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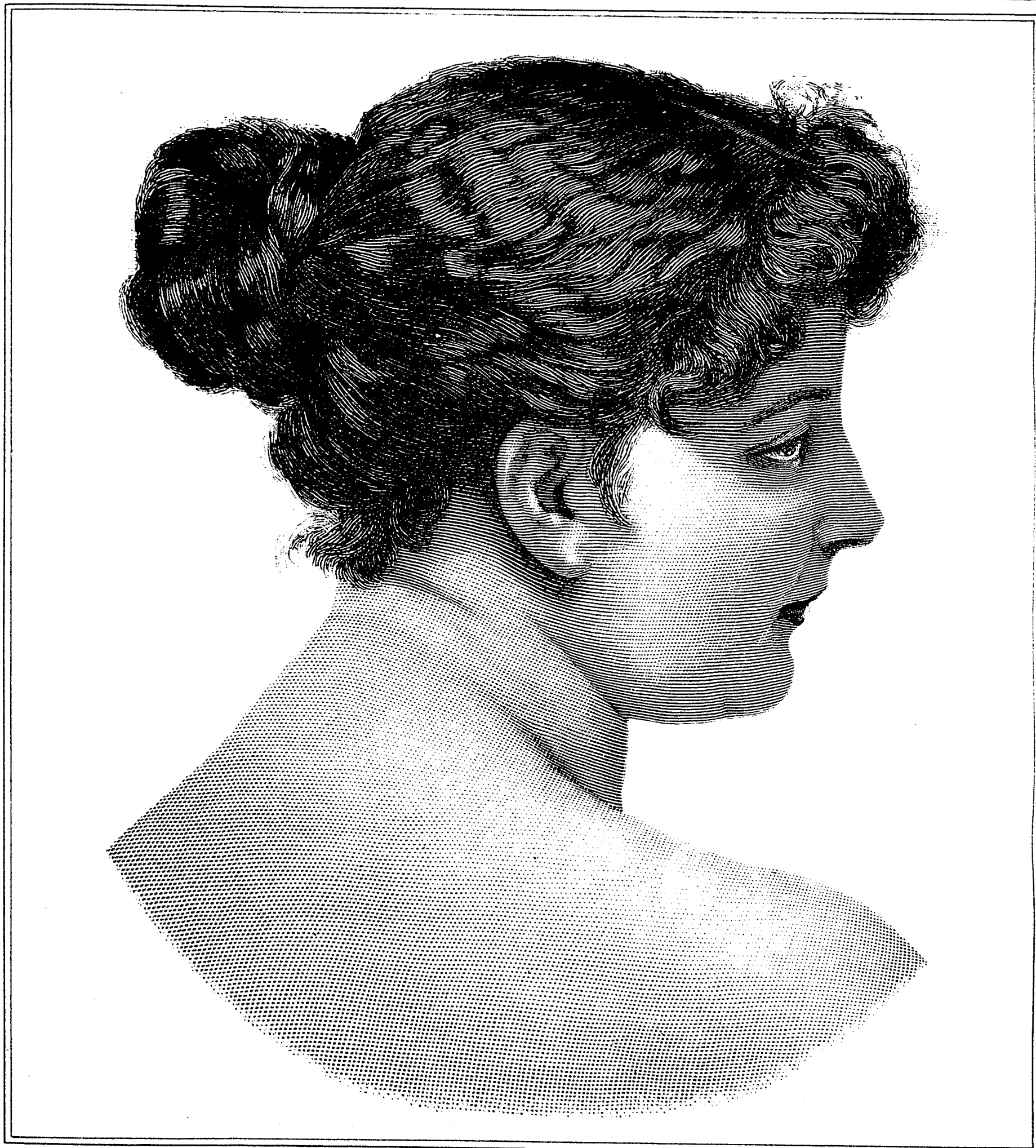
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# AMERICAN Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1881.

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STUDY OF A HEAD.

BY PAUL THUMANN, FROM THE "GALLERY OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN."

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## TEMPERATURE

as observed by HERN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal

## THE WEEK ENDING

July 24th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 86°	58°	72°	Mon.. 84°	65°	74° 5
Tue.. 74°	54°	64°	Tue.. 82°	73°	77° 5
Wed.. 82°	62°	72°	Wed.. 74°	69°	71° 5
Thur.. 75°	62°	68° 5	Thur.. 76°	62°	69°
Fri.. 72°	60°	66°	Fri.. 77°	62°	69° 5
Sat.. 76°	60°	68°	Sat.. 80°	64°	72°
Sun.. 81°	60°	70° 5	Sun.. 80°	65°	72° 5

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 30th, 1881.

## THE WEEK.

THE match on Saturday between the Shamrocks and the Montrealers, besides being one of the best played games of the season, was particularly noticeable for the entire absence of dispute or ill-feeling throughout the game. Not one claim of foul, or suggestion of unfairness came from either side, and the result was cheerfully acquiesced in by the vanquished. It may seem strange that this should be worthy of comment, but in view of the ill-feeling which has grown out of several matches of late, it is a pleasure to record its absence in the present instance. No pains should be spared to encourage this mutual understanding between rival teams, without which the *esprit* of the game is lost.

THE Irish Agricultural Statistics for last year contain a series of new and interesting figures respecting the Irish potato crop, collected on the suggestion of Major NOLAN. These tables give the acreage planted with the different kinds of potatoes, and the percentage of disease of each crop in every district. More than fifty sorts of potato are grown in Ireland, some of them bearing the names of Cuffles, Tolans, Mullens, Green Tops, Leather Coats, and others less euphonious. The most popular of all is, however, the new Champion potato, which was highly commended in the Report on the Potato Disease presented to Parliament a short time since. Of 820,521 acres under potatoes in Ireland, 220,944 were planted with Champions, and 194,778 acres with White Rocks. The next most popular sorts were Skerry Blues, Scotch Downs, and Flounders. None of these kinds appear to be so flourishing as the Champion, which seems almost everywhere to have a larger proportion of sound tubers than any of the other sorts. The White Rocks come next, and a sort not very widely used, called Kemps, is far behind. The observations of the Sub-Inspectors of Constabulary on the crops everywhere speak of the Champion potatoes as being comparatively free from disease, and of the general introduction by the farmers of that or some other new seed. "The tale would be a sad one," says the report from Donegal, "were it not for the new Champion seed." The Potato Commission expressed the opinion that this kind was the best yet discovered, but pointed out that each new sort loses vigour as it becomes

finer in quality; and that in a very few years the strongest varieties will become liable to the disease, which can only be eradicated by the constant raising of new kinds from the seed. The rapidity with which the Champion potato has spread in Ireland is a sign of the readiness of the small farmers to adopt obvious improvements which are brought within their reach.

## THE CECILS.

The paragraphs which have appeared in several journals, even leading dailies, with reference to "Lord Cecil," are calculated to mislead. It is stated in the same paragraph, that "Lord Cecil" is the youngest brother of the Marquis of Exeter, and that one of his brothers, Lord Cecil, is a member of the House of Commons. To persons unacquainted with the history of the two distinguished families, bearing the common name of Cecil, and both descended from the celebrated Lord High Treasurer of Queen Elizabeth, who was created Lord Burghley, the reference to "Lord Cecil" would of course indicate that the individual, bearing such a title, was a peer of the realm, or at least the eldest son of a peer designated by the second title of his father. The nobleman erroneously styled "Lord Cecil" in America is Lord Adelbert Percy Cecil, the youngest brother of the Marquis of Exeter, formerly a Lieutenant in the 1st Rifle Brigade, who having joined the Plymouth Brethren many years ago, has since devoted himself to preaching. Lord Eustace Cecil, M.P., is not the brother of the preacher, and can hardly be termed a relative, as their common ancestor flourished over three hundred years ago. Lord Eustace Cecil, who represents West Essex in the Imperial Cabinet, is brother of the Marquis of Salisbury, who was a distinguished member of Lord Beaconsfield's government, and who is likewise Viscount Cranbourne and Lord Cecil, the former of his inferior titles borne by his eldest son. The Marquis of Salisbury is the leader of the Conservative party.

The second title of the Marquis of Exeter is Lord Burghley. It has long been the usage in England to give the courtesy title of "Lord" to the younger sons of Dukes and Marquises and to designate elder sons by one of the lower titles of their fathers. In referring to them in legal instruments it always said "Commonly called Lord So-and-So." On this continent, as well in Canada as in the United States, the error which we have noted in the designation of Lord Adelbert Cecil is of frequent occurrence. We have seen many notices of Lord and Lady Campbell during the recent visit to Canada of a younger son of the Duke of Argyll, to whom that title is quite inapplicable.

## THE LATE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

With Dean STANLEY has passed away a theologian whose name is probably wider known in connection with the great theological questions of the age than that of any modern churchman. Placed of late years in a singularly independent position he was never careful to conceal or modify those very pronounced views which have won for him a larger circle of sympathizers outside the church to which he nominally belonged than within its foundation. For the Church of England by its very nature is exclusive, and while it welcomes accessions to its ranks, it demands unquestioning obedience in its followers and exists only by the loyalty of its soldiers. Liberality, to the extent of respecting the honest opinions of others, is the foundation of true Christianity, but no law of liberality requires us to accept one opinion as equally good with another, and no church can long exist whose teachers are content to sit at the feet of those of other denominations.

From the very outset of his public life Mr. STANLEY adopted the principles of the so-called "Broad Church" party, whose apostle at that time was Professor JOWETT, the Master of Balliol College, Oxford.

STANLEY threw himself into the cause with all the vigour of his powerful mind, and e'er long the pupil outstripped his master. From his chair of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford he passed to a Canonry at Canterbury, and was then appointed chaplain to the Prince Consort. To his friendship with him, and through him with the Queen he owed his subsequent advancement. He accompanied his patron to the Holy Land, and throughout the remainder of his short life a real friendship existed between them.

Once Dean of Westminster, STANLEY was enabled to give full play to his opinions, unrestrained by any Church authority. The deanery occupies in some sense an anomalous position, being attached to no bishopric, and the Dean within the precincts of the Abbey is amenable only to the authority of Parliament. It is easy to see the power which such a man as the late Dean, placed in such a position, could wield. And this power was exercised freely. During his years of office it used to be said that any preacher who could find no pulpit open to him elsewhere was always sure of a welcome at the Abbey. Perhaps this was only true in part; but it certainly was the case that much scandal was created in orthodox circles by the admission of such men as Max Müller to preach at Westminster.

On the question of erecting a memorial to the late Prince Imperial, the Dean found himself in collision with Parliament, and, while resenting the infringement of his prerogative, implied by the interference of the Commons, in a characteristic and angry letter, yet deemed it best not to press the question in the face of such openly expressed disapproval.

We have not space here for an extended criticism of his writings. In the matter of Historical research he has done good work for the Church and the Bible. As a historian he had the fault, if fault it can be called, of being a somewhat pronounced partizan, and endeavouring to bend the facts to support his own views; but we may question whether any good historian ever wrote impartially, while the majority, with MACAULAY at their head, demand imperatively correcting by the light of parallel writings.

Doctrinally, as we have said, he adopted and stood valiantly by the extreme tenets of the Broad Church party. It is by no means uncommon to hear Non-conformists of widely differing views claim the Dean as emphatically on their side in this or that vexed question of heterodoxy. More especially, perhaps, do the Unitarians, and that section of the Congregationalists which makes toward Unitarianism, look for support to his views of the Trinity, which however ambiguously expressed, differ at least widely from the recognized doctrines of his Church.

Into the discussion of such matters, however, it is not within our province to enter. We have merely wished to present to our readers some idea of the position and opinions of a notable man, over whose grave all alike, High and Low, Churchman and Dissenter, can afford to join hands and pay a last tribute to his memory.

A. J. G.

The following poem, written on the recovery of Prince Leopold from a dangerous illness, may be interesting to those who have never read any but the Dean's prose works:

## THE UNTRAVELLED TRAVELLER.

*Lines Written on the Recovery of Prince Leopold.*

"When brothers part for manhood's race,"

And gladly seek from year to year,

From scene to scene, from place to place,

The wonders of each opening sphere,

Is there no venturous path in store,

To undiscovered haunt or shore,

For him whom Fate forbade to roam,

The untravelled traveller at home?

Yes, gallant youth! What though to thee

Nor Egypt's sands, nor Russia's snows,

Nor Grecian isle, nor tropic sea,

Nor Western worlds, their wealth disclose.

Thy wanderings have been vaster far  
Than midnight sun or southern star;  
And thou, too, hast thy trophies won,  
Of toils achieved and exploits done.

For thrice thy weary feet have trod

The pathway to the realms of Death;

And leaning on the hand of God,

With halting step and panting breath,

Thrice from the edge of that dread bourne,

From which no travellers return,

Thou hast, like him who rose at Nain,

Come back to life and light again.

Each winding of that mournful way,

Each inlet of that shadowy shore

Thro' restless night and tedious day

'Twas thine to fathom and explore;

Thro' hairbreadth fathoms and shocks as rude

As e'er are met in fire or flood,

Thou, in thy solitary strife,

Hast borne aloft thy charmed life.

Yet in this pilgrimage of ill

Sweet tracts and isles of peace were thine—

Dear watchful friends, strong gentle skill,

Consoling words of Love Divine,

A Royal mother's ceaseless care,

A nation's sympathizing prayer,

The Everlasting Arms beneath

That lighten'd even the load of death.

Those long descents, that upward climb,

Shall give an inward strength and force,

Breath'd as by Alpine heights sublime

Through all thy dark and perilous course,

Not Africa's swamps nor Biscay's wave

Demand a heart more firm and brave,

Than may for thee be born and bred,

Even on thy sick and lonely bed.

And still as months and years roll by,

A world-wide prospect shall unfold—

The realm of art, the poet's sky,

The land of wisdom's purest gold.

These shalt thou traverse to and fro.

In search of these thy heart shall glow,

And many a straggler shall be led

To follow in thine onward tread.

"Hast Thou, O Father, dear and true,

One blessing only—none for me?

Bless, O my Father, bless me too,

Out of Thy boundless charity."

Rest, troubled spirit, calmly rest:

He blesses, and thou shalt be blest;

And from thy hard-wrought happiness

Thou wilt the world around thee bless.

## MR. BIGGAR ON THE CANADA PACIFIC RR.

LONDON, July 16.—Mr. Biggar (Home Ruler) in yesterday's debate on the emigration clause of the Land Bill attacked the promoters of what he called land jobbing companies in the colonies, and in dealing with the Canada Pacific Railway Company, which is represented by Mr. H. S. Northcote, son of Sir Stafford Northcote, and member for Exeter, accused that gentleman of being associated with swindlers. Mr. Northcote to-day made a personal statement. He said the companies he represented were not swindlers. The directors were honest men. One of them, Sir John Rose, was the son of a gentleman well known to many members of the house. Sir John was an ex-Finance Minister of Canada, and a gentleman of high honour and integrity. Another was Mr. Greenfall, a member of the firm of Glyn, Mills, & Co. "The President of the Company," said the speaker, "has been for many years at the head of a banking company in Montreal, is a connection of mine by marriage, and a gentleman of the most stainless honour. The other members of the Company are gentlemen against whose character not one word was breathed in the Dominion Parliament when the Pacific Railway contract was under discussion. I do not wish to say anything personally offensive to the member for Cavan, or do anything more than clear the character of my associates."

Mr. Biggar replied that he was justified in saying what he did. He continued: "It is notorious that the great bulk of the promoters of public companies in the city are simply adventurers. That is my opinion. I think I was thoroughly justified in saying the fact that the Company was promoted in London for the purpose of land jobbing in Canada proved that its original promoters, whoever they were, were persons of a dishonest character. I simply intended to convey that idea, and I think I was justified in doing so. The member for Exeter is duped by designing persons who have used his name and high character for the purpose of promoting their dishonest ends."

With this the subject dropped.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE will soon contribute a series of illustrated articles on "The History of Opera in New York" to *Scribner's Monthly*. These papers are said to be a part only of an historical and critical work on music in America, which Mr. White has had in contemplation for a long time.



REPUBLICANISM.

THREE GENERATIONS.

First.

"Squire Cecil, at his three-arched gate  
Stood with his son and heir;  
Around him spread his rich estate,  
Near rose his mansion fair.  
And when a neighbour ragged, and  
Unlearned, passed that way,  
The father turned, and to the lad  
Those kindly words did say:

"There goes poor Muggins! Ah, my son,  
How thankful we should be  
That our republic gives a chance  
To fellows such as he!"

Third.

Miss Muggins blazed in jeweled light,  
And swept in silken shawl;  
Her courtiers thought a maid so bright  
And beautiful never was seen.  
Alas! she held her haughty head,  
Surveyed her Paris clothes,  
"And I must patronize," she said,  
"Miss Cecil, I suppose.

"She's poor, she teaches, has no style!  
In Europe, now — but oh!  
In this republic, we're compelled  
To meet all kinds, you know!"

—Margaret B. Harvey in Scribner.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SUSSEX REVIEW.—The so-called St. John review, of which we gave several illustrations last week took place in fact at some little distance from St. John, although the 62nd regiment, in fact, was the termination of a fortnight's camp drill at Sussex, N.B., and was as has been already stated a highly successful affair. This week we are enabled to give some illustrations of the review itself before the Governor-General, the grand stand, and the march past, from photographs taken by Notman.

"ARRESTED."—Our double-page engraving this week is from the magnificent picture by Benjamin Vautier in the Munich Art Gallery. In the distance is seen the prisoner, whose offence we are left to imagine for ourselves, but who is probably creating more excitement in the little town than ever he caused before. On the right is seen the poor man's wife who, overcome by her grief has sunk to the ground in a paroxysm of weeping, from which her mother vainly strives to arouse her with comforting words and appeals "not to give way before the folks." They, good people, are sharing their attention between the prisoner and the unhappy woman, the former getting the lion's share of attention and comment.

OUTDOOR PARLORS.

By ELIA ROMAN CHURCH.

When I see a house in process of building without a liberal allowance of piazzas, I resent it almost as a personal injury, although the probability that I shall ever sit under that man's vine or fig-tree. The vine, especially, would be altogether figurative without the material support of a veranda. A good rule would be, in building first make your piazza, then attach a house to it.

The in-door parlor is sure to be provided for with the usual amount of sofas and draperies; but the outdoor is too often like a rent-free accident of a day. "Shall we run out a railing here and a few steps, and have a veranda?" asks Paterfamilias, in a dubious sort of a way, and his wife usually assents, for she does not dislike the idea; although she would sooner part with this appendage than give up the valuable inclosure at the back of the kitchen, which is so particularly handy as a sort of store-house and a place for the doing of odd jobs.

The enthusiasm comes from the girls, who know the value of a front piazza with a thick green curtain of honeysuckle and wistaria, making a shady retreat through the long June days, and the torrid August noons, fragrant, like carefully kept linen, with delicious country smells,—clover and fresh hay, in place of lavender and rose-leaves,—strongly distilled sweetness of woodbine, faint whiffs of clematis, and roses.

And when the moon comes and traces a lattice-work of leaves on the piazza floor, and touches with lambent light each spray and corner.

"Making earth's commonest things appear  
All romantic, poetic, and tender,"

the outdoor parlor is in its glory. It is the most delightful, dreamy lounging place, where the odor of fragrant Havanas is apt to mingle with the honeysuckle, and the steps are frequently occupied by halt-visitors who could scarcely nerve themselves up to the formula of a regular call. How charming is its twilight darkness to a class of people who do most of their conversation in whispers, and who are seldom characterized as great talkers,—who look upon the brightness of the in-door parlor and its animated groups without any feelings of envy, assured that whatever good times there are in the world they are having them? What would lovers do if there were no piazzas?

Some piazzas are simply an exasperation; so narrow that the steps rudely crowd the front door, instead of keeping their distance, as they should do, and only crossing the front of the house. This is a great mistake; there should be at least two sides to a veranda, to allow of one

corner, and three if possible; while it should certainly measure four yards in width. We are speaking now of the piazza for a moderate house—moderate in every way. Hudson River castles, and similar mansions elsewhere, have their full complement of generous verandas; it is the middle-class houses that suffer.

We recall one of these mansions, with its magnificent piazza, on which many happy hours have been spent; the delicate trellis-work forming Moorish arches, each of which framed an exquisite picture in living green. When flooded with moonlight, the place took on a tone of superhuman beauty. There were many accessories, too, on that piazza—things out of the common way; and selected with an artistic idea of coloring. Hanging-baskets were suspended from every point of the arches, and their tangled vines were masses of verdure and blossoms; while rustic stands filled with plants stood, not in the way of promenaders, but well back against the house. Scarlet cushions on backs and seats made the bamboo chairs luxurious, and a pile of Moorish cushions in one corner arrested the eye and fascinated the sense. They must have been stuffed with poppies to account for their sleep-charming powers; while the arabesque embroidery on the scarlet ground which adorned them, and the rug spread out below, were a most successful imitation of Moorish splendor.

This curious couch, on which one half sat and half reclined, was quite in demand among the inmates and visitors on those intolerable nights, which are not at all like angels' visits, between the 20th June and the 20th of August; and the hostess would amiably wish that she had six Moorish beds instead of one. But a single duplicate of the novelty would have spoiled the effect, so far as appearance went.

As a general thing, the furniture of our outdoor parlors does not receive sufficient consideration; it is either not picturesque, or it is uncomfortable. A rustic chair, uncushioned, is, to a certain extent, picturesque on a piazza, but it is not comfortable; while a bamboo settee is neither one nor the other. Camp-chairs with gay-colored seats are very desirable, if the color and design are good; and two or three cushions in a corner will make a very good substitute for the Moorish pile. A bright-colored afghan thrown over the pile, or on the end of the settee, adds much to the effect. In fact, anything that makes a good contrast with green is desirable on the piazza. Prettiest of all is to see a child asleep on a gay-colored rug, watched by a Newfoundland dog. —*Mrs. M. in Scribner.*

THE COMING DICTIONARY.

The British Philological Society, at the instigation of Archbishop (then dean) Trench, so long ago as 1857 decided to lay deep and sure foundations for a dictionary that should include all English words in all centuries, in all meanings, with a quotation to support each of these in each and every stage—a quotation moreover with book, chapter and verse appended, that it might, for all time, be open to verification. They called upon all lovers of the English language to aid them in collecting these quotations from all English books. They appealed to all who were competent and who felt the impulse to be more than mere collectors, to aid them in arranging these countless quotations; in combining them into word groups and special sense groups and chronological series, ready for an editor's manipulation. Then they saw that an editor, like a master-architect, could build upon this broad and enduring foundation; could combine and harmonize and complete all these conspiring efforts; could rear aloft upon them at length the fair fabric of the dictionary that ought to be. It was a proud scheme. It would result in a complete history of each word, it was seen—and intended. The birth would be shown, the growth, the death—where death had come. Clearly up to the date of the publication of such a dictionary, the English language, without bias, would have representation through and through; also, after the date of such a publication, the further additions of further centuries to the English language would only need interpolation, in edition after edition, to let the complete representation ever more go on. But adverse circumstances arose; the first nominated editor—enthusiastic, brilliant, loveable—Herbert Coleridge, died. The shock to the nascent dictionary was sharp and severe; and although Mr. Furnivall, zealous in forming the Early English Text Society, the Chaucer and other societies—foundeding them chiefly that the welfare of the dictionary might be promoted—did all that was in his power to keep the work heartily in hand, there came a chill to the warm spread of it and it almost burned down. Happily this depression is past. It was momentary, to lead to better energy and better consolidation; it was only till there had been sufficient recovery to look at the undertaking anew; and now that the Philological Society has secured the acceptance of its plan by the University of Oxford—has secured its execution at the cost and with the typographical resources of the university press—now that, in its late president, Dr. Murray, it possesses once more a master-builder especially competent to the mighty task and willing to give his life to its completion, there can be no possible fear felt as to the result. At his call eight hundred volunteers have united their efforts to complete the gleaming and garnering in of quotations; at his call, twenty scholars are lending their aid to rough-hew these into preparatory form, twenty more have placed their special knowledge at his service in case of special need. The right spirit

is in this method of attacking the subject clearly. As a result, as much as two-thirds of the preliminary labor is announced as done. Further, twelve months hence Dr. Murray is in full hope that he will be able to present the first fruits of work the seed of which, as has been seen, was sown a quarter of a century ago.

JAMES STEPHENS.

The following account in the *New York Sun* of the celebrated Fenian Head Centre, by one of those who took part in the rescue, may prove interesting to some of our readers:—

Sir,—Being a participator in Jas. Stephens' rescue from Richmond Prison, I will give a plain, truthful statement of all facts, not compromising anybody now within the reach of the British Government. To the truth of this statement I am prepared at any time to make affidavit. John J. Breslin and Daniel Byrnes, now residing in New York, were at that time wardens in the prison; they had charge of the inside arrangements for the release. I and thirteen others, armed with revolvers and daggers, acting under orders, assembled at the "Bleeding Horse" liquor store, near the prison.

At 11 o'clock at night we concealed ourselves in a ditch outside the walls, where we lay until 1.15 a.m., having orders to let nobody pass after 12 o'clock until Stephens was rescued; to use only daggers, not revolvers, unless absolutely necessary. Upon a preconcerted signal from friends inside, we hoisted a rope ladder at 1.45 to the walls, by which James Stephens got over. Having succeeded in the release, six of us acted as a special guard, the remainder keeping within supporting distance behind. I will give the names of some of these six, who are alive and out of reach of British tyranny: John Devoy, Denis Dugan (one of the Catalpa rescuers), Col. Thomas Kelly, all now living in New York city, and myself.

JOHN HARRISON, 445 Grove street, Jersey City, June 27.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE first number has been published of a paper called *The Channel*, designed to be a record of agreeable gossip for English readers in the Channel towns.

THERE are several ways of estimating the length of the Parliamentary session. The oldest and not least striking is that which occurs to the old gentleman who has charge of the lavatory and cloak room. "I've been here twenty-eight years," he says, "and I never knew so many nail brushes worn out." "Well, it's a long session, you see," said his interlocutor, "all owing to those Irish members." "Yes," said the old gentleman, shaking his head, emphatically, "but it's not them as uses the nail brushes."

THE Bishop of Manchester soon found out why an attempt was made on the life of President Garfield. He heard of the dreaded deed before preaching on Sunday; and at once told his congregation its cause. "The world is very evil," was the burden of his discourse. Everything is out of order. Men's appetites are unbridled, their lusts unchecked, their imaginations prurient, for they look with pleased eyes on vice, if only its grossness be concealed. The Bishop powerfully appealed to the consciences of his hearers, and asked them whether "these were wholesome and hopeful signs."

MR. SOTHERN'S will has been proved with a personality of under £15,000. The probate was obtained by his sister, Mrs. Mary Cowan, who is the sole executrix, to whom also Mr. Sothern has bequeathed all his furniture, plate, books, papers, household effects, horses and carriages, and £100 per annum during the lifetime of his brother, Robert Dempsey Sothern. He leaves the proceeds of a life policy for £2,000 on trust to his son, George Evelyn Thomas, and the residue of his property is to be divided into three parts, one to go to his sister, and the other two to his children other than his son Lytton, to whom he has already given a considerable sum.

THERE is a little quarrel between the *Times* and the other journals who have the control of the gallery of the House of Commons respecting the new rooms which the First Commissioner of Works has assigned to the reporters. The *Times* claims one of the rooms for its exclusive use; and the rest of the gallery naturally protests against any favoritism being shown towards a particular staff, and are getting up a memorial to Mr. Shaw Lefevre on the subject. Meanwhile, two gentlemen of the *Times* staff who were on the Gallery Committee—one of them in the capacity of chairman—have severed their connection with the committee altogether, their position being a very delicate one.

A VERY remarkable fact has just come to light with respect to the late Alfred Stevens, the sculptor. Amongst the works he undertook was the Wellington monument, which is now practically hidden in the Consistory Court of St. Paul's. Mr. Ayrton was First Commissioner of Works at the time when the work was in progress, and, like many other people, Mr. Stevens had a quarrel with him. It now appears on his own posthumous testimony that he took a great revenge for his wrongs. Among the emblem-

atic figures forming part of the monument was one representing Mr. Ayrton. Those who have hurried to see the monument since the secret is out say it is a wonderful likeness. Of course the emblematic figure is a complimentary one!

How funny the new French rules are about bicycling in France! The Anglo-Saxon who arrives with his velocipede in a port at once comes under the notice of the gentlemen of the Douane. The simplicity of strolling off on the wheel and being well on your road before your fellow traveller has cleared his luggage and answered questions about sausages and cigars, is broken in upon, and a little tax has to be paid, and a little bit of ceremony has to be gone through. The tax is only a shilling, and the taxpayer gets for it a leaden seal, which the douanier fixes on to the steering bar. Then there are entrance dues to be settled, and ten per cent, going to the revenue for bringing into the country a means of going from one hotel to another, and spending your money on your road. The tax used to be twelve per cent., but it is now reduced to ten, and if the traveller leaves the country in three months from his arrival he may recover his deposit.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

VIOLENT earthquake shock in Switzerland.

THE Canadians have won the Kolapore Cup at Wimbledon.

THE capture of Sfax has produced a general quiet in Tunis.

THE Czar is to receive one more warning from the Nihilists.

A SECOND case of Asiatic cholera is reported from New Jersey.

THE Irish potato crop will be a plentiful one and of good quality.

PRIVATE BECK, 3rd Devonshire, won the Queen's prize at Wimbledon.

DEAN STANLEY will be buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

SITTING BULL has at last surrendered to the United States forces.

DIXON BROS.' fireworks manufactory in Hamilton was blown to pieces last week.

THE Rev. M. C. Osborn, D.D., has been elected President of the Wesleyan Conference in London.

DURING the fire at the Roman Catholic Presbytery at Roxton Falls, P.Q., recently, the Rev. Father Larue was burned to death.

AYOUB KHAN has reached 30 miles west of Helmund. Ghulam Haider Khan, who is with the Ameer's forces, is expected to attack Ayoub.

LAINO, of the Grand Trunk Boating Club, carried off the \$300 challenge cup and a gold medal in the single scull race at Burlington Beach recently.

THE Nihilists are holding a general congress in St. Petersburg. The police have located them, and are making preparations to drop on them unawares.

LORD O'HAGAN, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, is to resign, and will be succeeded by the present Attorney-General for Ireland, Mr. Hugh Law.

THE resolution advocating forcible measures, carried at the Revolutionary Congress in London recently, was moved by a Yankee delegate, and seconded by Louise Michel, the French revolutionist.

HEAL and soothe sore lungs without loss of time by the use of Thomas' Electric Oil, a standing internal and external remedy for lung complaint, sore chest and throat, incipient bronchitis, catarrh, rheumatism, neuralgia, soreness and stiffness of the joints, and a variety of other diseases, as well as external injuries. A single bottle of this invaluable remedy often suffices to overcome the difficulty. Not only is it speedy and thorough in its operation, but perfectly safe, since it contains only the purest and most salutary ingredients. It does not evaporate and lose strength, like medicinal oils containing an alcoholic principle. Physicians of eminence recognize and testify to its merits, and veterinary surgeons recommend it as a remedy for colics, galls, hoof affections, swellings, garget, and other complaints of horses and cattle. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season. The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.

**THE LATE DEAN STANLEY.**

Death has removed, in the person of the Very Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, one of the most noted divines of the age. By his writings he has gained an enduring place in the history of English literature, while his sermons and his pronounced Low Church views have made him even more celebrated as a churchman. He was the son of the late Dr. Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, and was born in 1815. His early education was received under the famous Dr. Arnold, and his college career at Oxford was an unusually distinguished one. In 1863 he became Dean of Westminster, previous to which time, and since, he produced many sermons and historical works, which have made his name so widely known.

Besides a number of complete works many of which are known all over the world, the Dean was a prolific magazine writer, and the contributor of several articles to the Dictionary of the Bible and Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary. The elegant scholarship which won for him the Ireland scholarship and his first class at Oxford, as well as his extensive knowledge of the Bible, pointed him out as a valuable associate in the labours of the Revision Committee of the New Testament, and it must have been a source of satisfaction to him that he lived to see that work completed and published.

Personally the Dean was somewhat insignificant in appearance. He was of small stature, and, since his wife's death in particular, somewhat careless in his dress. But his appearance was forgotten in a moment when you entered into conversation with him. His lively wit showed itself in smart sallies and piquant observations, while a fertile memory furnished him with an abundance of anecdotes which were never wearisome, and seldom, if ever, told twice. Since the death of Lady Augusta Stanley some years since, he has never seemed the same man, but has aged perceptibly and rapidly. His grief for her loss was genuine and unrestrained, and could easily be appreciated by those who had the honour of the acquaintance of this most charming of acquaintances and helpful of



THE REV. ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

friends. Her assistance was of no small value to her husband in his literary labours, and tended as it always seemed to soften the somewhat pronounced views which he more openly advocated after her death. Of these views we shall speak elsewhere. Here all thoughts are swallowed up in sorrow for the death of a man who has held a very remarkable position in the Church of England during a quarter of a century and whose place it will be very hard to fill.

Dean Stanley's illness was caused by a chill which he caught on the 7th instant, and which afterwards resulted in erysipelas. His death took place Monday evening, the patient having been unconscious for some time before the end came. The Archbishop of Canterbury arrived at the Deanery just in time to speak a few words to the Dean before the latter became unconscious. His sister and Canons Farrar and Jones and several members of his household were also present at his deathbed. The Sacrament was administered to him by Canon Farrar in the course of the afternoon. His remains will be buried beside those of his wife in Westminster Abbey. The *News* says no living divine will be more deeply regretted or more widely missed than the Dean.

**JOSEPH BUREAU.**

Mr. Joseph Bureau was born at Lorette, near Quebec, in 1839. In the following year his father settled at St. Raymond, in the County of Portneuf, of which he was one of the earliest colonists. Of a proud and adventurous nature, young Bureau soon felt himself drawn towards that life of independence which used to be led by our ancient *courreurs des bois*. A marked talent and special aptitude enabled him to render important services at an age when most boys are only amusing themselves. At sixteen he was employed in the lumber *shanties* of Mr. Malhot, his business being to explore the limits and to direct the cutting of the best commercial timber. During the eleven years that he had held this important position, Mr. Bureau gave entire satisfaction to his fellow townsmen. Thanks to his local knowledge, he was of considerable assistance to Mr. Dery, the Surveyor, in tracing the line of the Gosford railroad. It was Mr. Bureau who, in 1870, explored and traced, in company with Mr. Casgrain, Surveyor, the first line for a railway to Lake St. John. In the same year he traced unaided, for a length of forty



THE REVIEW AT SUSSEX. N.B.—THE GRAND STAND.



miles, from Stonelham to the river Upicauha, the colonization road to Lake St. John. In 1871 he was first master and explorer in the lumber shanties of Mr. Oakes. In the same year, with Mr. Bignell, he traversed the valley of the St. Maurice to Hudson's Bay. On their return they explored the sources of the great river Ottawa. In 1872 Mr. Sullivan was entrusted with the line of the Lake St. John railway and Mr. Bureau was of the party. With the intimate knowledge which he had already gained of that whole region, he was able to accurately indicate whatever obstacles were to be surmounted. Needless to say, his services were highly appreciated by Mr. Sullivan.

In 1873 Mr. Bureau explored the river Betsiamites as far as Lake Pipmuakan, which is 150 miles inland, and reached a point 60 miles below Betsiamites. In 1874 Mr. Hall appointed him first master and first explorer in his lumber shanties. In three consecutive years, in the fulfilment of his duties, he gained a knowledge which enabled him in 1876 to explore the river Montmorency, the river Malbaie and the sources of the Jacques Cartier. These three rivers which flow in directions quite different, take their rise at a distance of a few miles from each other. In 1877, the government, recognizing the ability of Mr. Bureau, appointed him guardian of forests and explorer of commercial woods and colonization lands. In the same year he went again to Saguenay County, again explored the Betsiamites, then the river Aux Outards, the Manicovagan and the Portneuf as far as 60 miles inland. In 1878 he resumed his labours in the valley of the St. Maurice, exploring the Pierriche, Matawin and Manovan rivers. In 1879 he explored the river Rouge, which flows into the Ottawa a little above Granville with a view to discover lands more favourable to colonization. In 1880 he was engaged by the agents of the *Succession Gaudet* to mark and determine the timber limits on the river Du Lievre. And now again he is employed from time to time by the government in tracing colonization roads and prospecting arable lands in the Ottawa Valley, which the indefatigable curé of St. Jerome has undertaken to colonize. Quite recently he has also traced the colonization road which joins the river Rouge with the river Du Lievre, passing along Lake Nominique. According to the report of this able explorer it may be foreseen that before long a multitude of settlers will take possession of that immense territory, which offers so many advantages to co-



MR. JOSEPH BUREAU.

lonization. At the present moment the foundations are being laid of an extensive educational establishment which will be called the Nominique College and will be erected on the shores of the lake of that name.

If we consider Mr. Bureau's natural ability, the numerous explorations which he has conducted so successfully, the many voyages which he has undertaken, only a few of which we have mentioned, we may say without exaggeration that he is a power in the exercise of his calling. From Betsiamites to the Ottawa river, from the St. Lawrence to the Hudson's Bay, our immense forests hide no secret from him. Not only can he trace the rivers and point out the lakes of this immense region, but he is also acquainted with the wealth of its forests, the nature of its lands, the localities best fitted for colonization. The confidence with which he moves through the bush is remarkable, and on this point stories are told, which, if not well authenticated, would be incredible. For instance, before a surveyor had set his foot upon the ground, he measured by paces the distance from St. Raymond to Lake St. John without making a mistake of more than a mile. During an expedition to Lake St. John, being embarrassed by the axe which he carried, the thought struck him to leave it fixed in a tree. After spending a few days at the lake he set out on his journey back to St. Raymond. While on the route, one day he said to his travelling companions: "Set up the tent and let us pass the night here. Light a fire while I go and look for my axe. I will be back in twenty minutes." No one would believe it, but his friends knew him too well to contradict him and at the moment agreed on, he was back again with his axe, not a little to the surprise of the company.

On the south side of the river Mr. Bureau's experience has not been so great, the field of exploration being much less extensive than to the north. Nevertheless, there are few of our townships from Woodbridge to Kamouraska with which he has not made acquaintance. Without doubt, a man of such varied ability, of such wide knowledge and such peculiar qualifications, is capable of rendering immense services in the opening up of our forests and the advancement of colonization. And, if we were allowed to give advice or rather to make a suggestion to our rulers on the subject, we would say that by all means they ought to secure Mr. Bureau's services by appointing him to a permanent post in connection with our woods and forests.



THE REVIEW AT SUSSEX, N.B.—THE ARTILLERY MARCHING PAST.



THE REVIEW AT SUSSEX, N.B.—THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND THE MINISTER OF MILITIA REVIEWING THE TROOPS.

# THE BELLS.

A Romantic Story.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

## CHAPTER IX.

### SIGNING THE CONTRACT.

In the midst of the merriment, Martha and Margaret re-entered the apartment, just back from church. Martha was full of business. She had sent for the notary, who was in the next room reading the contract to the hastily-assembled guests. Mathias signified his approval by a silent nod, and then relapsed into thought. Meanwhile, Margaret and Fritz stood hand-in-hand, apart from the old folks, off in a quiet corner together.

"What a beautiful cap, Ma'mzelle Margaret," whispered the quartermaster, admiringly; "and how it becomes you!"

"It was my dear father who brought it me from Ribeauville."

Martha caught the whispered words. "Yes," she exclaimed, "Mathias is a father worth having." And, in the homely fulness of her joy, she stroked her husband's listless face—some-what incautiously, as it would seem by the cry that suddenly escaped her.

"What's the matter?" cried Margaret and Fritz in a breath.

"Oh, nothing," replied the mother, laughing, "it was only Mathias's bristles that scratched my poor old hands, hard as they are."

"You see, cried Mathias, merrily, whilst all were laughing at Martha's sudden access of extreme sensibility, "I am too happy to-day to think about shaving."

The voice was merry, the laugh cheery and clear; but—it died away into silence. No one resumed the thread of the broken conversation. Martha sat thinking. Mathias stood apart, silent and thoughtful. The lovers alone conversed eagerly—eagerly; but it was in a mute and silent language.

The stillness became almost painful. At length Mathias dispelled it.

"Well, quartermaster," cried he, laying his hand affectionately on the young man's shoulder. "Well, quartermaster, this is the great day, is it not?"

"It is, Burgomaster," rejoined the young man, his eyes still fixed upon Margaret.

"Well, don't you know what is customary when father and mother and all consent? Why, you embrace your betrothed." And, taking his daughter's hand, he placed it again in Fritz's, looking at them both the while, so touchingly, so lovingly,—ah, Burgomaster, that look is a better dowry than your bag of gold. There is no soil there! No spot to wash out that can never be effaced! All's gold there, pure and unalloyed. The love of a father for his two children, stronger now than when there was but one.

"Is that true, Margaret?" whispered Fritz softly.

"I don't know, Fritz."

But the yielding of the maiden gave another answer, and well could the quartermaster read it. Respectfully, almost timidly, he pressed his lips to her forehead and folded her in his arms. It was the happiest moment of their lives.

"Look at our children, Martha, how happy they are! When I think that we, too, were once as happy, how strange it seems! It's true, yes, it's true we were once as happy." And the soft, tender tones returned to the burgomaster's voice, until he seemed not to be speaking, but rather playing some instrument of wondrous melody.

Martha wept silently.

"Why, you are crying, Martha! Are you sorry to see our children happy?"

"No, no, Mathias, these are tears of joy, and I can't help them." And the burgomaster and his wife were joined in a long loving embrace.

"And now to sign the contract," cried Mathias heartily, and, striding to the door, he summoned his friends and neighbours to enter the apartment.

"Trinkvelt! Kobel!" he cried, "come in! Let every one present come in. The most important acts in life should always take place in the presence of witnesses. Such was our fathers' custom, the old and honest custom of Alsace."

Upon the word, a joyous strain burst from the village band, which had hastily assembled to do honour to the magistrate; and, to the music, friends and neighbours, rich and poor, young and old, all smiling and happy and gay in holiday garb, poured into the apartment. First marched little Kobel, strutting about with all the grand magnificence of a cock with two hens. In fact, the funny old man had a village beauty on each arm,—Jeanne, the kitchen-maid at the burgomaster's, and little Lois Rêb, whom some pretend is as pretty as Margaret Mathias herself; but that is mere envy, and most likely sprang from some disappointed swain. Here is Nickel, too, and old Casayer, who has been in the burgomaster's service these sixteen years. Then old mother Goltz and her great-grandchild Gredel followed, and with them poor blind Marie Wittelsbach, Margaret's dearest friend. Then all moved aside respectfully to admit Dr. Glauter himself, who entered alone, stately, majestic.

Then no more order was observed, but all came trooping in one after another, and last of all, and always late, came Bertha Schoenewald, in her yellow silk apron, the roses blooming on her cheeks and merry smiles dimpling her pretty round face, and showing such a set of lovely white teeth that, for my part, I think, I should have preferred her even to Fritz's bride, the acknowledged belle of the village. But then, those who are old enough to remember her when she was young, all agree that she was the very image of what her daughter Bertha Schwanthaler is now, which, perhaps, accounts for my partiality.

Did I say Bertha came last? I was wrong; for once, she did not. I had forgotten no less a person than good Monsieur Swartz, the notary, who entered, portfolio in hand, and bowed to right and left, as he made his way to the table and seated himself in the burgomaster's own arm chair; then clearing his throat, he began to read, in a full and impressive voice, the marriage contract. When he had concluded, he added:—

"My friends and witnesses, I have just read you the contract of marriage between Monsieur Fritz Bernard, quartermaster of gendarmes, and Margaret Mathias, daughter of Hans Mathias, our good and honoured burgomaster, and of his no less honoured wife, Madame Martha. Has any one any observations to make? If you desire it, I will read the contract again."

"No, no," cried several voices at once; "don't trouble yourself, Monsieur Swartz."

"Then we can at once take the signatures." And the notary gravely rose and handed the pen to the magistrate of the village.

Mathias took it, but put it down on the table.

"One moment, Monsieur Swartz," said he; "I have a few words to say. Fritz, pray listen to me. From this day I look upon you as my son, and give into your care the future happiness of my darling daughter, Margaret. You know that our children are the dearest treasures we possess on earth, or at least, if you do not know it yet, the day is not far distant when you will. You will know that in them is all our joy, all our hope, all our life. That nothing that can serve them is painful to us,—neither toil, nor fatigue, nor privations; at times, not even sin itself. To them we sacrifice all things; and our greatest miseries are as nothing weighed against the misery of seeing them unhappy. You can understand then, Fritz, how great is my confidence in you, and how much I esteem you, when to you I am willing to entrust the happiness of the only child I have, not without fear, but even with joy. Many rich suitors presented themselves, and had I looked for nothing but fortune, I might have accepted them. But far above fortune I place courage, probity, and honour, which so many affect to despise. These are the true riches which our forefathers esteemed before us, and which I prize high above all. By patience and perseverance one may amass much money; by miserly saving and hoarding one may acquire too much. One can never have too much honour; therefore, I rejected those who brought me nothing but wealth, and I take into my family a man who has nothing but his courage, his good conduct, and his good heart. I choose Fritz Bernard because I know he is an honest man, and because I feel he will make my dear child happy!"

"And now," cried Mathias, "let us sign."

"One moment, Monsieur Mathias," interrupted the notary, "let me, in my turn, say a few words." Then turning to the assembled guests, the old man continued, "The words that you have just heard are good words, my friends,—words of wisdom, words of truth. They show us plainly the whole character of our burgomaster. I have assisted at many marriages in my life, but always have I seen houses married to acres, orchards to meadows, and pieces of silver to pieces of gold. But to have a hand in marrying fortune to honour, industry, and fair fame, that is what I like; and, believe me, for I have some experience of the ways of this world, believe me when I say that this marriage will be a good marriage and a happy marriage. I am sorry to say such unions are not heard of so often now as they used to be."

And the old man took a mighty pinch of snuff; then turning to the burgomaster, he added, "Monsieur Mathias, I would like to shake hands with you. You have spoken well!"

"I said what I meant," replied Mathias, cordially shaking the old man's hand. "And now to business," he added, and turning to the desk he drew forth his bag of gold.

"Not a piece stained," murmured he; "not a piece, not a piece." Then placing the bag on the table before the notary, he continued aloud, "There, Monsieur Swartz, there is the dowry. It has been ready for the last two years. It is not in promises, made on paper; no, it is in gold. Three thousand crowns in good French gold!"

A murmur of admiration ran round the assembly.

"It is too much, burgomaster!" expostulated the bridegroom.

"Nonsense, Fritz, nonsense. When Martha and myself are gone, there'll be more, there'll be more." Then abandoning the grave solemn tone in which he had been speaking for one lighter and freer, but equally impressive, he continued, "And now, Fritz, I want you to make me one promise."

"What promise, Monsieur Mathias?" asked the quartermaster, rather surprised.

"Young men are ambitious; it's quite natural they should be. Now, no doubt, an active, energetic young fellow like yourself will not have long to wait for advancement. The prefect may, in a year or so, name you lieutenant in some other village of the department; should he do so, you must promise me to remember that Margaret is our only child—that we cannot live without her. You must promise me to remain in this village as long as Martha and myself are still alive. Do you promise that?"

Did Fritz hesitate long? No. What was ambition compared to love, compared to the duty of striving to clear off the heavy debt of gratitude he owed the burgomaster! Whatever lingering longings he might have entertained were soon dispelled. Margaret's wistful look decided him.

"I do promise," he cried.

"Then I have your word of honour, given before all!"

"Yes, my word of honour given before all."

A hearty shake of hand clinched the bargain, while exclamations of joy burst sympathetically from all around. Mathias only turned aside and murmured, "Twas necessary." His voice seemed then to grow cheery again, and turning to the notary, he cried merrily, "now for the contract!"

The deed lay stretched before him. The pen was in his hand, his fingers touched the paper. Why did he pause? Whence the sudden paleness that spread like a ghastly winding-sheet over his features? Why did he whisper to himself, "The bells—the bells again!" and then, with a sudden and supreme effort, dig his name into the paper? Why half dash the pen upon the table, then suddenly pause and lay it carefully down, with a furtive glance around, as if fearing that all eyes were upon him? Why then turn away, wipe the cold sweat from his fevered brow, and drink eagerly the glass of water beside him, as though his throat were parched?

No one noticed him, however. All eyes were bent on Fritz, who advanced to sign the document. Father Trinkvelt caught the young man by the sleeve. "It isn't every day you sign such a contract as that?" Why did Mathias start and turn fiercely upon the old forester, and then join so freely in the merry laugh that greeted the old man's jest? Whether with reason or without, he did so, for Mathias was ill at ease to-day.

Martha had made her cross on the paper, and Margaret had scrawled her name just below, in characters as big and ungainly as she herself was fair and winsome. The contract was signed, and the wedding might begin as soon as the parties pleased.

"And now, just one waltz," cried Mathias, "and then to dinner!"

"Yes, yes," re-echoed from twenty merry lads and lasses at once; and Bertha Schoenewald jumped about and clapped her hands with delight at the prospect of a dance.

"Stop, stop!" cried Father Trinkvelt; "first we must have the song of the betrothal. On a day like this we can't do without it. Come, Margaret, sing it for us."

No foolish mock modesty hindered our little maid. All voices joining in the request, Margaret at once consented. Immediately the room was cleared for the waltz, while the village musicians tuned up their fiddles, and began to scrape out the old air peculiar to the village, that is known in all the country round,—yes, and across the Rhine too, as the air of Lauterback. Margaret sang:

Suitors of wealth and high degree,  
In style superbly grand,  
Tendered their love on bended knee,  
And sought to win my hand;

But a soldier brave came to woo;  
No maid such love could spurn;  
Proving his heart was fond and true,  
Wou my heart in return.

How dull and stupid the words look on paper! How melting sweet they rang as they issued from her pretty lips. After each verse, the boys and girls, jodeling the chorus, then dashed off at once into a round of the waltz. What happiness reigned in the whole assembly! How tenderly Fritz clasped his pretty partner in the dance; how confidently did she yield herself to his embrace. There, in the corner, Kobel and Jeanne are twirling in the true Alsatian fashion, with their hands on each other's shoulders. Bertha Schoenewald is dancing in the opposite corner with young Tony Schwanthaler; now old Tony Schwanthaler, who doesn't look half such a sour cross curmudgeon as he seems to be, when of a Sunday afternoon, I dance with his daughter on the green, and he sits in the arbor smoking and quaffing his schoppen, and ever and anon nudging young Ferrus to go and make love to her. Ugh, I hate that old man—at least—I don't hate him quite. He is her father, and that makes a difference. Now his face wears a merry, jolly look. In fact, every one is merry. The musicians eager to the music as they play. Old Mousieur Swartz and Dr. Glauter are eagerly

chatting away, and rattling their snuff-boxes, unconsciously beating time to the air. Only Mathias is silent. The last verse has been sung, the chorus is over, and the dance in good earnest commenced. Mathias starts. "Bells, bells; bells again!" He murmurs, and glares round to see if it be a trick practiced upon him. Of those innocent faces none is open to suspicion. They dance and dance, and louder and louder the bells jangle and jangle, until a perfect storm of sound seems to howl around. "Ring on, ring on!" howls out he in return; and snatching Martha from old Trinkvelt, round and round he whirls her in the giddy waltz, frantically yelling, "Ring on, ring on; I defy you!"

## PART THIRD.

### THE BELLS ARE SILENCED.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE LOVERS' TALK.

The bells were drowned in the shouts and merry laughter of the guests. The music ceased at last, and tired out with the waltz, and with an appetite sharpened by exertion, the burgomaster's friends made the best of their way to the *Gaststube* to partake of the burgomaster's dinner. And it was a dinner! How on earth Madame Mathias had managed to make so fine a spread on so short a notice, was what Bertha Schoenewald never could understand. But then Bertha Schoenewald had the reputation of never understanding anything. Any one but Bertha would have known that Martha was not a woman to be taken by surprise. What a splendid meal she had provided! There, in front of Mathias, was a great boar's head, flanked by a splendid haunch of venison, which Kobel had especially undertaken to provide,—and good it was too, just hung to a nicety. On the opposite side of the table, for in Alsace our host and hostess sit in the centre, and are not selfishly stuck off in state at the two ends, miles apart from each other; on the other side, I say, in front of Madame Mathias, were two beautiful sucking pigs, stuffed with some delicious herbs that gave them a rare and tempting flavour. Then at the top of the table, where Father Trinkvelt presided, what a mountain of beef was that that reared itself aloft there, and almost completely obscured the old man from our sight, while between it and the Westphalian hams that guarded the other end of the board, were scattered roast fowls, Strasburg pies, odoriferous omelettes, broiled fish, and beautiful plump brown sausages rolling in oceans of gravy.

And the wine! What Rikevir! What Huen- evir! Ay, and sparkling white wine too, all the way from that precious field, the Clôs Vougeot, on the other side of the Vosges. Nor was this all. There were better wines nearer home that had not been forgotten. Even Dr. Glauter and Kobel, the most exacting connoisseurs in all the country round, declared themselves surprised and delighted. Assuredly the burgomaster had not been to Ribeauville for nothing.

For awhile after the dinner had been consumed the guests sat still drinking. Then the room was cleared for the waltz, and fresh bottles brought in. The musicians were ready, nought was wanting but the bride and bridegroom to open the ball. Where were they? Who had seen Margaret and Fritz slip away so unfairly? No one. After shouting in vain for the delinquents, the dancers were fain to begin without them. Were they not lovers? And had they not a right to go off and hide in a corner alone, to have a quiet chat as together? So Margaret and Fritz thought as they sat, hand-in-hand, cosily ensconced behind the great stove in the kitchen. Ever and anon some one came to the door and summoned them, but received no answer, and soon, in the general revelry, the causes of all the mirth were forgotten.

"Is it true, Margaret," whispered Fritz, "that we are to be married to-morrow—quite true?"

"I think so, Fritz," murmured she, in return. "Are you sorry to hear it?"

"Sorry? How can you ask that, Margaret?" No, no; I can scarcely trust my own senses. I can scarcely believe so much happiness can really be mine. As long as I live, Margaret, I shall remember the first time I saw you. It was in the beginning of last spring—not a year ago. What an age it seems! You were standing in front of the fountain, amid the other girls of the village, laughing and chatting merrily with them. I was just riding back with old Riber from Wasselonne, whither we had been with despatches,—how plainly I can see you now, with your pretty little petticoat tucked up, your white arms and your red cheeks. You turned your head, and saw me riding down the road."

"Yes," said Margaret, dreamily, "it was two days after Easter. I remember it well."

"Remember it! Why, not a day has passed since then. It was yesterday it all happened. I turned to Riber and asked, carelessly, 'Who is that pretty girl, Father Riber?' 'Why, quartermaster, that is Ma'mzelle Mathias, the daughter of the burgomaster, the richest and prettiest girl in the department.' At once, I thought to myself: 'No, no, Fritz, she is not for you, my good fellow—not for you, in spite of your five campaigns, and the two wounds that scar your breast!' And from that moment I could not help thinking again and again, 'How lucky some people are in this world! They never risk their lives fighting for their country, and yet they get the best of everything for the



asking. Some day some rich young fellow will come by here, the son of a great brewer, or notary, or burgomaster, and he will say to himself, "That little girl pleases me!" Then good-bye to all my hopes. She will marry him the day after."

"But I would not."  
"Not if you had loved him?"  
"How could I do that," whispered she softly, almost inaudibly, "when I loved another?"

"Oh, Margaret, you will never know how happy those words make me—no—no—you will never, never know." And Fritz pressed his lips to her forehead, and she held down her head and blushed, but not for shame.

"And do you remember, Margaret, that other day, when the harvest was nearly over, when they were bringing in the last load of sheaves, and you sat on the top of them on the waggon, with three or four other girls of the village? You were singing old, old airs. Your voice I heard from afar, and at once I said to myself, 'She is there!' Then I began immediately to gallop down the road after you. Then suddenly, when you saw me, you ceased singing. The others cried to you, 'Sing, Margaret, sing.' Why did you refuse?"

"I don't know—I was ashamed."  
"But you did not care for me then?"  
"Oh, yes, indeed."  
"You loved me then, Margaret?"  
"Yes."  
"Sweet Margaret! You don't know how sad it made me. I thought to myself, 'She is too proud to sing before a poor quartermaster of gendarmes.'"

"Oh, Fritz!"  
"Yes, it made me very sad, and I was silent and melancholy, until old Riber asked me what was the matter. I would not confess it to him, so I answered him shortly, 'Nothing. Look after your duty! You had better do that than look after me.' I was angry with myself then, and went home, and made so many mistakes in my report that I was obliged to get up early the next day to write it afresh."

"So you loved me then?"  
"Indeed, I did. Every time that I passed your father's house, and saw you look out—"

"I always looked out. Oh, I heard you coming well enough."  
"Every time I saw you I thought to myself, 'What a pretty girl! What a pretty girl! Whoever gets her will be lucky—luckier than I shall be.'"

"And yet you came every evening."  
"Yes, after I had finished my duty. I was always first in the *Gaststube*. I pretended I came for a glass of beer; and when you brought it me yourself, I could not help blushing. Was it not foolish for an old soldier to blush—one who had been five years fighting in Spain? And yet it is true. Perhaps you saw me blush?"

"Oh, yes; and I was glad!" And the happy lovers looked at one another, and laughed at their own happiness.

"Oh, Margaret, Margaret," cried he, pressing her hands, "how I love you, how I love you!"

"And I too, Fritz; I love you."  
"Since when?"

"Oh, from the very beginning; from the very day that I saw you. I was sitting at the window spinning, when Jeanne, who was with me, looked up at me and said, 'Here comes the new quartermaster.' I drew aside the curtain and looked out. Then I saw you on horseback riding away, and at once I thought to myself, 'I would like to have him for my husband.'"

And the little maiden hid her face with her hands, ashamed of the gentle confession.  
Fritz drew her close to him, and continued, in a whisper, "And to think that, had it not been for old Riber, I would never have dared to ask your father for you. You seemed so much above a simple quartermaster of gendarmes that I should never have ventured. Shall I tell you how it all came about, and will you believe me?"

"No matter about that. Tell me all the same."

"Well, one evening as we were washing down our horses, old Riber turned suddenly round to me, and said, 'Quartermaster, you love Ma'mzelle Mathias.' I was too ashamed to reply. 'Why don't you ask her father to give her to you?' 'What! to me! Do you think I'm a fool! How can a young girl like that care for a quartermaster of gendarmes? You don't know what you are talking about, Riber!' 'Don't! Ma'mzelle always has a pleasant look for you. Whenever the burgomaster meets you he cries out to you, from across the road even.' 'Good day, Monsieur Fritz, how are you? Why don't you come to see me oftener! My cousin Bloek has sent me some Wolxheimer; come in, we'll have a glass together. I like active young fellows like you.' And Riber was right. Your father was always very kind to me."

"Oh, yes; he is so good."

"Yes, indeed, that I know; but how could I believe that there was any hope for me? He was very kind to give me his good wine, but there was a vast difference between that and giving me his daughter. So I said to Riber, 'To show you that I am not so foolish as you think, I am going to apply to the prefect to be sent to another arrondissement.' 'Don't do that, don't do that,' he cried; 'don't do that. I am sure all will go well. Take courage, quartermaster—take courage. For a brave man, who has faced the enemy's fire before now, you seem strangely to lack heart. However, if you are afraid, and don't dare to ask, why, I will.' 'You? 'Yes, I.' And, without another word,

off he went, without giving me time to answer. Oh, Margaret, he had scarcely passed the door before I ran to call him back! But he was out of sight. My head swam. I was ashamed of myself. I hid behind the shutters of my bedroom, and watched and watched, waiting for Riber to come down the road. Hour after hour seemed to pass, and yet he did not come. All the while I was thinking to myself, 'The burgomaster is very polite; he will make no end of excuses; he will tell Riber that his daughter is too young; that she has time to wait; and finally, they'll turn the old man out of doors.'"

"Poor Fritz!"  
"Well, at last Riber turned the corner, crying out, 'Quartermaster, quartermaster, where the devil are you?' So I came down from my hiding-place, and asked, 'Have they refused?' 'Refused! Not a bit of it! They are all delighted—the burgomaster and Madame Martha.' 'And Mademoiselle Margaret?' I asked. 'Mademoiselle Margaret, too, of course,' he cried merrily. Then, when I heard that, I was so happy that—you know old Father Riber is not pretty to look at!—well, ugly as he is, I caught him round the neck, and hugged and hugged him for joy."

And suiting the action to the word, the young man embraced his betrothed, who laughed merrily.

The laugh betrayed them. It was heard by the watchful mother in the next room, who had begun to feel anxious at the protracted absence of her child. "There they are, there they are," cried Martha. And in another moment the kitchen was filled with the gibing friends of the young couple, who to escape their jests were fain to take refuge in the dance.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BURGOMASTER IS OBSTINATE.

It were easy to dwell upon the festivities, which, begun after church time, were continued until midnight. It were pleasant to tell how Tony Schwanthaler kissed pretty Bertha Schoenewald in the corner, and how old Kobel heard the sound thereof, and exposed the culprits on the spot, causing no little hilarity among the guests at the time, and what was far more important, the marriage of the two offenders six months afterwards,—a marriage which Tony had every reason to rejoice in. It were pleasant, too, to tell how Kobel himself was caught tripping a minute after, trying to snatch a kiss from little Jeanne; how the laugh was turned against him, and how bravely he bore it. A thousand merry incidents could be narrated that would fill a volume, but they would but hinder the progress of our story, to let them be forgotten. Late at night, long past eleven, Mathias bade good-night to the most of his visitors, and with a few more intimate friends retired from the merry-making, not to his own chamber on the ground floor, but to a smaller one above.

He would sleep there. It was no use arguing with him. The room below was too hot. The burgomaster had evidently been drinking hard. His voice was thick. He reeled to his chair, and fell into it.

"And so you have determined to sleep here to-night, Monsieur Mathias?" It was Fritz who spoke. He could not understand the burgomaster's caprice.

"Yes, I have determined," answered Mathias, "I have determined. I want air. I know what is necessary for my condition. The heat was the cause of my accident. This room is cooler. I shall not need to fear a return of the fit. Leave me here alone, and let me do as I please, will you?"

"Let him alone, Fritz," whispered Margaret; "he has been drinking a great deal of white wine—far too much, and when he is thus, he is very obstinate."

A burst of laughter rang out from below.  
"Listen," cried Kobel, who was in much the same condition as the burgomaster, "listen to those jolly toppers below. Come, Father Trinkvelt, come let's rejoin the revellers."

"No, no," cried Trinkvelt, "not I. I won't go back without Mathias. Why should he desert us just when we're beginning thoroughly to enjoy ourselves?"

"Because I please," cried the burgomaster, impatiently. "What more would you have? From noon to midnight is surely enough!"

"Mathias is perfectly right, Trinkvelt," interposed Martha. Dr. Glauter told him to be careful of the white wine he drank, or it might some day do him an ill turn. He has already taken too much since this morning. If he begins again now, he will be ill to-morrow. He is not strong enough yet to run such risks."

"Let Jeanne bring me a glass of water; that is all I want. It will calm me—it will calm me."

The burgomaster was interrupted by the appearance at the door of half-a-dozen more of his friends, all slightly elevated with drink.

"Good evening, burgomaster," cried Tony Schwanthaler, standing in the doorway; "we're getting on very well down-stairs. Only what do you think has happened! The night watchman is below, and wants to have us all driven home and the house closed. He says it's long past hours."

"Give him his full of wine," cried Mathias to his wife, "and then—good-night to you all!"

"Pshaw," cried Trinkvelt, staggering as he spoke; "pshaw, for a burgomaster there ought to be no regulations!"

Mathias turned fiercely. "Regulations made for all," cried he angrily, "must be obeyed by all."

"Very well, burgomaster," retorted Trinkvelt, "don't get angry. We're going, we're going."

"Yes, yes; go and leave me to myself."

"Don't thwart him," interposed Martha; "you had better let him have his own way."

"Very well, burgomaster," cried old Trinkvelt, cheerily; "I wish you calm repose and no unpleasant dreams."

Mathias started. "I never dream," he exclaimed fiercely. Then he added more composedly, "Good-night, good-night."

The good-night was re-echoed by the revellers as they made their way to the *Gaststube* below. Mathias was alone with his family. Even they did not stop long. One after another bade the head of the household good-bye, and descended to do the same for their guests. Margaret was the last to leave the room. Mathias was alone.

The solitude seemed to please him. He rose, and staggering to the door, locked it and put the key into his pocket. Then in a thick, husky, drunken voice he exclaimed exultingly, "At last I am alone! To-night I can sleep in peace! Should any new danger threaten me—me, the father-in-law of the quartermaster, I could snap my fingers at it! Oh, what a power—what a power it is to know how to guide oneself through life! You must hold good cards, Mathias, good cards as you have done; and if you only play them well, you can laugh at ill-luck! Luck? There's no such thing as luck! We make our own luck, and they are lucky who watch the chance of making it to suit themselves."

At this moment the door of the inn opened below, and the merry revellers were heard leaving for their homes, singing in chorus as they went. Mathias raised the curtain to watch them.

"Ha, ha!" he murmured; "those jolly toppers have all they can carry! What holes in the snow they'll make before they reach their homes. How strange! Wine—one glass of wine—makes everything around one look beautiful. Drink—drink; how strange that drink should drive away care! Well, Mathias, everything goes well with you. Your daughter's contract signed, your gendarme caught, you yourself rich, prosperous, respected, happy! No one can hear you now, so dream as much as you please. No, no! No more folly, no more dreams, no more bells jangling in your ears. You have conquered that; it's over; it will trouble you no more."

And Mathias extinguished his light and sank upon his couch—to dream.

(To be continued.)

A TURKISH ROYAL WEDDING.

The following description of the recent marriage of Naile Sultana, one of the two imperial brides, is by an English lady who was an invited guest:—On our arrival at the house, a large building situated up a steep narrow street, not far from Dolma Baghtche Palace, we were ushered by half-a-dozen eunuchs through an ante-room, in which lounged a few attendants, into a fine apartment crowded with slaves. There we were requested to wait, as the sultana had not yet completed her toilet; coffee and cigarettes being placed before us to while away the time. Scarcely a pretty face was to be seen among them. The women were fat and coarse, the girls slim and sallow; all seemed out of health, all had the same sullen, submissive, half-idiotic air which the hard lot of these poor creatures nearly invariably stamps upon them, and which even the excitement of the moment could not banish. Not a Turkish lady was present, the pride of the free-born forbidding them ever to visit, save by express command, the Imperial seraglio, where they would have to humiliate themselves to mere purchased slaves. But in their stead, perhaps a couple of hundred gayly-attired attendants from the other palaces mingled with the household as representatives of the princess's relatives. We were just beginning to tire of watching the throng, when the stir without proclaimed the coming of the bridegroom, a man of twenty-four years of age, short, and inclined to stoutness, but not wanting in certain comeliness. Naile Sultana had herself chosen him at the Friday's *schamlik*. This power of selecting a husband, by inspection as it were, is a privilege of princesses of the House of Ottoman, and is carried to such an extent that even if the favored gentleman already possesses a wife he must divorce her and wed the sultana. Cases of this kind are rare, but one at least has occurred during the latter half of the present century, when an officer was compelled, much against his will, to comply with the custom. Being rich however he sought consolation in keeping his discarded love in a separate establishment, a proceeding which is supposed never to have reached the ears of his royal partner. In the present instance, on the contrary, Mehemet Bey was quite ready to embrace the chance which fortune offered him. Poor and without interest, a simple aide-de-camp, uncertain of promotion, he suddenly finds himself the husband of his sovereign's sister, a general and highness to boot. His appearance was the signal for a frantic rush, to which he responded by scattering quantities of silver piastres (in olden days they would have been golden liras) among the slaves. The scramble that ensued baffles description. Eunuchs and girls fought and tore each other in their eagerness to obtain the coveted coins, which are understood to bring extraordinary good luck to their happy possessors. So great was the confusion that the

bridegroom could not force his way, which being perceived by an old woman, chief of the harem, she seized a thick rod and laid indiscriminately around her with unsparing fury. On breasts, backs, heads, and legs descended the sharp cuts, but the slaves seemed not to care; long acquaintance with the stick had possibly rendered them callous to its sting, or else the pressure from behind did not allow the foremost to retreat, till at length, every piece having been picked up, the mass of heated, dishevelled, and bruised women fell back and permitted the bridegroom to pass, for the first time, into the presence of his bride. The ceremony of marriage was then immediately performed, but only witnessed by the sultana's mother. It merely consisted in the imam tying them together with a rope, and declaring them man and wife. Directly this was over, Mehemet Pacha escaped by a side entrance, to avoid being mobbed and buffeted, according to the common practice of the slaves, who must have been appeased by unlimited backsheesh. As soon as the doors were thrown open the whole mob poured helter-skelter into the inner chamber, where the bride was sitting in state with a sister by her side. All the slaves, and also the few Armenian ladies who had been invited, bent humbly down, and kissed the hem of her garment; but with us she shook hands without rising, and motioned us to chairs very near her. A fair, sweet-faced woman of some twenty-two summers is Naile Sultana. She was dressed in a loose-fitting Turkish robe of rose-colored silk, slashed with gold, whilst a long white gauze veil, likewise embroidered with gold, drooped down from behind the little cap that surmounted her tightly drawn up hair. On her shapely hands and bosom sparkled magnificent diamonds. Her single-button gloves had burst in fastening, and altogether her toilet was far less perfect and rich than we had expected. Close by stood her mother, a bright-eyed, plain-featured old lady, who being a slave, cannot publicly sit in presence of a princess, although her own daughter, but who, good woman, accepted the strange position with the strongest marks of pride and pleasure, contenting herself with arranging from time to time the folds of the bride's enormous train or sweeps of the veil, and repulsing several attempts made by the slaves to pay her too much respect. In the outer room further refreshments were brought us and with them appeared the sultana's sister, who wished thus to pay us a compliment. Her slaves immediately handed her cigarettes; but she steadily refused to shock our European prejudices by smoking, and when we left she rose with ready courtesy to return in the graceful Turkish fashion to our parting bow.

THE MAN WHO GOT 'EM.

Three or four days ago a citizen of Bronson street called at the Grattan Avenue Station to say to the captain that he suspected a plot on the part of his wife to elope with a neighbour of his who was not only a married man, but the father of seven children.

"What makes you suspect such a plot?" asked the captain.

"Well, my wife has been kinder pickin' up her duds, asking about trains, and trying to get me to go away on a visit."

"And about this neighbour?"

"Well, he and my wife are talking over the fence about half the time and throwing kisses at each other the other half. I don't care to raise a row over this thing, but I'd kinder like to stop 'em from runnin' away."

"Well, you must take your own way to frustrate it, unless you go to the police justice. Be careful, however. Anger or jealousy may get you into trouble."

"Oh, I'll be careful," was the calm assurance, as the citizen went his way, to be heard of no more until yesterday evening. Then he called a passing patrolman into his house to ask further advice.

"You see, they had it all planned to elope," he explained.

"Yes."  
"But I got 'em."  
"How?"

He took the lamp and led the way to the woodshed. The neighbour, dressed in his Sunday suit, was tied up in one corner, and the recreant wife occupied an empty dry-goods box in the other.

"Got 'em last night at 9 o'clock," said the husband, "and I've put in the whole day telling 'em what I think of such business. Guess I'd better let them off now, hadn't I?"

The officer thought so, and the neighbour was led to the door, and the husband said:—

"Now you trot, and if you ever try to run away with my wife again I'll—I'll be hanged if I don't go over and tell your wife about it!"

He then turned to his wife, untied the cords, and said: "I guess you feel ashamed of this, and there ain't no need to say any more about it. I ain't very mad this time, but if you try it again there's no knowing what I may do."

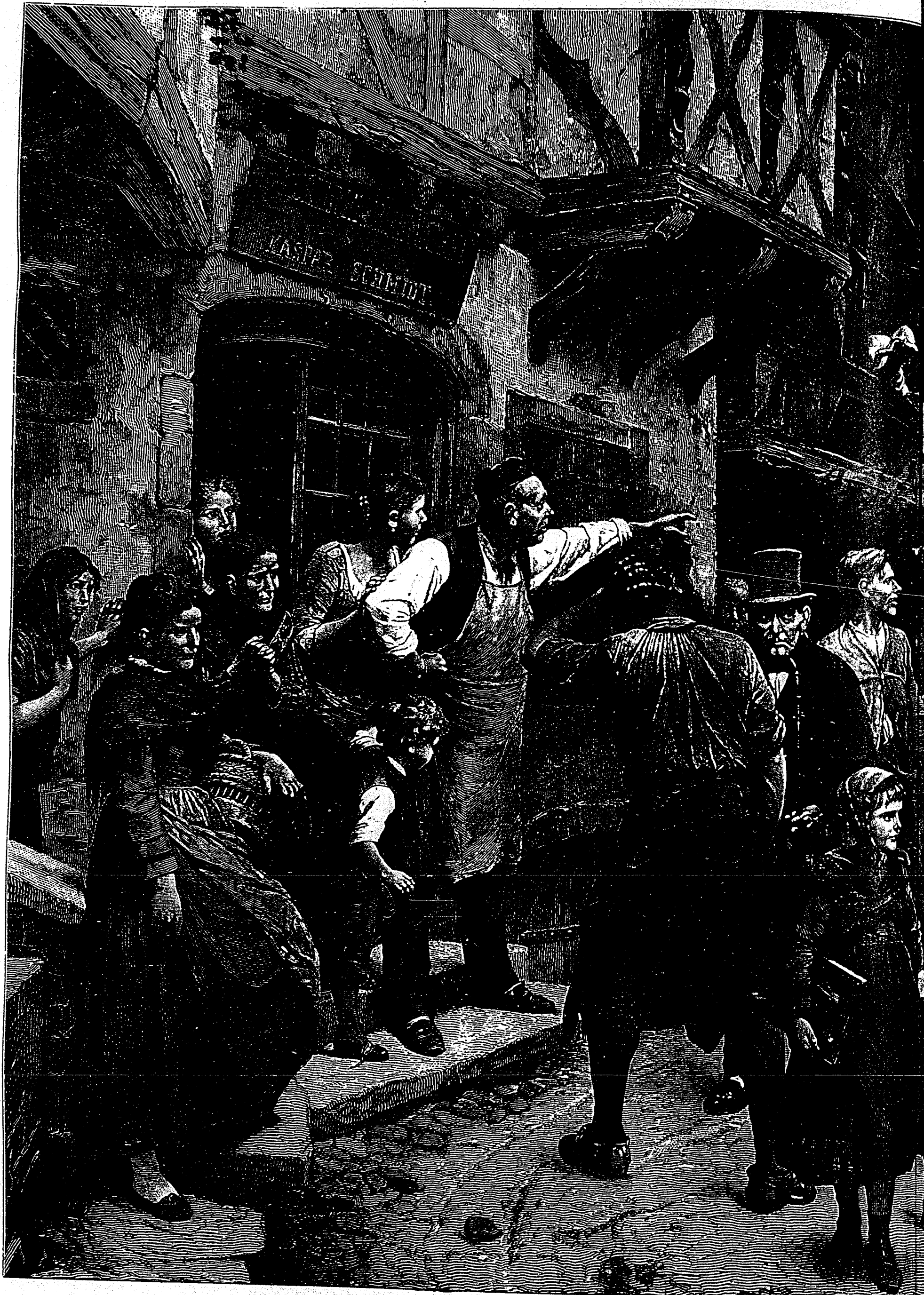
"Well!" gasped the officer, as he drew a long breath.

"Well, didn't I get 'em?" chuckled the husband in proud delight. "I may look like a spring chicken, but I'm no fool, and don't you forget it.—*Detroit Free Press.*"

ORGAN FOR SALE.

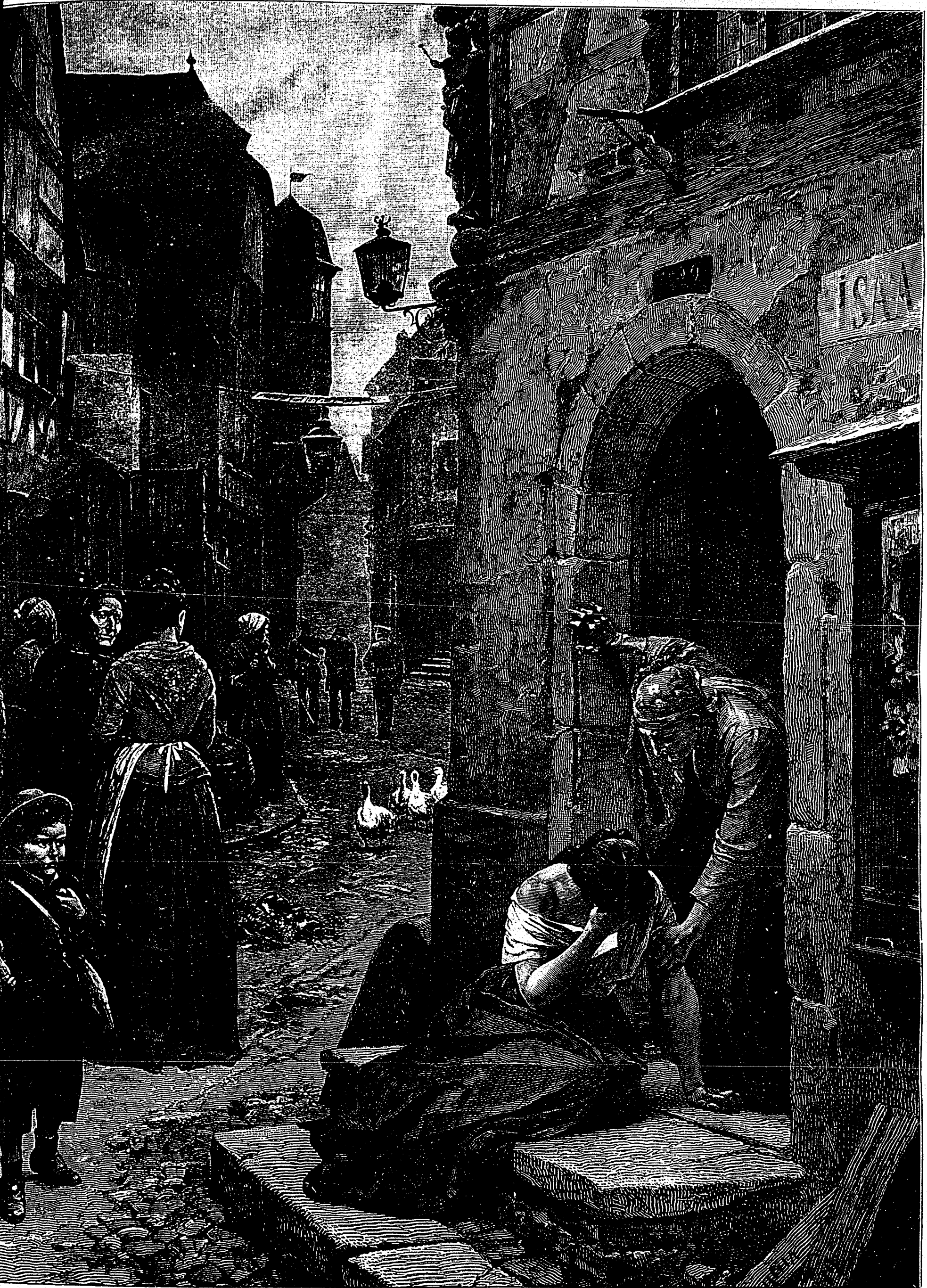
From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.





'ARRR'

FROM THE PICTURE BY BENJAMIN VAU



STED."  
TIER, IN THE MUNICH ART GALLERY.



## AN OLD SONG.

"God hath chosen the weak things of the world."

It was an old and once familiar strain,  
A distant echo from the years gone by;  
And now we heard its melody again  
Beneath a foreign sky.

A company of strangers, met to part,  
Spending an evening in the same hotel,  
And soft as dew upon each weary heart  
The sweet notes fell.

She was a fair and gentle maid who sung,  
Who summers seventeen had scarcely told,  
And deftly from her practised hand and tongue  
The music rolled.

We hushed our busy talk to hear her sing,  
The earnest student laid his book aside,  
While memory bore us on her noiseless wing  
O'er ocean wide.

To that far distant land beyond the sea,  
Which we had left on foreign shores to roam,  
The music bore us on its pinions free  
Back to our home;

Back to the land which we had left behind,  
The land of love, and hope, and faith, and prayer,  
And showed the faithful hearts and faces kind  
That loved us there.

And one there was who heard that soothing song,  
Whose heart was heavy with its weight of care,  
Embittered by a sense of cruel wrong  
No friend might share.

Silently, proudly, had he borne his pain,  
Crushed from his wounded heart each softening  
thought;  
But the sweet tones of that forgotten strain  
New feelings brought.

Strange longings rose once more to see the place  
Which in his boyhood he had held so dear,  
To see once more his aged father's face,  
His voice to hear;

To meet again his gentle sister's smile—  
(It was she who used to sing this self-same song),  
Would not her love his thoughts from sorrow free,  
And soothe his wrong?

How would their faithful hearts rejoice to greet  
Their prodigal's return from distant shores,  
And bind his heart to many a welcome sweet  
To roam no more!

Thus he resolved that, when the morning came  
He would arise and homeward wend his way,  
And, heedless of the harsh world's praise or blame,  
No more would stray.

Little the singer guessed the power that lay  
Beneath the accents of her simple song;  
Its soothing words should haunt him day by day,  
And make him strong.

The lengthening twilight stole into the room  
And wrapped us in its mantle cold and grey;  
But from the listener's heart the deeper gloom  
Had passed away.

The song was ended, and the singer rose,  
And lights were brought, and books and work re-  
sumed;  
His spirit tasted longed-for repose  
By hope illumined.

And when the morning dawned he homeward turned  
Back to his father's house beyond the sea,  
The dear old homestead where his spirit yearned  
Once more to be.

O happy maid! Go singing thus through life,  
Bidding the lost return, the weak be strong;  
Thine is a gift with heavenly comfort life,  
The gift of song.

Sunday Magazine. LYDIA HOFF.

## MILLY DOVE.

II.

It was a pleasant June day. Through the open window in Milly's little room a mingled stream of sunshine and the breath of flowers rolled in, filling the chamber with light and perfume. The spiders dazed in the crevices of the panelled walls, while their aerial webs shone like delicate threads of silver. The high-shouldered chairs sidled off into the corners, as if they were ashamed of their age, and the great panorama, which stood on one side of the door, glared with its huge, eye-like lens at the green window, like a species of four-legged Cyclops. Milly, as usual, was sitting in the sun. Nestled into that great, high-backed chair, which was a world too large for her, she worked absently at some intricate feminine fabric—a fabric it was that I believe would have driven me crazy if I had been set down to learn its mysteries. There were dozens of strings pinned to various portions of the unhappy old chair. More strings trailed on the floor, whose courses, if followed, would be found to terminate in numberless little balls, that kept continually rolling off into the corners and disturbing the spiders that lived on the first floors of the panels. Then each string had to be unpinned every second minute, and juggled with after some wondrous fashion, until, having been thrust, by a species of magic known only to Milly, through an interminable perspective of loops, it was solemnly repinned to the chair, and then the whole process began again.

Whether it was owing to the complication of this terrible web, or to the preoccupation of her own thoughts, no Penelope ever made so many blunders as Milly Dove, on that June morning. Every now and then the web would come to a stand-still; a minute investigation of certain curious knots would result in the discovery of some heart-rending error. Then the vagrant balls would have to be hunted up in the corners, and the pin would have to come out, and with a pettish toss of the head and a little pouting of the under lip, the child would tediously unravel all the false work and begin again.

Sometimes she would let it drop altogether,

and gaze absently through the open window, as if she were watching the humming-birds that hung before the golden-lipped tubes of the trumpet-honeysuckle; or she would turn toward the desolate panorama, that seemed to gaze reproachfully at her with its single eye, and ponder over the propriety of taking another peep at that bloody Battle of Prague, or the extraordinary representation of the Israelites gathering the manna in the desert,—which said manna seemed to have been made into very respectable and well-baked quarter loaves before it fell.

Milly's reveries, whatever they were, were interrupted by the entrance of Master Dick Boby, the eldest son of Judge Boby, who was the richest and greatest man in the village. Master Boby had acquired—probably by inheritance—the sum of half a dollar, and immediately upon coming into possession of his property had set off for Milly's shop, uncertain as to whether he would purchase her entire stock or simply confine himself to the acquisition of a stick of molasses candy. Milly, with her pleasant smile, was behind the counter in an instant, awaiting the commands of the young squire.

"What's them guns apiece, Miss Milly?" inquired Master Boby, pointing to a couple of flimsy fowling-pieces that stood in the corner.

"Six dollars apiece, sir."

"I guess you'd take half-price for them if a body was to buy both!" said the young millionaire, half inquiringly, as if he had only to put his hand in his pocket and pull out the money.

"Well," said Milly, "I didn't buy them; they were here when father died, and as they've been so long on my hands, I'd be glad to sell them cheap. You can have them both for seven dollars and fifty cents, if you want them, Master Dick."

"O, I don't want them; only father might, if his own gun was to burst. What's the price of them skates, Miss Milly?"

"A dollar fifty, sir. They are capital skates, and came all the way from York. But what do you want of skates this weather, Master Dick?"

"O, I didn't know but I might lose my own skates next winter, you know, so I thought I'd ask. Are you going to the circus show this evening, Miss Milly? for if you'd like to go, I can get tickets from father, and I'll take you." And Master Dick looked admiringly at the pretty little maiden.

"Thank you kindly, sir; but I don't think Mr. Compton would like me to go. He says the circus is a bad place."

"He don't know nothing," answered Master Dick, surlily; "but if you won't go, I know one who will. Give me an ounce of molasses candy, and half an ounce of peppermint, Miss Milly."

Milly had just opened the drawer containing the confections demanded by Master Dick, and was about measuring out the required quantity of molasses and peppermint, when she saw something through the window that made her suddenly stop. A gentleman was marching slowly down the street. He appeared to be lost in reverie, for his head was thrown back, and his eyes were fixed on vacancy, while he moved on apparently unconscious of the existence of everybody, himself included. He was a pleasant gentleman, too, and seemed to be occupied with pleasing thoughts, for a sort of half-born smile played around his thin lips, seeming always on the point of becoming a laugh but never fulfilling its promise. This gentleman had just arrived opposite to Milly's door, when his reverie was suddenly and most unexpectedly interrupted by a big stone. This big stone was a stone of infamous habits. It lurked under a specious coating of clay, seemingly soft and elastic in its nature, but all the while turning up one sharp and treacherous edge, that to the foot of the tight-booted and unwary pedestrian caused unutterable tortures. It was a Tartuffe among stones,—hypocritical, velvety, inducing confidence,—but woe to the toe that lit upon its venomous edge!

Well, of course this thoughtful gentleman marched straight upon this assassin of a stone. Tschut! A terrible "thud" of toes against the treacherous edge, a wild flinging out of arms in a vain attempt at equilibrium, a convulsive ejaculation which I hope nobody heard, and our pedestrian measured his length in the dust. He rose in a moment, looked reproachfully at the stone as if to upbraid it for its misconduct, then, recalled probably by some unusual sensation, he looked down at his legs. Alas! across his left knee there was a great gaping split in his trousers, through which a wide vista of linen was visible. The poor gentleman gazed ruefully at this scene of destruction; looked around, and then again at his knee; then tried to walk a step or two; stopped, looked at his knee once more, and seemed to meditate profoundly on his position.

While rapt in this painful reverie, the victim of that abominable stone was startled by a very sweet little voice at his elbow. This voice, belonging to Milly Dove, said, "Please, sir, if you will step into the shop, I will mend it for you."

The gentleman turned round, and gave a rapid glance at the sunny, girlish face that looked up into his with such a frank, easy expression, as if it was the most natural thing in the world that he should fall, and that she should come out and offer to mend his trousers.

"Thank you, child!" said he, simply. "I am very much obliged to you. What is your name?"

"Milly Dove, sir."

"And this is your father's shop, I suppose?" And the stranger glanced round as he entered, with a half-smile at the varied assortment of goods that it contained. It was quite deserted; for Master Dick Boby, left alone with the candy, had, I regret to say, helped himself and departed.

"No, sir; it's mine!" answered Milly, poking in her pocket for her needle-box.

"Yours! why, you are young to be at the head of an establishment."

"I was sixteen my last birthday, sir. Will you come into the inside room, if you please, so that you may put your foot upon a chair?"

The stranger did as he was bidden, and Milly's nimble fingers were soon busily drawing together the jagged edges of the gaping rent in his injured trousers. He looked down upon her with a wondering gaze.

"I suppose some of your relations live with you here?" he said, after a pause, during which he had been studying her features intently.

"No, sir; I am alone."

"Alone!"

"No; that is—not exactly alone. Mr. Compton lodges up-stairs."

"Mr. Compton?" said the stranger, a sort of dark shadow falling across his face like a veil. Who is Mr. Compton? A young man?"

"A friend of my mother's, sir. He lives here all the year round, and is a dear, pleasant gentleman. He's quite young, too; not more than fifty-six."

"Ah!" and the Knight of the Rueful Breeches seemed to breathe more freely. "That is young indeed! How long have you been keeping shop?"

"Two years, sir. My mother died about that time, and the neighbours were all very good to me when I began. I think it will do now, sir."

"Thanks! thanks!" replied the stranger, scarce giving a glance at the neat seam across his knee. "You are an excellent little work-woman." And as he spoke he seated himself deliberately in Milly's high-backed chair, much to that young lady's surprise.

"You have a pretty room here," he continued, looking round him approvingly. "A very pretty room! The sunlight gushing in through that window, and parting, as it were, to make its entrance, the honeysuckles that wave before it, has a charming effect. Is it you who take care of the flowers out there?"

"O, there's not much to do now," said Milly, modestly. "Mr. Compton made the garden, and now I help him a little. They grow there so nicely, the flowers do." And in the spring I freshen up the beds a little, and weed the walks, and clip off the dead branches, and I think the sun and the rain do the rest."

"Hum! that's prettily said!"

Poor Milly grew scarlet at the tone of easy assurance in which this approbation was uttered. This gentleman seemed to have an air of the world about him that somehow alarmed her, she knew not why,—his walk, his way of speech, his manner, were all so different from those of the loutish villagers to whom she had been accustomed. He was even unlike Mr. Compton, who to Milly, until then, had been the highest type of human perfection.

"I'd like to live in a room like this!" muttered the stranger half aloud, gazing round him with evident pleasure. "It has a sweet, thoughtful air; and that garden outside would fill me with poetry. I'd like very much indeed to live here!"

"Then why don't you come?" was on the tip of Milly's tongue; but she suddenly recollected herself in time, and so was silent.

"Did you ever read, Miss Milly Dove?" was the next question, as the visitor turned abruptly to the young maiden.

"No—yes—that is—sometimes," was the alarmed reply.

"Which means that you do not read at all?" said the stranger, gravely.

Milly looked as if she were immediately about to tuck the end of her apron into her eyes, and weep herself away.

"Well," continued he, "that can be remedied; but Mr. Compton should have given you books."

"Sir," said Milly stoutly, quick to espouse her friend's cause, though unable to defend her own,— "Sir, Mr. Compton knows a great deal more, in fact, than any one I ever saw, and everything that he does is right."

The stranger laughed. "You are a chivalrous but illogical little maiden, said he, in a tone of insufferable patronage.

"I may not read much," said Milly, flushing up, "but I have a panorama."

"O, you have a panorama! A panorama of what? Let us see this wonder that supplies the place of books."

"Shall I show it to you, sir?" asked Milly timidly.

"Certainly; but before profiting by your kindness, I must introduce myself formally. I am Mr. Alexander Winthrop, a poor gentleman, with enough for his appetites, and too little for his desires. I am fond of travelling, books and thinking. I am only twenty-five years old, although I look thirty. I live close to New York, and am at present at Blossomdale on business. Now, you know all that I intend you to know about me; so we will go on with our panorama."

This off-hand introduction was delivered with such gravity that poor Milly did not know what to make of it. At first, she thought he was laughing at her, but on looking at his eyes

she could not detect the slightest twinkle of merriment; so she nodded her little head to Mr. Alexander Winthrop, as if to say, "All right, I know you," and then proceeded to introduce him to the panorama.

"This," said Milly in a solemn voice, as she made him put his eye to the peep-hole, and proceeded to pull the strings that lifted the pictures, "this is the invasion of Mexico by the Spaniards. The man in the big boat is Cortes, a very cruel man indeed; and the man on the shore is Montezuma, the King of Mexico, who may be known by his red skin."

"Hem!" coughed Mr. Alexander. "How do you know this this is the invasion of Mexico?"

"Mr. Compton told me, sir."

"O, Mr. Compton told you! Then it's all right, of course. But," he continued, muttering to himself, "if Mr. Compton is right, Cortes is dressed exceedingly like William Penn; and Montezuma would make a capital North American Indian."

"This picture," continued Milly, pulling another string, "represents the great Pyramids of Egypt, built by various kings to serve for their tombs. The ancient Egyptians were far advanced in civilization, while the rest of the globe was plunged in the obscurity of ignorance. Their chief god was Osiris, and the priesthood was so powerful that the government, in truth, was an ecclesiastical one. The ancient Egyptians were in the habit of placing a skeleton at the head of the table when they feasted, for the purpose of reminding them of their mortality, and it is believed that from them first sprang the art of embalming bodies. They were a highly commercial people, and found large markets for the products of their industry and art, in the ancient cities of Greece and Rome."

"Why, child, where did you learn this?" exclaimed Mr. Alexander, going with astonishment on the little maiden, who ran off this farrago of learning with the glibness of a lecturer on ancient history, looking all the while exceedingly proud of her knowledge.

"Mr. Compton told me," she answered proudly.

Mr. Alexander could no longer contain himself, but burst into a shout of laughter that made Milly's ears tingle. Her round cheeks flushed, and the tears rose to her eyes. Poor little thing! She thought this Mr. Alexander Winthrop exceedingly rude, yet she could not feel angry with him.

"Well, what's the next picture?" he asked, as soon as he had recovered from his mirth, and without making the slightest apology for his improper behaviour.

"It's the Battle of the Nile," answered Milly, rather sullenly, for she did not exactly like the merciless laugh of her new friend.

"I was there all the while," chimed in Mr. Alexander.

"You couldn't. It happened ever so long ago," answered Milly, quickly, delight at finding Mr. Alexander out in a fib.

That gentleman was on the point of going off into another fit of merriment, when a wild peep into a piano wavered harmoniously through the window. After wandering up and down the keys for a short time, striking out fragments of melodies, and fluttering uncertainly from one to the other, as a butterfly roams from bud to bud, not knowing which to choose, the performer at length struck on a theme that seemed to satisfy him, and then poured out his entire soul. That it was a voluntary, one could discern in an instant, from the occasional irregularity of the rhythm, and lack of proper sequence between the parts; but it was so wild, so original, so mournful, so full of broken utterances of passion, that one might have imagined it the wail of a lost angel, outside the gates of that paradise which he saw but could not enjoy.

"This is a great performer," said Mr. Alexander, rising. "I must go and see him."

"It's Mr. Compton," cried Milly, eagerly; he does not like to be disturbed. You must not go now."

"I don't care," said Mr. Alexander, very coolly. "Where's the stairs? O, here!—all right!" And before she could detain him, he had bounded up the stairs, and was gone.

"I make no apology for coming in here in this way," said Mr. Alexander, as he pushed open Mr. Compton's door, "because, if you don't want people to rush in on you unannounced, you should not play so well, nor improvise such original themes."

"You are an artist, then?" said Mr. Compton, rising in some surprise at this sudden intrusion. "All such have a right to enter here."

"Enough of an artist to comprehend you," said the young man, bluntly. "You are an artist, Mr. Compton, and have never done any thing but toy with art. More shame for you!"

"Who is my lecturer?" said Mr. Compton rather sternly.

"My name is Alexander Winthrop."

"What I he who—"

"Hush!" cried the young man, lifting his finger; for at that moment Milly appeared, with flushed cheeks, on the threshold of the door. "I am only Alexander Winthrop. I tore my trousers by a fall opposite to this house. This little fairy," pointing to Milly, "mended them for me. I heard you playing; I ran up stairs. Now you know all about me."

"Then you must be the stranger of whom Milly has so often spoken to me, as passing the door every day," said Mr. Compton, with a bland ignorance of the incaution of his remark, and totally heedless of Milly's agonized telegraphings to make him stop.



"O, then, the little fairy knew me before!" exclaimed Mr. Alexander, eagerly. "So we were old acquaintances, Miss Milly!"

Milly said nothing, but appeared to have suddenly remembered that her shop had been left unprotected, and disappeared as if by magic.

"I want to have talk with you, Mr. Compton," said Mr. Alexander, looking after her.

Mr. Compton sighed. "Let us go into the garden," he said; and they went out together.

III.

Two months after this, Milly Dove sat in her little room, reading. Those wondrous fabrics on which she used to labour with such patience were gone. There was dust on the panorama; its single eye was dim and melancholy. No more balls disturbed the repose of the fat old spiders in the panels; the very shop itself seemed to have an unear-d-for look.

The reason of all this was that Milly Dove had become a student,—a hard, close, unwearying student,—and the books that she read were given to her by Mr. Alexander. One author in particular pleased her mightily. A man named Ivan Thorne had lately astonished the world with an alternate succession of works on philosophy and fiction. In both paths did he seem equally at home. His novels were tender, impassioned, truthful, and always breathing the sublimest scorn for everything mean and unholy. His philosophy was still more wonderful, because it was so clear. The progress of man was always his theme. The gradual amalgamation of races; the universal equalization of climate from the cultivation of the entire globe; the disappearance of poverty from the earth before the influence of machinery, which laboured for all; the consequent improvement of the physical condition of our race; the abolishment of crime;—in short, the apotheosis of the world. On all this he expatiated with a profundity of thought and simplicity of expression that made him at once the deepest and clearest of writers. Ivan Thorne, then, opened a new world for Milly. For the first time she comprehended the true beauty of life, and experienced those delicious sensations which one experiences when beginning to observe,—an epoch, let me tell you, that comes much later than one imagines. Thus a trinity of genius and goodness reigned supreme in Milly Dove's little heart,—Mr. Compton, Mr. Alexander and Ivan Thorne,—and although her reason placed Mr. Compton first, as being the oldest friend, and Ivan Thorne next, as being the greatest genius, yet I doubt much if that little maiden's heart did not put Mr. Alexander Winthrop, her affianced lover, high above all.

There was one thing that grieved this dear child, and it was so strange a grief for her to have had at that period that it seems a mystery to me how she ever could have had it. It was that Mr. Alexander was not a great writer. She loved him very dearly, and she knew that Mr. Compton loved him, and they talked very leisurely together for hours at a time. He was very clever, this Mr. Alexander Winthrop; but oh! if he would only write a book like Ivan Thorne! If he would create those dear stories,—so pure, so good, and so true! If he would make those splendid books that made every one love his fellow-men better when he had read them, and which were so purely written that a child might understand them! If he would only do this, she told him many times, as she clung to his breast, she would be as happy as the humming-birds that lived outside, forever in the sunshine! And Mr. Alexander would stroke her brown hair, and kiss her white forehead, and, smiling mysteriously, say, "Some time, perhaps..." But he did not write books, and Milly Dove was sad.

Her sadness was now, however, for the moment lost in the perusal of Ivan Thorne's last book, "The Ladder of Stars," a strange mixture of romance and philosophy; and Milly pored over it in her high-backed chair, while the humming-birds outside looked in at her with their sharp, cunning eyes, and said to themselves, as they saw her rosy lips, "Bless us! where there are flowers there must be loads of honey. Let us go in and get it!" But now and then these rosy flowers had a strange way of opening with a laughing sound, and showing rows of white seed inside, in a manner unlike any flower ever before seen; so that the humming-birds thought they might be dangerous flowers, and did not go in. Milly was reading one of the most beautiful passages in the "Ladder of Stars," when she heard a step behind her. She turned, and beheld one of the most beautiful ladies she had ever seen, standing in the doorway. A tall, proud-looking lady she was, with bright eyes and fierce lip, and the smallest hands in the world. And such a dress! So rich and elegant and flowing! Milly thought she was a fairy. Being naturally polite, however, even to fairies, the little maiden rose and advanced timidly to this sultana. The lady did not keep her long in suspense.

"Your name is Milly Dove?" she said, in a commanding voice.

"Yes, ma'am," said Milly, half-frightened at the tone of the question.

"You are going to marry a man calling himself Alexander Winthrop. Is it not so?"

"Yes, ma'am." Milly's limbs began to tremble at this point.

"You must not marry him."

"Why, ma'am?" Milly's strength began to come back a little.

"Because he would make you unhappy."

"How do you know, ma'am!" O Milly Dove! Milly Dove! where did you pick up the Socratic mode of reasoning?

"Because I know it," said the sultana, stamping her foot. "You cannot marry him. He loves me. I know he does!" she continued passionately.

"He loves me better!" said Milly, quietly. "I know it for he told me so."

"You! love you better! Listen, child. You do not know this man. He is proud, wealthy, learned, a genius, and courted by all the world. His sphere in life rolls through another orbit than yours. His genius, his tastes, his friendships, will all separate him from you. He thinks he loves you now; well, in three months he will be disenchanted. He will neglect you,—ill-treat you, perhaps,—laugh at your ill-breeding, sport with your ignorance, and break your heart. Be warned in time. Here! I am rich. You shall have money, as much money as you wish, if you fly this place and promise never to see Alexander Winthrop again. I will make you wealthy, happy, everything you wish, only leave me my love! leave me my love!" She held out a purse to Milly as she spoke, and her splendid form literally shook with passion.

Poor Milly was thunderstruck; she knew not what to do. O, how she wished for either Alexander or Mr. Compton!

"Ma'am," said she at last, "I don't want money. I never knew that Mr. Alexander was rich; but it makes no matter to me whether he is or not. I know he loves me: for he said so, and he never tells a lie. Therefore I cannot do as you wish me. I am sorry, ma'am, that you should love Mr. Alexander too."

"But you must, I tell you,—you must, girl! You shall not wed him! He is mine! Do you not know—"

"She does not know, Miss Helen de Rham," said Mr. Alexander himself, stepping, at this juncture, out of the shop, and putting his arm around Milly's waist.

"O, you are here, sir!" said Miss De Rham, with a scornful curl of her upper lip. "Enjoying love in a cottage, which, no doubt, you taste merely as a literary experience to be made serviceable in your next book. It is a pretty idyl."

"Madam," said Alexander, "let me hear no unworthy sneers against a love so pure that you could not understand it. Milly, as this lady has thought fit to intrude herself on my privacy and yours, it is fit that you should learn the history of our association."

"Tell it, sir, by all means," said Miss De Rham, seating herself in a chair; "you are accustomed to weave romances."

"I tell the truth, madam, always; and if I did not this pure mind here is too true a touchstone not to detect the falsehood. Milly, that handsome lady there was once my friend. I believe I loved her, for she was beautiful and gifted. We were much together, and I understand that she expressed admiration for my talents. I thought her honest, and I loved her for her honesty; for she was one of those who could talk with that frank bluntness that so well simulates sincerity. Well, she was ambitious; she wanted to be a goddess, when she was only a woman; she wished to write, when God had only given her the power to appreciate. She came to me one day with a poem,—a beautiful poem, which she said she had written. I got it published for her; it was admired everywhere. On the strength of it she rose to the reputation of a woman of genius. Well, Milly, it was all a lie!—an acted, a spoken, a perpetuated lie!—the poem was not hers. It was written for her by a *prophet* of hers, who betrayed her trust, and the deception was discovered. I left Miss De Rham, Milly Dove, to the shame which, if she had a heart, ought to have eaten it out."

"And you could not discover the difference between an innocent piece of vanity and a crime! O Ivan Thorne, in spite of all your knowledge you know not the world!"

"I do not wish to know it better, Miss De Rham. Leave me and my bride in ignorance and peace. Go, madam, back to your town luxury and refined atmosphere, where pretty names are given to bad deeds. I wish to remain unmolested with that pure love which will ever be a mystery to you. Go!"

"What name did she call you?" cried Milly Dove, breathlessly, as the proud lady swept scornfully out through the little shop.

"Milly, you may now know what I have long concealed. I am Ivan Thorne!"

"You? you? O, I am so glad—so glad—so glad! Dear Alexander, I have now nothing to wish for."

"But I have, dear Milly!"

Those who have read Alexander Winthrop's latest and best novel, "The Village Bride," will see there how happily he and Milly and Mr. Compton lived together; and they will recognize in the lecturer on Woman's Rights the portrait of Miss De Rham.

THE END.

FRANÇOISQUE SARCÉY is stupified at the English newspapers. "I don't see," he says, "how the diavolo the English find time to read those enormous masses of information. Nature or education has endowed them with an insatiable appetite, and a prodigious capacity of stomach. One admires them. It is true that when we return home we begin once more to enjoy better our own journals, so sober, our Parisian life, so amiable, our theatres so just in tone, so exquisite in language."

OUTWITTED BY A GIRL.

A TALK WITH A DETECTIVE.

A talk with a detective is generally interesting and often instructive. We have a very acute officer in London, and from him I learned a little regarding the difficulty experienced in tracking criminals. Some years ago an extensive forgery was reported to the police; and on the evening of the same day a serious burglary was carried out in a jeweller's premises in the city. There was not the slightest trace of the daring criminals. The detective department was in despair; and the usual outcry as to the inefficiency of the police began to make itself heard. The detective told off the burglary chance to obtain a slight trace of some of the missing property, suspicion having attached itself to the inmates of a certain house, owing to their lavish expenditure of money. Further inquiries only strengthened the suspicion; but although there was the strongest proof that the police were on the right trail, none of the jewellery or silver plate could be discovered. This was exasperating, more especially as the detective had been assured that the property was actually taken into that house. The officer went to the station very despondent, and sought to beguile his thoughts by reading a volume of Edgar Allan Poe's stories. He had got the length of "The Missing Letter," when he started up, blaming his own folly, and proceeded again to the suspected house. Acting on the suggestion of the tale, he determined, this time, not to look under carpets and into mysterious cavities, or to tear up hollow-sounding portions of the floor. Knowing now that the safest place to hide anything was where people would never think of looking—as in the case of the letter staring the searchers in the face from the mantel-piece—the detective, accompanied by another officer, went into the house; and there, outside of the windows looking to the back-green, and attached by a strong cord to the lintel, they found a bag containing all the silver plate.

But there was no trace of the jewels, some of which were of great value. The officers had another look round, a little encouraged by their partial success. The main room was elegantly furnished, the oriel window being gay with a rich parterre of flowers in handsome Satsuma ware vases. My informant went forward to the window, took hold of one of the plants, when it came away in his hand, revealing the fact that the earth in the pot did not reach the bottom of the vase. In a few minutes the whole property was recovered from the several vases. An arrest and conviction followed, with a sentence of ten years' penal servitude to each of the ingenious thieves.

While the prisoners were awaiting their trial, one of them dropped a hint which rather enlightened a turnkey on the subject of the forgery, which, as above mentioned, had also happened on the same day as the theft. The detective was at once made aware of the information, which at first appeared insignificant. But this "trifle light as air" proved important enough. The slight clue was followed up with relentless perseverance, with the result of bringing to light the fact that the forger had spent large sums of money in the very house where the burglars had been arrested. It was easy to get information from the inmates who had not been taken into custody. The detective at last became aware that the man he was in search of was betrothed to a young lady, the daughter of a very prominent citizen. Curiously enough, the crime had not got into the newspapers; while, on the other hand, the authorities had been heavily handicapped through the absence of any photograph of the criminal. The detective called upon the young lady, when he had assured himself of the absence of her parents, and asked her quietly to show him her album. With great self-possession the girl brought the book, and looked steadily at her visitor's face; nor did she exhibit the slightest feeling when the detective, with a half smile, congratulated her on being a clever woman, although he thought she might have been even more so, if she had filled up the page from which she had taken the photograph which had faced her own. He left the house with the conviction that while the girl knew of the whereabouts of her lover, she was a match for the cleverest of criminal officers. Let me tell the story in the detectives own words.

"As I went about, considerably annoyed at the way we had been checkmated, I saw the girl come out of a shop. Strolling in, I purchased a small article, and learned from the garrulous shopkeeper that he had just sold a large trunk. Here was a new phase. The young lady, it was generally admitted, had a great regard for the young man, and would very probably do all in her power to save him. Did she intend to leave the city? That was the point to be determined. I also learned, through proceedings which I am not called upon to explain, that the young lady had a private account at a bank in the city—not the one where the forgery had been committed—and took steps to ascertain her money transactions; when, to my infinite surprise, I was told that on the previous day she had withdrawn a sum of fifteen hundred pounds, explaining that she wished to place it in an investment of a private nature. But imagine my astonishment when I learned that on a certain day, about the time the forgery was committed, she had lodged nine hundred pounds—a hundred less than the sum obtained by the forger. I now resolved to set my knowledge and authority against a woman's wits, not at all hopeful of the result.

"I met her in the street, where she affected not to recognize me. I followed; and when we came to a quieter thoroughfare, she turned, and at once addressed me by name. After some expressions of regret at the nature of my duties, I let her understand all I knew of the case, at the close giving a threat to the effect that I might be called upon to arrest her as an abettor in forgery. Even this did not affect her. Another thought struck me when I saw something white peeping from her hand-basket, and I bluntly asked her for the letter she had just received at the General Post-office. Without a pause, she handed me a letter bearing the post-mark of New York. We had suspected that the forger was in America; but inquiries at the post-office had satisfied me that no letters had been received addressed to the young lady, and I also knew that fear of her parents would prevent any communication between the parties. So when I received this letter, my labours seemed about ended; for this being the first epistle, and the contemplated flight being taken into account, there was every reason to believe that the letter now in my possession simply meant the speedy capture of the forger. The girl bowed and passed on; but there was something approaching a smile on her face as she parted from me. The letter was bulky, and the envelope had a somewhat frayed appearance, as if it had fallen amongst water. 'With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,' I tore the envelope open, only to find every sheet of paper perfectly blank! I looked them over and over again, went to the office, and tried sympathetic inks, obtained a microscope—in short, made every effort to satisfy myself that I had not been duped. At last, I confessed that the girl had been too much for me.

"Fortunately for my peace of mind, I had not acquainted any of my colleagues with the slightest idea of my partial success, so that they had no occasion to rejoice at my discomfiture—a discomfiture bitter enough; for when I made enquiries the next day, I found that my bird had flown. I instantly hurried to Greenock—this was before the days of the Atlantic cable—only to see the large steamer sailing away to the West. A few months afterwards I received a letter in a woman's hand, bearing the post-mark of a little township in the Rocky Mountains. This was all it contained: 'You're a smart fellow, but no match for a loving woman. An old envelope full of blank paper is quite good enough for such as you. Had you been more civil, I might have taught you the art of regumming old love-letters! Farewell. I am quite happy.'

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

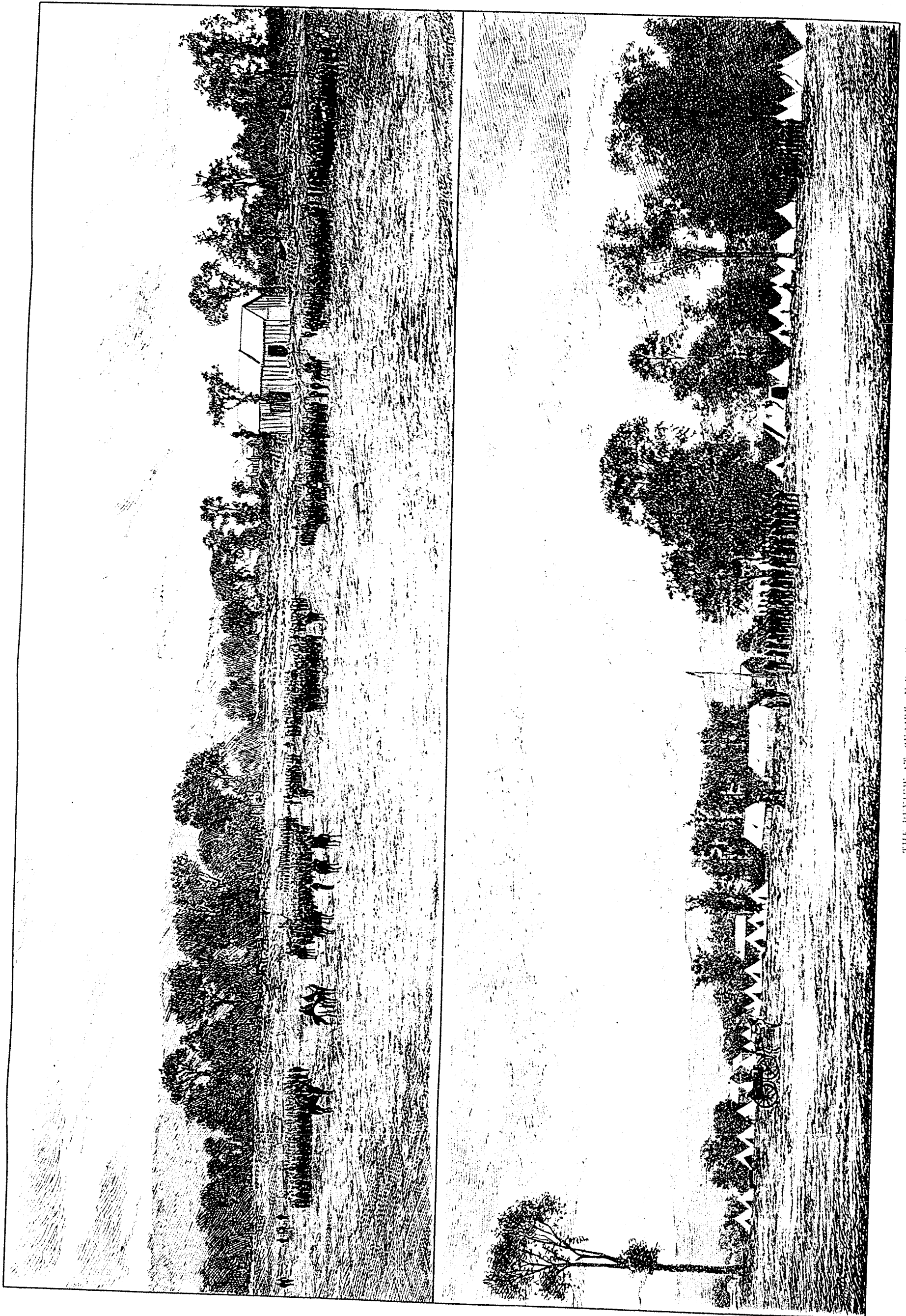
M. SARDOU, it is said, has just completed a new drama, called *Arrière*. Evidently an idea conceived at the railway station.

A SHOPKEEPER in the Rue des Petits-Champs advertises: "Tantes pour bains de mer." Of course he means *tents*, but meanwhile as the French say, *et les mœurs! et la famille!*

It is said that Meissonnier very much prides himself upon the resemblance of his head to that of the famous statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo. With his full flowing curly white beard and "tempest-tossed" white hair, marked features, and penetrating eyes, he does, indeed, look not unlike the statue in question. What is comical about the matter is the fact that he has taken to twisting his hair into two little knobs just above the brow so as to simulate at least a commencement of the horns or symbolical rays wherewith Michael Angelo saw fit to crown the head of his statue of the Hebrew law-giver.

A WORKMAN named Perron had been condemned by the Correctional Tribunal to eight days' imprisonment for having forcibly kissed an English governess in the street. The man appealed, and the Advocate-General, in the name of the Government, said that the punishment was excessive, and that the case ought never to have been brought into court. The Court of Appeal took no account of these remarks, and confirmed purely and simply the sentence of the Correctional Tribunal, and severely moralized the prisoner into the bargain, telling him that it was not allowed to kiss a woman by force in the public street. "even if the woman were an English governess." Even if English, and even if a governess, how condescending France has become!

FRENCH doctors delight in devising the most disgusting and repulsive remedies. You may see any day in the butchers' shops shreds of meat which are scraped from the steaks and spread spread upon *tartines* of bread and jam, which are thus eaten raw by invalids. The *cyro fanciullo* is not, however, deceived by *soave licor*, as the invalid makes sad grimaces at the loathsome food. Carnivorous folk, who have a weakness for rumpsteaks would be surprised to see how small is the share of nourishment in a rumpsteak, and how large is the residue of skin, veins, and muscle which remains after the nutritive portion of the meat has been scraped off. The doctors have now devised a still more horrible cure for pulmonary complaints. Crowds of enervated creatures may be seen every morning making a "queue" at the *abattoires*, or slaughter-houses, where each patient imbibes a quart of blood as it streams all hot from the slaughtered ox. The cure is not costly, as the red wine costs but ten sous the goblet. Patients drink at this glistly fountain for a month, when they fancy themselves cured.



THE REVIEW AT SUSSEX, N. B. — FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOTMAN

SURPRISES (FROM THE GERMAN).—BY ARTHUR J GRAHAM.



Hark ! the gate creaks, be still my beating heart.  
He comes, he comes—why lingers he apart.  
How strange I feel, and he, what thoughts are his !  
Dreams he I wait in rapture for his kiss !  
His breath comes hard, he's run perchance from far,  
He comes—O joy, methinks I hear him—A-h-h !



Say, how shall I find Irind, say how,  
Are there any pretty girls live there now !  
'Tis a couple of hours from here, or so,  
Till you come to the meadows 'way below ;  
Then turn to the left through the hollow ground,  
You'll find there a pretty girl—I'll be bound.



Well, here I am, and now my wife to seek,  
She don't expect me back within a week.  
With what a rapture will she spring to meet me,  
O'erjoyed thus unexpectedly to greet me ;  
She's not within, perhaps she's wand'ered out ;  
I'll find her in the summer-house, no doubt.



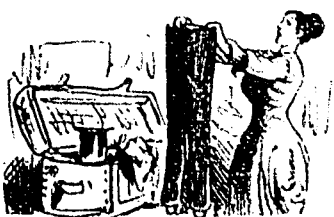
He to the White House, on grave car's intent,  
To seek an audience of the President ;  
His wife parts from him at the railway station  
For Saratoga is her destination.  
She goes to dress for dinner—do not laugh  
She's swopped portmanteaus with her better half



She promised me at sunset to be here,  
And now 'tis night—I halt 'twixt hope and fear.  
Ah, cruel love ! and reckless of my grief !  
To keep me crouching here like any thief,  
She comes at last—By yonder moon, I'll seize her,  
And make her pay me toll e'er I release her.



Go on, Conductor, we're quite full inside,  
There isn't room to give a cat a ride.  
Excuse me, Madam, let me count again—  
Seven, eight, nine—there should be room for ten.  
One more—ah, here's another. Hi ! this way,  
Plenty of room—a little closer, pray.





**THE POET.**

Far from distracting scenes of earth-born strife,  
The poet dwelt alone;  
Yet all the secret springs of man's deep life  
To him were known.

Upon the current of his silver speech  
Many enchanted hung,  
Tho' few did all the subtle meaning read  
Of what he sung.

His world was not their world—and yet the same;  
The heavens above it glow'd  
With golden orb'd spheres of splendid flame  
Whence music flowed.

Earthward, in ever varying symphonies,  
Then grandly re-ascended  
With sounds of a inds and many-voiced seas  
Divinely blended.

Thro' all the azure depths moving symphonious,  
Up to the gates of Dawn,  
In swelling waves it roll'd—a sea of song harmonious  
In eddies drawn.

The sound of this far echoing sea sublime  
His soul with rapture fill'd;  
He was the first of all born into time  
Whose spirit thrill'd.

To that ethereal chorus, first begun  
When, at Creation's prime,  
A hundred million gold-ensper'd suns  
With mystic chime.

And the young morning stars that upward springing,  
From hollow darkness rear,  
With multitudinous voice together singing  
In chorus clear,

Made melody, so passing strange, that even  
Beyond the realms of Night,  
With multitudinous voice together singing  
In chorus clear,

Made melody, so passing strange, that even  
Beyond the realms of Night,  
With multitudinous voice together singing  
In chorus clear,

His world was not their world—and yet the same:  
Myriads of living flowers  
Ambrosial blooms of every hue and name  
In fairy bowers.

Or on the sides of gently sloping hills,  
Or clustering at their feet,  
Where ever-murmuring streams and rills  
Made music sweet.

Or with star-twinkling eyes on dewy lawn,  
What time dark vapours roll  
Away before the brightening face of Dawn,  
Spoke to his soul—

Of Beauty, Love—Immortal Love—and Truth,  
First-born of Light and Love,  
To Beauty wed—dower'd with eternal youth  
And throned above

The powers that darkly move, yet surely tend  
With all things, great and small,  
To Light—to perfect good—to God, the end  
And source of all.

Paris, Oct. H. M. STRAMBERG.

**HOW MISS JENKINS "GOT OUT OF IT."**

It was "writing afternoon," said Miss Jenkins,—and my scholars were new. If you had ever been a teacher, my dear, you would realize what the combination of those two simple facts implies—the weariness of body and the utter vexation of spirit. First, there's the holding of the pen. If there's one thing more than another in which scholars exhibit their own originality, it is in managing a pen-holder. Then, the ink: To some it was simply ink, nothing more. To other it seemed an irresistible tempter, whispering of unique designs, grotesque or otherwise, to be worked out upon desk or jacket, or perhaps upon the back of one small hand.

Well, upon the afternoon of which I am going to tell you, I had had more correcting to do than usual, for some of the scholars were stupid, and couldn't do as I wished; others were careless, and didn't try. What with the looking, and stooping, and continual showing, I felt my patience giving way, and then I saw that three of the largest boys had left the page upon which they should have been practicing, and were making "unknown characters" in different parts of their books, I lost it utterly. "That I will not have," said I, sharply. "I will punish any boy who makes a mark upon any but the lesson-page."

They were very still for a while. Nothing was heard but the scratch, scratching of the pens, and the sound of my footsteps as I walked up and down the aisles. Involuntarily, I found myself studying the hands before me as if they had been faces. There was Harry Sanford's, large and plump, but flabby withal, and not very clean. His "n's" stood weakly upon their legs, seeming to feel the need of other letters to prop them up.

Walter Lane's, red and chapped, with short, stubbed fingers, nails bitten off to the quick, had yet a certain air of sturdy dignity; and his "n's," if not handsome, were certainly plain, and looked as if they knew their place, and meant to keep it.

Tommy Silver's, long and limp, besmeared with ink from palm to nail, vainly strove to keep time with a tongue that wagged, uncertainly, this way and that, and which should have been red, but was black, like the fingers. His "n's" had neither form nor comeliness, and might have stood for "v's," or even "x's," quite as well.

Then there was Hugh Bright's hand, hard and rough with work, holding the pen as if it never meant to let it go; but his "n's" were as "n's," and could not be mistaken for anything else.

At length I came to Frank Dunbar's desk—dear little Frank, who had been a real help and comfort to me since the day when he bashfully knocked at my door, with books and slate in hand. His hand was white and shapely; fin-

gers spotless, nails immaculate, and his "n's"—but what was it that sent a cold chill over me as I looked at them? Ah, my dear, if I should live a thousand years, I could never tell you how I felt when I found that Frank Dunbar had written half a dozen letters upon the opposite page of his copy-book!

"Why, Frank," said I, "how did that happen?"

"I did it."

"You did it before I spoke?" said I, clinging to a forlorn hope.

"No, 'm; I did it afterwards. I forgot."

"Oh, Frank! my good, dear boy! How could you? I shall have to punish you."

"Yes, 'm,"—the brave blue eyes looking calmly up into my face.

"Very well; you may go to the desk."

He went, and I walked the aisles again,—up and down, up and down, giving a caution here or a word of advice there, but not knowing, in the least, what I was about. My thoughts were all with the flaxen-haired culprit, who stood bravely awaiting his penalty. Vainly I strove to listen to my inward monitor. It seemed suddenly to have become two-voiced,—the one tantalizing, the other soothing,—and, of course, the tones were conflicting.

"You must punish him," said one.

"You mustn't," said the other.

"He deserves it."

"He doesn't."

"He disobeyed you flatly."

"But he forgot—and he has always been so good."

"But you promised. You have given your word. Here are thirty boys to whom you should be an example. Do you think they are not watching? Look at them!"

I did look at them. Walter Lane's sharp black eyes and Harry Sanford's sleepy orbs were fixed curiously upon me. Nor were these all. Gray eyes, blue eyes, hazel and brown eyes,—all were regarding me intently; I almost fancied that they looked at me pityingly. I could not bear it.

"Attend to your writing, boys." Then I walked slowly up to the desk.

"You see how it is," said the troublesome voice. "You will certainly have to punish him."

But I had thought of a possible plan of escape. "Frank," said I, "you have been disobedient, and—you know what I said, but—you are such a good boy that I can not bear to punish you—not in that way, I mean. You may go to the foot of your class, instead."

"I'd rather take the whipping," The honest, upturned face was very sober, but betrayed not the least sign of fear, nor was there the slightest suspicion of a tremble in the clear, childish voice.

"Bless your brave little heart," thought I. "Of course you would! I might have known it," and again I walked the aisles, up and down, thinking, thinking.

"You will have to do it," repeated the voice.

"There's no other way."

"I cannot,—oh, I can't," I groaned, half aloud.

"The good of the school requires it. You must sacrifice your own feeling and his."

"Sacrifice his feelings! Loyal little soul!—good as gold, and true as steel."

"No matter, you must do it."

"I won't!"

I walked quickly to the desk, and struck the bell. The children looked wonderingly. "Listen to me, boys," said I. "You all know that Frank Dunbar is one of our best scholars."

"Yes, 'm—yes 'm!" came from all parts of the room, but two or three of the larger boys sat silent and unsympathetic.

"You know how ambitious he is in school, and what a little gentleman, always."

"Yes, 'm. That's so. We know." Only two unsympathetic faces new; but one of them, that of a sulky boy in the corner, looked as if its owner were mentally saying: "Can't think what you're driving at, but I'll never give in—never."

"You all know how brave he was when Joe Willis dropped his new knife between the boards of that unfinished building on Corliss street. How he did what no other boy in school would do—let himself down into the cellar, and groped about in the dark until he found it for him."

"We know that—yes, 'm. Hurrah for—"

"Stop a minute. One thing more."

Sulky-boy's companion was shouting with the rest, and Sulky-boy's own face had relaxed.

"You all know," said I, "how he took care of Willie Randall when Willie hurt himself upon the ice. How he drew him home upon his own sled, going very slowly and carefully that poor Willie might not be jolted, and making himself late to school in consequence."

"Yes, 'm. Yes, ma'am. Hoo-ray for little Dunbar!" Sulky-boy was smiling now, and I knew that my cause was won.

"Very well," said I. "Now let us talk about to-day. He has disobeyed me, and—of course I ought to punish him."

"No, 'm, you oughtn't. Don't punish him! We don't want him whipped!"

"But I have given my word. It will be treating you all unfairly if I break it. He has been such a faithful boy that I should like very much to forgive him, but I cannot do it unless you are all willing."

"We're willing. We'll give you leave. We'll forgive him. We'll—"

"Stop! I want you to think of it carefully for a minute. I am going to leave the matter

altogether with you. I shall do just as you say. If, at the end of one minute by the clock, you are sure you forgive him, raise your hands."

My dear, you should have seen them! If ever there was an expression in human hands, I saw it in theirs that day. Such a shaking and snapping of fingers, and an eager waving of small palms,—breaking out at last into a hearty, simultaneous clapping, and Sulky-boy's the most demonstrative of all!

"Disorderly," were you say? Well, perhaps it was. We were too much in earnest to think of that. I looked at Frank. His blue eyes were swimming in tears, which he would not let fall.

As for me, I turned to the blackboard, and put down some examples in long division. If I had made all the divisors larger than the dividends, or written the numerals upside down, it would not have been at all strange, in the circumstances.

And the moral of this—concluded Miss Jenkins (she had just been reading "Alice in Wonderland")—is that a teacher is human, and a human being doesn't always know just what to do.—*Mary C. Bartlett, in St. Nicholas for August.*

**SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.**

The annual meeting of the Victoria Philosophical Institute of Great Britain took place at the House of the Society of Arts, London, on the 30th June, the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., in the chair. The meeting was very fully attended. Prior to the delivery of the address, "On the Credibility of the Supernatural," by the Right Hon. the Lord O'Neill, the honorary secretary, Captain F. Petrie, read the report, from which it appeared that the total number of members was now upwards of 900, a greater number than usual, especially of colonial supporters, having joined in the past year, during which papers and short communications written in furtherance of the Society's objects,—namely, the investigation of philosophical and scientific questions, especially those said to militate against the truth of Revelation,—had been contributed by several leading men of science, including his Grace the Duke of Argyll, K.G., F.R.S., Sir J. Fyler, F.R.S., Professors Stokes, F.R.S., Boyd Dawkins, F.R.S., J. W. Dawson, F.R.S., Nicholson, F.R.S.E., Balfour Stewart, F.R.S., Mr. J. Bateman, F.R.S., and other Fellows of the Royal Society, besides Professor Hughes, Dr. Rassam, and others. The report closed with a special tribute to the newspaper press. The treasurer's report showed that a considerable advance had been made by the Institute. Amongst the speakers were Sir H. Barkly, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., F.R.S., Sir J. Fyler, K.C.S.I., F.R.S., who strongly urged that the Society's mode of fully and impartially investigating scientific questions was of special importance; the Christian philosopher need never fear for the results of investigations so conducted, for the Books of Nature and Revelation had the same author, and if the former were fairly and impartially inquired into, the result would not clash with the latter. Mr. J. E. Howard, F.R.S., Mr. A. McArthur, M.P., the Master of the Charterhouse, and others, having spoken, the meeting adjourned to the Museum, where refreshments were served.

**OUR CHESS COLUMN.**

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 325.

J. B., Lachine.—Problem received. Many thanks. It shall appear soon.

One gratifying proof of the increasing interest shown in chess is the little difficulty experienced by those who travel now, either for business or pleasure, in finding an antagonist with whom to pass an hour or two over the chequered board. It is, also, seen in the manufacture of boards at all men adapted for steamboat or railway journeys, so that little trouble is experienced in carrying on a game in spite of rapid motion or occasional thumps and bumps, which, in ordinary circumstances, would not fail to mix up the pieces and spoil a position however important and critical it might happen to be.

We are led to make these remarks from the fact that having had the benefit of laying aside editorial and other duties, to some extent, in order to enjoy a trip on one of our beautiful Canadian lakes, we were delighted to meet with lovers of the game, who seemed to enjoy the beauties around them the more, from an hour or two daily devoted to the fascinating excitement of their favourite game.

A traveller, nowadays, has only to open his board, arrange his pieces so as to exhibit one of the fine combinations of a Heale, or a Shinkman, and soon a kindred spirit from among his fellow-passengers will be drawn irresistibly to the place, and the result is invariably a series of battles, which although they do not always prove equally gratifying to both players, are, nevertheless, productive of much social enjoyment.

When, however, an antagonist is not on hand, a selection of beautiful problems, or a well-chosen collection of games, such as we find in Bird's "Masterpieces of Chess," well vary the pleasures of a summer holiday, and prove acceptable to minds which are not, perhaps, altogether prepared for a long stretch of inactivity.

**INTERNATIONAL PROBLEM TOURNEY.**

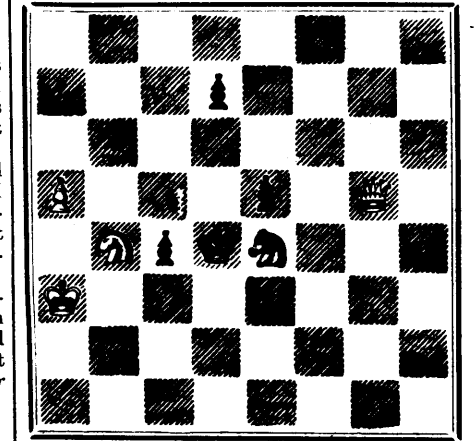
The fourth Problem Tourney of the Revista Degli Schacchi is announced. The Tourney is for two-move problems, each problem to have at least four variations, in which the white Queen shall mate on a different square in each case. Extra variations above the number mentioned will make the problem proportionately richer. Duals do not disqualify; but will place the problem in a second class. The sealed envelope system is adopted, and no limit is made to the number of problems each competitor may enter, but each envelope must contain one problem, and separate letters for each problem. Composers abroad must mail their motto, not later than 30th September. Three money and book prizes will be awarded by the judge, Professor G. B. Valle. Address

"Alla Direzione della Nuova Rivista Degli Schacchi Via dei Florida, No. 1, Livorno, Italy.—Chessplayers' Chronicle.

**PROBLEM No. 339**

By W. A. Shinkman.

**BLACK.**



**WHITE.**

White to play and mate in two moves.

**GAME 467TH.**

(From Land and Water.)

**CHESS IN LONDON.**

The following pretty game was played a few days since between Mr. E. Freeborough and Mephisto, at Mephisto's Chess Rooms, No. 48a, Regent street. There were two other games between them, winning the majority.

(Allgaier-Thorold.)

- |                                 |                           |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------|
| <b>White.—(Mr. Freeborough)</b> | <b>Black.—(Mephisto.)</b> |
| 1. P to K 4                     | 1. P to K 4               |
| 2. P to K B 4                   | 2. P takes P              |
| 3. K to K B 3                   | 3. P to K Kt 4            |
| 4. P to K R 4                   | 4. P to Kt 5              |
| 5. Kt to Kt 5                   | 5. P to K R 3             |
| 6. Kt takes P                   | 6. K takes Kt             |
| 7. P to Q 4                     | 7. P to Q 4               |
| 8. B takes P                    | 8. Kt to K B 3            |
| 9. B to K 2 (a)                 | 9. Kt takes P (b)         |
| 10. Castles                     | 10. K to K sq             |
| 11. B takes Kt P                | 11. R to R 2 (c)          |
| 12. B takes B (d)               | 12. Q takes B             |
| 13. Q to R 5 (eb)               | 13. K to K 2              |
| 14. Kt to B 3 (ch)              | 14. Kt takes Kt           |
| 15. P takes Kt                  | 15. Kt to R 3             |
| 16. Q takes Q P                 | 16. K to K sq             |
| 17. B takes R P (f)             | 17. B to K 2              |
| 18. Q to Kt 8 (cb) (g)          | 18. K to Q 2              |
| 19. Q takes R                   | 19. Q to K Kt sq          |
| 20. R to B 7                    | 20. Q takes Q             |
| 21. R takes Q                   | 21. R to K sq (h)         |
| 22. B to Kt 5                   | 22. R to Q sq (i)         |
| 23. R takes B                   | Resigns.                  |

**NOTES.**

- (a) Introduced by Mr. Freeborough in the early days of the Allgaier-Thorold, and it does not appear that there is any continuation equally good. 9 Kt to B 3 would be well met by B to Kt 5.
- (b) P takes P is far preferable. He cannot afford to abandon the K Kt P.
- (c) Mephisto was some time considering this. He is certainly in a very awkward position. We rather think our choice would have been Kt to Q 2.
- (d) The right idea, taking the adverse Q out of the fight.
- (e) Another strong stroke, and one admitting of no satisfactory reply.
- (f) This brilliant continuation wins the Rook at once.
- (g) He could also afford to play 18 Q R to K sq, R takes B, 19 Q to B 7 (ch), K to Q 2, 20 R takes B (ch), K to Q 3, 21 P to B 4.
- (h) If K to Q 3, then B to Kt 5 (ch), etc.
- (i) If K to Q 3 or Kt to Kt sq, then R to K sq winning very easily.

**SOLUTIONS.**

**Solution of Problem No. 337.**

- |                |              |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. R to K 3    | 1. P takes R |
| 2. Kt to Q B 3 | 2. Anything. |
| 3. Mates acc.  |              |

**Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 335.**

- |                    |               |
|--------------------|---------------|
| <b>WHITE.</b>      | <b>BLACK.</b> |
| 1. Kt to Q B 5     | 1. K to K 4   |
| 2. B to Q B 7 (ch) | 2. K to Q 5   |
| 3. Kt mates.       |               |

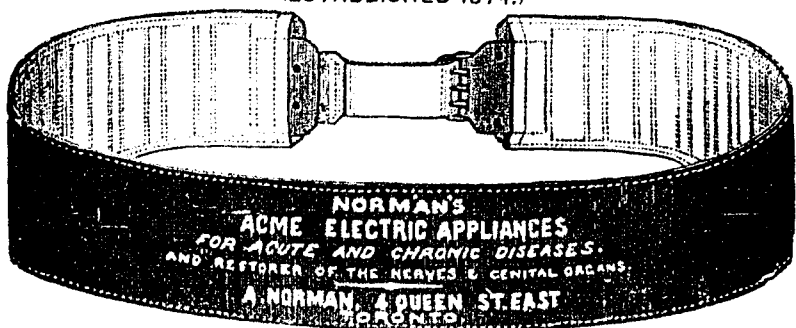
**PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 336.**

- |                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| <b>White.</b>       | <b>Black.</b>    |
| K at Q Kt sq        | K at Q R 5       |
| Q at K 8            | B at Q B 3       |
| R at K Kt 4         | Kt at K 3        |
| R at Q 5            | Pawns at Q Kt 2, |
| B at K 2            | and Q R 4 and 6  |
| Pawns at K 4 and 5, |                  |
| Q B 3 and 5, Q Kt 6 |                  |
| and Q R 2           |                  |

White to play and mate in two moves.



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Corporation of the City of Montreal hereby invite applications for the above-named securities, endorsed "Tender for bonds," and addressed to the undersigned, to the extent of \$500,000 presently required, for submission to the Finance Committee on

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Any further information required as to this proposed issue of the City's securities can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

JAMES F. D. BLACK,  
City Treasurer,  
City Treasurer's Office,  
Montreal, July 11th, 1881.

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PATENT OFFICE RECORD

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics.

THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

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1881.



1881.

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TO BE HELD IN

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— FROM —

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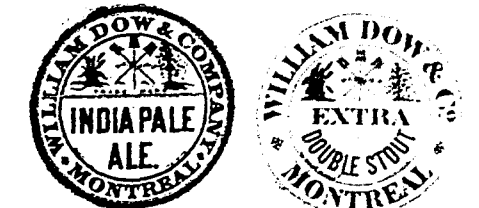
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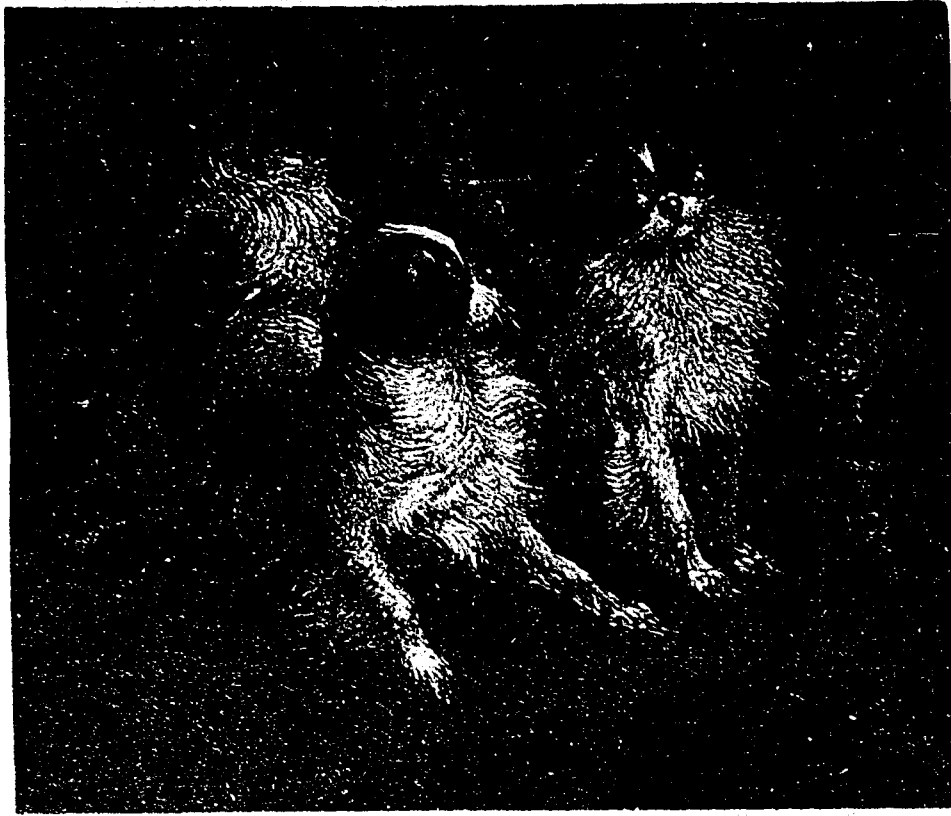
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LOCAL TRAINS to Knowlton and All Way Stations this side at 5.00 p.m., on Saturdays at 2.00 p.m., instead of 5.00 p.m., and arrive on Mondays at 8.25 a.m., instead of 9.15 a.m.  
NIGHT EXPRESS, with Pullman Sleeper, through to Boston at 6.30 p.m., will stop only at Chambly, Canton, West Farnham, and Cowanville, between St. Lambert and Sutton Junction, except on Saturdays, when this train will stop at all stations.

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