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Montreal Westchester News

Vol. XXIV.—No. 20.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1881.

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AN ALSATIAN PEASANT GIRL.
DRAWN FROM NATURE BY FRITZ REISS.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Nov. 6th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 60°	52°	56°	Mon.. 43°	39°	41°
Tues.. 54°	37°	46°	Tues.. 43°	39°	40°
Wed.. 54°	36°	45°	Wed.. 43°	34°	38°
Thur.. 62°	45°	53°	Thur.. 44°	28°	36°
Fri.. 58°	40°	49°	Fri.. 51°	31°	41°
Sat... 46°	28°	37°	Sat... 51°	37°	44°
Sum... 46°	38°	42°	Sum... 57°	45°	51°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 12, 1881.

THE WEEK.

It is always pleasing to contemplate an act of heroism, and none ever better deserved the name than the behaviour of Capt. JOHN ALEXANDER STRACHAN of the *Cyprian*, which went down in one of the terrible storms of last month, near Nevin. Plentiful as are the tales of British pluck at sea, no more superb instance of self-sacrifice is to be found in the records of our sailors. The steamer had struck on a rock, the boiler tubes had burst, and the fires gone out, while in the sea which was running it was impossible to launch a boat. There was nothing for it but to plunge into the waves and make for shore, and out of twenty-seven men, eight accomplished the perilous journey assisted by the life buoys which alone enabled them to live in that sea. The Captain, like the others, was equipped for the attempt when, at the last moment, he discovered a poor stowaway lad, who had concealed himself on board at Liverpool and who even in this moment of universal terror was afraid to show himself. Without a moment's hesitation the captain stripped off his life buoy and bound it upon the lad, plunging himself unaided into the almost certain destruction which awaited him. We do not hear whether his self-sacrifice was rewarded by the saving of the life for which he gave his own. Honour to the brave.

We should like to know the sporting editor of the New York paper from which the Quebec *Chronicle* quotes its remarkable description of the *Atalanta*. We should like to know it because we want to get some lessons in nautical writing, in which, after reading the article in question we feel that we are seriously deficient. It must be so nice to be able to speak of a boat "tapering into a run which is as near perfection as can be attained," (like the writer's own style,) but this is merely the preamble, so to speak. The sentence we want to study with a view to imitation, and with the aid of a dictionary and grammar and a confidential communication from the author, runs as follows:—"Her stern is unique. It is what might be called a concave pink with elliptic quarters, surmounted by a round taffrail." Unique! Well we should smile.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has attracted a good deal of attention by his recent expressions in England on the subject of "Modern Royalty," in which he says

some hard, but not altogether undeserved things of those in high places. The view which he takes of the advantages to be derived from an occasional visit of the Queen to Ireland, has met with much opposition, especially from those who have little practical acquaintance with the character of the people. That a visit at the eleventh hour, when the national feeling has become as embittered as it undoubtedly has, would do any good in subduing the present excitement, is more than doubtful, while the risk would be such as to make it almost certain that none will be attempted. But we can hardly imagine that any of those who witnessed the Prince of Wales' last visit to the country, and remember the enthusiasm with which he, and at another time the Duke of Connaught, were received, and the extravagant enthusiasm of loyalty which the visit aroused, would deny that the presence of royalty has had a distinct effect whenever it has been vouchsafed, and that a series of visits from the Queen would have been enough to raise a healthy feeling which would have taken the place of the present excitement to a large degree.

THERE is another way in which such visits would benefit Ireland. There is no doubt that the Royal residence in Scotland has done much to make that country popular amongst noble owners of estates in the north, who usually spend a large portion of the year on their property. The same rule would apply to Ireland, where a periodical visit from the Queen would aid to make absenteeism less frequent. Ireland only wants to be made the fashion, for noble lords to discover that there is good sport to be had, and good company too in the field, unless Ireland is changed within a very few years.

THAT Mr. SMITH touched a vulnerable point in the Royal harness is proved by the Prince of Wales condescending to notice the letter and reply to it in a measure, in a recent speech at the opening of the new harbour at Swansea. The Prince rarely if ever himself enters the list of controversy, but his references to the criticism of the Professor (whom he styles "his old friend") are graceful, as always, and somewhat apologetic. The Prince at all events, whatever the tongue of Rumour may have to say concerning his private character, is a hard-working man, none more so, and fulfils always in a pleasant and gracious manner, the onerous duties which his position entails, and which, owing to the almost complete withdrawal of the Queen from public notice, are heavier than usually fall to the lot of the heir to the throne.

LOUISE MICHEL has done good service to herself, the Irreconcilable Radicals, and the Government by countermanding a monster procession advertised to have gone to the Elysées to-day to ask pardon for the regicides NOURBIT and BAREZOWSKY. She writes to the papers that she would scorn to ask a favor from men who should be condemned as traitors. So the disorderly demonstration will not be attempted, the promoters being aware that though a new Republic law allows free public meetings, the Republic, no more than Royalty, will tolerate terrorism in the streets. Instead of asking a pardon from Mr. GRÉVY, LOUISE MICHEL's followers now propose to present NOURBIT with a sword of honour. As he is in prison, a pound of tobacco, were he permitted to receive it, might be more agreeable to him.

BOOKS AND BOOK-MAKERS.

"God be thanked for books," said Dr. Channing, but he did not say all books. On the contrary his strictures and specifications were pretty sharply defined. But if the general reader of literature ventures to be reverently thankful for something in the way of mental pabulum besides that which makes us "heirs of the spiritual life of past ages," it becomes every day more evident that there is a somewhat numerous class of authors and book makers who have reason to be heartily thankful to that varied public taste which enables them to be heirs to their

daily bread and many of the luxuries of life as well.

The story writers of the day are a motley company, so varied in degree and kind that no epithet can be applied to them in common. There is a vast difference between those who feed weak minds with their interminable strings of weaker literary slip-alop and those who rank, or aspire to be ranked with Fielding, and Goldsmith, and Dickens; with Thackeray, and Hawthorne and Irving.

But as to the rank and file between these extremes;—which of them give us books fit to be "tasted?" how many of them to be "swallowed," or "chewed and digested?"

Taking a list of these, if a complete list be possible, and where is the line to be drawn? That is a question for competent literary authority to discuss. "In a wilderness so vast as that of books, to go astray often and widely is pardonable, because it is inevitable," said de Quincey; but, after all, the searcher after the best current "reading matter" need not go very far astray if he seeks only the works of those authors who are in the highest repute among people of unquestionable literary authority. It is not a difficult matter to select such authors, and among them is unquestionably William Black.

To establish the exact rank of a good writer is a thing that can never be satisfactorily done, except perhaps to the satisfaction of the critic who attempts it. To establish the relative place is a matter almost equally difficult. However, to distinguish the positively good from the absolutely bad is not a hopeless task even for the amateur novel reader, and among the former the greater part of Mr. Black's works may be placed with certainty. And so, for the present, disregarding his claims to be rated with the standard and best novelists, we may safely "taste" of his books, even if we do not eventually decide to "swallow them."

For so good an author as Mr. Black, the difference between his books is somewhat surprising. It is, moreover, a difference not so much in kind as in quality. Had he never written anything better than "Three Feathers" or "The Monarch of Mincing Lane," his admirers would not have so much to say about his doing for these times what Thackeray and Dickens did for an earlier period; but, on the principle that a brain and a man are to be judged by their weakest and strongest parts respectively, Mr. Black is one of the best novelists of the present time.

The source of his strength does not always lie in the plot. The thread on which his narrative hangs is generally extremely slender, if we except "A Princess of Thule" and "McLeod of Dare," the latter of which is perhaps, his most ambitious work. Its plot is bold and powerful, and its denouement thrilling in spite of a degree of improbability which might have been avoided, had the author chosen to transfer the time back to the date of our great-grandfathers. But just here is one of the secrets of Mr. Black's success in securing and retaining his reader's interest. Almost invariably, he writes of the present time. He describes things as they are to-day. In his latest book he gives us little glimpses of Brighton and the life there, not as it was even five years ago, but as it is to-day. Whatever the cause, there is a subtle influence which always gives the predominance to the present over the past in our interest, and Mr. Black is quick to make use of this and all similar means of holding our attention. His characters are dressed in the latest styles. Mr. Tom Beresford's conversation is embellished by the newest slang, while the Rev. Mr. Jacob is at the top notch of the very latest high church principles. In other words, Mr. Black's fiction rarely deals with past manners or historical events, but relies on the latest phases of society as matter of more powerful interest. By this and similar means, a crisp freshness is imparted to his books, and especially his latest story, which is highly attractive to the reader who desires mere relaxation and entertainment.

There were two things, however, which chiefly made Mr. Black's reputation. The one was his "word-painting" or descriptions of scenery; the other was the fruitful theme of Scotch life, manner, and characteristics, a new vein of which he seemed to have discovered and which he certainly worked to much advantage. He has chosen to desert his vantage ground for the time at least, and the result as seen in "The Beautiful Wretch" will hardly justify the departure. But if this book is not so interesting to his readers as "A Daughter of Heth" or "A Princess of Thule," it is because the materials are chosen from the common property of story writers, and are, therefore, less novel and original than the materials which Mr. Black used for what may be roughly classed as his Scotch novels; and, if this last book be set down as comparatively a trifle, it is because the author has not chosen to embellish it with those beautiful and elaborate, though never wearisome, descriptions of scenery and natural phenomena with which his previous works are graced. The plot and purely narrative portion of the story are, with two or three exceptions, as elaborate as he is accustomed to produce for a much more satisfactory book. The opportunity is certainly not lacking, either at Brighton or that part of the Continent to which he conducts us, for masterpieces of those descriptions of which he has proved himself so well capable. Instead of this we are put off with a few bits here and there, which are, however, all the more welcome because of their rarity, and we are invited to study a type of young lady by no means uncommon. We are almost let down to the commonplace of a story-paper love tale; and, although

the ease, grace, good English, and occasional brilliant "points" of the book save us from that, the reader will be compelled to conclude that "The Beautiful Wretch" never would make the fame or fortune of an anonymous author—Ease, grace, correct English and "points" will not alone make the reputation of a writer who aims at the highest artistic excellence. A superabundance of points is the very thing to spoil the "construction" of a novel. In this respect good writing may be compared to good acting; a redundancy of points weakens both instead of concentrating attention on the general effect. We are not accustomed to look to Mr. Black for models of construction as we do to Gaboriau and the other modern French novelists who make a speciality and are masters of that art, but we are justified in expecting a narrative consecutive in details and incidents. It may be said, in a general way, that an incident however brilliant and original in itself, which does not grow out of something preceding or lead to some subsequent effect is not only glaringly unartistic, but ruins the unity of the tale. This is not mere criticism; it is a well established principle, and we have an excellent illustration in the whole of the tenth chapter of "The Beautiful Wretch." This chapter is a bit of strong writing and shrewd character drawing, but it is a sacrifice to a "point." It introduces two persons who have not been heard of in the preceding chapters and who are not mentioned again to the end of the book. Captain Francis King might as well have been made the eldest son at once and the unity of the book preserved. It is not meant by this that the variety added to the book by the chapter mentioned ought to have been omitted, but that the simplest and universally accepted law of construction requires that it should have been incorporated with other chapters and incidents. We do not bolt a section of beef and eat our horse-radish afterward; it is more palatable to take them together. Considering the scope and apparent aim of this little book however, a strict analysis would be hypercritical. It answers its evident purpose as a trifle for "summer reading," without extending, or even upholding the fame of its author. We may expect many more ambitious and better things from the same pen, because Mr. Black has shown that he possesses too much talent to have written himself out. Especially, if he returns to the materials and the methods which first made him widely read and admired, we shall have something for which we may be truly thankful among the mass of weak and sentimental novels with which we are flooded. Although he has produced much, Mr. Black is only just approaching the meridian of his powers, and it is reasonable to expect that he will give us something in the future to place him more nearly on a par with his illustrious predecessors whose fame he emulates but has not yet approached.

HOW TO STORE AND KEEP POTATOES.

Of late years the potato has been one of the most profitable of farm crops in the East, and this chiefly arises from the fact that it is somewhat difficult to keep any very great quantity of them. Thus only so many of them are grown as can be preserved, and the accommodations are limited there is no glut in the market as there are with things which are grown and must be sent to market at once. Of course there are times when potatoes rule low. This is apt to be the case with early ones, grown especially for early purposes, and which follow the same law that rules in transient vegetables. So, also, with those who grow potatoes and have no conveniences for storing them. These have no market in the fall, and must take whatever price may rule for them. Those who have good cellars under their barns, or in any safe place from frost, and yet cool and dry, can generally make potato-growing pay very well; and these are usually the ones who do. The infected tubers will often rot, especially if the mass heats a little, and the diseased ones will often communicate the disease to the rest. In a cellar this can be seen and noted, but in a mound out of doors no one knows of the trouble till Spring, when great loss is found. Besides this, it is so difficult to get at them in Winter that those who have no way to preserve potatoes except this, as a general thing prefer not to grow at all rather than to be bothered with this. Dampness undoubtedly favors the spread of the potato disease, and therefore where there is any chance at all of the disease existing in the roots, they ought to be stored as dry as possible. Those which are to be kept in this general way should be dry and cool; but this should be especially seen to in the case of seed potatoes. Since the potato beetle came among us, it is clear that we have had the very best results from early planting and by the use of the earliest varieties. Now these early kinds are more easily affected by warmth than the late ones. They sprout easily, and coolness is therefore the more essential for them. Some people think it makes little difference whether seed potatoes sprout or not before planting, and we have known people to tear off sprouts several inches long and cut up the tubers in full faith that they will sprout out again and be none the worse for it. They generally grow, but they are constitutionally weaker and much more liable to disease than those which do not sprout till ready to go into the ground.

A MELBOURNE despatch reports the loss of the steamer *Calcutta* from thence for Sydney, and the foundering with all hands of the British ship *Omaha* from Batavia for Melbourne.

TWO VISIONS.

Where close the curving mountains drew
To clasp the stream in their embrace,
Where every outline, curve and hue
Reflected in its placid face.

The ploughman stopped his team to watch
The train, as swift it thundered by;
Some distant glimpse of life to catch,
He strains his eager, wistful eye.

The morning freshness lies on him,
Just wakened from his balmy dreams,
The travellers, begrimed and dim,
Think longingly of mountain streams.

Oh, for the joyous mountain air,
The fresh, delightful autumn day
Among the hills! The ploughman there
Must have perpetual holiday!

And he, as all day long he guides
His steady plough, with patient hand,
Thinks of the flying train that glides
Into some new, enchanted land.

Where, day by day, no plodding round
Wearies the frame and dulls the mind—
Where life thrills keen to sight and sound,
With ploughs and furrows left behind.

Even so, to each, the untrod ways
Of life are touched by fancy's glow,
That ever sheds its brightest rays
Upon the path we do not know!

TRIP TO THE SAULT ST. MARIE.

The following extract from our correspondence will serve as a description of the sketches to be found upon the double page. It should be said that the sketches were originally numbered in order that owing to the exigencies of arrangement in the form in which they appear it was thought better to renumber them according to the position on the page, a process which will give the reader the additional excitement of a hunt for any desired view. The numbers in the text however, will be found to correspond with the illustrations which can thus be readily recognized:—

"Leaving Toronto by an express train furnished with palace cars, after a pleasant journey of about three hours we arrived at Allandale Junction (the Muskoka branch joins the main line here) where there is a very fair dinner to be had. From Allandale there is a very pretty view of Lake Simcoe with the flourishing town of Barrie on its shore. (27.30). Leaving Allandale, in about two hours we reach Collingwood, a town of about 3,000 inhabitants, it is situated on the Georgian Bay and here we take our steamer of the Georgian Bay Transportation Co. for the Manitoulin island and the Sault. On leaving Collingwood one sees one of the largest elevators in the country. (15.4.17). We next touch at Meaford, about 24 miles from Collingwood, and it is getting dusk as we pass the light-house. (31). Owen's Sound is the next place, capital fishing and boating to be had I believe. (5). Next morning we sight Manitoulin Island and arrive at Killarney called in the Indian tongue "She-ba-waning," or "there is a channel." It is charmingly situated and the houses with their red roofs dotted about give it a very picturesque appearance. The church is a quaint old wooden building (12.18). The principal business of the place is in fish, immense cases of which are sent off by each boat. On leaving Killarney we begin the lonely scenery of the Manitoulin Channel. We may here introduce our Captain and some of the crew, (6) and we can say with truth that though we have been on many larger boats we have never been on a more comfortable one, and the comfort was owing in a great measure to the kindness and geniality of the Captain. Some of the passengers did not seem to take much interest in the scenery, some preferring the sofas, (32) and others the sort of thing we see going on in (3). Manitowaning (24) is the next place, and quite a little town; the church (21) is the usual wooden building. We now passed through some beautiful island scenery (7.10.11.13) and reached Little Current (20) where a tame bear at one of the hotels was the great attraction. Three small Indians watched our departure with great interest (23). Mudge Bay (25.26) was the next place we stopped at. There are some very pretty falls a little way up a stream here. On our return journey we towed a rowing boat and two men to Little Current (thirty miles) in search of a doctor to attend a poor fellow who had his arm badly damaged in the saw-mill. Spanish River next, seems to do a large lumber business, (12.29.14.19) and a large quantity of Huckleberries are sent from here. The Indians gather them. Gore Bay, one of the principal (2) ports to the free grant lands came next; here there is a newspaper published, the "Manitoulin Guide" is, I think, the name. There was a capital hotel here, and good fishing and boating. Bruce Mines, 307 miles from Collingwood is (16) a busy copper mining place. Hilton, (9) is a very small place. Garden River, (28) is an Indian settlement. Good trout fishing to be had up the river (33). We saw some of the natives busy fishing on the wharf. The scenery is very lovely all the way to the Sault Ste. Marie where there are two large towns, one on the American side and one on the Canadian, the former is, I think, the largest place. The large new locks are well worth seeing, and the rapids ought to be seen. Altogether the scenery makes the trip a very delightful one. I conclude with a sketch of small boys and hats seen on the wharfs at the arrival of the boat (8). A. E.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

On the front page is represented a peasant girl in the picturesque costume of Alsace the border land between France and Germany, become since the war a part of the Fatherland. The drawing is from the celebrated artist Franz Heiss who has succeeded wonderfully in delineating the peculiar type of features which, no less than the dress distinguish the dwellers amid the "blue Alsatian mountains."

OUR VISITORS.—The visit of the Toronto press to this city to play a friendly match of lacrosse against our own journalists has already been noticed, with the results of the game, and the various events of the trip, both in this and other papers. This week we are enabled through the courtesy of the captain Mr. H. J. P. Goode, to give the portraits of our guests, the recollection of whose visit is still green in our minds, and whose faces we hope to see again in a more substantial form than the present. Unfortunately, the portraits sent did not include the Captain himself, who must in consequence be condemned to "blush unseen" for the present.

IMPRESSIONS OF GOLF.—Our artist describes in a recent letter how in the course of his wanderings he came upon a certain wide expanse of open ground, chiefly tenanted by a worn-out horse or two, some unkempt ponies, many donkeys, and a few cows. While walking meditatively along he was startled by the cry "Whaup" and beheld a party of gentlemen in bright-hued garments, attended by two or three lurcher-looking men in sober raiment, and some small urchins bearing fagots of clubs on their shoulders. In answer to an inquiry, one of the urchins explained that he was in the presence of the members of a distinguished golf club, whose habitation could be distinguished with the naked eye at a short distance up the hill, but whose name we suppress.

Golf, he continues rather irreverently, may be described as the knocking of a little white ball from certain points on "the green" into certain little holes cut in the sod some few hundred yards distant, and the player who succeeds in the mighty performance with the fewest strokes wins. To begin. Each player's attendant sprites patted up a pinch of sand like a child making a dirt pie, and on the summit of this diminutive knoll placed a white ball about the size of an egg. This is the "tee" Presently a player advanced to the "tee" licked his fingers, and then grasping his club with both hands, after a series of strange gestures and facial contortions, sent the ball with a mighty "swipe" spinning far down the plain.

The next player was rendered wrathful by our artist happening to sneeze just as he was about to let drive. He muttered something unpleasant about "fellows who put men off their shots." The burdens carried by the attendant imps contained the following apparatus: drivers, long spoons, short spoons, sand irons, cleeks, and niblicks.

Our artist proceeds: "At some distance we discovered the two little balls lying on the grass, and after a repetition of the crouching and measuring business, but this time without the pinch of sand, the projectiles were sent towards a little red flag, stuck into the turf, on the other side of some rough uneven ground. These uneven places are called "bunkers;" and then arose a cry, "Had they got over the bunkers or in?"

The various implements carried by the "cadies" now come into play for the purpose of extracting the embedded ball, or for removing the tiny obstacles, such as blades of grass or bits of straw, which will divert a ball when played very gently. To the looker-on, who is, like our artist ignorant of the game, golf seems irresistibly tedious, especially when the players are fiddling round the edges of the holes, but it undoubtedly possesses for many persons, especially the Lowland Scotch, a singular fascination.

THE LACROSSE CHAMPIONSHIP.—An interesting match-game was played on the Polo Grounds in New York City, October 22d, between the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, of Montreal, holders of the championship of Canada, and the New York Lacrosse Club, champions of the United States, for the championship of America and a challenge cup. The game was witnessed by nearly 3,000 spectators, and was exciting throughout; and, although the Canadians managed to win finally, the New Yorkers gave them a sharp tussle. The games were the best three in five. The Shamrocks were the first to appear in the field, and they presented a formidable set of men attired in red jerseys with green monogram, black breeches and red stockings. They also wore helmets of black. They were quickly followed by the New York team, attired in dark-blue jerseys, pantaloons, stockings and hats trimmed with orange. New York won the toss and chose the eastern goal giving them a slight advantage as the sun shone directly in their opponents' eyes. In the first game the New Yorkers were soon placed on the defensive, and the first goal was scored for the Shamrocks in fifteen minutes. After a rest of a quarter of an hour, goals were changed and the play proceeded. Fifteen minutes later the second goal was scored for the Shamrocks. Goals were then changed and the contest was resumed. This game resulted in a victory for the New Yorkers in eight minutes, amid thundering applause. The excitement was intense and every play was watched with exceeding interest in the fourth game. After some loose playing on the part of New York, the winning goal for the Canadians was made in twenty-three minutes, the score standing three goals for the Shamrocks and

one for New York Cheers were mutually interchanged and the contest was over. After the game a collation was served the visiting team in the club-house.

TORPEDO PRACTICE.—The school for instruction in the use of the torpedo, established by the Government at Newport, R. I., is one of the most interesting branches of the public service. Count von Moltke says, "The real use of peace is to prepare for war" and it sometimes grates harshly on the ear, after reading that the meeting of this and that sovereign is happily a guarantee that the peace of Europe will not be disturbed, to hear renewed preparations for war immediately the self-same sovereigns get back to their capitals. At present there are no known elements at work tending to involve the United States in the clash of arms, and, with the exception of punishing the Indians for exercising revenge for the wrongs inflicted on them by the white man, there is nothing serious for the army or navy to do. Still it is deemed best that the officers in each should be provided with the means and instructed in their use of defending the great lake and seaboard of the country against foreign invasion, and it is for this reason that so much attention is paid, officially, to this torpedo school. Until the time comes promised by Victor Hugo, when international difficulties will be settled by arbitration rather than by the measurement of swords, it certainly is a duty to use a time of peace for the purpose indicated by the great strategist of Germany.

Our illustrations in the present issue show how thorough this means of protection is being studied. To the details of officers and men regularly told off for a prescribed course of training a valuable experience is given, both in the use of a torpedo on board ship and as a harbor defender. On the last page are presented views of spars with and without torpedoes attached; a view of a spar torpedo such as is used on Admiral Porter's *Alarm*, showing the end where the water-cushion is formed, by filling a section between the exploding chamber and the end of the spar with water to prevent injury to the spar; a heliograph, for flashing signals of electric light; a Lay torpedo, of the kind usually planted at the mouth of rivers or in important harbors, and a fish torpedo, capable of making from two to three miles per hour under water by means of compressed air and arranged to explode whenever it strikes an object in its path. Another view is designed to show a vessel detecting a torpedo by the use of the electric light, and signalling the danger to the rest of the fleet, while an enemy's vessel recognizing her presence is also signalling the fact to its own squadron. In the sketch showing the method by which planted torpedoes are removed with the aid of electric lights, one diver is severing the connection with the battery on the shore, another is breaking open the torpedo so that the force of the explosive will be lessened by contact with water, while the third is preparing to have the instrument hoisted to the surface.

Our correspondent Mr. Wm. Doughtie A. R. C. A. to whose stay in Cleveland we were indebted for some illustrations of the late President of the United States, sends us some more items gleaned in the city and neighborhood, which will be interesting to our readers. Cleveland besides being a picturesque and noteworthy town of itself, will be ever memorable on account of the melancholy scene recently enacted there, which even at this late date adds an interest to the sketches we give this week which they may not possess of themselves.

NEW ENGLAND INQUISITIVENESS.

It is remarkable, the amount of inquisitiveness a New-Englander develops in the course of his life. There is nothing awkward or constrained about it. It comes easily, naturally, and gracefully. In no part of New England is this trait so carefully cultivated as in dear old Connecticut. Its fruits are shown in the record of the Patent Office. There are other fruits, however, not quite so happy, which never get inside of the Patent Office, and it is just as well they don't. Here is an instance in kind: A Danbury grocery firm have taken the agency for a hammock. One of the articles they have hung at the front in the shade of their porch. They hung it there as a sample and as an advertisement, but numerous people have got into it to see how it worked. It hung so low they could easily sit in it, and undoubtedly the motion was agreeable and comforting. But the grocers didn't fancy this performance, especially as the hammock sitters were not hammock buyers. Saturday afternoon they removed the loop to one end from the hook, and fastened it by a bit of twine instead. Shortly after a man came in for two quarts of molasses. It was put up in his pail, and a paper tied over the top as he had forgotten to bring a cover. When he passed out he saw the hammock. His curiosity was aroused at once. The grocers were busy inside, so he thought he would investigate on his own hook. With that keen intuition peculiar to a New England man, he saw at a glance that it was something to get into. He knew it was nothing to wear, and was equally sure it could not be arranged for cooking. He sat down in it. Then he swung backward and lifted his feet up. Then the twine fastening gave way. It was a dreadful affair. He had the pail of molasses sitting on his lap, and there was a dog sitting under the hammock. Neither the dog nor the molasses expected anything any more than the man himself did. It was a terrible surprise to all of them. The man and the dog lost their presence of mind, and even the pail

to head. The molasses went into his lap, and ran down his legs, and swashed up under his vest, and insinuated itself some way in between himself and his clothes. And when he went down he hit the dog with his heel on the back, and the dog was so wild with terror and amazement that it set up a head-splitting yell and fled madly down the street having first taken the precaution to bite him on the leg and to tip over a tier of wooden water-pails. When the pails went down a lot of hoes followed them, and that started a box of garden seeds mounted on a box, and they in turn brought away a pile of peck measures whose summit was crowned with a pyramid of canned tomatoes. It was a dreadful shock to the man, and fairly paralyzed him with its magnitude but when one article following another came avalanching atop of him, he thought the evil one himself had burst loose, and he just screamed as loud as he could. The molasses was all over him, and the garden seeds had adhered to the molasses, and he looked more like a huge gingerbread stuck full of caraways than anything else. In this awful condition he waddled home, and swore every step of the way.

There has never been anything like it in Danbury since the British burned the town.—*Danbury News*.

A MODERN HERO OF ROMANCE.

The late King of Italy is the best specimen of the old romantic type to be found in our day. Probably there never was a man who dealt more exclusively with the positive and practical side of life, or one who was less influenced by sentiment and imagination. He was brave and bluff as an old feudal baron, with a dignity which was the more royal for its simplicity. He was the representative of the most ancient reigning house in Europe, and his personal history is as full of strange adventures and situations as that of any ancestor in the thirteenth century. His valor and his gallantries were equally notorious. Public taste has happily lost its relish for the latter, but happily, too, not for courage and prowess, and it will be long before kingly daring ceases to thrill the heart and kindle the imagination. There was something in the disposition of the man which led him into dangers to which it would seem as if no modern sovereign could be exposed. On one occasion, in following his favorite pastime of hunting, his horse was thrown down and wounded, and he himself nearly killed, by a furious wild boar. Another time, when on a journey which he pleased to perform on horseback, he and a gentleman in waiting outrode the escort, and were surrounded by brigands. The King of Italy, the doughty Victor Emmanuel taken at odds, was forced to allow himself to be robbed, to escape being carried into the mountain fastnesses and held for ransom. Literal, shrewd, and unplugged by metaphysics as he was, certain notions and beliefs were all powerful with him: it was to his sense of the claims of country that he gave up his ancient patrimony and title to unite Italy under a new-made crown, which to him was lined with thorns,—an act often and severely commented upon, but never to my knowledge by a sovereign, and only his peers are in a position to judge him on this count. His medieval veneration for the church constrained him to submit to an undesired and unfitting marriage, as he could obtain absolution on no other terms, at an hour when his life was given up. Standing between the patriot Garibaldi, in his red shirt, and Pius IX. invested with more than pontifical state by his misfortunes, his martyr attitude, the close of a millennial hierarchy, and the fulfilment of a more than millennial prophecy in his person, Il Re Galanomo is as fine a figure, the three form as imposing a group, as can be found on any page of history.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

NAVIGATION is closed on the Neva.

A DUBLIN despatch says Sexton is dying.

Two Turkish ironclads are to remain at Tripoli for the winter.

THE Hanlan-Ross race has been postponed till next spring.

SNOW fell on Friday at different points in Western Ontario.

A VOLUNTEER army 25,000 strong is to be formed for the occupation of Tunis.

IT is feared that the failure of the crops in Northern Russia will result in famine.

THE race between the *Atlanta* and the *Gracie* for the American Cup is fixed for Monday.

IT is reported that a syndicate of English capitalists has been formed to invest \$100,000,000 in America.

THE governor of Kilmahon jail was superseded directly after the publication of Parnell's letter in the *Freeman's Journal*.

EARL COWPER, it is said, is to be relieved of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland by Earl Spencer, whose position as President of the Council will be filled by Earl Derby.

THE London *Times* says the treaty negotiations with France have not been broken off; that the English commissioners are merely returning for fresh instructions.

THE motion to confer the freedom of the city of Dublin on Parnell and Dillon was negatived at a meeting of the corporation by the Mayor's casting vote.

SURCOCK & Debbas of Paris have failed for 5,000,000 francs, caused by speculation in Egyptians.



J. A. MACLEAN, "CANADA PRESBYTERIAN," (Goal.)



W. D. AULDJO, "MAIL," (Home.)



S. E. PETTIGREW, "MAIL," (Defence.)



F. THOMPSON, "MAIL," (Home.)



J. E. SUCKLING, "ARION," (Centre.)



JAS. B. KNOX, "TELEGRAM," (Home.)



W. M. FISHER, "MONETARY TIMES," (Point.)



R. L. RICHARDSON, "GLOBE," (Cover Point.)



T. H. O'NEIL, "WORLD," (Defence.)



G. M. HARRINGTON, "MAIL," (Defence.)

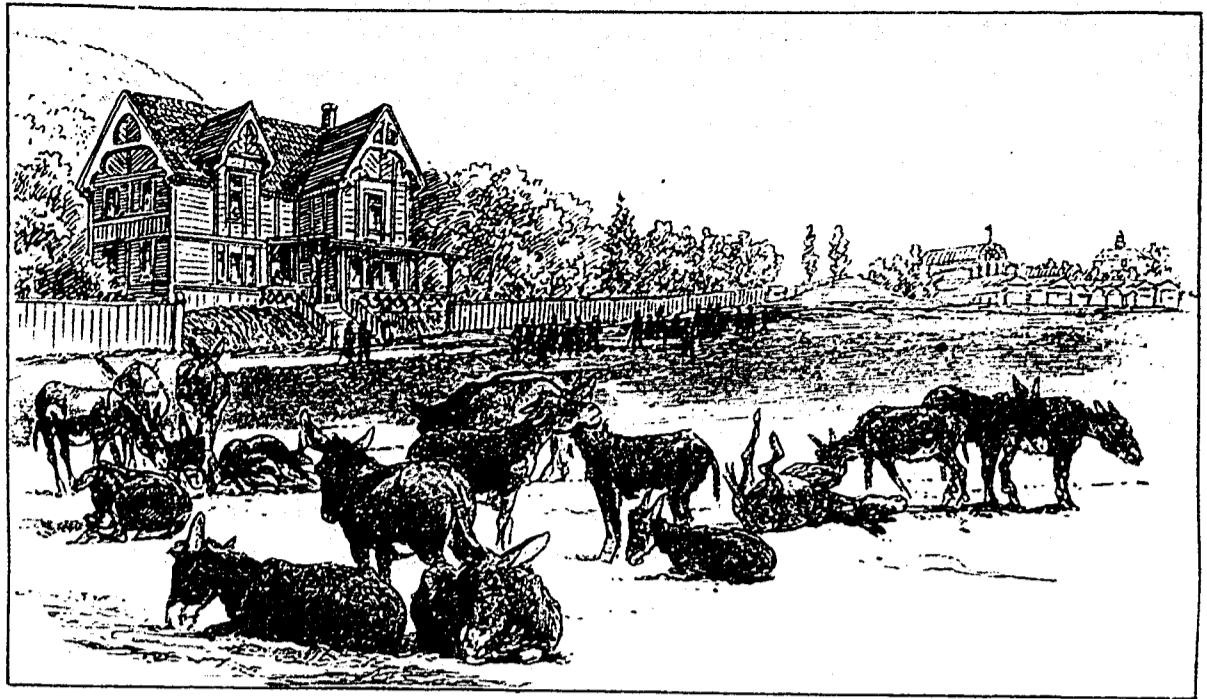


J. C. GEMMELL, "MAIL," (Home.)

OUR VISITORS.—THE TORONTO PRESS LACROSSE TEAM.



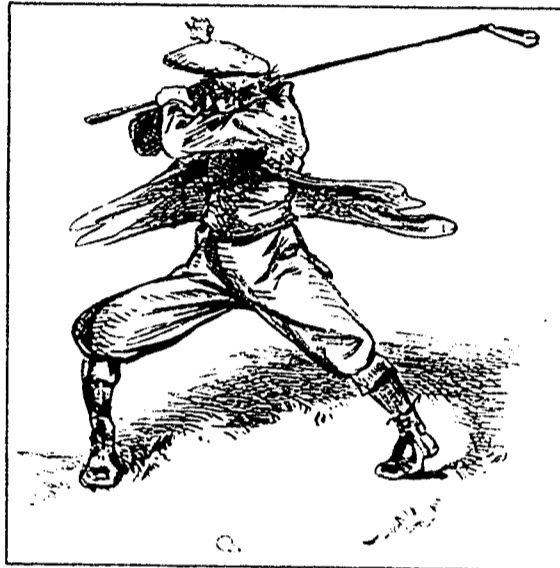
THE TEE



THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS



KILLING TIME



THE SWIPE



"HOORAY! OVER THE BUNKER"



A MATCH



IN THE "BUNKER"



LUM BAGO, ESQ.



PROFESSIONALS



A SOLITARY ENTHUSIAST

THE GAME OF GOLF.—SOME IMPRESSIONS OF OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

WHEN THE CATTLE COME HOME FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

"The ox knoweth its owner, and the ass his master's crib."

When the cattle come down from the mountain,
I rest by the side of the hill;
As the dragon-flies dart o'er the fountain,
And the minnows gleam bright in the rill;
And the little lizards are glancing
Through the broken that borders the dells;
Whilst nearer and nearer advancing
Comes the herd with its rhythmic bells:
Comes the cowherd, stout, stalwart, and stately,
Who, regardless of boulder or rut,
Precedes his dumb charges sedately
In a sheepskin of scriptural out;
Come sleek cows, with their udders redundant;
Come rough calves on weak staggering legs;
Come the goats in gay mischief abundant;
Come a dog, who frisks, gambols, and bays;
Come some donkeys, wise, prudent house-holders,
Who eat up each thistle they pass;
Come their frisky foals, sisters and brothers,
Who fling up their heads on the grass.
To the trees the cicadas are singing;
To the heather the amorous bees
Their song of devotion are bringing;
To the rushes low whispers the breeze;
And a light laugh leaps up from the fountain,
And a smile shimmers over the rill:
While the cattle come down from the mountain
As I dream by the side of the hill.
And I strive as I watch them descending,
And crushing the mint and the thyme,
With their odorous hymns to be blending
This feeble and fugitive rhyme.

Not a cow there but knoweth his master;
Every ass knows the way to his stall;
Drawing homewards the goats frolic faster,
And the dog is the playmate of all.
And the cowherd, stout, stalwart, and stately,
His motley republic precedes;
His dictation they follow sedately,
With a glance of affection he leads.
And I mark, with a rapt admiration,
Of his pastoral teaching the fruits;
And ask if we, lords of creation,
Have not something to learn of the brutes.
And I dream on the slope of the mountain,
When the minnows are calm in the rill,
And the bright-as has gone from the fountain,
And the mists are ascending the hill.
'Twere the best of all wise consummations
If this freedom from faction and strife
Took the place of our fierce agitations,
And the heats of our national life.
If Home Rulers, to sense giving quarter,
Grew as meek as the calves and the cows;
If the Fenians, intent on our slaughter,
Were content on their thistles to browse;
If Nihilist madmen, assuaging
Their wrath with the Kaiser or Czar,
Were to cease 'gainst all peace to be waging
Their mischievous murderous war;
If, like "penser's" "rude mischance rabble"
When fair Una flashed forth on their gaze,
They'd abandon their blasphemous babble
For the humble kids' frolicsome ways;
And if every dogmatical preacher
Who barks out his schemes against law,
'Neath the gaze of the "leader and teacher"
Were to shrink into reverend awe;
Like cicadas if poets were singing;
If all lovers were true as the bees;
If our preachers such gospels were bringing
As are told to the reeds by the breeze;
If senseless and devilish treason
And mischievous malice grew less,
'Twere a world more at one with the reason
Which man proudly claims to possess.

Fade, ye visions too bright for fruition!
Fly, my dreams, through the ivory gate!
There is naught in our social condition
The most sanguine of seers to relate.
No, the glory may rest on the mountain,
And the grace may abide on the hill,
And the laugh may leap up from the fountain,
And the smile shimmer over the rill;
But, untaught by the beauties around him,
Feeble man will continue the same,
Wholly blind to the beauties that bound him,
Wholly deaf to the truths they proclaim;
Though some other bird sits by the fountain,
And lists to the plash of the rill,
When the cattle come down from the mountain,
And I sleep 'neath the slope of the hill.

F. I. S.

A WOMAN'S STRATAGEM.

A COMPLETE STORY.

BY I. RICHARDSON.

I.

"An answer from Uncle Henry, mother!" cried Alice Wills, excited as girls of seventeen are apt to get over small occurrences when large ones are not plentiful; and seizing the letter from the servant, she came skipping into the room to give it to her mother, never doubting that its contents would be everything desirable.

But Mrs. Wills stretched out a nervous, trembling hand for the missive, and two bright spots of colour came into her worried-looking cheeks as she opened and began to read it. From the other side of the breakfast-table her eldest daughter, Gertrude Smith, watched her anxiously. There were only three occupants of the dining room; Mrs. Wills, thin and faded, but pretty-looking still, in spite of the struggles that had sprung up around her like mushrooms since, four months ago, she donned widow's weeds for the first time in her life; Gertrude Smith, the only child of her first marriage, a dark, graceful, and at first sight a plain-looking young woman; and Alice Wills, the eldest of the second family, just a bony, thoughtless, affectionate girl.

But up-stairs in the nursery, there were three younger children, while away at school there was a fourth, and how to feed and clothe these four, to say nothing of her two eldest daughters and herself, was the problem poor Mrs. Wills grew thinner and more worried day by day in trying to solve. Despairing about it at last, she had written to her late husband's rich brother to ask him to help her with its solution. He might so easily have done it, for Henry Wills was rich as could be, and without wife or

child of his own; but, unluckily his sister-in-law had offended him by some silly, thoughtless words when she first married his brother, and he was one of those noble individuals who take pride to themselves that they never forgive. Gertrude came softly round to her mother as she let her head drop into her hands with a little groan, and the letter went fluttering open away on the floor.

"What is it, darling?" asked the girl, passing a soft, strong arm round Mrs. Wills' bowed neck.

"Read it!" gasped the weeping lady. So Gertrude picked it up, and read:

"Alice Wills, you coolly ask me for a hundred pounds to assist you in feeding and clothing the brats whom I do not choose to own as nephews and nieces of mine, simply because they are your children. If I cannot spare a hundred, fifty pounds, you say, will earn your life-long gratitude. I care nothing about your life-long gratitude. How it might inconvenience or benefit me I do not stoop to inquire; but you can rest assured of this, I would sooner throw five hundred good English sovereigns into the sea than let fifty of mine pass into your hands. If you, or any creature belonging to you, ever got ten pounds from me, you shall have ten thousand. There's a liberal promise! To ease me and you of the burden of any more of these useless appeals, let me inform you I have lately taken Everest, the eldest son of my cousin, John Beauclerc, to adopt as my son, and make, in due course of time, my heir. Any farther communications from you will be burned unopened. I mention this that you may forbear to spend your slender income in profitless postage."

"HENRY WILLS."

It was a hard and cruel letter, and no wonder Mrs. Wills dissolved into tears as she read it.

Alice, murmuring "Horrid old wretch!" drew near, with the evident intention of weeping with her mother; but Gertrude's lip simply curled, and her eye flashed as she threw the missive into the fire.

"Where is his insulting envelope to hurl after his detestable epistle?" she asked, looking round. "Oh!—why, it is not empty yet!" as she picked it up, and drew forth from inside it another thin sheet of paper.

"Perhaps he has relented," breathed Mrs. Wills, pausing in her sobs to hear.

"Not a bit of it!" returned Gertrude, casting her eye over the paper. "This is merely a note the old stupid has let slip into this envelope by mistake. It is written to a clergyman friend of his, and asks him to recommend a respectable, youngish, active person as working and managing housekeeper. Managing housekeeper indeed! I would like to manage him!"

Then she slipped the letter into her pocket, with a little gasp, and went up to the window, so that her face could not be seen.

"Mother, I believe I know this clergyman—Mr. Brunes. At least, I believe I was at school with one of his daughters. If you have no objection, I'll take him this note myself, and see if it is the same. It is not very far. I can get there and back in a day, and I will have a talk to him about Uncle Henry's housekeeper. I believe I know of a young person who would just do to manage for him." Then she laughed, and seeing her mother look intensely puzzled, kissed her, and said, "I should not wonder if Uncle Henry is not quite so clever as he thinks himself, after all. We shall see!"

"Here is another letter for mother," said Alice. "I brought two in, and I declare this second one has exactly the same postmark as Uncle Henry's. It is not his writing upon it, but perhaps he has relented."

Mrs. Wills' trembling fingers tore open the envelope put into her hands, and out fell a ten-pound note, with a piece of paper around it.

The three heads simultaneously leaned forward to read the writing upon the paper. Only a few lines, running thus:—

"I know of your letter, and I know of the answer. It is wretched and despicable that you should be treated so, I consider; but some day things may be different. Meanwhile, forgive my sending you the enclosed, and pardon its smallness. I will do more when in my power; but you will not take offence, I know, at my presuming to help you, for if our positions were reversed, you would do the same for me, I feel confident. EVEREST BEAUCLERC."

"How kind of him! That is from Everest Beauclerc, whom Uncle Henry has adopted, then. How kind of a young man whom we have never seen to help us like that!" cried Alice.

"How grateful I am! Now I can pay the butcher and baker," cried poor Mrs. Wills. But Gertrude Smith turned a shade paler as she raised her proud little head.

"Fancy being indebted to our supplanter; this is lowering indeed as she murmured, 'Mother, dear, won't your pride make you send it back. How can we take money from a young man like that?'"

"My dear, the butcher and the baker!" reiterated poor, weak Mrs. Wills; and Gertrude could but leave the note in her mother's fingers, and, walking again to the window, bite her lips.

It was perhaps a month later that Everest Beauclerc, lounging upon the platform of a small railway junction, noticed among the passengers waiting like himself for the train, which was late, a tall, dark, nicely-dressed young lady, who first attracted his attention by the fact that she walked well. Few girls now-a-days do walk well. Perhaps this one was

conscious of her peculiarity, for she went up and down the narrow platform with her graceful, self-reliant step, taking no rest upon the uncomfortable seats provided for weary travellers—no notice at all of the handsome young man filling one of them, with his fishing-rod, his newspapers, his muscular limbs, and his wearied expression of countenance.

Everest Beauclerc was always weary, and the fact that his wealthy cousin had publicly adopted and acknowledged him as heir seemed to have very much increased the daily martyrdom of his existence.

Old Wills worried him so with his fads and arrogance. He told one or two he did not think he could stand it for long; and then that place in Devonshire gave one the blues to behold, much less to reside in. There was not a decent man nor an attractive woman in the neighbourhood.

"When it comes into my possession," said Beauclerc, speaking to anyone but his cousin, "I think the first excitement I will give the county shall be to burn old Teston Court down!"

The train was behind its time, and the graceful walker passed and repassed the bench the young man sat on, so unconscious of his fascinating presence that he grew quite surprised.

"There is something attractive about that girl," he said, watching her approach for the fifth tantalizing time. "It must be that thoroughbred look about her head and neck, I think. A pity her face is such an ugly one. I wonder what her eyes are like if one meets them full!"

Perhaps it was to determine that question that when the train came up he watched her get into a carriage before he chose his own, and just as the engine started, jumped, by accident, of course, into the very same.

She was looking out of the window, and did not appear to notice him.

"Would she like the window up or down?" he inquired, insinuatingly, and he had a pleasant, manly voice.

She glanced at the glasses, not at him, and replied wearily, as if it indeed had been an unnecessary question, "Oh, let them remain as they are, please."

Nothing daunted, he overhauled his stock of newspapers, and asked, "Would you care to see to-day's *Times*?"

"Not at all, thanks." Putting out no hand, and never turning her head as she spoke.

"*Punch*, perhaps, then?" He smiled, and held it towards her. "Or the *Graphic*?"

"What else have you?" said the lady, perhaps imagining him a newsboy, perhaps anxious to rid herself of his persistence, even by taking something she did not want.

"Nothing, I am afraid," returned he, more than ever surprised at her indifference, more than ever determined she should look him full in the face. "Nothing you would care to read, except *Truth*; that I was intending to look through myself."

"Thanks; I should like to see that, I think."

She held out a prettily-shaped and gloved hand, into which he felt bound to put the paper he had reserved for his own perusal, and she laid it idly on her lap, and went on gazing through the window as if she had not got it.

Was she behaving in this extraordinary way to pique him? he wondered; or did she really care nothing at all for handsome mankind? If he met her eyes he could tell.

"This is rather a pretty part of the line," he tried again, presently, as she seemed enrapt in the views they were fleeting past. "That old ruin we are just passing now has a most romantic history of its own." And then he went pleasantly on to relate it, rather well, and at some length.

She never interrupted him by word or snub until he ceased, then she moved slightly, and said, "I beg your pardon. Were you speaking to me?" politely.

"Naturally not. I was talking to myself—relating an anecdote to myself," said he, setting his teeth.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said she again.

And inwardly he boiled. Inwardly he vowed to be even with her before he lost sight of her.

"Would you mind—you will not think me unkind," she went on presently, after a moment's thought, "if I ask you to relate your anecdotes to yourself in a lower tone? They rather disturb my train of thought. Your voice is a little shrill, I fancy, is it not?"

"Possibly. That is a matter of which I can scarcely judge,—hotly.

"Oh, of course; you know most about it,"—quietly. "Men's voices are all disagreeable to me."

If he wished to score one against this, the most extraordinary, the most perplexing, the most interesting fellow-traveller he had ever come across, he must keep perfectly calm, Beauclerc knew.

Perfectly gentlemanly the man could not help being.

He applied himself to his papers until his irritation had somewhat subsided; then, courteously, as if it were the first remark he had addressed to her, he asked, "Do you know what time this train is due at Teston Station?"

"Four-thirty"—laconically, and began opening a bag at her side.

"Oh, thanks, very much! And—er—do we stop at many places before that, do you know?"

From her bag she drew a "Bradshaw," which she handed to him kindly.

"Between pages ten and ninety you will find

what you want, I think. Don't read it out aloud unless you are obliged, please."

But in some way as she turned towards him, perhaps because he was slow in taking her "Bradshaw," their eyes met, and his opinion of her plainness went to the winds.

No woman could be plain with two such laughing, softly deep, darkly-gray orbs as those; their long lashes veiled one moment after they were revealed to Beauclerc. Though every other feature of hers was grave as that of a judge, they were fairly dancing with merriment; but she dropped them instantly, and turned, plain and demure, to her window again.

Strange to say, having achieved his object, and looked her straight in the face, more than ever desirous became that young man that the same thing should occur again.

"Might I trouble you to explain this to me?" begged he, in the humblest of voices, leaning forward, with his finger upon many mysterious stars and letters, and his bold, handsome glance seeking hers.

Calmly she took the book out of his hand, and put it back in her bag.

"I could not undertake such a hopeless task," said she.

"You think I should be so very stupid and uninteresting a pupil?"—insinuatingly.

"I was not thinking about you at all."

"Of course, you have many better subjects to employ your thoughts."

"I hope so," said she modestly; but her weary air said, "Will you never cease talking?"

"Teston—Teston!" shouted one hoarse porter, as the train, slackening speed, glided beside the small platform he stood in possession of; and Beauclerc rose languidly to collect his property and get out.

"I am so sorry we have to part," he began, holding out his hand in the determination by sheer audacity to make her look or say something more than indifference. "Won't you tell me your name before this pleasant acquaintance ends? If I have your name, you know, perhaps it won't end just in this melancholy manner. Do!"

"Tell you my name? Certainly; my name is Smith," said she, briskly, snatching up her bag, and springing out before he was aware of her intention.

Then, just as graceful in haste as she had been in leisure, she ran along the platform and disappeared. In a few minutes she returned with a man, who shouldered one large box, while Miss Smith herself caught up two smaller ones; they were all popped into a cab and driven off, as Everest Beauclerc, in angry disappointment, rushed up just too late to hear the address the fair unknown gave.

"What do you think of the dinner to-day?" asked Mr. Wills of Beauclerc, as they sat at the table next day.

"Really," said the young man in his negligent way, "I have not been fastening my thoughts upon it. It seems to me, now I look at it from the point of consideration, much like the dinners one ordinarily gets, isn't it?"

"A hundred times better than any one you've tasted before in this house," snapped the old man. "My new housekeeper is a treasure, sir—that is what she is. Look at the fish, done to a turn; think of the soup, seasoned to a turn; and look at the management!"—warming with his subject. "Look at the management of this house since she came into it yesterday! Why, you can have no eyes if you have noticed no difference! Everything is different!"

"Where did you dig out your new treasure?" asked Beauclerc.

"A friend of mine recommended her. She came full of testimonials; but the very look of her is testimonial enough. A nicely-spoken, handy young woman, trim and neat, goes about her work as if she knew it, and puts the servants and the places to rights with a touch, and gives you a sensible, short answer, unlike a woman's, when you speak to her. She has a memory, too; and the comfort of a house hinges upon the memory of its mistress. Remember that when you come to keep house, my boy. Has Miss Sinclair a memory, do you think?" with a most meaning chuckle.

"I cannot take upon myself to declare," said Beauclerc, yawning. He knew well enough why his cousin chuckled. Miss Sinclair was an heiress, whose property went side by side with the Teston Court property. Miss Sinclair being an oddish and plain young lady, was inclined to look very favourably upon handsome Everest Beauclerc; and Mr. Wills looked so favourably upon the jointure of estates, that he had made up his mind his young cousin and Laura Sinclair should make a match. But it is so difficult to make matches for other people, one or the other of them being so sure to see an objection. Miss Sinclair saw no objection to Mr. Wills' meaning little chuckles and thrown-out hints; but Beauclerc rarely joined in or saw any fun about them at all. Just now, while his cousin laughed, he was meditating. "The old boy has discovered a good many of his housekeeper's virtues in two days, it seems to me. Looks uncommonly as if he would fall in love with her next thing. I wonder if I should mind if he did. Not broken-heartedly, I think; but, still, if this treasure is what a presentiment seems to tell me she is—a designing young person, tempted by his comfortable establishment to come for the express purpose of trying to embezzle the old fellow's heart—I must circumvent her if I can, I think. At any rate, I will just watch awhile this trim, sensible young woman."

Strolling about by himself in the grounds a little later, just when the lights were beginning to get mixed, with a cigar between his lips, Beauclerc met suddenly a female in a narrow path. She was sauntering along hatless, and in the most completely at-home manner; and before he had time to think, "This must be old Wills' new treasure; but what cheek of her to infest this part of the garden!" Then he recognized his fellow-traveller of yesterday. Instantly the boredom in his face gave way to interest.

"Miss Smith," said he, taking off his hat, "this is, indeed, a surprise to meet you in this way here—a most delightful surprise!"

"It was none at all to me," said she, matter-of-factly. "I saw you entering the other end of this path as I came into it, and the natural thing to expect was that if we both went straight on we should meet about here."

"Of course; but I mean it is such a pleasant—laying a rather telling emphasis on the adjective, and enforcing it with his dark, daring glance—"surprise to encounter you at Teston Court."

"Oh, don't people residing at Teston Court generally encounter each other? I should have thought the difficulty people living in a lonely and excuse my saying it dreary country house like this would have would be to avoid seeing too much of each other."

"Are you going to stay some time?" he asked.

"I have come for a month on trial. I have come to try if I can manage you and your cousin, your curries, your sauces, your puddings for the space of one month, or permanently if I suit. Do you think I shall suit?" with her laughing, winsome eyes upraised as she drew herself back a step for pretended inspection.

He took the opportunity of looking her over from the top of her sleek, dark head to the toe of her neat little shoe.

"You are the new housekeeper? Incredible!" he paused a moment; then went on, "For what reason have you chosen to come here?" he asked, coming a step nearer to her. "You may as well confide in me, for I am a capital hand at digging out a secret I have once fixed my mind on getting at. Something drew you, who never before this, I would wager my life, have filled any mental post, to put on false colours, and descend to a situation like this. Our last housekeeper was but one remove from a servant—a stupid one, too!"

"Was she?"—he inquired. "I dare say I can beat her management. I am going to try." She paused a moment; then continued gravely, with her frank look meeting and holding his, "Confide in you, Mr. Beauclerc, you say! Yes, I will, for indeed I am terribly in need of a friend—of someone to advise and direct me. I think I can trust you. Will you, then, answer me one question, without flattery or politeness, or anything pretty and gentlemanly, save truth?"

"On my honour, and to the best of my ability, I will," responded he, impressed by her change of manner.

Change of mood had a wonderful fascination, for Everest, so accustomed to—so bored by monotony in any and every shape. Miss Sinclair, unhappily, was exactly alike in manner, tone, look, and speech, every day of the week.

"You will give me a candid answer to the best of your ability, and you will pardon my presuming to ask you this question," continued Miss Smith, with some faint hesitation, and a glance round to see if they were indeed alone. Save a few sleeping birds, they were sole possessors of the shrubbery.

"I promise to answer candidly, and feel honoured by your deeming me worthy of your confidence," returned he, hastily.

"Then—then, Mr. Beauclerc—don't think me fidgety or trivial, but did your cousin—you know it is the object of my life to please him," clasping her hands, and looking so animatedly interested, the young man felt a pang of jealousy that her life should hold no worthier object,—did your cousin—you are the only human being who can answer me this question, or I would not worry you with it, but its importance to me you cannot guess—you are generous, you are sympathetic, observant, I know,—then tell me, did your cousin—I ask confidentially—"

"Yes," said he, encouragingly, as she paused. "I swear I will answer if I can, and no breach of your confidence need ever be feared from me. Did my cousin what, Miss Smith?" bending closer to the grave, troubled countenance, the large, drooped eyes, and the trembling little hand grasping the paling. "Did my cousin—"

"Did your cousin like the green pea soup today quite as well as he would have done mock turtle?" then she looked up, bubbling over with stifled mirth. "Oh, don't deceive me, Mr. Beauclerc! Did he eat largely, and seem to enjoy it?"

"Hang green pea and mock turtle soup!" It was not, perhaps, a gentlemanly retort, hurled forth as it was in exasperation of disappointment, but it was a natural enough one for a man who had lavished sentiment only to find himself ridiculed.

Beauclerc turned on his heel without another word, and went off down the path, hearing Miss Smith's low, pleasant laugh following him as she stood where he had left her.

It was a few days before he saw her again; but there were not two hours in those days in which her image, or her voice, or her mocking, haunting glance did not flit into the young man's memory. Perhaps that was in some degree be-

cause Mr. Wills brought his new housekeeper's name into the conversation at every meal. The tea, the toast, the *entrées*, the punctuality of Teston Court were such as no housekeeper had achieved before, he declared, and Everest could not prove him wrong.

"What is one to do to kill time in this wretched place?" Beauclerc sighed.

He was sauntering across the lawn with a sleepy dog at his heels, and a broiling sun above his head, and stopped short, for on the hot, dry air stole forth the sound of music. There was a grand piano in the great drawing-room, and Miss Sinclair, or some one like her, went over its keys in a dashing, mechanical, and unattractive manner. Now an old Scotch air was waiving forth from it, played as if the player's soul loved music, and as the young man stopped to listen, a woman's voice took up the strain and sang. Beauclerc, passionately fond of, understood enough about music to know that that was no second-rate nor uncultivated voice that floated out in rich, full sweetness. Forgetting all boredom or heat, he came gently to the open window and looked in. As he expected, there sat at the piano Miss Smith, her graceful figure clad in a trim, cotton gown, whose only adornments were spotless collar and cuffs, a tiny white cap on her dark hair, and her face plain as usual.

When the Scotch ballad ended, she went on with a grand old German song; and sang it with a passion, a pathos, a force which proved to her listener that she understood every word of the language she pronounced so perfectly. Then, when that had ended, she sat silent awhile, with dreamy gaze upon the notes, and folded hands.

"Thank you, Miss Smith," he said, gently, leaning in at the window. "Thanks express very little of the pleasure you have just given me; but still, I thank you."

Their eyes met for a moment as she turned with a start; then the colour swept into her cheeks, and rising with a hasty movement, she shut the instrument, and coming to the window began some intricate arrangement of the curtains.

"I thought you were out with your cousin, Mr. Beauclerc," said she. "I made sure the masters of the house were absent, or I should never have dared to take this liberty. The servants could not hear, I know."

"It was their loss. Won't you sing something else?" he softly pleaded.

She flushed again, and then she laughed, turned, and held out her hand winningly.

"I was afraid I had offended you direly the other evening. I have been wondering ever since how I could make amends."

She looked so demure, so interesting—albeit she was a plain woman—standing meekly and sorrowfully with a little white hand, that certainly looked as if it had never done a stroke of work in its life, extended shyly, that Beauclerc would have had no generosity at all if he had not felt his nursed resentment vanish.

He took the little hand, and gave it a hearty squeeze.

"You can make some amends by coming out for a stroll with me. You have your hat here, I see, and it is a gorgeous afternoon. Come once round the garden with me," he suggested.

"Once round the garden,"—she hesitated. "What should we gain by it? A sunstroke possibly."

"I should gain the first entertaining moments I have had to-day. You—oh! you would be annoyed I dare say, with a tone that said "You may contradict me if you like."

But she answered calmly, "It is very likely. Of course you know exactly the effect your society has upon people."

"Can you calculate so exactly the effect of your own?" asked he, with a long, steady look.

"Upon you, I think, I can," returned she, gaily. "You get a little bit puzzled as to whether I am the most practical, the most eccentric, or the most frightful person you have ever met. Is not that it?"

"The most frightfully fascinating person I have ever met," he corrected, gravely. "I think I end my puzzle so."

Then as she turned aside to give a curtain a most unnecessary pull, he leaned nearer to her, and went on mischievously, "For a servant (I think you call yourself a servant), you certainly do sing better than anyone I ever heard. In which of your late situations did you learn, or find time to practice these accomplishments, Miss Smith? I only ask out of curiosity."

"Somehow I don't feel drawn to confide in you all my private affairs," was the saucy answer. "I don't mind talking over yours instead. Are you your cousin's only relation, or is it that because of your exceeding virtue and attractiveness he has picked you out from many to grace his dwelling, and make his heir?"

He came through the open window, and answered her in a low tone, though readily enough.

"It is a wretched shame, but Henry Wills has some nearer relations than I, a sister-in-law, and some nieces for whom he won't do a single thing. They are awfully hard up, too, I believe. It is a wicked shame; but he has quarrelled with them for some obscure reason, and no persuasion on earth can turn Henry Wills from his obstinate freaks. I declare to you, Miss Smith," frankly he turned his handsome countenance to her as he spoke, "I sometimes loathe myself for sitting easily in the place those poor women ought to be filling. No human being can accuse me of enjoying it, though, old Wills being far too disagreeable for any possi-

bility of that kind, that is one comfort; and another is, that I may have it in my power some day to make it up to them. If I ever have, I will, I vow that. I don't intend to usurp anyone's rights. Whatever Henry leaves to me half shall go to that poor sister-in-law of his, I am determined."

"How noble! how generous!"

He turned at the softly-uttered words, and met a look that made his heart beat momentarily faster, his pulses thrill. Then he felt himself tapped on the shoulder, and turned to see Wills and Miss Sinclair, who had come up unperceived behind him across the garden.

"Who is this person?" inquired Miss Sinclair of Everest as Miss Smith stood easily there.

"I am the new housekeeper, madam."

She answered the lady's question before Everest had time, and made an exaggerated reverence while speaking.

"Oh, housekeeper! or companion, perhaps!" said the young lady, in haughty significance, addressing Mr. Wills this time. "I fancied you kept only a kitchen housekeeper. I suppose I made a mistake."

"Not at all. I am a kitchen housekeeper. I came into the drawing-room to—dust it," laughed Miss Smith.

Miss Sinclair answered her presumption with a cold stare before turning again gushingly to Everest.

"Mr. Beauclerc, I have come to trouble you now for—what do you think? I dare say you will vote me a nuisance and a bother."

"Hardly so strong as that. Mr. Beauclerc seems to me more guarded in his expressions," put in Miss Smith, reassuringly.

Miss Sinclair just looked in stony amazement at the impertinent speaker, then turned her back on her.

"I want a few hints from your vineries. Ours are managed so badly. Mamma has driven round, and will meet me at the other gate, if you really don't mind the trouble of taking me through the houses,"—smiling up at him thrillingly.

"Rather a hot time to choose for a walk in greenhouses," suggested the housekeeper, thinking aloud.

"It is about the hottest time of the day. Of course Everest will be delighted to escort you wherever your fancy may lead you, dear Miss Sinclair."

Mr. Wills settled the matter in a lordly way he had.

"Miss Smith—er—don't hurry away; I want to have a little discussion with you about—er—graves."

Beauclerc walking off to the stifling vineries, with Miss Sinclair chattering and uninteresting by his side, could hear his cousin's ponderous tones taking a caressing softness before they faded from earshot.

"Is she encouraging that old idiot?" he asked of himself, savagely setting his teeth with a twinge he did not stop to account for. "No girl could give one less idea of matrimonial scheming. But who can comprehend a woman! One only thing seems to me clear. My bounden duty undeniably is to keep a strict watch upon her—look after her, talk to her, until I can fathom the mystery that hangs round her strange proceedings. Ah, Miss Smith, you little know how I suspect you!"

(To be continued.)

A DIAGNOSIS OF MOVING.

There appear to be three stages to a moving. In this respect it is something like a disease. First there are the symptoms, then follows the attack, and after that comes the convalescence.

The symptoms are the evidence of the calamity which in moving are known as "packing." There is no particular time set to "pack up." It depends on the amount of nervous force possessed by the woman of the house. The more nervous she is, the earlier the packing commences, and the more thorough it is.

About two weeks before you notice a shrinking in the goblets. The dozen complete ones have shrunk down to a single cracked member of the order, and you feed your guest a lemonade from a teacup, while you modestly imbibe yours from the dipper. The whole goblets are packed up.

Pretty soon the spoons melt away, leaving but one companion to do the stirring for the entire family, with what awkward assistance a knife-handle will render.

Then follow the surplus cups. They go as effectually as if they had been driven into the earth by a trip-hammer, and the desolation they leave behind is great indeed.

As time advances the symptoms grow more pronounced, and just preceding the breaking out of the disease itself they are quite violent.

The extra plates follow the extra cups, and the knives and forks ditto. Then such trifles as the napkins and salt-cellars go in a lump, and when the last meal is served, with a knuckle of ham which there is no time to dust, and bread which there is no need to butter, the disease has taken a good square hold, and can safely be depended upon to have its run.

At this juncture one home is broken into two homes, and a man with so much wealth is apt to lose his head. After losing his head he begins to lose his hide. About the same time the woman loses her reckoning. Then the carman, who is an hour and a half late, comes in and completes the picture.

The disease rarely runs less than twenty-four hours. But it don't lose a minute of the time.

As in packing up, so in putting down, the prevailing idea is to get everything somewhere, and to get it there in the most direct way possible. This explains why the stove-lifter is put in the bureau drawer, and the picture nails in the tub with the tinware.

In the new home the kitchen stove is left in the hall. The bedding is piled up on the pictures in the parlour. The best bedstead is placed in the dining-room, and the extension table in the sitting-room, and between the four apartments are barriers of carpets, knick-knacks, boxes, and the like.

At night the carman composedly drives off, with a parting look at you, and the debris that surrounds you, that plainly says, "I guess I've fixed you."

We have come to the belief that a carman never moved his own family.

Then follows the convalescence. The haste with which a man puts things anywhere just to get them out of the way when moving, is repented of in the leisure of the unpacking and putting to rights. The recovery from the shock of the disease is necessarily slow. It requires days. This is caused by the embarrassment of riches which a man finds himself surrounded with. He is astonished at the number and variety of articles that presumably belong to him, and which there is no time nor opportunity to shoulder off on some other family. He almost curses his prosperity.

He looks over his possessions and then over the amount of room he has got, and wonders where on earth he is going to store his wealth. The light his wife throws on to the subject is so brilliant that it dazzles and confuses rather than clears.

It frequently happens—so frequently, in fact, that it never occurs any other way—that the two vary in their preference for a place to begin work, and so mutable are things earthly that the two generally reverse the order of procedure, the man bringing up in the woman's position and the falling naturally into his.

No one thing is persisted in. When a carpet is partly down it is time to begin to put up the bed. And that should be left half-finished to give one of the stoves a start. This gives time for reflection, and reflection shows that the base-boards of the half-carpeted room are not clean, and the carpet should not go down until they are. Everybody will admit that it is easier to take up the half of a carpet than the whole of it.

Moving is like tumbling into a ditch down one bank and crawling out again up the other bank. We go from order into chaos, and from chaos we gradually work, stage by stage, back to order again, but coming out on the opposite side.

Any defects in packing up show up in a glaring light in the unpacking. Fortunately people who move are married, and so have some one always convenient to lay the blame on. Otherwise, moving would be simply unendurable.

About the first thing to be done in the new house on the first night is to get a bed up. The next thing is to climb over a variety of articles and get into it. The next day the bed may be taken down so that the carpet may be laid.

Once in a while a man thinks he will surprise and delight his wife by doing something unexpected for her. So while she is getting to rights at one end of the house he puts down a carpet all alone by himself at the other end, and gets nearly all the furniture belonging to the room in its place before she discovers what he is doing, and also that he has left the papers from under the carpet. She admires his motive of course, but is so conservative in the expression of her gratitude that much of its significance is lost.

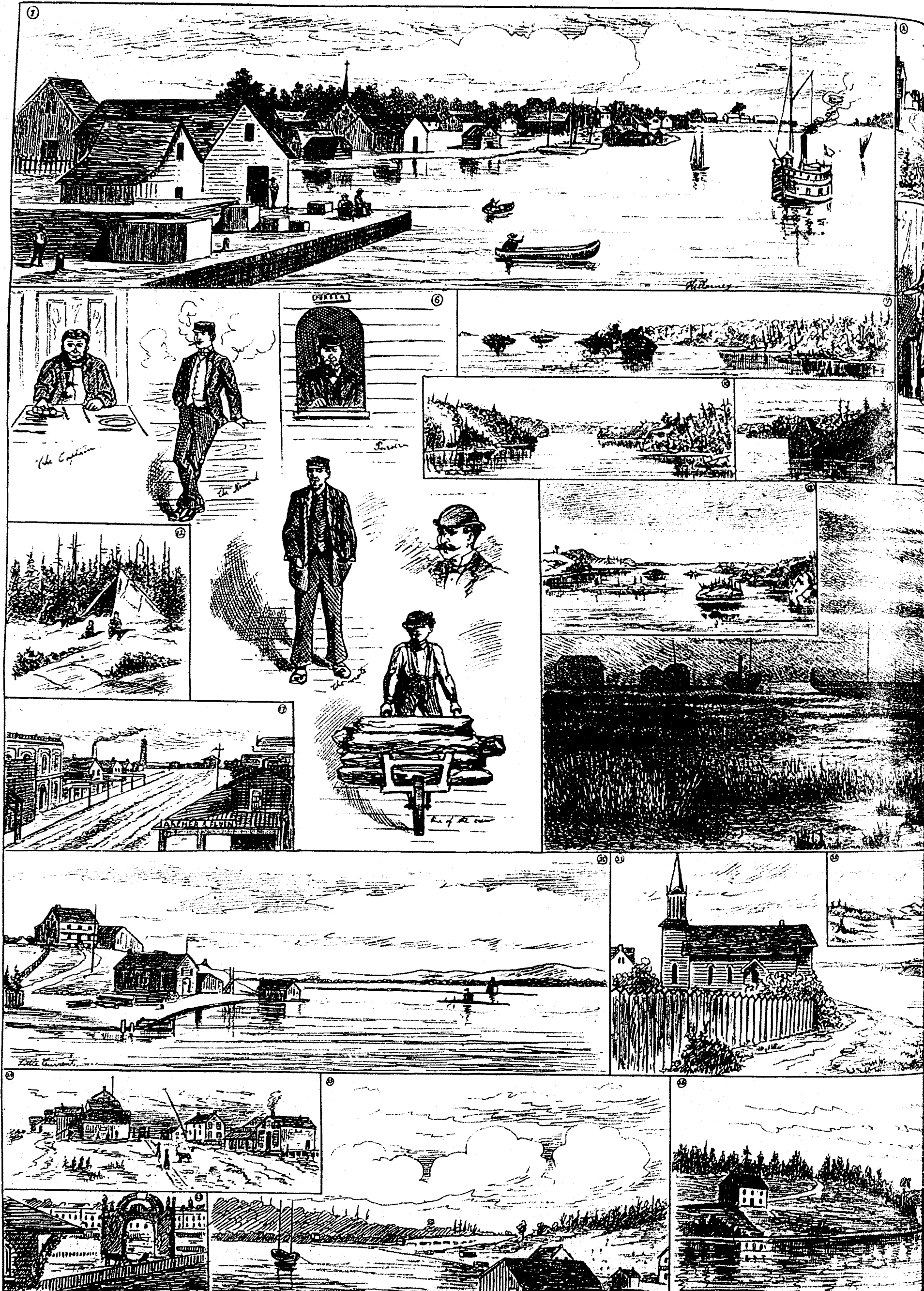
But the convalescence proceeds. The knuckle of ham comes out again, and is finished. The casserole is found. The butter-dish appears, and the butter itself is rescued from its perilous surroundings. The next day the teacups begin to show themselves, and before night most of the knives and forks have got around. On the third day the napkins and salt-cellars, with two or three spoons, fall into the line, and on the fourth day these are joined by the goblets and the rest of the spoons.

By the time the week is out most of the table articles have put in an appearance, and shortly after the kitchen stove begins to draw, and now matters progress without difficulty, and the convalescence ends in restored health.

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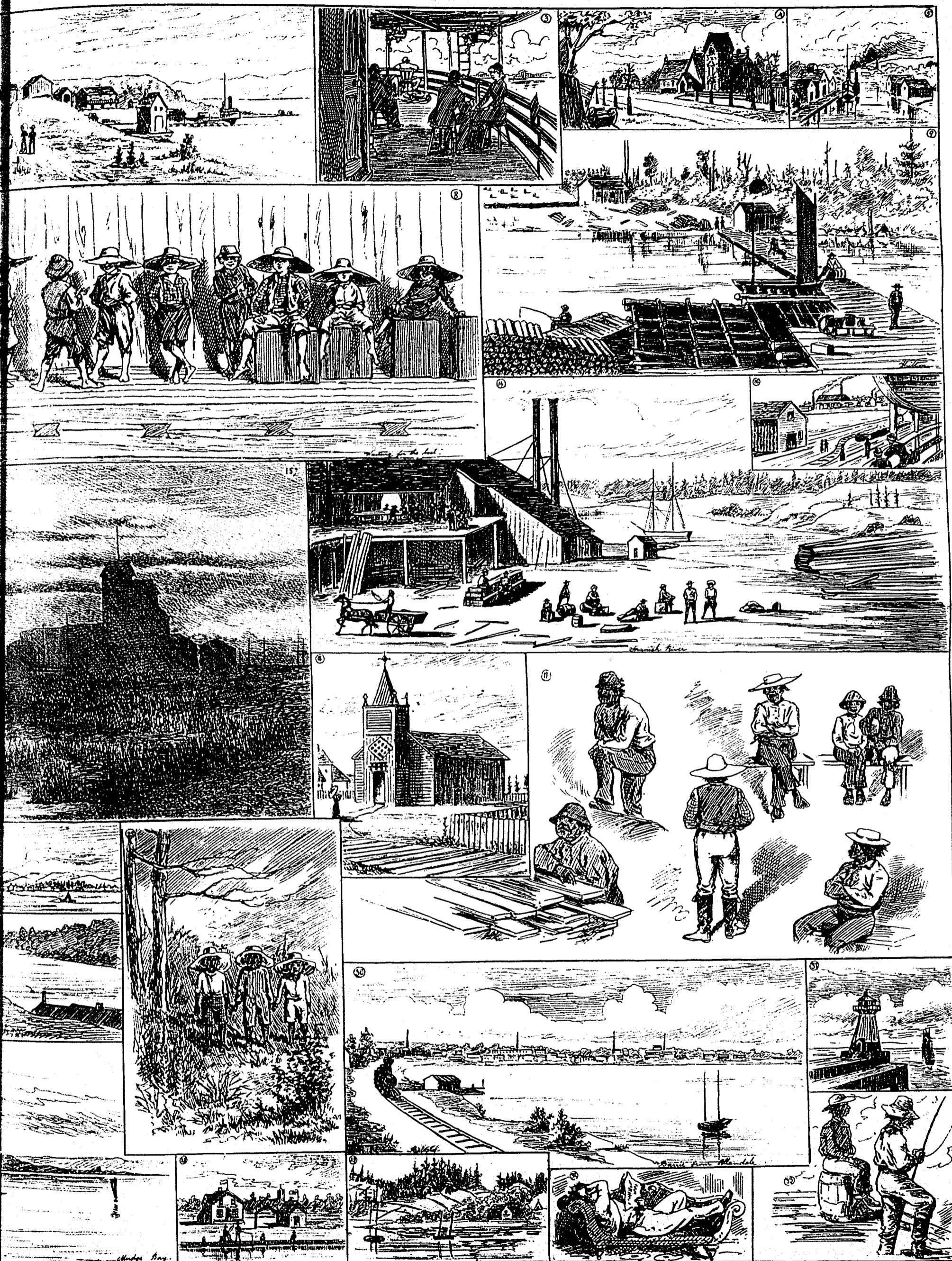
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1. Killarney.—2. Gore Bay.—3. The old, old, Story.—4. Church of England, Collingwood.—5. Owen's Sound.—6. On a
 15. Collingwood Elevator.—16. Bruce Mines.—17. Collingwood.—18. Killarney Church.—19, 20. Little
 27. Arch at Barrie in honor of the Marquis.—28. Carden River.—29. Spaw

A TRIP TO THE

SKETCHES BY ARTIST



1. Georgian Bay Steamer.—7. On the Lake.—8. Waiting for the Boat.—9. Hilton.—10, 11. On Georgian Bay.—12, 13, 14. Spanish River.
 15. Current.—21. Manitowaning.—22. Killarney.—23. Little Current.—24. Manitowaning.—25, 26. Mudgo Bay.
 27. Spanish River.—30. Barrie from Annandale.—31. Meaford Light House.—32, 33. Scraps.

SAULT STE. MARIE.

BY ELLIOTT.—(SEE PAGE 307.)

DEAD LEAVES.

BY JOHN WESTBY-DIBSON, LL.D.

When the year hath o'erprint her golden prime,
And the wild fruits lie in the forest ways,
And the burning splendours of Summer-time
Are veiled in the fields of purple haze—
Whether thoughtfully climbing the woodland steep,
Or wandering over the fallow lea,
In glimmering sunshine and shadow deep,
Through all the silent land I see—
Where the spirit of Autumn begins to creep,
Dead leaves on the tree.

And my fancy calleth up Time's first hours
In that beautiful garden, that land of delight,
Where treasures unnumbered of fruits and flowers
Feasted the inner and outer sight:
And I marvel if in that Paradise—
That type of the Heaven that is to be—
If our parents gazing with earnest eyes,
Through all their fair demesne could see,
In the cloudless lustre of Orient skies,
Dead leaves on the tree.

Or whether, with fires of God's great breath,
The flower first withered, the leaf upleaved,
What time by the portals of Sin and Death,
The Wanderers passed to the outer World,
When weary and worn down that glorious height
They journeyed in silence, so might it be
That in the hot sun or the stormy night,
They fearfully gazing first might see,
In their marvellous beauty, wild and bright,
Dead leaves on the tree.

Be this as it may—the flower and the leaf,
Which are types of all that is sweet and fair,
Are symbols alike of pain and grief,
When touched by the blight of the Autumn air.
Whether thoughtfully in the wood I stand,
Or dreamily cross the fallow lea,
The forfeit glory of that bright land,
Seems ever and aye revealed to me,
In those awful Scriptures of God's right hand,
Dead leaves on the tree.

Yet thoughts that are sweeter—hints of the Spring—
Will startle me off from this mournful mood.
When life's warm strength from the inmost ring
Burns bright in the heart of the bare brown wood,
Then my soul for itself shall comfort make
In this Autumn mystery, faint to see
The time when the Grave's fruit buds shall all break,
And Eden's glory again shall be,
And the cherub of Life for ever shall shake,
Dead leaves on the tree.

"ALWAYS, DOUGLAS."

"*Tempus fugit*—Time flies!"—how well I remember learning off those words in a long list of Latin phrases, and afterwards writing them out over and over again in my copy-book, vainly endeavouring to imitate the regular up-and-down strokes of the headline! I used to wish then, as I sat in my old school-room, with the severe-looking black-board on one side and on the other the erect figure and somewhat stern features of my good governess, that time would fly, so that I might emerge from the narrow limits of my school-life to the boundless freedom of the world beyond.

Now, as I glance up at the pier-glass and see the many silver threads in my once bright hair, as I look round upon my comfortable, but desolate little room, I know that time has flown; and I am thankful for it.

The fire has just come to that delightful clear red without flame when one can picture strange scenes without number in it—strong castles with deep moats round them, terrible precipices and fathomless abysses, mountains and valleys, caves and rocks. Well, I shall lay aside my knitting for this evening and try what I can discover in those glowing embers!

Ah, I see it now—that long tract of sea-beach! I can almost hear the gentle ripples of the waves over the stones. And there is a figure coming towards me that I know well—a young girl, walking quickly, with nothing very striking about her except a great quantity of tangled golden hair that waves and curls and blows about in a wild uncontrolled fashion, which gave rise to her pet name of "Little Mermaid."

That girl was myself, Caroline Sherwood, and that sea-shore was my favourite resort.

"Here about the Beach I wandered,
Nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science
And the long result of time."

My life was a lonely one, for I was an only child, my mother was dead, and my father constantly engaged in business. In our little village I found few companions of my own age, and only one that I cared about. That was my cousin Douglas. How can I describe him—best of cousins, dearest of friends! I do not know whether he was handsome in the usual sense of the word; I rather think not. I only know he was rather tall and strong, with large, deep, true eyes, and a heart as true.

Douglas's school-days and mine were over about the same time. My governess went away, and he returned to study at home before going to college. It was then and afterwards, in the college vacations, that we drifted together. Oh, those delightful times, pleasant to look forward to, pleasant to look back upon—long walks by the sea-side, long rides up the mountains, hours spent in reading together in the quiet summer evenings. My father used to be with us then. I generally had my work, and Douglas read aloud, sometimes prose, sometimes poetry—when my father happened to fall asleep; for, as he said himself, he never cared for anything of that sort, and thought it most injurious to young people, making them romantic and ridiculous. To a certain extent, he was right; but Douglas's selections had seldom, if ever, a sentimental tendency—they were too well chosen for that.

So time flowed smoothly on. The only thing

that troubled us was Douglas's anxiety to get some appointment. He could not afford to live idle, and yet he found it very difficult to get anything to suit him.

One day, toward the end of July, I wandered out by myself to indulge in a little quiet reading. Either the day was hot or the book was not very interesting, for I let it fall by my side, and leaning back against the trunk of a tree, was soon lost in dreamland. Suddenly I was startled by something soft brushing my cheek. I jumped up and met a pair of merry eyes.

"Oh, Douglas, how could you do that!"

"I was only awakening the sleeping beauty in the orthodox fashion," he answered, laughing; and, drawing my hand within his arm, he led me in the direction of the beach.

For some time neither of us spoke. Then I made some trivial remark, but was surprised to receive no answer. I looked up and saw a grave troubled expression on my companion's face.

"Douglas, has anything happened?"

"I will tell you all about it this minute," he replied. "Sit down here."

He took my hand and placed me under the shadow of a high rock, and then, throwing himself on the sand beside me, drew from his pocket an official-looking letter. He read it through from beginning to end.

It was an offer of an appointment in India worth three hundred pounds a year, to begin with, the salary to increase in time. My first feeling was joy at his good fortune.

"You will accept it, of course?" I said.

He looked up quickly.

"You think so, Carry?"

It struck me that there was a little reproach in his tone; and for the first time I realized the separation that must follow. Half-crying, I answered—

"You know, Douglas, I was only thinking of your own good. Do you mean to accept it?"

"Yes. My vessel sails in three weeks."

In three weeks! I could not realize it. Three weeks more, and then to part for ever it might be! What should I do? How could I live without Douglas! My tears flowed freely; he did his best to comfort me, but I could see his own emotion was great; and I was determined to bear up as best I could for his sake.

We saw little of each other for the following fortnight, Douglas having a great deal of business to attend to.

The last week came—the last evening. We sat together hand in hand under the shadow of our favorite rock.

"You will be true to me, Carry?" said Douglas suddenly, after a long pause.

True to him! Of course. What could he mean! I should never have another Douglas; and I knew I should never meet with any one I loved half so well. I told him so; and he seemed so pleased.

Then he drew from his pocket a tiny parcel, and, opening it, displayed to my admiring eyes a small gold ring, set with turquoises in the form of a forget-me-not, with a little diamond to represent a drop of dew in the centre. He took my left hand and placed the ring on the third finger.

"You will wear this for my sake, Carry?"

"Indeed—indeed I will!" I cried, my pent-up tears bursting forth at last. "I will wear it always for your sake!"

"Say it again, Carry—'always'!"

I looked up into his clear, truthful blue eyes and repeated—

"Always, Douglas!"

Three years passed away. My chief pleasure during that time lay in writing to and receiving letters from Douglas. Not one of those letters breathed a word beyond consoling affection. Yet I knew that he loved me; I had found that out the evening before he sailed; and I knew too that I loved him with a depth and an intensity which excluded almost every other feeling. It was this love that made me feel miserable when mail after mail passed and I did not hear from him. I was quite sure that either Douglas had forgotten me or was dead.

At last I began to lose health and spirits to such a degree that even my father, who was slow to notice anything of the kind, observed it.

"What makes my little Mermaid look so pale?" he asked one morning after the postman had passed our door without stopping—a circumstance which rather relieved him. "You want change of air and scene, my child. I was careless not to think of this before. What do you say to paying a visit to your aunt Kate?"

"Oh, papa," I cried earnestly, "don't send me anywhere without you! I could not bear to go amongst strangers."

He patted my head and looked at me anxiously; then a new idea seemed to dawn upon him.

"Something is fretting you, Carry. Can it be your cousin Douglas's long silence? Certainly it is strange that he has not written for such a time. Let us see—have you any idea of the date of his last letter?"

I was thankful that my head was turned away so that he could not see the burning flush called up by the name that was dearest to my heart; and I almost smiled to myself at his asking if I had any idea of the date of his last letter!

Happily I was prevented from answering by the entrance of some one on business; but I did not forget the conversation. Papa's affection touched me. I began to remember how selfish I had been of late, indulging in my own grief and forgetting the comforts of those around me. I resolved to rouse myself and take more interest in passing things.

My father was as good as his word. He rented a pretty country villa in a pleasant neighbourhood where we had never been before, and thither we resorted to spend the summer months. I was surprised myself at the good the change did me. Unaccustomed from childhood to much variety of any kind, I found a charm in every fresh scene that we visited.

Certainly we had fallen on a pleasant spot. Nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality of all our neighbours, most of them old inhabitants of the place. We were invited to garden parties, riding parties, pic-nics—indeed every kind of entertainment that a fine summer and a beautiful country could prompt.

I found my spirits rising, and papa congratulated me on my returning colour. Not that I for a moment forgot my anxiety about Douglas, nor that I looked less eagerly morning after morning for the post; but my grief was less despairing, and I was more ready to listen to my father's assurances that letters must have gone astray and all would come right at last.

The shooting-season came in due course; and it struck papa that, as we had plenty of room in our house, he might as well ask some of his friends down for the occasion. The first he wrote to was an old college chum. He declined for himself, on the plea that his shooting days were over, but asked if he might send as his substitute a nephew, young Lord Sudley, whom he described as a good sportsman and a most agreeable companion. My father of course consented.

The house was soon full of gentlemen, to whom I had to act the part of hostess. This embarrassed me at first; but I always found an able assistant in Lord Sudley, who was the only young unmarried man of the party.

He had been well described as a most agreeable companion. He could talk upon any subject. His manners were the pink of courtesy, yet full of that subtle flattery which, be a girl what she may, must in time, if it does not make its way to her heart, at least appeal to her vanity. He was, too, certainly the handsomest man I had ever seen. From his shapely head to his slender well-moulded foot there was not a fault to be found.

My father saw the intimacy between us, and naturally encouraged it by every means in his power. I became the envy of all the girls in the neighbourhood—in short, quite a queen in my small circle. My vanity and ambition for a time completely blinded me to every other feeling, and kept me in a constant state of excitement. Was it any wonder then, this being my state of mind, that, when I one day discovered rank, wealth, a title—in fact, every worldly advantage that a girl could desire—lay within my reach through the simple utterance of the little word "Yes," I hesitated not to utter it?

When I had said it, I looked down, and my eye fell upon something glittering—it was the diamond in my forget-me-not ring. A chill ran through me, driving the colour from my cheek and making me tremble from head to foot; for the diamond reminded me of two words I had repeated under the shadow of the old rock at home, with the noise of the waves in my ears, and two blue eyes shining down on me—"Always, Douglas!"

So we were engaged, Lord Sudley and I. Congratulations poured in on every side; I was kindly received by his family; nothing seemed to go against us. My father was in high delight. He rubbed his hands as he declared he always knew his little Mermaid would do wonders with her bewitching eyes and her golden hair. Lord Sudley was as kind and affectionate as could be. Only the mermaid herself was miserable.

No one could have guessed what a heavy heart I carried about under a gay exterior. I had sinned against love and truth, sinned against Lord Sudley, who I believe really cared for me, and sinned against Douglas, whom I loved better than life. True, as I argued to myself, he had never spoken of love to me. Perhaps he never really had any deeper feeling for me than cousinly affection—perhaps he had altogether forgotten me by this time. Be that as it might, I loved him, and I had no right to give my hand to another man.

The bright summer was over at last. We left our pleasant country house and the many kind friends we had made and returned home. Lord Sudley was obliged to go to London. He was to come to us about Christmas-time, and we were to be married early in the following year.

Quickly—too quickly—the months passed on; but there was no news of Douglas. Winter set in early and severe. Lord Sudley arrived a few days before Christmas. He was in excellent spirits himself, and seemed a little inclined to complain of my want of enthusiasm.

"You will deserve your name of 'Mermaid,'" he sometimes said, "for you are as cold as the salt sea itself!"

On such occasions I used to rouse myself to unusual gaiety, and generally succeeded in making him think my coldness existed only in his own imagination.

One evening we had been invited to a large party at some miles from our house. My father was unwell, so Lord Sudley and I were to go alone. I had just finished dressing when there was a knock at my door.

"Please, miss, there's a gentleman downstairs wanting to see the master; but he says it will do as well to see you."

"Very well," I answered. "Show him into the drawing-room. I shall be down in a few minutes."

I was quite accustomed to see gentlemen who called on business, so thought nothing of it. I

put the finishing touch to my dress, and turned to take a short survey of myself in the glass. My long golden hair was no longer allowed to fall over my shoulders, but was wound round and round my head in thick plaits and fastened with a pearl comb. Diamonds glittered on my neck and arms, most of them the gifts of Lord Sudley. I thought, as I looked at myself, how much I had changed within the last few years—how, if Douglas were to come home now, he would scarcely know me.

With this thought uppermost, I proceeded down-stairs. The drawing-room door was shut; I opened it and walked in. The gentleman was standing with his back to me. He turned quickly as I entered, and our eyes met. Changed, sadly changed was he, yet the same Douglas as of old. In an instant his arms were round me, his lips pressed to mine.

Oh, if I could have died there—if I could have told him that I loved him and him only more than ever man was loved, and then have laid down my burden of life for ever! But it was not to be. I knew it could not be. I tore myself away from him; and, almost unconsciously, stretched out my left hand to tell its own secret.

He took my hand and glanced eagerly at the third finger. The forget-me-not was gone, and in its place was a hoop of small pearls. He pointed to it, and his questioning eyes met mine. Heaven help me—the whole truth must be told!

"My engagement ring, Douglas," said I. "I am about to be married to Lord Sudley."

With the courage of despair I raised my eyes; the expression in his I shall never forget. He held my hand so tightly that I almost cried out with the pain.

"This, then, is what I have hoped and wanted for all these years; this, then, is the result of my dreams and prayers—to see you, my best-loved, my darling, the wife of another!"

I could not speak. I stood trembling from head to foot, wishing—as many had wished before me—that the earth would open and swallow me up.

Presently he spoke again. This time his voice was low, but the ring of pain in it thrilled me.

"And you love him, Carry?"

No answer came to my burning lips; not a word could I utter. I suppose he took silence for assent. Once more his arms were round me. I could feel his heart throbbing as only a heart throbs when it is going to break.

"Heaven ever bless you and make you happy, my own darling!"

Then he left me—left me without once looking back, without another word. I heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs on the hard frosty ground. I knew that he was gone for ever; but I could not move, I could not speak.

Suddenly I was awakened from my reverie by a voice in the hall.

"Carry, Carry, we shall be late dear! Have you nearly finished dressing?"

Necessity roused me. I gathered up my dress and walked quickly down-stairs.

During our long drive I kept talking and laughing as if I were in the best possible spirits; but the effort told on me. By the time we reached our destination, I felt utterly worn out with excitement. Still, from necessity, I had to bear up a little longer. I was made a good deal of now as the *façade* of Lord Sudley.

Somehow I managed to get through the evening till one precious moment when I was left alone. I leaned my head on my hand to try to ease the burning pain there. Lord Sudley, ever kind, ever watchful, saw the action from the other end of the room. He was by my side in an instant.

"Carry, darling, you are not well—shall I order the carriage? We can drive home at once."

I raised my head and tried to smile.

"Only a headache, Ernest. I will go presently; but I see Miss Langtree going to the piano. I know she has a sweet voice; I will just wait to hear her song. Music often has a soothing effect on me."

I leaned back and closed my eyes. The song began—a simple, plaintive air; but the words—oh, why, why did she sing those words? Did she know my secret? Did she want to mock me? Did she mean to drive the iron deeper and deeper into my soul?

"Could ye come back to me, Douglas Douglas
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas—
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!"

I grasped the back of the chair before me and set my teeth that no one might know the agony I was suffering. I had said I would stay to hear this song, and I meant to sit it out to the end.

How pathetically the girl sang it! One would have thought she had a Douglas of her own. There were four verses, and she sang them all; but when the last "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!" died away, almost in a wail, I could bear it no longer. A low groan burst from my lips. The chair I was holding seemed to wrench itself out of my hand, the room seemed to turn round and round, voices buzzed in my ears, and then I became unconscious.

When I came to myself, I was lying on a sofa, surrounded by Lord Sudley, the lady of the house, and others. Various whispers suggesting the heat of the room, headache, or some such cause reached my ears; but I heeded them not. I stretched out my hands to Lord Sudley.

"Ernest, dear Ernest, take me home," I

murmured—"take me home! I can't stay here."

He lifted me up gently in his arms and carried me to the carriage. Contrary to the advice of the coachman, we decided to return home by a shorter way than we had taken in coming; but the road was so slippery and so thick with snow that we proceeded but slowly. Ernest kept his arm round me and murmured loving words to me, to which I could make no reply; but I felt sure I liked him then better than I had ever liked him before—as a dear brother, nothing more.

Suddenly the horses came to a standstill. Ernest jumped out of the carriage to see what the obstacle could be. The coachman, who had been with us for many years, alighted too, and, as he did so, uttered a loud exclamation which restored me as by a rude shock to my full strength.

I sprang from the carriage, and soon saw what stumbling-block had come in our way. The bright moon shone down upon a deep crimson streak on the white glittering snow. It shone down too upon a horse and his rider—the horse badly hurt, the rider lying at a little distance, dead. Instinct told me who the dead man was. I crept up to him, raised the dear head and pressed it to my heart; and then, for the second time that evening, merciful unconsciousness came to my aid.

For weeks I lay between life and death, for the greater part of the time in wild delirium. When I came to my senses, it was only to pray night and day that I might die. But a long life lay before me, giving me time to learn humility, faith, and patience—to minister to the wants of others, to forget self in healing others' pain. The first thing I did, when strong enough to write a long letter to Lord Sudley telling him all, expressing my bitter repentance at the unworthy part I had enacted, my deep gratitude for his unflinching kindness and affection, and imploring him to forgive me.

His answer came by return of post. I never knew till then what a noble heart I had wounded. He told me he had loved me as he never would love again, and that he forgave me freely and fully, even as he hoped to be forgiven. He added that he meant to leave England and reside abroad, and that if ever I needed a friend I should find one in him. He has died since, unmarried.

We left our seaside home when I recovered. I could not bear to hear the waves constantly sounding in my ears—"Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!" I could not bear to sit under his favourite rock, to take his favourite walks up the mountains.

My dear father never reproached me. During my wild delirium he had found out my secret by the name that was constantly on my lips. He often used to take me tenderly in his arms when he found me looking sad and say—

"You have only your poor old father now, little Mermald, but he loves you very dearly."

Now he is gone too, and I am sitting in my little room alone—quite alone, as far as earth is concerned. The fire has nearly gone out; there is just one little spark left, and that lights up a bright spot on the third finger of my left hand. Ah, yes, there is the forget-me-not ring, and there it shall remain, a memento of the sad past, an earnest of a bright future! It shall stay there night and day, and, when I die, it shall go with me to the grave. Yes, I will wear it always for your sake—"ALWAYS, DOUGLAS!"

C. S. O.

SCENERY AND IMAGINATION.

It is questionable whether the higher qualities necessary for the conception and execution of works of imagination are popularly recognized as adequately valued. Yet at the same time the world is only too eager to credit people of genius with almost miraculous powers, by means of which their incidents, characters, and scenes evolved from nothing. If, however, we study the lives of imaginative writers in conjunction with their works, we shall find as a general rule, that the more we know concerning the man and his environment the more numerous connections we shall trace between his actual life and the life he depicts. Genius has to derive its sustenance from its surroundings. The flower may be rare, but it is rooted in the common ground and refreshed by the common dews. By the imperfect light that even the best biography can give, the threads of connection are too fine and too subtly intermingled for us to follow, but nevertheless an autobiography is inscribed in the life-work of every man of genius. Our imperfect reading of it is only due to the imperfections of the key with which we are provided. Amidst much that is doubtful there are, however, certain large influences whose effects we can clearly distinguish in those unsubstantial regions where realities shift and blend at the beck of fancy. The influence of scenery is undoubtedly one of these. The tones and contours of the localities where the early years are passed are most potent, since the impressions received in youth are more vivid than those of after-life, and foster, moreover, certain predilections which are never entirely lost. The scenery of early life is the almost inevitable background of a first work, and should it have to be exchanged for other surroundings, it still exerts a power in influencing selection; the mountaineer will love mountains and the lowlander plains wherever they may find them. It has been asserted that in a true poet, the sutures of the skull are never perfectly closed; this is probably a quaint way of saying that the poet's brain is exquisitely

sensitive to external impressions. Such sensitiveness, so far as it regards scenery, is very noticeable in the masters of English song. It is most faintly indicated in those periods when imitation of classical models was most prevalent, and poets did not go to nature for their landscapes so much as to Virgil and his congeners of the bookshelf. It was after a long period of this perverted taste, during which everthing distinctly English was called "low," that Cowper dared to depict the slow streams and the pollards about Olney, and even to introduce his kitchen garden into song. "The Excursion," and a hundred minor poems, attest that Wordsworth dwelt in the lake district, and wandered amongst its dales and over its mountain butresses, watching the lifting vapour or the dancing daffodil. Byron has given us not only English scenes, but a metrical transcript of his foreign travels. The mountains were the "familiar friends" of his early years, and to mountain districts he ever afterwards turned with delight. When living in a tamer country, he tells us how he would watch the Malvern hills at sunset, "with a sensation which I cannot describe." "Childe Harold" is the vivid record of an actual tour, "Manfred" bears the impress of travel in Switzerland, "Beppo" of days of "sweet-do-nothing" in Venice. Elsewhere he recalls his footsteps in Italy, his sailings over the blue Aegean, and his wanderings, in that mountainous Greece he loved and died for. Much wonder has been wasted on the marvellous fact that Keats, "the Cockney poet," the medical student, should have conceived the lovely visions of his verse under the smoky clouds of Middlesex, and should have transmuted dull English lead into shining Attic gold. If, however, we turn to his life, we shall find how little of the time during which he was prolific as a poet was spent in London. He goes upon a long walking tour through Scotland and the north of England. He sojourns by the downs and cliffs of the Isle of Wight. He stays at Winchester, and laments the want of a library. He dates some of his letters from that richly-wooded vale at Burford Bridge, and there writes part of "Endymion." We find him on another occasion in South Devon, admiring the pretty valley at Teignmouth, and grumbling at the rain, which he says, the flowers there expect twice a day, as the muscels do the tide. He settles down at the then rural village of Hampstead, separated from London by a broad band of buttercups and daisies. And his poems, as might be expected, are saturated with the spirit and detail of English scenery. About the slopes of Latmos are the flowers and the meads of England. How truly native are the heaths, the "vestal pin-roses," the "crosses of the brook," "the bush screen of drooping weeds," "the lone wood-cutter," "the summer dying on the cold sward," and a hundred other touches. The dryads move through Evelyn's woods, the goddesses recline in fields shot with Chaucer's daisy. Tennyson, as has often been remarked, is the poet of a flat country; Lincolnshire made deep impressions upon him. He is a master of the minutiae of the scenery of marsh and wold, the vaporous effects, the dawns and sunsets, the marsh plants; the rounding levels themselves, with the sluggish streams, and reed-burdened tuces, he recurs to again and again as though with unending delight. He deals with other localities, but perhaps never so lovingly or faithfully. He transports us to Bagdad and to the company of the good Haroun Alraschid; but even there he floats upon the Tigris, turns "down a broad canal from the main river sluiced," and introduces a wealth of water-imagery. Arthur, in the west country, passes away "down the long water opening on the deep and exquisite caucuses of lowland, and fenland scenes are scattered lavishly through his works. The poet may give a semblance of reality to his creations, the novelist must. And consequently we find in the novelist a still more intimate correspondence between life and literary products. They constantly draw upon personal experience for their materials. Sir Walter Scott had lived among or had frequently traversed the picturesque wilds amidst which his characters so often move. His unstrained descriptions of border and highland scenes drew visitors to those districts from every part of the kingdom. Where he had not named localities, his pictures of them were so obviously taken from nature that they were easily identified. Some of them, nameless before, owe their names to his fictions. With one eye on the fish, or the "muir-fowl," he enjoyed at the same time, and as the healthy mind only can, the face of nature, and perpetuated for us many of her transient moods. In the works of Lever, a genial writer, but altogether a lesser entity, the same thing holds. The half melancholy humour that flickered up wildly in the dilapidated castle, or the mansion too large by far for a dwindled income, was only too well known to the writer. The Lever, who depicted so graphically the troubles and struggles and follies of his countrymen abroad, and the ways of foreign magnates, was the Consul whom Lord Palmerston sent to Spezzia, and who went about his consular duties with eyes unblinded by the splendours of red-tape. Of Charlotte Brontë, again, we have several biographies, and the world is sufficiently familiar with the pathetic story of her life to know how charged with reality her novels are. The Vilette, where Lucy Snowe suffered was no imaginary city, but the Brussels where a certain Charlotte Brontë sojourned in a material pensionnat des demoiselles. The wide, rounded, heathery moors, with hawling "burns," and a sparse greenery in the valleys, and here and there a factory chimney

lifted up, were the moors of Haworth, loved by that wonderful trio as no other scenery was loved. When Forster's "Life of Dickens" was published, a thousand passages in Dickens' works had a light thrown upon them, and much that had been deemed purely imaginative was shown to be absolutely real. His mastery over certain forms of landscape was seen to result from the ingrained experiences of youth; his skill in depicting the sights and sound of rapid travel was obtained during his post haste journalistic expeditions. In the case of contemporary authors, whose lives are known to few but their intimate friends, a chance lifting of the veil often teaches us that behind the work of imagination there exists a rare personality, and an actual experience, upon which the force of the poem or the novel depends. The rare personality is distinctly a gift; the experience is mostly such as fate imposes upon commoner people. The finest work is not done by the exercise of a fastidious eclecticism with regard to surroundings. The artist is greater than his materials. Like Gaspar Becerra, he succeeds best when he takes up the object nearest to him, the glowing braud from his own hearth.

SCANDAL AND GUNPOWDER.

We are by the side of the ocean, leastwise of the channel; scarcely a breath of air ripples the surface of the glassy deep, which plashes lazily upon the shingles; the moon peeps from a bank of clouds, and in the distance the lofty chalk cliffs stand out in bold relief against the horizon, while strains of melody from the casino mingle harmoniously with the music of the sad sea waves. So much for the scene; now for the actors. They were two—at first—the Baron de L., president of one of the great Parisian clubs, and Mme C., the wife of a fat, but jealous stock broker. It is quite unnecessary to specify the nature of their conversation; if not already lovers, love must have been its theme, in the midst of that picturesque nocturnal landscape. "Dear est," she sighed leaning her pretty head upon her companion's shoulder, "what happiness to be thus alone with thee and immensity!" Mme C., is gushing and romantic. "Yes, my beloved one," he murmured in reply, "but what can that be?" Both started, gazed earnestly into the darkness and then turned pale, as with a gesture like that of Hamlet when he first spied his father's ghost, the lady pointed toward the bathing-houses which are parked near the establishment. Something—what could it be? slowly, clumsily, after the fashion of a crab, yet steadily—was moving toward them. Paralyzed with fear, the guilty pair stared at the terrifying apparition of that ambulant bath-house, which, with many a stumble tottered forward until, when at half a dozen paces, it halted suddenly, a sepulchral voice from within exclaimed: "Wretches," and a hand protruding from one of the little windows on the side waved in the air a card inscribed "Monsieur C."

The new-comer was the husband, and this is how it had happened: At the Dieppe race meeting Mr. C. saw something which excited his suspicions; fancying themselves unobserved in the crowd of the grand stand, the baron and the lady had been imprudent. He watched, and when, a few evenings later, he noticed a letter exchanged, while Gallie-Marie was singing in "Carmen," and, which was much worse, saw the baron kiss his wife in the cloak-room, he had no doubt of what he ought to do. Still he held his tongue, bided his time for some more conclusive testimony, and got it, first at the casino ball, where they waltzed as none but lovers waltz, and finally, at the pigeon-match, where he heard a rendez-vous arranged on the beach for the same evening. He was there, of course, an hour before those whom he proposed to surprise, and, the better to conceal his presence, got into a bath-house, closing the door after him. Unluckily the institution was not of canvas, as Dieppe bath-houses usually are, but of wood; the door once closed could only be opened from the outside, and he could not get out at once, and in his impotent rage, he broke through the flooring, after which, and as soon as his feet touched the ground, he carried the shelter with him. The rest I have told, and need only add that the first moment of stupefaction passed, Mme C. took to her heels, while the baron kindly, "with delicate consideration," said the gentlemen who told me the story, released M. C., assuring him that he was "ready to give him satisfaction." They fought with pistols the next day, and, as that satisfaction was not complete, the correctional tribunal is to be asked why the eminent financier should be obliged to live any longer under the same roof as his unfaithful spouse. "Served him right," say some of madame's friends; "he only got what he merited, and he merited what he got. If Caliban would wed with Titania he must expect sooner or later to have a disagreeable awakening from his dream of married bliss; but still, though we don't pity the husband, you know that we cannot visit the wife after such an exposé." So another gay house has been closed, but as the Celestial empire's mission has promised to entertain, its place will be taken by some other.—Paris Cor. New York Times.

A WRECKED SCORE—A score of years is a long time to look back upon, but when attended with continual suffering, it seems almost a century; and all this pain could have been avoided if, when your liver commenced to trouble you, you had taken Burdock Blood Bitters. Price \$1.00, trial size 10 cents.

HOME EDUCATION.

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and placed in a conspicuous place in every household:

1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.
3. Never promise them anything, unless you are quite sure you can give what you say.
4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.
6. Never let them know that they vex you, or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance or ill-temper wait till they are calm, then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be repeated.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden under the same circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy method to appear good is to do good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow tale bearing.
14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence.

HUMOROUS.

"WHAT is the worst thing about riches?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent. And the new boy said, "Not having any."

THE Baltimore Sun tells of a young lady in that city who gave \$100,000 for a husband. Us men come high, but the girls have got to have us.

THERE are said to be 263 styles of corsets, and yet different young ladies' waists feel very much alike—the girls say.

IF a couple of pots of paint are unintentionally upset on a piece of canvas, it is called an accident, if it is done on purpose it is called a painting.

"NEVER milk while the cow is eating," is the advice of a laudic contemporary. Judging from the character of much of the milk that comes to market, it would be more to the point never to milk while the cow is drinking.

A CONNECTICUT pastor declined an addition of \$100 to his salary, for the reason, among others that the hardest part of his labours, heretofore, had been the collection of his salary, and it would kill him to try to collect \$100 more.

"Now, papa, are you satisfied? Just look at my testimonial—Political economy satisfactory; fine arts and music very good; logic excellent—Very much so, my dear. If your husband should understand anything of house-keeping, cooking, mending, and the use of a sewing machine, perhaps, your married life will indeed be happy."

Miss Flora McFlimsy MacVeigh went sailing in Wallabout Beach; When her lover, he met her, up-st her, and wet her. All over with salt ocean's splash.

Miss Fl rashe thought it right rough. And called her bold lover a mough. But her lover he caught her, and taught her that water, Like a woman, is unstable stough.

THE AESTHETIC GIRL.

I'm an only daughter young girl, A spit curl and frizzes young girl, A languishing, dainty, all powdery and painty Sit up at 11 young girl.

I'm a would-be aesthetic young girl, A dote on the arts young girl, A poet in embryo, don't know a thing you know, All on the surface young girl.

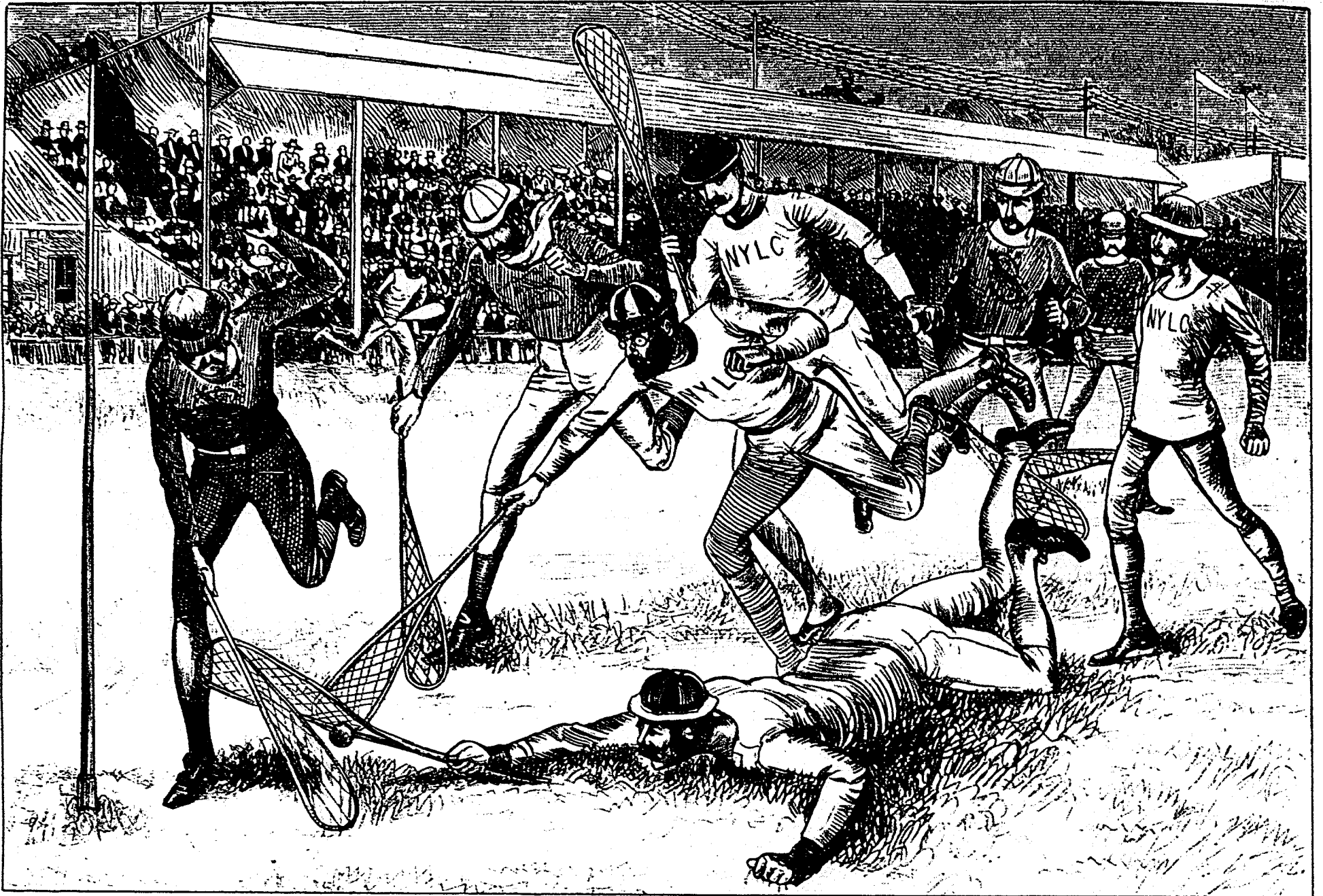
I'm a novel-reader young girl, A lie awake until 3 young girl, A romantic, half-crazy, but terribly lazy, Let us do the work young girl.

I'm a look out for a catch young girl, A snatch 'em up quick young girl, A half-do the proposing, and bag 'em when dozing Hold on to your game young girl.

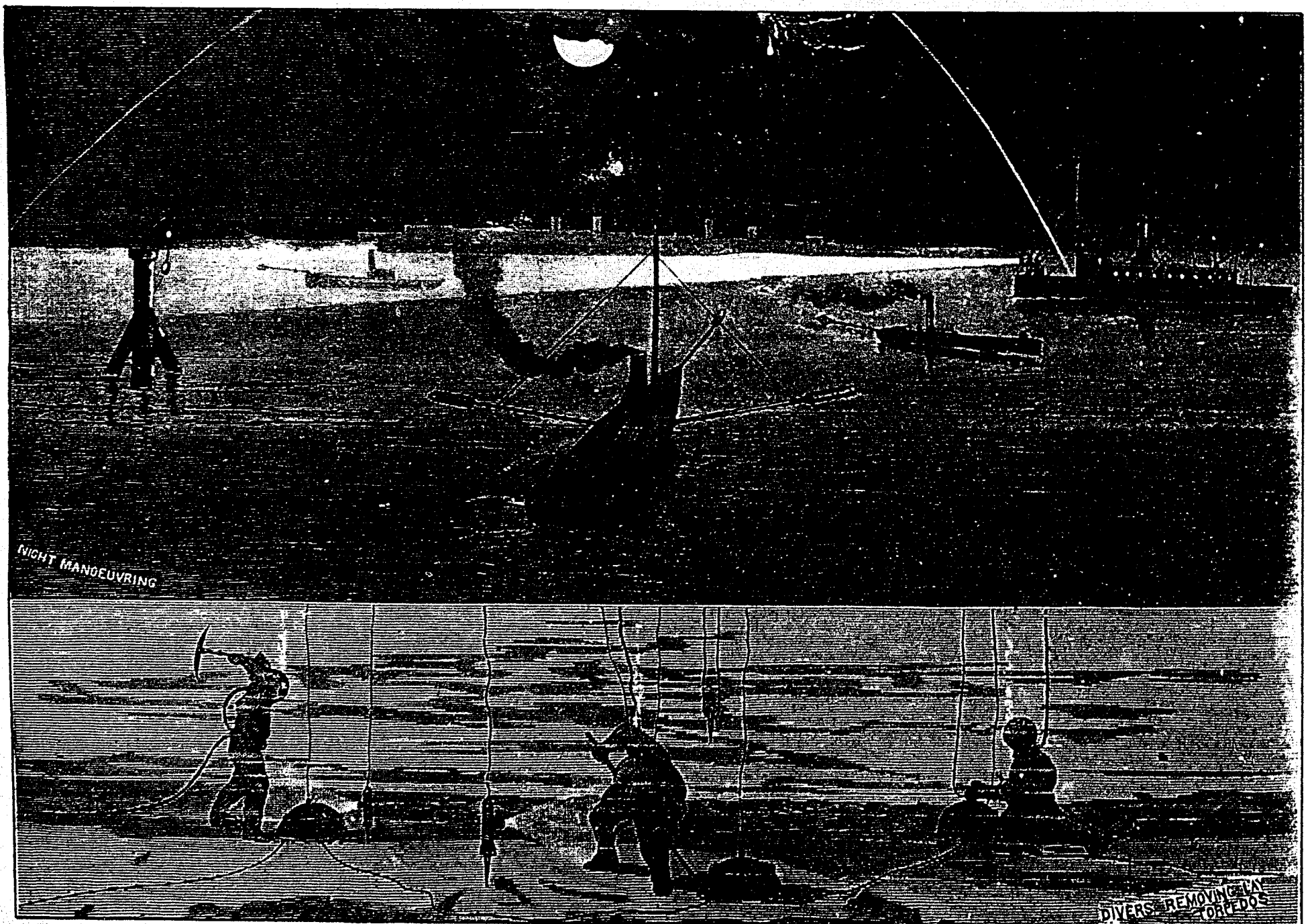
—Brooklyn Eagle.

DR. FOWLER'S Extract of Wild Strawberry cures all forms of Bowel Complaints in infants or adults. The most safe, pleasant, and perfect remedy known. Purely vegetable and free from opiates or poisonous drugs.

CARE for your live stock would seem an almost superfluous piece of advice to farmers, cattle raisers, horsemen and others, whose capital is largely invested in quadrupeds. Yet how often are the diseases and sanitary requirements of horses and cattle disregarded; how often are they left to the care of the ignorant and brutal, and irrationally treated when unwell? No stock yard, farm or stable can be said to be properly equipped where an efficient remedial agent is not provided. The best and most highly approved by veterinarians is Thomas' Electric Oil, which besides being a thorough remedy for lung complaints, bronchitis, rheumatism, neuralgia, sores and hurts of the human race, remedies with certainty Galls, Contraction or Cracking of the Hoof, Distemper, Scours, Curb, Corks, Scratches, Sore Teats and other disorders and troubles of horses and cattle. Sold by all medicine dealers. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont.



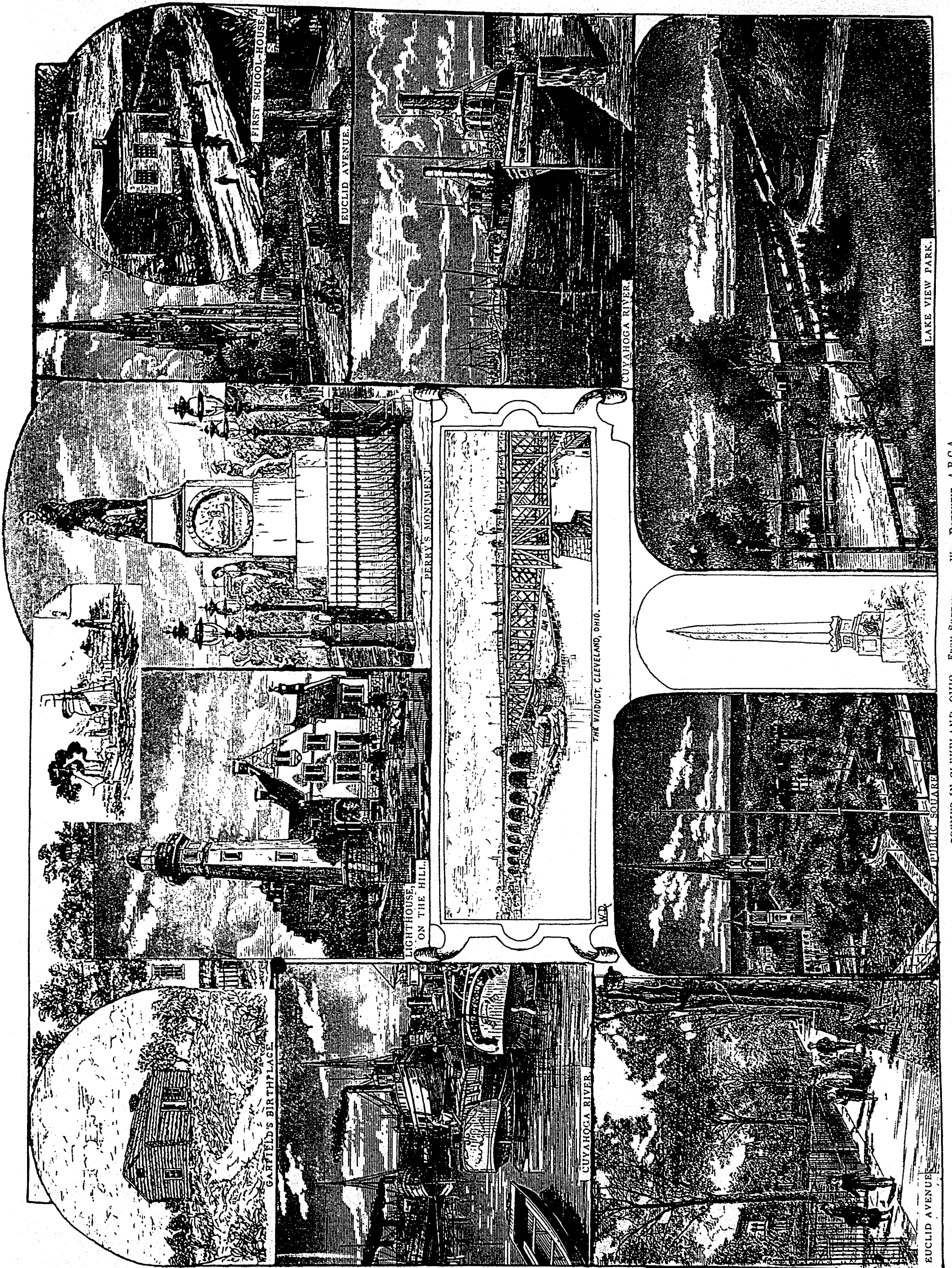
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NIGHT MANOEUVRING

DIVERS REMOVING TORPEDOS

TORPEDO PRACTICE IN THE UNITED STATES.—(SEE PAGE 307.)



SCENES IN CLEVELAND, OHIO.—FROM SKETCHES BY W.M. DOUGHTIE, A.R.C.A.

DAWN.

(From the German.)

The stars are waning fast,
All pale their flick'ring gleam
The night will soon be past,
Anew the morning beam.

Deep silence—e'en the breeze
Lies hushed, along the vale
Yet 'mid the dew-tipped trees
Sings sweet, the nightingale.

Full hymns of praise he sings
To God, the Lord above,
Whose hand rich blessing flings
O'er earth in bounteous love.

Swift vanished now the night—
Thou child lay by thy fear.
The Father of all Light
His loved is ever near.

F. J. M.

EDITING NEWSPAPERS.

It is possible that Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, may have spoken on Sunday last from experience in advising his hearers against starting a newspaper. He is endowed with a certain kind of intelligence, utilizing which makes him sufficiently odd, without being otherwise exceptional. We may, therefore, assume that he is among the bulk when he says:—"Almost every intelligent man during his life is smitten with the newspaper mania; start a newspaper, or have stock in one, he must, or die;" although he says it is well-known that newspapers are dying of "cholera infantum" at the rate of one per day.

When merely giving the results of his gleanings from authentic sources his statements may probably be accepted, but rarely any inference Dr. Talmage draws from them. Usually they have as little pertinence as his sermon of Sunday last had to either of his texts. But far less can he be considered an authority regarding the causes of such newspaper mortality. His tribute to the Press in general, and the inestimable boon which he says the newspaper confers on the world, is simply just and fully merited. We wish we could return the compliment as freely and unconditionally to the pulpit. The failures and mortality there are far greater than in the Press. Unfortunately the dead trunks or branches are not so easily uprooted, or lopped off. The minister may have mistaken his calling. Instead of "wagging his head in a pulpit" he ought to be handling a shovel or napping stones. Still he cannot be easily got rid of, if he behaves himself at all decently. He cannot be dismissed like other servants whose incompetence has been discovered on trial. Sustentation funds, and the fetters forged by church procedure around the would-be minister and congregation bind them too firmly together to permit that. Occasionally he is shamed out of the ill-fitting position, but more frequently he is dismissed for just and flagrant causes. Then the plausible deceptive appearance which took in the congregation is plied upon newspaper managers. The man who thought himself qualified to lead and advise the world regarding things eternal and divine considers himself eminently adapted by his collegiate training to guide the world in these and every-day affairs in the columns of the Press. Through charity, and from respect and good wishes towards the calling of a minister, the manager takes pity upon him, and he becomes attached to his newspaper—so firmly attached that the manager finds it difficult to get quit of the incubus he soon proves himself to be. When the manager does free himself of the burden, it is only to bear the everlasting ill-will and venom of the man he tried to help and support.

To be a successful newspaper manager, or editor, is a special gift, for which a collegiate or university training is by no means necessary. Hugh Miller, and many eminent editors and managers, were not university students. The practical business qualification is the great thing toward success. That tact, energy, discrimination, and sound sense, which education may brighten and mature, but never engenders.

The very fact of a man being a broken-down minister is in itself sufficient evidence of his incapacity to be a successful editor, or manager. He may write a passable article, but the market is glutted with these from far more experienced and higher cultivated minds. It is bad enough when he is merely an assistant or contributor, but when suffering from failure in the pulpit, and often from disgrace, he becomes an editor, or manager, the death of the paper is only a question of time.

Considering the profession to which they formally belonged, it might be expected that they would bring into the new one to which they aspire a noble independence, high purpose, and pure dealing, and yet no class in the Press are more addicted to blackmailing, and other meanesses. When a man loses respect for himself he goes to the dogs, and so it is generally with the parson when he descends from the pulpit.

Of course broken-down clergymen are not the only drags upon a newspaper. The other professions, both of law and medicine, contribute their share, though not in the same proportion. His business habits, training, and general experience, however, better fit a lawyer for the Press, and he does not turn out so general a failure.

In a word, however, it is with a newspaper as with everything else. No one can reasonably hope to succeed in anything to which he is not adapted,

MUSHROOM SQUIRES.

It is perfectly well known that, taken in a herald's point of view, ninety per cent. of all the English titled and untitled aristocracy are of mushroom growth. Where is the noble or county family that can claim twelve generations, or even eight, of blood untainted by trade or commerce on both sides? How many peers are there that can go beyond George III. for their nobility? Not 20 per cent.; and, as for the estates of really ancient landed squires, by purchase and by marriage they have been absorbed wholesale by the produce of attorney's bills of costs, steam factories, banking, brewing, and, a hundred years ago, by nabobs, fortunate shakers of the pagoda tree. Take the hunting-field alone. Among its distinguished followers, how few there are that could or can claim a pedigree that would pass muster under the pen of a German herald. Why, when an Esterhazy married a daughter of Lord Jersey it was set down as a *malliciance* in the Hungarian "Book of Nobles." The grandfather of Sir Tatton Sykes was a timber merchant, and Mayor of Hull. Sir Tatton to this generation, was the very model of a country gentleman—Sir Roger de Coverley revived. His contemporary, Squire Farquharson, so long a famous Master of Hounds in Dorsetshire, one of the last to wear boots and leathers at church on Sundays—was the son of an Indian nabob. Sir George Wombwell, than whom there is no better fox-hunter and master of hounds, traces his life as a country gentleman back to his great grandfather, a chairman of the East India Company. The father of Captain Percy Williams, for a quarter of a century famous as a master of hounds, and a good sportsman all round, made his fortune commanding an East India ship in the days when such a command was a certain fortune. His friend and friendly rival in the hunting-field and over the flat in silk, Captain White—"Leicestershire White, with a seat that's so graceful, a hand that's so light"—was the son of a Manchester physician. Not many years ago there was a father and three sons who were all masters of noted packs of fox-hounds. Their name was Arkwright, grandson and great-grandsons of the famous Lancashire barber, who indented the cotton-spinning machinery that enabled Pitt to fight Napoleon and all Europe. Go into every fox-hunting country, and ask what the field would be if you took away all the brewers, bankers, manufacturers and merchants, their sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons. Take the lists of Masters of Hounds for the past year. With the Quorn you find as Master a Manchester man, and its next door, late Tailby's, a baronet, the son of a Canadian merchant. The Master of one of the best Oxfordshire packs is the son of a railway contractor; his elder brother being a Lord of the Admiralty, and another brother, famous in the agricultural world as a breeder of pedigree stock—a model squire, in fact. A very popular Master of Hounds is a nobleman whose title dates from Pitt's time, and whose great-grandfather made stockings for George III.; and another lands his pedigree, after two generations, in a solicitor's office. The fact is that what has made the strength of our landed aristocracy, titled and untitled, has been its disregard of pedigree and readiness to welcome success from every quarter. Hunting on the Continent is a privilege of the "well-born;" in England, few inquire who was the grandfather of a well-mannered land squire—no one asks who was the grandmother. — *English Paper.*

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

LIEZT, who was seventy-one yesterday, was to receive a wonderful ovation at Vienna.

THE ballad says: "Les morts vont vite" (the dead travel fast). A wit adds, "especially if they journey on the Strasbourg railway."

A SQUARE in Paris is to be named La Place des Etats-Unis. This is the least Paris could do considering the American dollars spent there.

PLACE for the ladies! The number of women arrested by the police of Paris is increasing to such an extent that a special prison for their reception is to be made at a cost of over £60,000.

If we are to accept as authentic a letter published by the Paris *Bourse*, the military authorities of England still tremble at the thought of the possible invasion of perfidious Albion by the legions of France. The letter is dated from the Horse Guards, and purports to have been written by Sir Garnet Wolseley, who says, "I have no objection to its being stated in every newspaper that I earnestly trust the Channel tunnel may never be carried out, as I feel its construction would be a lasting source of danger to this country." The notion of France invading England by a submarine passage is "quite too much." We can only suppose that Sir Garnet's alarm is based upon some doubt as to the efficiency of the British Engineer of the future.

Mlle. GREVY is thirty years old; she has a merited reputation for intelligence, and, in the complimentary English sense, originality of mind. She is also very artistic. She has expressive dark eyes, very black and luxuriant hair, and a small delicate figure, which shows agility and expresses decision. Mlle. Grévy's education has been that of an English girl of independent

character, and the only daughter of an intellectual easy-going father, who wished to make her his companion. She has always refused to be married according to the French fashion, which ordains that young girls passively accept suitors offered to them by their families. She and M. Wilson have been well acquainted for thirteen years, during which time M. Grévy has been to him a close friend and something of a mentor.

THE question of what the womanhood of the world is to wear during the coming season is rapidly arriving at a definite decision. Princesses dresses of velvet are much in vogue for demitoelette; they are made with a long train, while in front the corsage is cut so as to give the effect of a Louis XIV. coat, the velvet skirt being plain in front. These elegant and severely simple dresses will be worn at small dinners or to receive calls in, and at very small parties. Costumes of satin and velvet will be much more worn for paying calls than those entirely of velvet. Some costumes are shown with the underskirt of plain velvet, the over-dress of draped cashmere, and the jacket of stamped velvet or in plush, all matching in hue precisely. No trimming at all is employed in the toilettes and costumes of plain velvet, the richness of the material being considered its own sufficient ornament. Shaded goods are entirely out of fashion and have vanished as if by miracle, though some beautiful shaded plushes and velvets were shown at the beginning of the season. A new and very lovely material for opera cloaks is shown in the shape of a heavy watered plush. In peach color it is very beautiful. Matinees are often made of it in pale pink, blue, or peach colour, trimmed with ruffles of white lace and lined with satin in pale contrasting hues. Some beautiful dresses have been prepared for transmission to the United States during the past week. One was a walking costume on terra-cotta hued satin and cashmere, intended for a young Philadelphia belle. The front of the skirt was covered with five-plated flounces of cashmere, each edged with a bias band of the satin. The flounces were met at each side of the skirt by perpendicular draperies of cashmere, joined in a point near the hem and parting below the waist so as to show a pointed piece of satin. These draperies were caught together just above the hem with a satin bow. The back of the skirt was covered with straight draperies of cashmere. With this dress was to be worn a plush tight-fitting jacket, matching precisely in hue that of the cashmere and satin.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THEATRICAL journalism has been enriched by the appearance of the *Play*.

A PROTEST has been made against ladies wearing large fans at theatres. Of course the protesters are little men.

MISS HELEN TAYLOR, daughter-in-law of the late John Stuart Mill, wishes it to be stated that she has not called Mr. Gladstone anything worse than "a dastard and a recreant."

THE Queen was so much pleased with *The Colonel*, as represented at Abergeldie, that she will probably become once more an active patron of the drama. There are rumours current of a forthcoming dramatic performance at Windsor Castle.

LONDON shop assistants intend to apply to Parliament for an Act limiting the number of hours for which it may be lawful to employ them—in other words, to make it illegal for a shopman to stand too long behind a counter.

THE Californian Claimant to the Tichborne titles and estates is announced to be "on his way east from San Diego to London." He ought to be allowed to interview Sir Arthur Orton in prison, and might be left alone with him for half an hour.

A REMARKABLE millinery triumph is called the "winning October hat," and is really artistic, if a trifle pronounced. It is a large poke shape, trimmed with black Spanish lace and peacock feathers laid flat on the brim, and on the left side is a modest bunch of sunflowers.

NEARLY 600 noblemen and gentlemen connected with the various foreign and public services, bankers, merchants, and others, have joined the Empire Club, which is situate in Grafton street, and there is no doubt that the objects of the committee have been fully realized, viz., to found a club for the special use of officers and officials, past and present, of our colonial possessions, as also for gentlemen who are connected by professional and commercial pursuits with the vast foreign empire of Great Britain.

WE all know that Cleopatra's Needle is to be supported by a couple of bronze sphinxes; that the Board determined on. One of them has been cast, and is to be put up in a few days. In the meantime other decorations seem paralyzed. There is plenty of work to be done in the decoration and embellishment and support of the base of the Needle; but nobody seems to be

doing it. There is an ugly boarding round the Needle, as there has been for months past. A boarding round a structure that has no *raison d'être* except ornament, always suggests great activity inside the screened enclosure. But for the last two months the boarding has remained up, and nothing has been done.

THE famous Exhibition of Wax Work, so long the property of Madame Tussaud, and subsequently of members of her family, is about to be removed from Baker street to a new Gallery to be constructed in the Marlybone road, opposite the Workhouse and immediately adjoining the station of the Underground Railway, by which means access can be obtained to it from all parts of the metropolis. The new Gallery will be completed within a couple of years, and will be a very splendid building and a great ornament to the neighbourhood.

A WORK is in the press of an interesting and novel kind. Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, prince among advocates, is publishing his experiences of a barrister's life. The worthy Serjeant has seen many phases of life, legal and otherwise; he has mixed in much metropolitan gaiety, and is looked up to by the young sparks of the bar as the model of the "jolly good fellow" type of a barrister. His name is a household word, and Dickens's "Serjeant Buzfuz" hardly enjoys a wider fame. Who has not heard the racy stories in which the name of the Serjeant figures prominently? and who has ever listened to the great advocate beguiling a jury without admiring the wonderful skill he displays. These reminiscences ought to prove a great success.

THE daughters of the once famous tenor, Mario, are married and live in London, and have been very anxious for some time past to have their father pay them a visit, but the old man is so wedded to his Roman home, his library, piano, and collection of antiquities that he never could be persuaded to quit the Holy City. Finally the young ladies consulted with one of Mario's oldest friends in Rome, Prince Odescalchi, and between them they concocted a little plot. The Prince called one day on Mario and asked him if he would come with him to take an excursion into the country. The old man consented with alacrity, and off the two friends started in a comfortable car, singularly well provided with wraps, luncheon, &c., for a short journey. At first Mario was too much interested in the conversation of his friend to note the length of time he had been travelling, but finally asked him how far they were going. "Oh, a little further," was the sole response, which was repeated from time to time till several hours had passed, and still the terminating point of the excursion was as far off as ever. At last Mario grew restive and insisted upon knowing whither he was being taken. "Well, if you must know," made answer Prince Odescalchi, "to Paris and London." And so the old singer was successfully carried off, and is, perhaps still with his rejoicing children to this day.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MADAME PATTI has arrived in New York. "The Colonel" has had a tremendous success in Boston.

M. SARDON'S new comedy to be produced this winter in Paris is *Odetta*.

MADAME RISTORI is to appear next July at Drury Lane in English drama.

EMMA WATSON-DOTY is to appear with the Strakosch Opera Company this season.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, the producer of "The World" and "Youth" at Drury Lane Theatre, is to be married to Miss Rendle.

M. FRANCOIS COPPEE, the well-known poet and dramatist, is writing a satirical play on the peculiarities of *Estheticism*.

THE contract between Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt and the director of the Imperial Theatres has been signed.

MR. George Grove believes he has come upon the traces of yet another unpublished Schubert symphony.

THE expenses of the Norwich Festival are already covered, and it is hoped a profit may finally show of advantage to the charities of the county.

THE Meinigen actors are to be presented by the Duke with a medal in commemoration of their 1000th performance in foreign theatres.

MDLLE. Sarah Bernhardt's French provincial tour closed last week. Her 38 performances are said to have yielded the gigantic sum of £14,000.

"LA MASCOTTE," by Andran, of "Olivette" celebrity, has been produced, or rather the English version of it, by Reece and Farnie, at Brighton.

MR. MARLESON has concluded a contract with Herr Angelo Neumann, director of the Leipzig State Theatre, for the production in May next at Her Majesty's Theatre of Richard Wagner's "Nibelungen."

M. MASSENET, the composer of "Le Roi de Lahore," is engaged upon a new opera, founded upon the legend of "Don Juan de Marana," as dramatised by the elder Dumas.

SOOTHING SYRUPS SUPERCEDED.—Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best remedy for infants teething; it is safe, pleasant and reliable, and cures promptly all forms of Bowel Complaints. For Canadian Cholera or Colic and Dysentery of either children or adults there is no better remedy.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

There are strong contrasts in the lives and characters of men in all conditions of human existence, and even among chessplayers...

These two men are almost equally renowned for skill in the game, but how differently circumstanced, as far as the enjoyment of this world's happiness is concerned...

But, as if to prevent the lovers of our game from rejoicing too much over the good fortune falling to the lot of one of their fraternity, another picture is presented...

Paul Morphy is spoken of as suffering from one of the heaviest calamities which can befall a human being...

Nourishing a dislike for that talent, which a few years ago gave him such fame in Europe and America, he appears to be a victim to a constant dread of financial ruin...

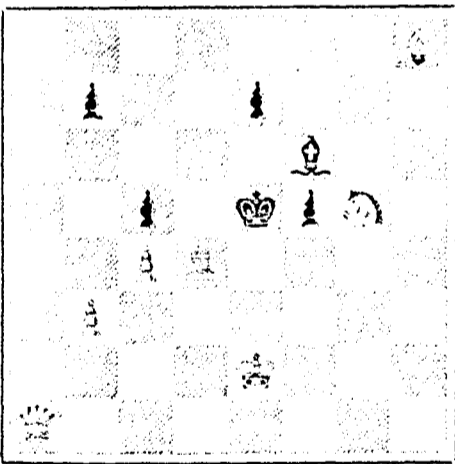
Mr. Blackburne's blindfold exhibition duly came off last Wednesday evening at the City of London Chess Club, and attracted such a number of chessplayers...

THE CHESS AUTOMATON.—The chess automaton "Metaphor" which has been on exhibition in the Metropolis during the past three years, gave a special treat on Saturday evening...

PROBLEM NO. 354

By F. C. Collins.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 4814.

Consultation Game played at Berlin, 19th September, 1871.

(Centre Gambit.)

Chess game record table with columns for White and Black moves, listing pieces and squares.

- 27. R takes P
28. K to R sq
29. P takes B
30. Q to Q 4
31. R takes R
32. K to Kt 7
33. Q to Q sq
34. K to B 2

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 352.

- White. 1. Kt to Q 6
2. K to Q B 5
3. B mates

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 350.

- White. 1. Q to K 6 ch
2. Kt to Q B 8 (dis ch)
3. R takes R mate

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 351.

- White. K at Q R 3
Q at K Kt sq
Kt to K 2

White to play and mate in two moves.

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which will be ready about December 1st. Price \$1.00 a year; 25 cents a number.

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Table with columns for DELIVERY, MAILS, and CLOSING, listing various routes and times for Montreal Post-Office.



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Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge at the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R."

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
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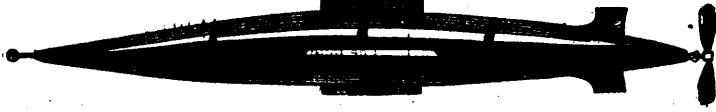
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The following are our advertising rates:—For one monthly insertion, 10 cts. per line; for three months, 9 cts. per line; for six months, 8 cts. per line; for one year, 7 cts. per line; one page of illustration, including one column description, \$30; half-page of illustration, including half-column description, \$20; quarter-page of illustration, including quarter-column description, \$10. 10 per cent. off on cash payments.

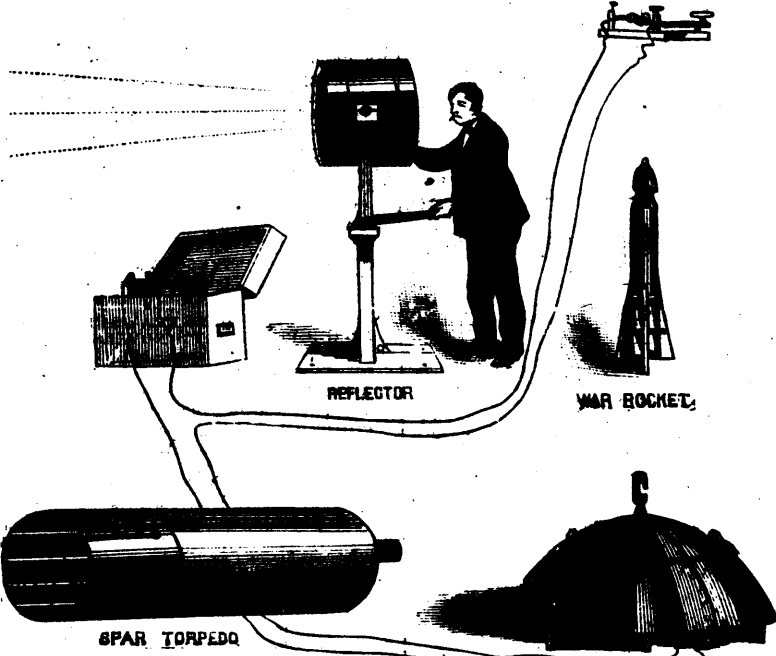
Gray's
SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS



SPAR-TORPEDOS



FISH TORPEDO



TORPEDO PRACTICE IN THE UNITED STATES.—(SEE PAGE 307.)

LIEBIG COMPANY'S



EXTRACT OF MEAT
FINEST AND CHEAPEST
MEAT-FLAVOURING
STOCK FOR SOUPS,
MADE DISHES & SAUCES.

An inimitable and palatable food, which builds up weak digestion and debility.
"Is a success and a boon for which Nations should feel grateful."
—See Medical Press, Lancet, British Medical Journal, etc.
To be had of all Grocers, Druggists, and Chemists.
Sole Agents for the United States (including Wash.) D. W. & Co., 150 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Sole Agents for Canada, U.S.A., and Great Britain, Messrs. J. M. Douglass & Co., Montreal.

CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with the signature of Baron Liebig's signature in blue ink across label.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



In consequence of imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature thus—

without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.

Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

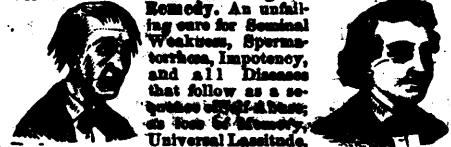
To be obtained of

Messrs. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; Messrs. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAPS
ARE PURE AND THEIR
PERFUME CHOICE AND LASTING

"NIL DESPERANDUM."

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE
TRADE MARK. THE GREAT ENGLISH MADE MARK.



Before Taking Pain in the Back, After Taking Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at 25 cents per bottle; or by packages for \$2, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

CASTOR FLUID (Registered.)

A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the scalp. 25c. per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist.

Sole Manufacturer,
144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of

Four per cent. and a Bonus of One per cent.

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution, have been declared for the current half-year and that the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city, and at its Branches, on and after THURSDAY, the 1st day December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 10th to the 20th of November next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.
Montreal, 21st October, 1881.

W. J. BUCHANAN,
General Manager.



South Eastern Railway

AND

Montreal and Boston Air Line

THE DIRECT AND BEST ROUTE
TO

White Mountains,

Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell,
Worcester, Providence.

BOSTON

and all points in NEW ENGLAND, also to the EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 27th, South Eastern Railway Trains will run to and from Bonaventure Station as follows:—

LEAVE MONTREAL.

DAY EXPRESS running through to Boston at 8.30 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, Quebec, West Farnham, and Cowansville, 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 8.35 a.m.

LOCAL TRAINS from Knowlton and Way Stations at 9.15 a.m., on Mondays at 9.25 a.m., instead of 9.25 a.m.

DAY EXPRESS from Boston at 8.45 p.m.

Express Train arriving at 8.25 a.m. will stop daily at Richelieu, Chambly, Canton and Chambly Falls.

The most comfortable and elaborate Sleeping Cars run on the night trains that enter Bonaventure Station.

ALL CARS AND TRAINS run between Bonaventure Station, Montreal, and Boston **WITHOUT CHANGE**. Baggage checked through to all principal points in NEW ENGLAND.

BAGGAGE PASSED BY THE CUSTOMS AT BONAVENTURE STATION, thus saving all trouble to Passengers at the Boundary Line.

For Tickets, apply at 202 St. James street, Windsor Hotel and Bonaventure Station.

BRADLEY HARLOW,

President and General Manager.

\$777 a year and expenses to agents. Outfit free.
Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, July 25th, 1881.

Trains will run as follows:

	MEMO.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa.....		8.30 a.m.	8.15 p.m.
Arrive at Ottawa.....		1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga.....		8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....		12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....		3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....		9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....		10.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....		5.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.00 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.		
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....	6.45 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.00 a.m.		
Leave Hochelaga for Joliette.....	5.00 p.m.		
Arrive at Joliette.....	7.25 p.m.		
Leave Joliette for Hochelaga.....	8.00 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.20 a.m.		
(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)			
Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later than Hochelaga.			
Magnificent Palace Cars on all Day Passenger Trains, and Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.			
Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.			
Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m.			
All Trains Run by Montreal Time.			
GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMES.			
TICKET OFFICES:			
13 Place D'Armes, MONTREAL.			
202 St. James Street, MONTREAL.			
Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec.			
L. A. SENECAI, Gen'l Sup't.			

CARDS. 10 Lily and Imported Glass, 10 Transparent, 200 Motto, Scroll & engraved, (in colors) in case, & 1 Love Letter, name on all 15c. West & Co. Westville, Ct.

Private Medical Dispensary.

(Established 1860, 25 GOULD STREET, TORONTO, ONT. Dr. Andrew's Female Pills, Dr. Andrew's Female Pills, all of Dr. A.'s celebrated remedies for various diseases, can be obtained at the Dispensary. Circulars free. All letters answered promptly, without charge, when stamp is enclosed. Communications confidential. Address, E. J. Andrew, M. S., Toronto, Ont.