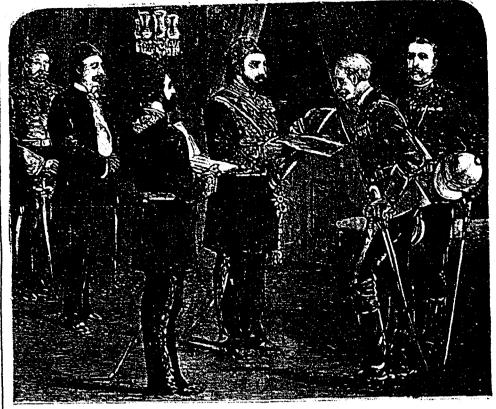
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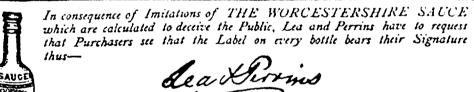


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	DELIT	KRY.	MAILS.	стся	INO.
		Р. Ж.	ONT. 4 WESTERN PROVINCES.		
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		6 30	Oliawa Kiver Koulo ud lol	6 00	1
-		1	QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES.		
	8 00	}	Berthier, Sorel & Batiscan		
		5 35	Bridge, per steamer Quebec, Three Rivers, Ber- thier, &c., by North Shore Railway. (B) Quebec by G. T. R'y		6.00
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			daily on Halifax, whence despatch is by the Packet leaving Halifax on the		
			11th and 25th September.		8 00
			LOCAL MAILS.		
	9 45		Valleyfield, Valois & Dor-		
	11 30		Yal		4 30
	10 30		Beauharnois Route Boucherville, Controveur Verenues & Vercheres Cote St. Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace Hochelaga		1 45
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[A] Postal Car Bags open till 8.45 s.m., and 9.15 p.m. [B] Do. 9.00 p.m.

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

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

For Porto Rico direct, September 1st and 15th.

Venezuela and Curacon, September, 2nd and 2nh.

Por Cuba and W. I. via Havana, September 2nd.

16th and 30th.

For Brazil and W. I. via Havana, September 6th.

The Windward Islands, September 6th and 27th.

Jamaica, Turck's Island and Hayti, 3th and 27th.

Jamaica, Turck's Island and Hayti, 3th and 27th.

Bor Cuba and Porto Rico via Havana, September 9th, 21st and 23td.

Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, September 12th.

For Cuba and for Mexico via Havana, September 14th and 28th.

Hayti and U.S. Columbia (except Asp. and Pan.

15th and 2nh.)

South Pacific and Central American Ports, September 19th, 20th and 30th.

Cape Hayti, Saint Domingo and Turck's Island,

September 2th.

The Bahama Islands, September 28th.

" The Bahama Islands, September 28th.

Mails leave San Francisco:

For Australia and Sandwich Tslands, Sept. 23rd. For China and Japan, September 7th. 13th and 28th.