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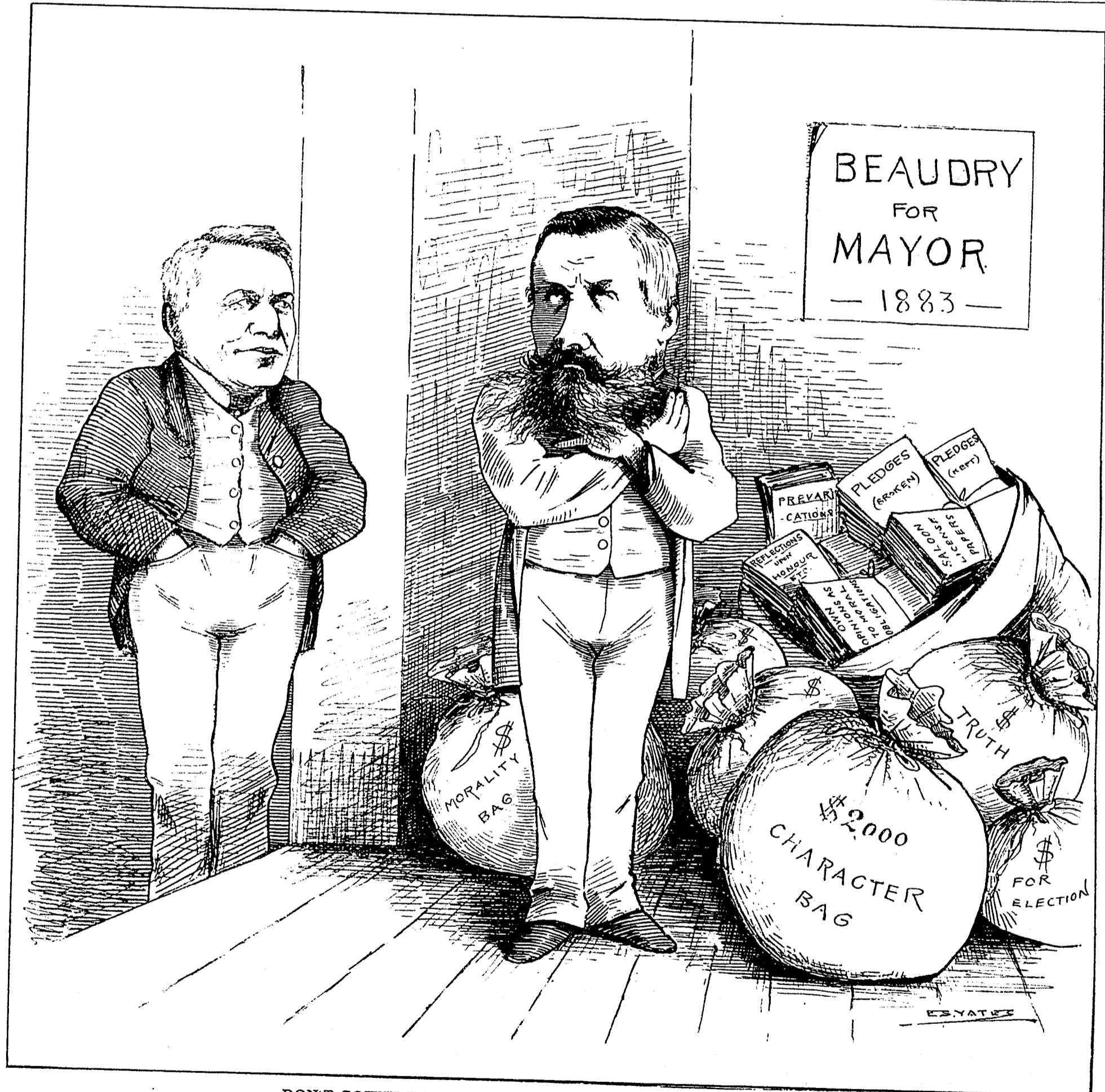
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVII.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1883.

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DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE THEY ARE HATCHED.

KING BE—UD—Y:—
 Since they will buckle fortune on my back
 To bear her burden, wh'er I will or no,
 I must have patience to endure the load!
 But shall we wear these glories for a day?
 Or shall they last and we rejoice in them?

B—LM—R - (Aside):
 Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.
 (KING RICHARD III., ACTS III AND IV.)

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Feb. 18th, 1883.				Corresponding week, 1882.			
Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon. 24.0	11.0	19.0	Mon. 33.0	16.0	24.0	24.5	
Tues. 21.0	14.0	17.0	Tues. 42.0	24.0	33.0	28.5	
Wed. 28.0	16.0	22.0	Wed. 46.0	26.0	36.0	31.0	
Thur. 19.0	5.0	12.0	Thur. 46.0	26.0	36.0	31.0	
Fri. 17.0	2.0	9.0	Fri. 47.0	27.0	37.0	32.0	
Sat. 16.0	2.0	9.0	Sat. 43.0	25.0	34.0	29.5	
Sun. 17.0	11.0	14.0	Sun. 32.0	15.0	23.0	17.5	

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,
Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 24, 1883.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

Of course the salaries of these county officers in Philadelphia—Recorder, Register, Clerk, District Attorney, etc.—though they still seem high when compared with those paid to the judges, were lowered very much from the sums they received under the old fee system, and the descent made was so great that it is not strange a stricter and more reasonable proportion was not at once obtained. It was the old idea that an incumbency of one term in some of these places was a great financial prize, laying the foundation of a fortune at the very least, and when the salary system was established it attacked this usage with a heavy hand, if it did not actually cut it up by the roots. But the time has now come when there should be a general, systematic and just reapportionment of salaries. Those paid the judges are small; those paid some of the other officials are too high. If a judge of the Orphans' Court is to have but five thousand dollars a year, it is absurd and unfair to give the Register of Wills ten thousand. Probably seventy-five hundred dollars each would be nearer the mark of justice.

We must all look forward with deep interest to the new ocean wonder which is promised the world in July next, namely, the fastest ship that has ever been afloat on the bosom of the seas. The steamer is to be called the *Oregon*, so a lookout may be kept for her performance number one. She is intended for the Guion Line. She will not be much larger than the *Alaska*, but her engines are to indicate no less than 13,000 horse power. She will have but one screw, as we understand, about 24ft. in diameter, with a pitch of nearly 40. Steam will be supplied by twelve boilers, each with six furnaces 3ft. 6in. diameter, the grates being a little over 6ft. long. We may compare her with the *Alaska*, which ship has nine boilers with six furnaces in each, of about the same size. Comparing great areas, we find that the aggregate surface in the *Oregon* will be 1,512 feet, divided among 72 furnaces, while that of the *Alaska* is 1,134, divided among 54 furnaces. We shall not, we have reason to believe, be far wrong if we assert that such vessels as the *Alaska*, *Servia*, *Gallia*, &c., earn each voyage from £13,000 to £20,000, nearly one-half of which is profit.

It seems highly probable that there will be some inquiry into the subject of the duties and compensations of public officials in the large

cities of the United States. The relative amount and character of the service performed, and the amount of salary or fees received for it, afford a very curious study. In some cases the pay is enormous, in others absurdly inadequate. Thus, the "Recorder" of Philadelphia, who is really an assessor and collector of mercantile license taxes, receives a net compensation estimated at from twenty-five to thirty-five thousand dollars, while the Mayor of the city gets five thousand. The City Treasurer is reported to have fees reaching twenty thousand dollars, while the Treasurer of the State is allowed five thousand only, and cannot lawfully increase this sum a cent. In New York, it is asserted that the County Clerk gets one hundred thousand dollars a year from his office, and the Registrar seventy-five thousand. The figures for these offices are not correspondingly high in Philadelphia, because under the new Constitution salaries were substituted for fees; yet the Registrar here receives ten thousand dollars a year, while the Orphans' Court judges, to whose court he is clerk, receive five thousand. The other judges (in the Court of Common Pleas, etc.) get seven thousand dollars; but, at the same time, the Prothonotary gets ten thousand dollars and the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions ten thousand, while the Recorder of Deeds has twelve thousand dollars and the District Attorney fifteen thousand.

A GENTLEMAN, who calls himself "A Victim," writes to the English papers complaining of the way people behave who come to hunt meets, and it is a matter that must have struck many an observant person. "All is so different now," exclaims "A Victim." "In old days, thirty or thirty-five years ago, even one's own friends were in the habit of writing and asking permission to drive over to see the Meet. In these days the general public come *volens volens*. I don't know if I altogether object to the liberty they take, but I certainly object to them turning the place into a bear garden, by driving across the grass and cutting the hedges of the roads, so that one has to send a man for several days to repair damage. But it is rather too much of a good thing when these attendants of the Meet nearly drive over you, and give you their 'blessing' because you happen, on your own bank, to be standing in their route. The thing has become a positive nuisance, and I am determined not to stand it." There is nothing like a strong determination to alter the whole tone of society and have things as they were in the good old times, but it is a little different to carry out the determination.

THE manufacture of the *tanagra* has been unusually brisk this year at Marseilles. These *tanagra*, for the fabrication of which, at Christmas time, the blacksmith leaves his anvil, the shepherd leaves his flock, and the weaver his loom, are produced exclusively at Marseilles, and serve to ornament the cradle of the infant Jesus in every Catholic church throughout the whole of Europe. They are made from the models found in the ancient Greek tombs, and many an antiquary has been deceived by the close imitation of the workmanship of the figures to give a fabulous sum for one of these *tanagra*, in the belief that it is the relic of the Pagan veneration for the dead, found in the sepulchres of ancient Greece. Now, it appears from the report of a visitor to Marseilles last month, in quest of the models thus employed, that many of them have been in reality taken from the tombs, and have been transmitted from father to son through many generations, being preserved most jealously in the same family until the present day. What is most curious of all is the discovery that none of these figures have ever been baked in the oven, as is generally supposed, and this mistake has often caused the fraud to be discovered, as the peculiar softness to the touch, peculiar to the genuine *tanagra*, is wanting in the imitation. It is supposed that the Marseilles pottery must be identically the same as that of the ancient Greeks brought by the Phoenicians. The mould is divided in half, each half is filled with wet clay, the mould is then closed, and held tightly together with *barbotine*. The figure comes out perfect, and is left to dry without further care. It is sometimes sold for a few pence, to be sold again in Paris or London for fifty or a hundred guineas, the whole beauty of the sta-

tuetto consisting in the exquisite grace of the ancient Greek model. Attention has been drawn to this neglected branch of art by the publication of an exquisite poem by Godfried Kinkel, entitled, *Tanagra, a Greek Idyll*, which tells of a young Athenian modeller, who passes his whole life in seeking to reproduce in his *Tanagra* the form and features of the woman he loves, and succeeds at last, but dies; and the *Tanagra* is placed in his own tomb.

AMERICAN CONSERVATISM.

Edmund Burke once said: "He feels no ennobling principle in his own heart who wishes to level all the artificial institutions which have been adopted for giving a body to opinion and permanence to fugitive esteem. It is a sour, malignant and envious disposition, without taste for the reality or for any image or representation of virtue, that sees with joy the unmerited fall of what has long flourished in splendor and honor." Democracies have been accused of entertaining this envious, sour disposition, an accusation seemingly justified by the iconoclasm of the French in their domestic revolutions, and of the Paris Communists in the Franco-Prussian War. So, too, one may ask what "artificial institutions for giving a body to opinion and permanence to fugitive esteem" can exist in a country so new as the United States of America. Nevertheless, it has been reserved for a land theoretically the freest on the earth, and with a nation d and with provincial institutions expressly framed to facilitate revolutions in the State—correspondent with fluctuations in opinion, to present an example of conservatism scarcely matched beyond the ancient empires of Asia. It is true that there is much flippant or noisy disdain of old fogyism, and wearisome chatter about progress, in many American communities. These are the favorite topics of declamatory politicians, who thus hope to please their constituents. But these are a short-lived race of statesmen, and the unimportant cut about progress is an evidence of the conservatism which it denounces. Possibly, American conservatism would sound like a paradox to those foreign reviewers who call this country "the asylum of exploded European fanaticisms," as was recently done in England, and also to those who accept "Martin Chuzzlewit" as an authentic description of American manners. But these are things which lie below the plane of intelligent and educated thought.

Since the Civil War attracted general attention to a country whose resources proved gigantic, and whose invention, skill and organization were displayed in the creation of disciplined armies, vast commissariat, transportation and charitable bureaux out of the raw material, foreign criticism has awakened a home-sense of national character. In nothing have our friendly critics been more surprised than in American habits of conservatism, and, perhaps, no national quality was less suspected by ourselves.

Conservatism has usually been considered an attribute of well-defined and influential social circles. The old country families of England are almost wholly Tories, and conservatism is with them a household tradition. There was a like feature at the South before the war. In such families there are heirlooms, quiet ancestral customs, an unobtrusive *esprit*, which the stranger feels, though he can scarcely say wherein they lie. Members of the household pride themselves upon the preservation of these domestic and local ways. They are signs of self-respect, of things which have flourished in honor. There is much of this element in America. It is found amongst the descendants of the early Quakers in Philadelphia, of the Dutch in New York and Albany, of the Puritans in Boston and Hartford, of the French in St. Louis. He who imagines that the society of American towns is alike all over the country, has not strayed far from home, or is very unobserving, or has not seen their best people. The stranger will find everywhere quiet circles of unassuming gentleness, all in possession of like cultivation, of like accomplishments, of the same topics of interest. But he perceives, as he goes from place to place, that the social atmosphere changes. While culture makes such a common possession, it heightens local and family distinctions. Of those America is full, and those who go into new districts, which are filling up by immigration from all parts of the world, find the new settlers carrying with them their ancestral sentiments and customs.

More marked than social peculiarities is the speech of America. Although dialects fade away in remarkable contrast to anything European, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Baltic, yet the common tongue of America is more archaic and idiomatic than that of England. Our English is nearer that of the time of King James's version of the Bible than that of the educated British. The language has been more stationary here than in its native place. A Boston gentleman, once taken to task on board a steamer by an English fellow-traveler for applying the word "sick" to another lady than nausea, replied with a quotation from the New Testament: "Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." The conversation of educated Englishmen exhibits a tendency to obliterate all secondary accents and to carry the primary as far back as possible. But, when they come to recite the older poets, they are obliged to replace their secondary accents. The speech of America is that of the poets.

Recently, Dr. Bevan, a Welsh gentleman who was called from London to a church in New York, gave, as a reason for relinquishing his charge in our metropolis, the prevalence of a sentiment which restricted the activities of a clergyman to pastoral duty and to the pulpit. In England, ministers are often justices of the peace; they hold seats in boards of education, are prominent in municipal affairs, appear on the platform at reform political meetings, and touch social life on all its sides. In France the *cure* is a kind of local magistrate,—a counsellor in all sorts of affairs. In Germany, the *pastor* is recognized functionary of the State. With us, a clergyman must be a man of unusual force who can engage in what are regarded as secular matters without impairing his professional standing.

So restricting is this sentiment that but few American ministers appear in the world of literature, aside from sermons, polemical essays and commentaries. We have no Crabbe, nor Croly, nor Sydney Smith, nor Kingsley, nor Chalmers,—not, probably, because of inferior talent, but because a strong, conservative environment restrains clerical ventures into the field of letters. Nor do our denominations tolerate the free criticism found in foreign churches. They are too conservative for that.

About the time that Goldwin Smith left Cornell University, he drew an indictment in a review article of American conservatism in the matter of trusts and bequests, saying that so sacred in our eyes were the rights of property that we would suffer a dead man's will to brew almost any pestilent atmosphere, rather than change an item of the testament, and he thought future generations would curse the conservatism of this when time had alienated our testamentary and other endowments from living sentiments and customs. The Constitution of the United States forbids Congress to pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts, and all our States have adopted the same restriction. The courts have construed this provision so liberally that legislative grants immediately turned to vested rights which the sovereign authority cannot withdraw. Perhaps the principle is wise, since it is so much easier for Government to encroach on private rights than it is to recover them when once lost. But there is no other country in all the earth which has so barred its Government from interference with property or has so facilitated the turning of public functions into personal emoluments.

The American respect for law is another evidence of conservatism. Often it has been noticed that there is no turbulence in American crowds, no violent righting of wrongs, because there is a general confidence in the efficacy of the law. This in despite of lynchings, which are a feature of organized communities in America, rather than of interference with the ordinary course of law. The peculiarity of this trait is its strong contrast with the French, and, perhaps, the German character. The Frenchman of the present day has an almost servile respect for the official personage. This fellow is about the only aristocrat recognized on the *boulevards* and in the concourses of the people. His insignia of office are upon him, and much is done to affect the senses with the pomp of authority. But respect for customs and sentiments is not the corrective of French radicalism. In America, the official is of small account. Nowhere else is he treated so familiarly, so slightly. Without any pomp of place, he is made too often the target of criticism. But the solemnity of law is seldom questioned. Now, if law be, as Guizot says, but precedent hardened into custom, and custom worked into statute, then the American feeling in regard to law becomes respect for custom, and this is the essence of conservatism.

In one of his ingenious essays, Arthur Helps argued that the stability of institutions rested upon sentiment and prejudice, and not on reason. Were it otherwise, a syllogism might overturn a government; but feeling is not so amenable to reason. The truth of Mr. Helps's observation might be exemplified by instances from every department of life. It will be enough, however, to notice two illustrations. More fundamental and organic changes have gone on in England, Germany and France in a single generation than in America since the Revolution. Where the government is in the hands of a privileged, a wealthy and an educated class, the modification of manners and of laws is most rapid. Free Trade, emancipation of the West India slaves, household suffrage, Irish Church disestablishment, in England,—imperialism, the gold standard, State railways and the school laws of Germany,—the not-rious revolutions of France,—are obvious proofs.

Moreover, it is among illiterate and savage people that customs are inveterate. When Dr. Robinson travelled in Syria, he learned to identify historical sites chiefly by the names they bore among the *fellahs*. These descendants of the ancient Canaanites, whom Joshua undertook to expel, notwithstanding Hebrew, Babylonish, Greek, Roman and Saracen subjugation, still retained the primal names given by their forefathers to the localities of Palestine. And Dr. Robinson thought this the surest clue to identification through the labyrinthine legends of Greek and Latin monks.

Undoubtedly, under an unrestrained system, democracies will be found the most conservative of people. The dread of them is fallacious. Not the turbulence of the Greek people, but the restless ambition of their tyrants, kept Hellas in agitation. The *plebes* did not pull down the Roman Republic, but senators and patricians, who introduced the foreign Gods into the service of the State. In good sooth, the danger of a

democracy lies more in the obstructiveness of its conservatism than in its turbulence.

The youth of a nation is no bar to conservatism; for it does not hinder the possession of customs. Blackstone lays down the principle, that, wherever five Englishmen migrate to make a community, there goes the common law. This is not a theory, but a simple fact, meaning that five persons constitute a society needing conventions for their terms of intercourse, and that from force of habit those which Englishmen set up are the customs known as the common law. The founders of the American colonies did not have to originate social contracts; they brought with them usages and traditions. American life runs its roots back into history by individual inheritance; and this is the explanation of its conservatism.

In no way, perhaps, has America done more for free government abroad than by her example of peaceful adherence to institutions and fixed usages. Her conservatism has been a surprise to observers, but it has also been an assurance that in her territory there will not readily occur "the unmitigated fall of what has long flourished in splendor and honor."—*The American*.

INITIATED IN MASONRY.

THE BAD BOY GIVES HIS FATHER THE ROYAL BUMPER DEGREE.

I wish me and my chum had muzzled our goat with a pillow. Pa would have enjoyed his becoming a member of our lodge better. You see, pa has been telling us how much good the Masons and Odd Fellows did, and said we ought to try and grow up good so we could join the lodges when we got big, and I asked pa if it would do any hurt for us to have a play lodge in my room and pretend to nishiate, and pa said it wouldn't do any hurt. He said it would improve our minds and learn us to be men. So my chum and me borried a goat that lives in a livery stable, and carried him up to my room when pa and ma was out riding, but the goat blatted so we had to tie a handkerchief around his nose, and his feet made such a noise on the floor that we put some baby's socks on his feet. Well, sir, my chum and me practiced with that goat until he could butt a picture of a goat every time. We borried a buck beard sign of a saloon man and hung it on a chair, and the goat would hit it every time. That night pa wanted to know what we were doing up in my room, and I told him we were playing lodge and improving our minds, and pa said that was right. There was nothing that did boys of our age half so much good as to imitate men, and store by useful nollidge. Then my chum asked pa if he didn't want to come up and take a grand bumper degree, and pa laffed and said he didn't care if he did, just to encourage us boys in innocent pastime, that was so improving to our intellect. We had shut the goat up in a closet in my room, and he had got over his blating, so we took off the handkerchief, and he was eating some of my paper collars and skate straps.

We went up stairs and told pa to come up pretty soon and give three distinct raps, and when we ask him who comes there he must say, "a pilgrim who wants to join your ancient order and ride the goat." Ma wanted to come up, too, but we told her if she come in it would break up the lodge, cause a woman couldn't keep a secret, and we didn't have any side saddle for the goat. Say, if you never have tried it, the next time you initiate a man in your Mason lodge, you sprinkle a little kyan pepper on the goat's beard just before you turn him loose. You can get three times as much to the square inch of goat. You wouldn't think it was the same goat. Well, we got all fixed and pa rapped, and we let him in and told him he must be blind-folded, and he got on his knees a luffing, and I tie a towel around his eyes, and then I turned him around and made him get down on his hands also, and then his back was right toward the closet door, and I put the buck beard sign right against pa's clothes. He was a luffing all the time, and said we boys were as full of fun as they made 'em and we told him it was a solemn occasion, but we couldn't permit no levity, and if he didn't stop luffing we could give him the grand bumper degree. Then everything was ready, and my chum had his hand on the closet door, and some kyan pepper in his other hand, and I asked pa in low bass tones, if he felt as though he wanted to turn back, or if he had nerve enough to go ahead and take the degree. I warned him that it was full of dangers, as the goat was loaded for beer, and told him he yet had time to retrace his steps if he wanted. He said he wanted the whole business, and we could go ahead with the menagerie. Then I said to pa that if he had decided to go ahead, and not blame us for the consequences, to repeat after me the following: "bring forth the royal bumper, and let him bump!" Pa repeated the words, and my chum sprinkled the kyan pepper on the goat's moustache and he sneezed once and looked sassy, and then he sees the lager beer goat raring up and he started for it just like a cow catcher and blatted. Pa is real fat, but he knew he had got hit and he grunted and said: "H-ll-o! what you boys doin'?" and then the goat gave him another degree, and pa pulled off the towel and got up and started for the stairs, and so did the goat, and ma was at the bottom of the stairs listening, and when I looked over the banisters pa and ma and the goat were all in a heap, and pa was yelling murder and ma was screaming fire and the goat was blating and sneezing and butting, and the hired girl came into the hall

and the goat took after her, and she crossed herself just as the goat struck her and said: "Howly mother, protect me!" and went down stairs the way we boys slide down hill, with both hands on herself, and the goat rared up and blatted, and pa and ma went into their room and shut the door, and then my chum and me opened the front door and drove the goat out. The minister who comes to see'ma three times a week was just ringing the bell, and the goat thought he wanted to be nishiated too, and gave him one for luck and then went down the sidewalk blating and sneezing, and the minister came in the parlor and said he was stabbed, and then pa came out of his room with his suspenders hanging down, and as he didn't know the minister was there, he said bad words, and ma cried and told pa he would go to . . . sure, and pa said he didn't care, he would kill that knissid goat afore he went, and I told pa the minister was in the parlor, and he and ma went down and said the weather was propitious for a revival and an out-pouring of the spirit, but none of them sat down but ma, cause the goat did not hit her.—*Milwaukee Sun*.

LA MERE ANGELOUQUE.

BY J. H. ALLEN.

In the year 1599, there was inducted as novice among the nuns at Port Royal a child eight years old, grave and precocious, second daughter of a celebrated advocate named Arnauld, and grandchild of an equally celebrated advocate, Marion. In the view of both father and grandfather, this was simply a convenient way of providing for one of a family of children, which in course of years increased to twenty. To secure for the child the succession to the convent rule, they did not even scruple, a little later, to state her age at least six years more than it was; and, further, to disguise her name by giving, instead, that which she had taken as a sister in the little community. This pious fraud had its effect, not only on the king's government, but also upon the grave dignitaries of the church. At the age of eleven the child Jaqueline Arnauld, famous in religious history as La Mere Angelouque, became Abbess, invested with full authority over the twelve or fifteen young women who then constituted the religious house. Until her death in 1661, at the age of seventy, the story of Port Royal is almost the personal biography of her who was, during all that time, its heart and soul.

For the first few years we may well suppose that it was something like playing at the austerities of convent life. Very quaint and pretty pictures have come down to illustrate this period. A morning call of that gay and gallant king, Henry IV., who, knowing that her father was visiting there, came, curious to see the pious flock under their child shepherdess: the little-maid herself, in full ecclesiastical costume, and mounted on high pattens to disguise her youth, at the head of her procession to meet her royal visitor at the gate; the kiss he threw over the garden-wall, next day, as he passed by on a hunt, with his compliment to Madame la petite Abbess;—these are bright and innocent episodes in the stormy story of the time.

But a great and sudden change occurred a few years later. The young abbess, now nearly eighteen years of age, became converted to the most serious and rigid view of the duties of her calling. Gently and kindly, but without an instant's wavering of purpose, inflexible to all temptation and entreaty, she resolved to restore the primitive austerity of the rule of the pious founder, St. Bernard. For one thing, this rule demanded that the time of morning prayer should be carried back to two o'clock from the self-indulgent hour of four; and, for another, that all little personal treasures and belongings should be given up for that perfect religious poverty which is the ideal of monastic life. In this, the example of the girl abbess, cheerful and resolute in choosing the hardest task always for herself, easily won the day. The crisis of the reform was when, with passionate grief, with tears and swooning, she stealthily refused admittance to her own father and brother, hardening herself against their entreaties, anger, and reproach, and would see them only at the little grating that separated the life within from the life without.

The true history of Port Royal dates from this crisis, Wick's Day, September 25, 1609. Just one hundred years and a few days later, early in October, 1709, the middle of the Jesuit party, which for more than half that time had shown a strangely persistent and malignant hostility, had its way. The grounds were laid waste. The sacred buildings were destroyed. Even the graves were dug open and the bodies that had been tenderly laid in them were cast out to be torn by dogs. All was done which insult and wanton desecration could do, to show that the heroic and eventful life of Port Royal was no more.

So far it is simply the fortunes of one religious house, perhaps no more famous than many others, and not greatly different from them in the sort of story it has to tell. In this view it is chiefly notable for being, as it were, a family history, connected at every point with the character and fortunes of a single household. Not less than twenty of the family of Arnauld—Angelique herself, her brothers and sisters, and children of a brother and sister—belonged to it, whether as simple nun, as official head, as lay brother, champion, director, or adviser. Of these the most eminent in the lists of theology was "the great Arnauld," youngest child of the

twenty: famous in controversy; indefatigably busy as a writer, scholar, logician, and polemic; staunch in persecution and in exile to the very close of his long life of eighty-two years (1612-1694). But there is hardly a day or an event in that story, for more than ninety of the hundred years, in which the most conspicuous name on the record is not that of a son or daughter of the family of Arnauld.

A very characteristic feature in the history is the single-hearted fidelity and unwavering courage of the female members of this religious community, which quite surpasses, at one and another crisis, that of their chosen champions and advisers. At least, these religious heroines would neither understand nor admit certain terms of compromise which theological subtlety found it easy to frame and accept. The point at issue was not so much one of opinion as of conscience and honor; and, to the amazement of friend and enemy, a score of these gentle and timid women went without hesitation into prison or poverty for what, in humility of spirit, they made not the least pretension to understand; or, if they did waver, turned back with agonies of remorse to share the poverty or the prison of the rest. It came at length to be a mere question of fact whether five given propositions were contained in certain Latin folios they had never read and could not have understood; but the Pope and the Jesuits had challenged the conscience of the little community, and to give way on one point was to be guilty of all.—*Atlantic*.

SALVINI'S OTHELLO.

BY HENRY JAMES, JR.

It is a sort of compendium of his accomplishments; he puts everything into it, and the part as he plays it, has so full a volume that it may almost be said that it embraces all the others. There are touches in Salvini's Macbeth, touches in his Lear, very naturally, that are absent from his picture of the overwrought Moor; but it carries him to his maximum, and what he puts into it above all is an inexhaustible energy. There are twenty things to be said about it, and half a dozen criticisms which it is impossible that we spectators of English speech should not make. But the depth, the nobleness, the consistency, the passion, the visible, audible beauty of it, are beyond praise. Nature has done great things for the actor; with the aid of a little red paint, the perfect Othello is there. But I assume too much in talking off-hand about the "perfect Othello," who is after all a very complex being, in spite of his simplicity. It may seem to many observers that Salvini's rendering of the part is too simple, too much on two or three notes,—frank tenderness, quick suspicion, passionate rage. Infinite are the variations of human opinion; I have heard the performance called ugly, repulsive, bestial. Waiving these considerations for a moment, what an immense impression—simply as an impression—the actor makes on the spectator who sees him for the first time as the turbaned and deep-voiced Moor! He gives us his measure as a man; he acquaints us with that luxury of perfect confidence in the physical resources of the actor which is not the most frequent satisfaction of the modern play-goer. His powerful, active, manly frame, his noble, serious, vividly expressive face, his splendid smile, his Italian eye, his superb, voluminous voice, his carriage, his tone, his ease, the assurance he instantly gives that he holds the whole part in his hands and can make of it exactly what he chooses,—all this descends upon the spectator's mind with a richness which immediately converts attention into faith, and expectation into sympathy. He is a magnificent creature, and you are already on his side. His generous temperament is contagious; you find yourself looking at him, not so much as an actor, but as a hero. As I have already said, it is a luxury to sit and watch a man to whom an expenditure of force is so easy. Salvini's perfect ease is a part of the spell he exercises. The straining, the creaking, the overdoing, the revelation of the inelegance of the machinery, which we have been condemned to associate with so much of the interpretation of the dramatic genius of our literature,—there is no place for all this in Salvini's complete organization and consummate manner. We see him to-day perform at the latter end of his career, after years of experience and practice have made him as supple as he is strong, and yet before his strength has begun to feel the chill of age. It is a very fine moment for a great artistic nature. The admirable thing in this nature of Salvini's is that his intelligence is equal to his material powers: so that if the exhibition is, as it were, personal, it is not simply physical. He has a great imagination; there is a noble intention in all he does. It is no more than natural, surely, that his imagination, his intentions, should be of the Italian stamp, and this is at the bottom of his failure to satisfy some of us spectators of English speech,—a failure that is most marked when he plays Shakespeare. Of course we have our own feelings about Shakespeare, our own manner of reading him. We read him in the light of our Anglo-Saxon temperament, and in doing so it is open to us to believe that we read him in the deepest way. Salvini reads him with an Italian imagination, and it is equally natural to us to believe that in doing so he misses a large part of him. It is indeed beyond contradiction that he does miss a large part of him,—does so as a necessary consequence of using a text which shuts the door on half the meaning. We adore

the exorbitant original; we have sacred associations with all the finest passages. The loose, vague language of the Italian translation seems to us a perpetual sacrifice to the conventional: we find *ottima creatura*, for instance, a very colorless translation of "excellent wretch." But in the finest English rendering of Shakespeare that we can conceive, or are likely to enjoy, there would be gaps and elisions enough, and Salvini's noble execution preserves much more than it misses. Of course, it simplifies, but any acting of Shakespeare is a simplification. To be played at all, he must be played, as it were, superficially.—*Atlantic*.

FORREST'S COSTUMES TO BE SOLD.

The House Committee of The Forrest Home in Philadelphia, have decided to sell the costumes and silverware of the great actor. For ten years the committee have been at loss what to do with the things. For tradition's sake they wished to keep them. The committee now think that the money the costumes and silverware will bring will be of more use in the coffers of the Home than locked up in theatrical costumes. Some of these stage dresses are very magnificent, noticeably the regal robe in which *Coriolanus* makes his entry into Rome, and the costumes worn by the actor in the parts of *Spartacus*, *King Lear* and *William Tell*. All of the costumes and part of the silverware will be sold by Davis & Harvey in Philadelphia on February 14.

MISCELLANY.

On the 12th of February the hairdressers of London intend to hold "a grand fancy ball." No such ball has ever yet taken place in England. The head of each barber will be a specimen of the owner's skill, and the sight of all the heads in the ball-room will, a hair dresser declares, be proof positive "that the gentlemen in the profession in London form the most skilled and tasteful artists in the world."

We stated some time since that Mr. Mapleson's intended opera-house, which got into embryo existence and stopped growing, was in good and safe hands, and not likely to fall into those of the Board of Works. Rent has been punctually paid to them by the owner of the property, who is a princely wine merchant. He is reported to be willing to finish the building, and glad to have a tenant in prospect that will be to all intents and purposes to his mind and chum, in with his politics. The tenant is none other than the new Constitutional Club.

BRASSEUR.—This French actor could disguise his identity completely. At a dinner given to the company by the manager, he made a bet with his comrade L'Herrier that he could disguise himself so completely that not even he could detect him. He left the room soon after coffee was brought in by a waiter who was every inch a Gascon—black whiskers, bushy eyebrows, curly hair, and a bronzed complexion. He was the very personification of awkwardness, upsetting the things, spilling the coffee, and at last putting the sugar into L'Herrier's cup with his fingers. The latter sprang and dragged the rustic waiter to the door. With one gesture, however, away went wig and whiskers, and there stood Brasseur, exclaiming, "Sold old man; you have lost your bet."

MINNIE HARK ON SALARIES.—Miss Minnie Hark has been interviewed at Chicago and told what she knows about salaries. She was asked about the terms paid to herself and other artists. "Have you any objections," said the reporter, "to give us your own figures?" "Not in the least. I will tell you all you desire." But I may just as well say now that most of the sums mentioned in the papers as being paid to artists are fictitious, and that the thousands and thousands are not so liberally paid to them as is supposed by the public. As for me, I will tell you frankly that I get from Mr. Mapleson \$500 a night and all travelling expenses. In concert I get \$500 to \$800 a night, and there are agents right in Chicago who have made such engagements for me. But as all my colleagues in opera and concerts get so many thousands a night, and take so many hundred thousands back to Europe, I may just as well say also that I expect to make at least a million this season, buy me a palace like Vanderbilt's, and then get a castle and an estate to it as big as Montenapoleo. Paper is so very patient, so very silent, that you may add as many nights to these figures as you like.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

OREID has been captured by the false Prophet.

THE steamship *Queen* has arrived at H. J. head.

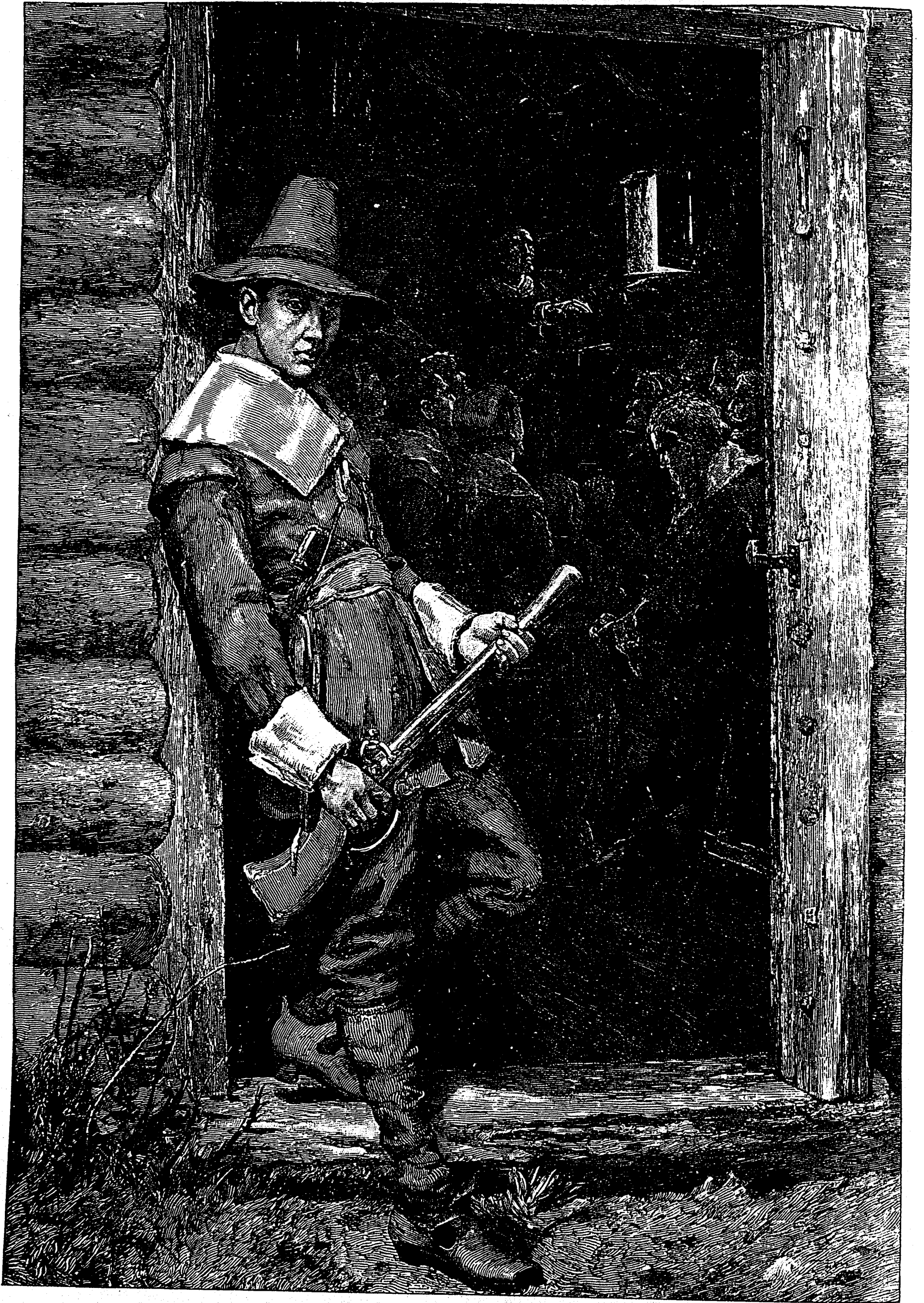
IT is said the Government intend to suppress the Irish National League.

THE Jersey City Bank defaulters have pleaded guilty and been sent to jail.

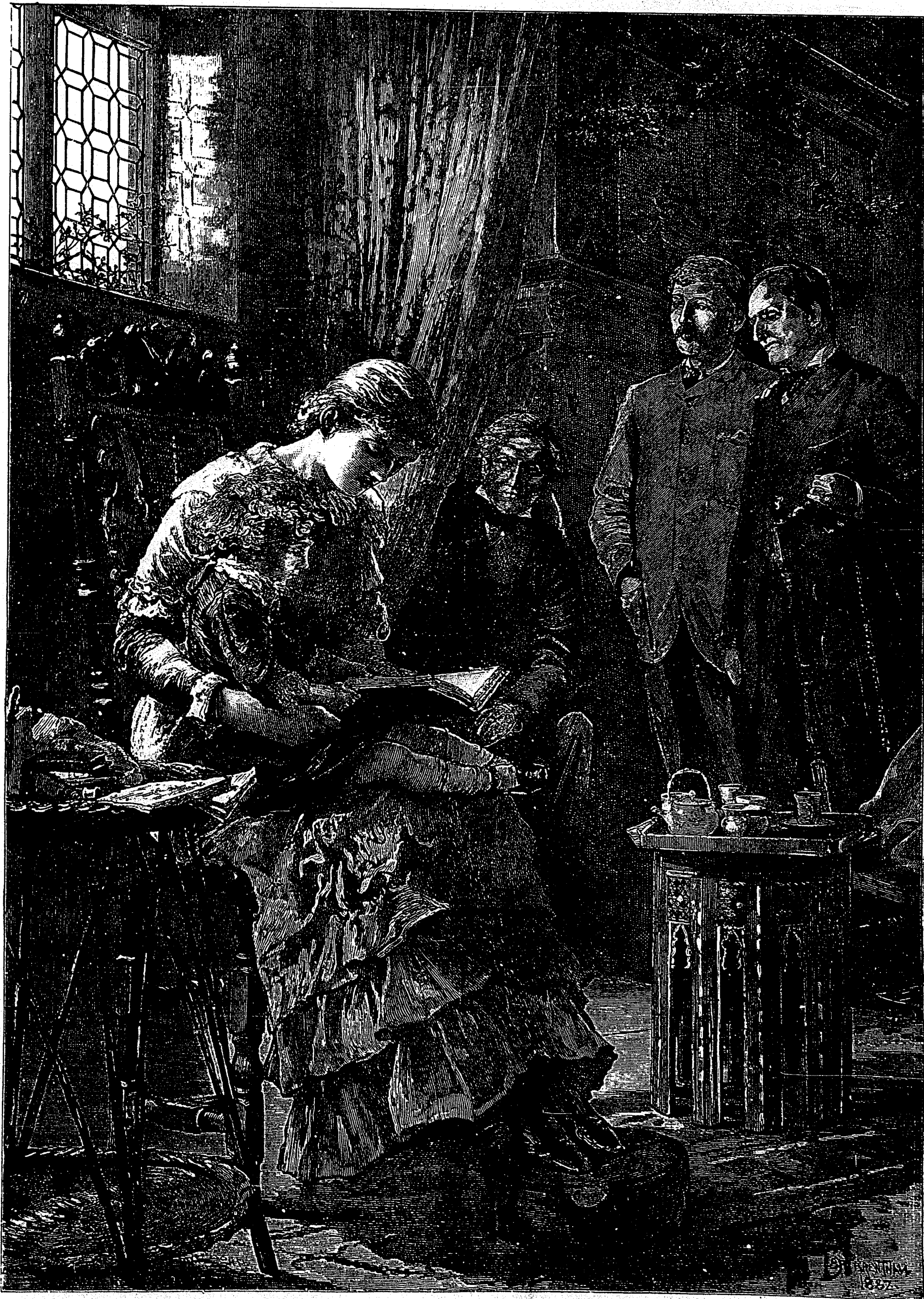
TERRIBLE storms and floods are reported throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

THE Government has approved of the calling out of the Irish militia for annual training this year.

IN the Dublin trials on Monday, Carey's evidence was continued, at the conclusion of which twenty-one of the prisoners were committed for trial.



AT THE CHURCH DOOR—A PURITAN THANKSGIVING.—DRAWN BY W. H. LOW.



THE FIRST READING LESSON.

ZELIKA.

(Dublin Air.)

Brightly shine those fairy eyes,
Love upon each ray is dancing,
In each glance an arrow lies,
In each look a charm entrancing.
Mild and fair in beauty's glow,
Cupid's snares are centred in thee;
Wooers that come, in sorrow go,
My lovely dear, there's none can win thee.
No, my loved Zelika, dear,
Dearest, fondest, loved Zelika,
Whoe'er they be,
Not they for thee;
But thou for me, my loved Zelika.

Loosely flows that waving hair,
Shining with a liquid brightness,
Over that snow-white neck so bare,
Upon that breast of pearl whiteness.
Cast in beauty's choicest mould,
Nature's charms are doubly shar'd thee;
Only with some nymph of old,
My lovely dear, can I compare thee.
O my loved Zelika, dear,
Dearest, fondest, loved Zelika,
Life would be
From trouble free
To live with thee, my loved Zelika.

Sweet to me the words that fall
From those lips, when I discover
Beauty seated in her hall,
To whom I fain would be a lover.
Freely from that loving breast,
My love, I know thy heart is lent me;
And I as truly feel at rest—
My very heart and soul are in thee.
Yes, my loved Zelika, dear,
Dearest, fondest, loved Zelika,
Earth would be
A heaven to me
To live with thee, my loved Zelika!

Montreal.

"DUNBOY."

THROUGH A JUDAS WINDOW.

II.—(Continued.)

"What sort of person is your new cashier?"
(This employé had been in the service of the
bank for three months only.)

"A highly-respectable, quiet young man. I
don't see much of him at off-times; he's book-
ish, not in my line at all, and the only human
being I ever knew Rosy to take a dislike to with-
out reason."

"Indeed! Does Mrs. Quinlan dislike him?"
"Yes, it's all a woman's nonsense; we need
not mind that. The point is, I do not suspect
him. He made his cash all right, and he went
away as usual that day, and I missed the money
before he came next morning. Besides, our safe
is the last patent, you know; his key could not
open the inner compartment."

"You are quite sure you were alone in this
room at the time when you locked the safe, after
having counted the money, and that you could
not have put the money into the safe and left it
unlocked for any interval during which you
were out of the room?"

"Certainly; I am quite sure," replied Quin-
lan. "Duggan left early that day and came late
the next, because he was suffering from tooth-
ache—rather fortunate for me, as he was so
taken up with the pain he did not mind me."

"He has no knowledge then, you think—no
suspicion?"

"Positively none."
And he has been going on as usual since this
occurrence?"

"Exactly as usual."
"Where does he live?"

"In lodgings in the town; in the same house
with Rosy's mother, but they don't hit it off to-
gether either. I'm bound to say that's Jim
O'Brien's fault more than Duggan's. No, no;
he can't have taken the money—he can't—it's
impossible; and yet, good heavens, what can
have become of it?" And once more Michael
Quinlan started up and resumed his troubled
walk.

"I will see Mr. Duggan in the morning," I
said, "and go into this matter. In the mean-
time, let it be understood that I have come down
to inspect the bank as usual."

He said nothing, but he looked at me with
eyes so full of misery and longing for assurance,
that I could not resist the look.

"If it's any comfort to you to know that I am
as certain you did not take this money as I am
certain that you and I are living men at this
moment, take the assurance, Mick," said I. "It
may be difficult to get at the truth, and it may
be your ruin in another way, but you may be
easy on that point. And now I must go—you
must leave me to deal with this in my own way
—I shall be here in the morning."

He came to the street door with me. It was
nearly seven o'clock, and the usual groups of
idlers were dawdling about. I was pretty well
known at Tubber, and I heard my own name
repeated several times before I reached the inn.
I wrote the necessary letters to the bank in
Dublin before I went to bed, and then I put on
paper, according to my custom in such matters,
all the facts of the case as Quinlan had stated
them, and the points which suggested themselves
to me in connection with it. The latter were
two in number:

1. Mrs. Quinlan had been so accustomed of
late to see Michael in low spirits, that she had
not divined the existence of a fresh cause for
anxiety.

2. Mrs. Quinlan did not like Mr. Duggan,
and there was some reason for her dislike, not
apparently connected with Michael, who had
very little intercourse with Duggan.

I made special notes on these points, and then
I went to bed and slept soundly, as I always do

when anything specially interesting is awaiting
my investigation.

III.

"If any place in creation can be more dull
than the suburbs of Birmingham, that place
must of a surety be the country round Tubber"
(for the town has no suburbs), I thought, as I
returned from my customary walk before break-
fast on the following day, in which, under other
circumstances, Michael Quinlan would have ac-
companied me. "And there does not seem to
be even a chance of getting a peep at a pretty
face like that I had seen in the dull English
town in this Irish one, where a Kate Whelan
would have seemed more likely to be met with."
Immediately after breakfast I went to the bank,
and in the doorway I met Mrs. Quinlan, who
looked pale and sad. We exchanged a few sen-
tences, and I passed on to the manager's room,
where Quinlan awaited me. In the outer office
were the cashier and a clerk, busy in their re-
spective places with preparations for the day's
work, which had not yet begun. I could see
them through the Judas window in the wall,
which I have described, but without moving
from their respective places they could not see
me.

While Michael Quinlan was getting out the
books, and making the usual preparations for
my official inspection, I occupied myself in ob-
serving Mr. Duggan. He was a tall, slightly-
built young man, in whose appearance of delicate
health and thoughtfulness I could easily discern
the utter dissimilarity which made him unsymp-
athetic to Michael Quinlan and his athletic
boisterous brother-in-law Jim O'Brien; but
whose calm business-like manner had not a touch
of the confusion which my sudden arrival might
have been expected to produce had he been
guilty of the theft which must within so short a
time be discovered.

After some time, when I had gone through
some formal business, I asked for Mr. Duggan,
and he presented himself at once. He was a
good-looking man, with a pale face, brown eyes,
and reddish hair. He was perfectly composed,
and my keen observation made only one note.
He did not look once at Michael Quinlan during
the interview which ensued on his entrance.

I began by saying that I had discovered an
inaccuracy of no very great importance, in the
cash account, but which required investigation,
and that I should be obliged so question him, as
I had already questioned Mr. Quinlan, before
preparing my report for the board of directors.
He acquiesced frankly, and replied to all my
questions with perfect ease and readiness. His
narrative confirmed all that Quinlan had said,
though I did not so direct my interrogatory as
to make him acquainted with the particulars of
the loss, supposing him not to be aware of them,
nor did he evince the slightest knowledge of
what was in my mind, beyond the reference to
my questions to one special day. He remem-
bered the incidents of it perfectly, the deposits
and the drafts, and he assigned, unasked, the
same reason for his exactness which Quinlan had
given, his severe sufferings from toothache. The
safe was examined; but it proved to be intact
and in perfect order, and the two keys were fit-
ted to it in my presence. Either opened the
outer door, which disclosed an inner one, which,
when both keys were applied, opened at once,
while it steadily resisted the separate action of
either. I dismissed Mr. Duggan, merely ob-
serving that his statement was quite satisfactory,
and while he was passing from the inner to the
outer room I drew its green silk curtain across
the window in the wall, and whispered to Quin-
lan, "Show me noisily where you keep your
duplicate key."

He sat down at the table, and with a key sus-
pended to his watch-chain opened a small drawer
under the desk. At the back of it, in a card-
board box, lay a key. I nodded, and Quinlan
closed and locked the drawer.

The business of the bank was now commen-
cing, and I begged Quinlan to leave me. He
went into the outer office, and I applied myself
to the external business of inspection, while
deeply meditating on the circumstances before
me.

I felt certain that I should have the permis-
sion of the directors to act in this matter accord-
ing to my own discretion. Quinlan was at hand
to be charged with the crime, if necessary; there
existed no means of tracing the smaller notes,
but there was a chance of tracing the larger. I
need not enter upon the means which I adopted
with that end.

I remained all day in the manager's room, and
I kept Quinlan out of it as much as possible.
All day I had the three men in the bank under
my eyes, and all day I made them feel that they
were so. To the clerk this was probably a mat-
ter of indifference, and Michael Quinlan did not
mind it much, but I was quite aware that Dug-
gan was restless and uneasy under the combined
severity and uncertainty of my scrutiny. Occa-
sionally I drew the curtain over my Judas win-
dow, and then softly withdrew it, gathering the
folds in my hand and preventing the warning
tinkle of the rings upon the brass rod; at other
times I pulled it sharply back, making them
sound smartly. But whenever and however I
manœuvred the curtain, I always caught sight of
an uneasy conscious movement on Duggan's
part, and once, when I put my face close to the
glass suddenly, I saw him crumple up a sheet of
note-paper on which he was writing, and cram it
into his pocket—as if I could have seen what he
was writing at that distance. But I was now sat-
isfied at least that he had something to conceal,

and though it might be nothing more than a
love-letter he was writing, and the concealment
might have been instinctive, that was not an
indication to be overlooked.

I abandoned my post for only a brief interval
in the afternoon, when I paid Mrs. Quinlan a
visit. She must be told the truth soon, because,
as she was perfectly familiar with the ordinary
process and duration of my inspection of the
Tubber branch, such a departure from my ordi-
nary custom as I meditated must necessarily be
explained to her. I felt the greatest reluctance
to inflict this shock upon her, but at the same
time I fully intended to tell her that I was en-
tirely convinced of her husband's innocence. I
felt sure she would then bear it well, reduced
as it would be within the compass of misfortune
only. She was not a remarkable woman, but
she was a high-minded one, and pious after a
fashion and degree likely to stand to her now.

I found her in her comfortable parlor, with
her youngest child, an infant, asleep in her lap.
I did not entertain any expectation that she
would throw any light on that strange saying of
Quinlan's about her being used to see him look
anxious now, because I knew her wisely loyalty
would make her conceal from his friend anything
it had not been his pleasure to tell. But I
thought I might legitimately expect to get some
information respecting Mr. Duggan. In this I
was not disappointed; a very slight "lead" took
effect, and Mrs. Quinlan waxed eloquent con-
cerning the head cashier. He was a good man
of business, she believed, but she did not like
him, and she wished he had never come to Tub-
ber. Michael was too easy, and too much in-
clined to take every one at his word; and Mr.
Duggan was a plausible fellow. She had traced
his tongue in some instances where it had been
used very injuriously to Michael's credit; she
would tell me the truth—the main cause of her
dislike to Mr. Duggan was that he had talked
in the town of Michael's imprudent dealings in
horses, and had accused him of "taking more
than was good for him." Michael had refused
to believe these things, and called the rumor
"woman's nonsense" (the very words he had
used to me), and had made light of young
O'Brien's evidence on the subject, because there
had been a disagreement between him and Dug-
gan, and had, with perverseness very unusu-
al to him, rather taken to Duggan than other-
wise.

There was a nervous flurry, a something al-
most like fear, in Mrs. Quinlan's manner as she
told me this rather vague story which made me
uncomfortable. It would all have meant little
or nothing if I had not known what I did
know, and if my mind had not been struggling
between an instinctive conviction that Quinlan
was innocent in the matter of the bank's loss,
and a reasonable assurance that the man who had
a motive for getting money at this time, by any
means and at almost any risk, was the man who
had committed the robbery.

"Michael's imprudent dealing in horses."
"Michael's taking more than was good for
him"—meaning drinking.

Unintentionally Mrs. Quinlan had given me
two hints. One was, that Michael's changed
appearance was to be imputed to anxiety of mind
quite apart from the late occurrence; the other
was, that Mr. Duggan had told the truth, and
so indicated a motive for a crime on Michael's
part, or he had told a lie, with the intention of
affording a false indication and giving suspicion
an erroneous turn. I took care to hide from
Mrs. Quinlan that she had afforded me any un-
expected information, and made some slight re-
mark about the unmanliness of such gossip.

"That kind of thing is what the world is un-
gallant enough to say we may expect from wo-
men, Mrs. Quinlan, but we don't look for it from
men. The mean jealousy of a stranger and in-
ferior towards a superior, and one so well known
and so much respected as Michael, may be the
motive; but whatever it is, it is not worth your
notice. There are so many real troubles in
life, it is always a mistake to make mock
ones."

She looked at me suspiciously, sharply, and
with an expression which told me she longed
to confide to me her "real troubles," which I
suspected of having a close connection with the
calumnies imputed to Mr. Duggan. But she
checked herself, and said only: "I am foolish
to repeat these things to you, and to acknow-
ledge a dislike which must seem merely a pre-
judice; but I never was more convinced of any-
thing in my life than that Mr. Duggan has some
object in view, near or distant, in injuring
Michael's character."

I told Michael Quinlan before I left the bank
that the time had come when his wife must know
the truth; I advised him to tell her that same
evening, and left him. A little later I had a
private interview with a police inspector, of
whose intelligence I had had former experience;
sent a letter to Dublin by the night mail, which
I expected would be responded to by procuring
me unobtrusive aid; and went out for a second
lonely and uninteresting walk, this time by
moonlight.

I returned to mine inn through the dingy
street in which Mr. Duggan lived; and I ob-
serve the house closely. His rooms were above
the drawing-room floor, I had been told. I
noticed an open window, with the blind down, and
reflected upon it the figure of a man, evidently
writing. A glance at the other side of the street
satisfied me that certain precautions which I
had sketched had been observed. Very sharp
and practised eyes were upon Mr. Duggan, and
would not be removed from him until I should
give the word.

With the following morning I resumed my
proceedings of the former day. Mrs. Quinlan
had been informed of what had occurred, and,
though overwhelmed with grief, was, as I had
foreseen she would be, much relieved by the
knowledge that I believed Michael to be inno-
cent.

"She only wants to know what must happen
to me in case of the worst," said the poor fel-
low.

"In case of the worst—that is, in case we
don't find out the real delinquent—I must have
you arrested," I replied, "as you are of course
aware; but I have every hope of avoiding that.
But you must tell me all about yourself—how
you stand in every respect."

Then Michael told me, in a simple, unreflec-
ted, regretful way. It was a long story as he told
it; I can give the substance of it in two lines.
He had been imprudent in transactions about
horses, and he had "taken too much" to drown
the care he did not feel strong enough to bear,
and which was a painful puzzle to his far from
clever head. Of both these facts Duggan was
aware.

I heard him without comment, and put few
questions to him.

"Did you ever invite Duggan to drink with
you?"

"Not often; four or five times in all per-
haps."

"Where are you in the habit of drinking of
an evening?"

"In the manager's room," he answered; "I
take the paper in there and read, while Rosy is
putting the children to bed."

"Duggan has been with you in the manager's
room, then, under these circumstances?"

"Only once—no, twice," he answered, correct-
ing himself.

I made a note of these questions and answers,
and Quinlan took his place in the outer office.

All that day I watched, and made it more ex-
cessively evident than before to Duggan that I
was watching him. There was a good deal of
business done at the bank, and he made some
mistakes. He was decidedly nervous, and I
made him more so by sending for him, on pre-
text of requiring information in his department,
on three occasions. I wrote and received numer-
ous letters, and I kept the door of the room in
which I sat locked, and took away the key with
me at night.

During four successive days I stealthily pur-
sued this course of conduct, and I could per-
ceive, with satisfactory clearness, progressive
symptoms of Duggan's breaking down under it.
On the morning of the fifth day it was reported
to me that he had not gone to bed at all during
the previous night, and his appearance amply
confirmed the statement. When I looked at
him through my Judas window, as he took his
accustomed place in the outer office, I saw that
his nerves would betray him before long. I was
forced to wait for their evidence, as absolutely
no other was forthcoming to support my conviction
that Duggan had stolen the money. During
the few days I had been conducting my watch,
I had caused inquiry to be made into the pre-
vious history of Duggan, and the results were
placed in my hands on the fifth morning.

All this time my relations with Michael Quin-
lan had been growing more and more strained.
I rarely saw him, and on those occasions our in-
tercourse was strictly official. He, poor fellow,
looked at me wistfully; but still his faith in me
as one whom nobody could deceive and nobody
could beat was firm. Mrs. Quinlan I had not
seen again, but I had sent her a word of reas-
surance.

The particulars which had been ascertained
by my agent concerning Mr. Duggan were of a
simple kind, such as the life of any young man
in his position in life in Ireland might have
disclosed. He had come to Tubber with his
mother, a widow, and had been given the post
of cashier to the bank through the interest of a
gentleman in the neighborhood. His mother
had since died. His conduct was irreproachable
in the past and the present. His expenditure
fell short of what would have been permissible
for his small salary and the proceeds of the little
money left him by his mother, about thirty
pounds a year. On the crucial question of any
other female influence in his life, the informa-
tion was scanty. He had been in love with a
farmer's daughter in County Clare, but the girl
had left the place before he did, and gone to
England. He had paid no attention to any one
at Tubber, and was rather of a morose turn of
mind, decidedly unsocial. With a record of
these scanty facts in my note-book, I took my
place on the fifth morning of my watch, and re-
sumed the scrutiny under which Duggan visibly
winced.

It was just twelve o'clock when I heard a low
and cautious knock at the locked door. I drew
the green-silk curtain over my Judas window
before I replied to it by softly opening the door.
Mrs. Quinlan was standing outside, in her bon-
net and a shawl. "A man met me at the chap-
door just now, and gave me this for you." So
saying, she put into my hand a letter, which I
perceived to be from my agent, who had been too
cunning to come to the bank himself. I
merely nodded as I took the letter, and locked
the door again. The cover consisted of a square
sheet of ruled paper on which these words were
written:

"I breakfasted with O'Brien this morning,
mistook his room, found myself accidentally in
Duggan's, and caught sight of the enclosed
among the scraps in the grate. It may mean
something as the name is that of the girl he was
in love with, and he is not supposed to have had

any communication with her since he came to Tubber. I send it at once, as you intimated that you were likely to act to-day; but indirectly, through Mrs. Quinlan, who has just gone into the chapel. I shall not hand it to her myself, of course."

(Let me remark here, in passing, that my agent was an uncommonly close fellow, and that I shall not mention the capacity in which he presented, and continues to present, himself to the harmless public of Tubber. How surprised they would all be if they were to find out the combination of his industries! But it would never do to tell them. I may have some more inspection and detection to do there some day.)

"The enclosed" was an envelope which had been directed, sealed, then discarded for some reason, crumpled up and thrown away. It was dusty with the black dust of coals lying unburned in an untidy grate in the summer, and torn where the seal had been broken open, and split in the twists, which my agent had carefully smoothed out; but the address, consisting of three lines, was quite distinct.

I laid the scrap of paper on the table before me, and looked at it for a good half-hour, during which my mind worked at more than one problem without finding a solution. But at the end of that time I had determined on a line of action. I made the first step by withdrawing the green blind from my Judas window, and looking through it while I struck a hand-gong on the table. The three heads but over the desks in the outer office were lifted simultaneously, and the clerk left his seat and came round to the door of my room. I did not unlock the door; I merely replied to his knock, while looking through the window:

"Have the goodness to send Mr. Duggan here at once."

I saw him receive the summons, and rise slowly from his desk in obedience to it. Then I drew the curtain, unlocked the door, and waited for him, with the wasted envelope, neatly folded, placed conveniently in my waistcoat-pocket.

IV.

He came in, looking more easy and unconcerned than I had thought possible. In the one minute during which he had walked through the outer and along the passage into the inner office he had rallied his courage wonderfully.

"You sent for me, sir," he began, in a steady voice, as if he really believed himself summoned on ordinary business.

"I sent for you, Mr. Duggan. You are aware that I have been engaged for several days in the investigation of an error in Mr. Quinlan's accounts."

"I am aware of that, sir; but I believe you found mine all right."

"It is now my unpleasant duty to inform you," I continued, passing over his observation, "that the cause of this error is a very serious one. The missing money has been stolen, and I am here to detect the thief."

"Indeed, sir," I saw that he squeezed the soles of his feet tightly against the ground, but there was no change in his color, no hurry in his breathing.

"I think I have detected the thief, Mr. Duggan."

"Indeed, sir."

He put out his hand and caught the back of a chair with it, but the movement was free from hurry or agitation.

"Yes, I think I have detected the thief. The sum is a considerable one; it amounts to one thousand pounds. It is all in notes, many of them of small amount, and but two for one hundred pounds each. Steps have been taken to stop them." (Was I mistaken, or did his nostrils expand and contract?) "They have, in fact, been traced—presently I will tell you to what place. But I wish to tell you now that there is no escape for the person who has committed the crime, though there may be considerable mitigation of its penalty if the money, or any considerable portion of it, be given up."

He stood quite still and silent.

"You say nothing, Mr. Duggan. Have you nothing to say?"

"No, sir. This does not concern me. I conclude the person whom it does concern will avail himself of the opportunity you mention."

"Do you mean Mr. Quinlan?" I said suddenly and fiercely.

"I mean Mr. Quinlan. My cash being right and his being wrong, he is the accountable person, I believe. But you know best, sir. This is no business of mine; and, if you please, I would rather not know any more about it."

"I daresay, Mr. Duggan. That is a perfectly natural wish on your part; but unfortunately it cannot be indulged." I rose, walked to the door, locked it (at which he perceptibly started), and advancing to him, put my hand upon his shoulder. He tried to shake it off, and turned deadly pale; but I held him, and looked straight into his face.

"You must hear more of this, just because you know all about it, just because you are the thief who stole the money, Mr. Duggan. Hush! you had better make no noise, for your own sake; you will only find yourself handed over so much the sooner to the policeman who awaits my signal."

"This is false, I say—all false!" he muttered in a hoarse voice, while I forced him down into the chair he had been holding by. "You cannot prove it. Quinlan had all the money after me, and it was all right."

"It was all right until you came back at night, came back without Mrs. Quinlan's know-

ledge, as you were in the habit of doing, to drink—or pretend to drink—with Quinlan in the manager's room—for she, with her woman's instinct, dreaded your company for her husband—and drugged his whisky punch, and then pretended to go away, but waited till he fell asleep, and opened the table drawer with the key upon his watch chain."

"You are mad, sir—you are mad! Let me go. I will not listen to your accusations. You have no proof of any of these fancies."

He was struggling and writhing from his waist up, but he did not move his limbs, and he still pressed his feet tightly against the floor.

"You can leave the room this moment, Mr. Duggan," I said, taking my hand from his shoulder, and making a movement as if I were about to unlock the door; "but you go straight to the custody of the police, who are quite prepared for the charge. If you are in any sense a wise man—which I can hardly believe, so senseless and certain of detection has been your crime—you will sit still and listen to me. I have not studied this case or studied you for nothing, Mr. Duggan; and I am almost as familiar with the details of what has occurred as the most absolute frankness on your part could make me. I see you are making up your mind to listen to me; that is well and wise."

He turned to the table, placed his elbow upon it, and sat with his head supported by his hand, his eyes downcast, listening. After I had spoken for a few moments I saw that the hand had been slipped down and was covering the mouth.

"You have had this robbery in contemplation for some time, and you have made arrangements for increasing the suspicion which must necessarily fall in the first instance on Quinlan with a far-sighted skill. You have fostered his weaknesses, and talked of them where his circumstances were known and where his need of money has been commented upon. You have exaggerated his expenses, doubled the price he has paid for one horse, and belied the sum he has received for another; you have commented on his anxieties and the weakness by which he has sought to drown them. You have misrepresented him as an habitual sot, and exhibited the contrast of your own temperance. Michael Quinlan does not stand as well with his fellow-townsmen as he did when you came to Tubber; then the rumor of an act of dishonesty on his part would have been received with an incredulous laugh. You bided your time, and you chose it well."

I put one finger in my waistcoat pocket, and kept it there.

"But you did not contemplate the robbery—I'll come to the doing of it presently—without prompting, and I you did not plan it without assistance, or at least advice. The motive, the prompter, and the adviser are identical. You wanted the money, because a woman whom you loved would not marry you and share your narrow fortunes, and she has suggested how you might better them and share the gains with her."

He started up and took a step towards me. His face was wild and frightful now.

"Who—who?" he stammered.

"Hush!" said I, his excitement gaining a little on me; "keep quiet; do not criminate yourself in words just yet—your deeds have sufficiently betrayed you."

I went on rapidly now.

"You were to do this deed, and when the guilt had been fixed upon Quinlan you were to make your escape and join your companion in the iniquitous plan. And you carried it out well. Day by day Quinlan was falling more and more into your power, and you were accustoming him to your coming, slipping in for an hour or so while he was away from his wife in the evenings, and to the sleep which fell upon him about that time, just after you left him. And when the time came, when all was ready, and the woman for whom you were doing all this gave you the signal, then you hid yourself in the house and poured the drug into the water which Quinlan carried into the manager's room to mix his whisky with. I have learned all the habits of the household, and know that the kitchen is empty at that evening hour, and a small kettle is left upon the hob, which Quinlan brings up-stairs himself. On the night when you stole the money, one of the children was ill; there was confusion in the house, and every one except Quinlan was in the upper part of the house all the evening. He left the door of the manager's room ajar when he went there as usual, and you slipped in after him. Your presence would not have surprised him had he been aware of it, but he was not—the drug had done its work. Then you did yours: the keys were replaced; you left the house by the ordinary door unseen; and Quinlan, who he awoke from his lethargic sleep, bolted and barred it as usual, without a suspicion that any one had been there."

"A fine tale, truly," he said scowlingly, "and fit for grown men! You cannot conjure away my liberty with such rubbish. I was not in the house that night, and how can you prove that I had any drugs?"

I opened one of the drawers of the writing-table, and took out a soiled handkerchief. At the sight of it he turned violently red. It was spotted in several places with brownish marks, and in one end of it was screwed up a small cork.

"This was found behind the scullery-door," I said; "it is your handkerchief; it is marked with your name, and it is spotted with laudanum. This is the cork which you pulled out

of the bottle whose contents Quinlan unconsciously drank. You have bought a good stock of laudanum lately, for you have been suffering from toothache, and you have accustomed Quinlan to the sight and taste of it. You did your work well, Mr. Duggan, and you might have done it successfully—you might have gone to Auer's, and joined your lady-love, while Quinlan lay in prison awaiting trial, if Quinlan had sent for any one but me in the emergency."

A look of genuine surprise, of true absence of comprehension of my meaning, had succeeded to the convicted scowl that settled on his features while I was telling the story of the crime—correct, I have no doubt, in every particular, but evolved purely from my analytic faculty and the collateral evidence of the handkerchief and the cork. This expression was so remarkable and so unmistakably genuine that it stopped me in what was perhaps an ungenerous exhibition of triumph—ungenerous even towards this wretched treacherous thief.

"Followed her! America! I have no notion what you are talking about!" he stammered.

"O yes, you have, Mr. Duggan," I said. "You know perfectly well that I refer to the person to whom you wrote the letter, and no doubt forwarded the money that did not go in this envelope."

With these words, I held out close before his eyes the crumpled cover directed by himself, which my agent had so dexterously conveyed to me. He looked at the paper; the words upon it were these: "Miss Kate Whelan, the Bull Hotel, Birmingham." I withdrew it, replaced it in my pocket, took my seat, and said quietly: "The game is quite up, Mr. Duggan. She has got off, you know. You may make better terms for yourself by acknowledging how much she has got off with."

He lifted his hand to his neckcloth, made an ineffectual effort to loosen it, and lurching heavily against the table, fainted before my eyes.

I drew aside the curtain and tapped at the Judas window. Quinlan looked up; I beckoned to him, and he came round at once to the door. I sent him for some water, with a hint to be cautious, and before he returned had contrived to lay Duggan, still senseless, down on a huge black sofa. As noiselessly as we could, we used such restoratives as were procurable, and at length he revived. When I saw consciousness in his face, I made a sign to Quinlan to stand at the back of his head, and I waited, quite motionless, beside him.

"Speak when you are able, but do not more," I said to him.

Some minutes, they seemed many, passed before he attempted to speak, but at length he said:

"Will you have sufficient mercy on me—you see how weak I am—to explain the meaning of what you have said about—about her?"

"You mean the person to whom you wrote—Kate Whelan?"

He made a gesture which meant that he did mean her.

Slowly, in the plainest words that I could use, I told him that the finding of the discarded envelope, and the discovery of the name upon it, and the name of the girl to whom he was known to have been attached, were identical, had completed the edifice of proof against him which I had been building since my watch began, by supplying the motive hitherto wanting for the crime, and indicating the direction in which search might reasonably be made for the stolen money. He listened to me with strained painful attention, and with a conquered manner. He seemed to have forgotten that he had been making any fight, attempting any defence. Quinlan stood behind him, the very image of distress and compassion. I went on to explain that I had at once reached the conclusion, which might have seemed only a very hazardous guess, in consequence of the coincidence which had occurred at Birmingham.

"I was staying at the Bull Hotel when your letter to Miss Whelan was asked for; the postmark had previously caught my attention; I saw it handed to the person who asked for it, and when the envelope reached my hands this morning, the manner of the robbery was as plain to me as the fact had been from the beginning."

"The person who asked for it?" he said, in the puzzled painful voice of one groping after a suspicion. "What was it not she herself? How asked for it?" He put this query with striking vehemence, and caught hold of my coat.

"It was not she who asked for the letter, though I saw her afterwards—I will tell you how—it was a man, a fast, slangy-looking man, who came to the inn in a fly with her, but he left her outside; the landlady gave him the letter."

"Describe him—describe him more fully—tell me all you can remember; she has never written—tell me!" he gasped, and struggling up into a sitting posture, he perceived Quinlan's presence. But it evidently had no effect upon him. A strange transformation had come over the scene; unawarded we felt ourselves in the presence of mystery of quite another kind than that which had been occupying us, of other and far-deeper passions. In the strange aspect of the guilty man, in his sudden pitiable physical weakness, in the terrible something which we clearly discerned beneath his distracted questions, Quinlan and I were for the moment completely absorbed. What was it that had thus changed the guilty man before us, had broken down all his defences and unmasked him? Was it fear for her, for the woman he loved, thus in-

olved in the detection and exposure which had come upon him? Hardly; for my first communication had revealed her escape with such share of the spoil as he had sent her. That he had sent it to her my recollection of the eager anxiety with which Kate Whelan's companion had inquired for the letter with the Tubber postmark did not permit me to doubt.

"Keep quiet, and I will tell you everything," I said; and then, seeing that he was making great efforts to control himself, I told him the story of my short stay in Birmingham, my recognition of the man and woman at the terminus at Liverpool, and the strong circumstantial evidence of their having sailed for New York on the following morning.

He listened—listened with an intensity most painful to witness—and during the latter portion of my narrative he covered his face with his hands and shivered. When I had quite concluded, he looked up, and said, in a very humble quiet voice, "Would you be so good as to describe her to me, sir? Some one might have found out that she was to get such a letter, and might have persuaded her—though there's hardly any hope of that," he spoke as if to himself. "But if you will describe her, I shall be sure."

I described her, the beautiful bold woman who had so impressed my memory by her beauty and her boldness. At each trait Duggan nodded his head with a quick involuntary movement; and when I had done, he said, "You have described her, and it is enough. She has gone away, she is safe." (There were no Atlantic cables in those days, and the game of sending out an officer to catch Miss Whelan with her portion of the spoil would not have been worth the candle to the bank.) "And she has betrayed me."

"Not so," said I; "accident, or rather justice, has betrayed you. The finding of this envelope was only an episode in the story of your detection."

"But what you saw at Birmingham is the fullness and completion of it."

He rose, and, standing upright, addressed us both, with a singularly forlorn voice and manner, as follows. I listened without any external sign of emotion, while Quinlan, who was made of more yielding stuff, had tears in his eyes.

"I confess my crime. I committed the robbery; and I did it in precisely the way in which you, sir, have described, though how you found it all out I do not know. I did it for her, for Kate Whelan, and I sent her five hundred pounds in large notes; one a Bank of England note for one hundred pounds, a second Bank of Ireland note for one hundred pounds, the rest of the money in twenties and tens, all of them Banks of England and Ireland, according to her express directions. She was to have left England for Jersey on the receipt of the money, and I was to have joined her there. There is no use in talking of my guilt or my misery, nothing can repay either; so I will say no other word about them. She has betrayed me; she has taken the proceeds of my crime, and I given them with herself to my rival. She will have my blood upon her head and the heads of her children. Gentlemen—he looked from me to Quinlan, who turned his head away and could not bear to look at him—"I give myself up to justice."

"What have you done with the rest of the money?" I asked him.

"I will place it in your hands without leaving this room, if Mr. Quinlan will take a message to Mrs. Bourke for me."

Mrs. Bourke was his landlady. I interrogated Michael by a glance, and he replied by a nod.

"Mr. Quinlan will take your message."

Duggan drew a letter from his breast-pocket, and wrote upon the back of it, in pencil:

"Please give to the bearer, Mr. Quinlan, the mahogany box which stands on the chest of drawers in my bedroom."

"J. Duggan."

He handed the memorandum to Quinlan, who left the room without a word. I locked the door, and silently stood by the window. On the other side of the way was the policeman in plain clothes whose attendance I had bespoken. So far, so good. I watched the playing out of this drama with curiosity and interest indeed, but without apprehension. The thief was self-avowed, and five hundred pounds of the money would, in every human probability, be recovered. Duggan sat still, crouched on a corner of the sofa, with his eyes closed and his chin upon his breast. The minutes passed slowly, but they did pass, and Michael Quinlan returned. Under his arm he carried a brass-bound mahogany box, which he handed to Duggan in silence. Duggan took a key from his waistcoat pocket, and opened the box. When the lid was lifted, a pair of large pistols, of the old-fashioned duelling order, disclosed themselves. As Duggan took one of them in his right hand, both Quinlan and I started involuntarily; Duggan smiled—such a wan wild smile.

"I am not going to do either of you harm, gentlemen. What good could that do me?"

Then, holding the pistol towards me, he said, "The stolen notes are in the barrel."

I took it eagerly; Quinlan and I bent over the weapon, and, turning up the barrel, found it was indeed plugged with a tight roll of paper, so artfully compressed and rammed into it that we could not extricate it with our fingers, and had to resort to the blade of a desk-knife. Quinlan was pushing aside some papers on the desk in search of the requisite implement, and I was





THE LUTE PLAYER.

FROM THE PICTURE BY F. U. KAULBACH.

looking at the barrel of the pistol in my hand, half oblivious of Duggan, in the interest of the question, Is this wad of rolled paper really the missing notes? when the attention of both was awfully recalled to the figure on the sofa with the mahogany box on its knees—recalled by an explosion, a gush of smoke, a horror of ghastly bloody confusion, and the fall of the dead man upon the ground, his head blown to pieces by a ball from the other pistol, which he had cocked and turned to his mouth unseen. In another instant the house resounded with the screams of women, and the terrified clerk in the outer office had dashed his head through the Judas window, and was looking in upon the awful scene.

Michael Quinlan is now manager of a more important branch of the Universal Bank than that of Tabber. He has given up hunting and whisky punch; but he adheres to his opinion that I am a fellow whom nobody can deceive and whom nobody can beat. He is not far wrong, but I sometimes wish that I had been beaten by James Duggan, that he had deceived me, and that I had never watched the slow surrender of his nerves through a Judas window.

SANDY OF ROARING FORK.

One of the real good men in our camp on Roaring Fork was J. M. Sanders. It was years afterwards before any one knew that he was anything but plain "Sandy," but if a man has a front name it is bound to come out sooner or later.

It was later when it turned out that "Sandy" was not only Sanders, but J. M. Sanders, and like as not some of his letters had "Esq." at the end of the name.

Well, Sandy was a good man—a real good man. He always had a remedy for every complaint, from chills and fever to being so homesick that the patient would have given his left arm for a sight of the old red farmhouse in the States. He was also a praying man, and on Sundays when he didn't have too much patching and darning to do he read from the Bible and exhorted us that the road to Heaven led through trials and tribulations and over hills where a man shod with the strongest faith had to look out for his footing.

Which I may remark right here was also the humble of several others in camp, including your humble servant.

Sandy didn't play cards nor drink nor howl around with his hat on his ear and his teeth on edge, and for this reason he was despised by some and admired by others. If he had a weak point it was his too forgiving spirit. Once in a while, when one of the men rubbed him a little too hard, there was a warning of danger in his big blue eyes, but he let a half-drunken miner spit in his face one day without betraying the least show of anger.

The same was talked over in camp, and we were divided as to whether it was fear of the miner's fist or pity for his befuddled condition which prevented a knock-down. However, there came a day when the old man settled the long-standing query of whether he had fight in him or no.

Two miles above us was the camp of the "Howling Wild Cats." One day big Jim Stevens, standing six feet two in his boots and having a fist as big as a two quart jug, got hold of some particularly good whisky, and after licking the best man in his own camp he came down to give us a whirl. Some of us men, probably out of mere deviltry, told Jim that Sandy was our fighting man and the hardest hitter west of the Nebraska prairies.

What did big Jim do but hunt up our parson and give him to understand that the awfulest, bloodiest, fiercest and most desperate struggle ever known on the face of this globe was about to take place.

"James Stevens, you go home," replied Sandy.

"Sandy, I'm going to lick you till you can't beller!" chuckled Jim.

"Go away! I've nothing against you," warned the parson.

"Sandy, prepare to be driven head first into the sile!" yelled Jim, and with that he spit on his hands and turned on a full heat of steam.

We were all there, you know, but there was a sort of understood law or custom in the mining camps that a fight must be fought out without a third party chipping in. And besides, some of us had a sneaking suspicion that Sandy would astonish the country if cornered and compelled to use his muscle.

Big Jim rushed in like a locomotive going for a spring lamb, but he didn't get there. When he came within striking distance Sandy shot out and keeled him over in such style that some one called for three cheers. Jim got up slowly, made another rush, and the result was the same. He wouldn't have tried it again but for the jeers and taunts of the men. The third round was a beautiful affair. Jim advanced slowly, hands up, prize-ring fashion, and for a minute we weakened on our man. Foot to foot they eyed each other, and sparred for an opening. Then, like a streak of greased lightning, Sandy shot out with his left and Jim went down like a log and had enough.

Then who washed the blood from his face? The parson.

Who brushed his clothes and brought him a drink? The parson.

Who lifted him up and walked him away, speaking as kindly as a woman? The parson.

Yes, it was, and it was the same parson who

walked to his camp with him, and on the way up the trail sowed such good seed that Big Jim changed from a drunken, brawling fool-for-nothing to a sober, industrious miner; and when he struck a "pocket" and had the wherewithal to return home, the parson was the first to congratulate him and the last to shake his hand and bid him God-speed.

"Which I desire to explain," observed our camp shoemaker, one day some months after the fight, "some men can be coaxed or reasoned into being good, and some others never begin to mend their ways until after the third knock-down."—*Detroit Free Press.*

EMIGRATION MEETING IN SOUTH HORNSEY.

On Monday evening, a meeting was held in the Cloubrook hall, Allen road, South Hornsey, "with the object of forming a Kingsland and Stock Newington Assisted Emigration Organisation to Canada." The meeting was called by a number of working men interested in the movement, and at their request Mr. John James Jones, M.G.C., F.R.G.S., director of the London Samaritan Society, High street, Hamerton, delivered an address on "The Great Canadian North-West, and the chances a working man has got there."

Mr. Jones, who was received with applause, first referred to the importance of the subject of emigration to an over-populated country, and gave an opinion that where competition was carried to such an extent as it was in this country, it was prejudicial to the moral and social welfare of the community. Emigration, as they knew, had been going on for the past three or four thousand years. The four great empires of the world—the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman—all sent forth their legions to colonise the world; and England itself was colonised by the Romans. Thus they had a continuous tide of emigration, going on from the earliest period, and there was no doubt it would continue to flow until the end of days. Emigration was the natural outlet for surplus population; and what, the lecturer asked, would have been the condition of Europe at the present day had it not been for the discovery of America? Europe would have been overcrowded, and, under those conditions, existence an impossibility. Emigration was a necessity, and all that a prudent Government could do was to temperate, assist, and direct it; and he thought it a great and important question for our Government to consider whether it would not be good policy to give a limited annual number of assisted passages to our own colonies, in order to turn the tide of emigration that had set in to the United States of America. There was no doubt England was over-populated; there were in many instances 50 men seeking for one and the same situation. Men, to-day, not only in England, but in other countries of Europe, were but barely existing—were, in fact, on the verge of starvation, and with no other prospects than those of the work house. And such must necessarily be the case when there were more men than work. Then came the question, what was best to be done? Every man had a perfect right, nay, a duty, to do the best that was possible for himself and his family; therefore, with regard to the carrying of this out in other climes, he (the lecturer) would take up the simple points—Who were to go, where to go, and how and when to go. If they went to their Boards of Guardians, or to some political economists, or to other interested persons, they would say, "Send out the worthless, the incapable, the pests of society, and those generally who are a burden upon us;" but he (the lecturer) said emphatically those were not the persons to emigrate. They wanted none of such in the colonies. The men who would succeed by emigration were only those of brain, muscle, energy, determination; men of pluck to encounter difficulties, and to fight manfully the battle of life. There were probably enough drones in the colonies already, and therefore, to speak simply, it was the busy bee, who would improve each shining hour, that was wanted. Then, as to the question "How to go about it?" For success in life, foresight and thrift were necessary, and his experience was that if a man got money for an object too easily, it was expended without due thought or care. If a man made up his mind to try his fortune in a new country, and laid by a certain sum to that end, it would induce habits of thrift, and the benefits accruing to him by such thrift would be proportionately appreciated. Then, "Where to go?"

Well, if a man selected Canada, for instance, it would cost him, if an agricultural labourer, £4, and if an artisan, £5, including railway fare to Liverpool, there being Government assisted passages. His (the lecturer's) experience in several trips across the Atlantic with emigrants was, strangely enough, that those who landed with only a few shillings in their pockets were the most successful, and for the very reason that many men, as long as they had money in their pockets, would rove about in quest of better terms, and with the object of seeing what was to be seen, and then, when their money was all gone, they generally became discontented at having to commence again on nothing. On the other hand, those who had little or nothing knew that it was imperative that they should at once begin work. He would not advise men to land in Canada or anywhere else without a shilling in their pockets, but however it was, there was certainly no risk. Work could be obtained anywhere in Canada. As to the means

of going, he advised all to purchase their tickets in London, as it was cheaper than in first paying the ocean fare, and then, on arrival, paying the remainder for conveyance to destination. With regard to the emigrants he himself had taken out, he had followed his system of telegraphing to the Government agents in the country that he had so many labourers, so many blacksmiths, so many plasterers, bricklayers, carpenters, &c., with him, and then within a few hours he received replies, "We can find work for so-and-so and so-and-so," and thus he had obtained employment for men and women, and sent them off to their destinations in half a dozen hours after arrival. On arriving with his first party of between 700 and 800, he had offers of nearly 5,000 situations of one kind and another, and there was not a single person of the party who had not three or four chances of employment. Then in many cases the emigrants had free passes up the country, and not only that, but those who were impecunious were provided with free meals, prior to being sent to Hamilton, Ottawa, London, Toronto, and many other places in the grand province of Ontario. There was not one standard of wages in Canada, but there, as in this country, men made their own standard. The poor mechanic did not get the same as the good one. If people wished to go to Winnipeg, he would tell them there were no free passes there, and he would advise them in journeying not to go via the lakes, as the steamers—most of which carried cattle—were very uncomfortable for steerage passengers. Winnipeg, however, was undoubtedly one of the wonders of the 19th century, as shown by its youth, and yet by its enormous business and magnificent buildings, its well dressed people, and the push and bustle, and energy everywhere apparent. It was Sandy evening when he first arrived in Winnipeg, and although it was small as compared with London and other large cities, till the appearance reminded him of one of our busiest thoroughfares in the middle of the day. For the intelligent, thoughtful, industrious working man who had his eyes open, Winnipeg was a grand place, and there was every chance for such a man to succeed. But if a man went there thinking he could continue his drinking habits, thinking he could keep "Saint Monday" and, probably, Tuesday, he would tell him candidly the people would not have it; they would not get accustomed to it; and he trusted they would always continue so. Those, however, who were determined to make the best of this life, he advised to go there. Working men had to carve their own fortunes, frequently out of very rough material; and in Canada, as in this country, they could not get all they wished; but he knew this, that in Canada they could all get sufficient to keep themselves and their families comfortable, and to provide for old age. Nothing could stand in the way if a man was industrious; he had a right to live well and succeed in Canada. The working man was looked upon in an altogether different light to what he was in England. If he behaved himself, the artisan was treated on an equality with the merchant, the banker, &c., and was admitted to the same social enjoyments and privileges of citizenship. Mr. Jones gave interesting anecdotes in point, and proceeded to say that nothing was known of caste or class provided a man conducted himself well; but when he misbehaved himself, he was voted out. Respectable men in Canada found themselves respected; they were not, because working men, treated as an inferior class of animal but accepted as equal with all. This, he had found by experience, was not the case in England. In conclusion, he would repeat that success in Canada was certain; and whatever part a man went to, it depended not so much upon the town, or city, or chances, as upon his own determination to succeed. He had seen, and all had seen, men who had never done well; and these, as might be imagined, would do even worse in a strange land; but to all with a will to strive, there were many more chances in Canada than in England. (A applause.)

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, January 29.

The *Figaro* has become the purchaser of the stones of the Tuileries, and, in a utilitarian spirit, is having them turned into paper weights, to be sold at five francs each.

The sale of Mme. Bernhardt's jewels, ornaments, &c., took place on the 7th of February and two following days. The collection attracted crowds of curious and, doubtless, many desirous of purchasing *souvenir* treasures.

It is probable that M. Damala will renounce the direction of the Théâtre Moderne, in which case the lease returns to M. Ballande, who has acquired a magnificent estate in Périgord, with the hope of enjoying the remainder of his life there in peace—vain calculation.

The Countess de Castellane, a lady whose connections among the highest French society are very extended, has just suffered a cruel bereavement. Her grand-daughter, Mlle. Maria de Lameth, lately died, and only two days after, Mlle. Marie de Lameth's mother, the Marchioness de Lameth, also succumbed from grief by losing her child.

The latest mania is to purchase a souvenir of the Tuileries, as the ruins are now in course of demolition. A Russian Grand Duke has purchased six candelabras once decorating the ball-room, but blackened and twisted by fire. The marble chimney pieces are much sought after, and quite a war is taking place as to who shall have the dial of the clock located in the dome.

The ball at the Marquis and Marquise de Saint-Aignan's, at Nice, on the 2nd of February, promises to be an event of great brilliancy, and certainly is one that has caused a considerable amount of preliminary excitement. The invitations specify for the ladies "confère poudrée" and for the gentlemen habit rouge, costume Louis XV.

A FRENCHMAN has published a rambling work on how to live comfortably on ten sous—half a franc—per day. It is a plea for cold water and vegetarianism; pease, potatoes, barley bread, and a little salt are, it seems, the little man wants here below. Another Frenchman publishes a guide indicating all the pleasures one can enjoy for nothing in Paris, and kept up at the national expense.

The great increase in the cost of living in Paris, occasioned by the enormous and exceptional amount of the municipal debts and consequent local taxation in that city, appears, from facts cited in the report of Mr. Plunkett, the secretary to the British Embassy, to be seriously affecting the rate of increase of its inhabitants. According to the last quinquennial census, while the increase of population in St. Pierre-Calais was over 30 per cent., and that of Nice over 24 per cent., in Paris it was only 15 per cent. In a list of the twenty-two largest towns and cities the capital occupies a tenth place only; and in the opinion of Mr. Plunkett it would have stood lower but for the fact that the census happened to be taken in December, when the passage of strangers through Paris is considerable, and when rich strangers who live in Paris only for pleasure are mostly in town.

No one who witnessed the arrival of the Empress Eugénie at the Hotel du Rhin could fail to be struck by the evidence of extreme weakness which the whole appearance of her majesty presented. The Empress was enveloped in the veil of black crape which she always wears. It is square, and falling over the face, yet covers the shoulders. Her whole deportment was so feeble that she was compelled to lean for support on the arm of M. Rouher, the long, black ebony cane which she carries in general having fallen as she descended from the carriage which conveyed her from the station and rolled beneath the wheels. It is said that it is as much in consequence of her failing sight as of her failing strength that she is compelled to use the cane to guide her steps.

The Tuileries, with its crowd of historical associations and its legend of the galleries said to be haunted by "Le Petit Homme Rouge," is being rapidly demolished and ignominiously removed by the contractor's dust-cart. No trace now remains of the galleries of the weird phantom, who stood in the same relation to the House of France as the banshee to certain old Irish families. His habitation was said to be in the Pavillon Philibert Delorme, where Catherine de Medicis used to hold conferences with professors of the black art. The spectre was supposed to show himself when a king was about to die or be assassinated. "Le Petit Homme Rouge" was the last thing in the way of a ghost that survived the Revolution, but it is held that he was more believed in by courtiers than by the people. However this may be, if the Revolution did not disturb him it was left to the Commune finally to eject him from his royal quarters, for with the last traces of the melancholy ruins the legend of a ghost even must necessarily disappear.

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE in love! That is the story. The youth looks far too wise to be guilty of an act of folly of this kind. But when he was in Glasgow the other day a Scotch girl set her cap at him, and Robin's caught. His mother left the grand old man, sleepless and voiceless, to go off to Glasgow. The explanation is that "he" telegraphed to mamma to see the lady before he proposed to her—a most dutiful and proper family is the Gladstone family, and now all that remains is to fix the day. The lady is the daughter of one of the wealthiest of Glasgow merchants, and the engagement is the result of a chance visit of Herbert Gladstone to spend a few days. And yet people think all the romance is out of life!

The grievances of the public are manifold and pressing; they are great according to the notions of the grumblers, though many may cruelly scoff at them. Here is a papa who has a grievance against the Crystal Palace because his child had been weighed three times, and he found that "by one scale she was three stone three pounds, by a second scale three stone five pounds, and by a third three stone three-and-a-half pounds. These were all taken within two minutes, without any change of dress." It is manifest that in the interval between the first and second weighings the child must have eaten two pounds' weight of buns, and that she must have run about afterwards with such energy as to reduce her physical tissue one pound and a half. This is the simple solution of the difficulty.

TASSO.

Master of the melting tongue
And the soul-subduing song.
Moulded in the midst of wrong.

Montreal.

B. C. McCLAN.

GOING WRONG.

Deterioration is an element in the nature of material things. The flowers of the field and the leaves of the forest inevitably wither.

"To err is human." There is in our nature a disposition to go wrong. In the words of the Psalmist, "Man is prone to evil as the sparks fly upwards."

We pity the unfortunate; but, as a rule, the unlucky are not the valiant or the wise. We come upon the stage of being in a helpless condition, yet with such capacity for improvement, and with power to choose the course which comends itself to our inherent sense of right, as to make it evident that we must be held accountable for the result of our conduct in life.

The occupations and pleasures of life are suited to its different stages. In the morning of our days the novelty of external objects and the freshness and vividness of early impressions confer a zest on mere animal life which nothing in after years will ever yield us in the same degree.

Nothing exhibits more clearly the necessity of resisting the beginnings of evil than a contemplation of the ruin and misery men bring upon themselves. It is vainly imagined in youth that time and opportunity once lost may be afterwards recovered at will, and that, after having indulged in a course of folly, a man may turn to virtue and well-doing when he pleases.

of vice, till reason and conscience are alike unheeded, and there is ultimately no effort because there is no inclination to return. We do not mean to say that there are not many with strength of mind and purpose, who resolutely abandon evil courses and live exemplary lives, but they are so rare as to offer no inducement to follow their examples, and only serve to show us how desperate is the risk they run.

The derelict is generally an object of interest and concern to some one. In how many houses is the skeleton a wayward and disobedient son? To him who "knows the right but still the wrong pursues" indulgence in forbidden pleasure does not yield the gratification which is promised.

Melancholy as it is to contemplate our criminal classes, and the vicious lives of that portion of the community who have not been brought under better influences, it is more pitiful to see a man or woman who has been carefully nurtured and well taught abandoned to the pursuits of what is debasing. We frequently find persons of this class to excel in wickedness the ordinary type of prodigal, as if desirous to show how deeply human nature can become corrupted.

The lines of the poet,
"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen."

are simply nonsense. The mien it presents to the susceptible and unguarded is generally attractive and ensnaring, and "to be seen" is to be at once followed and embraced. There is something in the unsanctified human heart which responds to its invitations, and which inspires no wish to penetrate the surface in order to discover that the glittering exterior is only tinsel and veneer.

The position a man attains and the character he makes for himself are no mere matters of accident; yet, looking at the various specimens of humanity around us, it seems as if some men had a natural inclination to virtue, while others, by an apparently uncontrollable impulse, gravitate towards the lower strata. They don't seem to be influenced by the same motives which actuate other people, and we cease to expect from them anything that is useful, or noble, or generous—sometimes, indeed, hardly what is honest.

thing?" And though he has been instructed and warned, yet will he not learn by any other experience than his own. We believe recovery from a predetermined course of wrong-doing, which says "I shall take my fill of jolly life for a year or two, and then turn over a new leaf," is much rarer than we suppose. It is just as reasonable to talk of straightening the branch which has been awkwardly bent when a twig. Many suppose they have only to resolve when they will—"Now I shall stop this folly and do right. I shall watch against this temptation, and when it presents itself I shall not yield."

How few of the friends of our earlier years can we now trace! How have they one by one passed out of sight! Many, we know, sleep the sleep that knows no waking; but where are the others? One went to sea, and was forgotten. Another went to the great city to make his fortune, and became similarly lost in the turbulent sea of life. Another went to the Antipodes, expecting to get gold for the gathering, and being there unknown and without restraint, sunk, by sinful indulgence, from one depth to another, and his fate remains a mystery.

Who are frequently the successful men? Go back to your school and apprenticeship days. Where are the bright boys who took the lead? Do you remember the clever fellows whose tact and talent were your envy and admiration when you went to business? Can you ever forget the brilliant essayists, and him who made those stirring orations in the debating society at college? Ah, they were clever fellows! Now? Why, of course you will find them leading at the Bar, or rising in the Church, or astonishing the House of Commons, or at the head of great commercial establishments.

In youth it is natural to look forward. It seems to us then as if we should never lack the means and the power to redeem lost time and golden opportunities. As we grow in years, however, we find that there is more prolific source of regret and self-reproach than in recalling and mourning over the errors of the past. It is a natural instinct of an unaccountable being to desire to return to the days of childhood; not so much for the happiness which is a necessary accompaniment of innocence, as that he may have once again the option to choose wisely—to avoid the pitfalls which he now laments, and to perform the duties which he has neglected.

It has not been stated, while discoursing upon Mr. Siemens's method of ripening fruit by electricity, that he has conceived the very ideal notion of making electricity represent the moon, which rises at a given hour of the evening and sheds her light over all till day's warmth dispenses with her services. If Mr. Siemens could only give us all an artificial sun he might have his moon all to himself.

occasions for developing their moral status, and that they are tests of the man's powers and qualities rather than the causes of his want of success. Chances lost, advisers ill-chosen, speculations rashly undertaken, attachments unwisely formed, and the innumerable, headstrong, thoughtless, and deliberately blameworthy actions with which a man is chargeable have had in themselves nothing at all accidental, but wholly the results of unbalanced character, and the disposition of mind which prompted their adoption would, under any circumstances, have led to similar results.

These reflections are not of much consequence if they do not teach us something. There is precious instruction to be got by discovering that we are going wrong. It may be that we have been trained for a particular business or profession, but, from misconduct, we have got out of the groove, and have to follow an occupation foreign to our tastes and habits, accompanied, it may be, with somewhat of hardship and degradation, and which is not made any the more pleasant from the reflection that we are now so many years older, and have no time to spare for a new apprenticeship. To what is poor human nature more prone in such circumstances than to become discontented and rebellious? All our moralizing will not prevent the intrusion of the thought, "How much more happy, respectable, and independent I should have been in my chosen sphere! Now nothing remains for me but inferiority and humiliation."

The habit of bewailing our defections and shortcomings, and charging them with the evils that afflict us, is unprofitable and injurious, and the greatest hindrance to real and lasting improvement. Experience should now confer the wisdom which will enable us to act from reason apart from mere impulse. Mourning over the past will not mend it, and we should therefore try to improve the time that is left us. In the formation of various habits, the subjection of every act to principle rather than to policy or self-seeking, the stern adherence to right in every matter, even the most trivial, we shall find the best and surest safeguards against mistakes in life.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, January 29.

THE parish of Marleybone is about to be enlightened—by electricity. The parish has agreed to make a provisional trial, thinking that it should be cautious, as electricity is in its infancy.

THERE is a proposal for a new line of railway between London and Bristol; the terminus in the metropolis is to be a central one. A very successful meeting has been held in Bristol in support of the undertaking.

Now that Covent Garden Theatre is closed the alterations required by the Board of Trade for the better security of the public are being rapidly proceeded with. The habitues will find that these improvements will also add to their comfort in leaving the house.

THE electric and the steam tricycle will, we hear, be exhibited among the other hundreds of novelties at the exhibition of bicycles and tricycles which is to take place at the Albert Hall on the 29th, 30th, and 31st of this month.

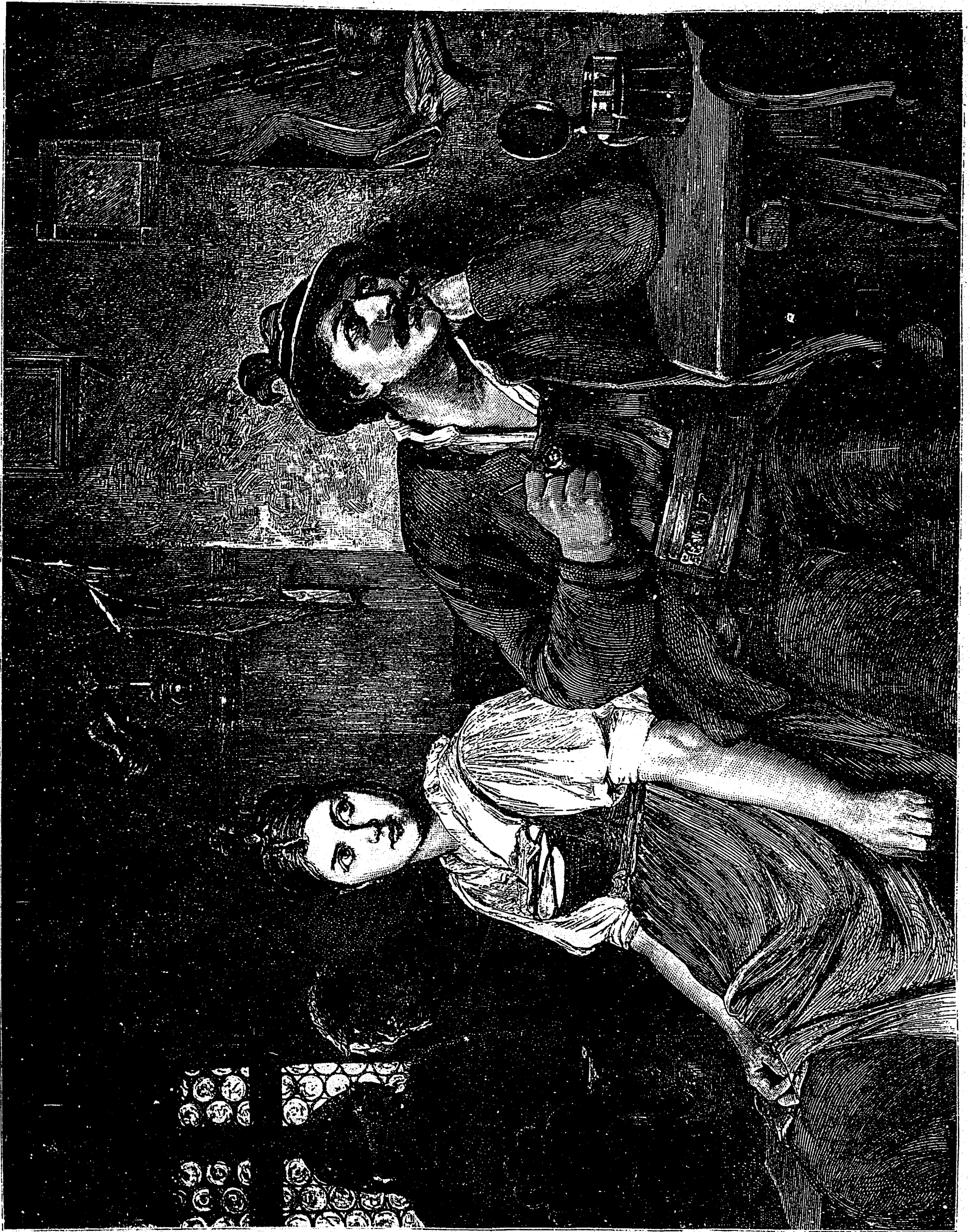
THERE is not the slightest foundation for the report current at Ottawa that the Prince of Wales intended visiting Canada and part of the United States next March. It was hardly worth while telegraphing this denial, because it denies that which no one here ever heard of.

MR. GLADSTONE took to wearing a new style of collar the day after his arrival at Carnes. This would have created a sensation indeed in his native land. The only reason for the change assigned is that one of his boxes was lost en route, doubtless the one containing the stuck-up line of the Premier.

It has not been stated, while discoursing upon Mr. Siemens's method of ripening fruit by electricity, that he has conceived the very ideal notion of making electricity represent the moon, which rises at a given hour of the evening and sheds her light over all till day's warmth dispenses with her services. If Mr. Siemens could only give us all an artificial sun he might have his moon all to himself.



THE FESTIVAL OF ST. VALENTINE—CUPID'S PRANKS AND FANCIES.



"JEALOUSY."—FROM A PAINTING BY M. KAUFFMANN.

TO-MORROW.

A shining isle in a stormy sea,
We seek it ever with smiles and sighs;
To-day is sad. In the bland to-be,
Serene and lovely to-morrow lies.

It mocked us, the beautiful yesterday!
It left us poorer. Oh, never mind!
In the fair to-morrow, far away,
It waits the joy that we failed to find.

"With fitful labor and meagre gain,
Life is a failure." Be still, my heart!
To-day—the partial result, the pain;
To-morrow—fruitful, the perfect part.

Time looks from our eyes with tenderest ruth,
It touches with silver the locks of gold;
It kisses away the tints of youth,
Till we say, "To-morrow we shall be old."

We think of the countries far and fair,
All free forever from blight and frost;
Where love lives on in the holy air,
We'll find again the youth we had lost.

'Twill still go on—the beloved task
That drops half done from the weary hand—
Thy crown for another? "Why?" you ask,
Thou'lt waken to-morrow, and understand.

Nothing is finished. From birth to the pall—
Our love, our sorrow, life's dear, brief day—
Is a little fragment, that is all,
Of the more than wait in the far-away.

Why we are sorry, we shall live,
When the life that is perfect holds its sway,
When peace abides in the thine and mine,
And to-morrow melts into God's to-day.

WHY ARE YOU WANDERING
HERE, I PRAY?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLANCHE SEYMOUR," ETC.

PART I.

"Why are you wandering here, I pray?"
An old man asked a maid one day.
"Looking for poppies so bright and red,"
Father," said she, "I'm hither led."
"Pie, pie!" was the old man's cry;
"Poppies, it's known by all who rove,
Grow in the field and not in the grove."

As long as Georgie Verschoyle could remember anything she had lived with her uncle, Mr. Arnold, in a small house on the borders of the New Forest; with Mattie, the cook and *factotum*, for mother and governess; and Nellie Shergold, housemaid, and Mattie's predestined victim, for sister and companion. During her childhood and early girlhood the wild free life had been full of charm, and no one was happier than Georgie. For hours she would wander about; there was no spot of beauty in all the forest she had not explored; no tree she had not climbed; no "lawn" embowered in high overarching beeches she did not know. Not a rivulet dancing its wayward round was unfamiliar to her. For miles she would follow its windings, crossing and recrossing, watching the growth of the ferns and flowers, tracing the birds to their nests, the snake to its hole, till not a sound or sight in all the whole district was strange to her. Morning after morning she saw the sun rise in majestic splendour; evening after evening she stood gazing while he set, gorgeous in purple and gold, till vital feelings of delight possessed her soul, filling it with a vague poetic yearning, half pleasure, half pain.

This was her life when days were long and bright; but in the winter, when the branches were weighed down with heavy snow, or the forest path ankle deep in pulp, compounded of dead leaves and mud, she would sit in her uncle's room, reading with him and drinking in greedily the information which was the only thing he ever seemed to give her ungrudgingly. Her feet resting on her hands, her eager eyes fixed on his, she would follow with quick keen intelligence through all the intricate paths of learning by which he led her. Theology, history, natural science, nothing came amiss to her; and where her mental development was concerned, no question, no interruption ever wearied him. She was the eager learner; he the sympathising painstaking teacher. But there the sympathy between them appeared to end. Once out of the "book-room" their relations with each other underwent an entire change. Mr. Arnold was again the cold, sarcastic, stern recluse, of whom every one stood in dread. Georgie the wild, heedless "bog-trotter," as her uncle called her, only anxious to keep out of his way; happy if she could get Nellie Shergold to accompany her on an exploring expedition; happier still if she could go alone, without any restrictions imposed by Mattie as to the trees she should climb or the hour she should return. How could she know the exact hour, having only her mother's watch, which wouldn't go, and the sun to guide her? The latter is good—when he shines—in a broad general way, but is apt to be misleading as to the quarters.

Mattie was given to scold about Georgie's clothes; not, perhaps without reason. Getting up to one's knees in a bog in the New Forest is injurious to one's garments; and Miss Verschoyle's supply was limited, nor was it an easy matter to increase the stock or to replenish it when diminished, Mr. Arnold being unapproachable, especially on the subject of money; so at least Mattie said, and she was the only one whom experience warranted in speaking on the point. "It's like wringing his heart's blood, just, to get a penny out of him!" she remarked, pathetically, to Georgie. In fact Mr. Arnold was

neither ungenerous nor niggardly; but he was possessed with the idea that, where money was concerned, Mattie was not to be trusted; and he was one of those men who, suspecting easily, retain with a limpet-like tenacity any suspicion they once get into their heads.

This distrust of her arose from the fact that she had applied to the purchase of red shoes for Georgie the money he had given to her for household expenses. From the moment he made this discovery her moral obliquity was established in his eyes. She had been his nurse, his mother's trusted servant and friend, and his own, after he had set up his tent in the New Forest, till that unlucky purchase. Henceforth his confidence in her was destroyed, and he never gave her the most necessary sums for household expenditure without a protest more or less openly expressed.

The misapplication of funds was of so innocent a nature that no man less crochety than George Arnold would have dreamed of making it the foundation for a charge of habitual dishonesty.

When it happened, Georgie Verschoyle had lately become an inmate of her uncle's house, and had taken that place in the heart of the mateless and childless Mattie which had long been craving eagerly for something more tender than "Master George" himself to fill. He had been her child, her darling, and was still the beloved of her soul, her ideal of masculine perfection, her god in short; but a god is to be looked upon with awe and worshipped, not fondled and scolded and cared for.

George Arnold was divine, but awe-inspiring, and wanted little taking care of; ate sparingly, drank more so, and absolutely refused to be coddled. Mattie never forgot the look he gave her once when she proposed his putting his feet in hot water for a cold! The woman's heart in Mattie was not satisfied with being thus allowed to worship at a distance. She pined for a less awful idol. It has been said that woman need an object to adore. It would be truer to say that they need one to protect and bless, and this object came into Mattie's life when "the master" wrote to her one day saying his sister was dead, and asking her to come and take charge of her only child, who would henceforth live with him.

On the wings of love Mattie flew; received the two years old girl in her arms, and from that moment found her happiness complete, for "the master's" distrust of her did not affect her equanimity. She smiled at it as a large strong nature smiles at the littleness or crochets of a small weak one; or rather she smiled at it till she found it interfered with Georgie's welfare and comfort. Then she became angry. To dress her darling out in the best she could procure was the pride of Mattie's life; but this was just the thing George Arnold hated. Looking on the love of dress as the root of all evil in women, he resolved that it should not be fostered in his niece. He loved the girl with a love as profound, though less tender and lovable than Mattie's and would not be induced to consent to anything he considered injurious to her welfare. He was a born old bachelor—one of those men of whom it may be predicted from their earliest boyhood that they will die unmarried. Not that he was devoid of affection. He had been tenderly attached to his mother, and had loved his only sister, Georgie's mother, with passionate devotion. She warmly reciprocated the feeling; but there came a day when a stronger love still snapped the bond between them:

"Two lovers by a moss-grown spring;
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingling the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing,
O budding time,
O love's blest prime!"

George's anger knew no bounds. Stigmatising the lover as a lout and a sot, he refused to see him, thus forcing his sister to choose between the two. She did choose, as nature and generosity dictated. Philip Verschoyle was neither a sot nor a lout, but a warm-hearted, impulsive, gentleman-like soldier, with more precipitancy than prudence in his disposition, as was shown by his marriage with Mary Arnold, penniless though beautiful, and devotedly attached to him.

The breach between the brother and sister was complete.

"The dire years whose awful name is
Change,
Had grasped their souls till yearning in
Joyance,
And pitiless shaped them in two forms—"

forms that were united again but for one brief moment in this life.

Captain Verschoyle died in Canada, and his young wife, heartbroken, and ill, just reached England with her child in time to die too.

Georgie heard of her illness and, the separating cause being now removed, flew to her side; but his tardy tenderness could not kindle into vitality the waning spark of life. She followed her gallant husband to the land afar off, commending with her last breath her baby girl to her brother's care. It was then he wrote this letter to Mattie to come and take charge of Georgie. Tender even in that bitter alienation, the sister had called the child after the loved companion of her early days, and—so weak is human nature, such trills touch us for good or evil—the fact that his niece bore his name did more to soften George Arnold and ensure his tenderness than any arguments founded on reason or principle could have done.

The little thing quickly found a place in his heart, though his affection manifested itself in the strangest and most capricious manner. Wherever her intellectual development was con-

cerned, he was gentle, wise, patient. In all other respects he neglected her completely; never allowed her to lavish any of the love of a most loving nature on him; never let her go anywhere or have any companions; and, what grieved Mattie above all the rest, never let her dress like other girls of her position in life.

Mattie did her best; but her taste was not faultless; besides, she had not the wherewithal to provide materials; and now, at nineteen, Georgie's wardrobe consisted chiefly of her mother's old gowns modernized according to Mattie's idea of fashion, and of some brocaded dresses with which the old woman had been presented by Georgie's mother. "You should speak to your uncle, yourself, Miss Georgie, my dearie, and tell him he ought to give you a proper allowance, the same as your poor mamma used to have, so that you could be dressed like a lady." But nothing could induce the girl to say a word on the subject. "I won't, Mattie. I d'aresay uncle George can't afford it. I've no doubt he would give me better clothes if he could."

Then, when Mattie, scorning the idea of his poverty, proved beyond a doubt that not want of power but want of will was at the root of the matter, Georgie's pride took fire. It's very good of him to have me at all," she returned proudly; if he didn't, I suppose I should be in the workhouse. I must be a great expense to him, and I certainly should never think of asking him for anything more than he chooses to give;" and such a set determined expression came into the sweet young face, that Mattie, alarmed, resolved never to allude to the subject again.

Thus the orphan girl grew up, a strange compound of child and woman; intellectually developed to an unusual degree, yet unconventional, entirely ignorant of the world, and with the artless simplicity of an unspoiled child. She led so secluded a life that, like some beautiful wild animal, dwelling in a land untrudged of men, she was absolutely free from shyness; fearless, too, save where her uncle was concerned, and towards him it was not so much fear she felt as a proud reserve. She loved him dearly, but was not at her ease with him, and there was always a root of bitterness springing up to trouble their intercourse. Why would he never tell her anything about her father? Why did he so persistently avoid every mention of him and his family? Of her mother's family she learned enough from Mattie, the string of whose tongue was always loosened when there was an opportunity of talking about her dear Arnolds; but the old woman knew little of Captain Verschoyle personally, and nothing of his connections, and could not tell Georgie anything, save than her uncle had disapproved of the marriage, and had never seen his sister, after it took place, till just before her death.

"But my father was a gentleman?" said the girl indignantly.

"Indeed, yes, my dearie!" Of that Mattie was quite sure, and she dwelt lovingly on the gallant bearing and good looks of the young warrior, whose coming had caused such grief of heart. "And surely, my dear, it was a wonderful thing for your uncle to take on so about the marriage, seeing that he must have known such a beautiful young lady as your dear mamma would marry some day."

And in theory George had known it; but then the possible husband had been a scholar, like himself, refined, fastidious, scornful delights, and living laborious days in the interests of abstract truth; not a man of blood (poor Phillip Verschoyle!), whose highest ambition was to slaughter pheasants and ride down foxes, and who fell asleep over a book!

"And handsome he was, my dearie," went on Mattie, "with black hair, and blue eyes that were always laughing, and a word for every one."

Georgie had inherited much of her father's good looks, though it was not her beauty so much as a certain charm about her that attracted. In truth it was not easy to discover her beauty, disguised as she was by her dress. What figure can survive bodily-fitting clothes? Yet her figure was really good; graceful, slight, and with the natural ease resulting from perfect physical development; it was more artistically perfect than her changeful face, with its sweet mutations and perpetual contradictions. Her violet eyes looked out from a pair of long silky lashes; her colour, came and went with every change of feeling, while her brown wavy hair was shot with rich golden gleams.

Georgie loved her dead father's memory passionately. What hours she would sit, lonely in the forest, dreaming over that vanished past!

"O patient life!
O tender strife!"

She saw it all. That morning of love: then the two who,

"Wedded, from the portal step,"

while all around

"The air was soft with fanning wings:"

but behind, like a baleful shadow, was the brother's anger. Then after those few short years of happiness—three at the most—came the end, when all was peace.

Mattie could never gratify the girl more than by telling her she was like her father, and, though quite unconsciously to her, his memory came between her and the cold stern uncle who lived absorbed in his books, training her intellect, while he neglected that no less noble part of her which so imperiously claimed attention. A certain haughty pride kept her from ever questioning him or asking for anything for herself;

and this being so, it was not wonderful that she had no idea of the wealth of affection he felt for her. "He doesn't care for me because I am my father's child," she thought bitterly; and no doubt in early days he had often been repelled by seeing Phillip Verschoyle's eyes gazing out of the baby face. But all such feeling had long since passed away, and she was now his one tie to life, the final cause of all his labour and saving. For he did save. The habit began when he first conceived that distrust of Mattie, and then it grew on him till use became second nature. All this time when Georgie was bog-trotting in the Forest in clod-hopping boots and without a decent gown, she was in fact an heiress, whose entry into the matrimonial market would have caused a perfect flutter of excitement among all the titled and untitled paupers in London.

Perhaps George Arnold saved to please himself; but he thought he did so for Georgie Verschoyle, and the delusion added dignity to his life.

Till she was nineteen she lived thus absolutely isolated, knowing no one save the Forest cottagers and the members of the household; and then the change came. A house near them that had been untenanted for years was taken for the summer by a magnate of the neighbouring county, and an acquaintance, founded on a misadventure in the Forest, sprang up between his family and the lonely girl. A gay party of ladies and gentlemen, out on an exploring expedition, got fast stuck in the great bog, and there Georgie, out herself after the sundew, which grows abundantly in those parts, saw them floundering helplessly about up to their knees, wet, puzzled, laughing, their clothes and hands all torn and scratched.

From the vantage point of the only bit of solid ground in the quaking bog around, Miss Verschoyle watched the party, much as Miranda must have watched Alonso and his companions.

"O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new
world,
That has such people in't!"

Her acquaintance with the male sex was confined to her uncle George, small, dry, and wiry-looking; to Nelly Shergold's father, tall, gaunt, and yellow as a guinea from chronic jaundice; to the occasional butcher and baker, whose visits inside the brightness of Nellie's life; and to one or two other foresters or tradesmen, mostly rheumatic or asthmatic.

But the men in attendance on these nymphs floundering about in the bog were tall and bearded, and all more or less goodly to look upon. One soldier-like figure especially arrested her attention. He towered above his companions, like Saul the son of Kish, and his own weight seemed to be sinking him deeper and deeper into the slough.

Seeing her standing on dry ground, a consultation took place among the party.

"Do call to her, and ask her if she can tell us how to get out," said Miss Aymer, a bright-looking little brunette, to the giant who had fixed Georgie's attention; but he, under the drooping and shabby hat, had caught sight of a face and a pair of eyes that made him hesitate. "Can I?" he asked doubtfully. "She is a lady."

"Never mind who she is, if she can tell us how to get out of this. It looks like bog where she is, yet she seems to be standing on firm ground."

"How can I shout to a lady! She will think it so rude."

"Could you get nearer to her?"

He tried, but sank every moment deeper and deeper into it; and Georgie, looking on, did not know whether to be amused or sorry.

"Mr. Chalmers, do appeal to that girl over there to help us!" said Julia. "A fit of shyness, surely the first he has ever had, has come over Colonel Verschoyle, and he refuses to speak. Are you afraid she is a spirit and will vanish into thin air, or disappear with a melodious twang, if you address her?" she added, turning to him.

"She looks substantial enough, to judge by her boots," answered Mr. Chalmers, who prided himself on his small feet; but while he was talking, Julia solved the question by appealing herself to Georgie for help in a loud voice.

"I will come and show you how to get out," was the answer in tones so modulated that, while no syllable was lost, there was nothing harsh or discordant in them.

"A lady! I knew it!" thought Colonel Verschoyle triumphantly.

Picking her way with marvellous dexterity over the shaking ground, which yet looked so soft and mossy, she reached them by some circuitous route known only to herself, and then, telling them to follow her in single file, she soon led them out into one of the "lawns" which are a feature in the Forest.

The ground was carpeted with trailing wild-flowers, sweet-scented woodruffs, yellow tormentil, and periwinkle, whose dark-blue petals rivalled the sky that looked down through the foliage of those grand beeches, whose delicate green contrasted so harmoniously with the more yellow tint of the oak.

A mingled chorus of thanks and admiration broke from the rescued party—thanks to Georgie; admiration at the beauty of the scene.

The soft sound of some murmuring rivulet was just audible; it was evening, and already choruses of nightingales were pouring forth floods of melody, and a delicious fragrance filled the air. It seemed a desecration to wipe muddy boots on the soft grass, as Mr. Chalmers was doing.

"How can we thank you enough?" her curiosity highly excited, like that of every one else, about her guide. Who was she, with the bearing of a queen, yet wearing the commonest of housemaid gowns—lilac cotton, looped up over a coarse brick-red stuff petticoat, with heavy clumped boots, and a cheap straw hat tied round with a piece of red ribbon, carrying a basket of sundew, and guiding herself with a stout stick?

"I'm afraid we have taken you very much out of your way; you came from the other side, I think," said Colonel Verschoyle, in a tone which awoke a whole new world of sensation in Georgie's being. As he spoke he took off his hat, bowing low, and she could see better the face which had fascinated her from the first—a high-bred aristocratic type of face, with regular clear-cut features; a complexion bronzed to a deep brown; and violet-blue eyes, contrasting well with the black hair and sweeping glossy moustache. Had it not been for the eyes, the countenance would have been heavy. They redeemed it, and gave it its charm, a look of poetic spirituality not usually found in combination with the power visible in every line of the dark strong features. To Georgie's girlish imagination just stirred with the first dawn of passion, it was the very realization of all her dreams of masculine perfection. The latent poetry in her nature leaped into active life, and henceforth things could never be again with her as they once had been.

Troubled, she hardly knew why, she answered vaguely, "Oh, it doesn't signify; that is, it's not out of the way at all. I can get home as easily from here."

"You know the Forest well?" "I have lived here all my life." "This is our first experience of it," said Julia; "not a very fortunate one."

"Most fortunate on the contrary, I think," interposed Colonel Verschoyle, "for it has introduced us to this young lady. What a lovely basket of flowers you have got!" turning again to Georgie. "What are they? I have never seen any like them."

"It is sundew, not a very common plant I believe, but plentiful about here." "What wonderful eyes!" was his mental comment as he met her full glance.

Troubled vaguely as she was at his presence, there was yet nothing of shyness in her look or bearing.

"I daresay you will kindly tell us how we can get back to Beechlands," said Julia, "for I haven't the smallest idea where we are."

Georgie readily volunteered her guidance, and she and Julia led the way out of the glade, through the chequered shade of the moss-grown paths, Colonel Verschoyle keeping close behind, debating with himself whether he should offer to carry the young lady's basket. It looked so picturesque that he hesitated to deprive her of it.

"As Colonel Verschoyle says, our misadventure has had a lucky result in introducing us to you," observed Julia as they went along.

"Verschoyle!" exclaimed Georgie, turning pale; "is his name Verschoyle? That is my name too!"

"How very odd! Philip," turning to the gentleman in question, "do you hear? This young lady's name is Verschoyle. Can you possibly be any relations?"

"I have none; at least I know nothing of my father's family," returned Georgie, her pallor giving place to a brilliant blush, as the mystery that had always hung over her parentage came upon her now with a sudden sense of shame.

"My father's name was Philip, and he was in the Grenadiers. That is all I know," she added, speaking rapidly. "My name is Philip, and I am in the Grenadiers, too, so I have no doubt we are cousins in some way, and I have a double pleasure," said Philip the Second; and with this delicious non-sequitur he strode to her side. "I had a cousin in the Grenadiers once, I know; he married a Miss Arnold."

(To be continued.)

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

The subscriptions to the International Chess Congress for 1883 have come in so encouragingly that the Committee, in London, have determined to raise the large sum of £1,500 sterling, in order to carry out all that they are desirous of doing. This amount, no doubt, will raise the value of the prizes in the tourney to such an extent that chess talent, both far and near will be induced to take part in the great gathering.

From the care with which the rules and regulations have been made, there is every reason to conclude that nothing is likely to occur, after the business of the Congress has begun, to mar, in any way, an enterprise having for its object the progress of a game which has been the delight of the learned and wise from the earliest ages.

We are pleased to find from *Land and Water*, that there are two institutions for youths in Westminster, London, the pupils of which, in addition to their other pursuits find time not only to study chess, but also to play matches with each other. We feel sure that this love for the game on the part of these pupils has been fostered to some extent by those who have charge of their progress in more important studies, and we are willing to believe that they will never have reason to regret the step they have taken in a new direction.

Mr. Steinitz, we hear, is at present in New York and is playing a match of six games with Captain Mackenzie. Chessplayers, everywhere, will be anxious to know the result of this encounter, and, although these games, we understand, are not to be looked upon as specimens of what might be expected from such players, when taxed to the full extent of their powers, they will, nevertheless, form an important addition to the chess literature of the day.

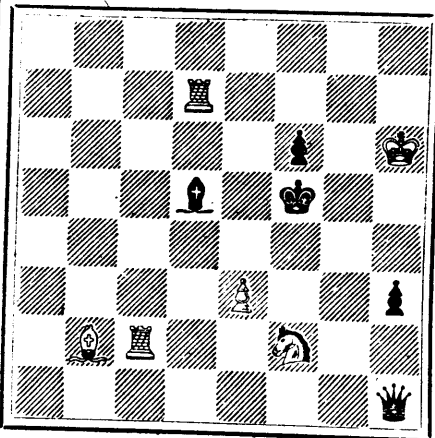
The Philadelphia *Times* says: "The Cubans are on their mettle. They have sent a challenge to Mr. Steinitz, inviting that gentleman to play Mr. Celso Golmayo, the champion chess sharp of Havana, for a stake of \$500. Mr. Golmayo is a gentleman more or less known in the world of chess. In 1863 he won a game of Morphy at the odds of a Knight. In 1867 he made a fair score at the Paris Chess Congress, and since that period he lost a match to Mr. D. M. Martinez. Mr. Steinitz has not yet turned in his reply to the challenge."—*Globe-Democrat, St. Louis.*

The first book on Chess, printed in England by William Caxton, in 1474, entitled "The Game and Playe of the Chess," a copy of which was bought in Amsterdam by David Wilson for 2d., has just been sold for the Royal Library at Windsor Castle for £170.—*Brooklyn Chess Chronicle.*

From *Turf, Field and Farm* of the 16th inst., we find that the match between Mr. Steinitz and Captain Mackenzie has been brought to a conclusion with the following results: Steinitz won three games, Mackenzie one game, and the other two were drawn.

PROBLEM No. 421.

By W. Wayte.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 419.

White. Black.

- 1 Kt to K B 5 1 Any
2 Mates acc.

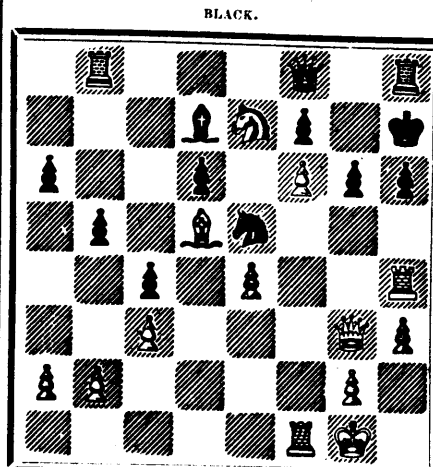
GAME 5477.

One of the simultaneous games played in Glasgow by Mr. Blackburne, in Nov. last.

(From the Glasgow Herald.)

(Sicilian Gambit.)

- WHITE. BLACK.
(Mr. Blackburne) (Mr. Chamberlain.)
1 P to K 4 1 P to K 4
2 Kt to K B 3 2 Kt to Q B 3
3 P to Q 4 3 P takes P (a)
4 Kt takes P 4 B to Q B 4 (b)
5 Q B to K 3 5 B takes Kt
6 B takes B 6 Kt to K B 3
7 Kt to Q B 3 7 Castles
8 B to Q B 4 8 P to Q 3
9 Castles 9 P to Q R 3 (c)
10 B takes Kt 10 Q takes B
11 Kt to Q 5 11 Q to Q sq (d)
12 P to K B 4 12 P to Q Kt 4
13 B to Q Kt 3 13 B to K 3 (e)
14 P to K B 5 14 B to Q 2 (f)
15 P to K B 6 (g) 15 P to K Kt 3
16 Q to Q 2 16 K to R sq (h)
17 Q to K R 6 17 R to K Kt sq (i)
18 R to K B 1 (j) 18 Kt to Q 5 (k)
19 Q to K Kt 5 19 Kt to Q B 3 (l)
20 R to K B 2 20 P to K R 3
21 Q to K 3 21 K to R 2
22 Q R to K B sq 22 Kt to K 4
23 Kt to K 7 (m) 23 P to R sq 4
24 P to K R 3 (n) 24 P to Q B 4
25 P to Q B 3 (o) 25 P to Q Kt sq
26 B to Q 5 26 R to Q B 5
27 R to K B 4 (p) 27 P to Q B 5
28 Q to Kt 3 28 Kt to Q 6
29 R to K R 4 29 Kt to K 4
30 B takes P (q)



BLACK.

WHITE.

- 31 Q to K Kt 5 30 P to K R 4
32 Q takes P ch (a) 31 B takes P (b)
32 Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) Kt takes P is equally good.
(b) We prefer Kt to K B 3.
(c) A weak move. There was no valid reason for advancing the Knight's K P.
(d) The Queen is thus forced back again, with the necessary result that the development of Black's game is impaired.
(e) If, instead of this move, Black had now played Kt to R 4 and exchanged Kt for B, the particular description of attack which proved fatal to Black would have been prevented.
(f) B could not here take Kt, without Black's game being hampered by the reply B takes B.
(g) A strong and effective move.
(h) The only move to save the game. White threatened mate by Q to R 6.
(i) Mate again threatened here by Q takes R P, followed by R to R 4.
(j) This again is the only move Black has to save the game.
(k) A good move, forcing away the Rook from its dangerous position. Black also at this point had the opportunity of exchanging Kt for B, and this he would have done well to have availed himself of.
(l) This, of course, was to prevent White winning the exchange, but we still think that here the Kt should have captured the B, followed on White's retaking Kt by K to R 2.
(m) This move is the beginning of the end.
(n) If Kt takes Rook, then Black would have played Kt to K 5, but White's Kt was so advantageously posted that Mr. Blackburne would probably not have wished to sacrifice it for the exchange.
(o) Probably this move was played with the idea of posting the Bar B 2.
(p) The Rook is brought back to its previous threatening position.
(q) We give a diagram of this beautiful position. If Q takes B, mate follows by R takes P (check) and Q to R 4.
(r) Apparently in desperation. R to K Kt sq might have prolonged the game.
(s) B takes P would, of course, have been equally good; but the move in the text looks better. Either way it was mate next move. Mr. Blackburne, however, might have done the same thing a move earlier.



NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of SATURDAY, 10th MARCH, 1883, for the delivery of the usual Indian Supplies, duty paid, in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, consisting of Flour, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twine, Oxen, Cows, Bulls, Agricultural Implements, Tools, &c. Forms of tender and full particulars relative to the Supplies required, can be had by applying to the undersigned or to the Indian Superintendent, Winnipeg. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque of a Canadian Bank for at least five per cent. on the amount of the tenders for Manitoba, and ten per cent. on the amount of the tenders for the North-West Territories, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

[No newspaper to insert without special authority from this Department through the Queen's Printer.]

L. YANKOUGHNET, Deputy of the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, 30th January, 1883.

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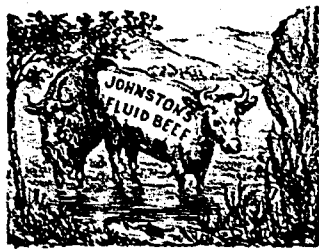
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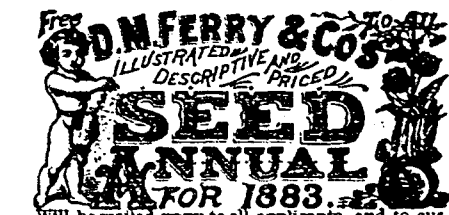
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THE PROPRIETORS have great pleasure in informing the Subscribers to the SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN, and the Public in general, that arrangements have been made by which PROF. BOVEY will undertake the editorship of this Magazine at the beginning of the New Year, when the name of the publication will be changed to the CANADIAN MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

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

It is hoped that the MAGAZINE will also be a medium for the discussion of questions bearing upon Engineering in its various branches, Architecture, the Natural Sciences, etc., and the Editor will gladly receive communications on these and all kindred subjects. Any illustrations accompanying such papers as may be inserted will be reproduced with the utmost care.

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