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# AMERICAN Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1881.

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STILL LIFE.

FROM A PICTURE BY GEORGE LANGE.—(See page 195.)

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., 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 and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal

## THE WEEK ENDING

Sept. 18th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 74°	56°	65°	Mon.. 75°	55°	65°
Tues.. 68°	78°	63°	Tues.. 65°	55°	60°
Wed.. 70°	55°	62°	Wed.. 66°	53°	59°
Thur.. 74°	56°	65°	Thur.. 65°	55°	60°
Fri.. 73°	57°	65°	Fri.. 67°	53°	60°
Sat.. 75°	58°	66°	Sat.. 73°	58°	65°
Sun.. 82°	58°	70°	Sun.. 70°	59°	64°

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 24th, 1881.

## THE WEEK.

We take up our pen at the last moment before going to press to share in the universal feeling of sorrow at the news of the death of General GARFIELD. After eighty days of a determined and bravely sustained struggle against terrible odds, the President has sunk quietly to his rest, and the world over men shudder to think of the blow that has fallen, their hearts overflowing with sympathy for the bereaved ones who are left, and the nation that sits bowed in grief at the catastrophe. No words of ours can add to the mournful interest of the occasion. All that we can do is to throw our mite into the general treasury of tears.

Of course, everybody is talking exhibition. Saturday was a gala day at the grounds, and as most of the exhibits are now in place, a fair idea could be formed of the whole. Financially, the comparative success appears assured, and the receipts on Saturday were larger than the entire take of the first week last year. Moreover, be it said, each of the numerous visitors brought his or her lunch, wrapped in newspaper. Yet once again said visitors, after consuming the enclosed provision, distributed the paper wrappings over the ground with a liberality worthy of a better cause. Altogether there was too much excursionist, too much lunch, occasionally too much lager beer, over and above all, too much newspaper.

Is it too much to ask that these things should not be so? In England or on the Continent a simple *affiche*, aided, perhaps, by an occasional reminder from an observant official, suffices to prevent such a disfiguring of the grounds. It is such a small thing to roll up the paper wrappings of one's lunch and consign them to the depths of that basket from whence they originally came. At the Crystal Palace at Sydenham there are daily visitors the year round exceeding in number those of Saturday, people, too, who come from a distance to spend the day, and who necessarily bring their provisions with them, but a loose scrap of paper is a thing unknown, and the fate of the miscreant who should wilfully fling the relics of his mid-day meal on the grass, would be too fearful to contemplate.

A far more serious evil, however, is the scene outside the gates. From the entrance to the grounds to the car terminus at Mile End, the road is literally lined with roulette tables and gambling devices of all descriptions. Are we really so far behind all other civilized countries as to tolerate a state of things so universally condemned elsewhere. Roulette has been banished from Germany. England is doing her best to enforce the severest laws against gambling of all descriptions. The United States have had reproaches heaped upon them, and again for their tolerance of gambling halls and kindred institutions, but such a scene as that at the Exhibition grounds in our city would not be tolerated for an instant in New York or Boston. Where are the police? we ask; and echo answers "Where?" It is bad enough that our houses should be broken into and our citizens assaulted in the street while the guardian of the public peace is engaged in conversation in a distant part of his beat. It is bad enough that a proposal to license vice should be accompanied by a confession of the entire inadequacy of the police to check the growth of the social evil in our midst. But these things at least are done under cover of darkness, and we may presume that if one of our Montreal policemen actually saw a robbery committed on St. James street at mid-day, he would, if his attention were particularly called to the matter, and he had no personal business of a particularly engrossing character to attend to, at least remonstrate with the thief, and exhort him to amend his ways. But the roulette tables flourish openly, undisguisedly, triumphantly, and one of the most demoralizing influences that can be brought to bear upon our young men is actually permitted without any attempt to so much as notice it. Take care, gentlemen, take care; a little more of this, and Montreal will become a second Alsatia, where thieves and vagabonds will congregate from all parts, secure from molestation at the hands of a paternal municipality. Take care, lest the bitter sarcasm which was launched at our neighbours some years since be not levelled at us to day. Lest we be pointed at as the country where

"The persecuted burglar  
And the man of many wives,  
And he, whose quick ingenious wit  
With legal maxims doth not fit,  
Still seeks that land—and thrives!

The constables on duty are probably not so much to blame, except in failing to report the matter to head-quarters. The right of arrest which the municipal by-laws give them in such cases would not entitle them to take any summary action outside the city limits, unless the case is covered, which we do not know, by the recent Act passed in relation to the power of the city constable on the Exhibition grounds. But the evils of which we speak are offences against the statute, which requires the Chief Constable, or his deputy, to report their existence in writing to the Mayor or Police Magistrate, and empowers the latter to issue a warrant for the arrest of the offending parties. Where, then, is the Chief Constable? we invite him to do his duty. It is never too late to mend.

It would be well for spectators to remember that they are guilty of an offence against the statute for even looking on at these unlawful games. The Act alluded to was specially amended a few years after passing so as to include by-standers and lookers on, who are liable to a fine of not less than twenty nor more than a hundred dollars, with imprisonment for two years. There at least is the law. It remains to be seen whether the authorities have sufficient courage to enforce it.

A NOTICEABLE point is the entire failure of the fine arts exhibit. This department was poor last year, for the same reason in the main, but this year it is a perfect farce. The few good pictures which have by accident or inadvertence found their way in, look ashamed to be caught in

such company as was provided for them. In fact, scarcely any of our artists have cared to exhibit, while those who did venture to send are complaining of having done so. The reason for this is not very far to seek. It lies in the main in the entire absence of any decent room in which to display the pictures. If Art is to be encouraged at the Exhibition, a proper room should be provided with a light suitable for hanging paintings in. The defects of the room allotted to this department are emphasized by the presence in the city of so good an Art gallery as that one in Phillips square, of which Montrealers are justly proud. In the Toronto Exhibition building a fine room is devoted to this purpose, with the result of securing a very fair exhibit, and a like effort on our part would secure a like result. Artists are willing enough, nay, anxious to exhibit their works, but naturally they are unwilling to show them under unfavourable circumstances, hung in a bad light, and generally consigned to a very secondary position. If the Committee desire to continue the Exhibition in this department in future years, it would be well for them to consult the artists themselves and to endeavour to meet their views in the matter. With their co-operation the department should be one of the most attractive in the Exhibition. Without it, it would be far better to give up the idea altogether.

Poor Captain Marryat! The *Boston Journal of Education* refuses to endorse your books, and henceforth, no doubt, they will be eternally tabooed by all right thinking people. Speaking of their baneful influence upon General Garfield's early life, that excellent and moral sheet gravely assures us that "It took two years of a tender mother's care, and the grace of God in addition, to counteract the influence of those bad books." It might be an interesting sum in proportion for an averagely intelligent school-boy to determine from the above data how long it would take to counteract the influence of the *Boston Journal of Education*, leaving the grace of God out of consideration in that case, as an item which would not necessarily enter into the calculation. It has taken, shall we confess, pretty nearly twenty years to counteract the influence of those bad books on ourselves, to judge at least from the pleasure which we experienced on lighting the other day on a copy of the long-forgotten "King's Own," and the reluctance with which we laid it down again. But then perhaps we are wanting in those other special advantages which are only vouchsafed to Presidents of the United States and the editor of the *Journal of Education*. Never mind, Captain Marryat, the boys are on your side, and so are we for that matter.

## THE LATE PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

On Monday evening, General Garfield, President of the United States, succumbed at last to the lingering illness which supervened upon his wound. All our readers will long remember Dominion Day, 1881, and the news which met the holiday makers on their return, of the shooting of the President. The actual blow, and it has come, will be softened, no doubt, by the expectation which has prepared men for the worst, but the importance of his death cannot be over estimated, and the loss to the country will be as deeply felt as the personal grief of his friends.

James A. Garfield, was the descendant of a New England family, who originally came to this country from the northern borders of Wales. There is some obscurity about the origin of the race, but the President was the ninth in descent from the first of the family who came to New England. His father, Adam Garfield, was an humble farmer at Grange, Cuyahoga County, Western Ohio, and was married to a descendant of the Ballous, who in their days had played no inconsiderable part in the religious struggles of France. On the 19th of November, 1831, General Garfield first saw the light, being the youngest of four children. His father, however, only lived for two years after his birth, so that like many other celebrated men he owed much of what he was and what he did to the watchful care and gentle wise counsels of his mother, who had the pride of seeing him installed in the highest office in the gift of the American people. The circumstances of the mother were such that even with the exercise of much self-denial she was able to give to the boy but little education before

stern necessity compelled him to enter upon the struggles and the trials of life. His desire for a liberal education however, was such that he determined with the concurrence of his mother to pursue the plan carried on so frequently in Scotland, of working half the year to pay the expenses of his college course. He went first to an academy at Chester, and after three years he entered himself at Hiram College. He asked to be appointed janitor of the college to pay a part of his fees, and his request was granted. This was the manner of the entrance of Garfield into the college of which he subsequently became the President. After he had been at Hiram for three years, he went to Williams College, and in two years more he carried off the metaphysical honours of his class. Upon graduating at Williams, he was appointed teacher of Latin and Greek at Hiram, and he was soon afterward married to Miss Lucretia Rudolph, an old friend and neighbour. It was not till 1856 that Mr. Garfield took any prominent part in public affairs. At the time of the Kansas-Nebraska legislation he threw himself heart and soul into the ranks of the Republican party, and soon became a popular speaker. In 1855 he was elected to the Senate of his State, and soon took high rank. When the war broke out, he was offered the command of one of the Ohio regiments, and during the rest of the war his history may be read in the events of that disastrous struggle. During his service he assisted in an essential degree in the preservation of Kentucky to the Union, and before the close of the war he was appointed Major-general.

Shortly before the close of the war Garfield was elected to Congress for the northern district of Ohio, and at once took up a position in that body. He was placed on the Military Committee, where his military knowledge enabled him to render good service. At that time Garfield who had been called to the bar began to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, and from thence his career both as a politician and a lawyer was a very bright one. He obtained a high reputation as a constitutional lawyer, and obtained and kept a high position in Congress. General Garfield was from the outset of his political career a consistent advocate both in Congress and on the platform, of "honest money," and an uncompromising opponent of the greenback heresy. In 1871 he was made Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations—a Committee which recommends and supervises all the expenditures of the Government. This important position he occupied for four years, until the Democrats came into power in the House in 1875, and during that time he largely reduced the expenses of the Government and reformed the system of estimates and appropriations.

When the Republican Convention met in Chicago in the summer of 1880 to select the candidate of the party for the office of President of the United States, the candidates were General Grant, Senator Blaine and Secretary Sherman. These gentlemen so divided the vote of the delegates that the requisite majority vote could not be obtained, and after three days' fruitless balloting it became apparent that an outsider would have to be chosen. The choice of the party fell upon Mr. Garfield, who had for some years previously filled the responsible position of leader of the Republican party in the House of Representatives, and he was accordingly selected as the candidate in the Presidential election. That the choice was an eminently wise one was shown in the result of the election in November last, by which Mr. Garfield was elevated to the exalted position of President. With his subsequent administration the public is familiar. The colleagues with whom he surrounded himself were men of great ability and of recognized position in Republican ranks, and the manner in which the affairs of the nation were carried on reflected the administrative skill and broad statesmanship of the late President.

As to the influence of the unhappy quarrel with the leaders of the Stalwart party upon the assassination of the President, the least said is soonest mended. At least we are assured that whatever indirect effect that quarrel may have had in inciting Guiteau to the commission of the deed, those whom General Garfield's death will place in the ascendant, will, however much they may profit by the circumstances, join with the country at large in mourning the unhappy event which has robbed their elevation of all its glory, and embittered the triumph which under happier circumstances they might have been glad to welcome.

## LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

M. BRUNET DEBAINES has undertaken to etch for Messrs. Agnew & Co. Mr. Millais' famous landscape "Chill October."

A PORTRAIT of Dr. Holland will be published shortly by the Century Company for presentation to subscribers to the *Century Magazine*.

R. WORTHINGTON announces a new art book for children, with rhymes by Willett and illustrations by Charles Kendrick, entitled "Cat's Cradle."

The same publisher announces for immediate publication, "Chatterbox Junior," edited by Edward Willett, Joshua Kendall, Miss Pollard, and others.

THE fourth Congress of the International Literary Association will be held at Vienna, from September 20 to 29.

A SOCIETY for promoting the study of the history and antiquities of the diocese of Paris has been constituted under the auspices of Archbishop Guibert, with M. Natalis de Wailly as president. It is proposed to publish a quarterly journal.

A TALK WITH O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

The mercury was coquetting with the nineties as I turned out of Broadway and, crossing in the shade of the G.P.O., struck Beekman-street, on the right-hand side of which, at No. 25, a dingy signboard informed me of the existence of the *Sunday Democrat*. After toiling up two pairs of ladder-like stairs wedged into black and greasy walls, I found myself in a large, gloomy, carpetless loft, tenanted by half a dozen desks, minus occupants, an iron safe capable of holding the Skirmishing Fund ten times told, and a few odd chairs. Along one wall ran a shelf groaning with Hibernian literature, beneath a lithographic likeness of Michael Davitt, bordered with stirring illustrations of his arrest and some photographs of the "boys."

The sole occupant of this cheerless apartment was O'Donovan Rossa, if I except an urchin whose expression was that of the lad who did not know exactly whether he was going to, or returning from school. Mr. Rossa was seated at a desk preparing "copy" for the *United Irishman*, a weekly journal, which has reached its thirty-second number, and of which he is editor-in-chief. He was without coat, waistcoat, shirt-collar or cravat; for, in addition to the excessive warmth of the weather—95° in the shade—he had, as he jocosely expressed it, a "head on him," consequent upon having spent the previous day and evening at Coney Island with a society calling itself by the suggestive title of "The Impetuous Club."

Mr. Rossa's accent is of the sweet South with a Bell of Shandon cadence in his voice, while his demeanour is subdued, gentle, and almost caressing. There is, however, a nervous restlessness in the small blue eyes set deeply beneath a heavy brow, and a heaving of the massive chest; nor do the freckled hands remain inert; they jerk and clench and move as if perpetually itching to clutch the base, bloody, and brutal Saxon by the throat. Mr. Rossa is forty-nine years of age, and wears well; his weight is fourteen stone five; he is five feet ten in height, and is all shoulder. A scar, the result of a fall in childhood, severs the somewhat bushy left eyebrow. His nose is of the thumb bottle persuasion; his thick moustache is reddish-brown, as is his goatee; his jaw is massive, denoting will; and his smile is childlike and bland. Destructiveness and combativeness are largely developed in his head; these, together with appetite, give him the animal instinct of self-defence, power of resistance, energy, and executive character. "What I want to do," he observed, plunging in *in medias res*, "is to bring England to her knees. Froude says that Ireland can only be freed by bringing England to her marrowbones; and I tell you she had better look out, and for a soft spot to kneel upon. I am at war with her. They talk of extraditing me. Bah!" snapping his fingers contemptuously. "Gladstone says that an act of eviction is an act of war. I agree with Gladstone in this. I will beat England at her own weapons. That murdering scoundrel, Sir Hugh Rose, who blew away the Sepoys from the guns in India, was sent to Ireland in 1866 to blow away Irishmen from the guns if he only got the chance. I saw him at Dublin Castle. Dynamite was used by the English against the Kafirs, and England now complains of our using it against her. Ha, ha!" Here Mr. Rossa flung himself back in his chair and indulged in a sweet low laugh, as though he had been repeating the funny saying of some blithe and bonny child. "I don't want to sacrifice life if I can help it," he continued, "and would prefer to frighten England as I was frightened long ago by fairy stories; but she can only be frightened the one way, and I tell you she'll be quaking in her boots before many months roll over." Here a printer's devil demanded "copy," and having received an installment, disappeared. "Yes," replied Mr. Rossa, in reply to a query, "the Doterel was sent sky-high by arrangement—I know it," with considerable emphasis on the verb; "and I would be glad to see any pluck of any English ship in match-tinder, and the flag of England under my heel. I intend to strike at her pocket—to sink, burn and destroy; but, mind you, while I speak openly and above-board, I do not want to come before the public as being engaged in anything contrary to allegiance as an American citizen, or to my responsibilities before the law as such."

I asked Mr. Rossa how it came to pass that the attempts upon the London Mansion House and elsewhere proved such miserable fizzes.

"Because we haven't means enough," he replied; "but the money is coming in. Here," opening a drawer as he spoke, and producing a P.O. money order, "are sixteen dollars towards the dynamite fund. And do you know who this order is from?" gazing affectionately upon it. "I'll tell you; it's from Chattanooga, and, strange to say, it's from the man who blew up Clerkenwell. No, I won't give you his name."

Mr. Rossa is of opinion that the infernal machines discovered at Liverpool are but "a weak invention of the enemy," and that Sir William V. Harcourt got up the scare at the suggestion of the police, in order to strengthen the hands of the law officers in the recent prosecutions.

"Here is a part of my system for collecting funds," observed Mr. Rossa, handing me a small card, headed "Measure for Measure. Five cents for a Stab at England." The card is divided into hundred squares, with a dotted line underneath for the name of the "authorized collector;" then follow these words: "Cards the same as this will be forwarded by O'Donovan Rossa to any one who will volunteer to raise five dollars

for striking the enemy. The idea of getting up these cards has originated with Patrick Coleman, of London, the man for whose arrest Gladstone has offered £300." "We mean action this time!" and the editor of the *United Irishman* smote the harmless necessary editorial desk a vigorous thwack. "We'll have no more talk; action we'll have, and plenty of that. See that Chicago meeting—that means business, though I won't speak about it now. We must meet fire with fire, and if England plays extermination one way, we can play it in another fashion, you bet. If England throws down the peasant's hut, we can tumble the princely mansion. If England slays Irish men and women, we can have life for life till she gets sick of the job. Her factories, her dockyards, her shipping, are all at our mercy all over the world. We have destroyed more than fifty million dollars' worth already, and we have only just commenced the game."

It is scarcely necessary to say that O'Donovan Rossa has no faith in the Land Bill, while he designates the Land Leaguers as "bosthueses." He believes in Mr. Parnell's sincerity and in Mr. Dillon's purposefulness of action.

"When I met Dillon in Philadelphia, I asked him how on earth he hoped to get anything out of England through the British Parliament; and Dillon said to me, 'I hope to shame them into doing justice to Ireland;' and seeing that his hopes had duped him, he became desperate, and got locked up."

Of "Pat" Crowe, Rossa has a very high opinion; but he refused to state if Pat had constructed the infernal machines discovered at Liverpool, contenting himself with saying that Crowe was doing good work for the good cause.

You were asking me about that Skirmishing Fund a while ago. Pat knows what he is saying. I transferred the whole thing in 1877 to the Irish National Revolutionary Committee. Pat says that Ford, proprietor of the *Irish World*, used 20,000 dollars out of the 90,000 collected on his paper; that Dr. Carroll of Philadelphia got 7,000 dollars on his personal note for his own uses; that 2,000 dollars were handed to Murdock, who agitated in this country with Parnell for the purpose of founding a paper in the North of Ireland; that 5,000 dollars went to Michael Davitt to start the Land League; and that 20,000 dollars went to John Holland for his torpedo."

Although Mr. Rossa maintained that Pat Crowe knew what he was talking about, he, Rossa, would give no decided opinion as to the appropriation of the fund.

"You want to know something about this torpedo-ram that's exercising the British Consul so terribly. Poor man! he was down at the building-yard like a timekeeper, and he learnt that she was—a torpedo-ram, that's all. Perhaps," added Rossa, with a sly smile, "she has been built for the British Government. I see by the Cablegrams to-day that Trevelyan, Secretary to the Admiralty, admitted in the House of Commons last night that two torpedo-boats have been built here for the British Government. Well," he continued, "the boat is 31 feet over all, is 6 feet 6 inches in diameter, shaped like a cigar, driven by a screw, propelled by a petroleum-oil engine, and is made of riveted plates, constructed to stand 300 lb. pressure to the square inch. They say she was under water for four hours at one time, and travelled seven miles without rising to the surface. They claim an invention for purifying the air, by which the air can be made to last for several hours. The torpedo is shot through a tube in the bow like a ball from a rifle. Six torpedoes are said to have been fired in such rapid succession as to admit but three quarts of water. She is steered by the aft rudder by means of a lever, but the side rudders are worked by complicated machinery. The side or horizontal rudders enable her to shoot up or down at any angle in the water. A dial denotes the water pressure and the depth below the surface. The "jacket" about the man-trap has two windows fore and aft, and two on each side, so that a man can put his head up these when he steers, and look right into the very heart of the river. The glass in this jacket is an inch and a half thick."

Mr. Rossa does not seem to believe in this ram, and I fancy it is one of his "fairy stories." Nevertheless, it is exercising a considerable share of public attention, and the lone white house in which its inventor, John P. Holland, formerly a teacher in a Roman Catholic school at Patterson, resides at a place called Newark, is literally besieged by newspaper correspondents. Mr. Holland has a decidedly clerical appearance, and is about thirty-five years of age, is bright as a new dollar, and bubbles over with the fun of "tooling;" his inquisitorial tormentors.

SKETCHES OF EDINBURGH.

The ancient capital of Scotland, which has just beheld Queen Victoria, the descendant of Scottish as well as of English Kings, meeting the mustered loyal Volunteers of Scotland in the Queen's Park above Holyrood Palace, is a familiar haunt of romantic historical associations. Romantic, indeed, is the national history, even in the sober pages of that judicious and accurate writer, the late Dr. John Hill Burton; but it appears still more so in the prose and verse narratives of Sir Walter Scott, and equally in his "Tales of a Grandfather," and in some of his Waverley Novels, or of his heroic poems. These vivid and spirited representations of the stirring incidents of past ages, more especially in the author's native land, are so

universally admired and enjoyed that they can never fail to shed the brightest hues of sentiment and ideal fancy upon many historic scenes and figures; and so, by the charm of imaginative traditions, to enhance the picturesque beauty, or the air of weird or venerable antiquity, belonging to places visited by the tourist.

The older part of the city of Edinburgh is full of these interesting associations. With the Castle upon its lofty rock at the upper end of the mile-long street, called the Lawnmarket, High street and Canongate, that descends the narrow sloping ridge, between deep valleys right and left, to the level of Holyrood—the Old Town, squalid and shabby as it has mostly become, retains a certain air of romance, in spite of its dismal wynds and closes, hardly fit for human dwelling or resort. There is a pathetic aspect of reverend decay in the quaintly fashioned house fronts, often decorated with proud armorial devices, or else with pious mottoes of religious counsel. The Scottish nobles, the Edinburgh city burgesses, the Kings and Queens and courtiers of yore, seem to have left visible memorials of their existence. In reality, these old houses of Edinburgh are generally not of superior antiquity to many that might till lately have been shown in London, and in some provincial towns of England. There are probably no specimens of domestic architecture earlier than the sixteenth century. But that was a very eventful period of Scottish history. It comprised the battle of Flodden and the disasters that attended the minority of James V.; the Douglas and Hamilton faction-fights, and those of the Scotts and Kers in the Border country; the English invasions, repeated with barbarous cruelty again and again, from 1523 to 1547; the fatal Regency of a French Queen; the Protestant Reformation conducted by John Knox, the unhappy life and reign of Mary Stuart; and that too-celebrated series of crimes, "treasons, murders, felonies and misdemeanours," committed by, or imputed to, the highest personages of the age and country. It was a time, indeed, of violent and lawless actions, of incessant strife and civil war, and of perfidious treachery and conspiracy, which not even the genius of Sir Walter Scott can render attractive; and which was utterly devoid of the spirit of chivalry, as well as of true patriotism and genuine loyalty. But there was so much dramatic personal adventure, such force of passion and fury of action, in the wild dealings of those restless plotters of Scotland against each other, and the fate of Queen Mary affords such an obvious invitation to the ready indulgence of pity, that all this has become a favourite topic of exalted literary fancy. And the spell which has been wrought by "the great Wizard of the North" continues to invest the later Stuart Princes, sometimes in Holyrood Palace, and generally on Scottish soil, down to the advent of Charles Edward in 1745, with a share of this personal interest, which is reflected on the surrounding local objects. A subtle element of fond Jacobite reminiscence always seem to infect the atmosphere in some quarters of Edinburgh and its ancient Court suburb. It is, however, too vague and undefinable for description, though it cannot be ignored in any commentary upon the views of Old Edinburgh and Holyrood, and of some places or buildings in the vicinity, which we have prepared for this week's publication.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

STILL LIFE.—The coming Horticultural Exhibition, of which we hope to give some illustrations in our next number, seems to furnish an occasion for the beautiful picture of still life which we present on our front page.

THE MONTREAL EXHIBITION.—Our sketches of the Exhibition will only need a few words of comment after the exhaustive accounts which have appeared in the daily papers. Amongst the illustrations will be found a large double-page engraving of the exhibition grounds which gives an excellent idea of their general appearance, and may serve as a guide to those who may not yet have visited the grounds. Another page and a half is occupied with sketches taken on the grounds by our special artist. The cattle which occupy one half page to themselves represent some of the prize animals, while on the other page are depicted some of the incidents of Saturday, which in consequence of the general holiday was the gala day at Mile End. The morning was devoted to a torpedo explosion which took place in the harbour, and was most successful, the crowd which lined the banks being perfectly astounding in numbers. We had no idea indeed that there were so many people in Montreal as thronged quays, boats and even house-tops. One amusing incident of the scene was the explanation of one *habitant* to another of the "way it was done." His theory had something to do with a keg of powder and a red hot bullet which was fired into it, but the exact details our artist was unable to follow so contented himself with a sketch of the Mentor and his Telemachus. On the exhibition grounds in the afternoon the remainder of the incidents were taken, all of which from the man of many instruments to the cow "milked to order" will be easily recognized by those who have been or are yet to go to the show.

EDINBURGH CASTLE.—Edinburgh Castle, a seemingly confused pile of mingled bastions and barracks, turrets and battlements, with modern buildings like those of a factory or warehouse, stands at a height of 380 ft. upon a rock

precipitous on three sides—the Acropolis of the Scottish Athens. It is the historical counterpart of the Tower of London, and occupies a much grander situation, though its structure is not very grand. We should like to see the barracks and all the modern buildings removed, but for the dread lest that same affectation of classical taste, which has made such a conspicuous exhibition of itself in the Calton and on the Mound, should insist upon crowning the Castle Hill with a portico of Doric columns. What if the noble monument erected to Sir Walter Scott had arisen from that lofty platform, overlooking the whole city which he loved so well, and commanding a glorious prospect to the mountains and to the sea? There can be little utility, moreover, in keeping the barracks at the Castle, since the days are long past when a fortress and its garrison had to restrain the citizens from disorderly or rebellious movements. If military fortifications are needed anywhere, they should be on the shore about Leith, and not in the centre of Edinburgh; but the Castle, such as it is, with its Half-Moon Battery of small guns, and accommodation for two thousand soldiers, is a futile establishment of warlike defence. Mons Meg would no doubt be willing to do her best against the invading foe, if she had not unfortunately burst in firing a royal salute to the Duke of York two hundred years ago. In the present state of affairs it seems rather desirable that the Castle should be relieved of its military incumbrances, and should remain simply a grand monument of national history, with a museum of antiquities in some part of its more ancient buildings.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Park Theatre in London (Eng.) has been burned.

A NEWSPAPER to support Parnell's policy, is to be started in Ireland.

MORE than 10,000 persons are homeless and destitute in the burned districts of Michigan.

THE Rev. J. W. Adam, Chaplain of the Cabul Field Force, has received the Victoria Cross.

BOYD won the final heat on the Thames in the sculling race for the Chumley prize.

TERRIBLE details of diphtheria ravages in Russia are published in St. Petersburg journals.

ARABY BEY threatens a general massacre of European residents in Egypt if Christian troops are landed.

A CONTINUOUS succession of earthquakes is causing great consternation among the inhabitants of Khiva, in Persia.

A GREAT fire is reported in Pentre Colliery, Glamorganshire, South Wales.

STEWART, the Brooklyn absconder, is said to have fled to Canada.

THE Assistant Inspector General of the Irish Constabulary has taken possession of the town of Limerick.

THE meeting of the Czar and the Emperor William is said to have resulted in a complete alliance between Germany and Russia.

A LONDON cable announces the failure of the Northern Counties Banking Company of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SHANGHAI has been visited by a destructive typhoon, during which over 200 vessels were driven ashore, and £500,000 worth of tea wasted away.

A "Sacred Legion," consisting of three hundred Russian noblemen, has been organized in St. Petersburg to counteract the Nihilist attempts on the Czar's life.

PUCK recognizes the gross irregularity of English orthography and has begun the work of rectifying it. Here are some of the latest spellings:

There was a fair maiden in Cirencester,  
Whose bean was a smart young solire master.  
When he asked her to wed,  
"Oh, no, Charlie," she said,  
And her lover at length ceased to virecester.

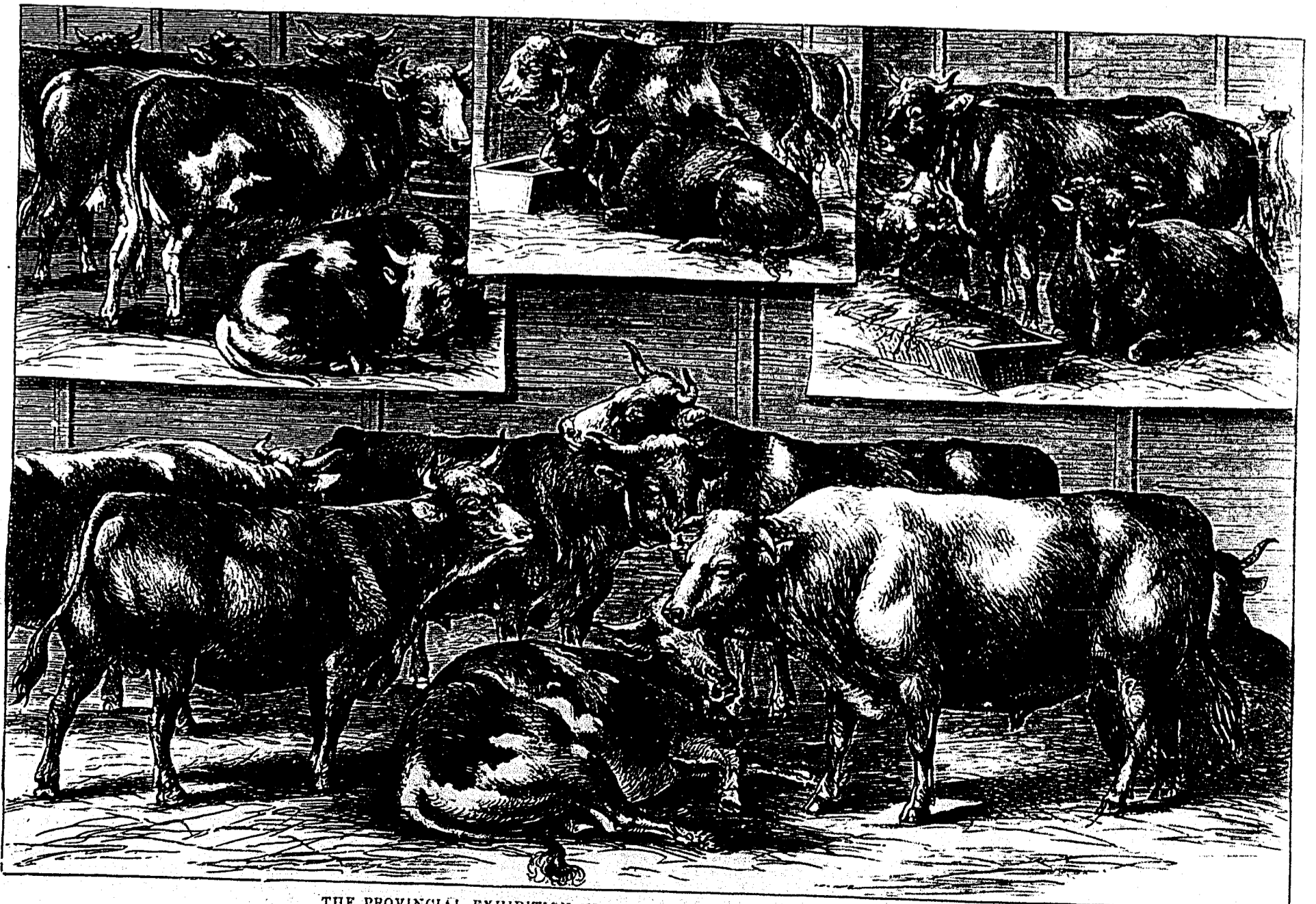
A musical miss of San Joaquin,  
Kept up such a pitiless squojakin,  
And banged the pianner  
In such a sad manner  
The family sent her a squin.

There was a young man named McLeod,  
Who of dress was exceedingly proud;  
Yet still, all the same,  
When his exodus came,  
They bundled him up in a shroud.

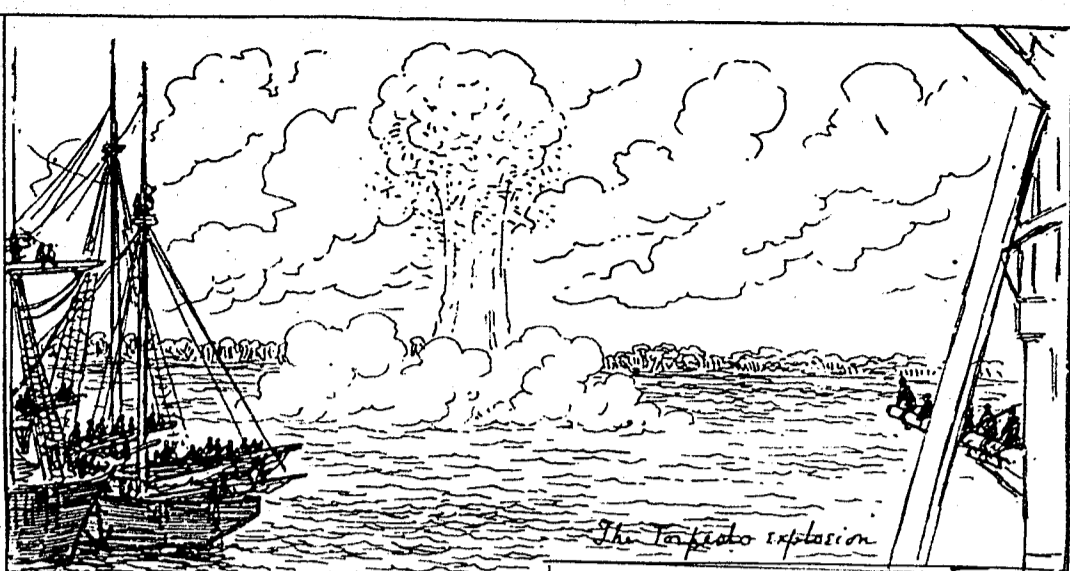
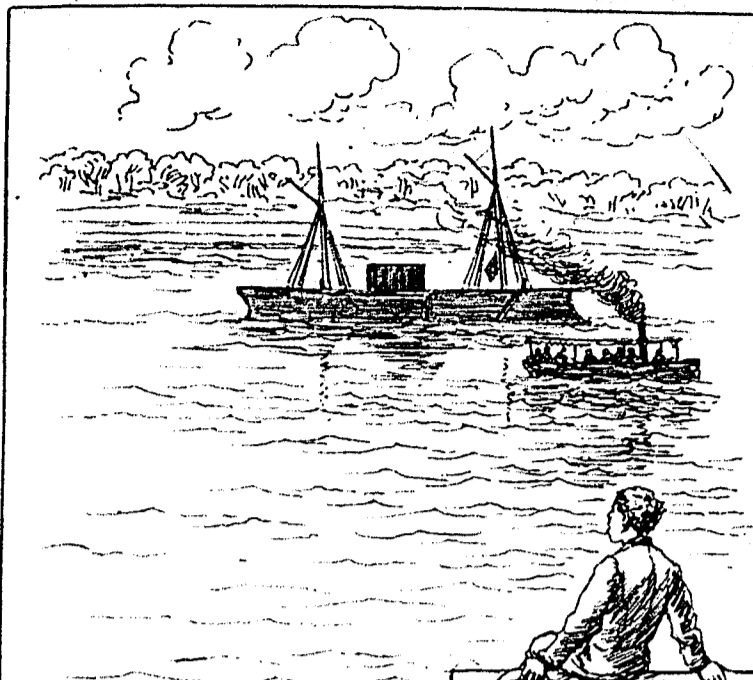
POST MORTEM EXAMINATIONS have, in some instances, led to the discovery of the scars of completely healed abscesses or sores upon the lungs. This of itself shows that the lung tissue when diseased is susceptible of restoration to a sound and healthy condition. Persons afflicted with lung disease may reasonably hope to recover health by the use of well-chosen remedies. Foremost among these is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, a thoroughly tested and highly accredited specific for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and other affections of the throat, chest and lungs. Pulmonary irritation is promptly arrested by the Cod Liver Oil, and the Hypophosphites, which are among the finest renovants used by physicians, revive the flagging energies of the debilitated system.



JAMES A. GARFIELD,  
LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION IN MONTREAL.—SKETCHES AMONG THE LIVE STOCK.



The Tarpleto explosion



Before the explosion



Picking up the wreck



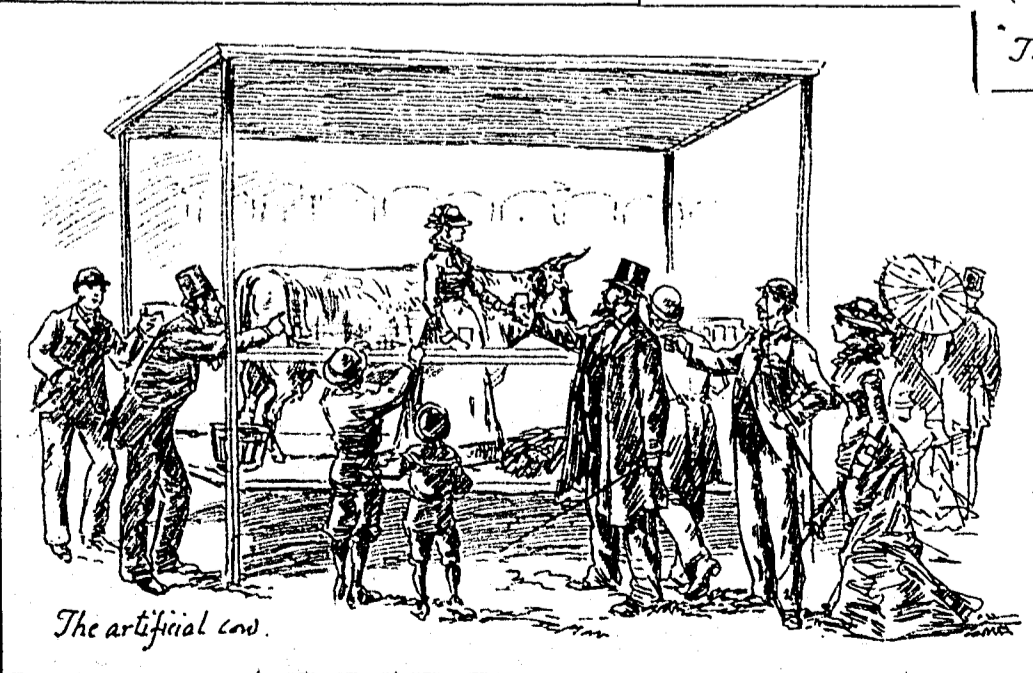
"The way it's done"



A band in himself



Three shots for 25 cents



The artificial cow



Such a shame to patten the poor creatures so

## DRIFTING.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

My spirit to-day  
Is far away  
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay,  
My winged boat,  
A bird aloft  
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks  
It sails and seeks  
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,  
Where high rocks throw,  
Through deeps below,  
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim,  
The mountains swim;  
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,  
With outstretched hands,  
The gray smoke stands  
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles;  
O'er liquid miles;  
And yonder, bluest of the isles,  
Calm Capri waits,  
Her sapphire gates  
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if  
My rippling skiff  
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the wall of Paradise.

Under the walls  
Where wells and falls  
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,  
At peace I lie,  
Blown softly by,  
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,  
Is Heaven's own child,  
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;  
The airs I feel  
Around me steal  
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail  
My hand I trail  
Within the shadow of the sail,  
A joy intense,  
The cooling sense  
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Where summer sings and never dies—  
O'erwhelled with vines,  
She glows and shines  
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid  
The cliffs amid,  
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;  
Or down the walls,  
With tipsy oaks,  
A laugh on the rocks like water falls.

The fisher's child,  
With tresses wild,  
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,  
With glowing lips  
Sings as she skips,  
Or gazes at the far off ships.

You deep bark goes  
Where Traffic blows,  
From lands of sun to lands of snows;  
This happier one,  
Its course is run  
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,  
To rise and dip,  
With the blue crystal at your lip!  
O happy crew,  
My heart with you  
Sails and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more  
The worldly shore  
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise!

## THAT LITTLE CUTTY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford."

I:

"Married!" the mother said with a cry of pain and distress.

This was at the end of a moment of such wild and overwhelming joy as had scarcely ever been seen before in the sober house of Bruntsfield. Altogether it had been an extraordinary day. That morning Mr. and Mrs. Pillans, after some uneasiness about the want of letters from their daughter, who was absent on a visit, had received from the friends she was supposed to be visiting a letter of inquiry as to why Jeannie had never arrived. The countenances of the parents had grown ghastly as they read. Jeannie had never arrived! It was inconceivable to them, and as they could not believe that she could be at fault, or that her will had anything to do with this, their minds naturally jumped at the most terrible conclusions. She had been spirited away somewhere—she had been robbed—she might have been murdered—or worse, or worse," her mother said to herself, with lips out of which every vestige of colour was gone. Jeannie was their eldest child—the eldest of two, who were left to them after many bereavements—a slip of a girl, not much over sixteen, as light, and as merry, and as tuneful as any bird that ever sang on a bough. She had made life bright for the sober pair, whose previous existence had known many sorrows, and to spare her even for a visit at Dalruizian had been an act of self-sacrifice on their parts. They had counted the days till she should return. But when this fatal message fell upon their hearts like a stone,

carrying them to the depths, they did not know what to think or to say. Seven long days! and, oh heavens, what might have happened in the meantime! Mrs. Pillans put on her big bonnet instantly, and her heavy veil of Spanish lace with large flowers which hung loosely over it; but her husband stopped her as she was rushing out:

"Margaret, my woman, you must stay at home," he said, "you must be here, whatever happens, to receive her, poor bairn—if she is let come home, or if I can find her. Our Jeannie may be coming back in meesery," the good man said, with a quiver in his voice, "and where should she go, but to her mother? Margaret, my woman, night or day, till we get her again, you must not be away."

A groan of that terrible suspense, which is the woman's share of mortal misery, came from the mother's breast. But she agreed, after a moment, that her husband was right. If anything had happened to Jeannie, and she came home and did not find her mother, no doubt she would fly away again, and be seen no more. So Mrs. Pillans went back again to her bedroom, and put away the big, old-fashioned leghorn, with its great yellow feather and costly lace veil. She put them away very carefully, but hurried back to the parlour, one of the windows of which commanded the road. She did not move out of sight of that window all day. She bade the nurse give little William his dinner, and leave her undisturbed, for she had a sore head. This, though it was not a graceful expression, was the Scotch for a headache in those days. Mrs. Pillans had no headache, but she had a heart-ache, and every vein in her was throbbing with excitement and unspeakable pain. The poor woman, wringing her hands with a burst of sudden anguish, asked herself, if the night came on without any news, how could she bear it? But while this was going through her mind, at the very bitterest moment, the door flew open behind her, and Jeannie herself—Jeannie, fresh and fair, out of breath, and with her heart thumping wildly, but as trim, as neat, as smiling as ever, like a fresh flower out of the field—flung herself into her mother's arms.

The exclamation recorded above was the first coherent word Mrs. Pillans said—the joy had taken all her senses, as she said afterward, away from her. She did not ask a question; she did nothing but hold her child in her arms and repeat her name, and satisfy herself that nothing had happened that involved trouble or shame. Had Jeannie come back like a shadow, stealing, silent, and heart-broken, into the shelter of her home, which was what she had feared, she would have gathered up her daughter into her arms with the silence of infinite pity and tenderness. But the light was dancing in Jeannie's eye, her cheek was as fresh and sweet as ever, her frock (and it was her best frock) as pretty and neat. Whatever had happened, harm had not happened. But when the first burst of ecstasy was over, Jeannie had detached herself from her mother's arms. She had gone a step backward, and placed herself by the side of another person, who was standing nervously within the door. A slim young man, not very much taller, or very much older than herself, with a downy moustache upon his upper lip, and a look of appeal and alarm in his eyes. And then it was that Mrs. Pillans dropped down on the nearest chair, and looking at them, with a shade of horror creeping over her joy, cried, "Married!" in a tone that no words could describe.

Jeannie stood against the wainscot of the parlour, which brought out her little figure to perfection, her rosy tints, her bright ribbons, the pattern of her dress, which was made of fine printed linen, gay with scattered rosebuds, with the gloss of the flax upon it, a gown and petticoat of the same, such as girls of her period wore. Triumph was in the little heroine's eyes. She was no more afraid of Mrs. Pillans sitting there with the tears of joy upon her cheeks, but fright and wonder in her countenance, than our children are afraid of us—and what could I say more!

"Well!" she said, with her little air of audacious self-defence. "You never sent him away. You said we were too young; but I'm not so young now as when you said that, mother, and Edward is older, too. And then there was so much to think of. The regiment might be sent away—you might say we were never to see one another again which you said you would—but you never did it, mother."

"Oh, Jeannie. You little cutty!—When you know it was because I had not the heart—"

"But you never did it," said the little special pleader. "You let him come, and you let me see him; and you never said he was to meet me on the road. Mother, here is poor Edward, too frightened to say a word. What will you do to him? It was not his fault, it was all mine. Could I let him be sent away, not knowing if he would ever see me again? Could I let him break his heart, mother?" said Jeannie, half laughing, half crying. "We have been ill bairns. I deceived you, but I never told a lie. I only said nothing. We've been very ill bairns. But look at us both, Edward and me, come to beg your pardon; and we'll never, never do it again!"

The two culprits should have thrown themselves on their knees when this was said, but the Scotch have a still greater dread of scenes than the English, and they did no such thing. What really took place was that Jeannie, stealing closer and closer, and dragging Edward after her by the hand, finally got once more into her mother's arms, while the young husband, standing behind Mrs. Pillan's chair, made his humble ap-

peal to her, in a very boyish way, by softly patting her shoulder, while the little wife coaxed and pleaded. "Give him a kiss, mother. He was always fond of you—that was what made me like him first—he has no mother of his own; and now he belongs to me, and I belong to him."

"Oh! my Jeannie—my wilful bairn! do you think that's a reason! How can we like the lad that takes you from us?" Mrs. Pillans cried; but she felt the soft appeal of Edward's hand on her shoulder all the same, and her heart melted. It was not a very difficult process to make her heart melt.

"Was that what granny said, mother," said the bold little bride, between two kisses, "when my father came?"

"Oh, you little cutty, you little cutty!" was all the poor mother's reply.

They were so much excited that they did not hear the steady step coming down the little avenue and up the stone steps to the ever open door as it came every day at the same hour. Mr. Pillans had come home heart-broken. He had been unable to hear anything of his child; but he would not be later than his usual hour, that he might, at least, comfort his wife, and be comforted by her. "Two can bear a thing better than one," he said to himself, planning, in his disturbed mind, where he should go after he had taken counsel with his Margaret.—But what was this sound of weeping, and talking and kissing! The good man fell a-trembling like a child. He could scarcely open the door; but they were too much occupied to hear, and thus he entered softly, and stood looking on for full a minute before he was perceived. At sight of his daughter the load was lifted from his heart, and it did not want a second look to tell him exactly the state of affairs. He nodded his head to himself after the first shock of joyful surprise. To be sure—to be sure! not desirable, far from desirable—but yet—God in heaven be praised—there was nothing wrong with the bairn. He heard the last saucy speech, while he stood dumb with intense emotion and relief. He did not want to burst out crying like the woman—he stood on his dignity—instead, he broke forth, all at once, into a long, quavering laugh. "Was that what granny said? 'deed was it, and a great deal more."

"Father!" cried Jeannie, suddenly growing pale, and clutching her mother tightly round the neck.

As for young Captain Sinclair, it was now his turn to bestir himself. He gave up those pats which were going through Mrs. Pillans' black silk straight to her heart, and went forward to meet the new comer.

"I have nothing to do, sir, but throw myself upon your mercy," he said, "but do not blame her, for it's me, only me, that am to blame."

"Sir," said the father, "it's fine speaking. You've taken our treasure, and you throw yourself on our mercy. What can we do to you? Am I likely to strike you, do you think, through my bairn?"

"Father!" said Jeannie, again. She was frightened and breathless, but still bold. She went up to him with a kind of timid daring, and put her hand through his arm. Her cheeks were wet with tears, but her eyes shined. She clasped her hands upon his arm, clinging to him. "Was I to let him break his heart?"

"Lads do not break their hearts.—I can say nothing for silly things like you."

"Then let it be like that," said Jeannie. "I am a silly thing. I am like you, father. If he had gone away I would have broken my silly heart; and then when you saw it, and watched me dawning, like poor Mary Scott not so far off, and put me in my deep grave with little Effie and the rest, what would you have said then?"

"You are cruel, Jeannie," said her father. "Heart! there is no heart in you young things. You mind your not er of one bairn she has lost to make her heart soft till she forgives the lad that has stolen another."

"Patrick, Patrick! She dinna mean it!" cried his wife through her tears.

"I dinna mean it, father. I never thought of it. And it's me I am asking you to forgive," said the little cutty, rubbing her soft cheek against his sleeve.

"You!" he laughed again, and held the clasped hands close to his side for a moment. "Well, you've come home. There's grace in that. Forgive you. We're likely folk to make a quarrel with our own bairn. Go away to your mother. I've got something to say to this fool of a lad. You'll follow me, sir, to my room."

"To your room!" cried Jeannie in alarm. To expose her husband unprotected to her father's wrath was a risk she had never contemplated, and it filled her with dismay. She clung with both hands to Mr. Pillans' arm, lifting up her face with the most wistful of looks against his heart. "Let me come, too," she said, her pretty mouth quivering, and all the lines of her face dropping into pathetic, childish apprehension of that most terrible of all calamities, a scolding from her father. How was Edward to encounter that alone? "Let me come, too."

"You will stay with your mother, Jeannie. The lad is less worth than I think him if he is feared to tell his story, on his own side, eye to eye with me."

"Jeannie, stay with your mother," cried the young man. "I am not afraid, sir; it is what I wish. Darling, trust me—and trust him."

Mr. Pillans was a good man, but he was mortal, and her father. He put the girl away from him almost roughly. "It's new to me," he said, "to hear my bairn bidden to trust me. We have to put up with all things; but it is a

novelty. Perhaps he has kindly instructed her to trust you, too, Margaret. You will try your best to console her for the want of him for ten minutes. I must speak to the young man."

Jeannie paid little attention to the sting of wounded feeling in her father's words. Seventeen is so full of its own concerns—and it is so difficult to realize those of others at that inexperienced age—and what in heaven or earth could be so important as the danger of cross or harm to Edward? She followed them to the door, mutely communicating her sympathy to her partner with her eyes and hands, which clasped his as he passed her. Edward, for his part, showed more courage. He held his head high as he went out, turning back to give a smile and nod of encouragement to his little bride.

"Oh, if he's hard on my Edward!" cried Jeannie. "If he says cruel things to him! Oh, if they would have taken me with them! Why should you try to part us and scold us separate? We could bear it better together. Oh, if he's hard on Edward when he gets him all alone!"

"You have very little confidence in your father," said Mrs. Pillans. "Jeannie—Jeannie, when was your father hard upon lad or lass?"

"Oh, mother, how should you know? It's Edward I'm thinking of," cried the girl. "He's not one to stand up for himself. If it was me, he would fight for me like a lion. But for himself—and he canna manage my father, he will not know how to speak to him; he canna manage him like me."

"You little cutty," said her mother; "you manage your father! without thinking in the meantime that you have enough ado to beg our pardon for yourself."

"I'm no thinking of myself," was all that Jeannie said.

II.

But the reader does not need to be told that the interview was much less dreadful than Jeannie supposed. The young man told his story with manly simplicity. It was wrong, there was no doubt. But how was he to contemplate the idea of perhaps being parted from his Jeannie, if the parents were to carry out their threat, or if the regiment should get marching orders, which might come any day?

"You think it is a small matter, then, that we should be parted from our Jeannie!" Mr. Pillans said with a grim smile.

"No, I did not mean that. Perhaps we may still stay where we are for a year more; there's no certainty. And besides, sir, said the young man, "it's the course of nature. I suppose you married, too, because you could not live apart, Mrs. Pillans and you?"

This had a better effect. The father was subdued. He gave vent to his feelings in a short cough. "You're a clever lad," he said.

"No, I am not a clever lad. I am very fond of my Jeannie. But tell me yourself, sir, do you think I could help it? If you wanted us to forget each other you should have had no mercy—you should have sent me away."

"I should have taken your advice, that's clear," said Mr. Pillans, once more with an unsteady laugh. "If I had to do it a second time I would know better. It appears I'm but a fool in comparison with your wisdom. It is the young, not the old, that know best."

"Yes, sir," said young Sinclair promptly, "where love's concerned."

"Love! Do you know the meaning of the word, my lad? Ay, ay, your love's a grand passion. It will drag her into trouble before her time—it'll carry her off at the tail of a regiment, and her so young—it will take her away out of her home. There's other love that is not like that—that would take care of her against all its own interests, while ye expose her to all the angry airs?"

"Say what you like to me," said the young man, with the air of a martyr. "I deserve it—I have a right to bear it; but do not be hard upon my Jeannie, for she's young and tender, and that I could not bear."

Once more Mr. Pillans regarded the youth with that bitter amusement which had already passed over his face. "I'm not to be hard upon his Jeannie! Do you know whose Jeannie she was a week ago? Not yours, but mine!"

"No," cried young Sinclair, "she was mine all the time. It's long since we spoke of this. It's been all settled that we were to do it as soon as ever the opportunity came."

Mr. Pillan's countenance changed greatly while this speech was being made. His eyes opened wide, and shone as with a gleam of lightning. Then this stormy expression of his countenance gave way to an unwilling smile. He uttered once more a little sharp, short laugh, which was like a cry, and when he spoke, "The little cutty!" was all he said.

Such conversations have a way of prolonging themselves, but if they had talked till Christmas what more could have been said? The thing was done. These good people could not strike the youth through their daughter, nor could they make Jeannie unhappy, however small was her consideration for them. And after a while things settled down into their new order. Mr. Pillans saw that everything was made secure and legal, settling the little fortune which was one day to be his daughter's as securely as it could be done, with the full consent of the young husband, but to the great indignation of Jeannie; and the east wing of Bruntsfield House, which was vacant, was furnished for them, and there the young couple began their life.

When the young pair had with much delight, like two children over a doll's house, furnished their nest, their life became the daily amusement of the parents, to whom they were nothing more than a pair of children still. And a very pretty sight it was. Sometimes the spectacle of Jeanie's entire absorption in her husband, and indifference to her parents, gave these kind people a stab, and brought tears to their eyes. But after that they would laugh—how could they help it!—to watch the pair of turtle doves; and it may be imagined how this sweet yet sometimes painful amusement increased when little Jeanie—the little creature whom they taught to walk and to talk so short a time before—became in her turn a mother and produced a baby, which turned her little head with pride and happiness, and, must it be confessed? her mother's head, too, who felt as if the little warm, soft bud of humanity was doubly her own, and could not contain herself for joy and importance and pride. When she carried it, all wrapped in pretty flannels worked by her own hands, to meet her husband on his return from his business, her countenance was lighted up as with some inward light.

"What, Margaret! you silly woman, at your time of life. You look as if you had found a hidden treasure," said her husband, himself fain to conceal the quiver of his middle aged face as he bent over the small bundle.

"I'm just a silly woman," said his wife, "that's true. A woman's never so old but her heart warms to a baby in her arms. And my Jeanie's bairn!"

"Jeanie's bairn! She's but a bairn herself," the new grandfather said.

But this was the very thing that made it so pretty to see them. When Jeanie, throned in invalid state, with a cap tied over her curls, and a loose blue gown tied with pretty ribbons, was first revealed to the family with her baby, fancy what a sight it was! There were none of the relations—the Scotch cousins who came trooping in—who did not laugh till they cried at the wonderful spectacle. It is pretty to see a little girl with her doll, but how much more pretty to see the matronly dignity upon this little smooth brow, the air of experience and importance diffused over the small rose face—the inborn conviction in Jeanie's mind that of all the matrons about not one knew how to manage that lusty morsel of humanity but herself. "Give him to me," she said, with an ineffable, impatient superiority, when the creature cried; and it did cry by times, as it did everything else, with a vigor and cordiality which showed how soon it is possible to develop a human will and temper in the most infinitesimal compass. It cried and it laughed, and it sucked its independent thumbs, and kicked out its pink feet before other babies had begun to do more than snuffle; or so at least both Jeanie and Mrs. Pillans thought. The latter had always been of opinion that Jeanie herself had been the most forward child ever seen; but she was shaken in her faith by the sight of this wonderful thing, miracle of miracles, which was Jeanie's baby. And if you had ventured to speak of that bundle of flannel as "it," before either of these ladies, short would have been your shrift. It! That is an indignity which few young mothers can tolerate. This was HE, in capitals, a Son, with two most male and manful names—Patrick Edward. No nonsense about these, no softening vowels at the ends—Patrick Edward Sinclair; you might have written General or Admiral before them without any incongruity; and yet all these strong syllables belonged to this pink flannel! This was one of the whimsical circumstances about the creature which made Mr. Pillans open his mouth in a big roar, a roar which somehow got weak at the end and made his eye shine. There had not been such a delightful joke at Bruntsfield since it began to be a house at all.

The baby was about three months old when Mr. Pillans, one evening taking a stroll up and down the little avenue which led to the house, met his son-in-law returning from duty. It was one of those lovely, lingering nights about midsummer, which are so beautiful in Scotland. Never was a moment in which there was less foreboding of evil. The trees waved their soft branches overhead with a gentle rustle; the roses were sweet upon the wall; and heavenly thoughts were in the good man's heart.

"He makes me down to lie,  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by."

he was saying to himself; for the Psalms were more familiar to him, as to most Scotchmen, in old Rouse's metrical version than in any other; and he had turned toward the gate for the last time before going in, when he met Sinclair, returning from the castle, where he had been on some late business connected with the regiment. He was adjutant, and he had various things, beyond his ordinary duty as an officer, to do.

"Is that you, Edward?" Mr. Pillans said. Then he received a most painful and unexpected shock.

Edward turned and looked at him with bewildered eyes. There was a moment's silence, then he said, slowly, "We have got our marching orders; we have got the route, as the men say."

Was it the night that came on suddenly at a bound, or was it the sudden darkness in its master's heart which overshadowed the house in a moment—took the light out of the skies and the colour out of the flowers? He did not say a word, but loosened his hold on Edward's arm

threw him from him with a gesture of repulsion, as if he would throw him out of existence—out of the very world.

"I know, I know," cried young Sinclair, almost weeping, "you cannot say anything to me that I have not said to myself. Your home so happy and all that is in it; and you so good, like a father to me, though I defied you; and I'm bringing misery to you and desolation, and taking away your dearest. But how could I help it! Say what you please to me, sir, say what you please! I will bear it; you can think of me as nothing but an enemy now."

Still Mr. Pillans did not say a word. He resumed his walk toward the gate, stumbling, scarcely seeing where he went, while the young man followed him wistfully, talking, explaining, deprecating. "I never thought what it would be to you till now. I have been hanging about, not daring to come in. Oh, sir! try and not curse me; you know now you can trust me with her—you know I adore my Jeanie. We will write every mail; we will never, never forget all you have done for us."

Mr. Pillans turned round again and clutched him by the arm—"Done for you! Do you know, man, you're speaking of my daughter—my child! What would I not do for her! More, a thousand times, than I'd do for myself. And here are you, a bit of a lad, with your adoring. Adore her! What are you going to do for her? Trail her along at the tail of the regiment in poverty, on the sea, in barracks, following a soldier! Her! that has been happy and covered from every wind that blew—that has never known a trouble in all her life, except what you've brought—that has had her mother and me between her and all harm!"

Poor young Sinclair was entirely overcome by the father's passion—"What would you have me to do?" he said.

Mr. Pillans took him by the arm again and hurried him away behind the house to a little corner in the garden, where there were some seats under the trees. "My lad," he said, almost crushing the young fellow's arm with his heavy hand,—she's yours for life and death, and her bonnie babe. But would it not be a grand thing to leave her here safe and sound, to know she was out of all the hardships you'll have to face, and the dangers you'll have to run; to feel, whatever happened to you, your Jeanie was well cared for, and guarded and petted by them she belongs to—"

"She belongs to me, sir," the young man said.

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Pillans with anxious acquiescence. "That's true. She belongs to you—nobody will gainsay that. She's your bonny wife, and there's few like her; but Edward, my man, think a little!—not eighteen yet. You will mind she was three months short of seventeen when you ran away with her and married her, without ever asking my leave. Not eighteen! How is she fit to face your life! Would you like to see her among those garrison ladies, all dirt and finery! or fighting with your small pay to make it do! or eating a dreary morsel by herself, and pinching herself in that, when you're at your mess! Her to do all that, and not eighteen; and spending lonely days, or, maybe, falling into ill hands that would teach her bad lessons, and her so young! Nor you could not be always at your wife's side—you would have to leave her to go upon expeditions, maybe fighting, when you had ten chances to one never to come back again, and her left alone. Edward, your a kind lad, you have a heart in your bosom. You're very, very fond of our Jeanie—"

The two men were as near weeping as ever two women were. As for the poor young soldier he was half hysterical, with all this cruel heaping up before him of miseries unforeseen. He, too, was very young, very fond, penetrated by sympathy and compunction. Sobs came from him against his will, and large drops of moisture had gathered beneath Mr. Pillans' heavy eyebrows. There was no woman present to be frightened by these signs of emotion.

"What are you wanting me to do?" at last poor Sinclair said.

Mr. Pillans was an advocate with a good reputation, but he had never pleaded before the courts as he pleaded that day. The conversation was prolonged until the night fell, and it was in darkness that they crept into the house where Mr. Pillans had sent the gardener with a message to say that Captain Sinclair and himself had gone to take a walk, and were not to be waited for for supper. This had been received with great dissatisfaction by Jeanie, but milder remark by her mother, who smoothed down the young wife's displeasure by a "Hoots!" the man's daft about that son-in-law of his. You see a man likes a fine lad to talk to, just as a woman she's fond of her Jeanie. Mrs. Pillans said, with her soft maternal smile. Jeanie was glad and proud that her father should like her Edward (though how could anyone help that!) "But you can tell my father he's not to come in and kiss HIM to-night. He does not deserve it, taking Edward away." Jeanie said, pouting, as she permitted herself to be put to bed, with her mother in attendance; for though she was as well and strong as any little wife need to be, it was sweet to keep up those little invalid ways which made Jeanie herself once more her mother's baby. "She says you're not to kiss HIM to-night, to punish you for taking Edward away," Mrs. Pillans said, smiling, when she met the two gentlemen in the parlour; "but, Lord bless you, Patrick," she added, "there's something wrong, my man." They had intended to keep it, even from her, but

that was a vain attempt; and it is impossible to describe the state of mind into which the revelation threw her. It was like a thunderbolt in the midst of all their quiet happiness. But though Mrs. Pillans was struck to the heart she shook her head at her husband's plan. When they were alone, she even went so far as to remonstrate with him. "It will never answer, Patrick," she said, shaking her head.

"Why will it not answer! There will be a struggle. But she will never know till he is gone, and she will have to give in."

Mrs. Pillans shook her head more and more. "Do you think I would have given in if they had tried to part me from you?"

How they all kept the secret from Jeanie no one of the conspirators afterward could tell. But by superhuman efforts they did so. They took her across the Firth for change of air, and there she was out of the way of all gossips who might have betrayed to her what was concealed so carefully by all around her, and newspapers, in those days were unfrequent, and Jeanie was too young to care for reading of this kind, so that everything went on smoothly until the day of the departure. Edward had to go to Leith in the evening, making some excuse of business, in preparation, as he said, for certain changes next day. And Jeanie quite unsuspecting, made no special inquiries, but chatted about his return on Saturday with all the ease imaginable. She held up HIM to be kissed as the poor young soldier went away; then giving the baby to her mother, went out to the door to see Edward get into the postchaise; for, in those days, that was the only convenient mode of travelling. It was late in the afternoon almost evening, but still full daylight, and poor Edward had hard ado to take his last look of her with the composure necessary to keep up the deception. She told him his hands were cold as he held hers at the window of the chaise. "And you have not a bit of colour in your cheeks—are you sure you are quite well, Edward?" she said with sudden alarm.

Poor fellow, he was ghastly—he could not make any reply; and but for Mr. Pillans' artifice, who startled the horse and made an imperative sign to the driver to go on, there is no telling what disclosures might have followed. They were all in a state of speechless agitation, except Jeanie, who knew nothing. On ordinary occasions, when Edward went away, mother, father and brother took pains to be with her, to "divert her"—to keep her from thinking. But to-night somehow there seemed more need of this than usual, they both abandoned her, Mrs. Pillans to snuff herself up in her room, whence she announced that she had a headache through the keyhole—a thing that in all Jeanie's experience, had never happened before.

"May I not come in, mother?"

"No, my darling; go and get a turn on the sands before dark. That will do you more good. Go with your father and Willie."

Jeanie turned away from the door, bewildered. And when she went to look for her father he was gone. There was nobody but Willie to accompany her to the walk. She came in sooner than she had intended, and heard the nurse, who had been her own nurse, crooning to the baby, walking about with him till he should go to sleep. The woman sung and talked in a breath:

Baloo, my lamb, lie still and sleep,  
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep;  
Bolo, my boy, thy mother's joy,  
Thy father wrought me great annoy;  
Baloo, my lamb—

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THERE is really, after all, some fear that Mr. Gladstone's visit to Heligoland is with the view to making it a present to Germany.

It has been suggested that a part of Hyde Park should be placed at the disposal of bicycle riders for their exercise. They would certainly contribute something also to the general amusement of the public.

A CURIOUS notion has been floated, namely, a cemetery for animals. The idea, conceived in the sanitary interests of the community, will, no doubt, develop its sentiment, and I show us startling proofs of true affection between man and beast when we wander between rows of grand marble-sculptured records.

A LONDON morning paper recently contained a characteristic misprint in an advertisement of the great International Temperance Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall. Amongst the exhibits were "strange drinks from foreign countries." The morning paper, by a mishap of the printer, made it "strong drinks from foreign countries."

IN this season of autumn manoeuvres, it is not amiss to recall the plan of Colonel Hugs, father of the poet, for sending secret despatches at the siege of Thionville. He secured a one-eyed man; had a glass fitted into the vacant socket, the despatch being safely rolled up within an onion peel paper—no tears will ever roll from that eye, and no enemy would ever think of looking through that window of the soul.

WE understand that before the Queen's departure from the Isle of Wight the Home Secre-

tary received an anonymous communication informing him of an intention to wreck the royal train on the journey to Scotland. The most extensive and elaborate precautions were, consequently, taken by the various railway companies, every junction being placed in charge of an inspector, and a strict watch being kept along the whole distance to be travelled.

SIR ANDREW LUSH, M.P., seems to have had no heart for punishing the man who recently knocked off one of the "doll's heads" from the Temple Bar Memorial. There never was a more unanimous feeling of disapproval shown towards any London street innovation in the form of fine arts; the statue of George III. at the end of the Haymarket used, it is true, to meet with a considerable amount of irreverent treatment for a time, as it also did not meet with the approval of the public critics, who would cover up his Majesty's head.

THE first use to which Mr. O'Donovan, the Central Asian correspondent of the *Daily News*, is about to put his regained liberty is to return to London. Here he is still a comparative stranger. It is his own wish, for the proprietors of the *Daily News* have not been able to communicate with their correspondent since he fell into the hands of the Turcomans now many months ago. Newspaper men will be curious to hear from Mr. O'Donovan, how he managed not only to write, but to transmit his correspondence to Teteran, under the very exceptional difficulties he had to encounter. The whole thing has been a *tour de force* of which not only the *Daily News*, but newspaper men generally, may fairly be proud.

THE first step towards a great railway improvement has been introduced at Berlin. What are called "International Sleeping Cars" enable a somnolent passenger to settle down to sleep in Paris, and to wake up to dine or breakfast in Rome or Petersburg. That, however, is but a development of the through carriage system, and all railway companies will facilitate what sends passengers over their line. But in Berlin the sleeping car people have gone a step further, and they have introduced with the American cars the American luggage system. You book your luggage, say, at Vienna or Berlin, are given a ticket, and get into the train. On arriving at Berlin you hand the ticket to an agent or guard of the company, and then quietly go home. When you get home in all probability your luggage has arrived before you. Germany seems the only country in Europe which has determined to introduce sensible facilities into railway travelling. At one of the hotels at Cologne you can buy your ticket at the bureau, and pay for it in your bill; the boot-controllers your luggage, and when you get into the railway carriage hands you your ticket.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Comte de Paris is preparing a new volume of his history of the *Guerre Civile en Amérique*, devoted to the operations in Virginia.

AMONGST other French innovations introduced into Rome is a matrimonial agency which has opened its doors in one of the best streets, the centre of foreign visitors and home residents of the higher classes.

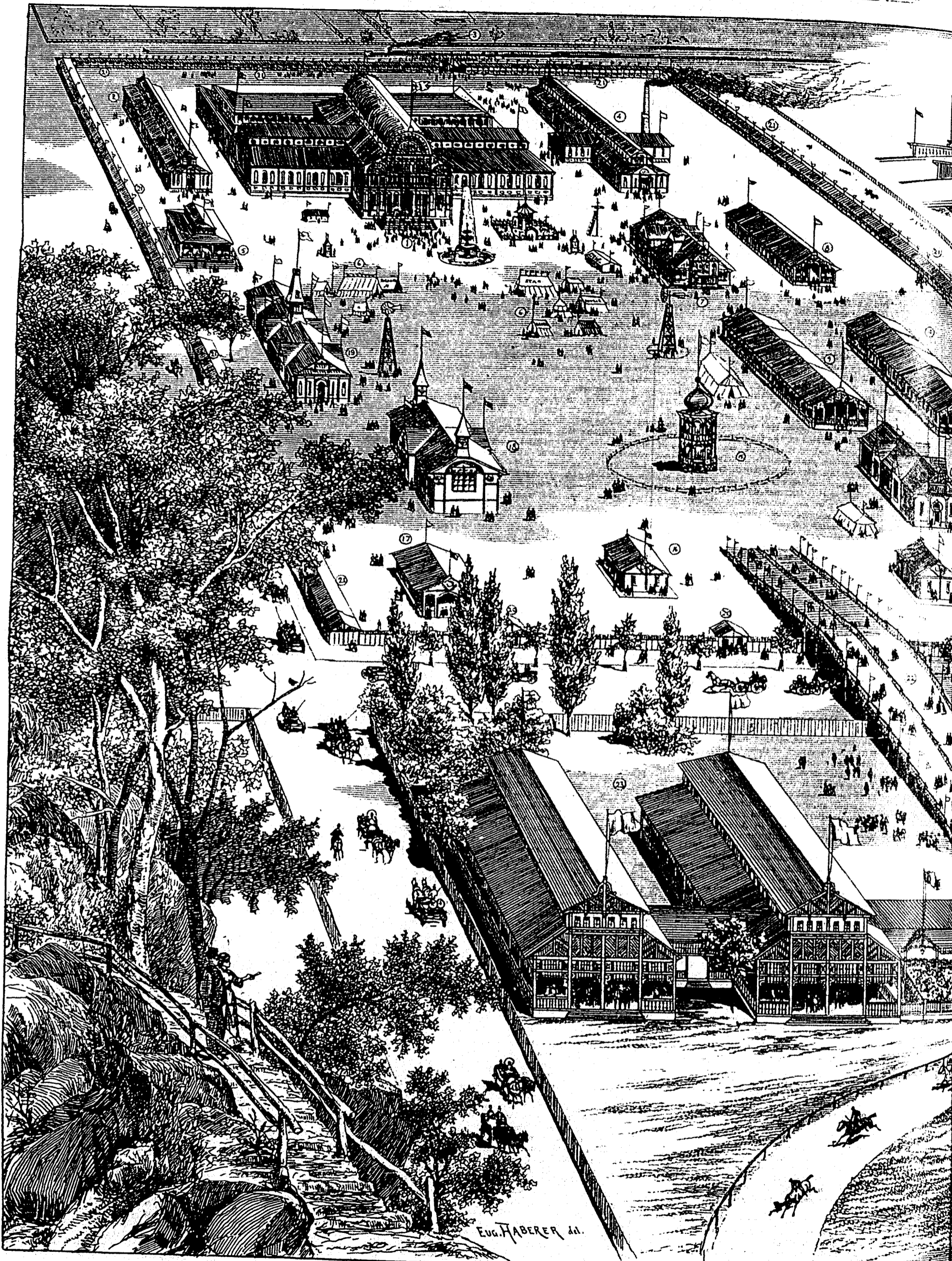
CALINO at the Exhibition of Electricity. "Will you give me the telephone of the Opera?" he asked. "Here it is, sir." Calino took the acoustic apparatus and continued the conversation with his friends. "But you are not listening, sir. Put the telephone to your ear." "Oh, I don't care about the music; I am waiting for the ballet."

THIS brilliant linguistic success was lately achieved by a waiter in a foreign hotel where they spoke English—but not much of it apparently. A visitor, who had asked for some strawberries had to wait a long time while the reply was in process of composition, and when at length it came the strawberries did not appear. This was the English-speaking waiter's effort:—"You will have to beg my pardon, sare; the strawberry is not well to-lay."

THE street musicians of Paris, so we have been told, have a better check on the person who takes up the collection than is furnished by way-slips and bell-punches. The cashier goes round with a plate in one hand and five live flies in the other; when his accounts are audited, he has to let the flies escape one by one in the presence of his associates. We must confess that we have never seen this performance ourselves, but are assured that such is the "check" imposed upon the moneytaker.

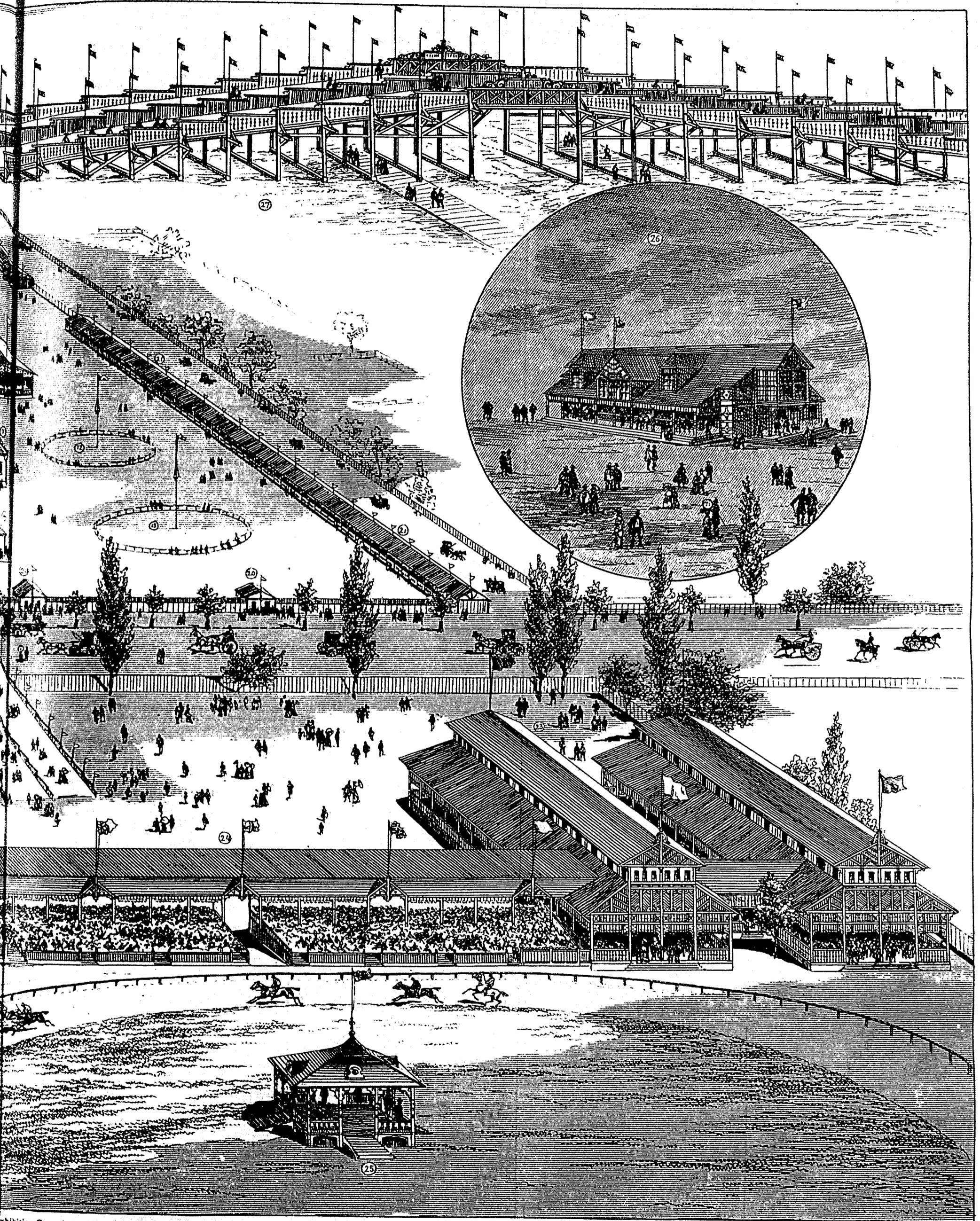
An English contractor lately stated that some frontage ground in the city of London had been sold at the rate of a million sterling the acre. Some ground has just been sold for the erection of the new Post Office at 3,378*l.* the square metre—the highest price which has as yet been paid for ground in Paris. The land which has just reached this enormous price is at the corner of the Rue d'Argout, formerly the Rue des Vieux Augustins, part of the back slums of Paris. M. André purchased some years past a large tract of land in the Avenue de la Grande Armée at one franc per metre; it is now saleable at 200*l.* the metre.





1. Main Building with Annex Industrial Building.—2. Carriage Building.—3. Extra Branch of Q. M. O. & O. R.R. to the  
 8. Pig Sties.—9 and 10. Sheep Folds.—11. Poultry Building.—12 and 13. Cattle Ring.—14. Police and Telegraph Office  
 and Cheese.—19. Roots and Vegetable Products.—20. Entrances.—21. Horse and Cattle Stalls.—22. B  
 24. Grand Stand (Amphitheatre) for Horse Races.—25. Judges' Stand for

THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION IN MONTREAL.



Exhibition Ground.—4. Machinery Hall.—5. Restaurant "Victor."—6. The Press Encampment.—7. New Restaurant "Grand Vatel."  
 Races.—75. Horse Ring and Judges' Stand.—16. Secretary's Office.—17. Restaurant.—18. Manitoba Building, Exhibit of Butter  
 Bridge, connecting the two Grounds.—23. Buildings for Agricultural Implements, Foreign Exhibits and Restaurants.  
 Horse Races.—26. Enlarged View of Restaurant "Grand Vatel."—27. Detail of Bridge.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GROUNDS AT MILE-END.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

This is the tale that was told to me  
By a battered and battered son of the sea ;  
To me and my messmate, Silas Green,  
When I was a guileless young marine.

'Twas the good ship "Gyactus,"  
All on the China seas ;  
With the wind a lee and the capstan free,  
To catch the summer breeze.

'Twas Captain Porgie of the deck  
To the mate in the mizzen hatch,  
White the boatswain bold, in the forward hold,  
Was winding his larboard watch.

"Oh, how does our good ship head to night ?  
How heads our gallant craft ?"  
"Oh, she heads E. S. W. by N.,  
And the binnacle lies afloat."

"Oh, what does the quadrant indicate ?  
And how does the sextant stand ?"  
"Oh, the sextant's down to the freezing point,  
And the quadrant's lost a hand."

"Oh, if the quadrant's lost a hand,  
And the sextant falls so low,  
It's our body and bones to Davy Jones  
This night are bound to go.

"Oh, fly aloft to the garboard streak :  
And reef the spanker boom,  
Bend a steady sail to the martingale  
To give her weather room."

"Oh, boatswain, down in the forward hold,  
What water do you find ?"  
"Four foot and a half by the royal gaff,  
And rather more behind."

"Oh, sailors, collar your mangle spikes  
And each belaying pin ;  
Come, stir your stumps to spike the pumps  
Or more will be coming in."

They stirred their stumps, they spiked the pumps,  
They spiked the mizzen brace ;  
Aloft and slow they worked, but oh !  
The water gained apace.

They bored a hole below her line  
To let the water out,  
But more and more with awful roar  
The water in did spout.

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,  
And he was a lubber brave—  
"I've several wives in various ports,  
And my life I'd like to save."

Then up spoke the captain of the marines,  
Who dearly loved his grog,  
"It's awful to die, and it's worse to be dry,  
And I move we pipe to grog."

Oh, then 'twas the gallant second mate  
As stopped the sailors' jaw,  
"I was the second mate whose hand has weight  
In laying down the law."

He took the anchor on his back,  
And leapt into the main ;  
Through foam and spray he clove his way,  
And sunk and rose again.

Through foam and spray, a league away,  
The anchor stout he bore,  
Till safe at last, he made it fast,  
And warped the ship ashore.

This is the tale that was told to me,  
By that honest and truthful son of sea.

And I envy the life of a second mate,  
Though captains curse him and sailors hate,  
For he ain't like some of the swabs I've seen,  
As would go and lie to a poor marine.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Miss Jane Beagle had lived years enough in this wicked world to know that even single blessedness is not always quite satisfactory to its possessor. When young, and in possession of her particular share of beauty, she had flirted with several admirers ; but she went too far when she refused Billy Winkum because he was poor and unknown, for Billy had in him that stuff which makes a man rise in some places—opinions of his own, a loud voice, a feeling that he was "as good as anybody else, if not better," and a talent for making speeches. So that in those years that had changed his old lady-love from "that there handsome Jane Beagle" to "Miss Jane Beagle, that hasn't ever married," he had risen in the world, been an M.P., and was a person of such distinction that no one would have dared to call him Billy Winkum. Mr. William Warrington Winkum was his designation ; and a finer coat, more watch-chain, or a larger diamond in his cravat were owned by no one in Billberry.

He had never married, but that made him all the more desirable to Billberry society. He met Miss Jane very often there ; and now Jane would willingly have proved to him that her decisive "No!" of fifteen years before had been repented of.

Alas ! either Mr. William Warrington Winkum no longer grieved over that "No!" or he had regarded it as final.

"And yet he hasn't married," said Miss Jane ; "and he don't flirt with the young girls, nor pay attention to the widows. I haven't gone off as much as I might. He's bald, and I haven't a gray hair. He's five years older than I am, any way. Suppose he should like me still ?"

However, concealment did not seem to prey like a worm in the bud on Mr. Winkum's damask cheek. He built himself a house on the hill, wherein he installed as housekeeper his remarkable old grandmother, who had outlived fourteen children, and at ninety walked, rode, talked, and ate, with an energy not often met with in women of forty.

Oh, that house, with its bright bricks, its new shutters, its elaborate roof, its stately chimneys, its balcony, and its interior of Brussels carpets, real lace curtains, and velvet drawing room furniture ! How often Jane Beagle said to herself,

"All this might have been mine if I had had Billy !" She said it to herself very often, one day, about house-cleaning time, when she was doing her best with the shabby old house that was all her own now. One after the other had slipped out of it—some were married and some were dead—nobody remained.

"I don't think I can stand it much longer," sighed Jane ; "I must take lodgers, or something. Nobody to speak to all day long ! If I feel ill, nobody to do for me."

Jane was down on the kitchen-floor scrubbing as she spoke. The rag carpet was hanging on the line outside. The cane-bottomed chairs, well scrubbed, were turned up on the grass to dry ; every pane shone beautifully ; but the wood was worm-eaten, and the smoothest white-wash would not make the walls flawless.

"Heigh-ho !" sighed Jane ; "I like a handsome house, but I sha'n't ever have one."

She said it aloud—a habit of talking to herself had grown upon her lately—but to her surprise she was answered on the instant.

"Why, who knows ?" said a voice, "you may have the handsomest house in the town yet. Who knows ! Don't you want me to tell you ?"

"Good gracious !" cried Jane, jumping to her feet ; "who is that ?"

"It's only me, ma'am," replied a stout, dark woman, with a big straw hat, trimmed with poppies, on her head, and with big rings of gold in her ears, who sat upon the door-sill, and smiled up at her merrily. "It's only a poor gipsy, wandering over the world to tell folks fortunes for 'em. Have yours told, lady ?"

"Mine !" said Jane, laughing ; why, I'm too old."

"You are young enough for lots to be ahead of you, lady," said the woman. "Come, what's a shilling to you to hear of all your good luck ! Besides, luck is missed sometimes if we are not on the look-out for it."

What woman does not believe in her inmost heart that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in philosophy !

What single woman doubts that somewhere upon earth fate keeps the other half of her soul !

"It would be awfully foolish," said she ; "but nobody will ever know, and I think I'll do it."

She felt in her pocket for some change. It was not there. She had given it, she now remembered, to the man that had mended the tin pans that morning. And she went to the drawer of the little book-case with a sliding desk in it, which stood in the sitting-room, to get it. The gipsy followed her, chatting, laughing, hinting at things that brought blushes to Jane's cheek. She peeped into the drawer. There lay the silver spoons and forks, the sugar-tongs, a brooch set with pearls, Jane's only costly bit of jewellery, and a purse full of gold and silver. Miss Beagle drew her little income once a quarter, and kept it in the house in fear of the savings-bank—which had once ceased payment for a while.

The bright eyes, set so close together in the gipsy's head, saw all at a glance ; and her smile was very bright as Miss Jane put the shilling into her hand.

"I've taken a notion to you," she said, looking at the palm of the useful, if not beautiful hand that lay in hers. "There's luck afore you. There's one that liked you, and that you liked, not far off. Eh ?"

Jane blushed again.

"He'd give you a handsome house, and set you up in your carriage," added the gipsy. "Now come, own it, lady ; your heart is towards him."

"He don't care whether it is or not," sighed Jane, unaware that she had spoken.

"Lady," said the gipsy, slyly, "I have a great power. I can bring together the disunited. I can cure love troubles. Do as I tell you, and he shall come to you again."

"What am I to do ?" asked Jane, carried away by her own emotions and the gipsy's dramatic manner.

"I'll tell you, lady," said the gipsy. "Kneel down here beside this chair. Let me cover your face with this handkerchief. Don't be afraid ; it's clean ; it's a magic handkerchief. Now think of him. Think of him you like, and don't move until I bid you."

People in love are generally a little mad, I am afraid, and Jane had been hopelessly treasuring the image of Mr. William Warrington Winkum in her heart for many years. She did what the gipsy bade her.

The next moment she found the handkerchief tied tightly over her head, and the next her hands were tied also with a stout cord.

She screamed, but some one was tying her feet together.

"It's no use, lady," said the gipsy's voice, blandly. "I've got the key of the drawer, and I sha'n't hurt you. I'll just help myself and go."

The spoons jingled. Miss Jane could not see, but she knew that the contents of the drawer were being transferred to the gipsy's pocket, and she screamed and struggled vainly.

About an hour after the gipsy had left, Mr. William Warrington Winkum drove past Jane's house in a light dogcart. He was fond of lilacs, and stopped to gather a bunch that hung over the fence from a full bush. In old times Jane had picked such lilacs for him from this bush. As he put them to his nose, a scream struck his ear.

"Something is the matter !" he cried ; and without stopping to tie his horse, he ran into the garden, and up the path to the house.

The kitchen was empty, the scrubbing-brush on the floor, the pail upset. The gipsy had done that as she departed.

Another scream was heard. William rushed into the inner room, and found Jane with her head tied up in a black silk handkerchief, and her feet and hands bound.

In a moment he had her untied. The next she sat in her chair. "Such a sight !" she said to herself ; but Mr. William Warrington Winkum noticed that she had nice plump arms under her tucked-up sleeves, and that her big, frightened eyes were very blue indeed. Happily she had not shed a tear.

"I've been tied here for I don't know how long, Mr. Winkum," she said. "Oh, how thankful I am you came by ! I've been robbed—robbed of everything I have—my silver, my money, my jewellery. What I shall do I don't know !"

"Unprotected women," said Mr. Winkum, seriously, "ought not to reside in any house alone."

"Sometimes," said Jane, she can't well help it."

It was so singular, in that old calico, with such shoes, and no back braid—for that was hanging over her bureau glass up-stairs—Miss Jane could never half believe it ; but then and there William Warrington Winkum changed suddenly into an older Billy Winkum, and said, without an oratorical flourish or a big word, "Jane, you don't need to live alone. I've always liked you, and I sort of think, after all, you've always liked me. Have me, won't you ?"

"Not even my back braid on !" thought Jane Beagle, afterwards. But all she said was, "Oh, Billy, I was such a goose fifteen years ago !"

"I'm glad Billy had sense to marry a settled old maid," said Grandma Winkum, at the wedding. "Gals is so highy-tighty, and wilders is so kinder overulin' and upsettin'. Old maids is kinder thankful and willin' to please."

But Jane was too happy to be offended by anything any woman could say.

THE KING OF BAVARIA.

His face, chivalrous and dreamy, strange and mysterious, reminds one of that of the German prince painted by George Sand in her famous novel of "Consuelo." Lohengrin pleases him doubtless because he finds in it something of his own restrained heroism. King Louis lives sad and solitary in his beautiful palaces, in his Gothic castles, whose interior is transformed into wonderful rooms of the eighteenth century. This son of the Preux adores Pompadour furniture. He has had sent from Paris photographs of the most beautiful rooms of the time of Louis XV. to have them copied at his own palaces. It is astonishing that he is not married. Perhaps he does not wish to leave to children his sad heritage, a crown of which he is in no wise the master. He reads with avidity the historians who write of the grandeur of Bavaria in the middle ages. It may be that he has even written a monograph on the valiant Charles Albert, crowned Emperor of Germany in 1742, the legitimate sovereign of the empire, sustained by France and conquered by Maria Theresa. Still more unfortunate, it is not before a woman, a heroine of twenty, a mother whose tears would raise an army, that Louis of Bavaria must yield, but before force brutal and unjust. On the eve of Sadowa, Maximilian died leaving the throne to Louis II., obliged to submit to the law of the German conqueror. What he deprecates, this young king, is the dependence of his country with his inability to recover it. There are no feasts in his castles but a great deal of music, a music to which he listens religiously behind the hangings which hide him from all eyes. They say that at the representation of Wagner's operas he wished first to extinguish all the lights so as to show the scene in greater radiance. The king loves the country but detests the day in his apartments. Wherever he lives he has the shutters closed and the caudelabra lighted at mid-day. He always dines alone, sumptuously and absent-mindedly, a book beside him in which he becomes so absorbed that he forgets to eat and they take away the dishes without his having touched them. These singular repasts often last for three or four hours. His life is silence, solitude, night, study and dreaming. The king is but thirty-five, tall and well-formed, the blonde head having much nobleness and charm about it.

MUSIC.

Boys, as well as girls, should be taught to play upon some musical instrument. It has the most admirable effect upon the amenities of home. No more soothing or more refining influence can be introduced than the home concert. To vary the usual custom and to give variety, let a girl learn the violin and a boy the piano. It is very interesting to see the usual position occasionally reversed and there is nothing ungraceful or unfeminine in the use of the violin. Very few natures are so coarse or so fierce that they cannot be reached by music.

"I had," said a woman who was famed for her lovely manners, "the good fortune to have a musical papa. He used to wake me in the morning by playing Mozart's 'Batti, Batti,' on the flute, and he always, although a busy lawyer, gave us an hour in the evening with his violin. I am sure Strauss, with his famous Vienna orchestra and his world-renowned waltzes, has never put such a thrill into my nerves or such

quicksilver into my heels as did my father's playing of the Virginia Reel and the first movement of Von Weber's 'Invitation à la Valse,' nor have I ever heard such solemn notes as those which came from his violoncello, as he accompanied my mother in the funeral march in the 'Seventh Symphony.' Their music made home a more attractive spot than any theatre or ball. They were neither of them great musicians. I dare say their playing would have been considered very amateurish in these days of musical excellence. But it served the purpose of making home a very peaceful spot to their boys and girls and of keeping it a memory of delight through much that was trying in the way of small income, personal self-sacrifice and ill-health. We had our trials, but everything vanished when father began to play."

FOOT NOTES.

Sir Bartle Frere will shortly publish, through Mr. Murray, a short collection of papers "On the Afghan and South African Questions."

The latest joke about King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, is that he cannot help being a good Christian. The reason assigned is that his ancestors ate so many missionaries in their time that it worked into their system and was transmitted to their descendants, Kalakaua among the number. Missionaries who are eaten are, after all, not wasted, it would appear.

The Earl of Dunraven, during his coming visit to the United States, promises to present the other side of the case should Mr. Paruell come here with the object of seeking pecuniary aid from Irish Americans to prolong the Land League agitation. At a meeting of the leading members of the Liberal party in the House of Commons this course was decided upon.

The evils of over-bathing at the various watering-places are glaringly apparent. Young women sometimes remain in the water several hours at a time, and the process of "pickling" seems to have become popular. Excesses of this nature often result in loss of strength, drowsiness, hepatic derangement and heart complaint. If bathers will remain in the water so long, they should, at least, oil or grease their bodies as professional swimmers do.

The tippie of the future is to be koumiss. It was given the sick President with good effect, and as it contains alcohol there will be plenty of excuses for making it a popular drink. And then, it really has merit. Ordinary milk contains too much caseine for the human stomach. The calf can chew it as the cow does her cud and has several stomachs to pass it through. But human beings do not chew the cud and their stomachs revolt at too much cow's milk.

The utilizing of labour during the night-time may lead to important results. Temporarily it increases the demand for labour, but as it economizes time the labourer eventually will be the sufferer. It will be all feast or all famine for him, a heavy demand or none at all. Then, the general use of electric light for outdoor work may in time lead to a stoppage of outdoor work at mid-day during the hot summer months of our climate.

New marvels are claimed for the application of electricity. A savant on the Pacific Coast proposes to flash lightning through sewers and over malaria-breeding ponds and marshes, so as to kill all the spores and germs which communicate disease. He says that all zymotic diseases can be eliminated from the earth by using this subtle and powerful force to destroy and disintegrate their germs. Not quite so sensational, but still very important, is the claim of Dr. C. W. Siemens that the growth of plants of all kinds can be stimulated by the use of electric light. As is well known, plants continue to grow in tropical regions all the year round, and Dr. Siemens states, in a paper read before the Royal Society of Civil Engineers, that electric light over glass, burning all night, will keep plant life active during the winter months. He has made experiments, the success of which would seem to indicate that vegetable products of the temperate regions may be doubled and even trebled by the use of electricity in the form of light shaded by glass.

HUMOROUS.

A MAN is known by the company he keeps out of.

No woman should borrow the husband of another, because it is not good for man to be a loan.

A RECEIPT for lemon pie vaguely adds, "Then sit on a stove and stir constantly." Just as if anybody could sit on a stove without stirring constantly.

TENDER consideration.—(At the lion's cage in the "Zoo")—"Oh, don't make faces at him, Effie ! It might frighten him, you know !"

DOCTOR (learned-looking and speaking slowly) : "Well, murther, which tooth do you want extracted ? Is it the molar or the incisor ?" Jank (short and sharp) : "It is in the upper tier, on the larboard side."

AN Apprentice boy who had not pleased his employer one day came in for a chastisement, during the administration of which his master exclaimed : "How long will you serve the devil ?" "You know best, sir ; I believe my indenture will be out in three months."

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

**A BOOK FIEND AT HOME.**

It was in the kitchen on the second floor of a Danbury house. The occupants of the room itself indicated that it was not an abode of wealth.

The husband and father was a mechanic two months out of work, with no immediate prospects of a resumption at his trade. He was a light-faced man with rounded shoulders, thin, straight brown hair, and light blue eyes with a careworn expression, not entirely hidden by the look of expectation which now filled them. The woman, his wife, had black hair, a pale, thin face, and preternaturally large black eyes,—handsome eyes, but very tired looking. They were sitting in this room because of its fire, as the night was damp, raw and chilly. On the table between them were a pile of circulars of an advertising nature, which the two children were admiring because of their large type and illustrations. The man ran his hands through his very thin hair on his head for the twentieth time, and said,—

"Yes, sir, every book I sell fetches me a dollar. If I only sell five a day, that will be five dollars. Of course, there can be no doubt of selling five."

Of course not. His mind contemplated a day's round among his townspeople. He saw that he could in that time visit at least forty families, and one of every eight taking a book—a book so generally and cordially recommended—was not an exaggerative freak of the imagination. On the contrary—looking over the formidable array of recommends—this was a strikingly mild computation. There was a twinge of regret that he had not taken the project in hand long ago.

"But even three books," said his wife, hopefully, "would pay well. Or two books. Two dollars a day is a good sum."

The tired eyes looked around the scantily furnished room, over the threadbare clothes on her family, down at her own rusty garments, and then grew rested again as they contemplated the two dollars. It was a very good sum indeed.

Still, he did not so consider it. His eyes again sought the list of recommends, and his mind roved along the route he should take, including forty visits, and he began to think that in fixing on five sales a day he had done an injurious thing. What if there were ten? It was a pretty good leap. But was it unreasonable? If there were fifteen it would be better. It would be a good joke if he was, in his highest flight, getting way below the mark. And it might possibly be so. A smile unconsciously crept into his face as these thoughts filled his mind.

"I ain't felt so encouraged in months," he said to his wife. "We have bemoaned our ill-luck, but how do we know but that my being thrown out of work was the best thing that could happen me?"

"I hope so," said his wife. Poor woman! She had need of encouragement. And it was a good thing to see the tired eyes brighten. It was a long time since they had. He looked into her expectant face, and his own grew brighter under the inspiration. Presently he aroused himself with the remark,—

"Well, I must get abroad early to-morrow morning, as I'll have a long day's work."

Whereupon his wife prepared the children for bed, and pretty soon the father and mother retired, but hardly to sleep.

At nine o'clock the next morning he was ready to start. There was not as much enthusiasm as on the evening before, but that could not be expected. Daylight is eminently more practical than lamplight. His patient wife had made his old suit look really presentable, and had prepared him a lunch of bread and butter to eat at noon, for he expected to be too busy to come home to dinner. The lunch he carefully stowed away in his pocket, and his canvassing book he put under his arm. He was hopeful, having just stimulated himself by another careful glance at the recommends. Still, the expression of weariness was there, and the faithful woman who stood before him looking into his face saw it more plainly than was good for her. His features showed thinner with the sunlight streaming upon them. She saw in all their lines the effects of a long sickness that had taken all the earnings, and of a brooding and worry that had come from days of unsuccessful search for work. From wedded life, and she saw in their record a steady, uncomplaining fight, and a constant one, thus her mind went back over the years of their tender love for her. Then she looked quickly into the careworn face again and by an impulse which she could not control, threw her arms about his neck and sobbed aloud.

"Lizzie!" he cried, dropping the books to fold his arms about her.

She made no reply, but only clung the tighter to him.

With that delicacy of feeling, occasionally found among the poor even, he stroked her hair in silence, waiting patiently for the paroxysm to pass away. He had no need to ask her why she cried. Every sob that convulsed her weak frame was eloquent of a past full of bitter struggling. But it hurt him to hear her, not that he minded the memory, as far as it affected himself, but only as it told of her suffering.

"Oh, John," she murmured in a broken voice, "we are so poor, we are so poor. God help us!"

Then she lifted her head, wiped away the tears from her face, and smiled as she did it, to show him that she was herself again.

Thus reassured, he took his books again and sallied forth. And the pitying husband was left behind, and a book-canvaser appeared instead. Striking off to another part of the town, his malignant presence soon darkened a doorway. The servant appeared in answer to the summons. She looked into his lean face, which, to a prejudiced person, had a somewhat sharkish aspect, and then at the parcel under his arm, and shook her head in a very depressing manner.

"We don't want nothing," she said, and carefully closed the door. Owing to the lack of presence of mind on his part, he neglected to put his foot in the way and prevent the door from being closed, until he had his own say, and thus the first opportunity was lost. He sighed, and went to the next door.

Here he rang the bell twice, but there was no response. The occupants had seen him approach.

Somewhat weakened in faith, he went to the third house. The family received him, thumbed over the specimen book, admired the pictures, and said they were not prepared to subscribe now, but could tell better in the Spring. He had received considerable strength and hope from this reception, but he left it behind when he withdrew. He thought of his waiting wife and children, and instinctively wiped something from his eye, which, were he not a book-canvaser, might have done very well for a tear.

At the fourth house a woman came to the door, gave him a hard look, and immediately shut herself in. Not a word had been exchanged. He slowly retired. The next building was a lumber-office. A man with spectacles was bent over some papers at a desk. He looked up, and hearing the canvasser, detected at a glance his mission, and stared coldly at him. Our friend began, in a faltering voice,—

"I have called to solicit your—"

"That'll do," said the lumber-man, in a stern voice, resuming his inspection of the papers on the desk.

The canvasser gave him a look as if he would like to knock him endways, and then withdrew. Outside the building he paused a moment, as if undecided what to do. He was strongly tempted to go home and give up in despair, but the thought of his poverty checked this impulse. He looked up and down the almost deserted street, on which the sun lay in a glare of heat. Not a ray of hope did he detect in the buildings or in the air. He passed three houses without the courage to call on any of them. Those who saw him pass must have wondered if he was not ill or deranged. At the fourth house he stopped. A little girl answered his call. She saw the books under his arm, and taking the cue from his appearance, said,—

"We don't want anything." And she, too, closed the door in his face. Smarting under the humiliation of his defeat, he passed several houses without calling and brought up at a factory. He went through the building to the office, his feet feeling as if full of lead, and his heart scarcely lighter. It was only the picture of the pale-faced sobbing woman at home that gave him the strength to step at all. There were several men busy in the long room through which he passed. They saw his mission and turned their noses in derision. They worked for their living, and could afford to despise the lank shirk who went about selling books and living on the fat of the land. Their looks were not undetected by this miserable man with the picture of the crying woman in his heart, and he went into the office with an air of humiliation not calculated to command the respect of the three young clerks at work there. He entered and removed his hat. The three clerks stared at him, but said nothing about his being seated.

"I have called, gentlemen," he commenced, in a voice he strove to make firm, but which trembled in spite of himself, "to see if you would like to subscribe to a new book."

An expression of dislike showed so plainly on their faces, that he stopped short. The three young men enjoyed this very much. They came very near to being the victims themselves, but by showing an uncompromising front they had saved themselves, and overcome a nuisance and a bore. Highly satisfied with their success, they placidly returned to their work, leaving him standing bare-headed, with an uninterrupted view of their backs. For a moment he remained there confused and sick at heart, not wanting to remain, and still not having the courage to go. But the young men paid no more attention to him, and his position becoming unbearable, he replaced his hat and slunk out of the building. With a heavy heart and a tortured mind he went his way, stopping here and there with more or less luck, but no sales. The noon passed without his lunch. He had not the heart to eat it. Had it been three yards of lead pipe, he could not have felt less like boiling it down. There was a lump in his throat by which a cambric needle would have found difficulty in forcing its way. He began to notice that the people whom he passed were eying him with dislike, and giving him the greater share of the walk. It was hard to be poor, it was hard to be so unsuccessful, but it was ten times harder to be an object of derision, scorn, distrust, and contempt. He started for home with an aching heart. It was going back to a full contemplation of his miserable condition, but there were love and sympathy there with all the distress, and the miserable man stood sorely in need of them.

When he went in his wife heard him and came into the room where he was. The look of hopeful expectation died out of her pale face in

a flash. One glance at him told the whole story more eloquently than words could have done. He laid down his books shivering as he did so. When he went to turn toward her, the loving arms were about his neck and the tired head with the sobbing voice was pressed upon his shoulder.

"Oh, Lizzie, it was all so dreadful!" he whispered.

She drew her arms tighter about his neck.

"Don't talk of it, John. You did the best you could, I know, and if you have failed you cannot help it. We have got each other, and the children, John."

"Yes, Lizzie, but I am not the man I was when I left you this morning. Then I was respected if I was poor."

"John!" she cried in an affrighted voice, looking him in the face. "What have you done?"

"Nothing, my dear wife, but to try to get bread. But I have been made to feel that I was a scallawag, a leech, an outcast, a scoundrel and a thief. I have been shut out of houses, bullied from shops, and shunned in the street." He quivered in every nerve as he spoke.

"All for my sake and the children's, dear John," she spoke up, her eyes full of tears. "God bless you!"

And in that benediction, so lovingly pronounced the burden fell from his shoulders.

The next day he gave up the agency, and the following week a man with a soiled shirt-front and a breast-pin took up the work, and in three days had sold sixty volumes and gained two pounds in flesh.

**A LONDON OPIUM DEN.**

I suppose a powerful, able-bodied African, raving drunk, is about as ugly an illustration of the depths of degradation to which intoxicating liquids can reduce a human creature as the most zealous Lawsonite could desire to make use of. I am sure of this, however, that Sambo at his worst, and when his opal eye-balls, rolling in frenzy, gleam like the jewel to which they are likened when it is exposed to the sun or to fire, and when his protruding lips shrink back and look as hard as ridges of black bone, hedging his double row of vicious teeth, even then he is not such a repulsive-looking being as the yellow-skinned opium smoker after his third or fourth drunk, when he is propped by the considerate landlord against the wall with legs no more available than those of a rag doll, there to remain until consciousness slowly returns to him, when he will take a swig at the water jug to moisten his parched mouth, and go at the pipe again. The ugly spectacle, however, is not commonly on view. To b-hold it one must first gain admittance to a smoke-house. Unlike a public-house no sign distinguishes it, and its whereabouts is known only to the initiated. But the habitual opium smoker knows where to find it, and thither he resorts to snatch perhaps a couple of hasty pips if he has pressing business on hand, or to make a night of it—two, three nights and days as well for that matter—in congenial company. I had not much trouble in discovering two smoking-houses in the locality, the master of one being not a Chinaman but an Irishman. I told him what I required, and he suggested no obstacles. I was as welcome as anybody else to come to his house and to smoke a pipe as well if I had a mind to it. Evening was his busiest time. A few regular customers who lived in distant parts of London and had honoured him with their patronage for years, came for a quiet pipe in his best room in the day-time, but it was not until dusk that the common sort came, and then he was sometimes so full as to be obliged to turn people away. At dusk that same evening I was again in the neighbourhood. The house I was in quest of was situated in what notoriously is the worst part of the locality—up a court in a street the majority of the inhabitants of which are probably known to the police. Had I been in any doubt as to which was the particular court where my opium master lived, I should have been speedily set right, for at that very moment there came shuffling up the street two gaunt objects, Lascars seemingly, with their flimsy blue serge jackets buttoned close, and each with a woollen comforter round his throat, though the evening was close and sultry. They made straight for the court, and were in such a hurry that they reached the smoke-house and disappeared in at the door before I could overtake them. The door was ajar, and as I had made an appointment with the landlord, I walked in without scruple, and at the end of a passage there found a room where opium smoking was going at full blast. It was not a large apartment—not more than fifteen or sixteen feet square possibly; but a hasty glance around revealed to me thirteen individuals present, exclusive of the master of the house and an attendant. A dingy paraffin lamp hanging against the wall revealed the pretty picture. At least half the floor was covered with a large mattress, and on three sides of the square were placed bolsters as dirty as the walls themselves; and huddled nose and knees with their heads on the bolsters, two on a side, reclined six smokers in various stages of intoxication with the opium they were inhaling. There were two long forms in the room, and on one of them sat five customers, waiting their turn (the remaining two making up the thirteen were lying on the floor by the wall motionless as men asleep or dead), and being in no particular hurry to rest my head on a bolster I took a back seat, but in full view of the mattress. The opium master's assistant—

a ragged youth without coat or waistcoat, and who seemed to have stirred his hair to the wildest possible disorder in an opium dream—was concocting something in a pipkin that stood on the hob of the fire-grate when one of the impatient waiters and watchers drew his attention to a smoker whose pipe stem had dripped from his lips, and who lay helpless and hi-ous, with his mouth ajar, and with a failing phosphorescent light in his half-open eyes. Well used to the job, the attendant hauled him off the mattress and laid him with the other two by the wall, while the first man on the form sprang forward with alacrity to take his place, and with a face expressive of blissful expectation resigned himself to the following ceremony. Unbuttoning his jacket, and divesting himself of his cap, he lay down on his side, with one hand under his head, as though composing himself to sleep, while the presiding genius got a pipe ready for him. With a bodkin he took from the saucer a portion of opium seemingly no larger than a moderate-sized pea, and holding it on the top of the implement twiddled it in the flame of the lamp, causing it to take a sickening odour. When the morsel was sufficiently fried he placed it in the pipe bowl, and thrusting the pipe stem into the eager mouth of the smoker, applied a light to it, which the other sucked. Sucked is the word. Anything like blowing a cloud, such as happens when one ignites the fragrant birdseye in the bowl of a briar or meerschbaum, or even a clean and honest clay, was out of the question. The Lascar's lips closed over the blunt stem as though they were glued to it, and one only judged that he was sucking by the drawing in of his cheeks. I observed the pipe narrowly, and could discern only the thinnest thread of pale blue smoke rising now and again from its bowl. What fumes there were the smoker swallowed, as his eye blinked lazily, and each moment more resembled that of a pig whose last gorge of barley meal was a treat to dwell on ere it fell asleep. I am unable to say exactly how long it took to consume the smouldering opium, but certainly not more than eight or nine minutes. At the end of that time a gurgling in the pipe stem announced that the charge was burnt out, and for the time completely drunk and incapable, the smoker was bundled off the mattress to make room for the next customer. I don't know how long the two that were on the floor when I entered had been lying there, but they now began to rouse, shivering and shrinking in their clothes as though they felt cold, and staring at each other and about the room in a bemused way, and as though their brain was still "fuddled" with the powerful narcotic. Nor did they appear to recover completely until the tattered waiter handed them each a small cigarette of ordinary tobacco. After smoking it out they rose from the floor, shook themselves, and took a seat on the form, ready for another "drunk" when it came to their turn. They did not talk with each other during the long interval of waiting, or appear in the least inclined to be companionable, but for the most part sat with their eyes closed and their arms folded, as though anxious to shut out everything that might break the thread of their cogitation on pipes past and in prospective.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.**

Miss Emma Thursby's tour in Denmark has been eminently successful.

Miss Anna Bock, another American pianist, will shortly visit Europe, and probably play in London.

The boy pianist, Augustus Victor Bonham, was well received by the Promenade audiences at Covent Garden.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS has been happily recovering in South Wales from the effects of his recent alarming illness.

JOHANN STRAUSS is at work on the score of a new operetta called "Der Lustiges Krieg"—"The Merry War."

COLONEL MABLESON and Signor Arditì, with a portion of Her Majesty's Opera Company, will sail for New York on September 29.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg will sing in public for the first time since her return at the Worcester (Mass.) festival, September 29.

The Italian opera at St. Petersburg has found a nugget in a young American singer named Nodica, on whom M. Vaucorbell, the Paris director, has been casting longing eyes, but in vain.

Poor Hermann Goetz's posthumous opera, "Francesca di Rimini," lately heard at Leipzig, is said to be more technically clever than ideally beautiful.

AMBROSE THOMAS has treated the same subject from a different point of view, and those supposed to know say the French composer has produced a brilliant *Nous verrons*. Mlle. Caroline Salla will be entrusted with the title rôle in Paris.

MADAME Adelina Patti is to commence her concert campaign in the States at Steinway Hall, New York, on the evening of November 9. No arrangements are yet known to have been made by the gifted artist for appearances in opera.

It is stated "on authority" that Barry Sullivan will visit America in October, and that his son Amory has taken Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, at which establishment Barry Sullivan will open.

THE excitement over the recent massacre in Arizona still continues. Captain Jeffreys has gone to interview the Apache chiefs.

THE meeting between the Czar and the Emperor of Germany will take place on board the ironclad *Hohenollern*, at the river Vistula.

THE verdict in the case of the *Doterel* explosion acquits the captain and officers of all blame. The court considered that the explosion had been caused by gas in the coal bunkers.



"I'M A WRITING MEDIUM SIR!"



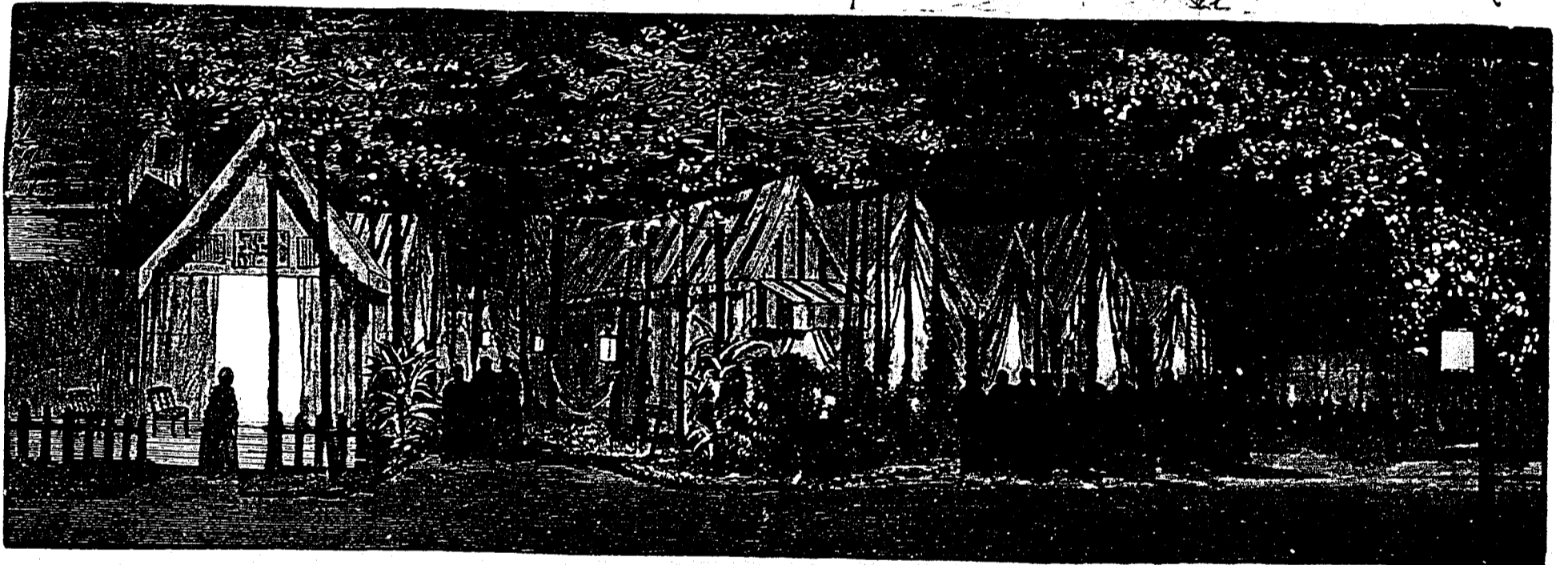
SPIRITUALISTIC DIRECTORY



A MEDIUM'S WASH-DAY



THE MAGNETIC HEALER



THE CAMP AT NIGHT



A STARTLING PREDICTION



MORNING TOILET

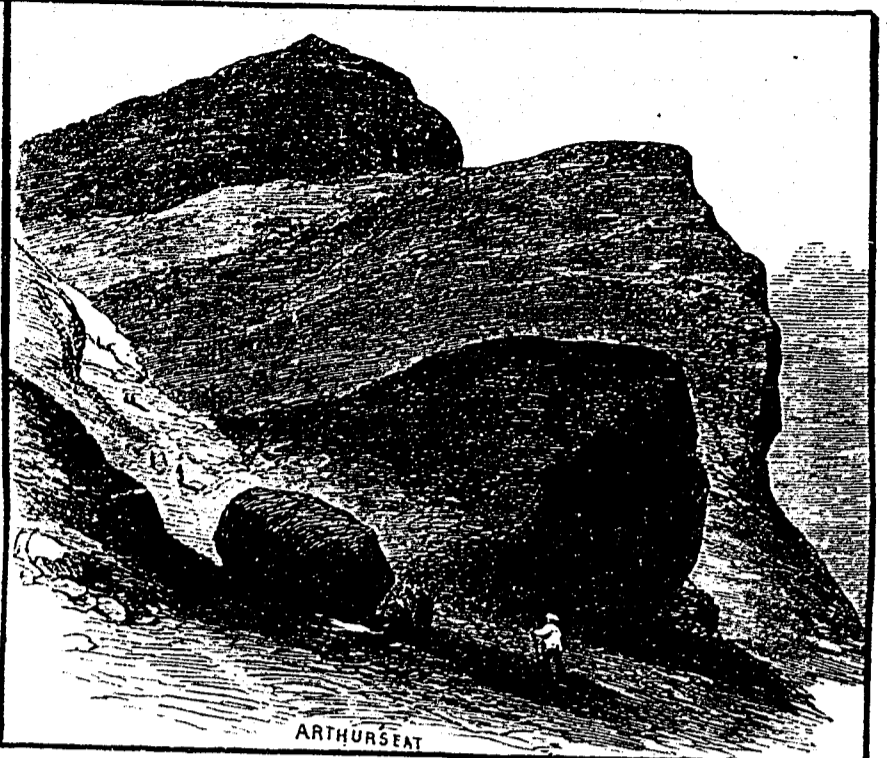


A SPEAKING MEDIUM

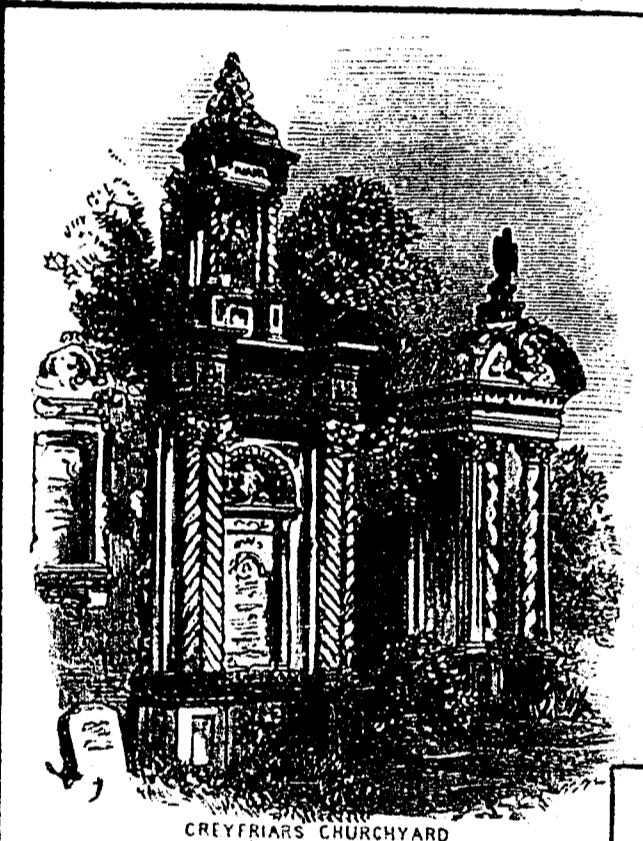
ANNUAL GATHERING OF THE SPIRITUALISTS AT LAKE PLEASANT, MASS.



CRAIGMILLIER CASTLE



ARTHURSEAT



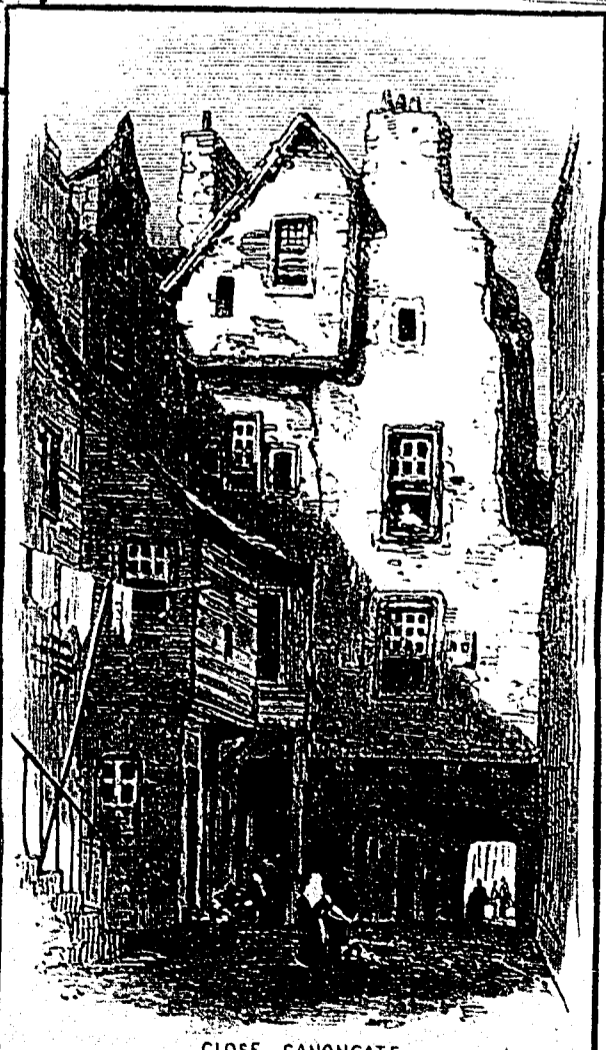
GREYFRIARS CHURCHYARD



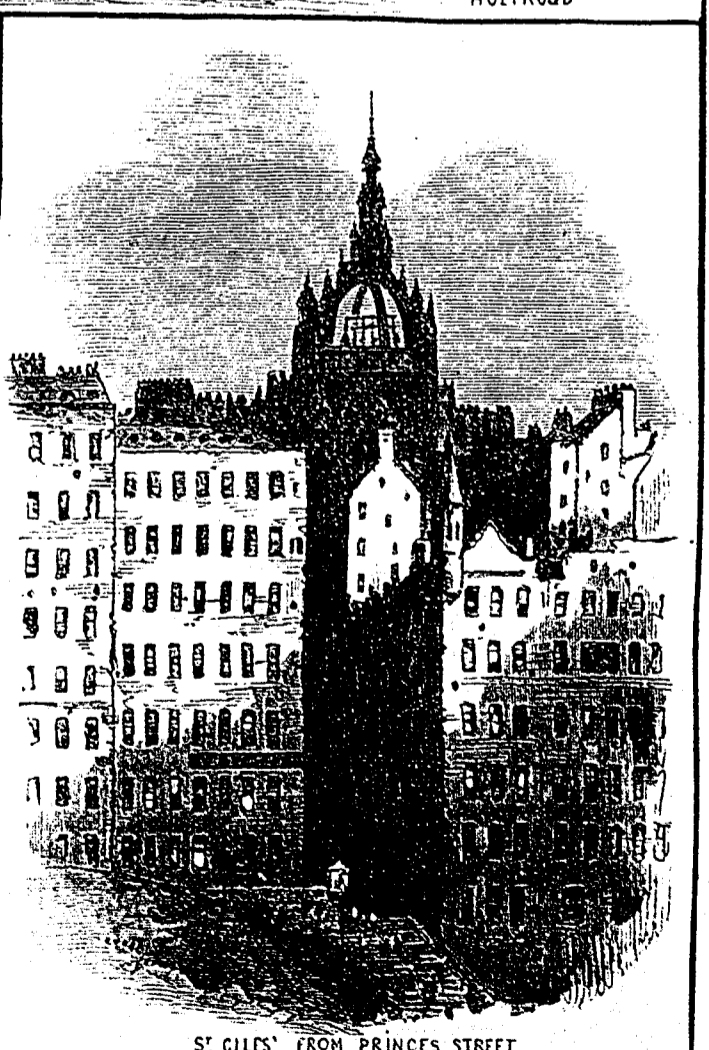
HOLYROOD



ROSSELIN CASTLE



CLOSE, CANONGATE



ST. GILES' FROM PRINCES STREET

### A NIGHT AT SEA IN AN OPEN BOAT.

It was six o'clock when I turned the boat's head. I never questioned I could row back in twenty minutes, and reckoned that the extra half hour would be well worth the money. I rowed at first with a good deal of energy, and my wife was delighted at the manner in which I made the foam fly with my oars. Indeed I worked too hard; the exertion soon tired me, and I perspired at every pore with the heat. It was slightly distracting that the baby, who had been sleeping very quietly should now wake up and cry for what I suppose you might call her tea if you can give regular names to milk and water administered about seven times a day. "I am sorry, William," said my wife, "that we have stopped longer than the hour." "Oh," said I, knowing that the child was a running in her head, "baby will do very well until we get home; we shan't be long now;" and again I exerted my strength and toiled like a champion rower. "It's very curious," said I, giving up after ten minutes, and feeling quite exhausted, and panting for breath. "What's very curious?" said my wife. "Why," said I, pulling out my watch, "here it is twenty minutes past six, and the land seems rather farther off than it was before I turned the boat's head towards it." "Yes," said she growing a little pale; "I've been noticing that, too." "Perhaps it wants a steadier stroke," said I wiping my forehead; and settling to the oars again, I rowed for another ten minutes, and then looked over my shoulder. I could not be deceived. Row as I would, I not only could make no way but the boat actually lost ground, I was heartily frightened, and pulled in the oars to stand up and look around me. My wife began to cry and the baby roared as babies can when they are particularly wanted to be quiet. There were some ships as I have said a long distance off; and there was the smack that had passed us, two or three miles distant; but there was nothing near us. I put my hands to my mouth and shouted towards the land as hard as ever I could, flattering myself that there was a faint chance of the smooth water conveying the sound. I then stood waving and flourishing my hat for at least five minutes. "Oh, William, what will become of us?" cried my wife, sobbing piteously. I was too much upset to answer her. I had hoped that we should be noticed by some of the people who keep a lookout on the pier; but as the time went by, and the sun sank lower, and I could see no signs of anything coming to our rescue, my spirits fell, and I sat down and stared blankly at my wife. I put out the oars again, but was so wearied that I soon gave up rowing; besides, I felt that we were being carried away, and that the oars scarcely hindered our progress towards the ocean. When the night fairly came the wind got up, not very much, but enough to disturb the water, and the wherry began to slop about horribly. What was worse it blew off the land and helped to carry us further away. How I cursed my folly for not having brought a man with me! The crying of the poor hungry little baby and my wife's moans and reproaches were just maddening. It was very fine overhead, the sky full of stars, but there was no moon, and the sea looked as black as ink. I could see the lights on the land, and could even very faintly hear the strains of a band of music playing on the cliff, for, as I have told you, the wind blew from the shore. I pulled out my watch, but though I held it close to my nose I could not see what time it was. I kept on looking around in the hopes of observing a passing vessel, but though no doubt some must have passed, I did not see them. My wife was continually saying, "Oh, William, what shall we do?" "Do," said I, "what can we do! We must sit here and wait." "Wait!" she would cry; "what is there to wait for?" "For daylight, if for nothing else." But what will daylight do for us? We have been lost in daylight, and when daylight comes where shall we be?" and here she would hug the poor crying baby, and wish herself dead, and so on. The sea kept the boat rocking incessantly, so that it was impossible for me to stand up. How we passed the hours I can't tell you. The baby would wake and cry until she cried herself to sleep, then wake and cry herself to sleep again, and so on, hour after hour. My wife and I fell silent; we had exhausted all that could be said, and we sat there like two statues. To my dying hour I shall remember the gurgling and sobbing noise of the water splashing against the boat's side, and the dreadful silence overhead and around, above the water, as I may say. The dawn was just breaking when I saw a vessel making a black mark against the pale green light in the place where the sun was coming. It took me some time to find out which way she was going, but presently the rising sun made her plain, and I saw that she was a small smack, and that she aimed directly for us. I managed to stand up in the wherry, and flourish my hat. There was no coast to be seen—nothing visible upon the sea but that smack. So far as water went, we might have been in the middle of the biggest ocean in the world. I perceived before long that the smack saw us, for she lowered one of her sails and came along slowly. A great man in yellow clothes bawled out, "What's that boat, and what do you want?" You might have supposed he would guess our want by our appearance. "We've been carried away to sea," I answered, in a faint voice, for I felt as weak as an infant and just fit to cry like one, "and only come in this boat all night." "Where do you come from?" he called. I told him, and he

answered, "We'll tow you in. Look out for the end of the line," and another man threw a rope at me. I caught it, but did not know what to do with it, seeing which the first man told me to keep hold, and dragged the wherry up to the smack, and then got into her and attached the line to the boat. "Will you sit here or come aboard?" he asked. "Oh, come aboard, certainly," I replied; so he took the baby and passed it to a sailor on the smack, and then helped my wife up, and then me. So here we were saved; but faint, broken-down, feeling as if we had been dug out of the grave. Luckily, they had a few tins of Swiss milk in the cabin, and so poor little baby got something to eat at last. Also they gave us some corned beef and bread which we devoured gratefully after the manner of shipwrecked people. The captain of the smack laughed when I told him we had originally started for an hour's row. "How much do they charge you for an hour?" says he. "Eighteen pence," I answered. "You've got a good eighteen-pennorth," said he. "You may thank the Lord master, that ye're alive to pay even eighteen pence. D'ye know how many miles you've drifted from your port?" "No," said I. "Well, then," said he; "you've drifted eleven miles. There's the coast—you can calculate for yourself;" and he pointed to the white cliffs which were visible from the smack's deck, though not from the boat. A fearfully long distance they looked, to be sure. "William," said my wife at this moment, "I'll never come upon the water again." "Nor I, Sarah," said I; "at least without a man." "Man or no man," said she, "I'll never venture my life again." And I have no doubt she will keep her word, though it won't cost her a very great effort to do so, for I am quite sure I shall never attempt to make her break it.

### BRIGHT TRADE PROSPECTS.

He is a small man, rather dapper in appearance, with a propitiatory air in his clothes, in his face, and even in the fringe of hair which encircles his head without covering it. His wife is a large woman, of course, with a red face and an aggressive air. He went out to the vegetable pedlar this morning, with a large tin pan, to make a purchase. It was the first time the pedlar had seen him come to trade. There were several women, neighbours, at the waggon. He came up to the cart, and looked critically over the array of fruits and vegetables.

"How much are those cucumbers?" he asked.

"Five cents."

He lifted one of them, said they were fine-looking, and then asked,—

"How much is that lettuce a head?"

"Ten cents."

"That is cheap enough, I'm sure. How much are these melons?"

"Seventy-five cents apiece," said the dealer, who, seeing that his customer was no ordinary party, began to stir himself about. "They are fresh melons, just got them last night, and every one of them is fully ripe. I'll guarantee that."

"Fully ripe, eh?" said the customer, fondling the article.

"Yes," said the dealer, getting up on his feet, in the flush of expectation.

"They look ripe," coincided the customer. Then he looked around and spied another attractive article.

"Peaches, eh? Well, I declare! How natural and good they look. How much for the peaches?"

"Thirty cents a quart," said the dealer, mentally figuring up the total of half dozen cucumbers, a couple of heads of lettuce, a watermelon, and a quart of peaches, while the women at the cart opened their eyes in wonder, and stood silently by, awed by the magnitude of the transaction.

"Only thirty cents," mused he. "Why, that's reasonable enough, I take it, in these times. Let me see,—five cents a piece for the cucumbers, ten cents for the lettuce, seventy-five cents for a watermelon, thirty cents for—"

"Joseph Malachia!" came a sharp, loud voice, through a spitefully opened door, "are you going to get what I sent you after, or are you going to stand out there all day?"

"Gimme ten cents' worth new potatoes," gasped the man, nervously opening the hand he had kept shut, and disclosing a new dime.

"Quick, please!"

### THE HEDGEHOG.

After a little digging in the bank, using my pick carefully for fear of injuring the poor timid beast, I have got to the round warm nest, a mere hollow in the ground roughly floored with leaves and dry moss and lined on the top with a soft vault of the same materials. And now the creature lies motionless in my shovel, rolled tightly up into a prickly ball, and absolutely unassailable in its spherical suit of sharply pointed spike-armor. No defensive mail could be more effectual or more deterrent. I cannot even lift him up to put him into my basket; I am obliged literally to shovel him in, and then tie down the flap to keep him safely. Hedgehogs are really very common animals in England, and yet few people have any idea of their existence among half the hedges and banks in the meadows and copses around them. The little animals lie hidden in their subterranean holes or open nests during the daytime, and only come out in search of slugs, grubs, and beetles at nightfall. Yet they are a precious

heritage of our age, for all that; for they and the few other remaining members of the old insectivorous group form the last survivors of a very early and undeveloped mammalian type, the common ancestors of all our other European quadrupeds, who have diverged from them in various specialized directions. They rank as interesting middle links in that great broken but still traceable chain which connects the higher mammals with their lost and unknown semi-reptilian ancestors. Indeed, if we had never heard of the hedgehogs and their allies before, and if one were now to be brought for the first time by some intrepid explorer from Central Africa or the Australian bush, all our biologists would be as delighted with it as they were when the ornithorhynchus and the echidna were discovered and recognized as links between the reptile and the marsupial, or when the supposed extinct fossil genus *ceratodus* was found alive in the rivers of Queensland, thus connecting the ganoid fishes with the transitional lepidosiren, and through it with the amphibious newts, frogs, and salamanders. The unconscious black fellow used to devour as barramunda, and the colonist used quietly to pickle as salmon, a marvellous double-lived creature, provided with perfect gills and perfect lungs, for one specimen of which a naturalist would have given his right eye; and so too our own gipsies have been in the habit for ages of baking in a ball of earth the finest surviving representative of the most ancient placental mammalian line. They roll him up (dead, I am glad to say) in a mass of kneaded clay, which they put into the fire whole until it begins to crack; and then they turn out the steaming flesh by breaking the ball, while the skin and the spines stick in a body to the hardened lump of earth. Yet the creature which they so unceremoniously devour is actually the eldest scion of the great mammalian stock, whereof all the reigning houses in Europe are, after all, but younger branches.—*Fall Mall Gazette.*

### CLIMBING THE HIMALAYAS.

#### A LEAF FROM MY DIARY.

February 24, 1881.—Can any words of mine be adequate to such a subject—how can my pen describe that glorious range stretching in unbroken sweep around a horizon of hundreds of miles? How depict the majesty and radiant splendour of those "Seven Brothers," worshipped as gold by the men of Sikkim? How portray in any manner to the bewildered imagination how a Yungfrau piled on a Mont Blanc, soars high in spotless radiance in the etherialized blue sky, untrodden and unmarked by any presence but perhaps that of angels; never to be climbed by man nor sullied by his destruction in their yawning crevasses. Before four o'clock a.m., in icy darkness we were called, and dressed painfully by aching fingers; we mounted sturdy mountain ponies and set out up the mountain called Jallapahar, in the frosty moonlight. The path we were climbing at a gallop was all in shadow and nothing could have been more weird than the spectacles and contrasts that met our eyes. We went in single file, a guide leading, the clatter of his horse's hoofs on the frozen ground only indicating the way. Making rapid zigzags we were quickly rising hundreds of feet and each moment brought still more startling effects. Below us in the deep valley over which Darjæling stands, a billowy ocean of clouds was resting; dense and silvery they were, as we looked down from far above, all in darkness ourselves by reason of the overhanging mountain, the side of which we were skirting. The sharp wind cutting fresh against our cheeks, we galloped on. The stars were luminous and gemmed the whole sky with their beauty, and the moon was radiant in effulgence. Once a great tree was in her shining pathway and across the rippling sea of clouds far below was cast its giant shadow. Ere long we had reached the summit on saddle, and below us there was another glorious valley filled too with vapour, while we above on the narrow pathway seemed raised almost to the sky. But now we must go down again; skirting the precipice followed on a winding road, above which rose the beautiful green mountain and beneath was a descent into a tiger-haunted jungle. Before long we began to rise anew, up and up on the Senshal, celebrated for its view; still we were in darkness and still the ponies bravely galloped on, drawing laboured breath, for the air was greatly rarified and we could give them but few rests.

As we gained the summit the first faint dawn appeared. Riding through the ruins of old barracks we reached Tiger Hill, began a slow climb up the breakneck path which leads to the crowning height. We reach the tiny plateau and dismount, and what a sight is that spread out before us! From end to end of more than half the five-hundred mile horizon stretch the snowy peaks, as much of it as the eye can take in, unmantled by the fogs which generally screen them, waiting in gray and icy silence the coming of that sun which is to light them to such glorious magnificence. Tossed and tumbled in their freedom, with their bound-up glaciers and untrodden steeps, with glorious Kinchin-Junga in their midst slowly a rosy touch lights their unapproachable, unrivalled peaks; gently they steal to the other brethren sitting in the glorious Olympus, and then see to the left, far away in Nepal, Mount Everest, its crest uplifted farther to the vault of heaven than any of this world's greatest mountains. We are

on a level with the hospital of St. Bernard, and though we shiver with the icy blasts coming from the frozen regions surrounding us, hours pass before we can tear ourselves from the contemplation of such wonders as it is not given to many men to see. Far down their glittering flanks, eleven thousand feet they say, begins the verdure, and we can trace it for as many more. One splendid spire-like aiguille, covered with the purest snow, became my favourite; and not all the way back did it hide the shining light and beauty of its front, so that its radiant image will never be effaced from those tablets where among memory's treasures it surely will be counted as the crown. E. L. P.

### VARIETIES.

PROFESSIONS FOR WOMEN.—Anything can be forgiven of a woman except a career of vice or vanity, or the wretched numbness of inaction. No woman should insult her Maker by supposing that he made a mistake in making her. A morbid or useless woman was not contemplated in the great plan of the universe. She has always a sphere. If home is unhappy beyond her power of endurance, let her

"Go teach the orphan boy to read,  
The orphan girl to sew."

Let her learn to cook, bake, brew; let her adopt a profession—music, possibly—and work at it. Let her go into a lady's school and teach. Let her keep a boarding-house, paper walls, hang pictures, embroider, dust, sweep, become the manager of a business, do anything but sit down and moan and wait for something to turn up. Many a pair of unhappy old maids are now dragging out a miserable existence in a second-class boarding-house, turning their poor little bits of finery, who might if they had been brave in their youth have won a large repertoire of thought and a comfortable competency. But they preferred to keep alive one little corner of pride, and that has been but a poor fire to sit by to warm their thin hands—hands which should not have been ashamed to work, hands which would have been whiter for honest effort.

The German papers relate the invasion of the empire by a tall-talking American tourist and the prompt arrest and the final suppression of his tall talk of the latter. At the latest advices the dominions of the Emperor William had resumed their former quiet. The affair is stated in the Paris Register as follows: The train from Belgium arrived at the frontier station of Herbenthal, where, as usual, the German railroad officials took charge. Just before starting again a conductor, in the customary way, approached a *coupe* for the purpose of verifying the tickets of the passengers, when a young man, in rather broken German and a pompous tone of voice, asked him why the tickets had to be shown again. On the conductor's telling him that this was the rule on entering the German (Prussian) territory, the stranger exclaimed, "Oh, I see! That's where all the mean scamps come from." "What do you mean to say?" asked the conductor; and the traveller repeated, "Yes, the Germans and Prussians are all a set of scamps!" Thereupon the conductor pointed out to the traveller the consequences of his unjustifiable behaviour and retired. On arriving at Aix-la-Chapelle he reported the case to the station-master. This functionary in his turn informed the police officer on duty, who—the offensive remarks made by the traveller having been confirmed by his fellow-passengers—arrested the same, when it was found out that he was an American citizen on a bridal tour to Italy with his young wife. Meanwhile it had grown quite late and the proceedings at that hour of the night did not lack a certain comical aspect. Brother Jonathan suddenly remembered that there was an American Consulate at Aix-la-Chapelle, and although the police had "placed the best possible room at his disposal," deemed it preferable to wait for further developments at a hotel. To that end he appealed to the American Consul for assistance, which, despite the lateness of the hour, was promptly vouchsafed him and the prisoner set at liberty on security being given and bail deposited. The police authorities, after duly questioning both the American and the conductor, saw fit to hand the case over to the competent judge, who deemed the misdemeanour to be of sufficient gravity to raise the amount of bail to forty pounds sterling—eight hundred marks. At the trial the depositions of the accused, as well as those of the conductor—present, as witness—confirmed the facts as above detailed. The defendant's counsel, Justizrath Sternberg, plead that the American had only sinned against the German nation owing to his lack of familiarity with the idiom, having supposed the term "scamps" to be synonymous with "beggars," an idea which his frequently encountering German immigrants in America without work or means had forcibly suggested to him. This plea, however, was not considered to be sufficiently explicit in view of the conductor's precise statement. The court attorney therefore demanded that the accused be sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment and costs, a sentence against which the lawyer for the defendant plead extenuating circumstances, which the court admitted and finally sentenced the accused for his gross insult to a fine of one hundred and fifty marks and eventually in case of inability to pay, to four weeks' imprisonment and costs. The American at once paid the fine and without further delay went off on his thus unpleasantly interrupted wedding tour.—*Home Journal.*

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

The following additional particulars have been received with reference to the Tournament at Berlin:—

On Monday, the 5th inst., Dr. Zukertort drew with Dr. Noa, Mason beat Paulsen, Schwarz beat Mason, and Blackburne won his game from Louis Paulsen.

On Tuesday Zukertort won from Schultz and Minckwitz, and Bloman beat Mason.

On Wednesday Blackburne beat Schmidt and Winawer, Zukertort won from Winawer, and Mason beat Schultz.

On Thursday Zukertort beat Schwarz, Mason beat Schallop, and Blackburne won from Minckwitz.

On Friday Schallop beat Zukertort, Blackburne beat Winawer and Mason beat Wemmers.

The complete list of the contestants contains the following names:—Berger, Blackburne, Mason, Minckwitz, Noa, L. Paulsen, W. Paulsen, Pitschel, Bloman, Schallop, Schmidt, Von Schultz, Schwarz, Tachigorin, Wemmers, Winawer, Wittek, Zukertort.

THE CHESS CONGRESS.

BERLIN, September 15.—In the chess congress Blackburne beat Schallop; W. Paulsen beat Mason.

BERLIN, September 16.—The first prize in the chess congress was awarded to Blackburne, who won 12 games; second prize to Sewitzer, who won 9.—Montreal Gazette, Sept. 16.

From the above we learn that Mr. Blackburne has won the first prize in the Berlin Tournament. His success will be most agreeable to English chessplayers, who were much disappointed at the result of his late contest with Zukertort. He will receive, no doubt, a very hearty welcome on his return to England.

The Tournament of the New Orleans Chess Club is being carried on with vigour, and of the sixteen contestants, Mr. Labatt, as yet, seems to have made the best score. Out of seventeen games played he has won 14 and lost 3.

The next meeting of the Counties Chess Association of England, will take place at Leamington during the week commencing Monday, October 14th.

It will be a subject of regret to many lovers of chess to hear of the discontinuance of the Chess Column in Design and Work. New arrangements as regard the form and scope of the work are the reason assigned.

It is stated in the issue of the Chessplayer's Chronicle of the 22nd ult., that no acceptance has as yet been given by the members of the Philadelphia Club to the terms offered by the St. George's Club, but they suggest that the stakes shall be sufficient only to cover expenses, that is that the losers shall refund to the winners the amount expended on telegrams, &c.

Mr. Blackburne's play in his late match with Dr. Zukertort seems to bear out the opinion which we have heard expressed, viz., that he is especially good in tournaments, but only an indifferent match player.

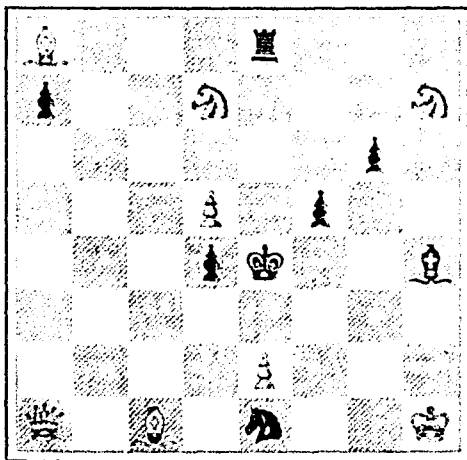
On the other hand, Dr. Zukertort would seem to be quite in his element when playing a match, and in many of the games in his recent tilt with Blackburne the vigor and precision of his play stand out in marked contrast to the hesitating and timorous policy of his opponent.

We must confess that to us the late match, so far as Mr. Blackburne is concerned, has been a great disappointment.—Globe-Democrat, St. Louis.

PROBLEM No. 347.

By Dr. Gold.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 475TH.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The eighth game in the match between Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort.

(Hudson Piano.)

White.—(Mr. Blackburne.) Black.—(Mr. Zukertort.)

- 1. P to K4 1. P to K4
2. K Kt to B3 2. Q Kt to B3
3. B to B4 3. B to B4
4. P to B3 4. Kt to B3
5. P to Q3 5. P to Q3
6. B to K3 6. B to K3
7. Q Kt to Q2 7. Kt to K2
8. Kt to Bsq 8. P to B3
9. Kt to Kt3 9. P to K R3
10. Q to K2 10. P to Kt4
11. Castles (Q side) 11. Kt to Kt3
12. P to Q4 12. Q to K2
13. Kt to B5 (a) 13. B takes Kt
14. P takes B 14. Kt to B5
15. B takes Kt 15. K P takes B
16. Q R to Ksq 16. Q takes Q
17. R takes Q (oh) 17. Kt to Bsq
18. K R to Ksq 18. R to Ksq (b)
19. R takes R (oh) (c) 19. Kt takes R
20. P to K Kt4 20. P takes P (en passant)
21. B P takes Kt 21. P to Q4
22. B to Q3 22. P to B3

Drawn game (d)

NOTES.

(a) This leads to an even game, though White gains first possession of the open K file with doubled Rooks.

Probably Mr. Blackburne thought that the latter contingency, which is usually a favourable one, should have yielded him some retainable advantage. However, excepting perhaps P K R4, the consequences of which required great forethought, we see no other feasible line of continuation for White.

(b) The proper rejoinder, which completely neutralises the action of the opponent's doubled Rooks.

(c) If Kt to Q2, Black's K will first move to Kt2; and should White then attempt to enter at K7, then Black would make himself safe by P to Q4 followed by B to Qsq.

(d) Black will bring his R to K2 via R2 to face that of the opponent, and neither side has any means of escape.—From the Field.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 345.

- White. Black.
1. Q to K sq 1. Any move
2. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 343.

- White. Black.
1. B to Q Kt4 1. Any
2. Mates acc.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 344.

- White. Black.
K at K B3 K at K R3
R at K B7 Pawns at K2
B at Q B2 and K Kt3 and 4.
Pawn at K Kt3

White to play and mate in three moves.



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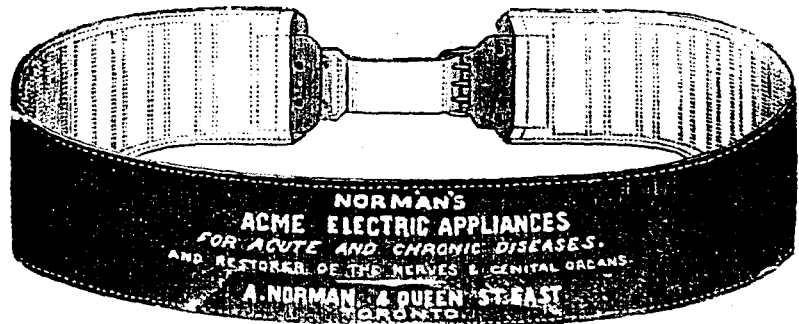
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Ottawa, 14th September, 1881.

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THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED BY

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO.

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G. B. BURLAND General Manager.

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