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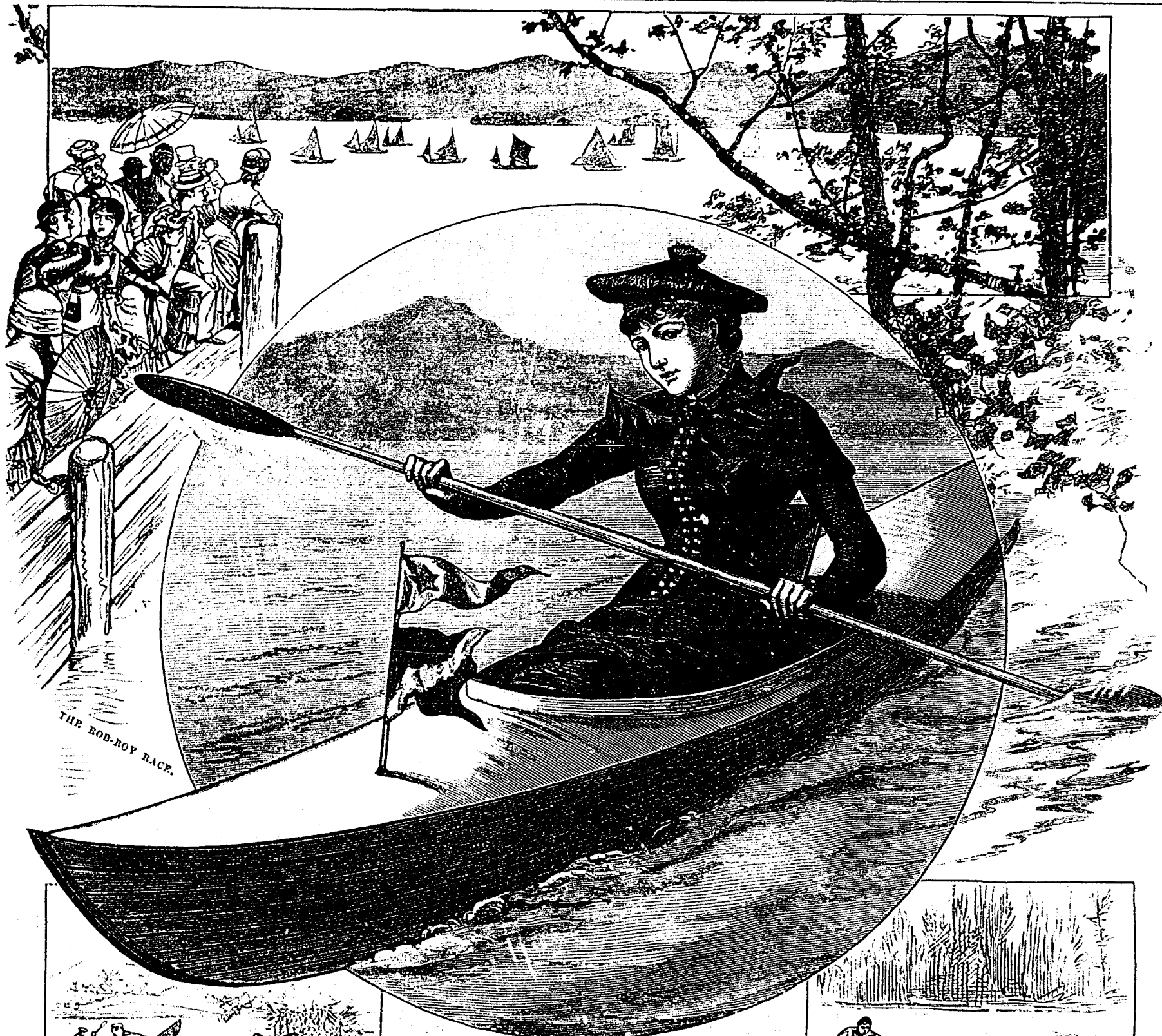
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Whitbread's News

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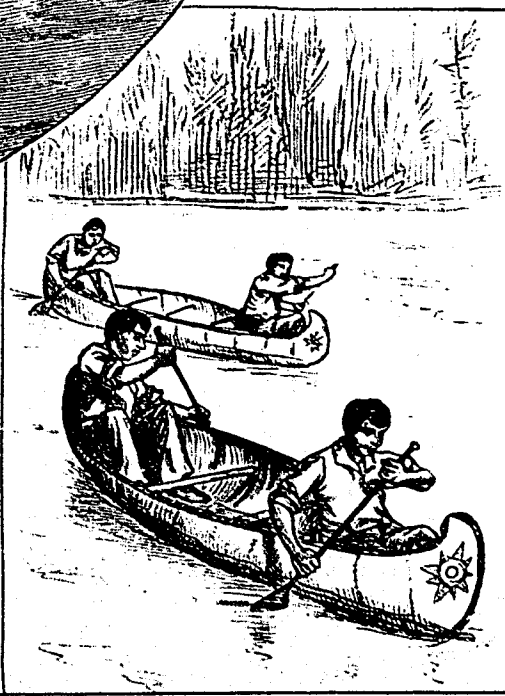
THE ROB-ROY RACE.



LAND AND WATER RACE.



UPSET RACE.



INDIAN CANOE RACE.

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING AND REGATTA OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, CANOE ISLANDS, LAKE GEORGE.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Sept. 4th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 78°	60°	69°	Mon.. 80°	61°	71°
Tues.. 85°	63°	74°	Tues.. 74°	62°	68°
Wed.. 81°	68°	74°	Wed.. 76°	59°	67°
Thur.. 82°	73°	77°	Thur.. 78°	63°	70°
Fri.. 80°	65°	72°	Fri.. 84°	64°	74°
Sat.. 79°	65°	72°	Sat.. 80°	70°	75°
Sun.. 75°	60°	67°	Sun.. 84°	70°	77°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 10th, 1881.

THE WEEK.

THE President's condition shows little or no real change, and the hopes of the multitude who hang breathlessly upon the words of the bulletins are waxing weak. Already the American press is occupied in preparing the nation for the worst. That it is well to be so prepared there can be no doubt. But we cling yet to the hope of recovery, slight though it be. Where so grave issues hang in the balance despair is culpable in itself.

KNOWLEDGE of things Canadian has improved in England since the days when the *Times* made the Prince of Wales land at Kingston on his first visit to this country. Still some slight haziness as to our topography is existent in the minds of the British public, if we are to judge by the title of a recent sketch of Williams' barber shop in Quebec, which appears in the last number of the *Graphic* over the legend "Quebec—Scalp-Dressing in the North-West!" The italics are ours, also the marks of admiration.

The commander of one of the North German Lloyd steam vessels has called attention to a serious evil in connection with the tiny craft in which fool-hardy persons are accustomed to "back themselves," in sporting phrase, to win money and notoriety by crossing the Atlantic. Very small boats in mid-ocean are in the eyes of seamen *prima facie* tokens of some maritime disaster, not to be passed by without at least an effort to ascertain whether assistance is required. Hence vessels are liable to be needlessly taken out of their course on a fool's errand, as happened the other day when the *Domau* with her passengers and mails was detained for an hour, only to learn that the liliputian craft which had attracted the attention of her look-out man was *The Little Western*. The serious fact is that a few such experiences would be apt to tire the patience of the most humane of captains, and genuine castaways may suffer from all this "crying wolf," however unintentional on the part of the criers. It is only another instance of how a foolish action almost invariably affects others besides the doer. No doubt the gentlemen who risk their lives on the Atlantic in a cock-boat would argue that whether they are lost or not matters considerably more to themselves than to other people. But they cannot avoid the responsibility of any bad results which may accrue to others from their fool-hardiness.

"WHO shall decide when doctors disagree?" The temperance question is a bone of contention amongst the leading physicians of the day, not only on the main issue of total abstinence apparently, but even as to the degree and nature of stimulants to be taken, if taken at all. Mr. Herring's pamphlet on Health Preservation, recently published by Longmans, contains a suggestive anecdote of personal experience in this matter. "The medical examiners connected with a life assurance office (says the writer) once rejected me on the ground of supposed heart complaint, which made me very nervous. I resolved to obtain an independent opinion from each of four leading physicians associated with Guy's, St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, and the London Hospitals. Without mentioning to either what the other had said, I next conferred with an able hospital surgeon, with whom I was on intimate terms, showing him the four physicians' prescriptions, and endeavouring with him to reconcile their advice, but it was impossible. One forbade the use of stimulants altogether; another allowed only a glass of claret at dinner; the third named a tablespoonful of brandy in a tumblerful of water; and the fourth advised dry sherry in moderation. It is true they all advised that I should discontinue beer, and in this respect I followed their advice, as perhaps I may also claim to have done in moderately enjoying claret, sherry, and brandy ever since, without displeasing even the Life Office Examiners, who ultimately accepted what they had previously rejected."

A NEW benevolent society, if it can be so called, has been started in London. According to the *World*, many ladies of rank have formed themselves into an association to assist the English woollen industry, which is now in an unsatisfactory condition. In some years since ladies discarded the bright and lustrous fabrics produced by English looms, and substituted a dull material, made principally of foreign wool manufactured in France. There has consequently been a serious falling off of the demand for materials made from lustrous and English grown wool, which has become seriously depreciated in value. Among the patronesses are H.R.H. Princess Christian, H.R.H. Princess Mary, and many ladies of rank and fashion; and the promoters have secured the co-operation and assistance of the principal West-end tradesmen, and enlisted the sympathies of the principal Court milliners and dress-makers in London. No question of politics is involved: and if the idea is correct, and "Fashion" can restore this industry to its former prosperity, there need be no question of Protection. Might not a similar scheme be tried in support of our own home manufactures? A little patriotism would, if it did not do away with the necessity for the N. P., at least strengthen its good effects materially. But in Canada "Fashion" seems to prefer foreign goods to Canadian, simply because they are foreign. Surely the reverse should be the case.

THAT the domestic cat has its faults we are ready to admit. But it is often too the victim of neglect and cruelty for which there is little excuse. During the summer months people think it judicious to go away from home, with all their servants, and leave their cats to starve. Miss ANNA PARNELL, a lady of great eloquence, is reported, we believe, without authority, to have once horrified a meeting of Land Leaguers by describing the Saxon method of evicting cats without a shadow of compensation. The practice is quite inexcusable. People perhaps reason that cats are a species of undomesticated animal, and can forage for themselves. So they can in the country, where there are plenty of rats and small birds. But a Montreal cat will pass his days staking sparrows without ever bagging a bird. The poor creatures are obliged to go about making night hideous with their cries, and picking up garbage wherever they can find it. If

they do not die of want, they contract habits ruinous to that delicacy of character which we admire in a cat. If people shrink from the trouble of carrying a cat to a distant place (and a cat is not easily carried), surely the animals might be boarded out. It is hard to explain why people in all ages have been so cruel to cats and women. The murdered man in Mr. SWINBURNE'S poem asks:

Have they boiled my maid in a brass pan,
And built a gallows to hang my man?

Men always get off most easily, and no one is so cruel to dogs as many persons are to cats. And yet a cat is more sensitive to ill-treatment than a dog. "Woman," says some hero of Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH'S, "is the last animal that will be tamed by man." The cat also is only half tamed. Perhaps the reason is that neither cats nor women have been too well treated by dogs and men. Hence the tendency to scratch, and to deceive, which certainly alienates many students of the sex and the animal.

THE NEW DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

BY R. W. BOODLE.

The late Dean of Westminster was one who in a true sense magnified his office and the deanery acquired fresh distinction from the ability with which Stanley filled the post. The gap he has left in the religious world it was very hard to fill and it was hardly to be expected that his successor could satisfy all the requirements of the position as well as the distinguished churchmen who has lately died.

In the selection of Dr. Bradley—though only a M.A. in his own university, he had accepted the honorary degree of L.L.D. from the University of St. Andrew's—it would be vain to deny that the deanery has lost the literary lustre conferred upon it by his predecessors, Trench and Stanley, and which marked out Dr. Church for the sister deanery of St. Paul's. But if in this respect Dr. Bradley is a smaller man than his predecessor, in other ways he is a man of marked ability and fitness for the distinguished position. It must not be forgotten that the Dean of Westminster, though first among the Deans and in popular estimation the peer of the Scotch and Irish prelates, does not fill the place in the ecclesiastical and political world that is occupied by the English Bishops. Deans have no seat in the House of Lords and are only *ex-officio* members of the Lower House of Convocation along side of the archdeacons and the proctors sent by the capitular bodies and by the parochial clergy. Stanley was only Dean of Westminster because his suspected heterodoxy unfitted him, like Dean Swift, for the episcopal bench. Dr. Bradley's eminence as a Churchman, a Schoolmaster and University Reformer fully qualify him for the office to which he has been raised.

In a fuller sense than was the case with Arthur Stanley, the new Dean is an insignificant looking man. No greater contrast can be imagined than that suggested by Dr. Bradley walking by the side of Dean Liddell to fill his place in the University pulpit. The Dean of Christ Church is probably the handsomest man in Oxford. Tall, erect, with a fresh complexion and an abundance of white crisp hair, he would have reminded Montrealers of a figure well known in their streets. No man ever filled more appropriately the stately position of Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, and it was his duty to lead the imposing procession of the heads of colleges and halls that ushered in the university preacher to his pulpit. As Dean Liddell gave his parting bow to the Master of University College, the contrast was complete. For close to him stood a short, tough-looking man, with a resolute schoolmaster's face, its deep lines only relieved by a bright eye and a smile almost sarcastic forever playing about the corners of the mouth. Once in the pulpit, his preaching was at least worthy of the desk from which the greatest orators in the land were proud to be heard. His sermons were rather essays than oratorical efforts, without much ornament or rhetoric, but with an abundance of common sense and practical insight. He never preached over the heads of his hearers and he succeeded in doing what so few ordinary preachers seem able or willing to do—in preaching a sermon which is attractive to those for whom the dogmas of Christianity and the disputes of theologians are merely "survivals" of a past age. In other words his sermons appealed to the sentiments and feelings of men at the present day and not to their traditional or conventional beliefs.

In religious politics, Dr. Bradley ranks, as becomes an old pupil of Dr. Arnold at Rugby and sometime assistant master in that school, as a moderate but decided Broad Churchman. His theological views are marked by caution, and without being a decided opponent of the Evolutionists, he is a firm upholder of Spiritual Religion. His point of view may be gathered from the following extract, from one of his sermons preached before the University of Oxford—He was select preacher during the years 1874-5. People, he says, "have no right to denounce or to deny any plain teachings of the natural world, because the heart fails and the spirit sinks at their apparent consequences; be-

cause they seem to place their own restless and unsatisfied lives on a lower level than that of the silent growth and unfelt decay of the forest or the herb. But they have a right to hold fast to their belief that the truths, as they hold them, the moral and spiritual truths, on which they would strive very earnestly to base their lives, lie outside the conclusions drawn from this world of matter, and they profoundly believe, are, and must be reconcilable with every established result of scientific enquiry, and belong to a sphere whose reality and importance, if it be destined to become dim for a time to those who lead the intellectual action of our race, will make its eclipse felt through every region of our common life, and will reveal itself, it may be, the more fully and the more powerfully, after temporary obscuration." Thus he clearly sees the need of caution: "We still see, as we look back on the stormy controversies of earlier days, that the whole truth has rarely been grasped by truth's most earnest champions: that often the fabric raised by the best defenders of the faith has been not one that could meet all the storms of the future; has resembled rather the shelter reared for men, travelling upwards in a mountain region than the permanent and enduring habitation of the denizens of an eternal city." Dr. Bradley we can see is still of the "Old Faith" though by his sermons he advocates what all must feel to be most necessary—a temporary suspension of judgment while the world is waiting for fuller light.

But though Dr. Bradley has filled the post of honorary chaplain to the Queen (1874-6), the practical side of the man is more important than his theological character. Living in Canada we can hardly realize the immense importance of the position of Head Master of a great public school, or the high estimate in which it is held. This will be best seen from the fact that so many head masters are now in high place in the church. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Exeter & Truro, the Deans of Christ Church (Oxford), of Norwich and many other places are old Head Masters. And Dr. Bradley was one of the most eminent throughout the British Isles. With Dr. Temple (now Bishop of Exeter) *facile princeps* at Rugby, if anybody had asked who held the second place among Head Masters for ability, eminence and success, most people would have answered by naming Dr. Bradley of Marlborough. This post he filled from 1853 till 1870, when he became Master of his old college at Oxford. As head of Marlborough his success was marked. He was a skillful and firm administrator and his constant effort was to make the education of the great public school, over which he presided, many-sided and representative of the increasing demands of the age. Thus he gave greater preeminence to the so-called "modern side," carrying on here as elsewhere the ideas of Arnold at Rugby, and his lead was followed by the best schools throughout England. Such was the eminence that Dr. Bradley attained that, when the venerable Dr. Plumtre of University College died, no one was thought of as more suitable to fill the vacant headship than Dr. Bradley. Thus he became Master of the oldest college in Oxford, the college of mythical pedigree, ascribing its foundation to the zeal of King Alfred.

Oxford at the present day is in a state of constant transition and a capital field was thus open for the untiring energies of the school reformer. First University College was revolutionized. It was turned into a "working college," i.e., it began to aspire to take rank with Balliol, Corpus and Trinity, as distinguished from the House, Merton and Magdalen. The head of one of these latter colleges, when once asked by a fellow head whether the men of his college were "a working lot," is affirmed to have answered "Thank God, we haven't fallen as low as that yet!" What Dr. Bulley sneered at became Dr. Bradley's ambition. The standard of the matriculation examination was raised, and Dr. Bradley brought with him from Marlborough one of his old masters as his right-hand man. Among other reforms, undergraduates of his college were deprived of a privilege that they had long enjoyed, viz., of keeping dogs in college! In the University at large his influence gradually became felt. He threw his weight along with the Dean of Christ Church and Dr. Joynt on the side of the Broad Church party, specially advocating a school of Theology to be conducted upon broad principles and to be mainly concerned with the study of the Scriptures. The school was founded, but the combined forces of the "Highs" and "Lows" have made it a very different thing for what Dr. Bradley and those of his way of thinking wished it to be. The writer well remembers a sermon preached from the University pulpit, in which the Master of University earnestly advocated this school then in its inception. He showed the need of such a school by a picture of the life of the Church, which is truer of the Church in England than of that in Canada. "We hear on all sides that our younger clergy are entering on their ministry, not wanting in zeal and earnestness, fairly familiar with some heresies and with a treatise or two of the early centuries, ready to do battle with the earlier generations of Puritans on behalf of ecclesiastical order, keenly interested sometimes in a vestment, a posture, an outward act of worship, in the arrangement and due decoration of a fabric, but little familiar with forces that are silently making themselves felt on the flank of every moment in the religious world, with questions that touch the history, the authority, the interpretation of those sacred books on the fidelity and character of which rest their and our

credentials as ambassadors or even as servants of Christ."

As compared with Dean Stanley, Dr. Bradley probably attaches much greater importance to a purely religious training for the ecclesiastical profession. The late Dean was never tired of taking a secular view of the religious office. Dr. Bradley was only ordained upon his becoming Head Master of Marlborough and probably felt more than he otherwise would the need of a special theological training. Altogether he seems to be the fittest man, that could have been selected for the vacant deanery. A liberal churchman but opposed to all dangerous speculation, an able administrator and a temperate Reformer, popular among the large class who look upon him as one who made their school, their *alma mater*, greater than it was before, Dr. Bradley will probably prove a worthy successor of Dean Stanley. He may lack the brilliancy and polish, the literary distinction of his predecessor, but he will offend fewer people within his own church without losing the respect and sympathy of those outside of it.

LORD SALISBURY'S LEADERSHIP.

A storm in a teacup, or a great constitutional collapse? That is the question which the newspapers and their readers have been asking themselves during the last ten days with much show of solicitude. At the moment at which these lines are written it is impossible to give a definite answer. The game of battledore and shuttlecock, in which Lords and Commons have been engaged throughout the week, may be played a little longer. The air is still agitated with rumours of resignation, an October Session, dissolution, revolution, and what not. Yet there can hardly be much doubt as to the manner in which the struggle between the Houses will end. All this parade of indignation and alarm, this ostentatious exhibition of irreconcilable antagonism between Lords and Commons, the brave words of Mr. Gladstone and the defiant menaces of Lord Salisbury, are, one may shrewdly suspect, empty forms. What will ultimately happen is likely to be that which, from the first, all sensible men thought must happen. The House of Lords is above all things at the present time a court of legislative revision. When it had made certain verbal corrections in the measure sent up to it by the commons, it had done its duty. To reject the Land Bill, or to cause it to fall through, would be to provoke civil war in Ireland. There would be a universal strike against rent, and the executive would have to make its choice between two alternatives—either to help the landlords to get in their dues with the protection of a flying column, or to allow the law to be openly defied. The burden of the arguments, political and logical, may be dead against the Bill. It may have been laid bare in all its wickedness by the rhetorical analysis of Lord Salisbury. It may have been left without a leg to stand upon by Lord Cairns. Nevertheless, granting that this is so, the case for the Bill has remained throughout as strong as ever. It may not prove a palliative for Irish disturbance; it may carry with it no message of permanent peace. But something had to be done, unless Ireland was to be plunged in the crucible of anarchy and revolution, and the Land Bill represented the maximum of what Ministers were prepared to give. There is another reason why it may well have seemed impossible that the Lords should take upon themselves the responsibility of procuring the defeat of the measure. The country knows little, and cares less, about the Bill; but in the event of serious disturbances in Ireland it would have held the Lords answerable for their occurrence. Thus the agitation against the Upper House might have become really formidable.

The Irish Land Bill having been from the first inevitable, how comes it that there should have been all this mischievous antagonism between the two Houses? Lord Salisbury has intended to impress the country with a profound sense of his own strength and of the independence of the Chamber which he practically leads. If the Land Bill becomes law he will have stultified both himself and the Chamber to which he belongs. Nothing could have really justified the speech made by him on the second reading of the measure except an immediate motion for its rejection. The sole reason that he gave for not bringing forward such a motion was the condition of Ireland. The measure was all that was bad in itself and mischievous in the way of example. It was infamous and unjust alike as a policy and a precedent. It would be regarded in Ireland as a premium upon agitation, and its contagious and confiscating influences would speedily be felt in England. Yet what was Lord Salisbury's conclusion? Not that the abominable thing should be bundled out of the House of Lords as speedily as possible, but that its principle should be accepted, and that it should become law. Now, the Government, who were responsible for the measure, were clearly entitled to decide what parts of it were essential to that principle and what were not. To this doctrine Lord Salisbury angrily demurred. In doing so, he assumed a manifestly untenable position. It was not as if he had proposed some compromise upon certain points. He said, in the first instance, not a word about concession of any kind. He did, in fact, his best to provoke a conflict with the popular Chamber, from which he ought to have known that he must emerge defeated. There was only one course for Lord Salisbury to have adopted, and is that which Lord Beaconsfield, had he been alive, would assuredly have taken. His speech on the introduction of the Bill should

have been a protest against it, and not a merciless attack. In that way he would have induced his party to accept the Bill with safety and with dignity. They would have been able to throw the responsibility for it upon the Government; and if it failed, as very likely it will fail, to accomplish its object, they would have been perfectly free to say that the measure was extorted from them by necessity, and not by approval. Instead of this, Lord Salisbury determined to try conclusions openly with the House of Commons, with the Government, and with the country. If the Lords are compelled to capitulate, they will not save their honour by inserting in the Bill a few amendments. All which the English people will see is, that the House of Lords wished to throw out the Bill, and dared not do it. There is no spectacle so calculated to generate contempt as that of impotent animosity. It is this display which Lord Salisbury has insisted on making.

What has happened cannot fail to have two distinct results. One of these will affect the House of Lords generally; the other will be purely personal to Lord Salisbury. There is no reason to suppose that we are about to witness any organized agitation against the hereditary Chamber. But, as we said some weeks ago, that is a far more likely contingency than an agitation against the established Church; for the chief object of the attack of modern Radicalism is not property, but privilege. Everything, therefore, that is calculated to weaken the House of Lords, or to diminish the respect in which it is held, may prove to be a very serious matter. But the consequences cannot fail to be equally grave to Lord Salisbury himself. The Peers may have made a magnificent demonstration of their eloquence and intellect, but they have not improved their position in the country; and for any loss of dignity and power they may incur they will hold Lord Salisbury mainly responsible. Does not the present titular Leader of the Opposition in the Upper House see that he has been playing, not his own game, but that of Lord Cairns? He has proved himself what all the world knew he was before, a brilliant and incisive debater, without fore-sight, and without that invincible strength which can alone compensate for a constitutional tenacity. The struggle for the leadership of the House of Lords is now not between Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Richmond, but between Lord Salisbury and Lord Cairns. At the different Conservative meetings which have been held in Arlington-street, Lord Cairns has preserved a systematic and sagacious silence. He has known that all the great Irish Conservative Peers, headed by the Duke of Abercorn, have wished the Bill to pass. He has known also that, unless it does pass, the landlords will be ruined. He has recognized the over-mastering necessity of the situation, and he has bowed to it. He has shown, in a word, the qualities which a political leader ought to possess, and which Lord Salisbury does not. There may still be objections felt to Lord Cairns, on the grounds that he cannot boast patrician lineage, and that he is a lawyer. But these scruples will be overcome. Lord Cairns is rapidly rendering himself indispensable; and what has passed in connection with the Irish Land Bill shows that before very long there will be a material change in the discipline and arrangements of the Conservative party in the House of Lords. —*The World.*

BLUE ROSES.

BY NED P. MAIL.

Blue roses are the flowers that flourish in the gardens of those edifices of aerial architecture *Chateaux d'Espagne*. Yet who has not owned at some time of his existence, one of these unsubstantial structures and sought in its phantom gardens for these unreal blossoms? Could the man be found he should have a statue of perennial brass.

Some, indeed, awake early from their dream and throwing up their shears in the bubble Spanish Castle Company—by no means limited—invest in practical and common sense affairs—get on—honor—honest, hard cash and harder hearts and die unmourned, and, we will hope, bequeathing their accumulated hoards to those who, not having experienced the same difficulty in obtaining, may find less difficulty in expending it better purpose.

But some there are, and these we think have discovered the clue to the nearest approach to happiness possible on earth, who recognising the fact that their own especial blue rose is unattainable, banish all thought of it from their souls, and by thus doing actually gain what is a blue rose to nine-tenths of their fellow creatures—contentment.

Others there are whose eyes are never opened; to whom the blue rose is never an impossibility. Yet can we class them as the most pitiable, or as the most useless of men? Could we even do without them? What would the world be like without its illusions—its *couleur de rose—blue*? There are men who are born dreamers, whose profession in life is to dream beautiful dreams and to tell them to their fellow mortals. Well for us that there are such, leaving our sordid clay with a touch of that better nature that makes us feel the whole world our kin. Well for them if they have no rude awakening and do not learn to scoff at themselves as dreamers; and all that is fair and beautiful and of good report as an empty vision. For to them, dying as they have lived with their faith in the blue rose unshaken, may it not prove merely a prevision, and may they not find in the land of which it has been said

Das unzulängliche
Hier wird's ereignisz,
Das unbeschreibliche
Hier ist es gethan,

the blue rose of the impossible blooming side by side with the white rose of purity, but where the red rose of passion and the yellow petals of hate and envy no longer exist?

EMPLOYEE'S PICNIC.

There have been few more successful picnics this summer than that of the employees of the British American Bank Note and the Burland Litho. Companies, which took place on Saturday, the 27th ult. The steamer *Filgule* was chartered for the occasion, and shortly after 8 a. m., a jovial crowd assembled on the Jacques Cartier Wharf determined to enjoy themselves, a determination which was thoroughly well carried out during the day. On the gangway of the steamer stood the Reception Committee, with the Chairman, Mr. G. B. Burland, at their head, and a hearty welcome was given to each as he stepped on board. By half-past eight all were afloat, and the boat steamed down the river with about 500 passengers, and made her way to Cushing's Grove, where the fore-thought of the committee had already laid out the track for the games which were to form a feature of the day, and made all other preparations to ensure no time being lost. And in truth "the enemy" had a bad time of it, for every moment of the day was utilized with a persistency born of the good management and enthusiasm of the committee of management. The trip to the Grove was enlivened by dancing, which, though the day was yet young, was well sustained to the excellent music of the Harmony Band. Arrived at our destination we found that a landing could only be effected by means of the ferry boat into which we accordingly descended, and reached the temporary wharf in safety.

We found that the work of preparation had been well done. A smooth and grassy track of a ½ mile was marked out with bright flags, and surrounded the smaller straight courses for the short races and the jumping competitions, etc., while for the votaries of Terpsichore, a commodious and firm dancing platform had been erected on which the band were kept busy without much rest for the remainder of the day. The feature of the day, however, as we have said, was to be the games. For weeks previous the heart of many a bold lithographer or energetic typo had burned within him with the determination to conquer or to die. Many were the secret visits to the lacrosse grounds, many the frantic endeavours to reduce that extra pound of flesh. One member indeed, who shall be nameless, finding his opportunities of practice few and far between, bethought him of his daily walk homewards, and when he left the office that evening would fain have made the best time on record along the streets which lay on his route. Unhappily, however, a policeman chanced to be awake and unoccupied in conversation, a contingency which our friend naturally had never contemplated, and seeing a wild figure, with hair streaming and coat-tails flying, incontinently gave chase, and the enthusiastic pedestrian, being too much out of breath to explain matters, ran a near chance of spending his evening in the police station. However his training, such as it was, apparently stood him in good part, since he figured on Saturday as a prize winner, while his experiences made much amusement for the crowd.

We cannot here give a detailed account of the various games. Suffice it to say that there were competitions of all kinds and for all sorts—men and women, boys and girls—all took part in the programme which if long, was sufficiently varied not to be wearisome. Much fun was got out of the girl's egg race which forms one of our artist's sketches, and a committee man who won the consolation prize, a large umbrella, was effectually consoled, as it served to shelter him from a slight shower which came down as though for the express purpose of enabling him to make use of it. The tug of war showed the effects of training on the part of the Bank Note Company, whose practice together enabled them to pull the Burland Litho. Company's team over, though composed of far heavier men. The men over forty-five showed up in good style, amongst others our worthy chairman took off his coat and buckled to like a man, making the winner do all he knew to beat him and finishing a good second amid the cheers of the delighted crowd.

Midway in the course of the games came luncheon, and a better luncheon it has seldom been our luck to partake of. The refreshments were provided by Messrs. Dixon and Greaves, and if the best proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof, the good things on the tables might well afford to stand the test. Lager beer too was there in abundance but nothing stronger, a fact which nobody regretted. After the games came the journey home, a longer affair than the morning's trip, but the pic-nickers, intent on enjoying themselves to the last, were all the better pleased by the additional time, which was devoted to dancing and the distribution of prizes by the chairman. All was good humour to the last. Even the babies, of which there was the usual allowance, declined to interfere with the proceedings by any ill-timed howlings, but smiled serenely upon their mothers and the world in general. And when at last we went over the plank after shaking hands with the

Reception Committee once more, the only thing which marred the completeness of our enjoyment was the reflection that we should not have such another day for a year to come.

We may express in conclusion our thanks to the gentlemen who so generously gave prizes to be competed for in the games. A large number were provided by subscription among the employees, but in addition the following houses and gentlemen kindly presented the committee with several of the elegant *objets d'art* which graced the table.

- The Canada Paper Company.
- Morton, Phillips & Bulmer.
- R. Miller, Son & Co.
- Akerman, Fortier & Co.
- H. Sugden, Evans & Co.
- C. H. Cordingley & Co.
- W. & J. Warrington.
- J. L. Cassidy & Co.
- M. H. Brisette.
- Dominion Type Founding Co.
- John McArthur & Son.
- W. D. McLaren.
- Beuthner Bros.
- Geo. Lafricain.
- J. D. Finn.
- J. Rattray & Co.

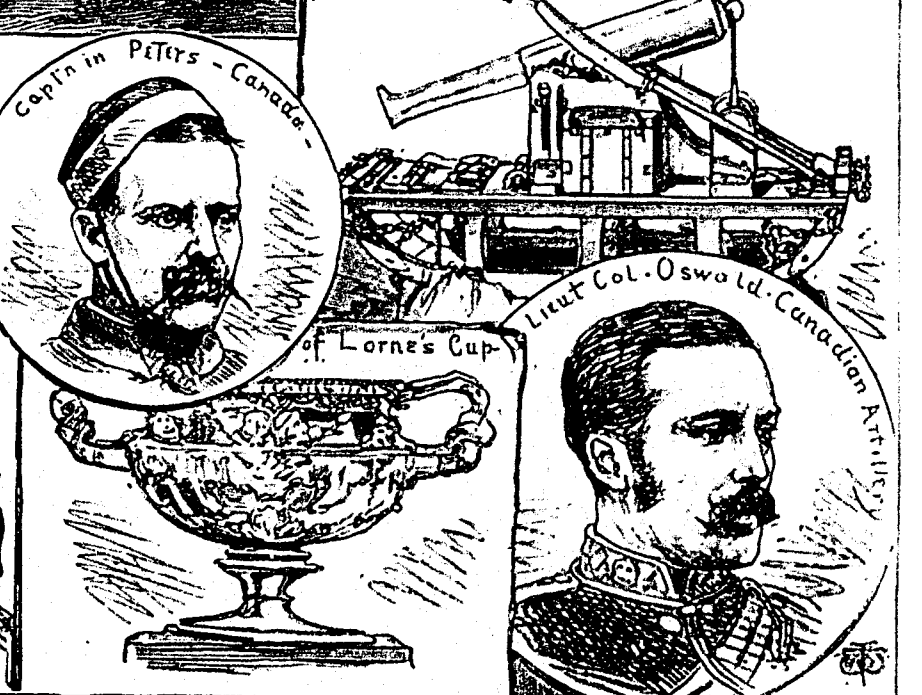
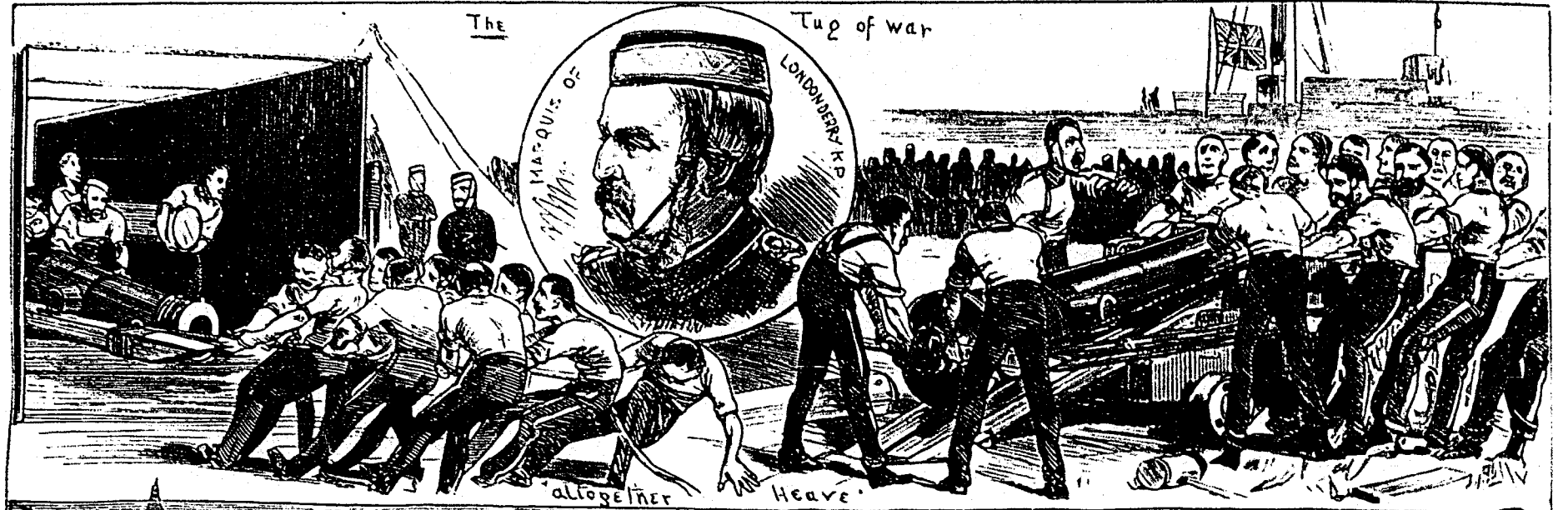
NEWS OF THE WEEK.

- YELLOW fever is raging at Senegal.
- THE Ameer refuses to negotiate with Ayooob Khan.
- A "peach inspector" has been appointed at Hamilton.
- It is said Pere Hyacinthe will visit America next spring.
- THE Roscrea demonstrations against the priests still continue.
- BARBADOES and Martinique have been visited by a severe cyclone.
- A LONDON cable announces the resignation of the Dean of Carlisle.
- A DESPATCH from Rome says the Vicar-General of the Jesuits is dying.
- SIX million dollars in gold was shipped from Hamburg for New York on Tuesday.
- IN August the United States public debt was reduced by \$14,181,221.32.
- THE chronic discontent and disturbance of native chiefs in Zululand causes grave anxiety.
- THE sixteenth victim of Marvin, the much married absconder of Richmond, Va., has been heard from.
- THE Imperial Parliament was prorogued by commission on Saturday week after an eight months' session.
- THE condition of President Garfield is more favourable, giving ground for reasonable hope of his recovery.
- THE dory *Little Western*, 75 days from London, has reached Halifax, en route for New York.
- NEWS from Honolulu reports that the town of Hilo is threatened with destruction by the lava stream from the adjacent volcano.
- THE *Times* attributes a change for the better in the Sultan, as shown by the dismissal of a corrupt official in Armenia, to the influence of Lord Dufferin.
- THE subject of calling Arthur to the Presidency temporarily is seriously discussed at Washington, but the general opinion is that the call will not be made for a time at least.

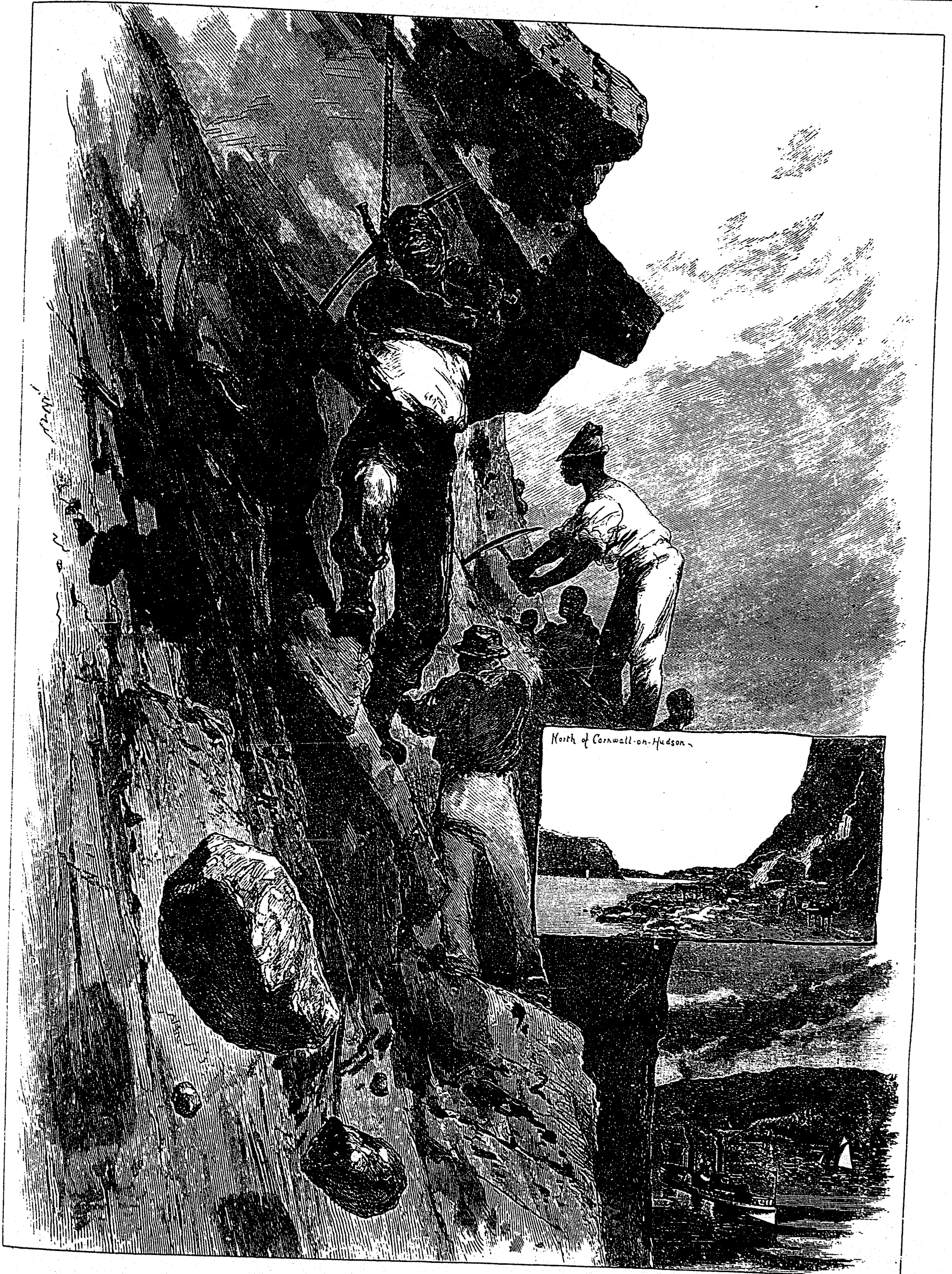
THE VENUS OF MILO.

Was ever spell like this in mortal frame?
Did ever woman's beauty so entrance
Strong souls of Gods or men? Was ever glance
So deep and tender shot with so straight aim
From seeing eyes, as from those sightless cells
Thrills to its mark within the heart of men?
Has ever love so true in human ken
Been told by breathing mouth, as that mouth tells
Albeit breathless? And has human form
Ever seemed so lovely, human grace so fair,
As that still marble figure, and those bare
White arms and shoulders? Or has life so warm
Ever pulsed in mortal veins, as lurks unseen
In that cold pulseless bloom? Or did dress
Ever cling in love to such pure loveliness?
O thou great unknown master-hand, the Queen
Of love herself, 'twould seem, a mould stood to thee
To give thee knowledge of that wondrous symmetry!

AN EXPLODED FALLACY.—Among popular and professional fallacies which experience and scientific discovery have exploded is the belief, formerly very prevalent—that consumption is incurable—that it must run its course and terminate fatally. Probably no development in medical science has done more to disabuse men's minds of this preposterous error, than the benign results which have for years past attended the use of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Tried under the most unfavourable circumstances and in various phases of lung and bronchial disease, this sterling medicine has invariably been found to fully justify the opinion early formed of it by medical men. While it is not claimed that it will rescue from destruction, lungs utterly disintegrated and worn out, yet the assertion is fully warranted by evidence that if used in time it will afford thorough and permanent relief. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.



THE ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS AT SHOEBURYNES.



NEGRO LABORERS AT WORK UNDER THE "STORM KING," HUDSON RIVER.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

When daylight sinks in silence down the west,
And evening's shadows sleep upon the sea;
And nature dons her sombre robe of rest,
My tired heart, dear memory, turns to thee;
And as the shades pass slowly, slowly by,
And gleams of daylight grow more far apart,
The thoughts of life from out my spirit fly,
And old-time brightness falls upon my heart.

When 'neath thy soothing finger fades away
The cares and sorrows of my present life;
Amid the days of old my fancies stray
And bless the thoughts with which my soul is rife.
Then all the stern realities of now
Are softened by the drapery of the past;
And the sweet radiance falling from thy brow
Upon the darker hours of life is cast.

As the stars rise within the silent sky
So come the faces of the dear ones lost;
And as beneath thy power time's sorrows die,
We live again with those we loved the most;
The shadows of the night fall softly down
Unheeded then; for inward turns the sight;
And twilight's hour thy gentle art can crown
With dear remembrance of an old-time light.

When daylight sinks in silence down the west
Then memory brings my wandering thoughts to thee;
And thy loved face again can come to me,
Although in life it may not come to be;
When day with all its strife and care is past
And evening brings thy face to still my pain,
I wonder if that night whose peace shall last
Will bring my treasure back to me again.

POWDER AND GOLD.

CHAPTER VI—(Continued.)

"It would be better for you if you never had from him. Indeed you ought to break your engagement with this man, and your mother has done very wrong not to take the first step in the matter long ago. The hope that he will improve is so foolish, so childish—

"Improve? In what respect? What faults has he?"

"In obtaining the mastery over his passions, whose pitiful, contemptible slave he now is. He is a drunkard, a gambler, heaven knows what. He has given his parents the most earnest assurances—has, I doubt not, made the most solemn vows never to yield to temptation again. But whenever his father has trusted him, and allowed him to go out of his house, he has always returned in the most pitiable condition from Paris, Lyons, Frankfort, the German baths; he has wasted his money in drink, in gaming, spent his time in revel and riot, and come back a poor, miserable wretch."

"This was the substance of the story Etienne revealed. The effect produced upon me I need not describe; you can easily imagine how it crushed the loyal, affectionate feelings with which I had resolved to devote myself to the happiness of this man, and how deeply it now pained and wounded me, as, since I had lost my father, my whole soul had been concentrated, so to speak, upon the image of a future spent by Adolphe's side!"

"And what did you do?" I asked anxiously.

"I wrote to his father that I wished to be released from my engagement; it was honourable enough to yield to my wishes with patient dignity. Adolphe took no part in the transaction, and I have never seen him since."

The short story touched me deeply, but I found no words to express my emotion, and gazed at her in silence.

"Was this Adolphe a German?"

"Yes; his father came from that country, near Baden; he owned manufactories in Alsace, and lived in France."

"And from this solitary example of a young man, who was partly of German birth, you now condemn all men and all Germans, individually and collectively?"

"No, I am not so foolish. But this lesson has taught me to be watchful and observant. I have seen many things to me that was formerly blind, and it is fortunate for me that it is so, for these things betray in all men a lamentably weak power of resistance to their desires, to the slightest temptation that assails them, nay, I may almost assert, an utter powerlessness to control their passions."

"If I could just upon a matter which affects you so deeply," said I, "I should say: 'In order to reconcile you to men, some one must crush his love for you and give you up.' Would you consider that a sufficient proof of strength to restore us to your good graces?"

"Let us drop this argument," she replied; "I only told you because I did not wish you to think me foolish! Let us speak of another subject which weighs heavily upon my heart."

"And that is?"

"You were attacked in passing through the hamlet, shots were fired, you were wounded; your military customs in such cases are so barbarous; you levy heavy taxes upon the hostile places; the houses from which the shots were fired are burned."

"Ah! you fear that I shall give orders to have the village similarly treated?"

"Why should I not?"

"Is it not my duty to report the affair? And if, in my eagerness to fulfil your wish, your desire, that I should spare these men, I violate this duty, would you not look at me with the same contemptuous glance I received from you yesterday because I seemed to be so easily kept from my post?"

"You are cruel," she answered, laughing. "No, I should only think that you had placed a higher duty; that of humanity, over the one demanded by your military service."

"And you would look upon me graciously, very graciously, Blanche, if I exchange this harsh, stern, grim-bearded duty for the other, that appears so much more alluring, with your beautiful eyes gazing at me and promising me happiness."

"Certainly I would," she answered, clasping her hands imploringly with the most inimitable grace.

"You would be untrue to yourself," said I, "if you offered me a reward for doing something which would be only a fresh proof of your theory of man's weakness."

"Oh, you will be so horribly cruel, so barbarous!"

"I shall be nothing of the kind; calm yourself, your village will remain uninjured. I did not go there on military duty, nor was I sent by my colonel; the excursion was not in the character of a soldier, but simply as your guest, and it is for you to decide upon the punishment to be inflicted upon the hamlet for the treatment that fell to the lot of your friends."

"Ah!" said she, drawing a long breath and impulsively holding out her hand to me, "how good you are!"

"If you really think so, why not place entire confidence in me?"

"Do I not? You inspire me with the most perfect trust."

"How I should rejoice over that assurance if it were only true!"

"Why should you imagine it is not?"

"You strove intentionally to detain me at Colomier all night. Wherefore? What would have taken place last night if I had not returned?"

Blanche suddenly changed colour; the glance she cast upon me was fraught with painful confusion; but the next instant her eyes met mine frankly and fearlessly as she replied: "I cannot tell a falsehood, nor would it avail if I sought to deny it. You would not believe me. Very well—it is so!"

"And what object did you hope to gain by this little stratagem, which was so deeply humiliating to me? I was so happy in your kindness, in the proof of friendship afforded by the excursion to your romantic estates, in the delight of being so many hours in your society; I will not tell you how deeply I was wounded when the conviction forced itself upon me that you had a special and secret motive for your graciousness."

She sat motionless for some time, with her eyes fixed upon the ground and her hands lying idly in her lap.

"I did not do so willingly," she said at last, in a tone which seemed to come from the depths of her heart; indeed every word she uttered was in a very different manner from the one she had adopted towards me yesterday; then there was a veiled dislike, a mockery in her voice, at least until our walk to the ruined castle. She had seemed unable to forget that I was an enemy, and appeared to be angry with herself because she listened to a foe, and listened with apparent complaisance; to-day on the contrary, probably in consequence of the events of the preceding night, her manner was singularly grave and gentle, as if under the sway of emotion that so completely overmastered her as to leave no room for even a thought of concealment.

"Then why did you adopt that course?" said I. "Make amends for the bitter pain and grief I have felt, by confiding your true motive for the act. You are concealing some secret; you have some anxiety which is aroused by my presence in your house—in these rooms. Tell me what it is, and how I can aid you. Believe me, I will do everything in my power to relieve your fears."

She silently shook her head.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed passionately, "do you not see what a feeling you have inspired, and that nothing is too hard for you to ask from it. You are convinced that a man will sacrifice everything to such a passion. Rely upon this passion then; ask anything of it, cast all your cares upon it; oh, how happy I should be if you would only trust me!"

She looked earnestly at me with a slightly contracted brow; her lips moved, but no sound escaped them; whatever she might have intended to say was resolutely crushed back. Was it a question that trembled on her lips, the question "Are you feigning this emotion, this earnest affection, to win my confidence, and then use it for some hostile purpose?" Perhaps that was what she was saying to herself, and if it were so, could I blame her? I, who had found cause for similar distrust in the kind attentions she bestowed upon me! Such mutual doubt, such reciprocal in her thoughts for the suspicion which had arisen in mine, was, after all, very pardonable. And yet it would have deeply wounded me, nay, I believe I should have fallen into utter despair if she had acknowledged such a feeling. A loyal heart is so impatient of distrust—true love is often so unjust!

After a pause she soothed me by the words: "I have perfect confidence in you. I would gladly, very gladly, give you a proof of my trust, but this token only I cannot bestow; we are concealing no secret from you in this house."

"Then why was I to be detained all night at Colomier? You must acknowledge that you had some motive?"

"It is very cruel in you to press me so closely," she answered with a crimson blush; "perhaps I only wished to try you and see how far my influence extended, and whether you would be faithless to your duty like all the rest."

There was something in the acknowledgment which called the colour to my cheek also, and made me very happy. And yet it was extremely foolish to be so affected, for, if my suspicion that Blanche's kindness to me was only an artful stratagem was well founded, these words also were only a base deception! Yes, of course they were, for I was perfectly convinced that there had been some other motive for detaining me at Colomier!

It was a desperate situation, and I did not know how to end it or escape from it. Should I go still farther than I had already done, acknowledge my love still more frankly? Good heavens! I had already done so, clearly and plainly, and was none the wiser in consequence. And yet some impulse irresistibly urged me to proceed still farther on this course; a wild, stormy emotion arose within my heart that would not allow me to keep silence, and, as if I could escape from this painful situation by forcing it to a climax, I exclaimed:

"Blanche, what you tell me may be true or not, but at least it acknowledges an interest in me, and that confession gives me courage to speak without reserve. From the first moment of our acquaintance you have exerted an influence over me such as I have never before experienced, and this feeling has increased until it has become a passion which can never be conquered. You are right, I am like other men, for I feel that I shall be a slave to this passion to the end of my life. I plead now—for I know how few opportunities I shall have to speak—not for love; I am not blind to all the obstacles in our path; but peace will return; when it is no longer needful for individuals to form one body, each will be able to commence a separate life anew; then I shall return to you in a different garb from this, which must ever remind you of the gulf that yawns between us; and then, Blanche, give me the hope that you will receive me kindly and hear what pleas I can urge to win your heart. Oh! I implore you, do not leave me; do not turn away in such terror. What I have said cannot surprise you, and it is your own fault that I now speak so openly. I ought thereby to establish a claim upon your trust, your unreserved confidence. I sought to put an end to your suspicions, which wound me more deeply than I can tell you; that is all I desire now. I will, I must tear from my heart the accursed doubt that tortures me!"

I had no courage to proceed, no courage to express my mistrust more plainly, for if my suspicion was unfounded, and the proofs of favour that Blanche had bestowed upon me were really tokens of sincere interest, the results of dawning affection, I should insult her too deeply, chill her heart too rudely, to admit of our ever being ought but strangers to each other.

She had started from her seat in alarm at the first words I uttered, but now again resumed it, saying in a low, agitated voice: "Of what doubt do you speak? Good heavens! did you not assure me that you did not cherish the slightest suspicion?"

"Not the faintest suspicion that you lured me to Colomier to give me up to the Franciscans, but you will acknowledge that we are playing some secret game together, and the sport, which deprives us of all unconstrained intercourse, is becoming unendurable to me."

"What game do you mean?"

"You wish me to leave this room, and I, perceiving the fact, persist in remaining."

"If that were so," she replied, while her musical voice suddenly seemed to be disguised by a strangely hoarse intonation, "if that were so, I might well harbour the suspicion that all the fine things you have said about your feelings and your love were a mere feint to delude the heart of a simple girl, to deceive me, and win from me the reason that I am not as willing to have you occupy this room as any other in the chateau."

"There, there," I exclaimed passionately, "that is the same ghastly doubt that tortures me; this constant double dealing which rouses mutual distrust. Oh! let suspicion cease between us; I implore you, Blanche, grant me this one favour!"

"You are right," she answered, thoughtfully; "let us end the matter. I will confess that it tortures me also. Do you end it."

"I?"

"Yes, you. It depends entirely upon yourself."

"What have I to do with it?"

"Leave this room."

I gazed at her in silence, strangely startled.

"Will you do so?" she continued.

"No," said I, "I dare not, unless you will give me your most solemn assurance, upon your honour and conscience, that it would not in any manner conflict with my military duty."

She sat speechless, but her face grew very pale.

"I do not know what is demanded by your military duty," she said at last after a long pause. "How should I? No, no, since you do not wish to put an end to this 'game,'" she added with a forced laugh, "I will; I will discuss this matter at greater length to-morrow, if you will promise to keep perfectly quiet now, and by a long sleep to-night give your wound an opportunity to heal."

With these words she rose and left the room.

CHAPTER VII.

POWDER AND GOLD.

Blanche had ordered me to keep perfectly quiet, but I was by no means in the mood to comply with her wishes. The result of the con-

versation, which was to give me calmness and satisfaction, had certainly possessed no soothing influence, but at least impressed upon my mind the conviction that duty required me to burst the heavy lock in Friedrich's room and satisfy myself as to what was concealed behind it. Blanche had plainly betrayed that military duty demanded it; and now, although my happiness should thereby be forever shattered, I must look into this mystery—must open a way to it by force. I would do so to-morrow morn, as soon as I had the strength for such a task.

After a short time the abbé entered. He found my pulse very quick and thought that fever was coming on. I could have explained the cause of its rapid throbbing, but preferred to allow him to retain his own idea. He said that Mme. Kuhn had powders to give a comfortable night's rest whenever she had feverish symptoms, and went up stairs to procure one for me to take at ten o'clock. He soon returned, mixed it for me himself in a glass of water, and with many praises of its virtues placed it on the table beside my bed, then remained while I eat the supper brought to me by Friedrich. About nine o'clock he left the room. Friedrich went away with the dishes, Glauroth came in to report the condition of our little band, and after he had left me to repose Friedrich asked permission to retire also; he was terribly fatigued by the exertions he had made the night before, and said that he had never felt so sleepy in all his life. I dismissed him, turned down the wick in my lamp, and stretched myself out to rest. Engrossed by the thoughts that thronged upon my mind as soon as I was alone, I entirely forgot the abbé's powder and all its boasted virtues. For the first time in my life I was unable to divert my thoughts and compose my mind sufficiently to sleep.

Yet sleep must have conquered me at last, or at least a half-waking dream, for I was roused from this condition by the sound of the castle clock as its strokes rang sharply on the quiet night. I listened to the low humming of its iron tones; a short time after, I thought a window was softly opened above me, or on the same floor; perhaps the wind had moved a blind. Out of doors, in the direction of the stables, I heard one of our horses neigh; probably a scouting party had returned, we always sent them out at night. I again threw myself back on the pillows and tried to sleep, but without success. Suddenly I remembered the abbé's powder, thought I would take it, and turned my lamp higher; just at that moment I heard a noise near me as if some one was gently splitting wood; had it been louder one would have called it a crashing sound; but I can only describe it by saying that it seemed as if a wooden partition was being broken open as noiselessly as possible.

The sound appeared to come from Friedrich's chamber, whose door stood open that I might call him. Strange that he should not have been roused by it, but he was probably sleeping too heavily; I could hear his loud, deep, and often very unmelodious nasal tones, and for a moment imagined that he had changed from imitating a mar-sawing wood to one splitting it; but a soft, continuous noise convinced me that it was not that. What could it be? Did not a voice whisper in the courtyard? It was like a suppressed murmur, which ceased as I listened, then after a few moments was again perceptible, and once more died away.

I started up in great perplexity; something unusual was taking place; the thought that it had some connection with the mysterious curtain door passed through my mind like a flash of lightning. I took a few hasty steps forward and glanced into Friedrich's room. The first thing that met my eyes was a very narrow, almost imperceptible line of light gleaming from beneath the curtained door. In an instant I was back in my own apartment and had seized my clothes; the pain of my wounded arm was forgotten; in less than two minutes I had slipped on my uniform, and, with the lamp in one hand and my revolver in the other, stood at Friedrich's bed-side; I hastily set the lamp on the nearest table, shook him violently by the shoulder, whispered, "Up, follow me at once," and hastened to the curtained door.

The heavy padlock—I had noticed that on my first entrance—hung open; a key, which had never been there before was in the lock. I turned it, the door opened, and I stood in the mysterious chamber.

It was a room of medium size; on the left was the grated window, now wide open; on the right the wall was lined with shelves filled with papers, ledgers, and deeds; at the back, directly opposite to me, stood a large writing table. My eyes merely glanced over all these things; to the space on the right of the apartment, for here the wall projected only half as far as the one on the left, which contained the window, and then formed a right angle; or to describe it more clearly, the back part of the room was twice as wide as the front. In this portion I saw two money-chests standing against the wall; between them on the floor were a number—perhaps a dozen or more—of small, new casks; and beside them stood Mlle. Kuhn, holding a candle in her hand, and staring at me as if she had seen a ghost. Another light stood upon one of the iron chests.

"Mlle. Blanche!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Good heavens! you!—and what are you doing here?"

She appeared to be so terrified by my sudden appearance that she could find no words to reply, and the candle in her hand shook as if she would let it fall.

I stepped back and laid my revolver on the writing-table, then turning to her again, exclaimed:

"Speak, Blanche, what does this mean, in what act do I find you?"

I saw that her bosom heaved with the wild beating of her heart, yet she still stared at me with the same expression of terror, pale as a corpse, without uttering a single word.

I advanced a step nearer; she sprang forward suddenly and placed her foot on one of the little casks. I only saw that the cover had been burst open; the next instant she had covered it with the hem of her dress.

"No nearer!" she cried, in a tone of agony; "not a step nearer, or you, we are all doomed to death!"

"Why, what do you mean?" I exclaimed, pausing. "Blanche, I must know what you are doing here, why my presence excites such deadly terror, what is in these casks?"

"Go back and you shall know, shall know all," she said, drawing a heavy, sobbing breath; "only go back as far as the writing-table."

"Very well," I answered, stepping a few paces backward: "now speak."

"You wish to know what is in these casks? They contain powder. The Franciscans whom you pursued were commissioned to take them to the Garde Mobile at Doubs, who were anxiously expecting them, as their ammunition was exhausted. In their fear of being captured by you, they fled to our court-yard, and we had just time to conceal the casks in this room, the nearest place of security that offered! Then you came, and, to our great terror, took possession of these apartments—from which we vainly tried to remove you—while the French battalion imperiously demanded their ammunition."

"Ah!" said I, "so this is the whole secret! And you, Blanche, are now occupied in letting this powder down from the window, while people stand outside to receive it! You thought because I was fatigued and wounded, and Friedrich—where is he!—as fast asleep as a marmot, that the right time had come? Poor Mlle. Blanche! I am very, very sorry that I have disturbed your arrangements—because I did not sleep, but watched—and that the Garde Mobile at Doubs will never receive this powder, but must seek some other source of supply, for I must take possession of this at once as the property of the French Government. Let me see it!"

She shrank back, then extended her arms towards me with a gesture of passionate entreaty.

"Not a step nearer," said she; "I have given my word to the people who confided it to my care, that it should be safe with me; I will not allow the property of my native land to fall into the hands of its enemies. Go, forget what you have seen, leave me to complete my task undisturbed."

"But, Blanche," said I in an imploring tone, "you cannot ask me—you know that it is my duty!"

"Ah! your men have plenty of ammunition; the matter is infinitely more important to us. If the battalion obtains no powder for their guns they will indignantly disperse; therefore go, go—I beseech—I implore you—I conjure you by all the vows that you have made; I ask it as a proof of the love you have professed for me, and to which I did not refuse to listen."

"Blanche, what you ask is impossible! You yourself demand that a man should have strength to conquer his passion at the command of duty. No, no," I exclaimed, approaching her, "you cannot be angry with me!"

"Then, if you are inexorable," she exclaimed with an indescribably agitated manner, her sweet voice sharp with despair and resolute defiance, "then let destruction fall upon you, upon me, upon us all!"

She withdrew the foot that had been resting on the open cask, and lowered the candle, exclaiming:

"If you do not go this instant I will light this powder and hurl the whole household into the air!"

She held the flaring wick close to the opening of the little cask.

"What you could not win from my love, the fear of death would certainly not wrest from me," I answered quietly, folding my arms and looking at her steadily. "To die amidst the smoke of powder is a soldier's destiny. Throw the light in, Blanche, we will die together!"

She suddenly trembled so violently that the request was unnecessary; the candle must have fallen from her hands the next instant, had I not stepped forward and taken it from her.

"After all, Mademoiselle Blanche," I continued, "you are deceiving me; these casks contain no powder, with which you could send your mother and the whole household to eternity and shatter your beautiful Chateau Giron into fragments, if you really harbour such evil designs; these pretty little barrels have very different contents—namely, gold!"

I bent over the cask on which her foot had rested, and whose cover was partially removed; the lid had been forced open with a long iron chisel, which still lay on the floor beside it, and which had doubtless caused the noise that aroused me. The upper part of the little cask was filled with several layers of grayish paper; on removing these I found the small pyramidal packages in which rolls of money are usually stored; they were stamped with a large official seal, and the amount contained in each inscribed on the outside.

"Look, Blanche, your powder is gold!" I took up the broken lid and read, "10,000 francs in pieces of 5 and 20." A hasty glance

showed me that there were eighteen of the little casks, so that the whole amount was one hundred and eighty thousand francs.

Mlle. Blanche had tottered back and was leaning against one of the iron chests gazing at me with large wild eyes, and cheeks from which every trace of colour had disappeared.

"Gold!" she repeated with panting breath; "what will you do now? If you rob me of this money I am lost forever."

"Blanche," I cried in a trembling voice, "do you not believe that if this were true I too should be forever wretched—that to the end of my life I should curse the hour when I found this gold and was compelled to renounce you?"

"Then for heaven's sake have pity on yourself, and—me; leave this horrible gold where it is—think that it was only a bad dream caused by the fever of your wound. Go back and dream on while I have this demon-sent gold removed through the window with all the torment it has caused me; then all will be well."

"What did you intend to do?" I asked.

"To remove the mystery which has stood between us and been a source of pain to both. I determined upon this course while talking to you to-day. The casks could not be squeezed between the window bars, so I intended to throw out the packages separately; Etienne and the gardener stand below to receive and remove them. Now you know all and can pronounce your sentence—for life or death. If you are resolute we are parted forever, and I am—a beggar!"

"You are cruel, Blanche, to tempt me. What can it avail to torture my heart thus? If it is so—if what you say is really true—take my revolver after I have done my duty and send a bullet through my heart; that is all I ask. This money—the property of the French government, destined to fill the chests of one of its army corps—belongs to my superior officers."

I could add no more; my attention was distracted by the noise I had already noticed for some time, and which constantly increased in violence. Knocks, calls, and the rattling of a door echoed through the ante-room where Friedrich slept—at first gently, then more and more violently. The cause was easily explained; if the abbe and gardener were standing under the window they must have heard the sound of the conversation between Blanche and myself, and, greatly alarmed by it, had hastened to her assistance; Blanche must have come by this way, and doubtless locked the door behind her. I had at first paid no attention to the noise, supposing that Friedrich, whom I had called, was up, and expecting every moment to hear him undertaking to deal with those who were so loudly demanding admittance. But Friedrich gave no sign of life. I listened and heard him snoring loudly, therefore I seized the best means of giving my men information and calling them to my assistance in case of any disaster, by stepping forward, raising my revolver, and firing twice through the open window.

Blanche covered her face with her hands, uttering a low cry of despair as she saw her last hope of saving the treasure disappear; then, without looking at me, tottered across Friedrich's chamber to the door—which at this moment was burst open with a tremendous crash—hastily whispered a few words to the two men who rushed in, and disappeared in the dark corridor.

The abbe and the gardener stood before me, both evidently at a loss what course to pursue. The gardener carried a double-barreled gun; if he could have followed his wishes he would gladly have fired it at me, but a remnant of caution—perhaps a command from Blanche—restrained him. The abbe too stepped before him, exclaiming in French:

"Sir, you are a man of honour—you are no robber: you will not take this money from us; you!"

"Monsieur," I replied, holding him back by the shoulder, "I am very sorry that I must appear a robber in your eyes. Keep back, my men will be here immediately; you can delay nothing here, save nothing, undo nothing."

At this moment Friedrich awoke with a long-drawn sigh that sounded as loud as a child's rattle; the bursting of the door seemed at last to rouse him from his strangely profound slumber, and with a deep breath he sat up, staring in astonishment at the scene before him.

The abbe answered me with great impetuosity, while the gardener uttered exclamations and curses. I understood the meaning of the priest—who in his excitement spoke very voluble French—no better than I did the gardener, both chattered far too rapidly; but it afforded Friedrich time to start up, seize his musket, and stagger sleepily to my side.

"You see," I continued, "you can do nothing more, M. l'abbé; even if you attempted a struggle with us, you would gain nothing, for my men will come to our aid and overmaster you, even if we did not succeed in doing so. Let us part in peace. Yield to the inevitable, as I must bow to the demands of my duty. Do you suppose my task is any less painful and difficult?"

He murmured something, raised his hands entreatingly, then turned as if to listen; steps and the clanking of spurs sounded along the hall. One of the Uhlans, who had reached the spot before the others, came rushing in and rattled violently at my locked door. Friedrich ran into my room to open it, and the abbe and gardener disappeared down a long, dark alley. I took up the lamp to light the way for my men, who were hurrying to my aid. Soon some half-dozen were in the chamber besieging me with questions,

among them Glauroth. It was a striking group—the half-clothed soldiers, with muskets and unsheathed swords in their hands, crowding around the spot where I stood holding the lamp above my head.

"Where is the enemy?" exclaimed Glauroth. "What has happened? on whom did you fire? I declare you look like Wallenstein in the midst of his murderers—pale, with disordered hair, and surrounded by naked swords."

"I will show you the enemy, comrades," said I. "It is no foe of flesh and blood; we have to do with the well-known enemy of the human race, the destroyer of the soul—unrighteous Mammon!"

To be continued.)

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS AT SHOEBURYNNESS.—The fortnight camp-work annually performed at Shoeburyness by the Artillery Volunteers is of a too complicated and technical character to admit of complete description within the space at our command. It will be sufficient for us to say that favoured by fine weather the practice generally was good, that discipline was well maintained from first to last, and that all the duties were performed with such a degree of zeal, intelligence, and precision, as to elicit the praise of Colonel Keate, the Camp Commandant. Turning to our engraving it may be necessary to explain to the uninitiated reader the nature of the Repository Competition for the Marquis of Lorne's prize. In operation A, a 64-pounder gun had to be dismounted from its carriage and platform and conveyed by means of rollers, skids, and other gear, used in conformity with the Brill-Book regulation, through a passage only seven feet in width, to another carriage and platform upon which it had to be remounted. In Operation B, the work was of a like nature, except that the gun had to be conveyed round certain obstacles instead of through a passage, and that the drill regulations were not enforced, the No. 1 of our detachment being allowed to use the appliances at his own discretion, subject only to the proviso that life and limb should not, in the opinion of the umpire be imperilled. The result of the struggle on the Monday was that a tie was declared between the Kent and Canadian teams, and next day the tie was worked off, the victory resting with our own team, who got through their task in 4 min. 30 sec., the Kentish men only being two seconds behind. The Canadian Prize (shown in our engraving) was presented by Lieut-Colonel W. R. Oswald, Canadian Artillery the Commanding Officer of the Canadian Detachments, whose portrait with that of the second officer, Captain Peters, we also engrave. The prize consists of a silver centre-piece representing a gun on a sleigh, as used during winter in Canada, resting on a huge block of ice and snow. It was competed for by selected detachments (one from each brigade represented in camp, and in the 40-pounder Armstrong contests of each week, and was carried off by the 3rd Detachment of the 2nd Durham, who made twelve points in 5 min. 33 sec. On the Thursday there was a Division Parade, Inspection, and March, Past, in the presence of the Princess Frederica of Hanover, the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, Colonel Hastings, R.A., Baron Von Rammingen, and Colonel Keate, the Camp Commandant. The Queen's Prize of £100 was won by the 4th Detachment of the 2nd Durham, of which Sergeant Cowley is the No. 1, this being the second time that he has achieved that honour. At the presentation of Prizes by the Princess Frederica, he and the Canadian came in for the largest share of the applause.

BUILDING A RAILROAD WITH NEGRO LABOR.—For some weeks past the spectacle—novel in the Northern States—of negroes engaged in the construction of a railroad has been observed along the Hudson River, on the line of the new West Shore Railway. The first squad consisted of 150 sturdy fellows from Maryland, and were employed in the gravel banks and rock cuts of the Highlands. When the second and third installments have been made somewhat familiar with the work, the entire force will be distributed along the line. Many of them are scantily clothed, working with bare feet and bare heads. It is a curious sight to see the brawny blacks bending over their work busily plying shovel and pick, and a more cheerful company of laborers it would be difficult to find anywhere. There are no dissensions among them, and all day long they join their melodious voices in some refrain. It is believed they will prove superior to the Italians, who have been employed mainly on railway grading heretofore. The latter are a quarrelsome, high-tempered, dissatisfied class generally, and give much trouble in their management. The colored force are not generally skilled in drilling and rock-cutting, but are very effective in the removal of gravel and dirt, although a few are found to be good hammer-men, both at the drill and at stone-breaking. It is interesting to visit their tenements and lodgings after working hours, and observe their rude methods of living. They all mess together, and their board, washing and mending costs less than \$8 per month for each man. They live on ham and bacon, with fresh meat once a week. Receiving \$1.50 per day for their work, they are absolutely astonished at their earnings, and feel like rich men, not knowing what to do with their money. Their evenings are spent in singing and dancing. Among their number are several clergymen and exhorters, as well as a

band of good singers, who form the choir at bush meetings, which are regularly held on Sundays and largely attended by summer visitors sojourning at Cornwall and Newburg. The preaching is in the true Southern dialect, and is of the most extraordinary character. Almost every part of the work, and the novel daily scenes, greatly amaze these dusky laborers. From being amazed at the manner the Italians do their washing to being thoroughly frightened at the rendings of rock by explosives, the darkies scarcely seem to know what to make of their position. There have been rumors of interferences by Italian and white laborers, but the contractors have been thus far able to protect the negroes from outrage, and they toil away faithfully from morning to night, eager, as everybody is, to make their fortunes and retire from business.

THE reception of the Governor-General at Newmarket is the object of an illustration in this number. The Governor stands in the middle, with Mayor W. Crane presenting the address, and Rev. E. Jackson with his hand out bidding the crowd be still. On the dais with the Governor's party are the Town Council, High School and Public School Boards, Clergy, etc.

INSTALLATION OF THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.—Our illustration represents the installation of General Sir Richard Dacres, G.C.B., as Constable of the Tower of London. The ceremony took place on the Governor's parade ground, Tower Green, where the garrison, composed of a detachment of the Coast-guard Royal Artillery and a battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, was drawn up in review order, with band and colours, together with the Yeomen Warders in their ancient full-dress costume. The Lord Chamberlain, Lord Kenmare, K.P., accompanied by the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby Fane, arrived at the Queen's House at one o'clock, and the representative of Her Majesty received the Queen's keys of the Tower from Lieutenant-General Maitland, C.B., the Lieutenant of the Tower, who was attended by the other chief officials. A move was then made to the parade ground, where, after the band had played "God Save the Queen," the Coroner of the Tower Hamlets read the Queen's patents appointing Sir R. Dacres "Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the Tower Hamlets" and "Constable of the Royal Palace and Fortress of the Tower." The Lord Chamberlain delivered the keys of the Tower, in the Queen's name and on Her Majesty's behalf, into the Constable's hands. The Yeoman Porter cried, "God Save the Queen," and Yeomen Warders answered, "Amen." The troops presented arms to the Queen's keys, whilst the band played "God Save the Queen." The Constable thereupon handed over the keys to Lieutenant-General Maitland, C.B., for the Resident Governor, and proceeded with the Lord Chamberlain to inspect the troops and the Yeomen Warders. The Lord Chamberlain then returned to the Queen's House with the Constable, and gave him formal possession of it, upon which Sir Richard Dacres gave it to Major-General Milman, C.B., for his occupation as the Resident Governor, and the ceremony concluded by the Constable being officially presented to the assembled officers.

"A STRUGGLE FOR THE MASTERY."—This is a picture which appeals more or less to everybody's sympathies, especially to those who have undergone the same ordeal as this driver. Sometimes a pair of well-fed high-spirited horses act thus from mere "devilment," but more often something has frightened them. In Mr. Charlton's drawing the horses are endeavouring to bolt, but the driver is still able to exercise a certain amount of control over them, and can even partially check them.

"THE MAN OF LAW."—In this picture, which was one of those most worthy of notice in the late Exhibition of the Royal Academy, Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., has exerted his faculty of humorous and sympathetic perception of the main peculiarities of character belonging to special classes and kinds of people, whose human nature is "subdued to what it works in" by the habitual impression and constant influences of their social condition and their ordinary pursuits. The costume is that of an early period of English history; and we are thereby reminded of the description of a lawyer in the Prologue to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, which seems very appropriate to such a personage as the artist has here depicted:—

A sergent of the law, wary and wise
That often had y-been at the parvisse,
There was also, full rich of excellence,
Discreet he was, and of great reverence;
He seemed such, his wordes were so wise.
Justice he was, tull often, in assize,
By patent and by pleins commission.
For his soverce, and for his high renown,
Of fees and robes had he many one.
So greet a purchaser was nowhere none.
All was fe simple to him, in effect;
His purchasing might not be in aspect.
Nowhere so busy a man as he, there n'as,
And yet he seemed busier than he was.

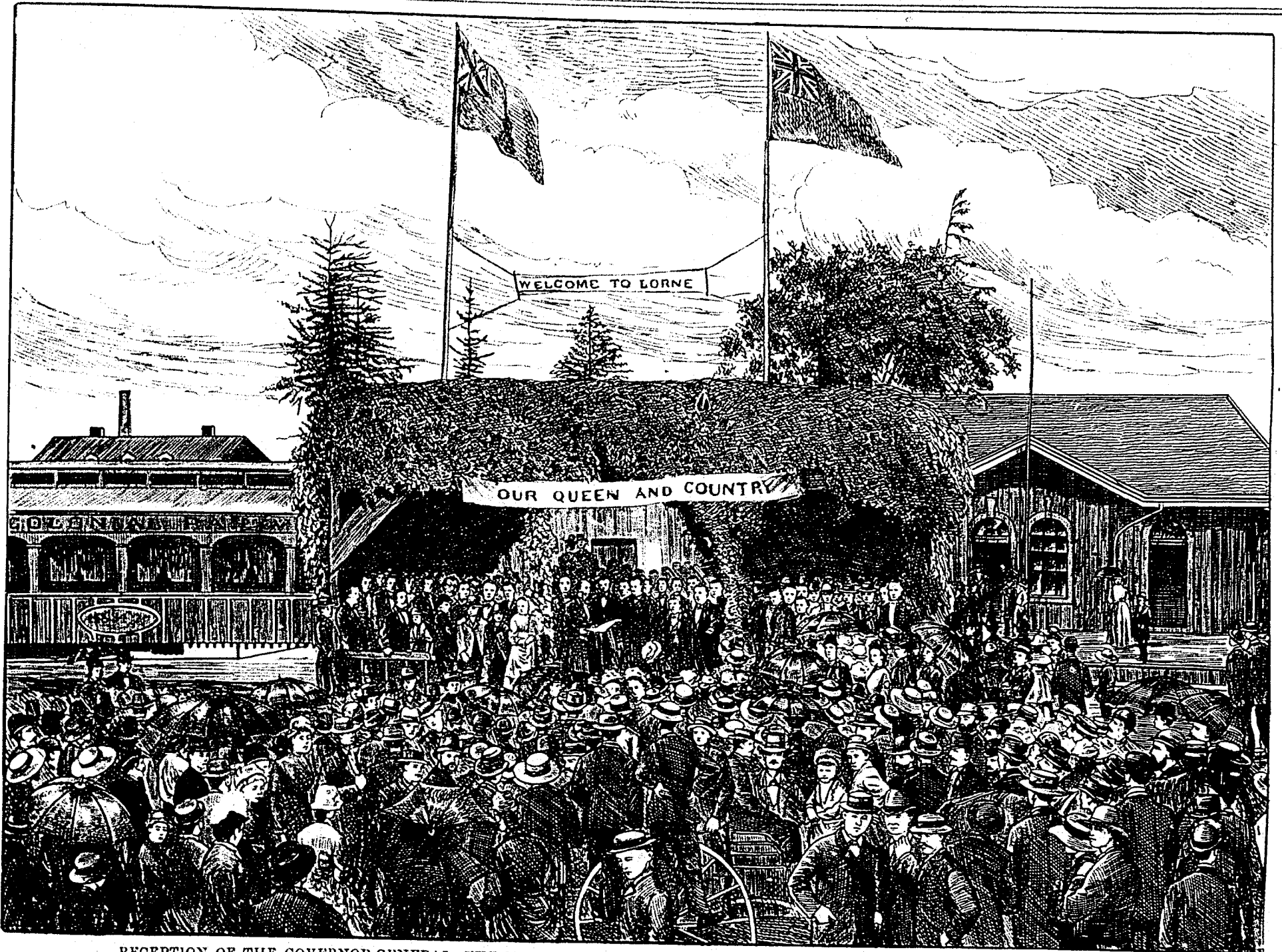
We are further told by Chaucer, of his Man of Law, that he could recite in precise terms, all the cases and "dooms" or judgments, that had been decided in the Courts since the time of King William the Conqueror, as well as all the statutes:—

Thereto, he could indite, and make a thing,
Thare shoulde no wight pinch at his writing.

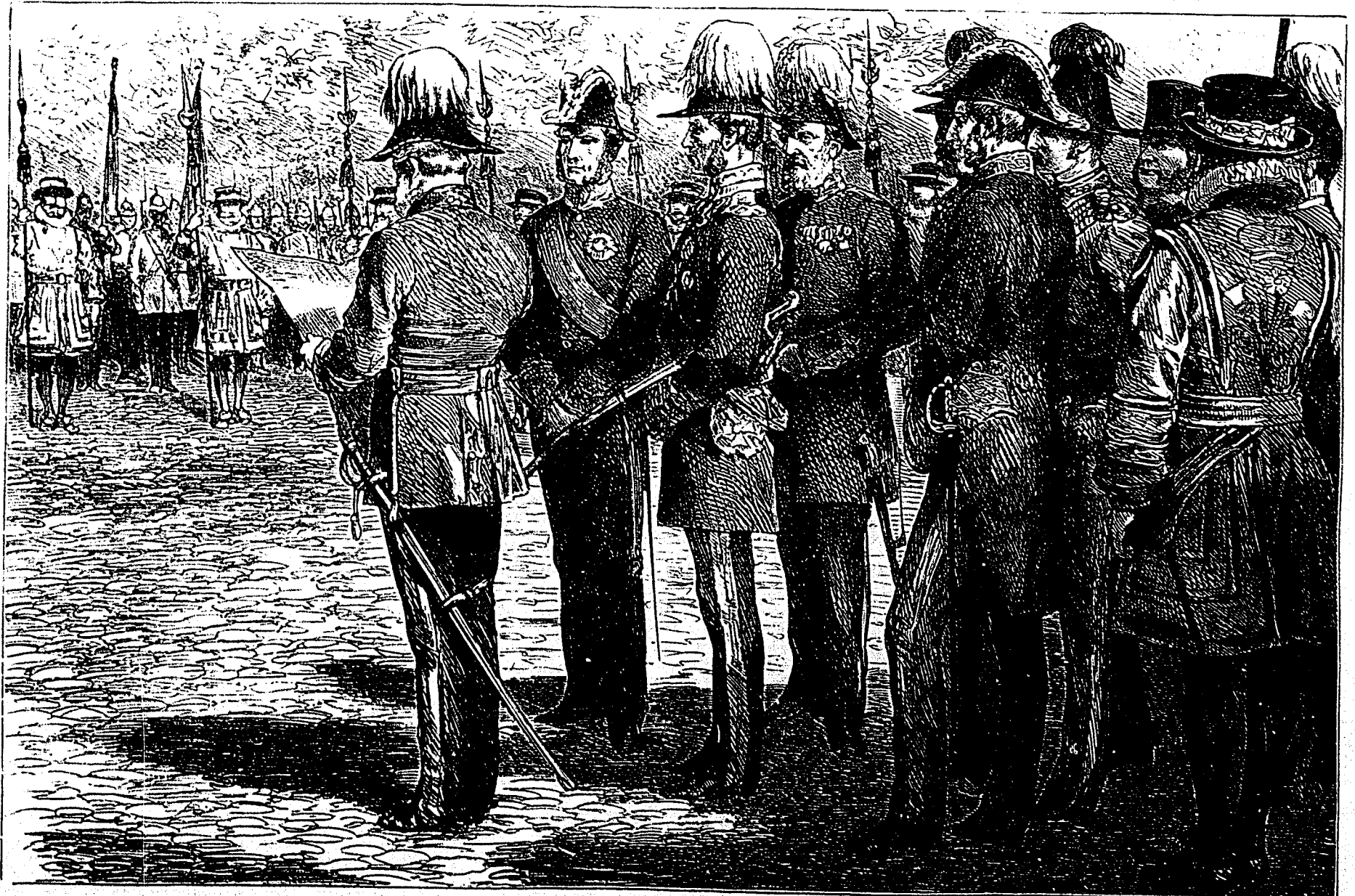
The lawyer in this picture seems to be engaged in carefully scrutinizing a legal document, whether or not one of his own concoction, to detect any possible flaw or fault in the writing.



MONTREAL.—FIRST ANNUAL PIC-NIC OF THE EMPLOYEES OF THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO. AND THE BRITISH AMERICAN BANK NOTE CO.



RECEPTION OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, AT NEW MARKET, ONT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



INSTALLATION OF SIR RICHARD DACRES, G.C.B., AS CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

APRIL

(From the German of Geibel.)

Thou balmy April evening,
I love thy beauty rare;
The clouds obscure the heavens,
A star shines here and there.

The breath of love is filling
The zephyrs as they blow;
The fragrance of the violet
Is wafted from below.

O for a strain of music
To suit the peevish hour—
Some cadence low and tender
To tell its soothing power!

GOWAN LEA.

TOMMATOO.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

A FAMILY GROUP.

The old musician, when she was gone, buried his head in his hands, and seemed lost in meditation;—so lost that he neither heard nor saw anything around him;—neither the footsteps that came softly toward him through the gloom, nor the tall cloaked form that stood beside him, until a hand laid on his shoulder startled him from his reverie, and he looked up.

"Who is that?" he asked, with a sort of astonished abruptness, as he in vain tried to distinguish the new-comer's features through the darkness.

"It is I,—Giuseppe," answered the figure in a very calm voice, and in Italian.

"What dost thou here again, outcast?" cried the old maestro, starting from his seat hurriedly and in great agitation. "I tell thee that thou shalt never wed my daughter. I know thee well. I know of thy prison life. I know of that bloody affair in Venice, when even the sacred stole of the priest could not shield his heart from thy accursed hand. Begone! or I will call for help, and have thee lodged in the jail."

"Come, come, Baioccho, no need of all this bad language. You wrong me, I swear you wrong me. I am not the man you take me for, nor do I wish to press my suit with Tommatoo. I come for other ends. I bear great tidings to thee. I bring thee great riches."

"Ah, boaster, you will not cajole me with your fine words!" cried the old cook, mockingly.

"If I do, may I forget my mother's grave!" exclaimed Giuseppe, earnestly. "Walk with me for ten minutes along the road, and if I prove not my words thou shalt never see my face again."

In spite of his detestation of his fellow-countrymen Baioccho could not prevent his heart from leaping to his mouth at the mention of wealth. In a moment he saw himself emancipated from the accursed kitchen, his Tommatoo clad as became her beauty, Gustave's Pancorno brought before the public, and all three living happily in the dear Italy, making a music out of life itself.

"Well," said he, "I will go and walk with you. But why not tell it here?"

"Because houses are less safe to speak in than the universe," said Giuseppe. "You forget that I was once a conspirator, and am cautious."

"I remember it well enough," muttered Baioccho, as both left the house, "and the police of Venice remember it better."

They walked slowly toward the stone-yard. Neither spoke,—Baioccho disdaining to show any impatience, Giuseppe remaining silent for some motive of his own. So on through the stone-yard; amidst the white blocks that loomed like dim ghosts through the darkness; by the shingle huts that, with their jagged corners and irregular roofs, seemed in the darkness to crouch like strange animals, squatting upon the dreary earth; over rough masses of unhewn stone, through deep ruts left by cart-wheels in the soft clay, until they reached the river.

"Well," said Baioccho, "how long am I to wait for this wondrous intelligence?"

"Your brother is dead," answered Giuseppe. "What!" almost shrieked the old cook, "and—and—he left—"

"You everything." "Holy Virgin be praised!" ejaculated the poor old fellow, clasping his hands and kneeling in the damp, oozy earth. "My dear Tommatoo will be rich."

"I have just arrived from Italy," continued Giuseppe. "I saw your brother. I found him dying. I spoke to him about you, and induced him to will to you the fortune which he was going to leave to the Church. Do you not think I deserve some reward for all this?"

"You shall have it. I swear it!" cried the old musician, fervently. "You shall name your own reward."

"Good. I want your daughter."

"Ah, traitor! that is what you demand!" cried the excitable old man in his shrill voice. "Never! never! never! No; you shall have money, but no Tommatoo,—no Tommatoo."

"Tommatoo is your heir at law when you die," remarked Giuseppe.

"Certainly. I know why you want to wed with her, you fellow!"

"She will inherit very soon."

"Eh!" The old man did not exactly seem to comprehend, but peered up into Giuseppe's face.

"She will come into possession in ten minutes," added Giuseppe, and rapidly as lightning he passed a sort of handkerchief across Baioccho's mouth, stifling all utterance. The old man, though thin, possessed a great tenacity of muscle, and he struggled long and vigorously against his assailant. He twined about his legs, he crawled up his huge chest, he dug his bony fingers into his throat, all the while uttering through the gag upon his mouth terrible muffled cries of agony that were more dreadful from their being suppressed. The youth and strength of Giuseppe told at last. The old man grew faint and almost ceased to struggle. In an instant Giuseppe seized him by the waist, lifted him clear off the ground, and swung him into the river. He watched him sink. "I think that Tommatoo is mine now," he muttered, as he turned and fled rapidly back through the stone-yard.

Baioccho sank, but speedily came to the surface. Instinctively he stretched out his hands, and suddenly one of them came in contact with some floating substance. He grasped it, and found it a drifting beam of timber that had become loosed from its moorings to the bank and was travelling with the stream. With some difficulty he got astride of it and removed his gag. His first impulse was to shout for help, for he could not swim, and he was already some distance from the bank, and he put all his strength into a furious cry. The sound of his own voice echoing over that desolate shore seemed to tell him how little chance he had of obtaining assistance in that way, and, after shouting until his lungs were sore, he gave it up, and clung to the hope of being picked up by some boat.

The tide was running out rapidly, and a wind was blowing down stream, so that Baioccho could tell from the rippling of the waves around the beam that he was floating fast with the current. It was very dark. On either side of the bank he could see the faint lights in the houses, and now and then the black spectral hull of some sloop or schooner would suddenly appear to him as he floated past, and then vanish. All on the river seemed dead. There was not a sound of life. There did not seem a hope for the old musician.

Still he floated fast. Past the dreary black wharves, round which vessels made palisades of masts seen dimly against the dull sky. Past the shadowy groves of the Elysian Fields, that now, alas! seemed like the banks of Acheron. Past the cheerful Atlantic Gardens, where lights gleamed on the water, and people were making merry, while the poor old musician was floating to his death. Past the great hive of the city, that in the gloom seemed to lie upon the water exhausted with its day's labour. And so on out into the broad bay. Then for the first time Baioccho felt that he would be swept out to sea. He had not recoiled from his fate up to this time, for he was brave, and, after all, drowning was only death. But starvation—ah! that thought was horrible, and for the first time a groan escaped from the poor musician. He then thought of Tommatoo, of Gustave, of their agony at his never returning,—their vague sorrow for his fate, which would never be known. Then he prayed to God that the murderer, Giuseppe, would be baffled in his designs on his dear child,—and then—

A dull, roaring sound along the water. A hissing of the air and of the sea. A red glare from what seemed like a fierce angry eye moving over the waves. A sparkle of foam, seen white through the gloom, and Baioccho saw the ferry-boat bearing right down on him. He shouted; he tried to stand upright on the timber log, but it slipped and turned; he took off his coat and flung it high in the air,—all to attract attention. But in vain. Closer, closer came the fiery eye. With what seemed to the old musician ever-increasing speed the sharp prow cut through the water. The funnel gave out short puffs of triumph, the wheels beat their paddles on the water, as if they knew what work they had to do, then a sudden, awful shriek from Baioccho. The projecting ledge of the boat shot over him. He touched it for an instant with his hand, and then went under.

III.

THE GRANDSON OF SNAKES.

"Father, Gustave will be down in a few minutes, and we will have supper!" cried Tommatoo, fluttering into the dark room like some pretty little nocturnal bird. "Father, why don't you answer? Why, where can he be? Ah, that cognac! He has perhaps taken too much while I was away,—poor father!" and Tommatoo hastily lit, with a lucifer match, a little fluid lamp, and held it high over her head while her eyes everywhere sought the expected recumbent form of the old musician.

"Why, he is not here!" she cried, in a tone half of astonishment, half of alarm. "O, where has he gone? Not out into this dark, dark night. God forbid! I will call Gustave!"—and she ran toward the door of the apartment. But ere she quite reached it she stopped and drew back for a tall, dark figure filled the little doorway, and a pair of black sinister eyes reflected back the lamplight.

"Ah, pretty one! you did not expect to see me again to-day, did you?" said the new-comer, in a half-mocking tone, and in Italian; "but you see how it is; I am fascinated, and haunt the spot where I will find you."

"Signor Giuseppe, my father does not wish you to come here; you know what I think, and

yet you come. That I think is wrong"—and Tommatoo looked like a moralist of the Middle Ages, if one could imagine such a personage with beautiful blonde hair, large dark eyes, and the neatest little waist in the world.

"Ah! none of you appreciate me," answered Giuseppe, advancing into the chamber. "Your father is a good man, but full of prejudices. I am progressive, and he does not understand progress,—that is all. But I am a good fellow, Signorina,—a capital fellow for all that."

He looked at this moment, standing close to the door and unclasping his heavy cloak, with his pale, unhealthily skin shining in the lamplight, and his eyes glistening with a furtive meaning, so truly the reverse of a good fellow that I am not surprised at the faint frown that perched for a moment on Tommatoo's forehead, and then suddenly slid off her smooth temples and was lost.

"I am going, Signor Giuseppe," she said, making a movement toward the door, between which and her the Italian was standing. "I wish you good evening."

"Stay a moment!" he cried, interposing. "Where is the worthy Baioccho?"

"He is not here. I do not know where he is. Let me pass, Signor. I am going to search for him."

"Perhaps he has taken too much of the delightful cognac of which he is so fond," said Giuseppe, sneeringly.

"My father is a good man, Signor!" cried Tommatoo, indignantly, "and his weaknesses should be respected. Let me pass, sir!"

"Not just yet, little one. I have something to say to you. You know that I love you. I told you so three months ago, before I went to Italy. I tell you so now that I have returned."

"I do not want to hear your confession, Signor. I wish to go and seek my father."

"Listen to me, Tommatoo,"—and he stretched his long arm across her till it fell like a great bar between her and the door. "Listen. If you become my wife, this is what I will do for you. I will take you to Italy, and you shall have a villa that the Prince Borghese might envy. We will have much money, I shall be very rich indeed,—and all Italy shall not contain finer horses, carriages, servants, than ours. I will be magnificent, Tommatoo, gorgeous, princely. Perhaps, too, I will purchase a patent of nobility, it is to be done; there's the banker Tortonia. And how would my Tommatoo like to sit in state and be called Principessa? Ah! it would be glorious, would it not?"

So excited was he with the visions he had himself conjured up that Giuseppe stretched forth his arms, and, enclosing Tommatoo between them, drew her toward him, while a devilish glitter shone in his dark eyes.

"We are alone, sweet dove," he said, in a soft voice; "none in this silent house to watch us. Will you not vow to be my bride,—the bride of Giuseppe that loves you so, and who will make you a little countess? Ah! the little one is not so cruel after all."

But he mistook Tommatoo's terrified immobility for a timid though undemonstrative assent. To his utter astonishment, after a moment's silence, that young lady opened her mouth and shrieked, "Gustave! Hasten! Gustave, I am in danger!" with all the power of an excellent set of lungs.

"Whew! who the devil is Gustave?" muttered Giuseppe, astounded. "I thought that none lived in the house but those two. Who the devil is this Gustave?" And as he spoke he thrust his hand inside his coat as if feeling for some weapon.

There was an immediate response to Tommatoo's call, in the shape of the descent of a pair of boots four stairs at a time. In a few seconds the boots had reached the door, and Gustave Beaumont, who stood in them, suddenly appeared on the scene of action.

"Diavolo!" ground Giuseppe between his teeth, as he beheld this new apparition. Then, taking a stride backward, he seemed like some wild animal preparing for a spring.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est? Qu'est-ce que ce Monsieur la?" rapidly demanded Monsieur Gustave, looking rather ominously at Giuseppe, who, not understanding a word of French, preserved a grim silence.

"O Gustave! this man persecutes me. Protect me from him!" cried Tommatoo, bounding toward the young Frenchman and taking shelter as it were under his wing.

"Soix tranquille, enfant!" said Gustave, fondly enfolding her little form with his arm. "What the devil you do here, sare," he continued, in English, seeing that Giuseppe had not replied to his previous interrogatories in French. "For why do you bring the fright to this young girl, sare? Who you are, sare? I demand to know. *Moi!* Gustave Beaumont!"

"I reply myself not, sir, to your interrogations, when they put themselves to me in a manner so insolent," answered Giuseppe, haughtily, his eyes flashing through the gloom of the half-lit chamber.

"Ask him about our dear father, Gustave," cried Tommatoo, earnestly, nestling up to the young musician's side. "I left him here a few moments since, and he has disappeared. I feel sure that this bad man knows something of him. Ask him, dear Gustave."

"One cannot know about all the world," answered Giuseppe, before Gustave had time to interrogate him. "My business is not with the old man. Look in the cellar where the strong waters are kept. He will be there."

With a mocking laugh the Italian folded his

cloak around him and strode toward the door. Gustave removed his arm from Tommatoo's waist, round which it had stolen, and placed himself resolutely between Giuseppe and the door, and barred his passage.

"You shall not depart from here until we know about Signor Baioccho. You are suspected a great deal."

"Let me pass away from here," cried Giuseppe, advancing savagely, "or, by the head of the Virgin, you will meet with misfortune!" And placing his hand in his breast he half drew a small poniard.

Gustave saw the motion, and quick as thought sprang on the Italian, weaving his young, sinewy arms around his waist, and pressing his chin against his antagonist's breast until he fairly howled with pain. Tommatoo, with one faint moan, sank on her knees on the ground, and one might see, by the clasped hands and the murmuring lips, dimly shown in the imperfect lamp-light, that the little one was offering up her prayers to heaven.

The pair now struggling were evenly matched as far as youth and size. But in point of endurance the Italian had decidedly the advantage. The sedentary life which the young Frenchman led had relaxed his naturally powerful muscular system; and consequently, although capable of a vast momentary effort, he was entirely unable to sustain a prolonged contest. For the space of two minutes nothing was heard in the room but the hard breathing of the struggling men; the slipping of the foot on the uncarpeted floor; the sudden stamp, as one sought an advantage which the other quickly frustrated. Gustave's main object seemed to be to keep the Italian from using his poniard, and this he sought to effect by pressing him so closely in his arms as to render it an impossibility to use his hands. For some time he was successful in this; but presently his want of tenacity of muscle showed itself in the relaxation of his grip and the quick recurrence of his breaths, almost amounting to panting. Inch by inch Giuseppe loosened his arm from the Frenchman's grasp, and inch by inch his hand moved toward his breast where the poniard lay, his eyes all the while flashing with a light that seemed to announce his approaching vengeance. In vain did Gustave strain every nerve to hold his own. The large drops of sweat gathered on his forehead; the blood flowed from between his lips, bitten in the agony of exertion; and his knees fairly shook with the power of a will that far exceeded the strength of the frame on which it was exercised. He could not last much longer. Giuseppe, in proportion as he beheld his adversary sinking, seemed to gain additional force. He at length extricated his arm. At length he grasped the poniard and plucked it from its sheath. Held aloft an instant over Gustave's head, it quivered in its descent; when, with a dull, heavy thud, some enormous weight fell on the back part of the Italian's head, the dagger was dashed from his hand, and he fell stunned and senseless on the floor.

"Sweet child, my life owes itself to you!" said Gustave, as he stood over the prostrate form of his antagonist, while he gazed with intense astonishment on Tommatoo, who, revealed to him by the Italian's fall, exhibited herself as the agent of that lucky event, assisted by an enormous bludgeon which she held in her hand.

"It was an inspiration of heaven, I think," said she simply. "I was praying to the Virgin, when I recollected that papa's big stick was in the corner; so I stole toward it, lifted it up, and struck that bad fellow with it. Only I did not think I could strike him so hard. I hope he is not very much hurt. And she looked pityingly down on the villain whom a moment before she would have gladly seen perish.

"*C'est nom de Dieu!* He moves himself!" cried Gustave, beholding a slight indication of returning animation in the body of the Italian. "Quick, Tommatoo! ropes to bind him up! Bring me great, strong twines, for he is very dangerous, this fellow. Ha, rascal! you are there! You lie very low now, brigand! We will trouble ourselves with your care, sir. Yes, we will have the honour to conduct you to the bureau of the Chief of the Police, and there we will demand of you that you shall let us know all your villainies. Quick, child,—the twines! The fellow will get himself up very presently."

And so, chattering a sort of mingled monologue of reproach, triumph, and sarcasm, Gustave passed the rope which Tommatoo brought him around Giuseppe's body in so scientific and elaborate a manner that the wretched man was as incapable of motion as an Indian papoose strapped to its board, and lay on the floor with nothing but the winking of his large dark, villainous eyes to tell of his being animate.

Now came the great question, who was to go for the police. If Gustave went, Tommatoo would be left alone in that terrible house, with that terrible man, who might unloose that wonderful network of bonds in which Gustave had enticed him. If Tommatoo went, she would have to thread her way alone through that dreary, dangerous locality; and she confessed she had not the courage to make the attempt. If they both went, who was to take care of the captive? So they, perforce, came to the conclusion that they must wait until morning; and accordingly Gustave, determined not to lose sight of his prize, lifted him on his shoulder as one would a bale of goods, and, carrying him up to his own room,—the room in which the Pancorno resided,—threw him into a corner. Then he and Tommatoo sat down

gloomily to speculate and wonder over Baioccho's disappearance. It was in vain that they interrogated Giuseppe. That individual glared at them from his corner like a coil of ropes with a pair of large eyes hidden somewhere in it, but would condescend to no reply. And so the hours passed, as they gloomily watched for the day.

Weary with speculation, and heart-sore enough with pondering over the fate of old Baioccho, Gustave, as the small hours wore on, could no longer resist his inclination to invoke the genius of Pancorno to disperse the sad thoughts that hung like black clouds around him and Tommatoo; so he sat down to that mysteriously constructed instrument, and poured forth those wild improvisations that seemed to interpret some love-passages in the history of young Eolus. And when the sun broke faintly over the dreary stone-yard, and its first rays fell on the livid face of the Italian lying bound in the corner, it floated upward through the sky, buoyed by those harmonies that seemed to seek their native heaven.

IV.

THE PEAN OF THE PANCORNO.

The ---th Ward Station-House. It was the early hour of the morning, before the over-night prisoners had departed to be judged by the immaculate justices presiding in the neighbouring district police court, and the poor, sleepless-looking, blue-eyed people were emerging from the "lock-up" in the basement, still heavy with the poison of bad liquor and spotted all over the face with the bites of mosquitoes that abound in all police stations. Along the walls of the general room hung rows of glazed fire-caps and locust-wood clubs, while, stretched in rank and file on the floor beneath, one saw a quantity of India-rubber overshoes, splashed with the mud gathered in the weary night-tramp on the heels of crime. What stories of city vice spoke in those dirty, flexible shoes! One saw the burglar at work with file and centre-bit, and accomplice keeping watch with pricked-up ears. The file grates and the centre-bit cuts, and the confederate strains his hearing as the grasshopper leaps from the wall; but none sees the dark shadows creeping round the corner, and the pavement yields no echo to the muffled feet; and the silent overshoes steal on until, with one quick leap and one heavy blow with the club, the burglar and confederate lie overless on the ground.

The ---th Ward Station-House was a dreary-looking establishment. The police captain in plain clothes, with a presentation watch in his pocket, attached to a presentation chain, and a presentation diamond ring on his finger, and a presentation pin in his shirt front, which having buttons did not seem to require it, sat on a high chair behind a high counter on which he measured out justice by the yard. Two or three sly-looking men, in plain clothes also, with a furtive glance in the eyes, and an air of always seeming to be looking round a corner that bespoke the detective, or "shadow," lounging on the stout chairs, picking their teeth and watching everybody, even the police captain, as if they were ready at any moment to detect anybody in something illegal. A pleasant-looking chain of handcuffs hung on the wall, some ten or twelve pair linked together,—cold, brutal-looking loops of iron that seemed to regret it was wrists and not necks that it was their duty to clasp. Sitting on the sill of the deep window, which opened into the street, were two little children crying lustily. They had been lost or had run away, and in the face of the boy, a large-eyed French lad, some six years old, one could see the determination working that made him preserve, when questioned, a sullen silence as to his name and home. The other, a little girl,—thanks to the philoprogenitive organ of one of the police,—was munching a jam tart amidst all her grief, and slobbering the unwholesome pastry with her tears.

But the chief of all the figures in that melancholy room were three persons who had, in the charge of a policeman, arrived at early dawn. Deep in one corner, the farthest from the door, sat Giuseppe, now carefully uncoiled but still scowling out of his cloak, as if he might dart poisoned poniards out of his eyes; while before the high counter on which the prize captain measured out his two-pennyworth of justice, stood Gustave and Tommatoo, who was weeping bitterly.

"You say that you left your father but for a few moments, and on your return he had disappeared!" inquired the prize captain, solemnly.

"Yes, sir!" sobbed Tommatoo. "My dear, dear father! What has become of him! O, that had man!—a wicked glance at Giuseppe in the corner.

"And when you returned you found the prisoner in the room where you had left your father?"

"Yes, sir; and I know that he knows where my father is—I see it in his eyes. O, sir, make him tell,—make him tell. Pinch him until he tells,—beat him until he tells!"

The prize captain smiled, condescendingly. "Lieutenant!" he said, "telegraph a description of this Baioccho to the chief's office, with inquiries."

Immediately a thin policeman commenced working the telegraph that lay in one corner of the room, but the monotonous click of the instrument was but little consolation to the aching bosom of Tommatoo.

A half-hour passed—an hour—during which Tommatoo related over and over again the details of her little story to the prize captain. The subordinates of the office began to take an interest in her, and gathered round her as she sat nestling close to Gustave, who was completely amazed by the novelty of the situation, and each had a kind word for the little maiden.

An hour passed. Ah, how dreary! dreary to Giuseppe scowling in his cloak, carefully watched by two stalwart policemen: dreary to Gustave, who wondered how policemen could live without music; dreary to little Tommatoo, who, with swollen eyes, and heavy, sad heart, sorrowed for the old musician.

Presently there was a bustle. A carriage drove up to the door with policemen on the box, and Tommatoo's heart fluttered. The door of the vehicle opened, and out tottered Baioccho, feebly singing, crowing, dancing, with his old eyes twinkling with cognac, and a suit of gigantic clothes on, out of which he seemed to be endeavouring to scramble. In another instant Tommatoo was in his arms.

"Ah, mon enfant, ma fille bien aimée! the old father has brought himself back. Per baccho! brought himself back with the joy in his heart. The assassin failed in his work. Ha!"

The last exclamation was caused by a sudden rush for the door which Giuseppe had made the moment the old musician appeared. His attempt at escape was vain, however, for before he had made two steps he was collared, and a pair of handcuffs magically slipped over his wrists. He sat down again sullenly, but with a face white with terror.

"Ha! serpent that thou art!" cried Baioccho, placing himself before Giuseppe and shaking his withered old fist at him. "Thy time has arrived. Thou wilt hang for this. So you thought to drown the poor old maestro who never harmed you? But no! the God above is good, and when waves lifted themselves up to engulf me, and the boat of the passage came to knock me on the head, a heaven-descended rope put itself into my hand, and a blessed sailor pulled me up to the deck. O, no! I am not dead yet, and the sweet dove that you covet will find some other nest than thine!"

Then turning to the prize captain, the old man, still with one arm round his daughter, poured forth his voluble tale:—how Giuseppe had flung him into the river; how he was floating out to sea when the ferry-boat had come down on him; and how, just in the nick of time, some one on board had discerned him in the water and flung him a rope:—all this mixed up in his extraordinary English, and interlarded with French and Italian imprecations on the head of Giuseppe, so that the prize captain was entirely bewildered, and all that he could do was to order the assassin into the lock-up, and bind over the old maestro to appear in evidence. This done, he and Gustave and Tommatoo, now chirping like a bird, went home together.

I would not like to count all the *petits verres de cognac* that the old musician took that night; but I know that Baioccho on that occasion danced the most singular dances, and sang the most eccentric songs, and told Tommatoo and Gustave at least fifty times the wondrous story of his adventures, and how his brother was, he believed, dead, and had left him all his wealth; and so the night closed on jubilation in the old house by the stone-yard.

Strange to say, Baioccho's brother was dead and had left him his heir. This, it was supposed, Giuseppe had learned in Italy, and had hastened home with the intention of profiting by an information of which he was the earliest recipient. Chance, however, frustrated his plans, and after a trial, in which Baioccho's eccentric evidence was a feature, the gates of the state prison closed over the assassin.

In time Baioccho realized his inheritance and bid farewell to the kitchen. The Pancorno was brought before the public, and every one remembers the sensation it created that winter at the Antique Concerts given at Niblo's. Women, while listening to its wonderful strains, could not help noticing how handsome was the young Frenchman who played on it; yet none saw the lovely face that every night gazed from the front row on the performer; but I know that Gustave Beaumont played all the better because he knew that Tommatoo, otherwise Madame Beaumont, was looking at him. Madame Beaumont! Tommatoo as a madame! Can you realize it! I can't.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A NEW game is to be introduced. It is called eye peeping, and the fun consists in trying to guess the unknown owner of an eye which is shown to the spectators through a hole in the curtain.

THE attempt to found the Covent Garden Opera Company has not succeeded. The money subscribed has been returned, and the scheme is off, at all events for the present.

THE newspaper enterprise of America is gently probing its way into England. The *Detroit Free Press* has established a publishing office in London, and now a weekly edition of that paper is issued simultaneously in Detroit, New York, and London. This feat is unprecedented in the annals of American or European journalism.

A BOOKSELLER in the Strand has hit upon a novel expedient. He sells Bibles, and in a prominent place in his window he has placed an open copy of the Greek Testament with a label attached on which is written: "Make your own revision." The volume proves a great attraction to telegraph boys and other youths engaged in urgent business who chance to pass by.

A SOUVENIR of the recent visit to Brighton of the Prince and Princess of Wales has been provided for the proprietors of the *Brighton Gazette*. It consists of the Special Royal Edition of that paper, containing the complete description of the visit and festivities, including an engraving of the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children. The whole of the paper—eight pages—is printed in gold throughout, and presents a very novel and pleasing appearance.

THE practice of keeping up an incessant chatter while *artistes* are performing at private entertainments received a striking rebuke a few evenings since. Madame Sembrich was executing one of her most delicious *morceaux* before a private audience, when, finding that the interruptions from conversation had exceeded legitimate bounds, she stopped, and the following day returned the fee she had received from her patron. This high-spirited example might often be advantageously imitated.

IT is a sad fact that Christ's Hospital, in common with other institutions, has suffered, and is likely to suffer, from the general depression; but such is the case. The exhibitions—to the list of which the friends of the school always turn with keenest interest—have hitherto been of the value of 90*l.* each per annum for five years, but, on account of the depressed state of landed property, in which these funds are invested, it has been necessary to reduce the amount, payable to each of the Grecians now leaving the schools for the Universities, to 50*l.* a year. It is, moreover, feared that with a continuance of agricultural depression the reduction may become permanent, unless additional support be received from external sources.

THE doctors who have come from all quarters of the world to the Medical Congress have arrived at a somewhat inopportune moment, just as the London Season has got to its dregs; but, for all that, they are receiving a very cordial welcome at the hands of such representatives of society as are now left with us. They are being feted and lavished all round. All the show places are open to them, and after the conclusion of their labours, they take care to visit them in large numbers. Canon Liddon comes into residence at St. Paul's this month, and there will, of course, be a tremendous rush thither on Sunday afternoon, when he will preach his first sermon. The Cathedral authorities, however, have placed all their reserved seats at the disposal of the doctors.

A FRIEND of the late Dean Stanley has just received by post from New York a packet of manuscript with a curious request. The manuscript contains an article written by Dean Stanley shortly before his death for one of the great American magazines. As soon as the cable conveyed the news of the Dean's death, the proprietors of the magazine congratulated themselves on their good luck, and put the manuscript in the printer's hands, proposing to make the article the prominent feature of the forthcoming number. But their purpose was met by an extraordinary difficulty. The printers could not read the Dean's handwriting. They struggled at it from morn till eve, having the assistance of skilled readers and of the full intelligence of the editorial department. The combined force wrested the meaning of about ten out of every dozen words; but it was admitted that without the other two the article would be fatally incomplete. The only thing to be done was to take the course now adopted. The manuscript was posted to London to an intimate friend of the Dean's, familiar with his extraordinary calligraphy, and this friend has undertaken to re-write the manuscript, which will appear in due course in *Scribner's*.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE last novelty on the Paris boulevards is the *Journal des Gourmets*, which is really the revival of a paper well known to the last generation.

IT is announced that Alexandre Dumas has determined to give up writing for the stage, and that henceforward he will communicate his ideas and paradoxes to the world by means of pamphlets.

SOMETHING in favour of the electric light is proved by the fact that it is to be introduced into the *foyer* of the opera house in Paris, owing to the destructive effects of gas on the pictures of M. Baudry.

A CURIOUS, or as some would say, a piquant case, will shortly come before the Tribunal of the Seine. A Spanish lady, nearly related to General Martinez Campos, will bring a suit for nullity of marriage, on the ground that in marrying she supposed that she was being united to a person of a different sex from her own.

THIS is a neat puff indirect. The editor of the *Ruppel* writes that the cabman who drove him to a dinner party at Victor Hugo's house, requested him to contribute the fare as his mite towards the fund for erecting a monument to the illustrious poet. Accordingly the subscription list records, "The coachman of 2,289, two francs and a-half."

In a duel recently, just after the principals had crossed swords, a voice was heard, "Stop a moment, gentlemen." They lowered their weapons, rather hoping that the seconds had agreed on some plan of healing their wounded honour without the necessity of fighting. But, alas! it was only the surgeon who, being one of the advanced school, carefully took from his pocket a bottle containing a solution of carbolic acid and wet the points of the swords with it. Then, with the air of a man who had done his whole duty, he said, "Now, gentlemen, proceed; you may kill each other, but you run no risk of blood-poisoning."

A CURIOUS personage died last week at the age of seventy-two, the Count Napoleon Bertrand, son of the companion of Napoleon I. at Saint-Helena. The count was a very eccentric man, and every year he used to hire a room in a hotel, and go bed for three months, after having given orders for food to be brought to him once a day and not a word to be spoken by the servant. He was asleep during the siege of Paris. One day the bread was so abominable that he flew into a rage and forced the waiter to tell him that the reason was that the city was besieged by the Prussians. The Count Bertrand was stupefied for a moment. At last he got up and wandered about the hotel for a time, saying to himself: "Paris besieged! besieged! what ought a Bertrand to do?" And after a few minutes' reflection he said: "I will go to bed." And he went to bed and slept out the siege. He was an assiduous attendant at the Bonapartist masses.

HEARTH AND HOME.

IT might be thought that people would show wisdom in respect to health. No school of scepticism is possible on this point. No critic arises to tell people that care for one's health is altogether a baseless tradition. The laws of nature are, no doubt, very benign; but if you manage to run your head against them, so much the worse for you. Nature may be our mother, but she is also quite capable of showing herself a step-mother. The laws of health work in the same calm, persistent, inexorable manner as the laws of the seasons and the orbits of the heavenly bodies. No doubt the conditions of health are better understood than formerly. Still there are people who live in the utmost defiance of all the laws of nature—people who will gobble, though they know that they are digging their own graves with their own teeth; who will drink unwholesome beverages, though they might well fear gout and gravel; who will work hard long after the tripod of life—brain, heart, lungs—has shown symptoms of weakness and distress in one direction or another. But men will not abandon their darling pursuits, trusting to the chapter of accidents or the vigour of their constitutions. In matters of health there is no such thing as a chapter of accidents, except, indeed, of unfavourable accidents; and if men live long with a good constitution under unfavourable conditions, they would live still longer under favourable conditions. It is in vain that you tell a man in the full tide of business that he is working inordinately, and that he will break up. He continues to work inordinately, and, as a matter of fact, he does break up. Generally speaking, a man has dense ignorance of the laws of nature, and if he knows sometimes about them, he will sin against his lights. If you would live long and be happy, remember the old distich,

"Don Juan Fernando
Can't do more than he can do."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. CHARLES GRUNEISEN'S private letters and valuable autographs are shortly to be sold.

MR. F. H. COWEN has remodelled his opera *Pauline* for representation by the Carl Rosa Company.

MR. THOMAS BROADWOOD, the piano manufacturer, has left a personality to the value of £22,924.

MR. FRED GODFREY, many years bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards, is seriously ill.

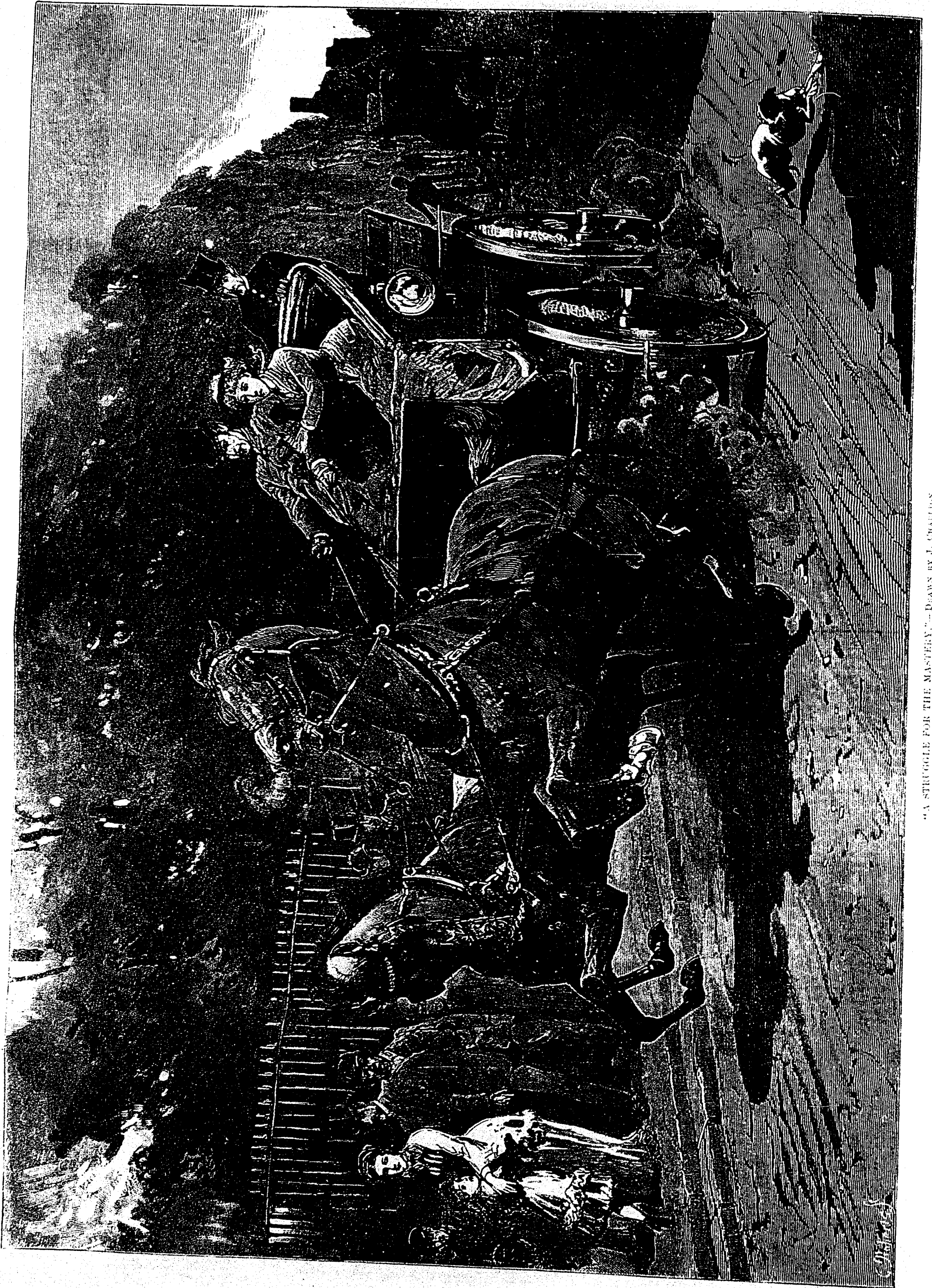
AT the late competition, Miss Florence F. Brooker won the scholarship in music at the Crystal Palace School of Art.

MR. HOWARD PAUL will pay a visit to the United States in August. He goes in search of attractions for the Alhambra Theatre.

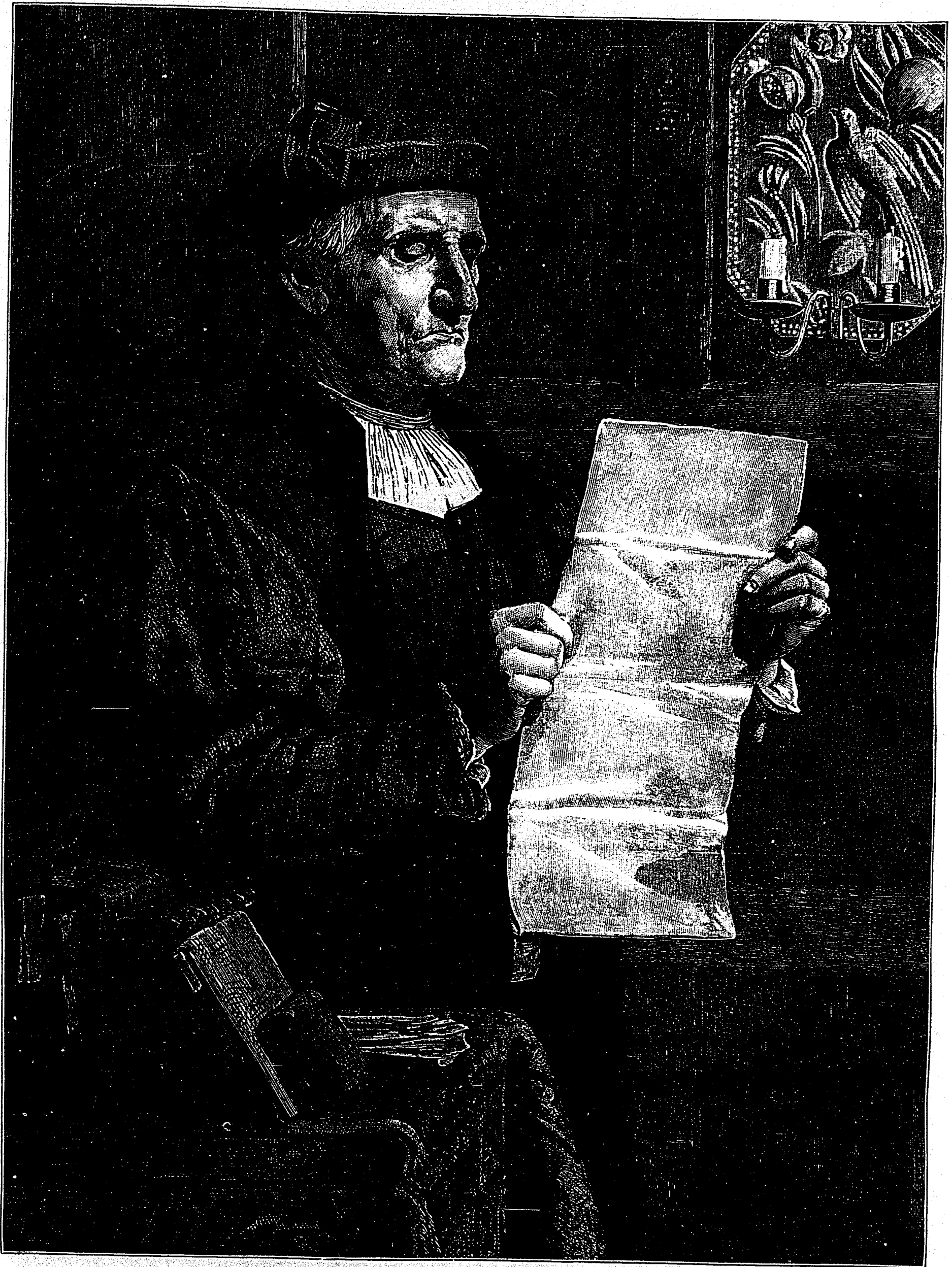
WIESBADEN will gather, at its singing contest, to be held at the end of this month, twenty-two associations, chiefly recruited from North and South Germany.

A NEW theatre on the east side of Northumberland Avenue, Charing Cross, is about to be commenced. This latest addition to the list of London playhouses is to be known as the "Avenue Theatre."

MR. BOUCICAULT being unable to appear recently at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, his place was taken by his eldest son, familiarly known as "Dot." Young Boucicault had a heavy task to undertake, Andy Blake and Cou in the *Shogun*, but was fully equal to it, and fairly won the acknowledgments of the house. Considering that he is not yet out of his teens he should have a brilliant career before him.



"A STRUGGLE FOR THE MASTERY."—DRAWN BY J. CHARLES.



THE MAN OF LAW.—By H. S. MARKS, R.A.—FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES WATT.

BY KENNETH M'LAURLAN.

Written on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the James Watt Dock, Greenock, on August 6th, 1881.

There is a name above all names That ever wore a crown— His diadem of royalty A genius of renown. That revolutionized the world Far as our fancy's ken, Subdued the savage states to thrift— A conqueror of men.

Not by the drum or trumpet blast, That summon hosts to strife, Hath Watt proclaimed through fields of blood The doom of human life. A champion of the giant brain, He rose but to increase The conquests of the arts of toil, The glorious power of peace.

His wizard hand gave breathing force To the engine's every limb Moved like a monster brought to life— That strength came forth by him. A force the joys of countless hearts, Where millions work to feel How pleasure comes to happy homes By labour's merry wheel.

His ponderous, god-like force moves on, Propelling fleets in flight, With stores from shores of every clime, O'er waves of mountain might. His genius gave our empire's wealth: Through earth's wide regions he Hath struck the fetters from the slaves, As progress willed them free.

His states is the world's love, Enduring, never to die; His priceless worth is ever crowned With immortality. His town of birth is famed with him; Like him, may it transcend, Its commerce leads prosperity In triumph to the end.

May wisdom with her counsels live, To lift the load of care From him who does, or all who need To fill the civic chair. Their mutual union aid the good That brings each sailing line With riches of our Indian fields, And treasures of the mine.

To leading lights, and labour's sons, Strong-limbed, with horny hand, The army of the mighty Watt, Who cumbereth not the land, Wave high your ranks of banners, March rejoicing o'er his fame, With lusty cheers o'er the dock, Adorned by his name.

Should this day's records ere be found 'Neath that foundation stone, Memorials of the dead shall rise, From buried ages gone. May Greenock's children find her growth Then greater than before, And praise the judgment science gave Toil's generals of yore.

MONACO IN THE SUMMER.

Monaco is wide awake, while all the other towns seem fast asleep, and life goes on briskly enough through the summer months upon the majestic slopes of Monte Carlo, down in the valley of the Condamine, or in the quaint old town upon the rock of Monaco itself. These three districts are the distinct divisions of the principality, and they form one of the most striking and attractive corners of the Mediterranean coast. I have met here people from all parts of the world—people who know every nook and cranny of the East, people who have been in the habit of spending four and five months at a stretch under tents in the desert, Germans with their intensely exaggerated patriotism, Americans who have been over almost every country one can name, from Japan and China to little Holland,—and all say that Monaco is unique, that they can mention no place that can be compared with it. The three districts make up as wonderful a picture as could be conceived. Standing in the valley of the Condamine (where the train lands you at the Monaco station), the old town is on the summit of the lofty rock to the right; and Monte Carlo, with the gorgeous magnificence of its casino, the varied splendour of its garden, the exquisite beauty of its lemon groves and olive plantations, is to the left; while behind all, rising bare and arid and majestic, their purple peaks clearly defined against the blue sky, are the mountains by which the principality is positively hedged in. The sun, reflected on the red rocks of this mountainous district, gives forth a heat that words cannot describe, and that is accountable for the nickname of *Petite Afrique* in which a part of the neighbourhood rejoices. The burning rays of the sun are tempered, however, by the sea-breeze, and I have heard many people declare that the heat of London is far more difficult to bear. The air here is so exquisitely clear and light and dry, one feels no oppression, none of the terrible exhaustion that is consequent upon the heavy damp heat and close stifling air, of London in the summer-time. The class of people who come here, as well as the natives, are inclined to take life very coolly. A great deal of time is spent in lounging. One lounges down to the Casino gardens in the afternoon to listen to the orchestra, composed of eighty-five musicians, each of whom is a picked performer, a man of special training and abilities, who has been selected, independently of nationality or professional prejudice, to form one of this brilliant musical association. You can take a chair among the gaily-dressed, laughing, flirting assemblage of men and women, or you may wander to a lower terrace, and find a quiet corner where the music will reach

your ear, where your eyes may wander over the matchless expanse of sea and mountain and sky, bathed in the brilliant glow of the summer sun, while your thoughts wander possibly farther afield, according to the spirit and associations of the music. In the mean time, while you may be dreaming of other times and other places, a sturdy workman, whose sole duty appears to be to walk up and down the Casino terraces with a broom in his hand, on the look-out for stray scraps of paper, cigar ends, etc., has been contemplating you with wondering eyes; and presently, when one of the gorgeous Casino officials, in his green and gold uniform, with "Garde," in big gold letters, on his *krépi*, passes by, there will be a lively argument between the two men as to whether you may happen to be a Nihilist, with your pockets full of dynamite, or merely one of the pickpockets of which we are warned at every turn and corner of the principality. The gorgeous *garde* will doubtless walk up and down in front of you once or twice, in order to satisfy himself that you have no infernal machine under your arm, by means of which, when a fitting opportunity occurs, you hope to blow up the Casino, or at least one of the roulette-tables; and when he is convinced of the mildness of your intentions by your general aspect and demeanour, he will shake his head and shrug his shoulders, and glance at the official with the broom, as who should say, "Eccentric but harmless!" It is, in truth, extremely eccentric in the eyes of the officials to display any interest or absorption in anything without the magic pale of the gaming-tables. Therefore, when they see a well-dressed and fairly prosperous-looking person apparently strongly interested in sea or sky or music, they suspect something wrong immediately. During the summer months numbers of people attend the evening performances of the orchestra, which takes place on the terrace overlooking the sea, and then the scene is a most brilliant one. The splendour of these southern nights is quite as remarkable as the splendour of the days, and the beauty of Nature strikes you and overwhelms you at every step. As you leave your house on the hill of Monte Carlo, and saunter in the soft twilight towards the Casino, you are dazzled by the combination of effects. The scent of the lemon-blossoms pervades the air; myriads of fire-flies sparkle in the olive plantations, glitter among the foliage, shine above your head; and you hear the hum of countless insects, the twittering of birds on all sides; and below, you see the brilliant lights of the Casino of the Hôtel de Paris and the Café de Paris, through the trees, while the placid moon throws her silver beams upon the whole scene—upon the terrace where the band is playing, upon the scores of eager listeners, upon the sea, upon the exquisitely arranged group of palm-trees, upon the long line of light that marks the road from Monte Carlo to Monaco. If the music should tire you, if the air should grow too fresh, you can turn into the Casino, you can roam about the Salle des Pas-Perdus at your leisure, you can instal yourself comfortably in the reading-room, and, when you have looked at your favourite papers, you can, if you choose, avail yourself of the Casino pens, ink and paper, and write a letter to your bosom friend which has been weighing on your mind for so long. Or you can procure the necessary card—which is not given to anyone under age—and can saunter into the splendid saloons where the gaming-tables stand—the four roulette-tables in the first room, the two trente-et-quarante tables in the second room. There is always food for reflection and diversion in the close observation of the men and women gathered about those irresistible tables, and one may see at times striking passages of domestic dramas that are being played out in the vicinity of the green cloth. I should very much like to hear the croupiers' view of human nature. As a matter of fact, they look impassible and unimpressionable to the utmost degree; and it is only when the moment come for their periodical intervals of off-duty that their faces lose their weary expression, and expand into something like a smile. What an opinion they must have of erring humanity! There are numbers of women installed at the tables—young women and pretty women; and it is in this as in all other respects—when once women fall into the pit, they sink deeper than the men. They are to be found round the tables at all hours; and neither the splendid scenery of the principality, nor the admirable music, nor the wealth of literature within their reach, can draw them away from the powerful attractions of roulette and trente-et-quarante. And, putting the gaming-tables entirely apart, most persons who come here will promise themselves a speedy return. There is a wide field in Monaco for painter, for poet, for the student of the natural sciences and for the student of human character. There are opportunities for the consideration of all those points, and encouragement is afforded to all tastes—to the lover of music, the lover of literature, as to the lover of art. There is a splendid studio, by the bye, which is placed entirely at the disposal of the artists who visit the principality; and it is a matter of constant surprise to many persons that the entire Riviera, and especially, and above all, Monaco and Monte Carlo, should have been so little worked by the artists of our day, who are, or should be, ever in search of the untrodden paths of Nature's magnificence. All this food for the man of taste—the concerts, the reading-room, the studio, the run of the Casino, with its great hall, where one may rest awhile with one's book or newspaper, its ample *vestiaire*, or cloak-

room, where superbly attired men servants are always in waiting to take or give the coats and cloaks and wraps—all this is gratuitous; there is no question of payment until the gaming-tables are reached; and, of course, if you want to join in the sport there, you must have your pockets well filled. There are many ways of losing money in the familiar rooms, there are innumerable "systems" which the men who have devised them declare to be infallible. There is a pamphlet selling now at the newspaper kiosk by the Café de Paris, at the modest price of six hundred francs which ensures success to the possessor of a thousand francs to start with! As a rule however, people trust to chance in their play; and the man (or woman) with a system should be systematically avoided by those who value their peace of mind and the satisfactory condition of their purse.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

VARIETIES.

CARLYLE had a very peculiar handwriting. An expert has said of it: "Eccentric and spiteful looking little flourishes dart about his manuscript in various odd-ways; some are intended to represent the 'i' dot, though far removed from the parent stem, while others commenced as a cross to the 't,' suddenly recoil in an absurd fashion, as if attempting a calligraphical somersault, and in so doing occasionally cancel the entire word whence they sprang. Some letters slope one way, and some another, some are halt, maimed or crippled, while many are unequal in height, form or style, and everything else. The autograph is rather larger than the rest of the manuscript, the manner of which does not impress the eye pleasantly, the crabbled look not being very significant of amiability." Carlyle was a terror to compositors. He used to revise and retouch his proofs so much that the labour of correcting and overrunning was greater than the first work of setting up. One day, his London Publisher's foreman said to him, "Why, sir, you really are very hard on us with your corrections. They take so much time you see." Carlyle urged in reply that a printer ought to be accustomed to such annoyances, and that in Scotland there was no fuss made over them. "Ah, well, sir," responded the foreman, "we have a man here from Edinburgh. He took up a bit of your copy the other day, and dropped it as if it had burned his fingers. 'Mercy on us!' he cried, 'have you that man to print for?' Lord knows when we shall get done with all these corrections!" The author used to laugh heartily at this story when he told it of himself. Another new and characteristic anecdote is told of the "sage of Chelsea." After having passed sleepless nights owing to the horrible noise made by a Cochon China cock in a neighbouring garden, Carlyle interviewed the proprietor of the fowl, and expostulated. The owner, a woman, did not think Mr. Carlyle had much cause for complaint; the cock only crew three or four times in the night. "Eh, but, woman," said the unfortunate philosopher, "if you only knew what I suffered waiting for him to crow!"

If any ambitious young artist would like to eclipse the fame of the late Sir Edwin Landseer, he would do well to ponder an anecdote which has recently been told of a plucky painter. It is said that while the celebrated Martin, the lion tamer, was staying at Ghent in 1825, he noticed among the most constant attendants at his menagerie, a young man who, by reason of the drawing materials he brought with him and freely employed, stood confessed an artist. Martin introduced himself, and the two became intimate friends. One day the enthusiastic artist, while taking the portrait of a noble lion called Nero, complained bitterly that the bars of the cage were in the way. "Don't let that be any obstacle," said the tamer, sympathizingly. "If you will come with me into Nero's apartment, and allow me to introduce you, I can answer for it that he will show how flattered he is by a visit from so excellent an artist, and will give you every facility for handing down his features to posterity." The artist, strange to say, jumped at the offer; and Martin who was not the man to lose an opportunity of advertising himself, sent word to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Governor of Ghent, and to other notabilities, that he would, on a given day go into Nero's Cage, and take an amateur foreigner with him. The Duke did not fail to put in an appearance. The plucky pair walked into the cage, and Nero was at first inclined to be what is called "nasty." But, reassured by his master's voice, the lion went and lay down in a corner; and the painter sitting down opposite coolly proceeded to cut his pencil. Having performed this little preliminary to his satisfaction, he executed a sketch of Nero, which was pronounced to be very like. The tamer and the young painter then took a polite leave of the lion; and the Duke having complimented the artist on the pluck as well as talent displayed, would fain have purchased the sketch. But it was not to be had for money, and the artist kept it himself as the converse of a *memento mori*. This was Verboeckhoven, afterwards famous as a Belgian animal painter. How much of his success he owed to his daring feat there is no telling, but it very likely gave him the start which talent requires; and yet adds the narrator of the anecdote, one would hardly like to whisper to the young aspirant of to-day. "Go thou and do likewise."

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HUMOROUS.

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"ENNY man," says Josh Billings, "who koo swap horses or ketch fish and not be about it iz just as plus as men ever get to be in this world."

"WHAT are the wild waves saying, John?" sang out a young Californian to a Chinaman on the beach. "Washee, washee," calmly replied the Celestial, with a grin.

LORD BRACONFIELD said there were many people who would resolve to lead virtuous lives, on the principle that "virtue is its own reward," if they could only get the reward in advance.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Have been away some time. Two postal cards received referring to Problem No. 341.

The result of the recent contest between Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort is still agitating the minds of chess amateurs, and it is evident, as we stated a week or two ago, that much disappointment is felt in the old country at the English player's defeat.

After giving a list of the past achievements of Mr. Zukertort, and paying a tribute to his skill, *Land and Water* says:—

"To Mr. Zukertort personally no one can object, seeing that he is a respectable, well-conducted member of the chess community; but we dislike Teutonic supremacy, and therefore cannot at all relish what has happened."

Perhaps the best explanation of the results of the contest will be found in the following remarks which we learn from the *Dramatic News* appeared in the *Westminster Papers* some years ago:—"Mr. Blackburne is one of the strongest and best educated English chess players of the present day. He is a master of book chess, and very skilful in his application of that knowledge. His game, too, especially when giving odds, is liberally studied with rich gems. His fault in match play is over-elaboration. He nearly always seems to play as if he were determined, as regards beauty of style and depth of combination, to cast into the shade all the previous efforts of the most distinguished masters.

Strange to say, though very rapid in skilful games, and in those marvellous exhibitions of genius which he has given in his blindfold play, yet in match games he is slow beyond the average, and, after wasting his time unnecessarily, is often obliged to make a move hastily which his judgment, if it does not condemn certainly does not approve—an epistolical move that mars the beauty of an otherwise very fine combination, and produces ultimate, if not immediate, disaster."

This criticism was written by "Mars," the present pleasing chess contributor to the *Dramatic News*, and he says that it is as applicable to Mr. Blackburne now as it was when it first appeared.

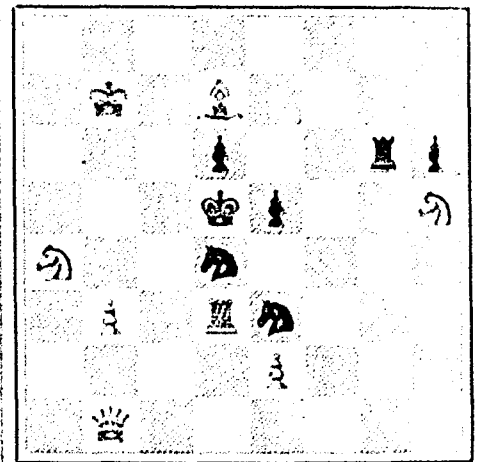
It is with the deepest regret that we learn from the *Sonnatags Blatt* the death of G. R. Neumann, which occurred on the 16th of February last, at Alzenberg, East Prussia. The chess world loses a first class player and writer, and ourselves an intimate friend. Our number will bring an obituary.—*The Chess Monthly*.

PROBLEM NO. 35.

By A. E. Studd.

(From *Chess Caps*.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 4730.

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

CHESS IN LONDON.

(Glasgow Pioneer.)

Table with two columns: White—(Mr. Blackburne) and Black—(Mr. Zukertort). It lists 30 moves for each player, such as 1. P to K4, 2. K Kt to B3, etc.

- 31. Kt to Q 2
- 32. Q to Kt 4
- 33. Q takes Q
- 34. Kt to K 4
- 35. R takes R
- 36. R to Q 5
- 37. R takes Kt P
- 38. Kt takes Kt
- 39. B to K 4
- 40. R to Q 5 (ch)
- 41. P to B 3
- 42. K to B 2
- 43. R to Kt 5
- 44. P to Q R 4
- 45. R to Q 5 (oh)
- 46. R to R 5
- 47. R to R 6 (ch)
- 48. R to R 8
- 49. P to R 5
- 50. B takes R
- 51. B to Kt 7
- 52. P to R 6
- 53. K to B 3
- 54. P takes P
- 55. K to Q 4
- 56. K to B 5
- 57. B to Q 5

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 313.

- | | |
|------------------|----------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. B takes P | 1. P to Q 4, or (ch) |
| 2. R to Q 4 | 2. Any move |
| 3. B or Kt moves | |

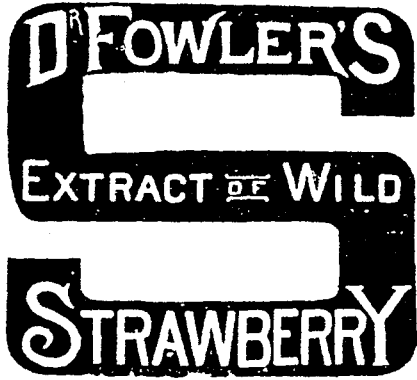
Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 311.

- | | |
|---------------|------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. R to K R 4 | 1. P moves |
| 2. B to Q B 4 | 2. P moves |
| 3. Kt mates | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 112.

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| White. | Black. |
| K at Q 3 | K at Q 4 |
| Kt at Q 4 | Pawns at K 2 |
| Kt at Q Kt 2 | and Q 3. |
| Pawns at K 3 | |
| and K R 4 | |

White to play and mate in two moves.



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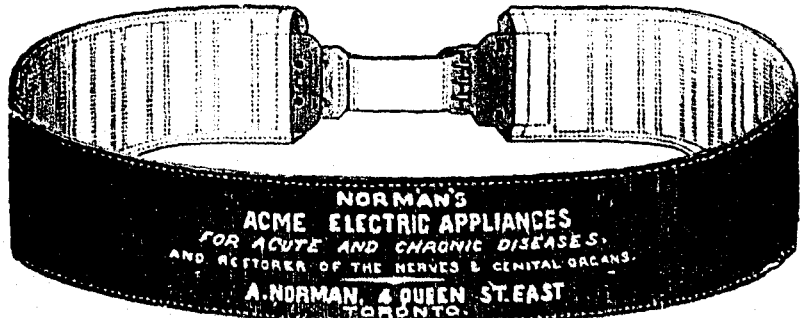
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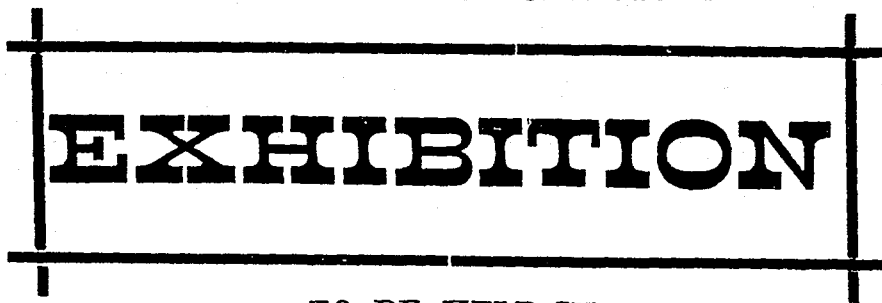
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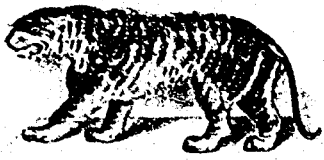
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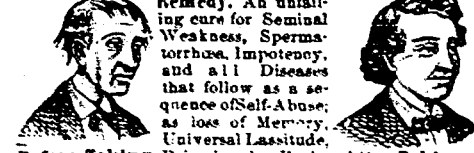
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DAY EXPRESS running through to Boston at 8:45 a.m., with Parlor Car.

LOCAL TRAINS to Knowlton and All Way Stations this side at 5:00 p.m., on Saturdays at 2:00 p.m., instead of 5:00 p.m., and arrive on Mondays at 8:25 a.m., instead of 9:15 a.m.

NIGHT EXPRESS, with Pullman Sleeper, through to Boston at 6:30 p.m., will stop only at Chambly, Clinton, West Farham, and Cowanville, between St. Lambert and Sutton Junction, except on Saturdays, when this train will stop at all stations.

ARRIVE AT MONTREAL

NIGHT EXPRESS from Boston at 8:25 a.m.

LOCAL TRAINS from Knowlton and Way Stations at 9:15 a.m., on Mondays at 8:25 a.m., instead of 9:15 a.m.

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