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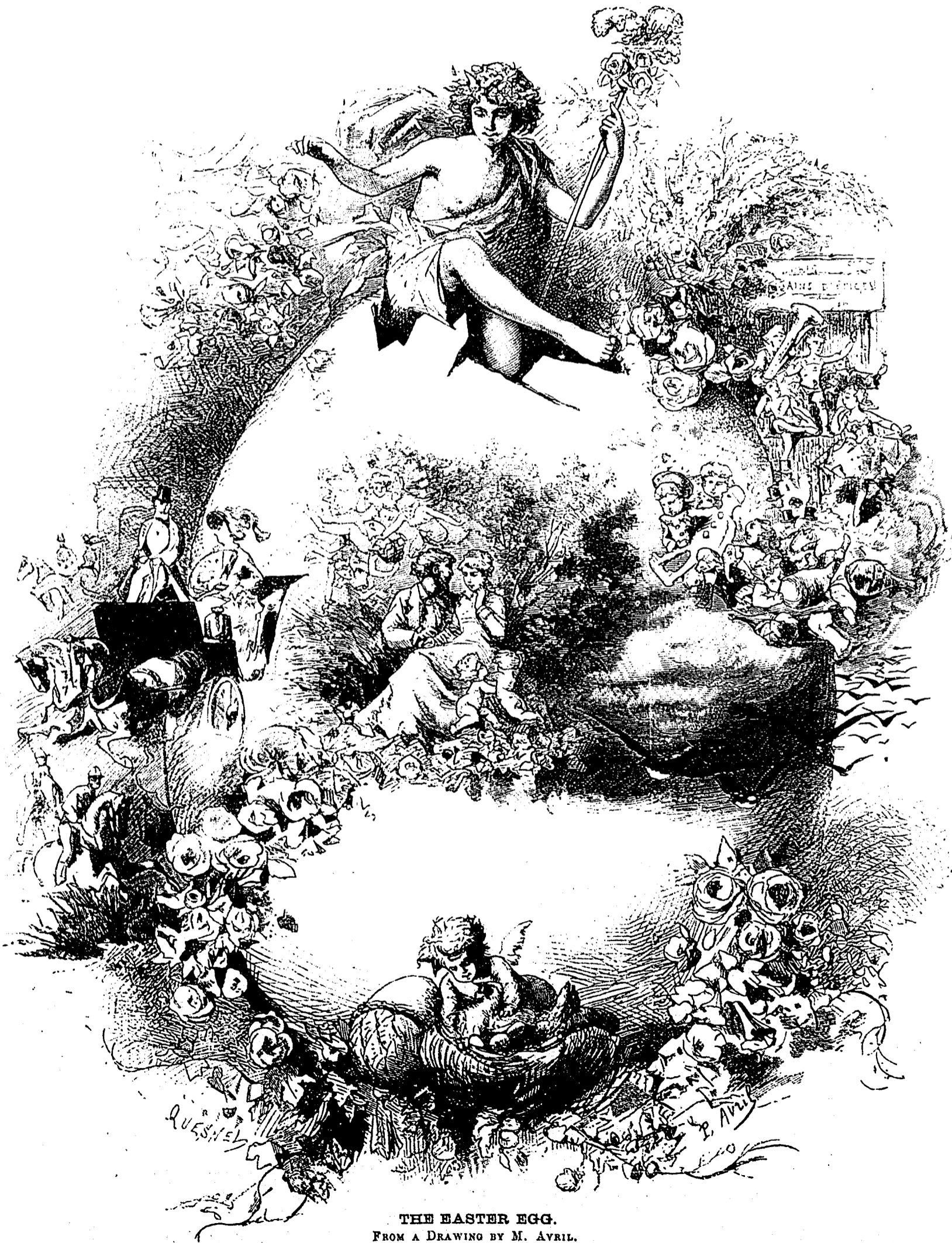
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Wholesale News

Vol. XXV.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1882.

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THE EASTER EGG.
FROM A DRAWING BY M. AVRIL.

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.

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TEMPERATURE

As observed by Hearn & Harrison. Thermometer No. 1111. Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

April 10th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
45°	22°	33° 5'	30°	14°	22°
48°	33°	40° 5'	28°	12°	20°
36°	23°	30° 5'	28°	12°	20°
39°	19°	29°	31°	11°	21°
46°	33°	39° 5'	44°	24°	34°
50°	33°	41° 5'	46°	32°	39°
45°	30°	37° 5'	45°	30°	37° 5'

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Easter Egg—Views of Winnipeg—The Montreal Ice Harvest—The Old Woolman—Town and Country—The Children's Hospital—The Serenade.

THE WEEK.—The Royal Canadian Academy—Modern Nursery Rhymes—Union of the Empire.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Toronto Topics—A Tangible Religion—Our Illustrations—The Great North-West—Sham Titles—Humors of an Eastern Post Office—News of the Week—Bonny Kate (Illus.)—Musical and Dramatic—Blanca—A Description of a Beefsteak—In the Pullman Cars—Friends—Josh Billings to the Girls—Wood Engraving—A Strange Custom—The Prisoner—The Folk Lore of Lower Canada—Humorous—May—An Easter Egg—Echoes from London—An Irish Stew—Literary Success—Clubs—I am Going Home—How He Won His Wager—Echoes from Paris—A Modern Witch—Gustave Doré—A Romance of Two Hemispheres—Cur Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 15, 1882.

THE WEEK.

ON Tuesday of this week the Governor-General will formally open the exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy. A private view of the pictures was held on Saturday, but the exhibition is worthy of a more detailed notice than can be given at the eleventh hour before going to press, and a fuller description is consequently deferred until next week. On the whole, however, it may be said that a very fair collection of paintings will be open to the public. One thing however it is in order to remark. A rule of the Academy provides that no picture shall be sent in which has been previously on exhibition elsewhere, and the present writer recognized at a glance two pictures which he himself could place. How is this? and who is responsible for the carrying out of the rule? If it exists, surely no discrimination should be allowed between those who obey it and those who entirely disregard it.

THE NURSERY RHYMES OF THE FUTURE.

We have at last awakened to the extreme immorality of Nursery Rhymes. Education is now universally admitted to have its beginning in the nursery, and it is well understood that the infant mind retains impressions most vividly, and is in a large measure indebted to its surroundings for the bent which it ultimately assumes. What can be more productive of evil than the impressing upon the mind of adolescent humanity of such stories as those which filled our dreams as children, and have probably by their results contributed to our present acknowledged depravity and imbecility. The story of Jack Horner for example. Did he not glory in his gluttony? Did he not roundly lie in asserting his own goodness? Was he not "unduly puffed up"? What wonder that we, who as children, looked upon him in a sense as our tutelary divinity, should have grown up like him, greedy, self-satisfied and mendacious. Again, what crass ignorance is encouraged by the imbecile attitude of the investigator in

"Twinkle twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!"

Wonder indeed! When Mr. PROCTOR has been at so much pains to explain exactly the constitution of the solar system, are we, supinely, to look on when our children stand agape before one of the simplest forms of nature? Perish the thought. It is the age of progress and Nursery Rhymes must move with the rest of the world. Why should not the claims of morality, and the teachings of science be embodied in a slight alteration of existing versions? To take the rhymes already animadverted upon. See how delicately and unobtrusively the grand principles of science can be introduced in a simple verse:—

Wrinkles, wrinkles, solar star,
I obtain of what you are,
When unto the noonday sky
I the spectroscope apply;
For the spectrum renders clear
Gaps within your photosphere,
Also sodium in the bar,
Which your rays yield, solar star.

Then again the gluttonous and conceited John might, nay should, have a different lesson to teach. How much better might he be employed thus:—

Studious John Horner, of Latin no scorner,
In the second declension did spy
How nouns there were some,
Which ending in *um*, do not make their plural in *i*.

The subject is well nigh inexhaustible, but so is not our space. One only suggestion more to the Editor of the future. The grand cause of failure of the Woman's Rights movement is due, we believe, to the ladies having begun too late. The inequality of the sexes is taught in the Nursery. Jill obediently follows her lord even when they are falling down hill, and the girls who are kissed by Georgy-Porgy (disgraceful instance of immorality which should be numbered amongst the most depraved of *chansons*) have no other recourse but the womanly one of crying. This last is perhaps too immoral in its general conception to bear admission into our refined circles under any form, but Jack and Jill lends itself readily to the requirements of future education.

Jack and Jill
Have studied Mill,
And all that sage has taught too,
And now you note,
Jill claims to vote,
As every good girl ought to.

These as we have said are only suggestions. But if any enterprising publisher will make us an offer, we are prepared to bring out a thoroughly revised and emanated edition of nursery rhymes in which everything objectionable shall disappear to be replaced by moral and scientific teaching of the most approved kind.

A COMMERCIAL UNION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Public attention, which has long been intermittently directed towards the great question of Imperial Federation, is now drawn in an unusually pointed manner towards the subject, not only in the Mother Country, but in all the principal Colonies. The old saying that "blood is thicker than water" has its counterpart in the undoubted truth of the fact that personal and material interests will override sentimental attachments; and while the feelings of brotherhood and loyalty and patriotism which bind the Colonies to the Mother Country are strong enough for ordinary purposes, there may come a time when these links may be subjected by divergent material interests to too severe a strain, and the chain may snap. It was just such a strain which alienated the American Colonies a hundred years ago; and the rapidly increasing importance and wealth of the Colonies throughout the world is daily creating local interests which, if not so directed as to be in harmony with those of the Mother Country, may lead to a loosening of the ties of affection, to jealousy, and ultimately to separation. At present the interests of Great Britain and her Colonies are entirely reciprocal, and, indeed, identical. Their united resources are equal to

those of the whole world besides. It has become the fashion to speak of the responsibilities of England as a burden almost too great to bear, as though the Colonies were literally "dependencies"—dependent upon England for defence, for their development, and even for food, instead of being, in every possible sense, sources of strength. "Union is strength," and the completest union between the different parts of the Empire will be the completest guarantee of strength. How is such a union to be achieved? The first step is to prove, by every possible means, that the interests of the head are identical with those of all the members, and *vice versa*. It is of no use for England to assert that this is the case if she does not show it by her actions, and, at the present time, the Colonies have very good reason to complain that her actions belie her words. It has been very justly said that, having granted self-government to all her larger Colonies, she has no right now to interfere with the legal exercise of their rights; but there is a wide difference between interfering unduly with their rights and encouraging their Imperial instincts.

By admitting the right of France to impose burdens on Colonial produce which she does not impose on English goods, except on condition of their trading directly with her, instead of through England, as they wish to do, the Mother Country has gone a long way towards admitting that her interests and those of the Colonies are not identical. Instead of our being in the position of having to make a special convention with France, as a sort of set-off to the disadvantages to which the present state of our commercial relations have exposed us in common with the rest of the Colonies, England ought to demand, as of right, that every advantage which she enjoys should be shared equally by all her Colonies. It is not fair to complain, as is done in some quarters, that the Colonies practice Protection against England, when, on the one hand, they are obliged to admit the goods of foreign powers, whether they want them or not, into their ports on the same terms on which they admit British goods; and when, on the other hand, England accepts favors from foreign countries which she does not insist that her Colonies shall participate in.

The result of England's expressed determination to nail the colors of "Free Trade" to the mast is that other nations send their produce to her markets without let or hindrance, giving a bounty in many cases on their own manufactures to enable them to compete with English wares; while they close their own markets to her produce by tariffs so skillfully arranged as to admit what they actually need, but to shut out what they can by any possibility do without. In the meantime they are holding out tempting baits to Colonial trade, in the hope of placing in their own pockets the profits which she has hitherto derived from the Colonial connection. We have no desire to take the baits offered us. We are content to cultivate our trade with England, and to have our interests bound up with those of England; but it is contrary to all reason to expect that we shall submit to be placed at a disadvantage as compared with the Mother Country. If the Home Government were to enter into negotiations with the Colonies to prepare for the contingency, which will shortly arise, of England's numerous treaty engagements being revised on the basis of identity of interest between the Colonies and the Mother Country, we would gladly submit to the temporary inconvenience of the existing chaos for the sake of the ultimate harmony which it is within her power and ours to secure.

An eminent barrister had, some years ago, a case sent to him for an opinion. The case stated was the most preposterous and improbable that ever occurred to the mind of man, and concluded by asking "whether, under such circumstances, an action would lie? He took his pen and wrote, "Yes, if the witnesses will lie too, but not otherwise."

TORONTO TOPICS.

(By Our Toronto Correspondent.)

The appointment to the vacant Rectory of St. James' Cathedral is still doubtful. Last week the representatives of the Vestry interviewed Bishop Sweetman, with little result, except to show the Bishop's determination to support or procure the appointment of a Rector hostile to the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School, to support which, *par parenthese*, every one knows that Dr. Sweetman was promoted from the standing of a pedagogue to that of a Bishop. The Vestry are in favor of Mr. Rainsford, or, of Canon Baldwin, with Mr. Rainsford as assistant Rector, to which arrangement Bishop Sweetman objected that the salary might prove insufficient. The Vestry replied that they would undertake to remove that objection. It is reported that the Bishop wishes to appoint Mr. Pearson, of Holy Trinity.

Dean Graesset's will leaves his property, over ninety-three thousand dollars, without reserve, to his widow.

It was observed that at the churches yesterday there was an unusually scanty attendance of the ladies. This is attributed by cynical critics to the fact that the new bonnets and hats could not appear before Easter Sunday.

The meeting of the Toronto ladies interested in the suppression of the social evil, consisted mainly of those identified with the Rights of Woman party. It is not to be wondered at that they passed resolutions condemning the measures of compulsory medical inspection and license, which, in the opinion of many sober observers, well acquainted with the subject, afford the best means of minimizing the evil.

A TANGIBLE RELIGION.

The recent discussion in one of our periodicals, between prominent citizens, on the subject of revealed religion, has called attention thereto.

The one who attacks religion and the truths of the Bible, possesses so much plausibility, that wherever he goes he is listened to with attention and applause. As he accompanies his attacks with so much wit and sarcasm, and withal professes (and doubtless practices) so much lofty morality, and makes his onslaughts on such high, pure grounds, his influence, for the time being, must be enormous.

From the pulpit, the denunciations of infidelity have lost much of their effect, since the Book from which they draw their force, once discredited, can no longer be taken as ultimate authority. Inspiration and revelation are not recognized as arguments by the unbelieving, and the fulmination of threats of eternal punishment are as powerless in effect as a papal bull of Excommunication would be on a Scotch covenanter.

In our republican country, people have got into the habit of thinking for themselves on all subjects, and to take the views of no man or body of men, either of our own day or of past times, without first examining them in the light of reason as they possess it.

That this is an unmixt blessing, there is great reason to doubt; that unrestricted it leads to great mischief, is beyond peradventure; but that it is productive of much good, when moderated by cool judgment, is also a fixed fact. If by a spirit of calm investigation, the rancorous differences between sects be discarded, and the true object of religions be learned, the proper rules of conduct toward our neighbors, the steady moral advancement of all, the whole world will be put in the proper path of progress and the era of liberty, equality and fraternity be inaugurated.

The first step in this direction must, doubtless, be the weakening of the purely dogmatic phases of religion.

While the vast majority of the people of this country are adherents to some Church or other, the lines of division are much weaker to-day than they were a half century ago, and it is safe to assert that the spirit of liberalism can never go backward, but must advance until such time as a truly fraternal feeling will prevail between the adherents of different sects, or until the lines between them will be gradually effaced.

But the day for the abolition of Churches has not yet come. The American people are not about to tear the Bible into shreds, notwithstanding the fears of many religious folk, who view with terror the havoc made in the ranks of the Churches by the influence of Ingersoll.

Whatever be the motive of this man, his work is not for good. Religion and the Bible have been almost the sole means wherewith the great laws of morality have been disseminated among the peoples, and they have been practically civilized thereby. The principles of equality enunciated in the story of the creation, and endlessly repeated throughout the book, and the formulation of all the best laws necessary to the maintenance of society, as contained in the Decalogue, have brought about the morality and intelligence, which renders it possible for Mr. Ingersoll to talk as he does. That at various times the different Churches in power have lost sight of their true object, and have permitted bigotry or ambition to pervert their aims is true, but the proper growth was still going on; the seeds of morality, early sown, were ripening in the dark, under the ice of Church cruelty and rapacity, and this very growth checked these evils, and in turn checked and improved the Church—taught the teachers.

There is still great need that the laws of morality be disseminated. The Millenium is not yet come. Organizations are still needed to furnish teachers to the people to restrain their selfishness, to curb their wrong-doings, to teach

them to look upon their neighbors with other eyes than those of envy. While this need exists, religions will live. Until the time shall have come when men shall instinctively avoid the doing of a dishonorable act, as they shun physical hurts, and a man shall fear the telling of a lie, as he does the thrust of a knife, the Churches, the preachers and the Bible will still have their mission unfulfilled. While stories of foul wrongs and bitter persecutions are borne to us on every breeze, the cry of the widow and the orphan falls on our ears, widowed and orphaned by their neighbors. If a life, it seems worse than idle mockery to suppose that an appeal to abstract principles of ethics in the hearts and minds of the Russian Moujiks, is the right way to correct the evil.

So long as the right of property and the wrong of property exists; so long as the desire of possession, and the need of bread urge on the acquisitiveness of man, there can be no perfect truthfulness as man is at present organized.

Complete infidelity and total atheism are utterly inconsistent with human morality. It is a species of mental communism, which is possible of good effect only where there is universal communism of everything, unrestricted, and on a large scale, that is to say when men can do no wrong, when there can be no temptation to do wrong, since nothing that men can do can be wrong.

The needs of this time are far different. What we want is not a new religion, abolishing restraints, but a religion that imposes restraints, not on others, but on ourselves; a religion that seeks no aid or power from the State, but gives its aid to the people who form the State, by teaching the duties of the rich to the poor, of the well to the sick, of the learned to the ignorant; a religion that looks not so much to the building of great and magnificent churches, but rears schools and hospitals and orphan asylums, that sends abroad, among the poor, missionaries, who disburse food to the starving, health to the sick, and solace to the dying. A religion that will elevate the moral tone of the people, having one law for the rich and the poor, teaching to all that the possession of wealth can in no way compensate for the loss of honor, or honesty.

The man who goes about sneering at the Bible, the book which first disseminated the doctrine of Humanity "Love thy neighbor as thyself," does ill. The flaws which he finds and flaunts in the faces of his hearers are possibly there. But he has chosen, not the mission of the Dove of Peace, but the mission of the carrion crow.

--Quit

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ICE HARVEST.—The harvest for the past winter began fully one month later than usual, and the work was broken into several times by periods of mild weather. The number of men at work during the harvesting season, cutting and packing alone, exceeds 200; the number of men with horses besides those owned by dealers themselves is about 150. The quantity harvested this year is probably one third less than that of the previous year, and greater difficulty was experienced than usual in getting the best quality. The average thickness is slightly less than usual. The quantity stored here is not affected by the probable scarcity in the United States. Dealers here have no extra capacity available for such occasions, besides these periods of scarcity are more imaginary than real. The business there is so important and extensive that the large dealers never rely upon any one year's crop. The United States dealers depend mainly upon the crop harvested in the Kennebec River in Maine where there are facilities and capacity for storing away more in ten days, than can be stored in Montreal in two months, in fact, on this river Messrs. Haynes & Dewitt own a house capable of holding 16,000 tons. It has a double elevator worked by a 60 horse power engine, and is filled in ten days. The entire quantity stored in Montreal for city consumption is not over 60,000 tons.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.—Suffering infancy makes an irresistible appeal to compassion; and in those beneficent institutions, of which there is one in Queen's square in London, where the best surgical and medical treatment, with the tenderest womanly care and nursing, is provided for children affected by accident or injury or by disease, many a touching incident may be daily witnessed. Such is that which Mr. Davidson has chosen for the subject of his picture: a kind nurse raising in her embrace of sincere affection the languid form of a young patient whose bandaged head seems to have been severely hurt by a fall, yet whom we should judge to be in an improving condition from the general attitude of the figure. It is needless to put the tumbled little bed or cot in order, as the restless kicking and tossing have made it so uncomfortable to lie in; and here are the playthings, a tumbling-top and a pretty doll, with which she will try to amuse and beguile the child for some minutes, till the couch has been made smooth and fresh to receive its poor little body. In the background is another group, the anxious mother who has come to see her sick babe, and to whom one of the nurses is just now showing the actual state of the frail little creature, apparently but a few months old. There are sad sights, not infrequently, in the Children's Hospital; but with a certain admixture of sweetness, from the unstrained love and pity heaped upon such innocent and helpless victims of these painful calamities, to which the human frame is liable in its mortal existence upon earth.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

We take pleasure this week in copying (by special permission) two illustrations from Prof. Macoun's forthcoming work on Manitoba and the Great North-West. One entitled "Main Street, Winnipeg," is from a photograph taken expressly for Prof. Macoun's work only a few weeks since; another of Manitoba College is from the plan of that building which we believe is now about completed. History affords no parallel of development equal to that shown by the comparison of Winnipeg in 1871 and the colored lithograph of it in 1881 as exhibited in Prof. Macoun's book. The sets of illustrations found in the work are very striking comparisons; first is one year after settlement in the bush; the log hut and its clearing around it; opposite is an illustration of one year after settlement on the open prairie already looking like a farm without stone or stump to hinder the plough; again fifteen years after settlement in the bush; and three years after settlement on the prairie show about the same amount of comfort, and last, six years after settlement on the prairie has accomplished about the same as 30 years after settlement in the bush. The work contains fine illustrations from photographs of nearly all the finest buildings of Winnipeg, such as Hudson's Bay Co's buildings, Cauchon buildings, City Hall, Dr. Schultz' building, recently erected Louise Bridge. There is also a colored lithograph of the town of Emerson, and town plans of Winnipeg, Emerson and Brandon. The newest Government maps are contained in the work, and to these a number of improvements have been made. The land map of Manitoba which is one of the finest, if not the finest, map ever made in Canada is given with the work, and upon this map another color has been used showing the electoral districts, boundaries and names.

Prof. Macoun, as is well known, is the Livingstone of the North-West. As Government explorer of those regions he has done a work of very great importance, and probably no one else in Canada would have done it so well as he. His first trip he made in 1872 in company with Sandford Fleming, C.E., and Rev. Principal Grant, and acted as Botanist to their expedition, soon after which he resigned the position of Professor of Botany and Natural History in Albert University, Belleville, to return the position of Government explorer. Since that time his reports have been read with great interest not only in Canada but also in Great Britain and United States, and relied upon in preference to all others. Not a Government emigration or colonization pamphlet which does not quote Prof. Macoun as an authority; from his accounts the very estimates have been based and the building of the railway made possible. His work is divided into thirty-six chapters and deals with every section of the North-West, and with every subject of interest connected with that region. The work has been dedicated to His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne with his special permission.

Although Prof. Macoun has written the main body of the work he has had much assistance from a number of our best literary men. The book is published by the World Publishing Company, Guelph, whose advertisement appears in another column.

SHAM TITLES.

So deeply rooted is the love of a lord in the human breast, that even a sham title commands a premium in the social market. There are scores of them floating about, and the baronetage is so full of dubious holders of the Red Hand, that the conscientious but courteous compiler, Mr. Joseph Foster, tosses them into an appendix under the heading of "Chaos." He will not wound their susceptibilities by saying that their titles are apocryphal; but he evidently thinks so. There are always a number of cadidoms and baronies in dispute. Who shall say how many Lord Mars and Lord Belhavens there were recently in the field? Now, each of the claimants to a title in abeyance has a perfect right to use it until the law decides otherwise and—on the principle enunciated by Mr. Squiers to Nickleby, that there was no act of parliament to prevent a man's calling his house an island—for as long afterward as he chooses. There was an attainer—so the legend goes—generally runs—in the Monmouth rebellion, or after the '15 or the '45. Or it was a Nova Scotian baronetcy, which fell into desuetude owing to the poverty of some of the links, or to a mistake on their part as to its being hereditary in a collateral line, and not only in the direct line. In time, by persistently sending their names to the editors of "Peerages" and "Baronetages," and using the title on all occasions, they acquire a kind of brevet rank, which, in the person of a son or a grandson, becomes undistinguishable from the real thing. O! the whole a sham title is very nearly as good as a real one. In the case of the genuine peer or baronet the principal reality often is a scanty rent roll, endless encumbrances, a rank to keep up, a great house to maintain, and the impossibility of turning into coin one rood of the land which his sham "doppelganger" considers such a lordly heritage. For women it is rather better to be the claimant to

* Manitoba and the Great North-West: being a full and complete History of the Country, by John Macoun, M.A., F.L.S., Dominion Field Naturalist and Botanist, and for nine years past Government Explorer of the North-West, formerly Professor of Botany in Albert University, Belleville. 1882. Guelph, Ont.: The World Publishing Company.

a great title than the holder of a small one. Their imagination revels around a marquisate and runs riot in the dream of a dukedom. The dispossessed heir, wandering the world over, obtains their sympathy to such a degree, that there is never any lack of ladies willing to take their chances of remaining all their days a sham countess, or baroness, or even a Nova Scotian dame. There are also many Angelica Kauffmans, who in their eagerness to become countesses will risk marrying violets masquerading under their master's title. "Orélie Antoinette," King of Araucania, though in reality a Périgord attorney, might have well done in the money market had he only played his cards more discreetly; and Theobald, King of Corsica, who scheduled his realm for the benefit of his creditors, being so unfortunate as to live in a day of Chevaliers of St. Louis, could not, like the Sham Mingrelian prince who lately victimized Paris, manage to barter his orders for the bank cheques of ambitious financiers. America used to be the principal hunting ground for sham titulars matrimonially inclined. But the bogus Italian count, and the Teutonic Freiherr, who was the thirteenth son of a "von"-bearing Junker, seriously spoil the business. Then the younger members of the British peerage discovered the Tom Fiddler's ground of shoddy and petroleum, and, with the plethora of peers created during the Second Empire, has completely monopolized the fair republicans who are not unwilling to exchange their dollars for the "tinsel titles of an effete monarchy." The British colonies are beginning to promise fair. The squatter daughters find that blood horses and a plentitude of sheep are, by themselves, unsatisfying, and the Michael and George Knights are nearly all old and mostly of plebeian patrimonies. Accordingly, in the Cape Veldt or the Darling Downs, lords and baronets in disguise are cropping up. The shepherd, over his damper and punnkin, will hint that, "if everybody had his own, he should not be roosting in that condemned hut." If an Englishman, a missing marriage certificate is generally the trouble. The Scotchman is more addicted to dating the family decadence from the Rebellion; while a peerage granted by James II. in the interregnum between the Revolution and the battle of the Boyne is the myth around which the Irishman's vivid imagination usually caracoles. For the most part however Hibernians prefer, when they run on the theme of dormant titles, to claim descent from the loins of kings.

HUMORS OF AN EASTERN POST OFFICE.

The following amusing description of a scene at the post office in Constantinople appears in the Cologne Gazette: "It may be remembered that the different European states have each their own postal establishment in the Turkish capital. The German office there, however, performs the postal service not only for subjects of the Emperor William, but for the Turks themselves as well. The Turk is well known to be a lover of ceremony, and how little this feature contributes to the despatch of business may be gathered from the following account of an incident of frequent occurrence at the German Post Office at Pera. In London or any city of Western Europe the transaction would be concluded in half a dozen words:

"Two shillings worth of foreign stamps, please."

"Change for half-a-crown, thank you!"

In Stamboul this simple transaction assumes the following form:

A turbanned Ottoman, approaching the pigeon-hole of the post-office, bows repeatedly to the official, and laying his right hand on his breast, exclaims:

"May the noble morning be fortunate for you, sir!"

Official, returning the salutation, inquires—

"What is your pleasure?"

"My servant desires a few stamps—postage stamps—in order to send letters to Europe. My son, Abdullah Effendi, glass merchant, of Ak Sema, has travelled to London, and his family wishes to write to him. I, myself, indeed, do not possess the accomplishment of writing, but a relative, the grandson of my father's great uncle, the great pipe-stool manufacturer of Topkane, is master of that art, and he will pen the epistle for us."

"Very good—and how many stamps do you want, sir?"

"Ah, my jewel! how many do I require? One, I suppose, will not be sufficient, for he will not return yet for four weeks; so give me two."

"Very good; here they are—two and a half piastres."

"What is that thou sayest, my lamb! Two piastres was what I used to give some years back when Abdullah was previously in London. Wait, it was—"

"Quite right, Effendim; but since then the fee has been altered, and the price is now greater."

"Is it so, apple of my eye? The price is greater. Alas! alas!"

Herewith the Turk pulls out a roll of notes, on seeing which the official exclaims—

"No, my diamond, no! We take no paper money here. You must pay in silver."

"Eh, what! You take no paper? Why not? Surely it is good money of the padishah in whose realm you are! Well, well, I will give you hard money. I have with me some in copper."

"No, Effendim," rejoins the official, "we don't take copper either. You must pay in silver."

"Silver? By my head, I have none? Do me the kindness of taking copper. I will pay you the agio."

"Impossible, Effendim. I am not allowed to take it."

"Well, what am I to do, then, my son?"

"Go to the money-changer. He is sitting there in the corner."

"Ah, me! it is very hot. Won't you, really, take copper?"

"I cannot, under any circumstances."

"Very well, then, you shall have silver. Here it is."

"Thanks."

This part of the business being concluded, the Turk asks—

"When will the letter be sent off?"

"First tell me, father, when do you intend to write?"

"Oh, to-day. As soon as I get back from the fish market, whither I must first go. I will have the letter written."

"Then it will be despatched in the morning, if you bring it before two o'clock in the afternoon."

"Excellent, and when will the answer come back?"

"Well, Effendim, that depends upon when your son posts his reply."

"Writes his reply, my lamb! Why, what are you thinking of! He will do it at once, of course. Do you suppose he will keep his father waiting?"

"Very well, in that case the answer will arrive quickly. You may perhaps get it in ten days."

"Bravo! bravo! Then I will come back in ten days' time. Good-bye! May Allah lengthen thy shadow, my heart!"

"Good-bye, sir, and may thy beard luxuriantly flourish!"

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE President of the U. S. has vetoed the Chinese bill.

THE Dublin police have made an extensive seizure of arms.

THE International art exhibition was opened in Vienna on April 1st.

SIR ROBT. LAFFAN, Governor of Bermuda, died on the 22nd ult.

A DUBLIN despatch says an important Fenian has escaped on an American vessel.

SARAH BERNHARDT was married in London recently, and, it is said, intends to renounce the stage.

PEOPLE are leaving Chicago at the rate of 1,000 a day for the Western States and Manitoba.

OXFORD won the inter-University boat-race by six lengths.

M. DELESSEPS denies that the Panama Company intends taking up the Nicaraguan scheme.

A BOSTON mark-man has now the best record at the short range—28 successive bull's-eyes.

CORNELIUS J. VANDERBILT, brother of William H. Vanderbilt, suicided April 2nd at the Glenham Hotel, in New York.

THE Home Secretary has suspended Dr. Lamson's execution till the 18th, pending the arrival of evidence from America.

NEWS has been received at Constantinople of the movement of French troops in Tunis towards the Tripoli frontier.

A PARIS paper gives currency to a rumored proposal that a meeting of all the European Powers shall be held to assure the peace of Europe.

MISS O'CONNOR, sister of the M. P., has been sent to jail by the Athlone Magistrates for six months for advising tenants not to pay their rent.

MR. PARNELL was released from Kilmainham prison on Monday, and made his way to England.

TWO steamers were sunk by collision off Cape Finisterre recently. Seventeen persons were rescued from one vessel and sixty-seven from the other.

THE Berlin National Zeitung charges Skobeleff with endeavoring to stir up war between Russia and Germany, alleging that Bismarck is privy to the intrigue.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mon Fils, a three-act comedy of M. Emile Guillard, has been produced with success at the Odéon.

AN adaptation of the story of the "Moulin à Vents" is announced.

CARL SCHLOSSER, of Munich, is engaged for the Ring der Nibelungen performances at Her Majesty's Theatre.

MISS KATE PATTISON has organized a company for performing The Cypriote in the provinces. Mr. V. will play his original part.

The Squire has been produced at Wallack's Theatre in New York, with Miss Rose Coghlan in Mrs. Kendal's original part.

MR. OLIVER, formerly pianist to H.R.H. the Princess Louise, who is now in New York, has written an air for a Canadian national anthem, composed by Mr. W. J. Topley.

The production for the first time at the Comédie Française of Barberine, a comedy of Alfred de Musset, which that dramatist brought unfilled for the stage, is an event of exceptional interest.

The production by Mr. Carl Rosa of Berlioz's opera Benvenuto Cellini has been most wisely postponed till next season. It is acknowledged that Mr. Villiers-Stanford's new Symphony in D minor is a great advance on anything he has before achieved.



THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL—FROM THE PICTURE BY THOMAS DAVIDSON.

"BONNY KATE," A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY
CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Pure with all faithful passion, fair
With tender smiles that come and go,
And comforting as April air
After the snow."

There is everything to aid Kate in the resolution wherewith she has girded herself. The days which rapidly follow one another are filled to the brim with engagements, visits, occupation, and excitement—to herself she seems plunged into a whirl which hardly leaves her time to think. It is not according to the nature of healthy youth to brood over sorrow—especially when that sorrow is medicined by pride—and so, though she does not forget, she finds that she has not lost the power of enjoyment. Pretty dresses, pleasant friends, and many admirers, all conspire to bring back the light to her eyes, the pomegranate flush to her cheeks, the smile to her lips.

"How charming Miss Lawrence is!" people say one to another. Astute ladies add that it is very evident Miss Brooke means to make a match between her nephew and this charming girl. Gentlemen say that Fenwick is a lucky dog, and if there is a sense of disappointment in a few hearts—for Fenwick has been counted one of the best matrimonial chances afloat—such disappointment is not uttered aloud.

It is not necessary to enter into the details of Kate's life for several weeks. She wears lovely toilets which enhance her beauty a hundredfold, she receives, and pays visits by the scores, she attends parties, she rides, and drives, and walks—in short, she has pleasure and admiration enough to turn an older and wiser head.

That hers is not turned is owing simply to the fact that her heart is still loyal to the friends and home she has left. A letter from Fairfields—though Tarleton's name is now studiously omitted—is more to her than all the compliments which can be paid, all the incense which can be offered. The faithful, affectionate nature clings steadfastly to things old and familiar.

The girl in question is, meanwhile, trying sedulously to put this lover out of her heart and her thoughts, and she succeeds in a measure in doing so. No one could live the life into which she is plunged, without finding the absent in a manner jostled aside. But the memory, the heart, whatever is most concerned in such affairs is often very deceptive. People flatter themselves that they have "lived down" some recollection or sentiment, which a trivial accident sometimes startles into vivid life. So it is with Kate. Making her toilet one evening, for an informal gathering at a house noted for its social charm, she has occasion to open a box which she brought from Fairfields, and there, among sashes, and ribbons, and frills, she finds a faded wreath, formed of a woodland vine, which Tarleton gathered for her the day they went to Rocky Mount.

The sight of it brings everything back in a flood; the soft September afternoon, the rich landscape spread far and fair below the pinnacle on which Tarleton and herself were enthroned, the moonlight ride, the dance in the old hall that evening, when she wore this wreath in her hair. Ah, what blithe hours they

all that they should be, she detects at once the traces of tears, but refrains from comment.

"You look exceedingly well," she says, bringing her eyeglass to bear on the pretty costume of delicate silk and filmy white crape. "You are dressed enough for the occasion, and not too much—coral ornaments? Yes, they are very becoming; but you look a little pale. Can't you rub some color into your cheeks? And perhaps you had better bathe your eyes. They show the effect of your ride in the wind to-day."

Kate feels too guilty to say that there was no wind. She bathes her eyes, takes a last glance in the mirror, and, with her wrap thrown over her arm, goes downstairs.

tion, quotes those French lines, which Leigh Hunt thus prettily translated:

"Yes, that fair neck, too beautiful by half,
Those eyes, that voice, that bloom, all do her honor;
Yet, after all, that little giddy laugh
Is what, in my mind, sits the best upon her.
Good God! 'twould make the very streets and ways
Through which she passes burst into a pleasure!

Did melancholy come to mar my days,
And kill me in the lap of too much leisure,
No spell were wanting from the dead to raise me,
But only that sweet laugh, wherewith she slays me."

"How like a child in her varying moods she is!" he thinks, as he watches her after they have entered the rooms, which are filled with people, and where she is quickly taken from his charge.



"I hate to go home, don't you?"

Fenwick is in the drawing-room when his aunt enters, attended by this graceful figure. Kate is so much in demand that he is usually not her escort; but to-night he is to be, and she thinks how very refined he looks in evening dress—that most trying of all costumes to an under-bred man. He is never handsome, but most women feel that appearance is a very subordinate attraction in a man, and he has an air of distinction which many a handsome man lacks.

He, too, sees the signs of tears, and wonders over their cause—wonders so much that, unlike Miss Brooke, he is determined to satisfy himself on the point. By this time Kate and himself are very good friends, and when they leave the house—the night is beautiful, and the distance short, so they have declined the carriage—he draws her hand within his arm, and begins:

"I hope you will pardon me when I say that I see you have been distressed about something. Tell me, pray—is it anything that I can help?"

"Nothing whatever," answers Kate, her voice trembling a little. "I—I am ashamed of myself. You must not think that anything has happened here to distress me. It was only my own folly. I chanced to find a faded wreath that—that we gathered at Fairfields, last September—and the sight of it made me cry!"

"Ah!"—an interjection of thorough appreciation, as he draws the hand nestling against his arm a little closer against his side. "Such things often have a capability of rousing emotion, principally from their unexpectedness. Do you know—with a kindly, almost tender, cadence in his voice—"I am afraid you suffer a good deal from homesickness? I notice that a chance allusion to Fairfields often fills your eyes with tears."

"I am afraid I am very childish," says Kate. "Indeed, I enjoy this pleasant life, but—but I cannot prevent my heart from clinging to Fairfields. And I would not prevent it if I could," she adds.

Her companion looks with a smile at the face framed in a soft mass of white, netted drapery. The name by which he has heard his aunt address her, rises to his lips. "Bonny Kate!" he almost utters—but stops in time. "What a loyal heart you have!" he says instead. "But do you know that it is a good thing, and a very necessary thing, in this world, to know how to forget?"

To his surprise, she glances up, frankly as a child might. "Yes, I know it," she says, "and I am trying to forget—not Fairfields, but—other things. Only"—a strain of pathos comes into her tone—"it is so hard to do."

It is safe to say that Fenwick was never in his life more touched—there is something in this confession so different from the obstinacy that clings at all cost to "an undesirable attachment," or the fickleness that lightly forgets. Thinking this, he does not answer for a moment; the next their short walk is at an end, and they have reached their destination.

When Kate comes down from the dressing-room and joins him at the foot of the staircase, all signs of sadness have left her face. Such scenes as these she enjoys with all her mercurial spirit—her eyes shine, her color glows, her sweet laugh rings out like music. It is of this laugh that Fenwick one day, to his aunt's gratifica-

Who could fancy that those bright eyes had lately been weeping, or those smiling lips exhaling sighs? Since his widowhood Fenwick had never danced, and to-night, for the first time, he is sorry for this, as he follows Kate's movements with his eyes. His hostess, to whom he is talking, smiles as she observes the direction of his glance.

"What a delightful girl Miss Lawrence is!" she says. "And so pretty! I think we owe Miss Brooke a vote of thanks for bringing her among us, and it will be no fault of some of our young gentlemen if she does not remain for good."

"My aunt is very much attached to her," says Fenwick, "and desires nothing more than to keep her with her altogether. As for the young gentlemen, they must take their chances. I am afraid they are more likely to lose their hearts than Miss Lawrence is to lose her liberty."

"Are you able to speak so positively for Miss Lawrence?" asks the lady.

Meanwhile, Kate, who is standing on the other side of the room, with half a dozen young men around her, is very much surprised when Fenwick comes up presently and asks if she will dance with him.

"Yet I almost feel as if I had imposed upon you," he says, when she assents readily, "for I have not danced in several years."

"Oh, you will soon catch the step," she answers. "I should think that any one who had never danced before could dance to the Strauss waltz-music. Now—yes, you have it!"

"Who could fail to have it with you?" he asks, smiling. "How well you dance!"

"I have been told so often before," she answers.

And as she speaks, the hall at Fairfields, with its much-worn oil-cloth under foot, its tall clock in the corner, its antlers hanging on the wall, its rack, covered with miscellaneous hats, whips, and gloves, the black fiddler, the gay dancers, rises before her. The polished floor over which her feet are now gliding is smooth as glass, the German musicians send forth the sweet Strauss music like strains of enchantment, the chandeliers shower their light down on fair women and graceful men, silken dresses, and eyes brighter than the jewels that sparkle here and there; but even while the light, the perfume, the whole festive scene, charms Kate's pleasure-loving nature, the faithful heart still sighs

"For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

With an interlude of supper at eleven o'clock, the entertainment lasts until one or two. Then Kate comes down again wrapped in her bur-noose, exchanges a few last smiling words and adieux with various acquaintances, takes Fenwick's arm, and goes out into the soft, starlit night.

"What a pleasant evening it has been, has it not?" she says. "I think our hostess entertains so well."

"Very well indeed. And so you enjoyed the evening, notwithstanding its untoward beginning?"

"Yes, I enjoyed it," she answers. "Do you think me very—very light, to be able to do so? I like pleasure, and yet I don't forget a great



She finds a faded wreath of a woodland vine, which Tarleton gathered for her.

Fenwick is pleased to perceive this, for his aunt's experiment interests him. He is curious to see what the result will be, how long Kate will hold her own against the influences brought to bear upon her. "Constancy is so rare a thing," he says to himself, "that I shall respect the girl if she is loyal enough to stand by her lover—but it is not likely that she will be."

were!—how much more blithe than any she has known since, or is likely to know again! With a reckless disregard of her appearance, she bursts into tears. All the old bitterness of grief comes back. "Oh, my dear, how could you treat me so cruelly!" she sobs like a child.

When Miss Brooke comes in some time later, to see that the finishing touches of her toilet are

deal which it is sad to remember. Most people would think the two things incompatible; but you—somehow I think you understand."

Again the fair face is turned up to him with an expression of trust. Something stirs at Fenwick's heart. Is it his fate which lies in the dark depths of those eyes? Will the hand now resting so near his heart hold that heart in its grasp for good or ill? The instinct embodied in these questions comes to him like a flash—yet he is sufficiently master of himself to answer, quietly:

"I am very sure that I understand. You like pleasure—every one of your temperament must like it—but your heart is none the less true as steel."

"Don't!" she says, with a little gasp. Everything seems to stab her with a recollection. It was Tarleton who uttered those words last, and she had answered, "I can be as hard as steel, too, if any one deceives me." He had deceived her—deceived her in a manner that no woman can forget or forgive—and yet she is weak enough to remember and regret him! A wave of self-contempt comes over her. Fenwick is almost startled by the change in her tone, as she goes on:

"Pardon me—but that was said last by a person I would rather not remember. Why is it that one cannot forget when one desires with all one's heart to do so?" she cries. "It seems so weak, so wretched, not to be able to control one's self."

"Are you just learning how difficult it is?" he asks. "You don't know what a fight you have entered upon. As for forgetting—I believe I said not long ago that it is necessary in life; but I may add that constancy is very beautiful and noble, as well as very rare."

"But not constancy when every impulse of pride and duty says forget. That is weakness, is it not?"

"I hardly think so. Victory does not come in a day to the bravest soldier." They have reached Miss Brooke's door by this time, and as he opens it and they enter the lighted hall, he pauses, and takes her hand. "Courage!" he says, with a smile. "If you are fighting in a good cause, you will win forgetfulness after a while. Thank you for having spoken to me so freely—and good-night."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"And what am I to you? A steady hand
To hold, a steadfast heart to trust withal;
Mere to a man who loves you, and will stand
By you, what'er befall."

Miss Brooke sees a decided change in her nephew after this night. He enters into society as he has not done since his wife's death; and instead of leaving Kate almost entirely to her numerous cavaliers, he claims a fair—some of them think an unfair—share of her time and attention. People smile, and say to one another that the matrimonial plan may be regarded as an accomplished fact. Certainly Miss Brooke has every reason to be well pleased with the result of her scheme—and she is wise enough not to disturb it. She makes no opportunities to throw Kate and Fenwick together—indeed, such manoeuvring is unnecessary, since, living in the same house, they can see as much of each other as they like.

As the days go on, their intimacy—the frank, pleasant camaraderie between them—grows steadily. This is not remarkable, since no one could be thrown familiarly with Kate without feeling her charm—the charm of a buoyant, sunny, thoroughly unselfish nature—and Fenwick is one of the rare characters that appear to most advantage under their own roof, and by their own hearthstone. "If ever two people were made for each other, these are the two!" Miss Brooke thinks, watching them with benignant satisfaction.

The end of this agreeable state of affairs comes unexpectedly to Kate. Strange as it may appear, she is the only person who has not seen what is imminent; and there is a quiet dignity about her which has kept any one from enlightening her. The surprise, therefore, might almost be described as a shock—and it occurs in this manner.

It has become an established thing that Fenwick and herself shall ride every day, and at the close of one of those Italian-like days, which come often in a Southern winter, they draw in their horses from a canter, on a point which commands a view of the city, wrapped in glorified mist, as the sun sets in a brilliant sky beyond it. Kate's cheeks are like roses, and her eyes like stars, and she draws a deep breath as she says:

"Ah, how delightful that was! What a pity that anything so pleasant should end! I hate to go home, do not you?"

"Just at present I feel as if I should not care how long this went on," Fenwick answers. "But presently we should grow cold, and tired, and hungry. Then home and dinner might not seem so objectionable. On the whole, it is not well for pleasures to last too long: they should leave a sweet flavor of recollection, not a bitter taste of weariness, behind them."

"Mine always do leave a sweet flavor of recollection," says Kate. "I have had a good deal of pleasure in my life—more than my share, it sometimes seems to me—and now I feel as if I were the heroine of a fairytale. Everybody is so wonderfully kind to me."

"Everybody deserves no credit for that," says her companion, smiling. "Some people are specially formed by Nature and gifted by God to win hearts—you are one of those people."

"Am I! How good of you to say so! But"—she shakes her head—"you are mistaken. People like me; but winning hearts is another thing. I could count on the fingers of one hand all that I possess."

"Count them, then," he says, looking amused.

"Well, there are the dear people at Fairfield's—but I suppose I ought not to count them. They have known me so long, and one is obliged to like people that one is associated with."

"Is that all you know of it? The reverse of the proposition is oftener true than not. Count the dear people at Fairfield's by all means. Their testimony to your engaging qualities is worth that of many strangers."

"But you know them all, at least you have heard their names often enough—uncle and Will and Sophy and Janet and the children, and I suppose Aunt Margaret. Then there is Mr. Proctor, and Miss Brooke—that is all."

"Are you sure it is all?"

He speaks so significantly that her cheek seems suddenly to have borrowed a crimson flush from the sunset. Her thoughts fly to Tarleton. "Who else should there be?" she asks in a low voice.

"Myself," he answers. "Do you not know it?"—as she starts. "I fancied you must. I have not tried to hide it from you. Why should I, when the first wish I have on earth is to win your heart?"

"But I have no heart to be won!" she cries in dismay. "O Mr. Fenwick, how could you think of such a thing, when you knew—when you must have known—"

"That you are attached to another man," he says, as she pauses. "Yes, I know—and, oddly enough, it is that which has made me think of you, has interested me in you, and led me to love you. If you had not been under this cloud when you first came, I should not have regarded you. But your cheerfulness in suffering, your resolute effort to banish despondency, your desire to forget, and your constancy in spite of that desire—these things taught me to know you. And—his voice takes a very tender cadence here—"could any one know you and not love you, bonny Kate?"

"Oh, pray, pray don't talk so!" cries Kate, touched, overcome, melted, almost to the point of tears. "You make me feel a wretch!" she says. "How could I possibly foresee—what will Miss Brooke think of me?"

"Don't distress yourself!" says Fenwick. "I had no idea of yours. Let us discuss it quietly, like a pair of reasonable friends, for we are that under all circumstances. In the first place, you must know that I heard of your attachment as soon as you came, and, as I have already said, it waked my sympathy and interest for you. I have also seen you struggle to overcome it. Must I understand by what you have just said that you have not succeeded in this?"

There is a minute's silence—a minute in which Kate looks in troubled silence before her. Then she says abruptly, "One must tell the truth at any cost. You cannot despise me more than I despise myself, but—but I have not succeeded. Do what I will," she says, clasping her hands together, "I cannot forget. As you have seen, I have made a fight, but what is the use of it? If I find a faded flower that brings back the past, I am as much a fool as ever."

"Don't call yourself opprobrious names," says Fenwick. "At least you are candid and loyal personified. But if you should throw away all your faded flowers—what then?"

"Then I should have memory left!" she says in a low tone. "But I don't encourage it, indeed I don't!" she cries earnestly, answering an expression that comes into his face. "If you could know how I have tried—"

"I know," he says, gently, as she pauses. "I understand thoroughly; and I only ask this: will you not try a little harder, for my sake? Can you not forget the past of which you speak, sufficiently to endeavor to love me? I will give you time—I will spare no effort—Kate, will you not try?"

"Oh, how can I?" says Kate. "No—I like you too well to give you false hope—it is impossible. If you knew how weak, how foolish I am, you would not ask it."

"Leave that to me. I do ask it, in spite of all that you can say of yourself. And, what is more, I will not take an answer now. You must wait—as I am willing to do—and consider. Trust me, forgetfulness will come to you after a while."

"But if it does not?" she says, in a troubled voice. "Then I should feel—"

"Nothing," he interrupts, "except that you trusted me—for I take the whole responsibility. I believe that in time I can win your love; and I certainly desire your happiness above all things. Will you not be guided by me? Will you not believe that I know what is best?"

"It is impossible," she says—and he sees that she is trembling from head to foot. "You do not know how impossible it is. If I could forget—but I cannot forget."

"You will forget in time," he answers. "The strong hours conquer all things, and the answer to most of life's riddles and perplexities is simply: Wait. And now let us have another canter."

When they reach home, Kate enters the familiar house feeling like a traitor. Can it be possible that, in return for all Miss Brooke's kindness, she has brought even the shadow of pain upon that lady's dearly-loved nephew? "Oh, what a wretch I am!" she thinks, as she looks ruefully into the mirror while taking off

her hat, and marvels that there are no lines of care upon her face. "I make trouble everywhere I go! Mr. Fenwick said 'wait,' but, ah me, what is the good of waiting?"

It is with considerable perturbation that the self-convicted culprit takes her way down-stairs. "Miss Brooke ought to send me back to Fairfield's to-morrow," she says to herself, "and probably she will!"

No such intention is legible on Miss Brooke's face when she glances up with a smile, on Kate's entrance into the drawing-room. An elderly, bald-headed gentleman who wins Miss Lawrence's gratitude by his opportune appearance, is talking to her. He is introduced as "my old friend, Mr. Thorne," and while he looks at the young girl, Miss Brooke speaks in her usual manner:

"Herbert tells me that you have had a charming ride, bonny Kate. It has been a delightful afternoon. I hope you did not go so far that you tired yourself for to-night? You know you have an engagement for the theatre."

"I had forgotten it entirely," says Kate, "but I am not tired at all."

She does not add that she feels thoroughly indifferent to the dramatic entertainment, but after dinner makes her toilet and goes. Fenwick does not accompany them—since another escort claims Kate—and when they return, he has not yet come in.

"Go to bed," says Miss Brooke, touching the girl's cheek caressingly. "You look a trifle pale, I think. Good-night."

"Good-night, dear Miss Brooke!" says Kate, kissing her with a fondness that has in it a great deal of self-reproach. "But will you not come also?"

"No, I am not sleepy. I will sit here and read, and wait for Herbert. He will be in presently."

Kate quakes to hear this—but what can she say? Miss Brooke has a right to wait for Mr. Fenwick, and Mr. Fenwick has a right to confide the story of his declaration to Miss Brooke—if he likes to do so. She can prevent neither; so she goes dejectedly to her room, dismisses her maid as soon as possible, hears Fenwick come in, but does not hear Miss Brooke come up-stairs, and while still listening for this sound, falls happily asleep in the midst of her perplexity.

"Well, it will be all the same a hundred years hence!"

This is the philosophical reflection with which Kate fortifies her soul when the breakfast-bell rings the next morning, and she prepares to go down. There will be no Mr. Thorne—delightful in spite of baldness, solemnity and general prosiness—to stand as a friendly shield between herself and—she does not clearly know what. But the unknown is always invested with a peculiar terror, and the very fact of her not knowing adds greatly to her uneasiness. Her heart is beating with unusual quickness when she enters the cheerful breakfast-room, where Fenwick is reading items of news from the morning paper, and Miss Brooke—not at all alarming in appearance—is pouring out the coffee, and looking very handsome with a becoming morning cap crowning the soft puffs of her gray hair. She smiles and nods when Kate enters, and Fenwick lowers his newspaper to say good-morning and hope that she feels quite well.

She answers in the affirmative while she slips into the chair that Oscar draws back for her. After all, there is nothing terrible to fear. How could she fancy that there would be? With people like these, the wheels of life are so well oiled by courtesy, that no jar is to be dreaded. She applies herself to her breakfast, and presently, when the newspaper is laid aside, joins in the conversation with a sense of ease and relief.

Breakfast over, Mr. Fenwick takes his departure, but before doing so he asks Kate if she feels inclined to ride in the afternoon, as has been of late their custom. "Don't hesitate to say so, if you don't feel inclined," he adds, standing in the door, hat in hand.

He speaks and looks in such a kindly, not lover-like fashion, that all the uncomfortable thoughts with which she has been tormenting herself vanish like magic.

"Of course I feel inclined," she answers quickly. "It is such a lovely day, too lovely for anything but riding."

"At three o'clock, then, the horses will be at the door. *Au revoir!*"

"Oh, how kind he is! how kind and considerate!" cries Kate, before the hall door has quite closed upon him. "Miss Brooke, dear Miss Brooke, has he told you? Have you heard what a wretch I am? Oh, what can I do?" She throws her arms about Miss Brooke as she speaks, her eyes look up tearful and imploring. Acting upon impulse, she does not pause to consider that five minutes earlier she would have shrunk from the idea of broaching the subject of her iniquity to Mr. Fenwick's injured aunt.

That lady smiles a little. "He has told me something—you may tell me the rest," she says. "I meant to ask you to do so. Come to my room, where we shall be safe from interruption. Nay, my child, don't be frightened! I have not the least intention of blaming you for anything."

Notwithstanding this assurance, Kate's courage is going out of the ends of her fingers as she goes up-stairs. "Oh, what a disagreeable world this is!" she is saying to herself. "Trouble, nothing but trouble; and people will fall in love and make things worse!"

"Why do you look so sad?" asks Miss Brooke, when they are seated opposite each other. "There is nothing to worry about. Herbert told me last night what he said and what you answered. I expected both. Men are so impetuous. If he had waited a little, your answer might have been different. But as it is, I am satisfied. Now that you know how much he loves you, my Kate, will you not try to love him? Not that I think," she adds with an air of pride, "that any one need try to love Herbert."

"He is thousand times too good for me," says Kate, "and that is what makes me feel so dreadfully! I admire and like him with all my heart, but—but I don't love him! O dear Miss Brooke"—she sinks down on the carpet and puts her head in Miss Brooke's lap—"don't you understand? It is weak and foolish of me, I know, but I can't, I can't forget—"

She does not say whom or what, but her companion understands her meaning. There is an instant's pause. Then Miss Brooke says gravely:

"It can't be possible, Kate, that you still have any entanglement with Frank Tarleton?"

"How can you ask me such a thing?" answers Kate. "No—I have none at all. I should despise myself if I had. If he were here this minute, I should tell him to go away; but with all this I have not been able to put him out of my heart, and so I was obliged to tell Mr. Fenwick that there was no hope for him."

"Now listen to me, my dear," says Miss Brooke. "This is nonsense, and I don't intend to let you make yourself miserable, not to speak of making Herbert miserable also, for a hundred Frank Tarletons. Looking at the matter in every point of view, it is your duty to forget him. He is ruined, to begin with; he is wild and reckless to a degree that would make it madness in any woman to marry him, a gambler, a duelist—"

"I don't think he is quite as bad as all that," interposes Kate; "but I have no idea of marrying him—not the least. How could I have, when it is not me that he was in love with, but Florida Vaughn?"

"Then show your pride and your courage by putting out of your mind and heart a man who was never worthy to have entered either!" says Miss Brooke resolutely. "Kate, you are not one of the girls who think it necessary to set themselves obstinately against the wishes of their friends. You would like to make those who love you—your uncle and myself, for instance—happy, would you not?"

"Ah, would I not?" cries Kate.

"Then be guided by me in this matter—the counsel of one who might be your mother, my child; and who could hardly love you better, if she was. You may imagine, perhaps, that I am thinking of Herbert altogether. But it is not so, I am not even thinking of him principally. It is of you that I think—you, with your youth, your beauty, your impulsive heart. You need a home of your own, a position such as you would adorn, some one to rely upon who would be brave and honest and tender—and these things are not easy to find. I really do not know a single man to whom I would willingly trust you, except Herbert."

"He is everything that a man need be," says Kate, "and I like him, oh! very much, but—"

"But you fancy you do not love him. My dear, do not be impatient. You will love him after a while. If he is content with what you give him now—knowing that it will grow greater as time advances—why should not you be? If you have put the past behind you, what should you fear? Do you mean to wreck your life by clinging to the idea of a man you cannot marry?"

Kate looks up again with half-startled, half-bewildered eyes. What can she say? Why, indeed, should she hesitate? The past is left irrevocably behind—if Frank Tarleton had died, he could not be in every sense more dead to her than he is now—while she has not only her own future to consider, but also her kind, overburdened uncle, and the generous friend who is pleading her nephew's cause with so much tact and delicacy.

"You are very, very good," she says, with tears in her eyes. "I should be very ungrateful not to do anything for you—"

"We won't talk of gratitude, if you please. All I ask is that you will be patient with yourself, that you will give yourself time to forget, and that you will not refuse Herbert decidedly if he should speak to you again. Will you promise this?"

And Kate, before she knows clearly what she is about, has promised.

At three o'clock punctually, the horses are at the door, and with much trepidation Kate goes down to keep her engagement. It is likely that Fenwick perceives this trepidation—at least he exerts himself to soothe her at ease, and before very long succeeds. "Be patient," Miss Brooke has said to him, as she said to Kate. "The game is in your own hand—if you know how to wait. Do not press the matter—give her time. Now and then a woman may be found who is worth waiting for."

"I am not impatient—I have learned to know that time fights for him who knows how to wait," Fenwick answers.

He might also have added that he is not passionately in love. He is charmed, interested, sincerely attached to Kate, sincerely anxious to win her; but the feverish impetuosity of youth is over for him—never to return. In the present instance, he is the master, not the slave, of his passion, and this gives him a great advan-

age. Never has he seemed to Kate more agreeable than during the ride which she has dreaded. He makes no allusion whatever to the subject of their conversation on the preceding evening, but he exerts himself as he never exerted himself before, to amuse and entertain his companion; and Kate—understanding that the motive for the effort is chiefly consideration for herself—responds to it frankly. In fact, it is impossible to feel anything like embarrassment long in Fenwick's presence. There are some people who, besides being thoroughly easy themselves, possess a faculty of setting others at ease. He is one of these people, and he has never tested the power more fully than on the present occasion.

(To be continued.)

BLANCA.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

BY NED P. MAH.

"Haben Sie Feuer?"

I heard the words, it is true, but I was at first unconscious, as I leaned, lazily pulling my *La Patrie*, against the fluted iron column of the Bahnhof Collonade—that they were addressed to me. They had been uttered in the same breath with a long sentence addressed to a companion of the speaker, with whom he appeared in animated converse, and it was only when I noted that they proceeded from the mouth of a moustachioed traveller who extended towards me an unlighted cigar and that his comrade was not smoking, that I awoke to the sense of the courtesy demanded of me. A little nervously perhaps for I was startled at the abruptness of the request, I brushed the white ash from my cigar top and proffered it to the stranger. During the process of lighting he continued—with intermittent puff—the conversation with the hungry-looking, little shabby man at his side. "You have then arranged everything, Karl?"—"Dank schön, Herr" and slightly raising his slouched felt hat in acknowledgment he was gone.

The arrival of the two passenger trains at 11 and 4 daily was the only excitement that ever disturbed the placidity of the dull little town of Nichtszubestillen before the hour of six in the evening. After that hour it is true there were certain small excitements, for the initiated who knew where to look for them. There were quite little card-parties in the back parlor of the Kron Printsen where more money changed hands at Bissette than was "generally known"—there was the Kaiser Theatre, the curtain of which went up at 7 *precis* where the paralytic manager, the drowsical *Frau Directorin* and her sweet little daughter Agatha, together with two Frauleins of a certain age and uncertain moral character aided by a slim man with a falsetto voice and a consumptive cough who played the lover *roles* and a hypochondriacal "komiker" whose face was most decidedly his fortune, and now and then by a bright particular star from the neighboring *Hofstadt*—did their united endeavors to fill the benches and their pockets. There was a case of Harmony called the *Belle-vue Abend Concert Saal* and situated in the midst of the elaborately laid-out nursery-ground and favored promenade of the Nichtszubestillen public which bore, very undeservedly however the same name, the only view to be obtained from the extremely low lying walks of the said gardens being a cursory one of the funnels of the respective locomotives *Hofstadt*, *Kleinstadt* or *Nichtszubestillen* as the case might be, when they puffed and groined and snorted past the high level bridge on their way into and out of the Nichtszubestillen Station.

But at 11 and 4 and especially at the latter hour all of the little world of Nichtszubestillen which had the leisure to spare, and the proportion which had not was a very small one, assembled in its brightest ribbons and laces and its glossiest hats and fiercest moustachios upon the platform of the Nichtszubestillen Bahnhof. There, with the after-noon sun reflecting with an awe-striking glare from his gold rimmed spectacles which rest slanting upon the bridge of his capacious nose surmounting a still more capacious but moustachio-shadowed mouth whence solemn and slow, issue in huge puffs the fumes of a time honored and silver mounted *meerscham*; with his obese frame clad in copious broadcloth, through the continuation of which his nether extremities protruding a trifle further than the rules of grace require, show a border of grey stocking above his loosely-fitting highblows; then, ever ready with a sly glance, a nod and a chuck of the chin for a pretty *mädchen*, a covert compliment or an equivocal for the handsome *fraulein*, or a broad joke for his male acquaintance, stands the wealthiest man of the little town the *Particulier v. Guldenberg*. Sometimes, not often, though, for with a strange inconsistency, however careless he may be of the feelings of other men's daughters, he evinces a wonderful solicitude for the guardianship of his own child, watching her outgoings and her incomings like a veritable dragon choosing her companions with fatherly judgment, even cleansing his speech when in her presence of all that might offend her maidenly purity. Sometimes then, the plump little *Fraulein Flora*, in the glory of her fair hair, her bright complexion, her blue, soul-full eyes, and her white lustrous, stands brightening like a sun beam the dusty pavement, the smoky walls, and the dull

beer sodden faces that surround her—by her father's side. Yonder collarless, ill-dressed man with a black patch on his neck, yet with an indescribable aristocratic something in his face which demands respect, bowed to by every passer-by, and courteously returning the salute—is Count R—who, it is said, has a dash of royal blood in his veins. Here, clean shaved and rubicund, with a tiny black moustache which unruly wags have ere this denominated a snuff collector fringing his upper lip—portly, leather-stocked and choleric—is Inspector Schultz. Here, in this dapper little man with red moustache and straw hat, we have Cohen, the cigar Fabrikant, smoking a sample of his wares—now, we make way for those two laughter-loving *Frauleins* who live opposite the *Apothek* and giggle so absurdly when we pass them. Next, the theatrical damsels, under the escort of the consumptive lover, pass before us—one tall and dark and highly rouged affecting an air of tragical queen; the other short and plump and with that peculiarly amiable, stereotyped grin which constant experience in the *roles* of good-natured matrons may have made second nature in this case, but which appears natural to so many German women. Here, with short cut hair and blue glasses (her stockings are doubtless blue too if we could but see them) is *Frau Immerschreiben*, whose husband edits the *Nichtszubestillen Zeitung*; they say she writes all the leading articles and the original poetry for which it enjoys so just a reputation. She is at present at work upon a new novel and it is conjectured is seeking fresh characters for portraiture therein. Here is a group of smokers comprising *Knockerbein* the drunken doctor (a clever fellow though, and best when he is drunk) *Klopstock*, the one-eyed avocat, *Koch*, the horse-dealer, and *Bauermann*, the cloth merchant, who are waiting to satisfy their curiosity in the matter of arrivals and departures, before going into the *Kron Printsen* for their evening game of *L'hombre*. And as the whistle sounds see the worthy host of that renowned establishment himself saunters across the road, his hands in his pockets and a huge cigar between his lips in happy expectation of stray tourists or jocund, wine-imbibing commercial travellers.

It is the evening after the occurrence of the incident which opens this little sketch, and I am again, literally, at my post, that is to say, I am again leaning against that identical pillar at the *Bahnhof* and puffing a *fauxsimile* of my yesterday's cigar. But to-day I am not alone, for, propping up the opposite column, his student cap set upon three hairs, a black tie carefully knotted across the tiny plaits of his goffered shirt, a good-humored smile parting his handsome lips, from which issues in tiny rings the perfumed incense of his cigarette, and a happy beam illuminating with a softened glare the "gig lamps," which gingerly resting on his finely-chiselled, aquiline nose, are the only sign of hard-reading about him—lolls in unstudied grace my chum and fellow-student, *Carl Rasch*. Carl and I have started together on a desultory foot-wandering, and charmed by the linden-shaded streets and the little gleaming white houses, the general air of happy indolence and *bonhomie* of Nichtszubestillen, have lingered here nearly a week already. Carl's only living relative, an aged, well-to-do, indulgent father, lives no nearer than Vienna, and I have no friends save in England, so we have decided—while other candidates for university preferment have hastened to astonish the members of their admiring home circles in village, town and city with their proficiency in Latin, Greek and Theology, their capacity for lager beer, and the varied exploits of the students' leisure hours—we have decided to pass our vacation in a ramble over the mountains and the valleys of the beloved Vaterland, without other aim or object than healthy exercise and innocent amusement, our sole equipment consisting in knapsack, fishing-rod and sketch-book.

Carl, a universal favorite, knows half the town already. Even Herr v. Guldenberg has nodded, and sunny curled Flora has smiled and beamed in acknowledgement of his low salute. The blue-blooded Graf has courteously returned his loyal bow. The theatrical damsels by deep courtesies and arch glances, their escort by a high-keyed *Guten Abend, Herr!* have signified their lively reminiscences of champagne punch. The laughter-loving *vis-à-vis* of the *Apothek* have expressed, as plainly as bright eyes may express, a desire for a more intricate acquaintance with the handsome stranger. *Frau Immerschreiben* has brought her blue glasses to bear on him approvingly, and nods, and friendly words from male acquaintances in all directions have testified a warm appreciation of the young student's social qualities.

As a distant shriek from the hoarse-toned whistle of the "Kleinstadt" warns the breaksmen to their posts and the pointsman to prepare the iron rod for the due performance of that graceful serpentine movement which the mail train ever effects before entering the gully between the double platform of the Nichtszubestillen Bahnhof. The dark, slouch-hatted, long moustachioed brigand-looking stranger of the previous evening, hurries towards the slowly-moving train. His keen black eyes throw searching glances at the interior of each carriage in succession till, with a glance of recognition, he forestalls the schaffner in giving egress to a lady—tall, pale, dark and beautiful—with a sad, weary, melancholy beauty, with a weird, *blase* air that ill-befitted her youthful figure's tone of vigor. It was one of these faces which, once seen, implant themselves indelibly upon one's memory—a face which, as I saw it that day,

lighted by the lengthening rays of the declining sun, I see before me now, no whit less clearly for the long vista of years that intervene.

The black eyes of the brigand searched the crowd an instant, till they rested on the host of the *Kron Printsen*. Obsequious, hat in hand, he was next moment at the stranger's side, receiving from him directions as to the scant baggage of the lady, who vanished, resting on her protector's arm, through the station buildings into the street.

"Carl, who is that man?"

The omniscient Carl was never at a loss.

"That is Christian Pferdenhof, director of the newly-erected cirque."

We lingered awhile amused at the varied character of the crowd that rushed, eager to make the most of its "ten minutes for refreshments," into the saloon where coffee, *butter brods* and beer were retailing, as fast as its spectacled mistress, two corkscrew-curl'd assistants and a pudging-faced boy could issue them to the greedy recipients, and then as the *Kleinstadt* uttered the first snort of onward progress, joined the stream of satisfied sight-seers which flowed towards the town, and sauntered over to dinner at the *Kron Printsen*.

Towards evening we found ourselves—Carl and I—in the billiard saloon of our hostelry. A game of "*A la guerre*" was in progress, and the circus director was among the players. He handled the cue with seeming carelessness, but he did this, as we soon discovered that he did everything, gracefully and well. He played for the most part "*pistolet*," poising his cue with a steady hand and generally driving his adversary's ball direct to the pocket "which," he commented, "is the best safety." Pool after pool fell to him, to the discomfiture of the crack players of Nichtszubestillen. Inspector Schultz grew more choleric and rubicund than ever. *Col. Tausend* took his own name in vain in a variety of oaths. Herr v. Guldenberg sat on the raised platform in sublime enjoyment of a brandy toddy, a cigar, and the fun of the scene. Towards midnight the room was cleared of the town residents, and the director, Carl and myself, were sole tenants of the saloon.

"Gentlemen," said Christian Pferdenhof, "I have had a successful evening, but though I delight in the exercise of my talents, I am not a billiard-sharper. What say you? Shall we drink a health to *Veuve Cliquot* before we retire?"

The varied and doubtless, excellent reasons why two young gentlemen, thirsty after the heat and pleasing excitement of an evening's amicable contest at a scientific game, should have refrained from tasting an excellent glass of a most refreshing beverage, we leave it to the fanatic devotees of the cause of temperance to adduce. We were not fanatics or devotees, and far too polite, not to say far too thirsty, to refuse an invitation so courteously proffered.

With the easy fluency of a man of the world the director, touching first upon indifferent topics, led the conversation insensibly to his own past, present, and future projects, with that delightful openness and candor that makes the continental stranger seem like an old friend ere you have been in his company half an hour.

Christian Pferdenhof, the courtly, stalwart, swarthy man, who sat before us with glittering eyes and gleaming teeth, with long flowing ebony locks, and glossy, wiry, drooping moustachios, with rings in his ears and single diamond upon his finger, had been born, and reared, and trained in the stalls of a travelling circus. From this he had risen by untiring energy and consistent courtesy, to become himself the head of an equestrian company of no small note, favorably known in all the continental capitals, and to have the distinction of being universally acknowledged as the most graceful exponent of the *haute menage* in Europe. Now, after fifty years of a successful career, having lost by shipwreck off the shores of Scotland his most experienced riders and nearly the whole of his stud of valuable ring horses, he had returned to his native land to commence once more, with unflagging zeal, his efforts as a caterer for the public amusement, purposing to collect and train during a provincial tour, a company which should one day again astonish and delight an audience composed of the *elite* of the great cities of the world.

(To be continued.)

A DESCRIPTION OF A BEEFSTEAK.

In order to give full value to this triumph of realism we must explain that the account of the beef-steak is given by one hungry man to another hungry man travelling along a country road in the snow.

"I'll tell you what you want now. You want a large, rich, thick, tender juicy rumpsteak. You want a rumpsteak four inches long by nine inches wide, by from an inch to three quarters of an inch thick. You want it smoking hot, and as full of gravy as an orange is of juice. You want it set right in front of you. You want a large white napkin, one of the good old-fashion forty-inch square napkins, spread all over you—not vulgar French-wise, stuck inside your waistcoat; not finikin French-wise, half open on one thigh. You want a great blaze of gaslight overhead, and four wine glasses and a pint tankard of beer at your right hand. You want a huge lump of old-fashioned household bread on your left. You want a vast raft of fried potatoes in front of you, and at one side of the potatoes the horse-radish and at the other a plate of creamy Spanish onions. You want a

bit of fat—a large bit of fat on the dish. A bit of fat about the size of a smoothing iron, a box iron, handle and all, and as soft and mellow as jelly, so that it shook every time your heart beat. Opposite, you want me.

"Then you begin to help me. You throw the carving-knife towards you across that trembling, smoking steak. Right across the steak suddenly appears a valley. The sides of that valley are red; in the bottom of that valley bubbles a shallow ruby stream, and from the sides plunge down tiny ruby rivulets of savoury promise. Through such a pass Moses led the Israelites across the Red Sea. You help me to a section of that steak. You cover it with horse-radish, you frost it with onion, you build around it ramparts of fried potatoes. I begin. I begin to eat. Clifford, are you listening? I say I begin to eat that hot, mellow, juicy steak. Are you listening?"

"Yes; but spare me."

"You see the gleam of delight upon my face as I taste its succulent charms, its grave deliciousness. You see hollow domes of milk-white onion follow the columns of beef. You watch the red brown slabs of potatoe gradually disappearing to help in the construction of my great palace of art. You are so spell-bound by the radiant expression of joy upon my face, you can think of nothing but heaping my plate. You work like a friend and a philanthropist for an hour. At last you hear me sigh. I throw myself back in my chair. You see something opposite you that looks like a silver shilling stuck up against a very bright penny. That's the bottom of my tankard surrounded by the shining margin of my face. You know I have finished dining. You think of yourself for the first time. You look down; you utter a piercing shriek. All is gone. I have eaten up every morsel, and there is none for you.

"Confound you, Gardner; this is too bad! I saw it all; I smelt it all; and now I feel as if really it had been before me, and was suddenly snatched away. Upon my honor, Gardner, you should not have done that."

"My dear boy, you must not blame me. I ordered the dinner and I ate it. It is quite as easy for you to order another and eat it. I have dined. There is nothing so good for restoring the tone of the palate as bread. I am going to eat some, and then for a cosy chair and a good glass of port." He drew out his loaf and began eating it. When he had finished he stooped down, scooped up a handful of the brittle hard snow, and thrust it into his mouth. "And now," he cried, when the snow had melted down his throat, "now for my Havana," as he drew out a short wooden pipe and filled it with tobacco. Clifford ate his loaf and lighted his pipe, and, smoking in silence, the two walked on through the descending silence of night.

IN THE PULLMAN CARS.

Let me describe some of the experience of a Pullman's palace car. If the cars are full, it is rather embarrassing to a shy man. What must it be to the fairer sex? I had noticed that American couples are rather demonstrative in their endearments both on the "car" and steamboats, but this beats all. In the "sections" of a railroad car, as in a wooden house, even whispered remarks are very audible, especially at night, when everything is still. For example, one evening, when we had retired, a low voice was suddenly heard from the centre of the car—

"Fanny—Fanny—give me a kiss, and say you forgive me."

Then a little louder—

"Fanny—Fanny—I can't sleep unless you say you forgive me. Give me a kiss, and say you forgive me."

At last the voice of the puniten husband, regardless of the tittering from the surrounding partitions, spoke again—

"Fanny—Fanny—just one kiss, and say you forgive me."

At last a peppery old Indian officer, down at the end of the car, popped his head out and shouted—

"Oh, Fanny, for goodness sake! do give him a kiss, and let us get some sleep!"

Even then, amidst the outburst of laughter from the other passengers, you could hear the poor man catching it in a certain lecture.

"There! I told you so! Now you see what you've done! I knew every one could hear you!"

But at last peace reigned, and possibly Fanny gave him the narcotic kiss of reconciliation. — *Sketches of Travel.*

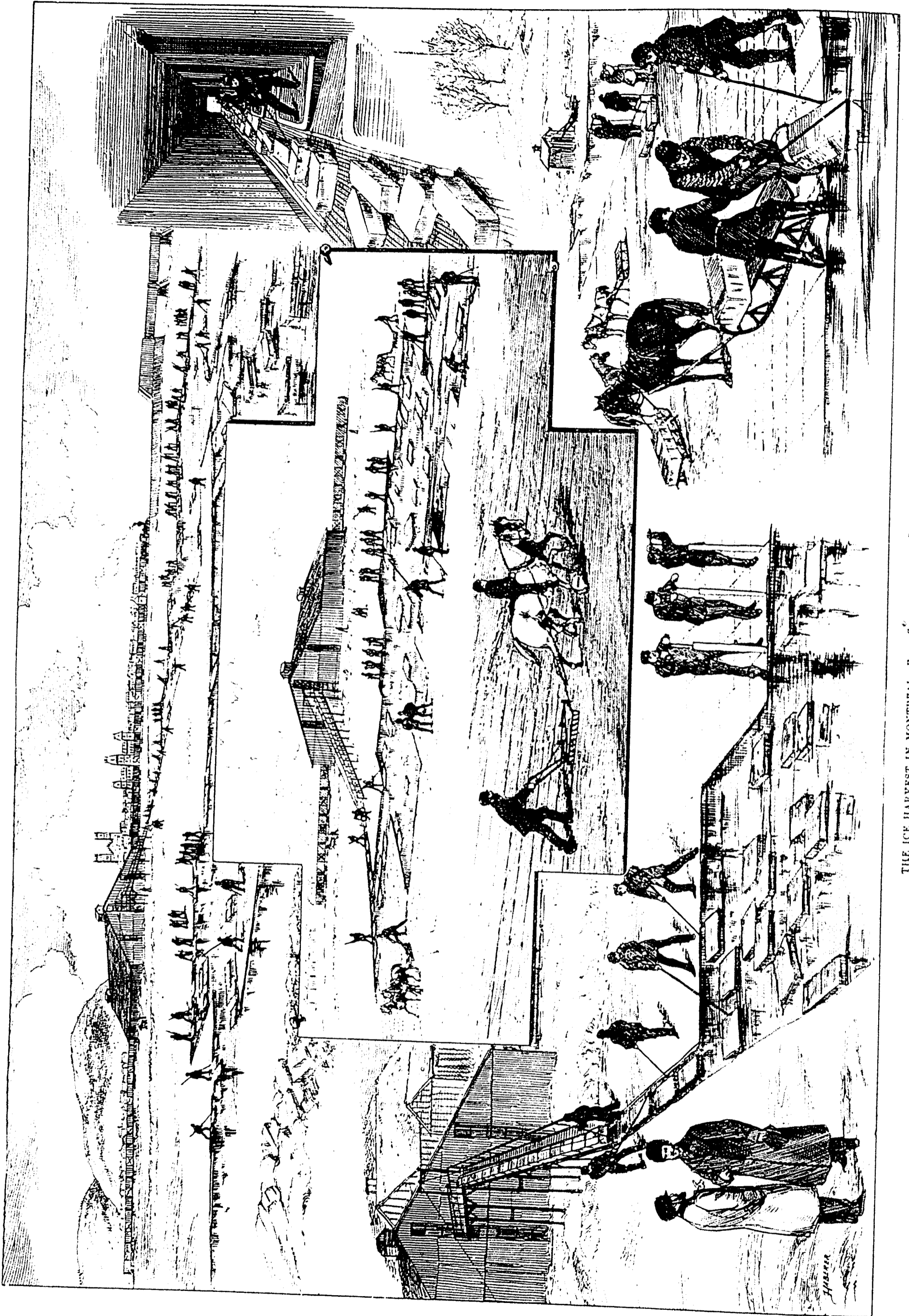
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THE ICE HARVEST IN MONTREAL.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



TOWN AND COUNTRY—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE.

MAY.

Through the smiling meadows
Wanders little May,
Flushing buds and blossoms
Lying in her way.

With the golden sunlight
Glittering on her hair;
Was earth born cherub ever
More exquisitely fair?

No thought has May of danger
And no care at all;
Home is close behind her,
Mother within call.

O Fate! what wrongs are hidden
In the veil of years:
Shall these wreathed smiling
Turn to bitter tears?

Shall this flood of sunshine
Change to stormy night:
Shall mists of sorrow gather,
Hiding home from sight?

Briers instead of blossoms,
Thorns for flowers be found;
Must her path be stony;
Dangers through her round?

Gambol on sweet innocent
In childhood's happy hours:
Life is not made of sunshine,
Meadow lands and flowers.

We all must eat of knowledge,
Of evil and of good:
To them alone the laughter
Who have passed through the wood.

NED P. MAH.

THE EASTER EGG.

It stood on the mantel-piece of the best parlor, in a little ornamental egg-cup of gilt filigree work. I noticed it as soon as I entered the room, and wondered what it was. A close scrutiny showed me that it was intended for an "Easter egg." There were the variegated hues unmistakably plain, and underneath, on a gold plate on the stand, were inscribed the words, "To Joseph Clarke, from A. C. and S. C., in remembrance of Easter, 1850." That settled the question as to its being an Easter egg at once; but, at the same time, it roused my curiosity to know what event this novel souvenir was intended to commemorate.

I had just taken up my quarters at the "Crown and Dolphin," with the intention of spending a few days of my Easter vacation at that venerable hotel, which was one of those old-fashioned country inns,—big, rambling, many-gabled houses,—well known to travelers in the old stage-coaching days. A good many of them still exist up and down England, but their glory has departed, and there is an air of solitude and desolation about them like that which reigned in the halls of Balclutha, over which Ossian sang his melancholy dirge. Mine host was Joseph Clarke, a portly, red-faced, plethoric personage, whose natural irascibility was not softened by constant attacks of gout.

However, he was civil to me, his only guest and was rather a pleasant companion of an evening, when he and I smoked our long clays together beside the parlor fire. Every morning at breakfast that egg used to attract my attention, and every day I resolved that I would satisfy my curiosity by asking old Clarke the history of it; but, somehow, I felt diffident in his presence. It might be some family matter, into which a stranger had no right to pry; so I held my peace.

One morning—Easter Monday, in fact—I was sitting as usual in the best parlor, in solitary grandeur, when a knock came at the door, and then mine host and his wife entered. There was an appearance of confusion in their looks, which puzzled me. The mystery was soon solved by mine host, who blurted out: "Mr. Morley, sir, my old 'oman and me, sir, has made bold to come and ask a favor of ye. Fact is, sir, it's our weddin'-day, and we allers has a family party. There's only sons and darters, and sons and darters in law, and gran'-children,—a matter of a dozen, not more. And would ye mind takin' a bit o' dinner with us, sir?"

Before I had time to reply, Mrs. Clarke broke in: "Which, I know, sir, it's not for the likes o' you to dine with such as us in a general way; but to-day bein' our weddin'-day, and you bein' alone, sir, we made bold, to think you would not be above eatin' a bit o' dinner with us."

I very readily accepted the invitation, much to the delight of the worthy couple; and to cut matters short, a very good dinner we had. I insisted upon the whole party adjourning to the best parlor after dinner, when mine host produced some choice port from the cellar. It being Easter Monday, and I having been, so to speak, admitted into the bosom of the family, I ventured to broach the question of the egg. If not of a private nature, what did it relate to? A general laugh, and a husky chuckle from old Joseph himself, suggested that there was something amusing connected with the egg; and it didn't require much pressing to induce Mr. Clarke to tell the tale, which he did as follows:

"Let's see, it must be goin' on for fifteen years since that happened. Howsumever, I'll begin at the beginnin'. Ye've, maybe, noticed that big house opposite. Well, there a Dr. Carter lives. He's a widower—wife's been dead this ten years, I suppose; he has a couple of darters, but they're married and settled elsewhere. It's one of them as I'm goin' to tell ye of. Deary me! I remember when them darters of hissen was young girls, what romps they used to have! D'ye see that round hole in the big door there, close to the latch? Well that's where they used to

stand a tiptoe and peep through when they heard a gentleman drivin' or ridin' up here, and we used to have a power o' your college gents then—far more than now. But I'm gettin' off the line. Well, a matter o' fifteen years ago, there was a young chap stayin' here a learnin' medicine with Dr. Carter,—a Frenchman he was, Alfred Chabot they called him. He was fond o' comin' here on an evenin', and would bring his fiddle with him, and sing to it as sweet as a bird. And he was that annusin' with it all, that tell ye, I've many thought I'd ha' died with laughin' at him. I think he must ha' had some larks with the young ladies opposite, to, when the old man was away, for I've heard 'em laughin' in the garden like good 'uns, many a time. And my wife, she says to me one day,—

"I tell'ee what, Joe,—that young French chap 'll be spliced to one of them Miss Carters afore long, or my name ain't Bettv Clarke."

"D'ye think so, Betty?" says I. For, to tell the truth, I never cast a thought on the matter afore,—women is such sharper hands than men, ye see, at findin' out them sort o' things.

"Think!" says she, "I'm just certain of it; and what's more, 'tis Miss Susie, the younger one, he's after. Haven't I watched 'em lookin' at one another in church, so sly, when they thought nobody's eye was on 'em? La! bless yer, 'tis we women folks that have the eyes; you men are as blind as bats."

"Well, after what Betty said, I thought I'd look at my lady and gentleman at church the next Sunday I was there. But never a sign did I see, bless ye, pass between 'em; their eyes seemed glued to their prayer books, leastways hers were. What they were at in sermon time, I can't tell ye, for I generally listen to our parson with my eyes shut; it must, bother a man, ye know, when he's preachin' to see folks all stering at him with their eyes wide open; so I always shuts mine.

"This young Chabot, he lived in lodgings in the village, in the very house where our Lott lives now. Old Billy Hawes and his wife lived there then, and Billy says to me, when we was smokin' our pipes together one evenin' beside the club-room fire.—

"Joe," says he, "my old 'oman tells me Dr. Carter won't let that young French chap have his darter."

"Nonsense!" says I, "you don't mean to say young Chabot has asked for one of 'em!"

"Ay! that he has, Joe; and old Carter stormed and swore dreadful at him, so my Sally says; but how she come to hear on't, unless the young genelm'n to' her hisself, I don't know."

"Which of 'em did he ask for,—did Sally say?" "Well, the young 'un I believe."

"Ah! then," says I, "ye may depend upon it, it's because he didn't choose t'other. Ye see, the young 'un is young, and can afford to wait; but the old 'un, she is gettin' on in years, and it'll be hard to get rid of her soon."

"Well, there's a deal of truth in that, Joe," says Billy. Just then my Missis came in, and Billy had to go a minute arter; so we didn't have any more talk about old Carter and his darter that night.

"Howsumever, young Chabot stayed on and seemed friendly with the old man as ever, so I began to think that Billy Hawes' missis had been gammonin' him with some cock-and-bull story as wasn't true.

"Well, time went on. Christmas came and went, and a mortal cold Christmas it was. Poor old Billy Hawes, he was laid up that bad with it that I never saw a sight of him for three months afterwards.

"On Easter Monday, old Carter went to Norfolk on some business or other. The day after he had gone, about six o'clock in the evenin', young Chabot comes into the bar, and says to me.—

"Mr. Clarke, I've got a friend here who has come to see me. We're going to travel up to London to night by the last train from Welbeach. I want to know if you'll drive us over to Welbeach in your shandry. I've got a couple of small portmanteaux, and that's all our baggage."

"What time d'ye want to start from this?" I asked.

"O, a little after ten,—say a quarter-past."

"Very well, then sir," says I: "I've no objection to drive ye; but I hope ye'll not keep me waiting, for it's a cold night to let a horse stand about in harness."

"O, no fear of that. We'll be here punctually to the minute," says he, and without more words walks about his business.

"Ye see we had no line near'r than Welbeach in those days, and that was a good five miles off. I had a rattlin' mare then, though, that could cover the distance easy in twenty minutes.

"Well, by ten minutes past the shandry was ready, and just on the minute of the quarter my young gentleman comes up with his friend and a boy carrying the portmanteaux. The horse bein' ready, and we three ready too, without more ado they hopped into the trap. Mr. Chabot sat in front with me, and his friend perched himself on the back seat, and off we drove.

"I hadn't much time to look at Mr. Chabot's friend, but he seemed about the same height as the young Frenchman, with a little more beard and mustachois. Mr. Chabot and me, we talked away pretty fast, but the gent behind didn't put in a word; though, for the matter o' that, it ain't comfortable to talk from the back seat to a party in front. Once Mr. Chabot turned round and said:—

"Have you any cigars there, Philip? I dare say Mr. Clarke would like one; and I'm sure I should!"

"O yes," says Mr. Philip, and hands over a case full. I took one, Mr. Chabot took one, and, as I heard Mr. Philip strike a match directly afterwards, I concluded he took one too.

"My old mare soon did the distance, and before we had been twenty minutes on the road the red lights of the station came in sight.

"We use to have a practice here, then— it's gone out mostly now—of takin' somethin' short at Easter time, out of the shell of an Easter egg. Mr. Chabot proposed that we should have somethin' short in this way; so I pulled up at a public house opposite the station, for we had ten minutes to spare. Mr. Chabot and I jumped down to go into the public house, but Mr. Philip he said he'd go on and get the tickets.

"I says: 'You'd better have a nip out of the Easter egg, sir; it's held lucky here to do that; and, anyway, it'll warm you.'

"He wanted a deal o' pressin', but at last he agreed; so we had an Easter egg-shell between us. Mr. Chabot drank first. Then Mr. Philip tried his hand. But, la! I saw he wasn't used to neat spirits, he made such a splutterin', and coughed till I thought he'd ha' choked.

"Gone the wrong way, sir," says I. He looked away, still coughin' and rubbin' his stomach.

"Burnt—my—inside—nearly to a cinder," I heard him burst out to Mr. Chabot. Then he rushed off to get the tickets.

"Friend ain't partial to a raw nip, sir," says I. Mr. Chabot laughed, and said:—

"No; that's a taste he hasn't acquired yet."

"In a few minutes we heard the train comin'. Mr. Chabot slipped a sovereign into my hand, and thanked me for drivin' him and his friend. I followed him to the platform; the two of 'em jumped into a first-class carriage, and the last I of 'em was the train was moving off. They both looked out of the window, laughin' and wavin' their hands at me. I waved my hand to 'em, and then the train went out in the darkness and I lost them.

"The next morning there was such a hubbub and to-do over younder as you never heard. Miss Susie wasn't to be found anywhere—hadn't slept in her bed all night, and was gone—nobody knew where. Ye see, they went so early they hadn't missed her over night. Well, d'ye know, I was that stupid that I never guessed what had happened, till my Betty she comes to me and says:—

"You're a nice sort o' fellow, Joe! A fine mess you've got yourself into; and you the father of a family, too!"

"Mess!" says I; "What d'ye mean?"

"What do you mean? says she. 'Why you ought to be ashamed o' yourself, not to know better than help a young girl like to run away from her home! Ye're nigh as big a villain as the man she's run away with.'

"Will ye believe me, even then I didn't see what she was drivin' at, till she went on, with a face the color o' raw beef:—

"Don't tell me you know nothin' about it; don't stand there look so innocent. How would they ha' got away if it hadn't been for you drivin' them? Ah, get away with ye! it's enough to make an honest woman ashamed of her husband, so it is."

"Now I saw it plain enough. Mr. Chabot and his friend!—the drive to the station! It nearly took my breath away as the truth burst upon me. The young gentleman that sat behind had been—Miss Susie Carter! 'Well, of all the neat tricks ever played, there's none comes up to that,' says I to myself. Then I turns to Betty and says:—

"I'll take my solemn oath, Betty, I never guessed what was up till this minute. As true as I'm standin' here, I had no more notion that that young fellow with Mr. Chabot was a lady, than I'd have now that you're Queen of England."

"It was a long time afore the old 'oman would believe me, but she came round at last; and when old Carter came to hear of it, my word, didn't he swear, and wasn't he mad! Didn't he pitch into me neither! But I gave him as good as I got; and when he told me I had helped his daughter to escape, I gave him the lie flat. He swore he'd have the law on me. But young Chabot wrote a letter exoneratin' me from all blame, and sayin' I was as innocent as a babe unborn, which was Gospel truth; and the old man came to me afterwards and said he was sorry for the hasty words he had spoken.

"I had a letter from the young scamp, too, thankin' me in the name of himself and his wife (they were married as soon as they got to London) for the kind service I had done them. He said Mr. Philip wished me to know that, though he was willing to forgive, he never could forget the agony and torture I had put him to by pressing him into taking that dreadful hot brandy out of the lucky egg-shell, which he was afraid to refuse lest he should rouse suspicion.

"After holdin' out against 'em desperate for six months or more, old Carter came round and gave in, and made the best of it; and it wasn't a bad thing, for young Chabot had money of his own. It was when they came down here, man and wife, to stay with the old man, that they gave me younder egg you asked about. It's a pretty thing, tho' I don't know what it's made of,—some kind of French plaster, I take it. They said it was a fitting token to recall that memorable night; and more especially Miss Susie,—Mrs. Chabot, that is,—said, to keep alive the remembrance of that awful egg-shell full o' brandy."

"Well, I was riled a bit, at first, at the trick they had played on me, and at the way they had made me their fool, but I have never regretted

doin' them the service. I believe it was a kindness to them after all; for they loved one another, and they'd only ha' been miserable, if they had been separated. And it's my belief, sir, that if there was a little more of that sort of love which made them two young folks run away, rather than be parted, between a many husbands and wives that gets married in a proper and respectable way, this world 'ud be a sight happier than it is."—Quiz.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

WE hear that Mr. Tennson's charge for his "Charge" was £300.

IT is said that the receipts at the Lyceum since the production of "Romeo and Juliet" exceed £400 nightly.

THE lady cricketers who figured in the north last year intend to play a match in London this year. No doubt it will be a success, but not a succes d'estime.

THE tricycle is being used by some West-end tradesmen for business purposes. The machine they have selected is somewhat different to the ordinary one, as it is constructed to carry a man and a boy—the latter to mind the steed while the chief goes into houses to deliver parcels, &c.

THE Prince of Wales will preside at the regimental dinner of the 10th Hussars, which will be held at the Marlborough Rooms on the 25th of May. The Duke of Connaught will preside at the annual banquet of the Rifle Brigade, which will also take place at the Marlborough Rooms the next day.

THE "Tony Lumpkins" of the Stock Exchange have perpetrated a joke. It certainly is an elaborate and costly witticism, and only those who could pay the expense are capable of thoroughly enjoying it. The fun conceived was to prepare, print, and post to over three thousand or four thousand addresses, the prospectus of a company called the "Jumbo Enterprise Company, Limited." The offices are given as at Colney Hatch.

SUPPOSING the Speaker were to use unparliamentary language, what would happen? Could the House call him to order, or carry a motion for his expulsion, or lock him up in the Clock Tower, or what? This idea was started in the Strangers' gallery when the occupant of the chair characterized something Mr. Biggar had said as atrocious. "Scenes" are becoming monotonous—a Speaker "scene" would be simply splendid as a novelty.

A FIRM of advertising agents in the city has announced that they are prepared to sell the *Times* at 8 a.m. at a discount of 33½ per cent. (in short at 2d.), and the *Daily Telegraph* at a discount of fifty per cent. (in other words at a halfpenny). This reduction is to be effected by having recourse to a curious expedient. An advertisement interleaf is to be printed and circulated with each newspaper sold. By the help of the London Advertiser, therefore, the daily papers are to be disposed of at less than trade price.

A GENERAL officer writing from the Junior United Service Club proposes the formation of an Anti-Tunnel Society. He says: "Public meetings should be held, and energetic measures taken to rouse and elicit public opinion on this subject, so vital to our national safety. Let those who would laugh the nation out of its fears, and sneer at the warnings of her soldiers and sailors as mere professional gag, be told that the mere professional interests of the services would be best advanced by the tunnel, as its existence would soon be seen to necessitate an increase to our land and sea forces."

THE rage to see "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyceum is extraordinary. People are trying to book seats for the month of June, and do not understand being refused. Theatrical progress would seem to be one of the startling facts of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Not only are there more theatres than ever there were before, and larger audiences to fill those theatres, but people make foresighted arrangements to go to see a good play with as much deliberation as they used to devote to a voyage to India.

MR. SPURGEON'S "last" was addressed to Lord Shaftesbury the other night. "I am very glad indeed to meet you, my lord," said the minister to the noble chairman at a large public meeting, "and I have one request to make of your lordship. It is that your lordship will be good enough to keep out of heaven as long as it may be personally convenient for you to do so." The pulpit humor of the City Temple does not fail. A little while ago Dr. Parker had a collection, and he announced with deep pathos that widows and orphans would not be expected to contribute. On Sunday there was another collection. "This time," said the preacher, "widows and orphans will not be exempt; for no bloody battle ever made so many widows and orphans as the announcement issued on a previous Sunday."

FRIENDS.

A few friends, to travel with us
Up and down the path of life,
Give a zest to each enjoyment,
Pluck the sting from toil and strife;
And if rugged be the pathway—
As it will sometimes I ween,
Friendly hands will point to beauties
Which alone we have not seen.

A few friends, to gather with us
Round the sacred fires of home,
With sweet music, books, and converse;
All the world outside may gloom!
Just a few, and not the many—
Lest simplicity depart,
And formality and fashion
Take the place of brain and heart.

A few friends, in time of trouble,
When the soul is bruised and crossed,
Like a ship on stormy billows,
Crippled, lashed, and tempest tossed;
Then when helpless and forsaken,
Do we prize the precious few,
That will guide us into heaven
And still keep our bark in view.

A few friends, beyond the river,
Waiting on the farther shore,
Make us long to reach the harbor
Of the dear ones gone before:
And we strive for nobler virtues,
Scatter seeds of truth and love,
Knowing that they watch and beckon,
From the sinless realms above.

JOSH BILLINGS TO THE GIRLS.

Dear girls, are you in search of a husband? That is a pumper, and you are not requested to say yes out loud, but are expected to throw your eyes down on to the earth as tho you was lookin for a pin, and reply to the interrogatory with a kind of draulin sigh.

Not tew press so tender a theme until it be-kums a thorn in the flesh, we will presume, to avoid argument, that you are on the look-out for something in the male line. Let me give you some small chunks of advice how to spot your future husband.

1. The man who is jellus of every little at-tension which you get from some other feller, yu will find after yu are married to him he loves himself more than he does yu, and what yu mis-took for solissitu le yu will discover has changed to indifference. Jellusy isn't a heart diseze; it is a liver complaint.

2. A mustash is not indispensable; it is only a little more hair, and is much like moss and other excrencencies—of en does the best on sile that won't rise anything else. Don't forget that those things which you admire in a fellow before marriage you will probably condemn in a husband after, and a mustash will get to be a very weak diet for a long time.

3. If husbands could be took on trial as Irish cooks are, two-thirds of them would probably be returned; but there don't seem to be eny law for this. Therefore, girl, yu will see that after yu get a man yu have got tew keep him, even if yu buz on him. Consequently, if you have eny kold vitiles in the hous, try him on them once in a while during the courtin' season, and if he swollers them well, and says he will take some more, he is a man who when blue Monday comes, will wash well.

4. Don't marry a pheller who is always tellin how iz mother doz things. It is too hard to wean a young one.

5. If a man can beat you playing on a pianer and kant hear a fish horn playing on the street without turning a summerset, on account of the musick that is in him, I say to leave him; he might answer to tend baby, and if you set him to hoeing out the garden, you will find you have got to do it yourself. A man whoze whole heft lies in musick (and not too hefty at that) ain't no better than a seed-litz powder, but if he luvs to listen while you sing some gentle ballad, you will find him mellow and not soft. But don't marry enybody for one virtue enny quicker than you would flop a man for jist one fault.

6. It is one of the most tuffest things for a female to be an old maid successfully. A great many has tried, and made a bad job of it, and had a hard time. Everybody seems to look upon old maids jist as they do on dried herbs in the garret—handy for sickness—and therefore, girls, it ain't a mistake that you shud be willing to swop yourselves oph with some truehearted phellow, for a husband. The swop is a good one; but don't swop for any man who is respectable jist because his father iz. You had better to be an old maid for 4,000 years, and then join the Shakers, than to buy repentance at this price. No women ever made this trial who didn't get either a phool, mean cuss, or a clown for a husband.

WOOD ENGRAVING.

The art of wood-engraving has been marvelously quickened by the enormous demand; and, in turn, by educating and refining that demand, the art has constantly stimulated its own development. This extraordinary progress has revealed new possibilities. Efforts are now produced which had been hitherto supposed to be impossible, and we cannot help thinking, in view even of our own pages, and of some of the best work that we have produced, that the author of the article upon the history of the art has laid down his canons rather too rigidly. Is it quite true that wood-engraving can give nothing but form in black and white, and that a certain delicate gradation and effect of chiar-oscuro is beyond it? Color, properly speaking, of course it can not give. But to the quick sense there is, in the more exquisite work, an inexpressible softness

of refinement, suggestive, at least, of the evasive play of shadow upon color. Our author holds that a certain fineness of effect is lost in the wood which is practicable in metal, because the wood edge is too friable and readily blunted or worn. But the printing is done from the metal cast, not from the wood, so that the delicacy is unimpaired. We doubt if steel could more perfectly represent certain of the finest and lightest effects than some of the wood-cuts in our art treasury of the Magazine.

No doubt in this art, as in all others, there is that kind of charlatany which springs from the effort to make a certain dash and carelessness impose upon the observer for free and forcible accuracy. There is much that is printed pretentiously as excellent wood illustration which, as it means nothing in the drawing, can not mean anything in the engraving. The wood engraver can not be expected to supply either the invention or the skill of the draughtsman, except in those instances where he is himself both draughtsman and engraver. However dexterous and consummate a musician the accompanist may be, it is not to be asked that if the singer fail, he should supply the voice also.

No dash or affectation of freedom can take the place of precision. Certain spurious effects may be produced which may impress the ignorant eye, but they are sure to vulgarize and degrade the art. Michael Angelo may climb to the ceiling of a Roman villa and with a few bold strokes in charcoal he may draw in a moment a head which every anatomist and every artist will commend; Couture may be so sure of his line that he may cut the paper with his thumb-nail to indicate its certain course; but only Michael Angelo and Couture, only the great masters, after long experience and painful study and assured knowledge, can "throw off" a sketch, which is, however, not a "spirit" nor a "dash," but the carefully matured fruit of laborious and conscientious training. Many a bright tyro writes a sketch which strikes the public taste, and he is hailed as a new genius. But his sketch is the speech of Single-speech Hamilton. De Quincey, past thirty, writes a brilliant paper for a magazine, and for thirty years he pours out a series of rich and brilliant papers, with constantly accumulating fame, and at last, although only a magazine writer, leaves a name in English literature. The secret lay, not in the fortunate "dash," but in the full mind, the various knowledge, the literary instinct and training.

But while the very demand for fine wood-engraving leads to a supply of pinchbeck, and really, so far as art is concerned, fraudulent work, yet the beautiful art itself is so swiftly advancing, its delicacy and subtlety are developing so evenly with its power, this Magazine itself is so interested to push the good work strenuously forward, that we do not willingly see its possibilities too sternly defined. When we look at our own pages, and reflect that *Harpers Monthly* led the way in the popular diffusion of wood illustrations, that it has kept pace with the astounding progress of the art, and that it is itself the monument of that advance and of the present triumphs of this branch of art, we hear with incredulity that the Pillars of Hercules mark the end of exploration, and we hoist our sails for a voyage to Atlantis and the far, fortunate isles.—*Harpers*.

A STRANGE AND IMPRESSIVE CUSTOM.

I witnessed one night a most singular custom among the native South Americans, which made a deep impression on me. On returning home rather late, after accompanying some captains of my acquaintance to the landing, where their boat was waiting for them, I passed a low-roofed house, in whose well-lit room music and dancing were going on. I tried to get a look through the curtained window, but did not succeed, and was just passing on when the door opened and two men came out. A third one was just going to shut the door again, when he saw me, and addressing me, asked, in the most friendly way, to come in and be welcome. Always ready to see what I could wherever I got a chance, I followed on this kind invitation, and found myself the next minute in a perfect flood of light but in a very small room crowded with people. Taking in the whole at the first glance, the room seemed rather poorly furnished, with whitewashed walls, only here and there ornamented with small and colored pictures of saints and martyrs. The tables and chairs were made of pine wood, the latter with cane bottoms; and one corner of the room, and a great part of the whole space, in fact, was taken up by a large bed covered with flowered curtains instead of a mosquito net, but the curtains thrown back at present to afford room for those guests who would not dance themselves. Aqua-ardente and dulces were handed round, while all, men and women—the dancers excepted—smoked their cigarillos. But the most remarkable thing in the room seemed to me a large kind of scaffold, which occupied the other corner, opposite the bed, consisting of a light frame-work, ornamented all over with artificial flowers, little pictures of saints and a small quantity of small lighted wax candles. On the top of it a most extraordinarily well-made wax figure of a little child was seated on a low wooden chair, dressed in a snow-white little frock; he eyes were closed, the pale cheeks tinged by a soft, rosy hue, and the whole figure perfectly strewn with flowers. It was so deceptive that when I drew near at first I thought it a real child; while a young woman below it, pale and with tears in her eyes, might

very well have been the mother. But that was most certainly a mistake, for at this moment one of the men stepped up to her and invited her to the dance, and a few minutes afterwards she was one of the merriest in the crowd. But it must really be a child! no sculptor could have formed that little face so exquisitely; and now one light went out, close to the little head, and the cheek lost its rosy hue. My neighbors at last remarked the attention with which I looked upon the figure, or child, whichever it was, and the nearest one informed me, as far as I could understand him, that the little thing up there was really the child of the woman with the pale face, who was dancing just then so merrily. The whole festivity, in fact, was only on account of that little angel. I shook my head doubtfully, and my neighbor, to convince me, took my arm and led me to the frame, where I had to step upon the chair and nearest table, and touch the cheek and hand of the child. It was a corpse! And the mother, seeing I had doubted it, but was now convinced, came up to me and smilingly told me it had been her child, and was now a little angel in heaven. The guitars and caecas commenced wildly again, and she had to return to dance. I left the house as in a dream, but afterwards heard the explanation of this ceremony. If a little child—I believe up to four years of age—dies in Chili it is thought to go straight to heaven, and become a little angel, the mother being prouder of that, before the eyes of the world at least, than if she had reared her child to happy man or womanhood. The little corpse is exhibited then, as I had seen it; and they often continue dancing and singing around it till it displays signs of petrification. But the mother, whatever the feelings of her heart may be, must laugh, and sing, and dance. She dare not give way to any selfish wishes—for is not the happiness of her child secured? Poor mother!

THE PRISONER.

"So the lad has chosen death. The Lord be with him," said Le Père Caron, solemnly. He was one of the devoted band of Waldenses who endured such hardships and perils in the religious persecutions of 1600.

"He was a brave lad. I loved him as my own son," said La Mère Caron, wiping her tearful eyes. "Have you never a word to say, Aline, that you stand there so still and cold? You said plenty when the boy was amongst us."

Aline Caron, fair-haired and blue-eyed, answered not, but presently she glided from the house and stood alone with quivering lips and clasped hands in the sunset flush that fell over the peaks of the Col. St. Julien. What could she say? Can you lay bare your heart's core in a few set words? And her whole heart and life were bound up in him whose fate she had just heard.

He was her lover, Julien Lunel. He had rendered himself conspicuous even among that band of heroes, by his bravery in the Waldensian cause, and had been seized by the Inquisition, carried before the fierce Marquis of Augrogne, and lay fettered in a tower of the neighboring castle. Aline had known this for a month past, and morning and evening had watched from the valley the light shine upon the grating of his prison window, and prayed for his release; but to day the news had come that Julien had faced the tribunal, and, rather than adjure his faith, had chosen death, and the messenger added in Aline's ear, "Julien had not long to live, and would fain see her before he died." The girl had already gone with trembling steps to the castle gate and piteously besought an interview with her lover, but the brutal warders cursed her for a heretic, and the rough soldiery had thrust her back with coarse jests that brought the sensitive blood to her cheeks. Now, as she glanced upwards at the dark pile reared defiantly against the sky's pure background, a resolve born of despair leapt into her heart, and she vowed passionately to herself that she would see him, at all hazards, though she perished in the attempt.

The fortress stood on a precipitous height, flanked with hard rocks, whose sides were riven with treacherous clefts and seamed with water-courses. Seen from below, it looked inaccessible, yet up those perilous crags, where scarce the chamois-hunter could find footing, the brave Vandois maiden resolved to go. Her feet had been light on the mountain paths since her childhood, and the thought of her lover drove all fear from her breast. She waited till midnight, when all the valley was still, and then, stealing from her chamber, she made her way alone up the steep. It was a strange venture for a girl. Far off she heard the low thunder of the falling avalanche; nearer the winds fought together down the wild gorges, pursuing and retreating from each other over the chasm's brink, and rolling fainter and fainter down its unfathomable depths. But the stars cheered her, and the pines fringing the chasm lifted spectral arms in the wan moonlight, and pointed her onward—onward—ver onward. . . Julien could not sleep that night. He dragged himself with pain (for his fetters were heavy) to his window bars, and gazed for the last time at the wonder of the moonlight upon the eternal snow peaks. He was not afraid of death, for the same dauntless spirit that inspired Janavel and Jayer fired his pulses, and he rejoiced to be able to add his name to the list of those who had died nobly for their freedom and their God.

"Alas! our valleys," he murmured. "If my life were the only sacrifice needed, how gladly would I lay it down; but it is but a drop in the red stream that must flow before the voice of

prayer can arise without fear from your ruined homesteads."

Then he thought of Aline, and with the thought the peace that possessed his soul fled. A sharp quiver of agony shook his frame. It was hard to die without one farewell. Suddenly he started. Was it a vision he saw before him, or was the pale beautiful face of an angel sent to strengthen him to the end? The vision spoke one word—"Julien!" And their hands met, and he knew her. Words could not tell the bitter sweetness of that meeting. They could hardly tell themselves of what they talked. The night waned, dawn broke, and yet they seemed heedless of the time. A mountain bird, awakened from its nest by the gathering light, swept past them towards the valley, and its pinions, cleaving the blue air, aroused them to the consciousness that they must separate.

"I cannot take you in my arms," he said, "but kiss me, Aline, for the last time."

He had pleaded for a kiss many a time in the happy valley days, and she had refused him coquettishly; but the time for trifling had gone over, and she laid her face against the cold bars, and they kissed each other sadly and lingeringly.

"Our next will be in heaven," she whispered; and then, with unnatural calmness, she smiled as she used to smile, and they loosed hands for ever, and she turned away.

Julien was shot at noon in the great square of the castle, and he met the bullets without flinching, men said. When they told Aline she smiled again, with a far-away look in her eyes, so that the neighbors marvelled and said, "She never loved him."

But, by-and-by, they missed her, and, after a wild search of a night and a day, they found her lying beneath his prison-window. And, when they lifted her, she was dead.

THE FOLK LORE OF LOWER CANADA.

There are two species of loup-garou in Lower Canada: one that kills and eats children, and another that, like the feux-follets, seeks the destruction of souls. The former is never seen except by children, whose evidence is not worthy of credence, inasmuch as the loup-garou appears to wicked children only; but the existence of the latter has been vouched for by thousands of good habitants. A habitant, deep in the back-woods of the St. Maurice or Lac St. Jean, has said his prayers, and is preparing to turn in for the night, when he hears a shout outside, and, going to the door, is told by a belated teamster bound for the shanties that his neighbor at the "clearing," ten miles away, is lying at the point of death, and that there is no priest with fifty miles. The habitant harnesses his horses, and starts without delay, taking with him the bottle of holy water he brought from his native parish at Easter, his beads, and *petit Albet*, a collection of prayers. The wind is moaning in the forest, and the trees throw gaunt shadows upon the snow. Suddenly he hears the sound of rushing feet, and, looking over his shoulder as he plies his horses with the whip, discovers to his horror that he is being pursued by a loup-garou. The fiend resembles a huge wolf, but its cry is human, and its eyes are like the lights of the feux-follets. The habitant mutters a prayer, and drives furiously. It is a hard race through the woods and over the frozen streams, but, thanks to the good St. Anne, the *patronne* of Lower Canada and the kind protector of backwoodsmen and sea-faring men, the habitant reached the house first, and, placing the open prayer-book on the table, defies the loup-garou to cross the threshold. He is in time to sprinkle the dying man with a holy water, receive his last words, and close his eyes. Then, fastening his beads upon the lintel, to preserve the window and children from the loup-garou, he sets out to call the neighbors and fetch the priest, that the body may receive Christian burial. It is proper to add that in the good old times, when the habitant was blessed with abundant harvests from a virgin soil, and hard drinking was the rule, — *Il est soil comme dans les bonnes années* is a proverb, — loup-garous were more numerous than they are now.—*Atlantic*.

HUMOROUS.

THE æsthetes now speak of hash as "a mosaic."

In a game of cards, a good deal depends on good play, and good play on a good deal.

AN exchange says:—"Gas is all right in the main, but gets all wrong in the metres."

THERE are two reasons why we don't trust a man. One is because we don't know him, and the other because we do.

"YOU are to be hanged," said an Irish judge, when addressing a prisoner, "and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

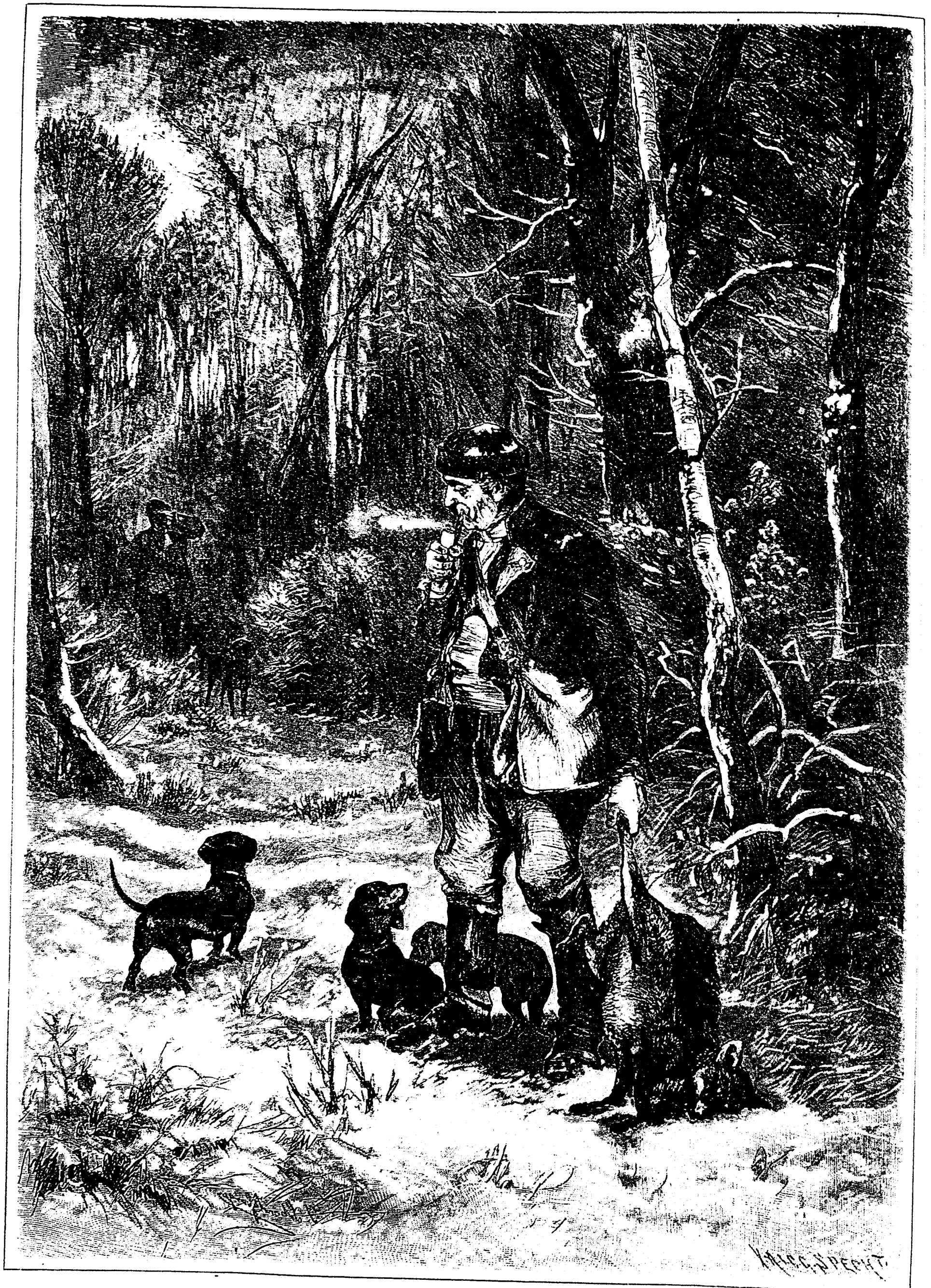
"How greedy you are," said one little girl to another, who had just taken the best apple on the dish. "I was just going to take that."

"WHAT plan," said an actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the tart reply.

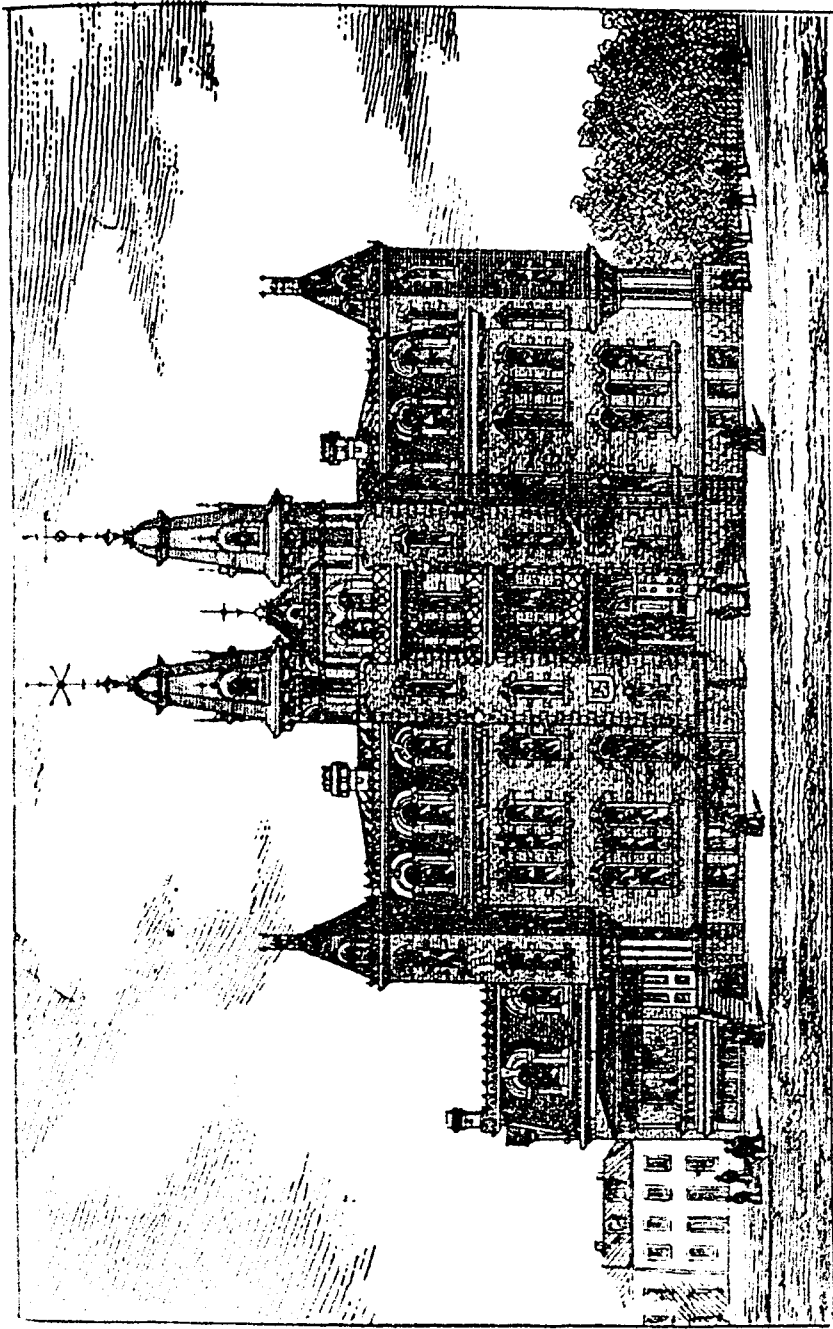
A COXSOMB the other day asked a stammering barber's boy, "Did you ever shave a monkey?" "No, sir," said the boy, "but if you will sit down I'll t-try."

AN Irish clerk who was snowed up in a train during the recent severe storm telegraphed to his firm in the city:—"I shall not be at the office to-day, as I have not got home yesterday yet."

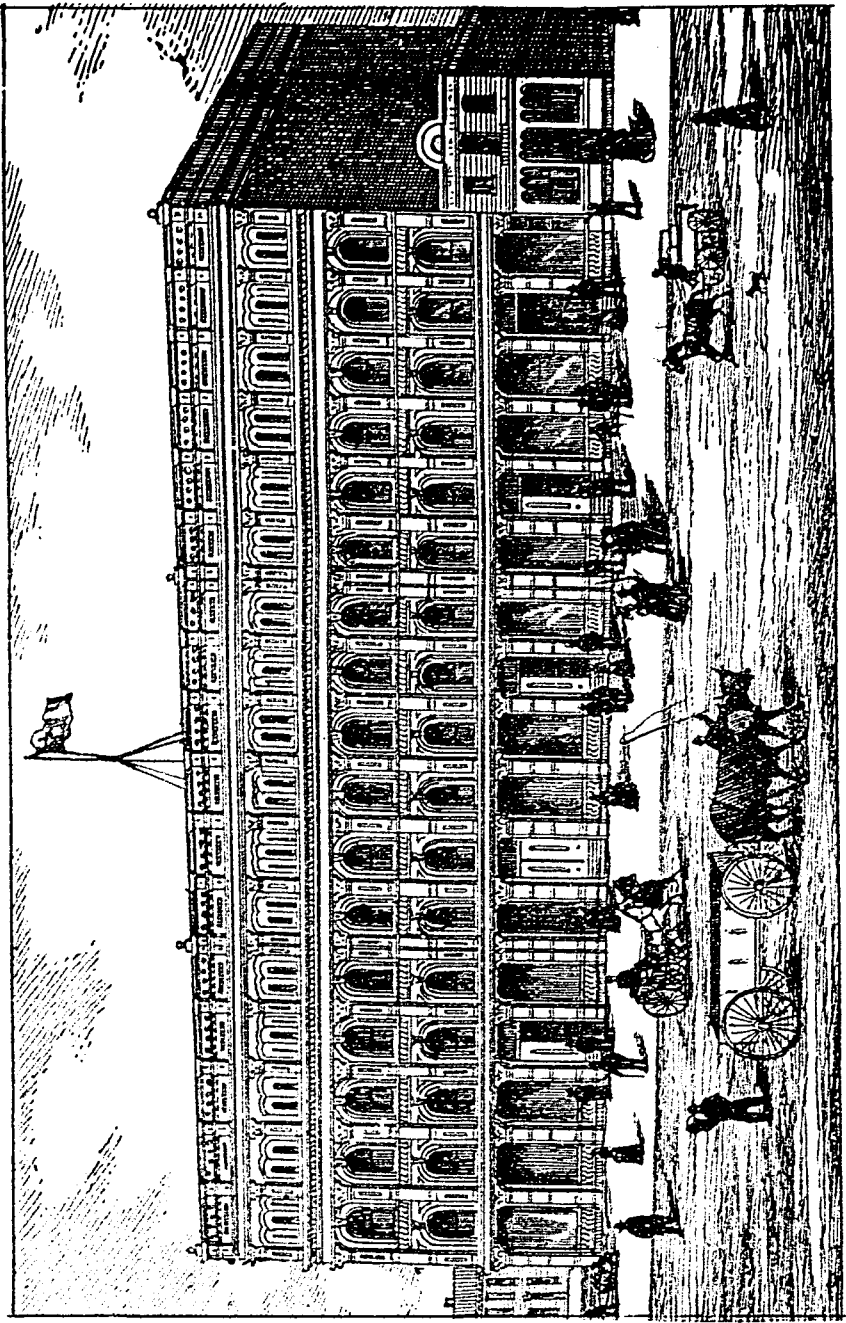
TOWARD the conclusion of a diplomatic dinner, a Frenchman selected a toothpick from a tray lying near him, and politely passed the receptacle to his neighbor, a Turk, who declined his offer, exclaiming, "No, thank you; I have already eaten two of these things, and I want no more."



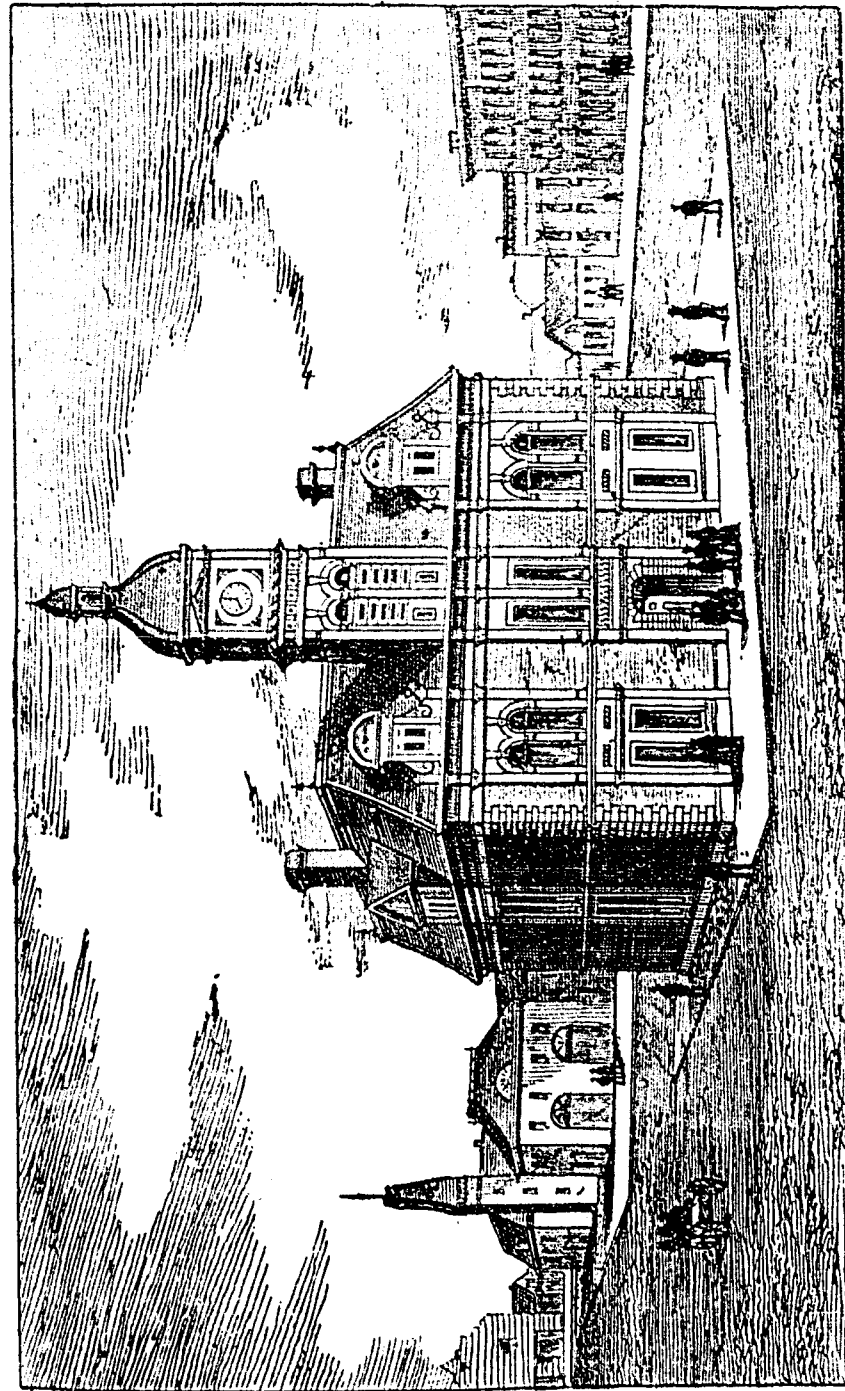
THE OLD WOODMAN.



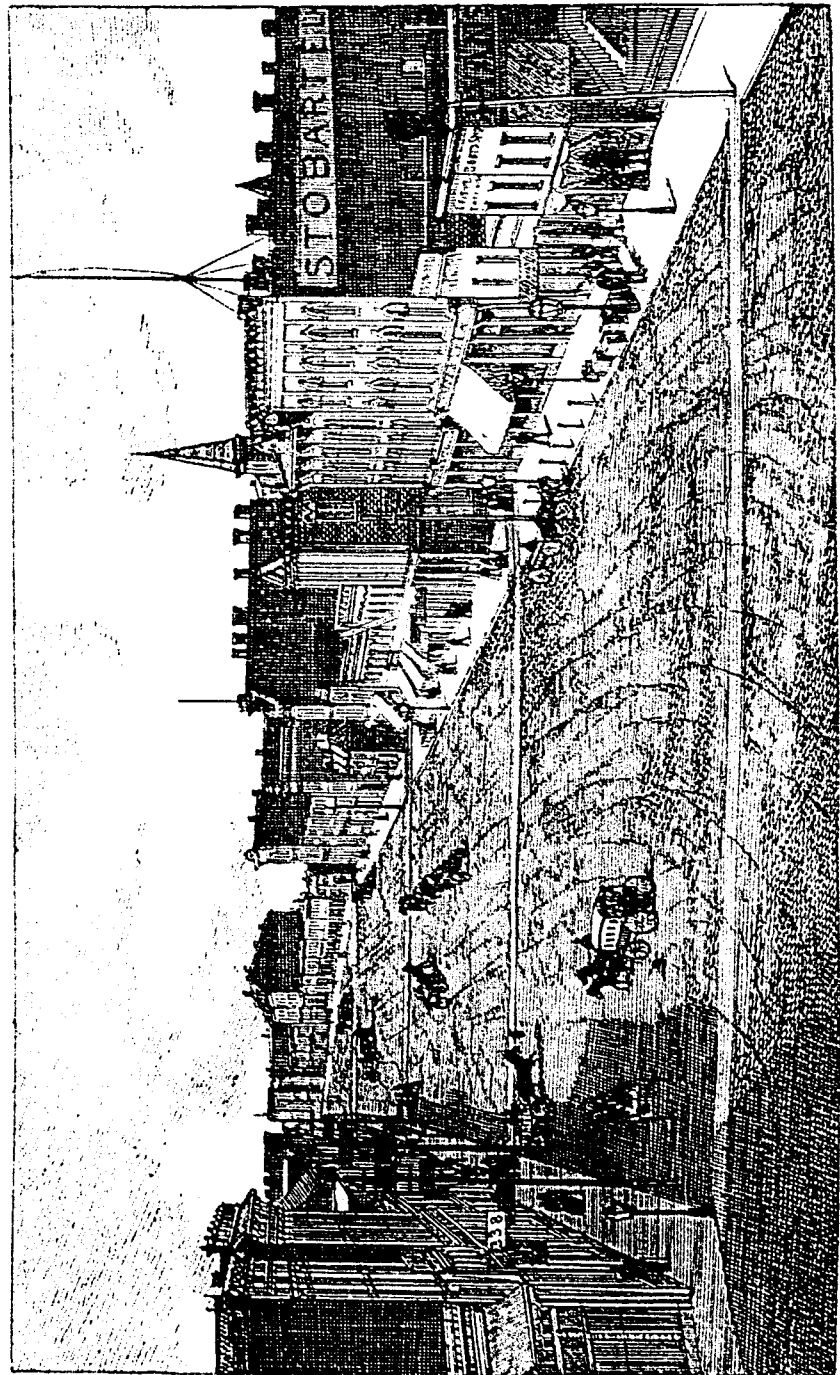
MANITOBA COLLEGE.



CAUCHON'S BUILDING.



CITY HALL.



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

VIEWS OF WINNIPEG.—REPRINTED, BY PERMISSION, FROM MACCOUN'S "MANITOBA AND GREAT NORTH-WEST."

AN IRISH STEW.

(From St. James' Gazette.)

If you want a receipt for that national mystery known to the world as an "Irish Stew." Just take the events of the last two years' history. Giving to each the importance that's due.

Letter of Beaconsfield, prudent and present,
Telling of troubles we'd soon have to face;
Gladstone's assertion, both hostile and nescent,
Curtly denying that such was the case.
"William" success by the aid of the pack of 'em,
Infidel, Rebel, Dissenter and Rad;
Each of 'em, all of 'em, every man Jack of 'em,
Claiming reward for the share he had had.
Peace Preservation Act net to be thought about;
Nothing worth fighting for, 'er to be fought about;
Parnell and Biggar and Co.'s opportunity;
Outrage and murder, and crime with impunity;
Gladstone and Bright crying "Force is no remedy;"
Chamberlain spurning coercion on any day;
Ireland down trodden by Land League ferocities;
Government paralyzed; Justice a sham;
(Memories) row of Bulgarian atrocities
Seemingly indicate Gladstone a sham.
Sallybury bitter, and Parnell obtrusive;
England indignant at Gladstone's delay;
Gladstone vindictive, in language abusive,
Puts Parnell and Company out of the way.
The goal of Kilmainham and Griffith's reduction;
The robbery of landlords and Irish obstruction.
Land Act, and Land Court, and Land League for years;
Landlords and tenants all set by the ears;
Poverty, crime, de-olation and woe;
Chamberlain, Forster, and Gladstone and Co.
Take of these elements all that is fusible,
Melt them all down in a pipkin or crucible,
Set them to simmer, and leave on the steam;
And an "Irish stew" is the residuum.

LITERARY SUCCESS.

In the elegant country house of Alphonse Daudet some of the best known French authors assembled one day. By the side of the sympathetic face of the host could be seen the stout Emile Zola—there also was seen the intelligent profile of Edmund de Goncourt, and next to him quietly sat the fair Frederick Wilhelm Schulze; the latter who left his country a long time ago, has gained at present a great fame in Germany under a French pseudonym. The company related incidents which had happened during their youthful days. Schulze, as usual, complained of the bad taste of the German public, of the publishers whose motto is "cheap and nasty," of the newspapers being entirely unconnected with literature. He did not spare even the critics. "As for me, I think you judge your country too harshly," interrupted the author of "Le Nabab." "Of course neither your talent nor your industry has been of much use to you, but then you were quite young, and you had not then written any serious work. We also had great difficulty in gaining publicity, but why do not your authors touch vital questions so deeply as we do? Why are they satisfied with clerical variations of the worn-out theme of Strauss's love to Gretchen. Look how books are read in Germany. How my own novels and yours are paid their weight in gold." "It is," replied Schulze, "only because we are in fashion, because conquered France dictates the fashion to the Germans even in literature, besides it is not a new thing—it was the same when Lessing had to implore Cornelle; when Frederick the Second protected Voltaire. The same thing, again, was repeated when Dumas and Sue pecketed our thalers; when Scribe occupied all our theatres. The same thing, takes place now with Sardou and Dumas fils, with Jules Verne and—excuse the comparison—with Alphonse Daudet. Go to the publishing office of any German magazine under a German name, and you will see what success you have. It is true that in Paris you would not get much for your novels if you were to introduce them under the name of an unknown author. Thanks to their real value, they would be read, the papers would speak of them, and you may even become the talk of the day. Amongst us—literature only exists for a very small circle of highly educated people. We read only to kill time, and for this purpose the publishers crowd themselves with trash, which sells better than the work of the disciples of Balzac. A new book is entirely lost if it be not supported in the newspapers by a powerful clique of critics. It is true that later on, when many years have passed, the book is remembered or discovered in the archives of literature, but the author has possibly died of starvation, or his talent has entirely vanished in the struggle of life. Try to sell one of your unpublished works in Germany, and you will see. Your 'Bohemiens' are quite ready. I shall soon have finished the translation of it. Send it anonymously to the 'country of poets and thinkers.' There was a short pause. Zola was this king. De Goncourt was looking sadly at the trees, which were beginning to be covered with leaves. Daudet appeared thoughtful. Suddenly his face was lighted up by a smile, and he held out his hand to Schulze. "All right," he said, "we are going to send 'Les Bohemiens' to Germany. I have nothing to fear, much less so that I am not the destroyer, as you are. I do not throw overboard all the good old habits. Zola, for example, would have to fear. I should like to try." A few days afterwards "Les Bohemiens" was renamed "Clarice," and its author, Johann Lohrbeer. According to the desire of Daudet, Schulze first sent the manuscript to Berlin to I—. Three months afterwards the manuscript was returned without comment, and carriage unpaid. Schulze then sent it to Leipzig to P—. This time an answer was received, but the publisher begged to be excused; he could not publish "Clarice," as he had already too many offers. The letter was accompanied by a catalogue of new publications for sale. Other publishers refused without giving any explanations. One said that he had discontinued publishing novels, as they were no

longer bought. Readers are satisfied with *feuilletons*, and buy only useful books, such as can adorn the drawing-room table, *éditions de luxe* of famous authors. Daudet was angry. "Try the newspapers," he said to Schulze. "It is their sacred duty to develop the literary taste of their readers. At W— is published the excellent paper *Die Morgenglocke*. It always gives the novels of our school. I have already sent it several tales, for which I was well paid." Schulze sent "Clarice" to the *Morgenglocke*. Three months afterwards the manuscript came back to Paris, and with it a printed circular, with these words:—"Dear Sir,—We return you the manuscript which you sent us; unfortunately we cannot make any use of it." Daudet twitched nervously his beautiful moustache, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "I'm sure they never read my novel. Wait a bit. I shall paste some of the leaves and you must send the manuscript in that state." Four weeks passed again, and "Clarice" returned to Paris—the leaves were still pasted together. A letter which accompanied it contained the following:—"Highly honored Mr. Author,—We cannot accept your remarkable work, because we are so glutted with literary productions that we have enough novels and tales for at least three years." "You have some connection with German publishing firms," said Daudet in a discontented tone of voice; "perhaps your recommendation will cause the editors to read my production." Schulze wrote to the weekly paper, *In allen Zonen*, and three months afterwards he received the following letter:—"Dear Mr. Schulze,—We return you the novel of Herr Lohrbeer. Evidently you have not read the manuscript, otherwise you would not have sent it to us. The author describes things which cannot possibly be inserted in a family paper. Moreover, all the characters of high society which are found are rogues; this cannot be. You ask us what we think of the talent of Lohrbeer. His style of writing is not bad undoubtedly; he is an experienced author, but his style is high-flown and not natural; the plot of the novel is poor, the intrigue not dramatic and rather tedious; in a word the author is no novelist. We regret, etc. The friends received this criticism with loud bursts of laughter; Daudet framed the letter and adorned his study with it. The manuscript again went traveling through Germany, and was again returned to Paris with a printed circular. Only an editor of a new newspaper recognized in Lohrbeer some traces of talent and begged him to send him something else reminding him that he could only receive books without any express tendency and containing nothing improper. Historic tales answering these conditions have the greater chance of being received. "Is it not enough?" asked Schulze. "Once more let us try," said Daudet; "is not S— an active publisher?" "Yes, indeed," replied Schulze. "There is hardly a day in which he does not publish some novelty, and we can't say that these books are not very hurtful to literature; the publishers do not pay for that trash, yet thanks to advertisements and puffing our libraries are filled with it, and the publishers get rich. Let us try S—" This time the manuscript remained at the publisher's, who asked how much would be required for the book. "How much do you generally get for your novels?" asked Schulze. "From 30,000 to 40,000 francs." "Well, then, it is better to let the publisher fix the sum himself," replied Schulze. The answer came a few days afterwards. S— wrote: "In fixing a price for your novel I make a great sacrifice—an exception to the general rule. Usually the first works of unknown are not paid for at all. I can give you 70 marks. I do this as a favour, and I hope you will soon send me a fresh work. After having read this letter, Daudet crumpled it in his hands and threw out of the window. "Go to the devil!" he cried. "For a year my novel has been traveling, and I might have died of hunger long ago. Now, I shall send a telegram to the editor of the *Morgenlocke* that Daudet has finished his novel 'Les Bohemiens,' and wishes to know how much the editor would offer him for the first German edition." The same evening a telegram was received with these words as an answer—"10,000 francs."

CLUBS.

The notion is still entertained in remote parts of the country, and even by many simple persons in London, that a Club is a blessed place where superior persons meet daily and exchange freely all the newest gossip and the latest State secrets. The London correspondent of the provincial newspaper proves his omniscience by declaring that he belongs to "one of the leading London Clubs," and the readers of his letters imagine that he is therefore one of the favored recipients of every interesting piece of news that ever transpires, and altogether a superior person. Little do they know of the heaviness and dullness that reigns supreme in these favored establishments. Nobody ever yet learnt anything worth knowing, much less worth printing in a Club; bores and billiard-players furnish most of the conversation of most of them, and so small a value is set by their members on Club conversation and society, that the worst reputation a Club can have is that of being "crowded," and the best that of being an elegant and well-watered solitude. A man of position was recently vindicating the claim of his Club to be the best in London. "I assure you," he said, "that I go in there day after day and read the paper and nobody ever says a word to me." Nevertheless, beneath the calm surface of the best of Clubs there is commonly working a sea of passions and piques, of animosities and little-

nesses which when, as occasionally they do, they come to the surface, might make even a country cousin wonder. The mere fact, which is too notorious to need more than mention, that no man who is at all known has any chance of being elected at any Club of any pretensions is enough to show this. There may be "nothing against him" of any kind, he may be a man of irreproachable character, and eminently desirable as a member; but if he is known, he is certain to find men enough among the electing body who will "pill" him because of some mean personal spite or merely from a still meaner personal jealousy. If he is not known at all he is safe enough, as was the convict Mr. Harry Benson, who was made a member of the St. James's Club at the very time he was engaged in swindling the Lord Mayor of a large sum of money under pretence of collecting subscriptions for Chateaudun.

It is not too much to say that a good half of the members of any one Club in London would, if they were to be presented afresh at the ballot-box, be inevitably blackballed. Elected when they were nobodies they have since become somebodies, and that alone renders them horribly obnoxious to the great ruck of nobodies of whom Clubs and Club-committees are mainly composed. There is a seeming, but only a seeming exception to this in the case of Princes and nobles, for they run a much less risk of rejection than others. But if the exception be scanned closely it will be found to be only another instance of the rule. Princes and nobles as a rule are nobodies; and what is especially dear to the free and independent elector of the Clubs, they are nobodies with tremendous names.

The kind of creature who is dear to the Club elector is the lay figure—the mere result of the tailor and of those public schools and universities which are the great social clothiers of our times. Nobody knows anything against him—or for him; he has no enemies—and no friends; he represents nothing, has done nothing, is nothing; and he will therefore be elected by acclamation.

It is fitting that the mediocrities should have a home. It is fitting that those who cannot compass a good cook or a good bottle of wine of their own should be enabled to find dinner and drink of an average goodness at a Club. And it is also fitting that those who of themselves can think no thought and do no deed should be able to keep themselves warm from the consciousness of their nothingness by consorting with other men in like case. But to suppose, as a large proportion of country cousins still do, that the Clubs are the centre of wit and wisdom, the receptacles of State secrets, and the originators of political action; or even to suppose that they offer an exemplar of the highest efforts of the culinary art; this is to suppose that at which those who know their tameness, their dullness, and their littleness can only smile.

I AM GOING HOME.

What a world of meaning in these words! What music to a wanderer's ear! How it quickens our pulses and sends memory surging back, bringing on its return over the rocks and quicksands of time the recollection of the happy days of yore. Home! dearest spot on earth, around which cluster and centre our best thoughts and wishes, for there dwell the dear ones. "I am going home," says the sailor on the wide ocean, as he paces to and fro upon the deck of his homeward-bound vessel. The waves dash high against the sides of the ship, and breaking, scatter their tiny drops around him. He heeds them not, is unconscious that the wind is screeching through the masts, and threatening to hurl him beneath the rolling waves. His thoughts are far away; and lifting his hand to screen his eyes from the glaring sunlight, he gazes with an entreating look for some familiar token in the distance to indicate that he is nearing home. In thought, the intervening miles have already been travelled, and he stands in the presence of his family. The captain's voice awakens him from his reverie, and he endeavors to place his mind upon duty; yet it is in vain, for he is approaching his native land. "I am going home," says the wounded soldier. Comrades gather around the soothed and war-worn veteran, for one moment envying him the pleasure at home care he so much needs. His eyes sparkle, and his flushed cheeks tell of an inward excitement which thoughts of the future occasion. Though disease preys upon him, not a happier man can be found in the camp, for those musical words resound in his ears, "I'm going home."

HOW HE WON HIS WAGER.

The famous Hungarian, Count Zichy, who lives on a princely income in Vienna, was in his younger days well known all over Europe on account of the bets he made and generally won. Once, when there was a heavy duty imposed on every head of cattle entering the Austrian capital, he made a bet that he would carry a lamb duty free through the gates of Vienna, and that the gatekeeper, who acts as imperial officer, adjusting and receiving the duty, would be glad to let him pass. The bet was taken. Next morning the Count, disguised in the clothes of a butcher, his butcher's knife in his hand, his shirt sleeves rolled up, and carrying a heavy sack on his shoulder, made his way to one of the gates of the city. But the officer espied him:—"What have you in that sack, fellow?" "A dog, sir." "A dog? Dog yourself! Down with the sack! I know fellows like you sometimes carry dogs in

sacks through the gates, and sell them for mutton in the town."

"But it is nothing but a dog, and a bad one too. I will—"

"Never mind what you will—down with your sack."

And the officer pulled the sack from the butcher's shoulder, cut the string, and, sure enough, out jumped one of the biggest dogs in Vienna. The dog rushed against the faithful Government servant and knocked him down, and then made off for parts unknown. After him went the butcher, shouting to the officer:

"I'll settle you after I catch the dog."

About two hours later, the face of the butcher appeared at the window of the office—

"I have caught that dog again. Would you like to look at him?"

"Get away! Get out, you and your infernal dog."

And with a crash the window went down, and the smiling butcher entered Vienna. But no dog was that time in the sack, but the fattest lamb that could be found in the suburbs of the capital.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Chateau of St. Cloud, or, rather, the ruins which the Prussians left, are to be conceded to a great company for a casino, which the projectors say will rival Sydenham. Such a desecration of an old abode of Royalty will be no innovation. Rambouillet was for a long while a sort of suburban Mabile.

THE compliment has been paid to a very faithful friend of Paris, Prince Demidoff San Donato, of presenting him with the order of Commander of the Legion of Honor. The Prince has had the pleasant news telegraphed to him to St. Petersburg. The Russian colony is very popular in presidential circles—which has its significance.

A MEETING of notabilities of Parisian fencing circles has taken place at the residence of M. E. Dollfus, 2 Rue de Presbourg, for the purpose of making arrangements for founding a Société d'Encouragement de l'Escrime. The organizing committee adopted the provisional rules and regulations drawn up by M. de Villeneuve, and selected the journal *l'Escrime* as the medium for receiving applications for membership.

A BERLIN dealer in game, birds, &c., recently received an order for 30,000 pigeons for Paris, which, according to Dr. Russ's magazine, *The Winged World*, is due to the silly fashion of wearing pigeon's feathers on hats and dresses in masquerades. The birds were mostly bought in Silesia, killed, skinned, and the bodies sold on the spot at three halfpence each, while the feathery part went to Paris.

COUNT BEUST, the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, has just turned out of his bed, after three weeks' sojourn there, to breathe the lovely air that young spring especially blesses Parisians with, worth all the tonics of all the doctors. The Count was travelling between Munich and Stuttgart at night, snugly ensconced in his Pullman's-car bed, when a sudden concussion flung him out head first, and virtually from one bed to another. We are all glad it is no worse, for he is an item in Paris society that is much missed if long absent.

SHORT dresses necessitate very elegant hosiery and slippers, and the silk stockings now shown are marvels of embroidery, of lace like open work, and of literal lace, the whole covering of the instep in some instances being in black or white thread lace, according to the toilette wherewith these dainty articles of foot-gear are to be worn. Fine embroidery in colored beads is also shown. It was an aesthetic sight to witness the other day on the Boulevard Montmartre, a pair of peacock-green silk stockings with a peacock feather embroidered on the instep in colored beads relieved with gold ones. This was only one of a series of very beautiful and striking patterns to be met with *en route*.

SOME time ago a young gentleman gave an order at a flower dealer's to send every morning, until further notice, a bouquet of rosebuds to a certain young lady of very high standing, and paid a rather high price six months in advance. The gentleman was a prince, and the lady a princess, who have since become engaged to be married. The contract about the bouquet nevertheless holds good to the end, upon which the flower-dealer may congratulate himself, seeing that the bouquet is paid for at the rate of 100fr. per day, exclusive of that of the nuptials, which will be paid for separately, and be made up of as many as shall have been previously delivered.

A PARLIAMENTARY Commission is engaged on the great social question of duelling. It was proposed five years past by the late M. Hérod, Prefect of the Seine, that all persons taking any part in a duel, whether as principals or seconds, should be held amenable to the law as guilty of *délit*, or "criminal offence." This was but the renewal of a proposal made some thirty or forty years previously by M. Dupin. The Chamber is now asked to defend peaceful people against public insulters; the existence of such pests to society would not be tolerated in England or America. Were the Tribunals to be empowered to inflict heavy fines on such swashbucklers and on their seconds, the public papers would be less polluted with accounts of affairs of honor.

A MODERN WITCH.

"And he went up in January, And never came down till June"

I think me oft in the twilight Of a lady and her hat. The former was little and vicious, The latter was large and flat.

She was not to be extinguished. "I have paid," she said, "and I'll stay I'll wear that hat—and she clenched her hand—"

There came a breeze from heaven Of a rather malevolent kind. It caught the hat, and took it up, And the lady went behind.

I. M. GREGORY, in Harper's

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

Gustave Doré is nearly fifty years of age and looks like thirty-five. Of medium stature, he has the frame of an acrobat and the head of a poet.

He attaches no importance to his work, and, although in business transactions a man of singular acuteness, in private life he is the most "giving" of artists.

"Oh! madame, I will give you something better than a mere signature."

And, suiting the action to the word, he took off his black necktie, asked for a bit of flake-powder, mixed it with water and with a match he painted on the necktie a gay procession of cupids offering a necktie to a lady, signed it "Gustave Doré" and handed it gallantly to his fair admirer.

Gustave Doré's talent is universal. He is painter, engraver, designer, sculptor and water-color painter. In painting he does nearly everything with the brush and fixes the position of the figures with the largest possible dimensions in charcoal.

Dr. Bradley, after the first night's play, having to leave for Chicago, his game was taken up at the last hour by Mr. McCallan who, notwithstanding he made a stubborn fight, had to yield to his more formidable opponent.

We may add that we heartily congratulate our Toronto friends on their victory, which is the more creditable from the fact that the Quebec Club numbers among its members some of the best players in the Dominion.

To give an idea of the care he is taking over the work, he says that he has spent over sixty thousand dollars in essays and plates, which he has for the most part rejected as unsatisfactory.

MONSIEUR and Madame Alphonse de Rothschild celebrated their silver wedding at their hotel at the Rue Saint Florentin, Paris, on Saturday evening.

A ROMANCE OF TWO HEMISPHERES.

The following story is told by a New York paper: Ten years ago, a beautiful young Boston girl was sent to the Vermont hills to arrest, if possible, the indication of approaching consumption.

People who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent, and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discovered.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

We gave in our last Column the result of the recent telegraphic chess match between Toronto and Quebec, and now for fuller particulars connected with the contest we must refer our readers to the following table and accompanying remarks, which we copy from the Quebec Chronicle of the 10th ult.

The following are the names of the players with their respective opponents, Toronto having first moves at Boards A, C, E, G, I and L, and Quebec at Boards B, D, F, H, K and M.

Table with 3 columns: Toronto, Quebec, Won By. Lists names of players and their opponents across various boards.

We have pleasure in informing our readers that a movement which has been quietly at work for a short time has resulted finally in the formation of the Montreal Chess and Checker Club, which was formally organized on Saturday, the 1st inst.

The club begins well, with, we are informed, a membership of nearly fifty. The meetings of the club will be held during this month in the Temperance Dining Hall, Notre Dame Street, and after the 1st of May next, in the basement of the Medical B. H. St. Francois Xavier Street.

The committee of the Vienna International Tournament has decided to offer a special prize of 1,000 francs (\$200) open to all competitors in the tournament except the ultimate three prize winners.

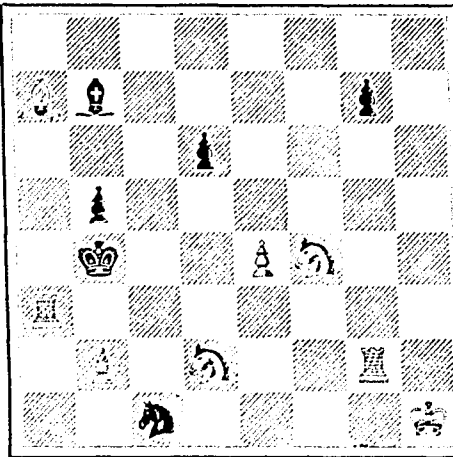
"Steinitz's latest offer was," says the Field of the 14th inst., "to make a match and stake deposit forthwith, but to postpone play until after the Vienna tournament (if adjournment of a match already commenced was objected to by Herr Zukertort), and to leave Herr Zukertort to fix the date for such a match any day in October or November next. Herr Zukertort felt this proposal to

be too inconvenient for acceptance, but expressed himself that the question of an Autumn match between the two might be reopened when the time should come.—Turf, Field and Farm.

PROBLEM No. 376.

By J. G. Vernon.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 374.

- White. Black. 1. R to K R 4. 1. any 2. Mate acc.

GAME 503RD.

The following enterprising game was played in Russia some time ago between Messrs. Tebigorine and Schiflers. (Gincoo Piano.)

- White.—(M. Tebigorine) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to B 4 4. Castles 5. P to Q 3 6. P to K R 3 7. B to Q K 3 8. B to K K 5 9. B to R 4 10. B to K 3 11. Kt to K R 2 12. Kt to Q B 3 13. Kt to K 2 14. P to Q B 3 15. Kt takes B 16. P to Q 1 17. P takes P 18. B to Q B 2 19. Q to Q 2 20. P to Q 5 21. Kt to K K 4 22. Q R to K sq 23. Kt to K 3 24. K to R 2 25. Kt from Kt 3 to B 5 26. Kt takes B (ch) 27. P to K R 4 (ch) 28. Q to Q B 3 29. P takes P 30. P to K K 3 31. P to K B 4 32. P takes P 33. B P takes R 34. Q to K R 3 35. R takes B 36. R to K K 2 Resigns.

NOTE.

- (25) P to K K 3 was the right move here. 29. P to K K 3 30. P to K B 4 31. Kt P takes P 32. Q to K B 3 33. R to K K 4 34. R takes B 35. R takes Kt and wins.

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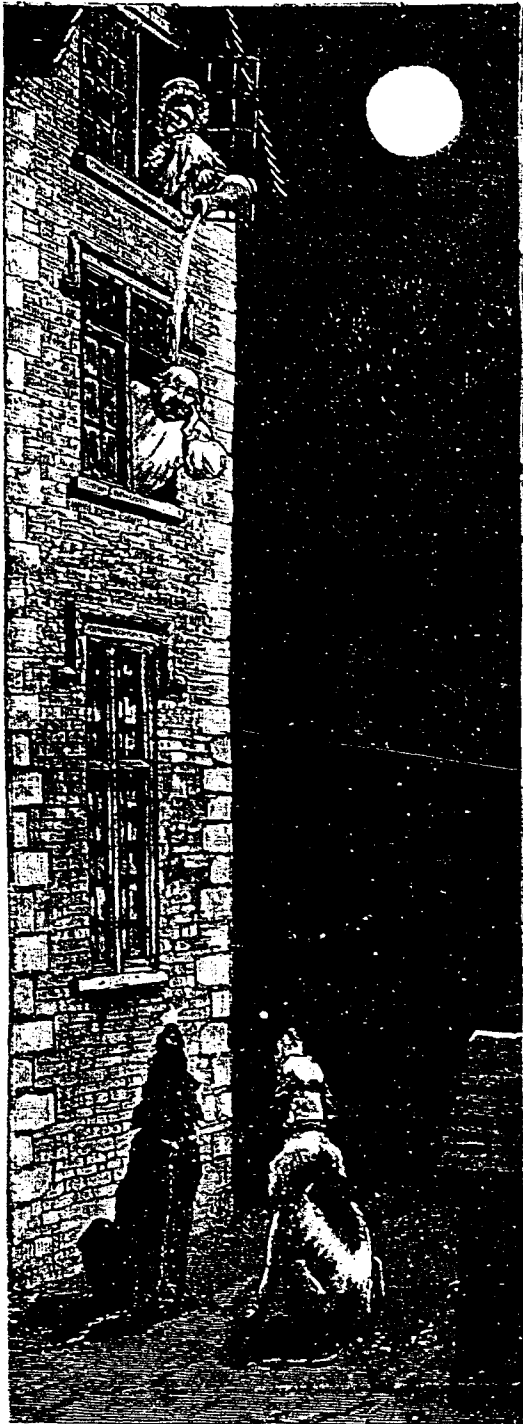
Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

APRIL, 1882.

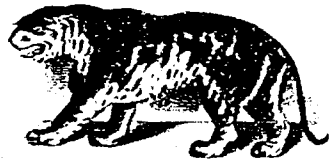
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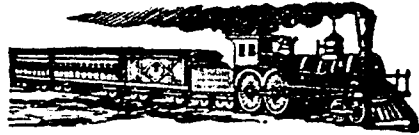
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