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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVI.—No. 19.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1882.

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THE GALLERY OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.
NO. XII.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

It has become necessary once more to call the attention of our subscribers to the large number of subscriptions which remain unpaid, after repeated appeals for prompt settlement. Prompt payment of subscriptions to a newspaper is an essential of its continuance, and must of necessity be enforced in the present case. Good wishes for the success of our paper we have in plenty from our subscribers, but good wishes are not money, and those who do not pay for their paper only add an additional weight to it, and render more difficult that success which they wish, in words, to be achieved.

Let it be clearly understood, then, that from all those whose subscriptions are not paid on or before the 1st of December next, we shall collect the larger sum of \$4.50, according to our regular rule, while we are of necessity compelled to say to those who are now indebted to us that if they do not pay their subscriptions for 1882 before the above date, we shall be obliged to discontinue sending them the paper after the 1st January, 1883.

All those who really wish success to the Canadian Illustrated News must realize that it can only succeed by their assistance, and we shall take the non-payment of subscriptions now due as an indication that those who so neglect to support the paper have no wish for its prosperity.

We have made several appeals before this to our subscribers, but we trust the present will prove absolutely effectual, and we confidently expect to receive the amount due in all cases without being put to the trouble and expense of collecting.

We hope that not one of our subscribers will fail in making a prompt remittance.

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Oct. 29th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 55°	42°	49°	Mon.. 46°	40°	43°
Tues. 52°	40°	46°	Tues. 48°	39°	43°
Wed. 53°	42°	47°	Wed. 46°	36°	41°
Thur. 53°	42°	48°	Thur. 46°	36°	41°
Fri.. 52°	35°	44°	Fri.. 50°	33°	41°
Sat.. 50°	38°	44°	Sat.. 50°	33°	41°
Sun.. 52°	35°	44°	Sun.. 52°	46°	54°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 4, 1882.

THE WEEK.

EVERYBODY in England is reading letters describing the fight at Tel-el-Kebir. One from a youngster, who has not been gazetted more than three months, is short, and to the purpose: "Well, we advanced about another four miles. Just as the sky was beginning to gray, some Bedouins were seen in full flight in front of the 74th, who immediately fired on them. Then,

all of a sudden, tremendous fire was opened on us from along the whole line at about eight hundred yards. We advanced as fast as we could. At two hundred yards there was no holding the men. We charged, cheering as loud as we could, and reached the whole line. Just in front of my company was a bastion of eleven Krupp guns. We crossed the ditch and climbed the parapet somehow—I don't know how. We found about one hundred gunners inside, fully armed. They only lived about three minutes. I killed four myself, and have been sorry for it ever since; but if I hadn't they would have done the same for me, and I preferred the former. When we got through the bastion, we found little opposition, the enemy being in full flight."

CHURCHES in England as elsewhere are ostensibly for the accommodation of worshippers, but in the case of an English parish entirely owned, with the exception of the glebe, by a Nonconformist, and with a population all told of only twenty-one persons, we are curious to know who the probable congregation would be composed of. We are not presenting a fanciful problem, the creature of ours or any one else's imagination, but we are thinking of an actual fact, gravely reported in the press, and authenticated by the circumstance that the Bishop of St. David's last week reopened the parish church of Llandawke, Wales, which is described as a Norman building of great antiquity which for years has been allowed to go in a ruinous and dangerous condition. Is there any wonder that the church was deserted and neglected? Twenty-one souls available as a maximum congregation, three at least of which (the preacher, clerk and sexton) were officials, and all, as we may reasonably assume, more or less under the influence of the land owner of the parish who is a Nonconformist! Provided all were in good health, and all attended public worship there would be an audience of seventeen persons. Well, we wonder more at the restoration and reopening of the edifice, than at its erstwhile neglect.

THE success of Mrs. Langtry in England has called out columns of indignation in some of the theatrical journals. What is the use, they cry, of training and experience, if a triumph can be won by such a neophyte? Some enthusiasts may say that Mrs. Langtry has genius, and needs little or no training. Cooler heads may explain her success by the condition of the English stage. There is not, and there never has been, any systematic school of acting in England, but aspirants to stage honors are left to light their own way as best they can. One manager insists on one style, another on another; one leading man will make the supporting company do one thing, another another. There is no rule to guide the new comer; there is no tradition which manager and star are equally bound to respect and observe. In these days a pretty girl who begins at the lowest round of the ladder is tempted to adopt a career in operetta or spectacle, rather than to waste her time either in the legitimate or society drama. Her personal attractions will at once give her a leading position in these branches, while on the truly dramatic stage would be playing two-line parts. Mrs. Langtry comes to the stage in the prime of her beauty, and after years of practice in moving and living and speaking before crowds of spectators, far more exacting than the ordinary audience of a theatre. She has, in fact, been acting since her marriage, before highly critical spectators. She has had, too, the best of training, that of Mrs. Labouchère. Mrs. Langtry is not put forward as a new Siddons, or a new Neilson, but asks to be judged on her merits. Circumstances have enabled her to display her talents without years of weary waiting, just as circumstances condemn others to remain in lasting obscurity. The same thing happens in every profession. The most famous lawyers are not those who know the law most profoundly, or those who surpass in eloquence, but those who have had the luck, either by family connection or sheer accident, to get an opportunity. There is an injustice about it, no doubt, but it is the injustice of the gods, the irony of fate, which it is no use our kicking against.

MRS. LANGTRY'S arrival in New York has of course let loose upon her the usual flood of irrepressible reporters, and the pretty little lady has been interviewed to excess, as might have been expected. Of her appearance on the stage we have not yet heard, but when we do we imagine that the result will prove an agreeable disappointment to many, who, while eager to see Mrs. Langtry for the same reason that they flocked to hear Mr. Oscar Wilde, expect to go away gratified with the sight rather than satisfied with the performance. The fact of the matter is that Mrs. Langtry will, we expect, be found to be considerably above the level of the ordinary *tyro*, if judged simply upon her merits as an actress, while, inasmuch as no one can deny that it is an unpardonable crime in an actress to be otherwise than good-looking, so at least, even to the most artistically exigent, the new-comer's fair face will appeal not without reason.

HYDRAULIC POWER AT HOME.

Persons with an engineering turn of mind have often made it their hobby to render their houses mechanical curiosities. Mr. Edgeworth appears to have been given to this mode of exercising his ingenuity. His house, says Sir Henry Holland, was full of contrivances for making the ordinary acts of life subserve other and unforeseen use. The mere opening and shutting of certain doors, for instance, set in motion machinery for winding up clocks or raising weights in other parts of the house. Winstanley, the unfortunate builder of a wooden lighthouse on the Eddystone, was another eccentric genius who delighted in such mechanical contrivances, which in his hands often took the form of practical jokes. A visitor to his house who should put his foot into a slipper in his bedroom conjured up a ghost on the hearthrug before him. He would throw himself into an easy chair and immediately find himself firmly clasped in the arms of it, and if he sauntered into an arbour in the garden, he would presently be astonished to find himself aloft on a canal.

When electricians, and sanitarians, and engineers of one sort and another have worked their will with us for another generation or two, most of our houses will probably be as full of mechanical contrivances. The latest project for London is one by which hydraulic power is to be placed at the disposal of anybody who cares to have one more pipe carried into his premises, and does not object to the periodical visits of one more rate collector. Few people know much about this hydraulic force, or what it can be made to do. Very few are aware how multifarious are the functions it already performs. Just now and again it is brought into prominence among the forces at the disposal of engineers, and people almost stand aghast at its tremendous capabilities. There are those who well remember the sensation occasioned by the exhibition of its power at the Menai tubular bridge, where two tubes, each weighing nearly 2,000 tons, had to be hoisted a hundred feet into the air.

A later display of it was in the launching of the *Great Eastern*. Brunel, it may be remembered, found it necessary to shove the monster he had created sideways down into the water. The total weight of the vessel was, we suppose, some ten or twelve thousand tons, and some very faint idea of the power that was brought to bear upon it may possibly be conveyed by the statement that one of the hydraulic rams burst under a pressure of 12,000 lbs. to the square inch. The mention of a ship in this connection recalls to mind a curious application of this same force, and on no trivial scale, on board the ill-fated *Bessemer* steamship. This vessel, as everybody knows, was intended to do away with sea-sickness, and in the middle of it had a swinging saloon, some 70 feet long, the least movement of which could be counteracted by a slight motion of the hand operating on a hydraulic ram.

Another unfortunate scheme presented a very striking display of this tremendous force. The steam-ferry across the Thames, near the Thames Tunnel, had to be brought at all states of the tide on a level with a platform on either side of the river, or rather the platforms had to be brought on a level with the ferry, and it was very curious to see what had the appearance of a section of a roadway, and perhaps three or four heavily laden carts or vans with their men and horses, all lifted or dropped by a slight movement of a single hand upon a lever.

The unobtrusiveness of the force is very impressive. There is none of the fuss and fume of steam power, and the actual hydraulic machinery lies in a wonderfully small compass. All the premises of the various Dock Companies in the port of London are permeated by this force, yet there is little to see and no noise. Jumbo may be hoisted on board a vessel, or dock gates may be opened or shut, or hog-heads of sugar may be lifted out of the hold of a vessel as though they were so many nutmegs, but there are no engines to be seen, and the men who manipulate the power rarely know anything about it.

The cranes in the West India Docks will, we believe, lift 30 tons with ease, and at Woolwich the same silent power must, we suppose, be capable of doing twice or three times as much.

This same giant is as capable of small achievements as of great ones. In the West Indian Docks, for instance, it has within the past year

or two been set to perform what looks to be rather an ignominious task by comparison with most of its doings. All coffee coming into the Dock is turned out of the receptacles it comes in, in order to be sorted according to the size and colour of the berry. When it comes to be returned to the casks in which it has arrived, there is always a difficulty in getting it in, and labourers used to be employed to thump the side of the barrels with mallets. This thumping is now done by hydraulic power. The barrel is placed in the middle of a machine, and a little handle is turned. This alternately puts on and cuts off the water power, and a number of iron beaters first spring out from the sides of the receptacle and then fall heavily back again, shaking the coffee beans into their places in about one minute, a task which it formerly took six men five minutes to perform.

Another very curious and pretty function is here required of this useful agent, and it is one which must, we fancy, do a good deal to reconcile Londoners to the idea of tolerating another system of pipes for the disturbance of the streets. In the Docks the water-mains are under constant pressure; but here, as elsewhere, it is found that as a means of grappling with a fire the pressure is altogether inadequate. The first outburst of the water is powerful enough; but the fact of its outbursting instantly relieves the pressure, and the column of water falls, and is no longer available for any considerable height. The Dock Companies, however, are able most effectually to remedy this by carrying into their stand-pipes a jet from their hydraulic mains. Reinforced by this powerful auxiliary, the column of water which spouted up feebly and mostly in the form of a spray rises instantly in a dense and effective stream to a great height. The company about to carry these hydraulic mains through the streets for the convenience of anyone who chooses to pay for it have, it must be confessed, a strong point over and above their Act of Parliament when they urge that they will be prepared to do for the public protection just what the Dock Companies now do for their own security. They will have their pipes under the roadway alongside the water mains, and it will but require that a connection shall be provided between the two systems that each stand-pipe to render their pressure of some 700 lbs. or 500 lbs. to the square inch available for the extinction purposes. This would undoubtedly render the stand-pipe system efficient, whereas at present it is very generally found to be a failure.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Duke of Connaught has left Egypt for England.

PARIS carpenters and upholsterers threaten to strike.

THE French Chamber is summoned to meet on the 8th of November.

NEW discoveries of hematite iron have been made at Madoc, Ont.

THE Paris *Figaro* gives currency to a rumor that President Grevy is shortly to resign.

DAMAGE by floods in the Southern Tyrol is estimated at one and a half million florins.

WINNIPEG was lighted by electricity on Saturday night, the street railway being opened at the same time.

A CHINESE coin, said to be 3,000 years old, has been found by miners at Cassiar, in British Columbia.

THE Dublin Grand Jury has returned a true bill against the murderers (ten in number) of the Joyce family.

A CAIRO despatch says the False Prophet is reported to be within three days' march of Khartoum.

At Hanley, England, many members of the Salvation Army were injured, some very seriously, by the falling of the floor.

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE has published a pamphlet to prove that there is a large balance of the Land League funds unaccounted for.

A MEETING of Friends was held at Chester, Pa., on Saturday afternoon in commemoration of the 200th anniversary of the landing of Wm. Penn at that place.

CHOLERA has returned to Yokohama. Official returns show that since the 1st of May over 47,000 cases have been recorded, of which 8,000 ended fatally.

AN old white man named Hall shot and killed his mother-in-law at Burnard Inlet, B.C., on the 20th. She was a squaw and had stolen his money.

JOSEPH LEVESQUE has been found guilty at Winnipeg of the murder of Legault, at Turtle Mountain, and sentenced to be hanged on the 24th November.

THE London (Ont.) Grand Jury consider the prevalence of "bureaux" and "detective agencies" a growing evil, and Judge Hagarty promises to bring the matter under the attention of the Attorney-General.

THE minutes found amongst Arabi's papers of an Egyptian Cabinet meeting held prior to the war, and at which Devitch Pasha, Turkish Commissioner, was present, include a resolution to meet the British with armed resistance.

TO THE AUTHOR OF JABBER-
WOCKY.

Oh, sir! I was a beamish child,
Who gyred and gibbled in the lane,
Until your weird words drove me wild
A-burling in my brain.

At brillig, when my mother dear,
Calls me to dine, I really do—
To make it clear, close to her ear
I loudly cry "Callow!"

My brother, like a frumious patch,
Regards me as his innumerable foe,
As if I were a Blandersnatch,
Or a Jubjub bird, you know!

He snicker-snacks his vorpal sword,
And vows he'll slay me—what a shock!
If I do quote another word—
One word—from Jabberwock.

I then galumphing go away,
Beneath the leafy shade of trees,
Where all the day I cry "Callow!"
And chortle when I please!

I wish I were a borrowgove,
To dwell within the tugely wood,
Where I could say the words I love:
I'd whistle—that I should.

Oh, frabjous poem! pray, sir, tell,
Compounded was it by what laws?
Why did you write it in a book?
I know you'll say—"Because!"

Oh! when you sit in uffish thought
Beneath the tum-tum tree, and wait:
Write other words, I think you ought,
To drive these from my pate.

—E.M. MATTHEWS, in *St. Nicholas*.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

AEROSTATICS IN THE FRENCH ARMY.—The recent autumn manoeuvres of the French army have been carried on with considerable pomp and circumstance, and its organization, from an ultra-critical point of view, pronounced admirable. At Meudon a school has been established for the purpose of having students instructed in the uses of the war balloon. Our illustration represents an ascent a few minutes prior to the departure of the balloon, to which is attached a cone. This cone is fastened to the upper portion of the netting, and to its base are appended large weights of lead. When it is attached, the ascension begins and the telephonic experiments commence. When the necessary observations are made, the cone, by an order issued from below, detaches itself, and, aided by the leaden weights, falls almost vertically to within a few yards of its place of departure. Although we are unable to enter into minute details of this novel instrument, we are safe in saying that it will prove of immense service in war.

The series of illustrations by Rev. Père Paradis of scenery on the Upper Ottawa, two more of which appear this week, will be continued in our next, when a full description of all will appear.

MUSIC ILLUSTRATED BY THE SISTER
ARTS.

This week we present our readers with a view of the very artistic exhibit of the Rosenkranz pianos erected in the main building of the last Provincial Exhibition.

When we first saw this exhibit, shortly after the opening day, we did not expect that it would have developed into such an artistic display. When, however, last week, we had the privilege of seeing the photographic views of the Rosenkranz Exhibit, we were surprised at the beauty and educational value of this remarkable illustration of music by sculpture, engravings, and kindred art, and felt ourselves impelled to acquaint our readers with the illustration and a description of the exhibit kindly furnished us by Mr. Charles Martin, the agent for the Rosenkranz pianos. The effect of the whole was greatly enhanced by the many hot-house plants and flowers placed behind and between the statuary, thus forming an harmonious combination of nature and art, enlivening, refreshing and elevating in the extreme.

In the centre niche we see the bust of Liszt (with smaller figures of Michael Angelo and Rubens), on his right Chopin's, and on his left Hayden's, while under the latter, as illustrations of his principal works, are four figures representing the "Seasons," and a fine marble figure of "Eve." On the roof are two figures personating Poetry and Art, and on the edge, between two bronze figures of Goethe and Schiller, the portraits of Beethoven and Mozart, with a bust of Shakespeare between them, and underneath a fine bas-relief of Robert and Clara Schumann, modelled by Retschel.

On the left from the main entrance are busts of Schumann, Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn, and underneath a fine figure of "Chastity" with the white doe of Rylstone on one side and Birch's "Fawn" on the other, both beautiful marble groups. On the roof besides the portrait of Weber is a characteristic figure of M-x, the "Freischütz," next to which are two fine marble busts of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and between them, symbolical of the illustrious couple's patronage of art, is a noble Apollo with his lyre. Next to a group in marble, Niobe with her daughter, and Cupid and Psyche, (the latter illustrative of Thomas's Opera "Psyche") we see Chopin's life-size portrait, and under a large bust of Meyerbeer, a full figure representing this composer's "Africaine." On the side pillars are suspended large portraits of Donizetti, Rossini, Bellini, Spontini and

Cherubini, and underneath are the fine engravings from the Boydell Gallery, illustrative of Bellini's and also Gounod's "Roméo and Juliet," Halévy's "The Tempest," Mendelssohn's "King Lear," and an exceedingly beautiful engraving of Hildebrandt's "Othello," all illustrative of the great musical compositions founded on these works of Shakespeare. The railing below is covered with a fine engraving of Millais' "Hungerlots," a rare print after Guido Reni's painting engraved by Frey in 1742 "The head of St. John Baptist," to illustrate Stradella's and also Dr. Stainer's Oratorios, two very fine Mezzotinto engravings by William Ward, one of which is an excellent portrait of John Wesley to represent hymnology, and the other "David Garrick in the Greenroom," after Hogarth's painting, illustrative of the importance of vocal recitation for vocal efficiency. On the roof were two fine figures in marble representing water-carriers to illustrate Cherubini's "Les Deux Journées."

At the back part of the pavilion is a life-size bust of Bach in the centre niche, and on the roof busts are figures representing "Purity," "Modesty," "Egeria," "Science" and "Semele," illustrative of Handel's oratorio of that name, while the edge of the roof shows a fine, large marble figure of Christ with a group of the "Three Graces" on one side, and the "Rock of Ages," in marble on the other, and between these are life-size portraits of Mendelssohn and Schumann. As illustrations of the former's oratorio "Christus," Handel's "Messiah," and Bach's "Nativity of Christ," besides the aforesaid figure of "Jesus" were an excellent very large and rare engraving of Raphael's celebrated "Lo Spasimo di Sicilia" by Toschi, and a fine print of Correggio's "Nativity;" while Bach's and Sir J. Benedict's "St. Matthew" were represented by an exceedingly fine portrait of that apostle after Leonardo de Vinci's celebrated cartoon. On the right side of the main entrance Handel's "Samson" was illustrated by a wonderfully fine engraving of Bartolozzi's painting "Samson Breaking his Bonds," his "Saul" by a copy of Joseph's painting from the Louvre, and "Miriam" by Steffensand's engraving of Koehler's celebrated painting, while his "Esther" was represented by a series of six large and rare engravings by Beauvarlet after De Troy's paintings and his "Hercules" by a beautiful bronze Plaque. Mendelssohn's "Midsummer-nights' Dream" was suggested by several fine engravings from the Boydell Gallery, Rossini's "William Tell" by Kaulbach's illustration of Schiller's Drama of "Tell," Schubert's fine composition of Goethe's "Haidroslein" was represented by an excellent engraving after Kaulbach's fine illustration, and Balfe's opera "The Enchantress" and Cherubini's "Circe" by an exceedingly fine and rare engraving after Dominichino's "Circe" by the great William Sharp, and Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," by a very excellent pencil drawing, Beethoven's "Moses" was represented by the best etching of Biscaino, over 200 years old and exceedingly rare, and his "Egmont" by a reproduction of Adam's picture: "Egmont and William of Orange" and the excellent illustrations of W. Von Kaulbach, whose "Joan of Arc and Mignon," together with a fine engraving of Ary Scheffers "Mignon and her father" served to represent Gounod's composition of "Jeanne d'Arc" and Thomas's "Mignon." In the centre niche was a life size bust of Handel, with Gluck on his right and Mozart on his left, and underneath were a marble group "The Prodigal Son" illustrative of Sullivan's work on that subject; the life size portraits of Verdi and Gounod with a beautiful marble group of the latter's "Faust and Marguerite," while as a pendant to it was seen a lovely group of "Paul and Virginia" as an illustration of Thomas's pleasing opera.

On the edge of the roof were two marble figures representing tragic and comic opera, and "Undine" to illustrate Lortzing's opera; while the pillars were ornamented with life-size portraits of French composers, Adam, Auber, Boieldieu, Halévy and Hérold. A fine portrait of Spohr and Kaulbach's illustrations to Goethe's "Faust" represented most fitly Spohr's and Schumann's as well as Gounod's "Faust." Spohr's "Crucifixion" was represented by a magnificent engraving by Vander Gucht of Rubens' well known picture of "The Crucifixion," and also by Schueltheis's engraving of Tintoretto's painting on that subject. Gluck's "Iphigenia" was illustrated by a fine painting after Kaulbach's picture and that composer's "Ophéus," by a beautiful bronze-plaque which besides two other well-executed bronze panels "Ulysses" and "Penelope," emblematical of Gounod's "Chez de l'Ulysse," and Cimarosa's "Penelope" formed a greatly pleasing contrast to the fine statuary and engravings on the pillars and railings of the Pavilion.

Gounod's "Sappho" was illustrated by a fine marble bust, and Mendelssohn's "R-formation Symphony" and Niets Gade's "Crusaders" by a reproduction of Kaulbach's frescos in the Berlin Museum.

Of portraits of composers there remain still to be mentioned those of Hummel, Marschner, Lortzing and Metastasio, the latter beautifully engraved by James Heath. Handel's "Messiah" and Mendelssohn's "Christus" were further illustrated by Ecce Homo after Metsys and Hal loway's fine engravings of Raphael's Vatican Cartoons: "Christ giving the keys to Peter," and "Peter and Paul healing the sick at the Temple." Haydn's compositions were most artistically represented as well by John Martin's Mezzotinto engravings of Milton's "Paradise Lost" as also by Lacy's and Caldwell's engravings illustrating Thompson's seasons on which Haydn's Oratorio of that name is founded.

Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" was illustrated by Mintrop's celebrated picture of "Christmas" and a marble group representing "Abraham's Sacrifice" served to illustrate Cimarosa's, Moli- que's and Blumner's compositions on this subject.

Volpato's fine engraving of Raphael's "School of Athens," also one of the Vatican cartoons, reminded us as by contrast of Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," and the latter's "Prometheus" was portrayed by Holl's engraving after Manning's sculpture.

Joseph introducing his father to Pharaoh, after the painting of Elsheimer, served to illustrate Mehül's Joseph, and John Martin's mezzotinto engravings of "Paradise Lost," represented also Rubenstein's oratorio of that title. Mendelssohn's St. Paul, and Bach's "Passion according to St. Matthew," found representatives in copies of Dürer's large cartoons in the Munich "Pinakothek."

To judge from the artistic surroundings, we cannot but conclude that "mens sana in corpore sano" will also apply to the instruments exhibited, of which we cannot give our opinion, as we have not heard them, but, one thing is certain, that only great love for art, and a desire to make the Exhibition as successful as possible, could have inspired Mr. Charles Martin, the agent of the Rosenkranz pianos, to devote so much time and work to so elaborate an exhibition and illustration of music by the sister arts in their various branches, which we must recognize as an educational effort of the highest order, and it is only to be regretted that this exhibit could not have been completed till towards the close of the exhibition, of which it was undoubtedly the greatest ornament, worthy of a Philadelphia Centennial celebration.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Oct. 14.

THE Land League treasurer's report, presented at the Dublin Conference, showed that a total amount of £244,840 had passed through his hands, and that a balance of £32,000 still remains to the credit of the fund.

THE teetotalers having claimed the victories of the Australians as due to the number of total abstainers in the eleven from the Antipodes, an inquisitive investigator has elicited the information that there is not one teetotaler in the Australian team.

THERE is quite a lady run upon tweeds and tartans in London. It would delight the eyes of an untravelled Scotchman to see the favor his country's goods are held in; and if he went to Paris, he would behold the same mania there for à la Scotch. Of course the sexes do not join the gaudy fashion.

WE have to thank the Fiji islands for our aesthetic bricks, as we are told a most beautiful building material is made in the Fiji islands of the fossil corals. It is made in cubes and will, we hear, wear for ever, that time having been certified to by proof. That is a good Fijian puff. Certain it is that large orders have been sent out for the cubes.

WE hear that the Revisers of the Old Testament have made so much progress that their work will certainly be finished in a few more months. Indeed, there is even some probability that the revised Old Testament may be ready for publication by the close of next year.

MR. A. ARTHUR READE has conceived the idea of administering to men of letters and science a series of interrogatories touching their practice in the matter of alcohol and tobacco. He now proposes to publish the replies he has received, which include letters from the late Charles Darwin, Dr. Carpenter, Professor Breckin, Dr. Alexander Bain, Messrs. E. A. Freeman, Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins, &c.

MARIAN, the Maid of the Alhambra, is to submit to the test of the experts; she is to be solemnly measured before a select circle of the fashionable and critical world. Her health will afterwards be proposed and drunk in some of the best mark of fiz. Marian, it is thought, has grown an inch and a half since she came to London. If this can be proved a lengthened career of histrionic success awaits her.

THE building in Holborn known as the Connaught Theatre is to be devoted to opera bouffe and burlesque. This will make the fifth house in London which provides amusement of this kind. Not so long ago some people were congratulating themselves on the declining popularity of opera bouffe, but apparently every new theatre—and we have a new one nearly every month—and a considerable proportion of the old ones, are the shrine of this refined entertainment.

A LADY having the misfortune to have her husband hang himself on an apple tree, the wife of a neighbor immediately came to beg a branch of that tree, to have it grafted into one in her own orchard, "for who knows," she said, "but what it may bear the same kind of fruit."

THE STORY OF THE WEEK.

It may be presumed that most people are acquainted with the fact that Sunday and Monday derive their names from the Sun and Moon and that the other days are named from "the five Saxon divinities," Tiw, Woden, Thunor, Frigo or Frig, and Sater or Sætere. The popular "guides to knowledge" invariably quote these names with one or two misspellings, and here their information usually ends. Some of them, however, go on to add the altogether erroneous statement that our Saxon ancestors used to set apart one day to the worship of each of their seven deities in succession. This mixture of fact and fancy is generally accepted as a complete explanation of the matter. A very slight acquaintance with foreign languages, however, is sufficient to reveal some additional facts, which prove that the ultimate origin of the names of the names is to be sought elsewhere than in Saxon heathendom.

The French words for the five days from Monday to Friday are Lundi, Mardi, Mercredi, Jeudi and Vendredi. The corresponding Italian words are Lunedì, Martedì, Mercoledì, Giovedì, Venerdì; and the Spanish equivalents are, Lunes, Martes, Miércoles, Jueves, Viernes. These three sets of names are simply different corruptions—mispronunciations, in fact—of the names by which the days are called in Latin. And the Latin names for the whole seven days are, when translated, as follows: The Sun's day, the Moon's day, Mars' day, Mercury's day; Jupiter's day, Venus' day and Saturn's day.

If this Latin nomenclature be compared with our own, it will be observed that the two run closely parallel. In the Latin system, as in the English, the first two days are called after the Sun and Moon, and the remaining days bear the names of five Roman deities corresponding with the five Saxon deities of the English week. Now, this coincidence cannot be the result of accident. One of the two systems must clearly be a translation of the other, and it is easy to determine which of the two has the priority. The names given to the days in the Latin week are those of the "seven planets" of ancient astronomy, while the corresponding Saxon names have no such meaning. It is clear therefore, that the English names of the days are translations of those used by the Romans. We have now to inquire how the Romans came to call the days of the week by the names of the seven planets.

This question is closely connected with another, which must be answered at the same time. In the days of the republic the Romans were not accustomed to reckon times by weeks at all. They spoke of years and months, of course, just as we do; they also counted by nundines, or, as we might say, weeks of eight days each; but until about the beginning of the Christian era the use of the seven days' week seems to have been unknown to them. How then did the Romans come to make use of this division of time?

To this question I shall have to return an answer which will certainly appear very strange and improbable to those who read it for the first time, but which is nevertheless beyond all doubt correct.

The common answer and at first sight the most plausible answer to the question, is to say that the Romans learned the weekly division of time from the Christians, or perhaps from the Jews, to whom it was familiar from the recurrence of their seventh-day Sabbath. When the Romans had thus adopted the Jewish week they naturally found it convenient to have names for the individual days; and the coincidence of number suggested the idea of calling them after the names of the seven planets. This explanation is given in several books of reference of quite recent date and abstractly considered, seems reasonable enough, especially when we consider how in later times the alchemists called their seven metals by the names of the seven planets, and the inventors of heraldry applied the same name to their seven tinctures.

However, this plausible theory must be abandoned, as the evidence leads to the startling conclusion that even if Judaism or Christianity had never existed we should probably still have been dividing our time by weeks and talking of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, or in French of Lundi, Mardi, Mercredi, just as we do now. The strangeness of the thing lies in this coincidence—that the use of the week should have been introduced into the Roman world exactly at the time when the Sabbath-keeping nations were beginning to exercise a strong influence over Roman opinions and customs. The following is an outline of the arguments by which the apparently improbable theory is proved to be the true one:

If the assignment of the names of the planets to the days of the week had been merely suggested by the coincidence in the number seven, it seems probable that the names would have been taken in some rational order; either in the order of apparent size, or in that of supposed distance from the Earth. Now, the order adopted is evidently not that of apparent size, for Mercury and Mars come between the Moon and Jupiter. Nor is it the order of distance. From the writing of Ptolemy we know that that order is as follows, beginning with the most remote:— 1. Saturn; 2. Jupiter; 3. Mars; 4. The Sun; 5. Venus; 6. Mercury; 7. the Moon.*

The Moon naturally occupies the last place in the list. The arrangement of the other planets (substituting the Earth for the Sun in the fourth place) corresponds exactly with the true order of their distances from the centre: a proof of the wonderful accuracy (considering the means at their disposal) of the observations of the ancient astronomers.

(Concluded on page 302.)

MR. WILLIAM MORLEY TWEEDIE.

Mr. William Morley Tweedie, the winner of the Gilchrist Scholarship for 1882, is the son of the Rev. William Tweedie, a Methodist minister at present residing at Hampton, New Brunswick. He was born Oct. 16th, 1862, at River John, Pictou County, N. S., received his early academical training at the Charlotte Co., Grammar School, St. Andrews, N. B., proceeded from thence to the Wesleyan Academy, Sackville, N. B., entered Mount Allison Wesleyan College of the same place in 1878, and graduated in June of the present year. In the competition for the Gilchrist Scholarship, Mr. Tweedie took a higher position than any former Gilchrist Scholar, ranking second in honours among the many standards of Matriculants of the London University. This is the second time within five years that a student of Mount Allison has won the Gilchrist.

In 1877 it was carried off by W. L. Goodwin, who was this year appointed Professor of Chemistry and Physics at Mount Allison after a most brilliant course at London, Heidelberg and Edinburgh, at which latter University he took the degree of D. Sc.

VARIETIES.

AN EPISODE IN THE AMERICAN CIRCLE OF PARIS has rather startled it. It appears that a most distinguished young lady, pretty, and rich in her own right, has suddenly disappeared. She went one morning riding with her groom. When in the Bois she sent him back for her pocket handkerchief. He returned with the indispensable article, but there was no one to use it. The young lady had disappeared. As the day drew on anxiety in the family increased and intensified, and despair ensued when a letter arrived from the young lady, simply saying that henceforth she wished to be free, and had left for Mexico! On horseback, too!—*Cherchez l'homme.*

SAYING.—The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor. But money that is inherited, or that in any way comes in without a just and fair equivalent, is almost certain to go as it came. The young man who begins by saving a few shillings a month and thriftily increases his store—every coin being a representative of solid work honestly done—stands a better chance to spend the rest of his life in affluence than he who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations or the devious means which abound in the foggy regions which lie between fair dealing and fraud.

THE HABIT OF DOING WRONG.—The habit of doing wrong is strongest in the idle mind, and



MR. WILLIAM MORLEY TWEEDIE.

can be driven out only by something better occupying its place. The man with feeble vitality is the first to take a contagious disease, while he who is overflowing with health and strength passes by unharmed. So the positively, actively good man, eagerly engaged in right-doing, with a large fund of firm principle and benevolent impulse to draw upon, will be the least likely to be stained and spotted by the evil with which he comes in contact; while he who is morally weak and inactive and spends what strength he has in vainly wishing for the innocence of his boyhood, or in scrupulously guarding himself from contact with the world and its temptations for fear of pollution, is the very one who will fall the easiest prey to what he would fain avoid.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION.—Sometimes an ounce of prevention is worse than a pound of disease. One day last week the children came running in, shrieking that a big hawk was circling over the poultry-yard. Old Farmer Thistle-pod dropped his paper, caught his trusty gun from the rack, and charged for the poultry-yard. He ran right over a bee stand just the other side of the cypress bush, and was stung in thirty places before he jumped over the fence of the poultry-yard, alighting upon the old black hen that was brooding thirteen chicks, breaking her neck, and mashing five hapless "weetles"; the gun caught in the fence as he jumped, and went off, killing a young turkey, and filling the Durham heifer in meadow nearly full of buckshot; while the hawk, alone calm and self-possessed in the midst of the tumult and confusion, sailed gracefully away with the one spring chicken he had all along intended to levy on.—*Harper's*

HOW HE SENTENCED HIM.—A good story is told of Judge Kent, the well known jurist. A man was indicted for burglary, and the evidence on the trial showed that his burglary consisted in cutting a hole through a tent in which a number of persons were sleeping, and then projecting his head and arm through the hole and abstracting various articles of value. It was claimed by his counsel that, inasmuch as he never actually entered into the tent with his whole body, he had not committed the offence charged, and must, therefore, be discharged. Judge Kent, in reply to this plea, told the jury that, if they were not satisfied that the whole man was involved in the crime, they might bring in a verdict of guilty against so much of him as was thus involved. The jury, after a brief consultation, found the right arm, the right shoulder and the head of the prisoner guilty of the offence of burglary. The judge sentenced the right arm, the right shoulder and head to imprisonment with hard labor in the state prison for two years, remarking that as to the rest of the man's body he might do with it as he pleased.



"NEWLY HATCHED."—FROM THE PICTURE BY ANTONIO ROTTA.

MRS. LANGTRY.

Mrs. Langtry is generally admitted to be beautiful. Her face is refined and quiet, her carriage distinguished by the ease of movement which always seems to go with graceful outlines. Her sobriquet "the Jersey Lily" shows that even to the popular mind her appearance suggests the exquisite poetry of the immaculate flower. Mr. Abbey, under whose management she is to play here in an interview on his return from England refrained, with the same tact which the London critics have shown, from discoursing at length on her beauty. He, however, spoke of her hair and complexion as lovely. As neither hair nor complexion goes for much on the stage, since either can be so easily made up, and as her beauty is not of the dashing kind which sparkles so brilliantly in the glare of the foot-lights, it follows that her enemies have done her injustice in attributing her success entirely to her personal appearance. That the latter has much to do with it I do not doubt. Cleverness and beauty combined will often achieve a speedier success than genius without the allurements of personal charms. No one has yet discovered in Mrs. Langtry the genius which would justify her engagement to star in this country on her merits as an actress only. Yet it is acknowledged by many who recognize her failings as an actress that her beauty gives a certain charm to her personation of certain parts, which would be lacking in the performances of others historically more gifted than she, but without those physical endowments which have given Mrs. Langtry a high rank among "professional beauties"—a class of which American society is fortunately as yet guiltless. For, happily for the modesty of American womanhood, feminine beauty is so general here that our most beautiful women are saved the mortification of becoming unduly conspicuous.

Mrs. Langtry comes here after a brief provincial tour and a briefer season in London. She scored a decided success as Hester Grazebrook in Tom Taylor's *Unequal Match*, made a pleasant impression as Miss Harcastle, and a dismal failure as Rosalind in *As You Like It*. The most judicious criticisms on these performances have appeared in the London *Telegraph*. They are marked by discrimination and by an evident desire to treat the debutante with perfect jus-



PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOSING & SMALL.—[SEE PAGE 67.]

Ellie Langtry.

tice. "Her attractive qualities and her self-possession," says the writer, "have been the main-stay of her success. We found in her Miss Harcastle great promise, but lack of experience. We found in her Blanche Hays the same natural gifts, of course, far more self-possession, a refinement of manner and charm of voice still more noticeable, and a progress that in so short a time was very remarkable. Mrs. Langtry's Hester Grazebrook in Tom Taylor's *Unequal Match* is altogether far more interesting than any of the series, and it is so far the best thing the novice has done, bolder in attack, and better in result—a success due in a very great measure to personal charm and natural gift, but showing a conspicuous advance in the student."

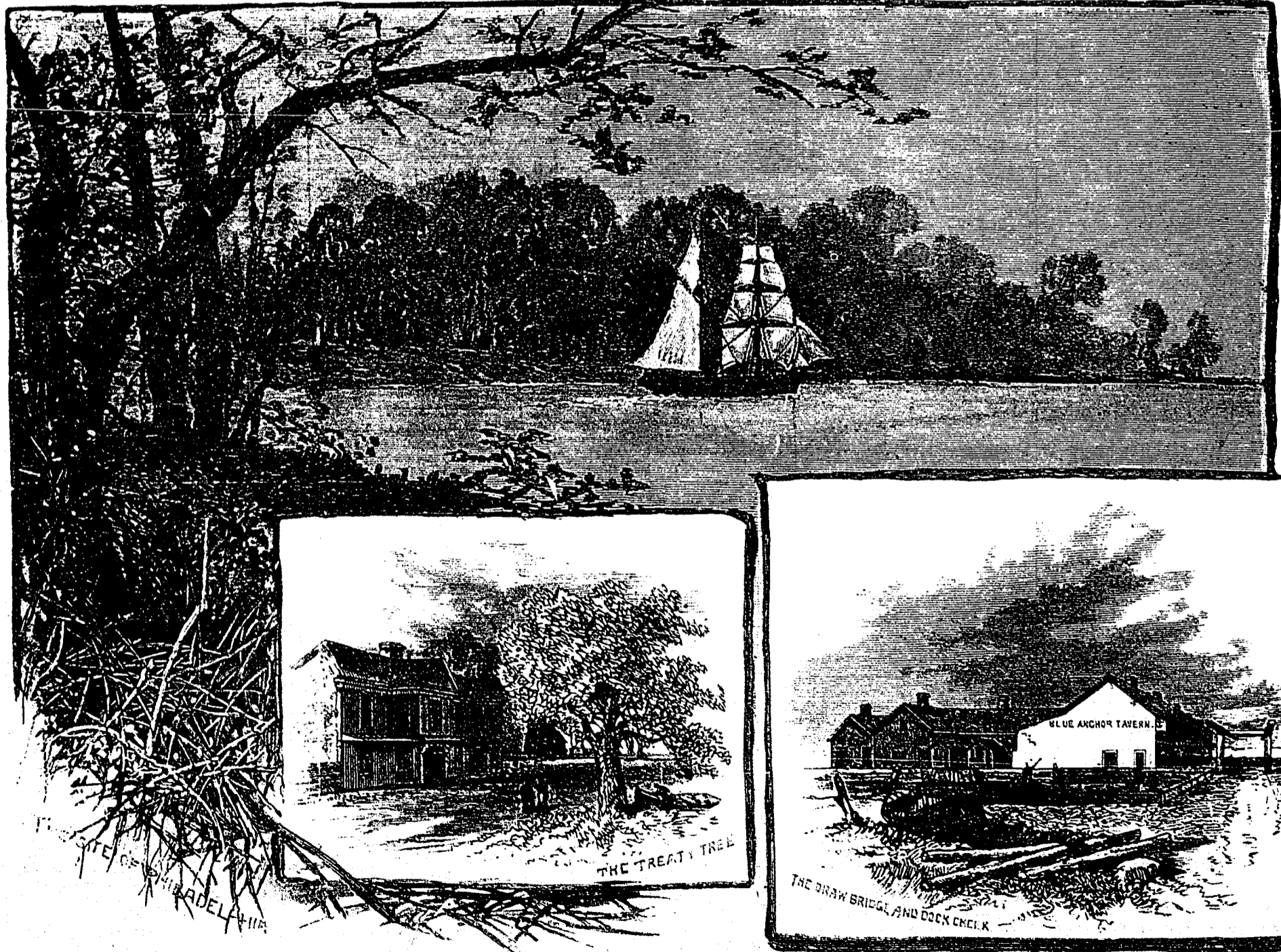
As it is understood that Mrs. Langtry is to make her debut here in the *Unequal Match*, some further particulars of the play and of her Hester Grazebrook will be interesting. In the first act Hester is an artless village maiden, who is wooed and won by an English nobleman; in the second, she is a loving wife, roused to jealousy by the intrigues of a rival; in the last, she simulates indifference and cynicism to win back her truant husband.

It was considered in London that in the first act Mrs. Langtry should have been less of the lady and more of the hoiden. Disagreeing with this general opinion, the writer in the *Telegraph* remarks: "She idealized the village maiden as a painter like Sir Frederick Leighton would idealize the heroine of the 'Lord of Burleigh' story. If Hester is not in some kind of way ideal, the story loses half its charm and interest." And later he speaks of Mrs. Langtry's performance in this first act as ideal in conception, and both musical and graceful in execution.

In the second act the tender scenes with her father were found genuine and unaffected; the cry of anguish, the passion of despair, following her supposition of her husband's faithlessness, artificial and insincere. Her performance of the third act seems to have been replete with banter and satire.

Mrs. Langtry is the only daughter of Mr. Le Breton, once Dean of St. Heliers, Jersey. Her first appearance was in some tableaux at Mrs. Freake's, in Teddington. Her first speaking part was at a performance at Twickenham, when she appeared with Miss Henrietta Hodson in the *Fair Encounter*.

GUSTAV KOBBE.



THE BI-CENTENARY OF THE FOUNDING OF PHILADELPHIA.—HISTORIC LOCALITIES AROUND THE QUAKER CITY.

THE EXILE'S PARTING.

A MELODY.

From the home of my fathers,
Away must I go;
Across the blue waters,
Where stormy winds blow;
Across the blue waters,
Cold, dismal and deep;
Perchance in a moment
Beneath them to sleep—
Perchance in a moment
Beneath them to sleep.

Then hither come, dearest,
Why weep'st thou for me?
Dread'st thou I'll forget thee
When far o'er the sea?
No, lovely one, never!
Though now we shall part,
Thy love-light for ever
Shall shine round my heart.

Afar o'er the ocean,
The land of the free,
Is decked with bright roses
For you, love, and me;
Soon, soon shall I tread it,
It fate wait me o'er!
Since the home of my fathers
Gives shelter no more.

Then fare thee well, dear one!
Let sorrow be mine,
Let not one tearfully
Those bright eyes of thine,
Let no shade of sadness
Thy blushing gleam through,
When I am far from thee,
My dear one, adieu—
When I am far from thee,
My dear one, adieu.

MONTREAL.

DUNBOY.

THE RED BERRET.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. PETER STONNOR.

My nephew Charles has lately taken to himself a wife, and the newly-wedded pair are spending part of their honeymoon with me. A pretty enough tableau they make, sitting there under the large beech; he lazily smoking his cigarette, and she daintily posed on the seat with a red berret on her head. I must explain that a berret is nothing more than a sort of cap, known in Scotland as a Kilmarnock bonnet. This particular one, however, has a history, and recalls some unpleasant reminiscences. Being unpleasant, you may be sure my brother does not forget them. I am sorry to say though, that he is not altogether regardful of facts, so I am constrained to write down what really did occur.

Long ago, I had promised Charlie a trip on the Continent, but year after year something prevented it. Last spring, however, he was paying a visit to the Fortons, and drove over to the Hall one morning in an excited condition, full of ecstatic descriptions of the Pyrenees. He dilated on the splendor of the snow hills, and the quiet beauty of the Val d'Ossau. He would paint the Gave de Pau; he would ascend the Pic du Midi; he would cross the Spanish frontier and chase bears and lizards in the pine-woods. Then Eaux Bonnes would cure my relaxed throat!

Goodness knows what temptations he held out; and as he is an artist by profession, I was simple enough not to suspect any other motive for these rhapsodies but his love of nature. So it ended by my catching his enthusiasm, and before there was time for thought we were bag and baggage on board a steamer leaving Liverpool basin for Bordeaux.

I never liked the sea. My only yachting experience ended disastrously; and this particular steamer seemed especially hateful. The odors were worse, and there was more noise and jostling than I had ever known before. Even I was jostled by a dirty fellow reeking with oil, who never even apologized for his rudeness. Then it became rough. So at last I was forced to go below and take refuge in my berth.

I was very ill; Charles came, but there I lay in great suffering, unable to move or take food. Then I would wonder why he chose this particular vessel. Why not have gone by the proper and respectable route through Paris? Why insist so much on Pau and Eaux Bonnes? Then my contemplations were cut short by another attack of *Malade de mer*. It was terrible! Not till we were nearing Pauillac did I crawl out of my berth; and I don't think I should have gone even then had it not been for the behaviour of some dreadful person in the adjoining cabin. I was, as I said, very ill. I moaned, and moaned loudly in my misery, when this wretch cried out, "Confound you, sir! Can't you be sick like a gentleman?"

This was too much; it fairly drove me on deck, when, by a stroke of good fortune, I met my old friend and contemporary D. Pascal.

He was now a man of considerable scientific renown. It was nearly six years since we had met, but time had dealt kindly with him, and there he was as handsome and intellectual-looking as ever, talking in his old energetic way to a group of passengers. He came up to me at once.

"Ah, Mr.—, Mr.—; don't tell me your name—don't speak. I forget; I suffer from aphasia. But, see! I bring my memory back!" So saying he produced a piece of dried meat from his waistcoat-pocket, and proceeded to munch it, holding up one forefinger to insure my silence, and fixing his eyes upon me in the most eccentric manner. "I have it!" he said at last. "Your name is Stonnor. See! I eat and my memory returns! You are Mr. Peter Stonnor, of Stonnor Hall; and you have a brother who

makes jokes. Ah, what was that he told me about your family plate-chest?"

"Pray spare me any of my brother's jokes. What good luck brings you here?"

"Ah, I overwork myself. I write too much, and I talk too much. My head gets dizzy and my voice flies away. Then the sea voyage, it clears my head; and Eaux Bonnes, it brings back my voice, and I lecture again."

"How fortunate! I, too, am going to Eaux Bonnes."

"Good! We have a large party here all en route for Eaux Bonnes—I, you, and the Brockbuck."

"Brockbuck! Liverpool people?"

"The same. There they are, and your nephew is their devoted squire. See, he is with them now; he is reading poetry to them. That is Madame with the happy, good-natured red face; and that is her pretty daughter with the beautiful brown hair. Let me introduce you."

"Thank you, thank you; presently. I—"

"No time like the present. You really should know them; they are charming."

"Another time, perhaps; just now I am—"

"But our little voyage will soon be over," he said, "and you will miss a grand opportunity of knowing them."

"Many thanks; a little later perhaps—"

"Oh, just as you please!"

Here was another annoyance. These Brockbucks were in some sort of trade in Liverpool, and I did not care to be introduced. Not by any means on account of their condition in the social scale, for although no Stonnor has ever been in trade, I am not foolish enough to turn up my nose at those who are. My father was intimate with them. As a boy, I remember being taken by him to Liverpool, and being much struck with Brockbuck's crane. There is a sort of mysterious power about the ponderous, methodical movement of a crane which is very impressive. So much so that I thought, if ever I did adopt commercial pursuits, I certainly would have a crane. The elder Brockbuck was one of those bluff, outspoken creatures who indulged in the offers ve habit of calling a spade a spade. He was ditty and slovenly in his dress, while my father, to the last year of his life, was scrupulously neat and clean. He took great pride in his personal appearance—his clothes always of the latest cut, his boots straight from Paris, and his hair and beard elaborately trimmed every morning. They met just before his death, when this Brockbuck was *gauche* enough to say, "Ah! Stonnor, you are having a rare fight with antiquity."

Can it be wondered that after this I did not care to renew the intimacy! And here I was cooped up in a steamer with some of the family, and my nephew already so much their cavalier as to attract the notice of Dr. Pascal.

It was extremely annoying; and the worst of it was, I had to adopt the most stupid expedients to avoid introduction. I feigned a return of sickness. I dodged down one ladder if I saw them coming up the other. I sat as far as possible from them in the saloon, and was deeply immersed in my book if they happened to pass. Once I met Mrs. Brockbuck face to face on the companion ladder, and returned her slight bow and smile of recognition most awkwardly. All this time, too, Charles would be flirting with the girl under my very nose.

A horrible idea crossed my mind, that perhaps she had something to do with his choosing this particular trip. It was a horrible idea to me because for some time I had fancied there was a growing attachment between him and the Fortons' eldest daughter, Adelaide.

I looked upon it with pleasure. By and-by he would be master of Stonnor Hall, and it was altogether a most desirable connection. In fact I had set my mind upon it. As to these Brockbucks, I had never even heard him mention their names. Why was he so reticent about them? Surely twenty-four hours could scarcely have established such an intimacy. Nothing could be said till we reached Pauillac; and here, as the Brockbucks preferred getting to Bordeaux by railway, I had an opportunity of telling him about the old feud as we steamed up the Gironde in the little tug. He was not one bit impressed, laughing it off in his usual airy fashion. "At all events," I said decisively, "we need not meet. Though we have the same destination we will go to different hotels."

He appeared to acquiesce, and in company with Pascal (a most accomplished cicero) we saw the lions of Bordeaux. We wasted our money in gloves, photographs, and other useless mementoes; Charles insisting on buying a number of berrets and appropriating a dainty red one to himself.

That same evening, to my disgust, while we were listening to the band in the Jardin Public, the Brockbucks appeared. Before I could move he was welcoming them effusively. For nearly three quarters of an hour I waited in a state of ill-concealed irritation, listening to Dr. Pascal's philosophical maunderings, all of which seemed to convey some innuendo calculated to increase my annoyance. We returned to the hotel without him, but I had determined on my course of action. In the morning I simply said we would go on to Pau that day, and taxed him with a little want of consideration the previous evening. "My dear uncle," he said, "I thought I should have been *de trop* while you and old Pascal were talking philosophy; but this is a capital move. We will take him with us."

So off we went, the Doctor and he in inordinately high spirits. I did not enjoy their stupid jests, and must own I went to bed at Pau not in the best of tempers. A change came with the morn-

ing. I opened my window, and in came the scent of flowers and the tinkling of oxen-bells. At my feet flowed the Gave de Pau with its serpentine channels; a quiet village nestled amid the softly-wooded uplands, and then came the mighty stretch of the purple and white Pyrenees. It was like magic. The warm sun that glorified the snow hills and brought the mist out of the valleys seemed to melt away the Brockbuck worry. I forgot my troubles, regained my appetite, made excursions with Pascal, or read the papers at the English club.

On the third day we had been to Bettarham. We had entertained Mr. Church at M. Gardere's excellent dinner, and had also accompanied him part of the way home, leaving Charles smoking on the Promenade. On our return he was not to be seen.

"The night is warm," said Pascal; "let us sit here and observe humanity. Let us watch the lovers gazing at the moon. What is it that the ancients called her?" Here we sat down while he began to munch his bit of meat again. "Ah! I have it!—Mendax. They called the moon Mendax, 'the liar,' because the crescent moon is never increasing, so 'tis a fitting emblem for the Turk. Observe these happy lovers approaching. He, too, is swearing by the moon—all moonshine!"

I turned to the direction he pointed, and was startled by the moonlight flashing on a red berret. Could I have been mistaken? No; there it was again; no sort of doubt about it. It was Miss Brockbuck. Even in the moonlight there was no mistaking her lithe figure, and certainly no mistaking the scarlet cap, which I saw in my nephew's hand at Bordeaux. He too was there, walking by her side, talking earnestly with his head unnecessarily close to hers. Pascal recognized them, and assumed a sort of Mephistophelian grin.

"Now, Mr. Stonnor," he said, "why will you not know these pleasant people—these Brockbucks? Why did you run away like a little boy, and not let me introduce you on board the steamer? Look at that couple! How grand to be young! Ah! in spite of all you do, you must know these Brockbucks sooner or later."

Here I told him my reason for avoiding them. "Well," he said, "and what then? Would you quarrel with this red-capped angel because her grandpère made a philosophical remark which he ought to have kept to himself? Pray, what has she or her mother to do with it?"

"I think, sir," I replied, "I am the best judge whether the acquaintance is desirable or not."

"How can that be, when you do not know them? No! this is an instance of your insular pride. Why not be more catholic! Look at me! I go to Paris, Madrid, Vienna—here, there, everywhere. I am cosmopolitan. I see the world and cultivate what is beautiful and intellectual, while you—bah!—you live in your own little shell, and get mouldy under your big, damp trees."

"At all events, sir, you must have resided long enough among us to know that English gentlemen are somewhat particular in making chance acquaintances."

"Ah! you are afraid to look over your own walls. In England you boast of your liberties, but, after all, I prefer this country. There you are free by law, but slaves by custom; here we are slaves by law, but free by custom. Now, these nice people, these—ah! I forget their names—pardon my aphasia." Here he began to gnaw his dried meat, during which the red berret again appeared in sight. The young couple were promenading slowly between the Hôtel Gasson and the Hôtel de France, quite unconscious that they passed within arm's-length of us each time. "I have it," he resumed: "Brockbuck—yes, these Brockbucks are in every way desirable friends. Madame—she has a well-cultured mind; she has sympathy for her friends, and money for the poor. Then, *mademoiselle*, is she not charming? She is beautiful—an angel!"

"Mrs. Brockbuck's virtues, sir," I replied stiffly, "are of no moment to me, and I don't care for her daughter's beauty."

"Nay, but you do!—you must!—because beauty is so fashionable. It is a fine old Conservative fashion. Was it not so in the days of Helen of Troy? Have not crowds followed your Gunning and your Shridans? Did not the pit make the lovely Miss McLean come in front of her box that they might bow to her beauty? Are not your shops full of photographs of Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. West? I believe she with the red berret would out-hine them all."

"No doubt she is a pretty enough girl; but you would not have me cultivate every young lady with a good look?"

"This particular one I would. Nay, sooner or later you must know her. She will add a grace to your family tree, Mr. Stonnor!"

"I really must decline discussing these people any more," I replied, rising to go; and if my nephew annoys me by carrying on this intimacy I shall start back for England to-morrow!"

"Ah, Stonnor," he said as we walked to the hotel, "was it not your Duchess of Kingston who said, when they told her the end of the world was near, that she would start for China to-morrow? Good night, my friend, good night; sleep well, and don't quarrel with your fate."

It was too bad—Charles going directly against my wishes, and Pascal impudently presuming to defend him! Who was he to thrust these people down my throat, I should like to know! It was abominable. It kept me awake half the night, and I awoke with a bad attack of my old throat ailment. However, when Charles came to my

bedside I at once told him how distressed I was at his conduct. "Charles," I said, taking his hand and speaking tenderly, "see what you have brought me to."

"My dear uncle," he said, "what do you mean?"

"This foolish flirtation. Of course, I know that boys will be boys and all that sort of thing. Under ordinary circumstances I don't see much harm in it, but it is different with you. It behoves you to be very circumspect. These sort of things get about."

"I don't quite see why I am called upon to be so excessively circumspect," he said, smiling.

"My dear Charles, think of the Fortons!"

"What of the Fortons?"

"Come, come!" I said, "there is a certain young lady at Forton House who would be greatly distressed to hear of gallantries paid to any one but herself."

"Do you mean Adie? I'm quite sure she wouldn't trouble her head about it—why should she?"

"Why should she? Because one of these days I hope you two will make a match of it. Both Lord and Lady Forton are very well disposed towards you."

"My dear uncle, what on earth puts such a foolish notion in your head? She is nothing to me. Why, she is a mere child—barely sixteen."

"She won't always remain sixteen, Charles. That is an objection which lessens every day. Ah! my boy, you don't know how I have set my mind upon it. It is most desirable. One of these days you will be master of Stonnor Hall. Pray think of it."

"I can't think of it at all," he replied; "the idea is altogether too absurd and preposterous."

"Surely you can consider me a little!" I asked.

"Certainly I will, but—"

"Then give up these steam-boat acquaintances," I said.

"My dear uncle," he answered, "they are old friends of mine. I have known them for years."

"And, pray, did you know they were coming this particular trip?"

"Well, I had reason to suppose I should meet them."

So it was out at last! It was a planned thing from beginning to end! He had arranged the whole affair with a cunning I did not think him capable of, and had made me, his uncle, Peter Stonnor, of Stonnor Hall, a catspaw! He had reckoned without his host. "I shall return to England immediately," I said.

He winced a little at this, but presently said—

"You are scarcely fit to travel with that red throat. Won't you see a doctor?"

"I am not to be hauled from my purpose," I said; "but send for Dr. Manes."

The doctor came, very pleasant and cheery, examined me thoroughly, and looked grave at the condition of my throat. "Ah!" he said, "Eaux Bonnes would cure this throat. Surely monsieur never intended returning to England without trying the waters? Why, it would be foolish—nay, it would be criminal, in monsieur not to take the cure now he has it so near. No, no! he himself was going to Eaux Bonnes, and monsieur would come too and drink the sulphur waters. Then he would return to England completely and permanently cured."

"Could I not take these waters to England with me?"

"Afterwards. But monsieur should commence the treatment under medical supervision. We must regulate the doses and watch their effects."

"Could I travel there to-morrow?"

"Certainly; if it is fine and warm the doctor would do monsieur good, and he would have the felicity of prescribing for him there."

I could not act against this advice. Much as I wished to show my displeasure to my nephew, the radical cure of my throat was, nevertheless, of paramount importance. I gave the matter due consideration, and was scarcely prepared to carry out my threat. At last I came to the conclusion that it was my duty to obey the doctor, so, the day being fine, we went. Pascal's dissertations on the places we passed fell flat. What did I care for the wonderful recuperative power of the old wine of Jurançon, or for the peculiar flavor of the omelette aux herbes of the Louvie Jun? I had no appetite for either. Even the sweetness of the Val d'Ossau failed to interest me, and Pascal's pun about the Valley of the Bear was nothing more than a covert insult. Maybe I was cross. I had a good deal to try me. At all events, there was a growing tension and constraint between us which was unpleasant. It wore off a little at Eaux Bonnes. The Brockbucks' name was never mentioned. Charles settled down to some landscape work. Pascal and I drank the waters and accomplished the Promenade Horizontal twice a day.

We had done this, as usual, and were seated underneath the trees in the little square. "And!" he said, "this suits you English. It is like your London. Take a square out of your"—a pause here to gnaw his meat—"your Brompton; stick it in a niche in the Pyrenees, and you have Eaux Bonnes. We are in a cul-de-sac here. Here do bears and lizards skip about during the winter, for the place is deserted. But lo! on the 1st of June, civilization lays siege to it, and Bruin and Co. vanish up the Pic de Ger. Then all is male gay and trim. A regiment of chefs de cuisine comes from Paris. A contingent of doctors is drafted up the mountain, and then Eaux Bonnes is ready for the patients. Yes, friend Stonnor, we are all patients here, and whether we

hail from Russia, Sweden, England, or Spain, we all have something wrong with our respiratory organs. A man is better known here by his cough than by his name. Then we all drink the sulphur waters. Ah! what a merry gurgling resounds through the establishment! There you may hear the tenor gargle, and the baritone gargle, and the soprano gargle; but Dr. Manes informs me that a bass gargle is prognostic of grave disease. We playfully christen the place 'La Ville de Expectoration.' But we are happy. We take our little walks; we eat our little dinners; we listen to our good band; we— But what is the matter?

What was the matter, forsooth! The matter was, that on the very next chairs to ours were seated Mrs. Brockbuck and her daughter. The older lady pretended not to see me, but continued talking to her daughter, who still wore the dreadful red berret. Their presence put a stop to all my enjoyment. It turned suddenly chilly; the band became discordant; Pascal resumed his revolting cynical smile and said nothing. I—well—I could not trust myself to speak, so retired quickly to my room. Even there the red berret fascinated me; I could not take my eyes from it. I saw it from my window, now in one seat and now in another, or promenading round the enclosure with my nephew. It acted on me like the scarlet flag on a Spanish bull; so at last I pulled down the blind and set to work considering what should be done. Presently a tap at the door, and enter Dr. Manes to pay his usual visit. Here was a chance of getting out of the dilemma. "I was anxious to return home," I said; "was my throat sufficiently restored for me to take the journey?"

"Ah, no," he replied. "Monsieur is better—is much better—but the cure will not be thorough unless more time is given to the waters. Ah, what a pity not to complete the cure! Has monsieur bad news from home?"

"No; but I was anxious to leave Eaux Bonnes for a little."

"Ah! that could be managed now. Would monsieur like to rest a little at Eaux Chaudes—a charming place—but five kilomètres hence! Madame Baudot of the hotel would make monsieur so comfortable and so happy. He would feel at home and could take the waters there. Should he give monsieur a letter of introduction to Madame Baudot of Eaux Chaudes?"

The very thing! I would not procrastinate for one moment, so then and there got the letter, and after dinner told Pascal and Charles of my resolve.

"Your uncle," said Pascal, "is a psychological study. He has got—ah! what has he got?"—(here was a pause for the horrible meat munching)—"he has got Exclusiveness on the brain. If he had his way, I believe he would admit none but what you English call the Upper Ten to drink the waters here. You notice he cannot breathe the same air as our friends the Brockbucks."

"Dr. Pascal," I said emphatically, "I cannot permit you to make these personal reflections. I surely may be permitted to take my own course in the matter."

"I am not sure, sir," he replied, "that I can permit my friends to be slighted."

"Come, come! you must not quarrel about them," broke in Charles. "I should like you to know them, uncle; but if you don't wish it just now, I have no doubt it will be all right by-and-by."

"If you think, sir, that I shall ever be intimate with them, you are mistaken: I don't intend to be."

"Ah!" said Pascal, "that is what you grand people would call Firmness or Determination; with common folks it would be called Obstinacy."

"I cannot and will not submit to be insulted," I said, jumping up; "and as for you, Charles, it comes to this: you must just choose between me and these Brockbucks. You know what you have to expect from me, but if you persist in this intimacy our relations must be changed."

"My dear uncle," he replied, "if I were to give up my dear old friends for such considerations as you hint, you would be the first to call me a blackguard."

"We shall see, sir—we shall see!" And off I went without bidding them good night. Next day it rained, but notwithstanding this I set off before breakfast, leaving my servant to follow with the luggage. He found me moderately comfortable in one of the upper sitting-rooms of the Hotel Baudot, and in the evening Charles and Pascal actually appeared as if nothing had happened! Of course I was not going to make an open rupture, but contented myself with an attitude of reserve. By tacit consent we avoided the obnoxious topic, taking our meals and making excursions together as usual.

I well remember how we had returned from Gabas rather early, owing to the heat. My servant had unpacked the luggage, and there it was lying all about the room, with sundry loose straps and ropes. I had taken my coat off, and was reading the paper when I became aware that my nephew was speaking to some person out of the window. He held a coil of small rope in his hand, one end of which was out of the window, the other on the floor.

It was enough; I recognized Miss Brockbuck's voice! "Come away directly, sir!" I exclaimed, snatching at the rope and giving it a good tug. There was a scream.

"Hillo, uncle!" said Charles, "you have caught her wrist. Hold on while I go and loosen it."

He was off like a shot, and when I looked from

the window there sure enough was Miss Brockbuck below, vainly endeavoring to release her hand from the slip-knot. I loosened the rope and this made matters worse. Somehow or other it caught round her neck, and in trying to free it I knocked off the red berret and half strangled her.

Another little scream, and out ran Dr. Pascal and Mrs. Brockbuck.

"Good heavens!" she cried, putting up her double eye-glasses; "what dreadful thing is happening! Is he killing my child?"

"I assure madam," I began solemnly.

"Hillo, Stonnor! are you emulating the Thugs?" shouted Pascal.

"I assure both," I cried; but here, horrible to relate, came a chorus of jabbering and laughter from a crowd of muleteers and women who had congregated in front of the hotel.

"Ah! look at him!" said one. "Regard the way in which Les Anglais catch their women!"

"The assassin is strangling her!" said another.

It was a most undignified position—I, in my shirt-sleeves, holding on to the rope; Miss Brockbuck with disarranged hair, and her book and red berret in the dust; her mother too much alarmed to do anything but stare, and Pascal grinning with cynical delight.

To this day I don't know how I kept up through it all, but when Charley freed her at last I simply fell back into the chair in a dead faint. He dashed into my room.

"I say, uncle, what on earth made you jerk the rope like that?"

"Why, on earth, sir," I gasped, "were you at the window? What were you doing with that rope?"

"Doing? All I did was to let down the Tauchnitz book that Annie wanted, and while she was taking it you nearly dislocated her wrist."

"I believe you will drive me mad, sir," I said. "These friends of yours have chased me out of Bordeaux, out of Pau, and out of Eaux Bonnes. I did think I should find rest here; instead of which you come and create a complete fiasco. I am covered with shame and confusion. I will never forgive you!"

"Who speaks of forgiving?" And in walked Pascal, looking more like Mephistopheles than ever. "It strikes me that Mr. Peter Stonnor is the one to sue for forgiveness."

"Now, once for all, sir," I cried, starting up, "I shall not permit you to interfere with my affairs any longer."

"Be tranquil, be tranquil!" he replied. "Let us consider this affair dispassionately. Do not let us show any temper. What is the history of this case? First of all I wish to introduce you to two charming lady friends of mine and you refuse. This is insult No. 1. Then you run away from them. You avoid them pointedly and rudely. This is insult No. 2. Then you see one of them here in her quiet promenade, and you play your practical joke. You catch her with the—ah! what is it?" (here he actually stopped for his loathsome meat-gnawing)—"yes, sir, you catch her with the noose. You are pleased to practise the old savage custom of capture of women with the lasso—but it won't do, sir; and, as a friend of these unprotected ladies, I say you must apologize—"

"I shall not do so at your bidding, sir!"

"Then, sir, I shall expect the satisfaction which one gentleman expects from another who has insulted him."

"I am at your service, sir."

We bowed, and he stalked grandly out of the room.

"For goodness' sake, uncle," said Charles, "don't get into any ridiculous row! The whole thing is absurd. I'll arrange it all."

"You will do nothing of the kind, sir. You now see to what a dilemma your conduct has brought me. I cannot as a gentleman do otherwise than apologize to Miss Brockbuck; not at Dr. Pascal's bidding, but of my own accord. I will do it once. Where is she?"

"Just crossing the little bridge towards the summer-house."

Putting on my coat, I hurried after her. The red berret was a good guide, but what with the late excitement and the pace she walked, the steep ascent was almost too much for me. She went into the summer-house, and after a pause to recover my breath, I followed. Here, to my misery, I was confronted with Mrs. Brockbuck and Dr. Pascal. My apologies were not made with the ease and readiness I could have wished. The situation was trying. Pascal, however, smoothed matters considerably by promptly coming forward and expressing his sorrow for having caused me any annoyance.

"But did I not tell you," he said, "that you were fighting your fate? Just see what has happened! You—"

"Ah! never mind what has happened," said Mrs. Brockbuck. (And it is only fair to state that she spoke with a lady-like grace I was unprepared for.) Don't think any more about it. Really, now one recalls that scene at the window, it was most laughable."

And they laughed; but I couldn't. Indeed, after this I felt there would be little more comfort for me in the Pyrenees.

Again I tried Charles, but might as well have spoken to a stone. When I became more exigent he said, "Remember 'Stonnor et Honor,' uncle; would you have me break my word? Would you have a Stonnor throw over an engagement for any worldly consideration?"

I hate this kind of argument, so left him in a sort of huff. His father (to whom I had telegraphed from Paris) was waiting for me when I

returned home. I told him all the circumstances.

"You must interfere peremptorily," I said. "You have authority with him, I have none. Write at once—I am certain the Fortons would jump at the match."

"Adelaide Forton is a mere child," he said. "But she won't always be a child," I replied; "this is just what I pointed out to Charles. With a little tact the affair can be managed."

"If you move a finger in the matter you will be a bigger fool than I took you for," he said coarsely. "I shall let Charley do as he likes. The Brockbucks are as good as the Fortons any day."

"How can you compare these Liverpool crane people with the Fortons!" I cried, in warmth; "but you were always impracticable, and always will be."

I then bethought me of our old vicar, Mr. Temple. He held the living from the Stonnors and had been Charles's tutor. If anybody could influence him it would be he. When I had narrated the case, I said, "Write to him paternally, Mr. Temple, and prevent his falling into this error. He has an affectionate regard for you and will heed your words."

"Even if I did write," he rejoined, "I could not give him the advice you wish—you must forgive me for saying, and mind I speak as an old friend, that I don't think you are acting quite fairly to him. Charles is a fine young fellow, much beloved here by rich and poor. He is not at all likely to make a bad choice in a wife. I happen to know that the Brockbucks are superior people. I am sure you will think differently about it by-and-by."

I left him with frigid courtesy. It was very hard, this meeting with no sort of sympathy in the matter. It worried me and made me ill. One more letter to Charles and then I shut myself up for some weeks.

His answer came at last, worded properly enough, but enclosing an invitation from Mrs. Brockbuck to the marriage.

Here then was an end to all my hope! While depending over it the Fortons called.

"Come to congratulate you, Stonnor," began his lordship; "only heard of it this morning and drove across directly. Capital thing to get our friend Charley settled!"

"Altogether a very nice match!" chimed in his wife.

"Well, I'm not quite sure," I said.

"But I am sure," interrupted Forton. "I know the girl and you don't. She is charming, I assure you; so is her mother."

"You are right Forton," said Lady Forton; "they are delightful people, and depend upon it, Mr. Stonnor, when you know them you'll think the same."

"I cannot look forward to it with much pleasure," I rejoined; "besides, I had hoped—"

"What could you look for better or more desirable?" she asked.

"He might have looked nearer home," I said meaningly.

"I should like to know whom he could have found nearer home," said Forton.

"Ah, there is just one," I said.

"Who on earth is it?" asked her ladyship.

"Your daughter Adelaide, Lady Forton. You don't know how I have looked forward to it. It would have been so pleasant."

"Adie!" she cried; "why, she is a child. I never heard such nonsense."

"Pity you haven't got a nephew for the baby, Stonnor," said Forton.

Here they both laughed merrily.

"Ah," said her ladyship presently, "never mind, Mr. Stonnor; young people are apt to settle these matters for themselves, and perhaps it is right they should."

They drove off, but I could not bring myself to answer the latter and invitation that lay before me. It was wrong and churlish, it was ill-mannered; but I could not bring my mind to it. Day after day, as the wedding approached, I felt the matter more keenly, and grieved to think what might have been.

Two days before the marriage I had a surprise. My butler informed me that a deputation was waiting on me. In the hall I found quite a large party of my tenants, headed by Dawson, the gamekeeper. They had brought with them a handsome silver epergne, which they desired me to convey to Charles and his bride with their good wishes. I was quite unprepared for this expression of respect, and, indeed, so touched by their simple words of affection that my whole feelings on the matter seemed suddenly to change. My heart was so full I scarcely knew how I thanked them, but remember saying I would at once convey their gift and good wishes to the bride and bridegroom. An uncontrollable impulse seized me. I telegraphed an acceptance of the invitation, started to London by the first train, bought there the handsomest set of pearls I could find, and arrived at Aigburth Vale, near Liverpool, in time to present them to the bride before the wedding.

"How happy they all were, and how glad to see me!"

As to the wedding it was a beautiful sight, but nothing compared to that when a week or two later the young couple paid me their promised visit.

Quite a cavalcade met them at the Dorton station. As I stood anxiously awaiting them at my door, the small birds were singing and the Grange rooks screaming their welcome.

Presently, when the carriage entered the park gates, the horses were unharnessed, and a dozen willing hands pulled the carriage up the avenue. Then the band struck up, and the bells from

Mr. Temple's church burst into a joyful peal of welcome to the young wife.

She looked like an angel of light as she stepped out in the glorious sunshine, with the flowers at her feet, and has been the light of my house ever since.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, Oct. 14.

THE Prince Orloff has managed to get well just in time to be ready for Paris life, which has recommenced. *Voilà* the Prince returned and cured. Everyone is glad to see him socially; diplomatically—that is another affair.

THAT most enterprising American gentleman, Mr. Francis B. Uffner, generally considered the second T. P. Barnum, is, we believe, about to give Parisians an opportunity of seeing his wonderful collection of enormous giants and diminutive midgets. His household is certainly unique, comprising the largest and the smallest people in the world.

M. DEVAUX, the present Minister of the Fine Arts, energetically repudiates the allegation that he authorized the sorceress Mme. Cavaillah to search with a magic wand for treasure in the vaults of St. Denis, but the fact that searches were lately made by her is not denied. She had a treaty occupying twenty-five folios of legal phraseology from M. Jules Ferry's Ministry.

PRINCE DE LA MOSKOWA, whose health is at present considerably affected, was visited last week by the ex-Empress Eugénie, who had come to Paris for that purpose from Mouchy, where she is staying at present. The Empress was accompanied by a Maid of Honor, by Count de Turenne, and by M. Rambaud. Prince de la Moskowa is at present aged seventy-one, and it is feared that his life is approaching its close.

WE must have had vulgar ancestors in England, according to the recent researches of an Italian *savant*, who says the British ate with their knives till the seventeenth century, when the fork was first introduced into this country. He states that the first user of the fork in Italy was a Byzantine Princess living in Venice (we know Italians have always used the knife). The Germans ate with their fork in the sixteenth century. The French also put that instrument into their mouths about the same date, but used it for other purposes than conveying food.

THE Prague farmer must be a man of culture. One of them advertises in a French paper for a dairymaid. Besides being clever with cows she must speak good German, French, and English. If, says the advertiser, she can play the piano it would be taken into consideration as an extra inducement for her selection. Any young and larkish young actress out of work might find a good joke in assuming the part of Martha—perhaps she might discover a Tristan. As to milking cows, that can be learned by aid of a wooden fac-simile in a few hours.

AN interesting matrimonial engagement has just taken place in the American colony, namely that of Miss Lillian Norton (Mlle. Nordica) to Mr. Allan Gower. The fortunate bridegroom, though a man of large wealth, will not, it is said, insist upon taking his gifted *fiancée* from the stage, as he was at first desirous of doing, for she is naturally anxious to continue in the artistic career which she has so brilliantly commenced. Owing to the great personal loveliness and charming intellectual and moral qualities of the young *prima donna*, such a consummation was to have been expected, though not perhaps quite so early in her career. Miss Norton has commenced her studies of *Françoise de Rimini* under the personal supervision of Ambrose Thomas. But before assuming that character she will appear at the Grand Opéra as Mathilde in *Gaillarde Tell*.

HUMOROUS.

APPROPRIATE name for a bull-dog—Agrippa.

THE comet has a very long tail, but a very short period.

THE difference between a dandy and a fat hog—one is dressed to kill and the other is killed to dress.

AN engaged girl is happiest when she is telling about it to another girl who is not engaged and is not likely to be.

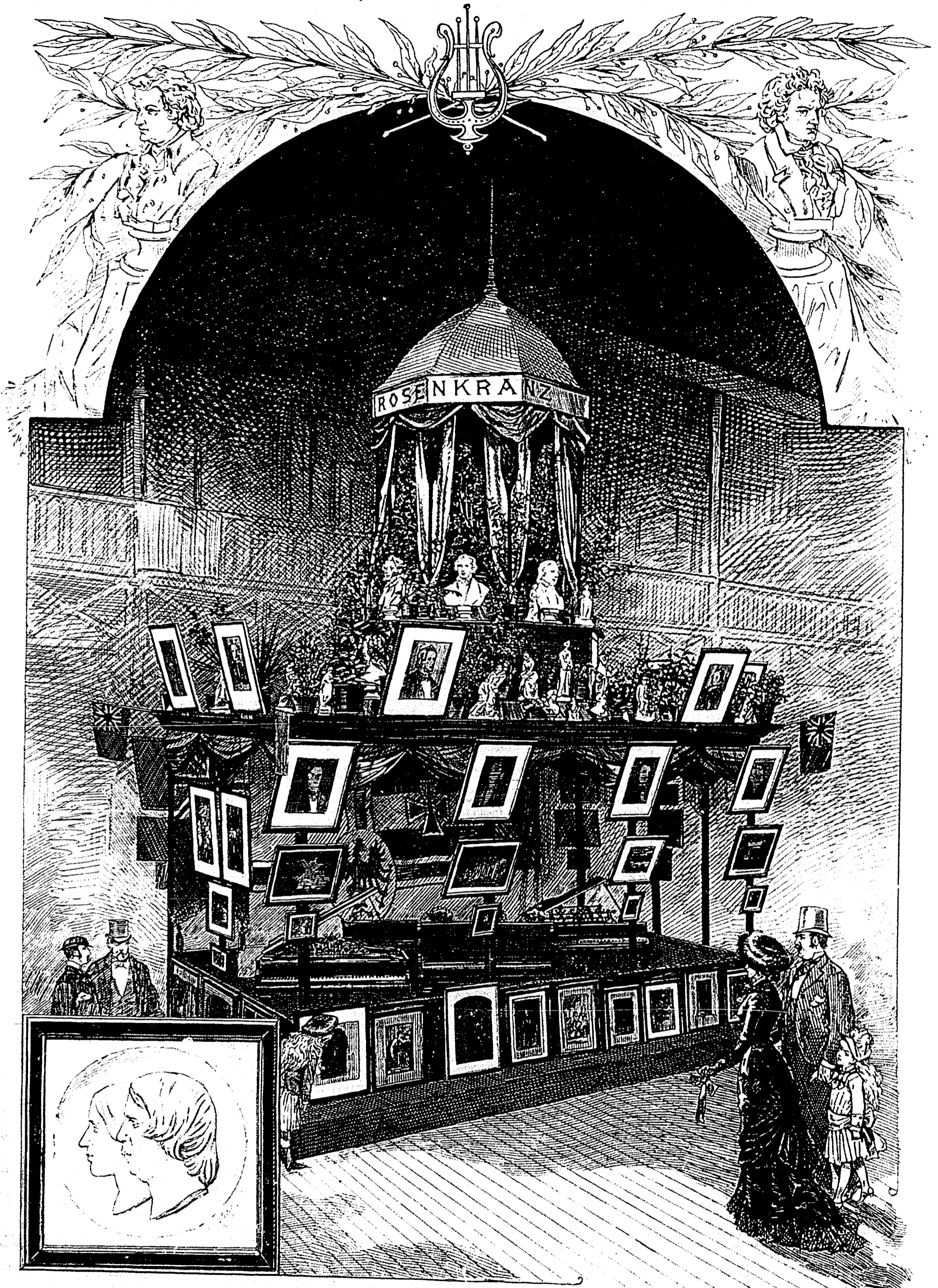
QUERY, Three-Legged Stool!—Wiggins writes to a friend that his honeymoon's over, and that it's the comb now.

WHAT is the difference between a timid child and a shipwrecked sailor?—One clings to his ma, and the other to his spar.

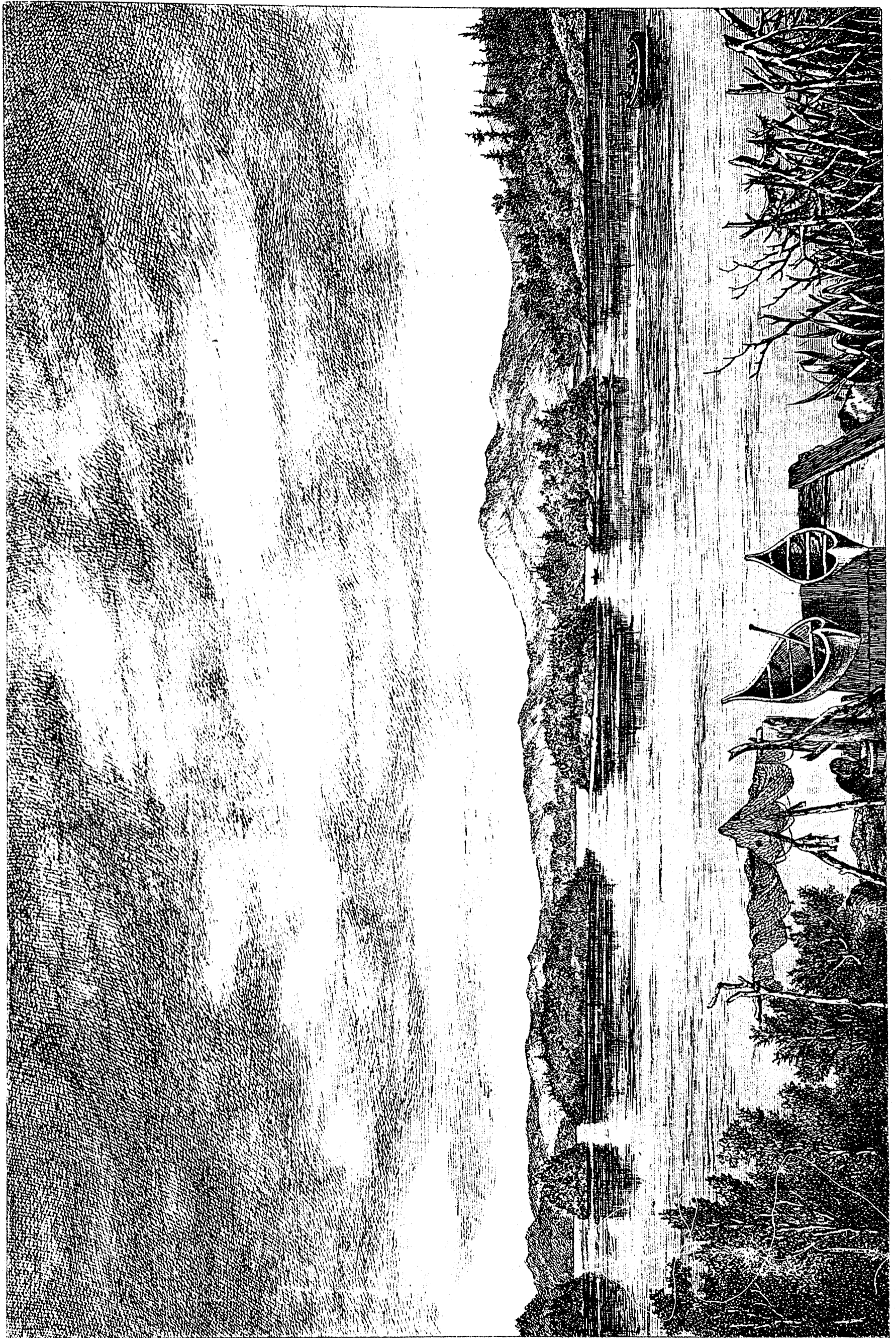
AN old bachelor says, "It is all nonsense to pretend that love is blind. I never yet knew a man in love that did not see ten times as much in his sweetheart as I could."

A FASHIONABLE lady in boasting of her new palatial residence, said the windows were all of stained glass. "That's too bad!" cried her mother. "But won't soap and turpentine take the stains out?"

"How have the mighty fallen?" Well, some slip up on a banana skin, some use the money of the bank for speculation, and fail to connect, and others fall in coal chutes in the dark.



THE ROSENKRANZ PAGODA AT THE RECENT MONTREAL EXHIBITION.—(SEE PAGE 291.)



ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.—VIEW OF LAKE TEMISCAMING.—FROM A SKETCH BY REV. C. A. PARADIS.

A SUMMER FANCY.

Long-lost love, O wilt thou be
Lost indeed to me for ever,
Wilt thou seek Eternity
Dearest memories to sever?

Ah! my strong soul inly feels
All thy worth to sadness turning
All my mirth and olden yearning,
With bitter fondness for the sweet story,
With languid longing unto high glory,
Love, I am followed by a woe vaster
Than man receiveth, tho' he flee faster
Than winged whirlwinds from the world master
For aye, for aye.

Heal, O frail and bleeding heart,
In the newer years discover
Glories that cannot depart,
Maiden who shall love her lover.

O be gladsome in the day,
Still enraptured pure with feeling,
Softened unto early sway,
Yea, unto memory of hope stronger
Than grief that waxeth in the night longer.
O be in all thy dear and kind grieving,
But as an angel from above leaving,
Hearts holy ever, with God's love heaving
For aye, for aye.

Then through life be always still,
Thee I choose and thee I cherish,
New found darling, love and will
Never suffer thee to perish.

For the sweetness of thy face,
For the merriment of wonder,
And the grandeur of a place
Blest, though young life be sadly now waning,
Yea, though that fervid sun be high raining,
Though thy sincerity art not hiding;
Faithful to me, and void of all chiding,
Love, live in hope, and here with me biding
For aye, for aye.

Montreal.

G. W. R.

DAWLEY'S DODGE.

However, I *did* miss my room. Whether I was thinking too much of Dawley's troubles or not, I don't know; but I not only took the wrong turning, but in attempting to regain Boyd's room, got helplessly lost in a labyrinth of passages. I never saw such a house for stairs! The immediate entrance into every room seemed to be up or down two or three steps. I tried some of the doors, which proved to be locked. At last, in desperation, I knocked cautiously at a room I saw was lighted.

"Who's there?" said Mrs. Carew's voice.

"I beg your pardon," I began.

"Ah, Mr. Stonnor, something bad has happened to Dawley! What is it?"

"Nothing, I assure you. I have only lost my way."

There was a little pause, then she said coldly, "Oh, indeed; I'll ring for the house-keeper."

This was very trying; moreover it was very chilly. I kept pacing up and down that passage thinking the housekeeper would never come. At last James appeared, with the same offensive grin, and led me to my room. "What on earth is that?" I exclaimed, starting back at a loud whirring noise close to my ear.

"Only the cuckoo-clock, sir," James laughed. "Good night, sir. You did give Mrs. Carew a fright."

I had a bad night. Perhaps the cigar disagreed with me. I tossed about for some time, falling asleep at last only to dream that I was assisting Boyd to trepan Dawley. His unearthly scream which awoke me was nothing but the screech of a peacock which had been roosting on a branch close by my window. No sleep after that. The noise increased. First there were the quarter chimes and hours from the big clock; then the rooks began to caw and the peacocks screamed; last, but not least, the cuckoo-clock was continually breaking out with a noise horribly suggestive of somebody with bronchitis. It did not keep time with the big clock, so between one and another the discord was perpetual. So maddening did it become that I determined to put an end to it somehow. I lit my candle, went outside, managed to stop the pendulum, but this did not stop the rest of the mechanism. Then I opened the front and touched some wheel, when the whirr and the cuckoo went off simultaneously in the most terrific manner—as if protesting against my interference. In desperation I endeavored to unhitch it from the wall, when the whole affair came down with a crash. A door opened and the Squire's head appeared.

"What's the matter, Stonnor? anything wrong?"

"Couldn't sleep for the noise," I replied; "very sorry, but—"

"How stupid of us not to have thought of that clock! You were quite right, but I am ashamed you have been so disturbed. Try to get some sleep now, and I'll send you a cup of tea early."

I dozed a little, and when James did bring the tea, determined at all events that he should not see that anything unusual had occurred. I put on an ostentatious yawn and stretch as he busied himself about the room, and then asked indifferently what time it was. It was an unfortunate question, and he made his exit with a loud guffaw. Just as I had finished dressing Dr. Boyd knocked. Dawley had had a bad night, and wanted to see me before I went down.

"He's got something on his mind," said the doctor, leaving me at the patient's door, "and it will do him good to unburden himself."

"Awfully comforting to see you, Stonnor," said Dawley; "sit by my side for a minute or two and let me speak to you. I can tell from Boyd's face," he went on, taking my hand, "that he thinks badly of me. He thinks I am going to croak, so before I get worse I want to confide in you as an old friend."

"Say what you like, Dawley," I said, pressing his hand, "and be sure I'll respect your confidence."

"Stonnor," he said solemnly, "I may have been wild and troublesome, but, believe me, I am now an altered man."

"They have all told me you have been hipped lately," I put in.

"Yes, that's true, and I'll tell you what has done it. It is love, Stonnor! Before I saw Clara, 'pin my saw I didn't know what love was, but now I see what a fool I've been! And now the one dear creature that could alter my life for good is cut off from me by the want of paltry money."

"But you'll soon get better," I said soothingly. "and then all these matters will look more hopeful."

"How can that be?" he said, starting wildly up from his bed, and drawing his finger across his throat.

"How can I cut it without e'er a knife,
And how can I marry without e'er a wife?"

Is that Byron, or is my head wandering?"

"If I could help you in any way," I said, rather alarmed.

"But you can. You are the very man, dear Stonnor. You are as big a swell in the county as Fortou. Go to him, tell him I'm booked if he doesn't do something for me—tell him if he will help us Clara and I will bless him for ever."

Quite overcome he hid his face in the pillow.

"Now, Dawley," I said, "if you'll promise to keep quiet and do as Dr. Boyd advises, I'll promise to talk it over with Mrs. Carew, and if necessary see Lord Fortou."

"God bless you for that!" he said, seizing my hand. "Now I can eat my breakfast."

On the strength of my cheerful report, the Squire insisted on sending him up various dainties from our breakfast-table, anything but fit for an invalid, and afterwards invited Mrs. Carew and myself to walk round the grounds. The flower-gardens, beautifully kept, gradually merged into the rookery; a path through this led to the kitchen-garden, and still farther on through a large orchard to a bright nest of cottages.

"This is what I call the model village," said Mrs. Carew, "and here my brother's old dependants end their days. I quite envy some of them. Look what pretty gardens they all have. Some aspire to little conservatories too. Parsons live in the largest house and the gardener's mother in the next. That old lady cutting roses is James' grandmother. They are all well cared for, are they not?"

"Don't you think it is going a little too far?" I asked.

"Not at all," said the Squire. "I get wonderfully well served by my servants, and the least I can do is to look after them in their old age. You see, I have the advantage of you, Mr. Stonnor, in being able to do what I like with my land."

"I don't catch your drift."

"What I mean is, I ain't bothered with entail—why, you can't sell, pawn, or raise any money on your land if you wished ever so much."

"That's the very beauty of it," I answered hotly. "The law of the land prevents the possibility of our losing the estate, just as the constitution of the country puts it out of the power of an individual to aspire to the Crown."

"Still it is wrong. The land is not yours; you only hold it in trust. Frequently, too, it makes an enemy of your dearest relative. I should like to see it abolished."

"See it abolished!" I cried, horror-struck. "You cannot mean what you say, Mr. Bardett. Such a thing would have the effect of sweeping away some of our finest old country families, and these are the strong bulwarks of the constitution. We don't only live for to-day, sir, but for generations to come."

"I have the greatest respect for old families and their traditions," he laughed; "but what I say is this—"

"Never mind what he says, Mr. Stonnor," put in Mrs. Carew in her clever way. "What I say is that I agree with you, and I won't have any further argument on the subject. Now, Tom, go about your business, for I have some private matters to discuss with Mr. Stonnor."

"Well, take care of him," he laughed, as he left us, "and be ready for a long drive after lunch."

"Now, Mr. Stonnor, I am dying to hear all that Dawley said to you."

After I had told her "It is quite true," she said, "that there is some sort of understanding between these two young people. Clara has learnt to think for herself, and has, as you have noticed, a will of her own. But I have put my face against any positive engagement until his prospects are clearer. This is what has depressed him. How kind and good of you to take an interest in them!"

"A Stonnor never makes light promises, Mrs. Carew. I have promised Dawley to use my influence with his brother, and I shall do so now all the more readily, knowing it will please you and Miss Clara."

"How noble of you!—and I shall tell my girl to thank you herself. Now don't you think—but I only submit it to your better judgment—that a sort of preliminary letter from you would have a good effect with the Fortons? You are just the man to write a nice letter."

"An excellent idea; and if you will give me your assistance we will send it by to-day's post."

"And it would be advisable to say nothing whatever at present to my brother, just to have the satisfaction, Mr. Stonnor," she continued with a meaning smile, "of managing it entirely ourselves."

"I quite understand you," I said, returning her look with an affirmative nod. "You may entirely rely on my discretion."

On consideration we agreed that it would be diplomatic to attempt to bring the brothers together. Lord Fortou could but sympathize with Dawley's sufferings, and some satisfactory conclusion would be arrived at. The letter was short. I merely said I was visiting Mr. Bardett, that Dawley had met with an accident, and the doctor feared brain fever; that I had seen him, and he had privately expressed a desire to divulge something to Lord Fortou before he became worse.

As the letter was being sealed we saw Miss Clara among the flowers. Mrs. Carew tapped the window.

"See here," she said, holding up the letter as her daughter entered, "see what Stonnor has done for you! Such a nice letter to Fortou House! You must thank him as prettily as you can." And off she went to put it in the letter-bag herself.

"I do thank you very, very much, Mr. Stonnor," said the young lady very collectedly, but devouring me with her black eyes. "I hope you don't think Mr. Dawley very ill?"

"That letter will be excellent medicine for him," I said gaily; "and I'm now going up to tell him all about it. Have you any message for him?"

"You may give him these flowers, and tell him I gathered them for him."

"And not one for me?" I asked.

She pinned a rosebud in my coat without the slightest hesitation, and up I went to the patient's room. He was partly dressed, and smoking a cigar with Boyd. A wink from the doctor made me understand he was humoring him. I at once gave him the flowers and the message.

"Where did you get that rosebud?" he asked sharply.

"A certain young lady pinned it in herself," I replied lightly.

"Now, Stonnor," he said with a frown, "none of your nonsense! It would be a shame if you took advantage of my illness to flirt with Clara. I won't stand it!"

"I give you my word, Dawley," I replied impressively, "you may trust me implicitly. My dear fellow, don't you know our motto, 'Stonnor et Honor'?"

"I will trust you," he said, grasping my hand with some effusion. "But how about Fortou House?"

Then I told him what we had done. He was evidently relieved, and became so much better during the day that we found him in the drawing-room with Miss Clara when we returned from our drive. He was certainly more docile, though his anxiety for an answer from the Fortons increased daily. Boyd was still uneasy about him. To me, what with an occasional drive to the meet, a pic-nic at Bradley, and an agreeable dinner party, the days passed pleasantly enough. The Squire, notwithstanding his political views, was simply delightful; and as for the Carews, they could not make enough of me in return for the little service I had done them.

Dawley was continually sending for me to know if I had received an answer. He said I did him more good than Boyd. At last the answer came. It was not what we had anticipated.

"Dear Mr. Stonnor,—"

"Lord Fortou is shooting in Hampshire, and as your letter was marked 'immediate' I have opened it. You evidently don't know Dawley as well as we do. I think he is deceiving you. He is scheming for something, and if he had been really ill I am sure Mr. Bardett would have written."

"Yours faithfully,

"CAROLINE FORTON."

Fancy writing to me in this strain! Mrs. Carew's eyes flashed ominously. She looked like an enraged Juno.

"Disgracefully unfeeling!" she said, "and not treating you with the respect due to your station. Poor Dawley!"

"I will have nothing more to say to her," I said.

"Oh, Mr. Stonnor! what shall we do if you forsake us?" cried Miss Clara.

"I won't do that, Miss Clara; but perhaps Mr. Bardett should write."

"But we agreed he was to have nothing to do with it," said Mrs. Carew, coming close to me. "No; let us manage it ourselves, Mr. Stonnor, and bring Lady Forton to her senses. Besides, I am sorry to say my brother is obliged to go to London to-night."

"I quite dread the effect the letter will have upon Dawley, I said. "Dr. Boyd says he is not so well as he looks."

"Ah! we must take Dr. Boyd into our confidence," she said, "and see what he advises."

Boyd came and counselled telling Dawley at once. "Nothing could be worse for him than anxiety, and no one was so well able to break the news to him as I. As to Lady Forton, he would write a certificate in proper form which I could enclose in my next letter."

"That will be a proper punishment for her," said Mrs. Carew; "but now please go and get it over with Dawley."

He saw there was something wrong directly we entered the room. "You've got bad news, Stonnor; out with it."

"It is not much," I said. "Your brother is away, and Lady Forton does not think you are so ill as we tell her."

"Just like her," he said despondingly. "That she-dragon has thwarted me all my life. My blood is on her head!" With that he got up and stalked towards the dressing-table, where his razors were laid out.

"Sit down, Dawley, and don't be an ass," said Boyd, stopping him.

"If you interfere with me I'll shoot you like a dog!" he cried.

"Come, come, Dawley," I said, "this won't do. How can you expect us to help you if you don't show more command over yourself?"

"But you fellows will help me all you can?" he asked, piteously, grasping our hands.

"Of course we will," replied Boyd; "take your medicine like a good fellow, and after we have written to Lady Forton, I'll come and sit with you."

I wrote again more pressingly, enclosing Dr. Boyd's certificate, but Dawley became more and more restless, and Mrs. Carew more and more anxious. She had a long interview with him, coming down afterwards to tell me she had left him happier by giving her consent to his formal engagement with Clara.

"Poor boy," she said, "he confessed that he was £800 or £900 in debt, but he looked so pitiable, I positively had not the heart to refuse. We must hope now for the best."

"I'll tell you what I will do, Mrs. Carew," I cried, moved to sudden generosity by her beaming eyes. "There is Pethouse Grange of mine, all ready furnished; the young couple shall have it for a year rent free."

"How nobly generous of you, Mr. Stonnor! Upon my word you are our good angel. Do go and tell Dawley."

For all this he became worse. Even the Squire when he returned became alarmed at Dr. Boyd's account. "Dawley is in a queer state," he said to us privately. "I don't know what to make of him. Why, he wanted me to hunt the peacocks with him. Before I go perhaps I had better drop a line to Lord Forton and tell him about it. He is an old friend of mine."

"An old friend of yours, Tom!" said Mrs. Carew in alarm. Do you mean to say you know the Fortons?"

"Oh yes; I've known them for years. I know Forton better than Dawley. He has stopped here once or twice."

She gave me one look and left the room.

"Now I must go to London to-night, Stonnor, and hope you'll make yourself comfortable till I return. Perhaps I shall see Forton at his Club. Hope to be back to-morrow or the next day at the farthest."

I found Mrs. Carew in great agitation, half hysterical, and Miss Clara was standing over her with smelling salts and camphor. "This is most annoying, Mr. Stonnor," she cried; "I had no idea that Tom knew the Fortons. Did you tell him you had written?"

"No," I replied; "for, you remember, we thought it desirable he should not know."

"Very stupid," she ejaculated with some show of temper.

Matters got worse. Dawley began to rave about his embarrassments and Clara. Mrs. Carew and Dr. Boyd were continually consulting me about one thing or another. It was late before we got to bed, and before I was up Boyd came to my room. Dawley was worse, and a barber had been sent for to shave his head. The ladies were already in the morning-room when I went down, and we determined to telegraph to Lady Forton at once. We sent the following—

"Dawley worse—head shaved—doctor thinks state is critical." We breakfasted and waited the result. Presently Dr. Boyd brought down some of the poor fellow's hair. Dawley wished us to have a lock. Mrs. Carew was much affected at this touching incident, but Clara kept perfectly calm and collected. She was not demonstrative, but I believe felt the situation keenly in spite of her outward show of reserve. She flushed a little when a telegram came from Lady Forton announcing her intention of coming to Hunterstone by the first train. By mid-day her ladyship appeared *in propria persona*. She was very gracious. Sorry to find Dawley had given so much trouble. Was sure he would soon get better amongst such good Samaritans, and wondered Mr. Bardett had not written.

"Gentlemen are such bad correspondents," said Mrs. Carew with a sweet smile, "and my brother is in London at present."

"Ah, then he may perhaps see Forton. I telegraphed to him, and he will be there now, ready to come on here if necessary."

She then had an interview with Dr. Boyd, who told her if the patient was humored and his mind put at rest he would get better. "I'll tell him you are here," he added, "and you can see him when you please."

In a few minutes I escorted the ladies to his room. We were confronted with an appalling sight—Dawley entirely enveloped in a white sheet was seated in an arm-chair with his little head clean shaven. In one hand he held a large bottle of leeches, and in the other a bunch of peacock's feathers, with which he tickled his head. One look was enough. As they turned and fled screaming away, up he jumped and chased them down the passage with several ringing view halloos. We got him back, and I went down to find the ladies locked in the drawing-room. After a little parley the door was opened.

"This is too awful!" began her ladyship, "and I really cannot attempt to see him again! You must tell me about it. What dreadful thing is this he has on his mind?"

Between us we managed to disclose Dawley's troubles.

"Ah," she said, "the old story, money, money. Whenever Forton is approached about him he always says, 'How much this time?' As to his engagement," she continued frigidly, "I can only wonder Mr. Bardett, who is so old a friend, has not apprised us of it."

"My consent was only given yesterday," said Mrs. Carew.

"Oh, indeed?" returned Lady Forton, with an icy smile. "Miss Carew, you must be a very courageous person to ally yourself with a young man of his antecedents. I hope you may never regret it."

"I am perfectly willing to abide by the result," said Miss Clara, returning the smile with interest.

We got a little pleasanter during lunch, and it ended by my being sent up with a kind message to Dawley, saying that his present trouble would be considered at Forton House. I was much pleased, and thanked Lady Forton heartily as I put her in the carriage.

"Now I'll tell you what I have done," I said. "I have given the young couple Pethouse Grange rent free for a year."

"You have done what?" she exclaimed in a loud voice.

"I have given them the Grange for a year," I repeated.

"Then all I can say is you have done the very worst thing you ever did in the whole course of your life! You know what Dawley has been to us, and here you choose to bring him to live at our very doors. It is abominable!"

"I assure you, Lady Forton—"

"Oh, don't say another word. To the station," she cried, and drove off without wishing me good-bye.

"This is how she thanked me for my kindness to her brother-in-law!" I said afterwards to Mrs. Carew and Dr. Boyd.

"She is an ill-bred person," said Mrs. Carew. "Never mind," said the doctor; "at all events her visit has done Dawley good. I told her he would get better directly his mind was relieved."

He was better still after a letter which arrived from Forton House the next day. He was to have a thousand pounds to pay his debts, and a slight increase in his allowance, but only on the condition that he lived out of the County of Hertford.

Not very civil to me, I thought; but Dawley said afterwards it was Pethouse Grange that brought them to book so quickly. The Squire saw Lord Forton in London, and when he returned had a conversation with Mrs. Carew, which seriously discomposed her.

"I am afraid my sister misled you, Stenor," he said to me; "but the fact is, she is never happy unless she is carrying out some mysterious plan. Now it she had only come frankly to me about this business we should have been spared all the stupid scheming and unpleasantness. Very kind of you to offer the Grange to the young couple, but I intend to give Clara a house and a few acres of land for her marriage portion. Dawley can amuse himself nicely there with his horse hobby."

The patient's recovery was marvellous. In two days he was down-stairs with a well-made wig on his head. Of course my brother says he was never ill at all, that he never had a tumble, and that the whole affair was planned between himself and Dr. Boyd. In short, he persists in calling it "Dawley's Dodge."

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

IV.

Notwithstanding the acquaintance had been happily begun, the interdiction was not lifted, and Abel found himself still shut out from the craved communion. After a few trials to remove the barrier, his pride revolted, and, feigning a call back to town, he left his friends with a promise to join them a week or so before their return, to finish up the docket, as he professionally termed it. He had a lurking hope that some inquiry might be made for him and some regret felt for his departure, and it was not very gratifying to his self-esteem, afterwards, to learn that the only regret had been felt by his friends, and not a word expressed by any other regarding his absence. He was absent a week or so, during which time he had gone to Pleasant Cove, or Bald Cliff, in hope of meeting the gipsy or of hearing something relating to the old-time affair, regarding which some one, he thought, must have known; but he was not gratified, yet the stone he found where it was cast, though nearly covered with sand. That was a monument to the terrific fact.

He was received joyfully by the Calefs on his return to them, and the next day George proposed to join him in a ramble through the woods. They were gone nearly all day, making much noise with their guns, but killing very little, when, on their return, they came in view of the farm-house through the trees. Feeling in his pouch George found two rifle bullets, and bantered Abel on a trial of skill in marksmanship, challenging him to compete for a triding

wager. They selected the knot of a pine tree at a convenient distance, for the target, and drew lots for the first chance. Abel won, and, taking careful aim, he fired. He was moving to see where the shot had struck, when there came from the house a piercing shriek, and a great commotion was manifest there. Women were seen running about as if frantic, and a servant girl came bounding across the meadow, wringing her hands, her hair wildly blowing about her ears, shouting before she reached where they stood:

"Miss Alice is shot dead!"

They waited to make no inquiries, but, throwing down their guns, rapidly ran toward the house. Mrs. Calef stood in the door calling upon them to hasten, and pointed wildly to Mrs. Marlow's rooms. They rushed in upon a scene of fearful grief and dismay. There upon the floor, where she had fallen, and bleeding profusely, lay the young lady, beside whom her mother knelt in all the bitterness of woe, holding one of the moveless hands and uttering words of the deepest tenderness, her mind wavering under the terrible calamity.

Abel, though overcome by the sight, retained his presence of mind, and, stooping over the prostrate girl, found that her heart still beat, and applied himself to learn the extent of her injury. His early education aided this, and calling for water, he washed the blood from her face, which he found to proceed from a wound in her forehead, just covered by her hair. The bullet had ploughed to the bone, glanced off, and lodged in the window-casing across the room. Neighbors had been immediately summoned, who came rushing in, the most of them skilled in rural leechcraft, and when he called for styptics, with which to stop the flow of blood, they were ready with their astringent herbs. These were effective, restoratives were applied, the young lady opened her eyes intelligently and was removed to a sofa, and, after applying plaster from his own resources, Abel left the patient in care of her female friends and her mother, who had recovered from a fainting fit which had been induced by reaction of feeling at her daughter's restoration.

The bullet, which had been fired from a shot gun, had glanced from the tree, though not in the direction of the house, and wrought the mischief described. Abel's joy at the escape of the young lady was mingled with a feeling of delight that, through this accident, he had obtained entrance to the coveted precinct, and, as she had escaped, he was radiant with happiness.

"Do you catch any glimpse of the mystical thread in this adventure, Abel?" asked George.

"I don't care to seek it," said Abel, at once grown serious; "for there must be another risk of violence, according to the prophecy, and rather than subject one I loved to such a peril as this I would leave my passion behind me and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth."

"All must take their risks, Abel," said the oracular Mrs. George.

"What is to be will be," said George sententiously.

Abel made no further reply. The next day he had an invitation from Mrs. Marlow to visit his patient, whom he found sitting up, but pale and languid, the wound concealed by her hair. She extended her hand to him as he came in, and gave him a smile of welcome. The mother was profuse in her demonstrations. He told her the story of the accident, and joined with her in an expression of gratitude at the young lady's marvellous escape. Then he had some soothing words to say to the patient which had their proper effect, and after a short visit he left, promising to come again, after an urgent invitation from the mother, supported by a look from the invalid. A wonderful interest in her welfare, though she had fully recovered, brought him daily to the Marlows, or the singular number would express it better. Yet he was not in love, as he understood the passion, but he could not describe his feelings, and that prophetic thread of destiny loomed in his mind as large as the cable of a suspension bridge. They walked, rode and sat together, with full and free communion, but they made no talk of love. One day he found her engaged in looking over and arranging a box of what she called precious mementoes, and his gaze was attracted by a little blue shoe which lay half hidden among other matters.

"Please allow me to look at that," he said in an agitated manner.

"Certainly," she replied, and looked with anxious surprise at his pale face as he examined it.

"What may this little shoe be a memento of?" he eagerly asked.

"Oh, of an early adventure of my own, in papa's prosperous days, when we went to the beaches; and at one time I came near losing my life by a big stone which was recklessly rolled down from the top of a hill, but leaped over my head and fell into the sea. On leaving the beach with my nurse I lost one of my shoes, and have kept this ever since as a memento. I have forgotten the name of the beach."

"Will you please excuse me for a few moments?" he said, and, without waiting to hear her consent, he darted from the room, greatly to her surprise.

He rushed madly into the apartments of his friends, tore up to his chamber, dashed open a trunk with the ferocity of a baggage smasher, seized a small shoe from the nook where it for years had rested, and ran back in a very short space of time. He threw himself into the chair

he had left, and placed on the table, beside the "memento"—its mate!

The young lady, startled by his agitation and strange conduct, and seeing the shoe, could only say,

"What does this mean?"

His face was lit with joy. His eyes, suffused with tears, beamed on her with infinite tenderness, and, impelled by a sense of chivalry which always appears in the old romances in such cases, he dropped on his knees before her.

"It means, my blessed one," said he, "the removal of all obstacles to my happiness, and yours, I trust. It means that I have found a thread of existence to twine with my own, years ago presaged, without fear of threat-ned calamity. It means a future of unselfish love and devotion to the wife of my choice. To you, the only woman I have ever loved, whom twice I have been near destroying, I offer an honest and faithful affection."

She gave him her hand confidingly and then, the first plunge being taken, they sat and talked seriously but happily regarding the past and the future, during which the mother came in, who was very much surprised to be informed of the step taken, but could only shed tears at what she was very glad to learn, and invoked the widow's blessing on the twain.

Then he led her to the apartments of the Calefs, where no announcement of his happiness was necessary, as his face revealed it, and a rapturous welcome was extended by his friends, who hailed the event as a most delightful close to the summer's enjoyment.

"But," said George, "how about that prophecy?" How could you be brought to incur the risk, Abel?"

"Here is the fulfilment of the prophecy," he replied, showing the little blue shoes, "and here is the Cinderella who has come to claim her slipper and reveal to me the fact that the risk has passed. Twice tried by fate, the cord that has been twisting all these years has no break to fear in the future, and the gipsy's prophecy is fulfilled to the letter."

Those little blue shoes, shrouded in an ornate case of crystal and gold, form a prominent and attractive ornament in the home of Abel Dorne, and the tale has often to be told of the perilous adventure at Bald Cliff.

THE FARMER'S FOES.

Apart from bad weather, the farmer's worst enemy has been his own ignorance. He would go on, year after year, quickly submitting to the decimation of his crops by insects, birds, animals, and weeds, without so much as endeavouring to find out the nature or even the names of his enemies.

In commercial matters such persistent ignorance would be simple ruin; for no tradesman or mechanic could hope to make headway in the struggle for existence if he thus allowed the commonest difficulties and impediments to his craft to remain unnoticed and unremedied. But the farmer, until quite recently, has seemed to imagine that the whole science of agriculture was contained in a few simple principles, handed down from father to son without improvement or comment for several centuries. Many farmers will still, because rooks do harm at one season of the year to some crops, drive them away at other times when they might be of incalculable service. Sparrows are equally persecuted in June, when they are killing hundreds of insects every day, and in September, when they take toll of the wheat. The agricultural mind, in fact, adopts one of two wholesale theories about the sparrow—a comprehensive title which includes every bird unfortunate enough to be smaller than a thrush. It is either an insignificant bird, not worth driving out of the wheat, or an evil-minded bird for which absolute extermination, wherever met with, is all too light a punishment. Under the influence of this latter opinion a farmer is apt, in spring, to mistake the intentions of the town-tits, who are fighting in the good cause by devouring grubs and insects in his orchards; for he at once objects to these "sparrows" eating his buds—which they have no intention of doing—and producing his gun, incontinently fires a pipe-bowl full of small shot into his fruit tree, blowing away the prospects of a peck or so of apples, and killing his small friend. Then the farmer is satisfied as far as that "sparrow" is concerned.

The insectivorous hedgehog, moreover, is in danger of extermination, and all because lying rustic legends aver that the prickly beast not only sucks milk from sleeping cows, but carries off apples spiked up his back; and the useful toad is generally stamped upon for his ugliness.

In the matter of insects, again, scientific philanthropists, from Kirby and Spence to Miss Ormerod, have laboured for years to explain to farmers the nature and habits of their friends and enemies among the lower order of creation, together with the means for the prevention of their ravages. Cure, when once the rank and file of Nature's army has taken the field, is almost impossible; but prevention in many cases is, or ought to be, not only possible but easy.

So far, however, farmers have, as a class, refused to be instructed. They regard all insects as either "worms" or "flies"; and consider their generation and multiplication to be due to atmospheric influences. East winds are supposed, to be responsible for the "blight," a miscellaneous title which covers a multitude of afflictions; showers of rain bring the frogs, and hot weather "breeds" flies, while maggots are the result of spontaneous generation.

When the gooseberry and current bushes are stripped of their leaves by the caterpillars of a "saw-fly," most of these which suffer from their ravages are still content to imagine that the curly-tailed caterpillars are really "worms which come out of the ground." A fluffy brown moth, very common in many places, lays its eggs upon fruit trees, and the caterpillars subsequently spin voluminous webs around the branch; but these "black hairy worms" are in many districts considered to be the result of diseased wood in the tree, only to be cured by immediately sacrificing the offending branch. When this has been done, the caterpillars, falling to the ground, will frequently ascend the tree in search of food, and, by commencing operations anew upon another branch, lead to the destruction of the whole tree by its owner, under the idea that the disease is too deeply seated to be cured by the mere amputation of a branch or two. Though these are aggravated instances, there is no doubt that the unwillingness of farmers in the past to learn anything from experience has resulted in the firm establishment upon such of our staple crops of one or more special parasites, which can now only be dealt with in detail.

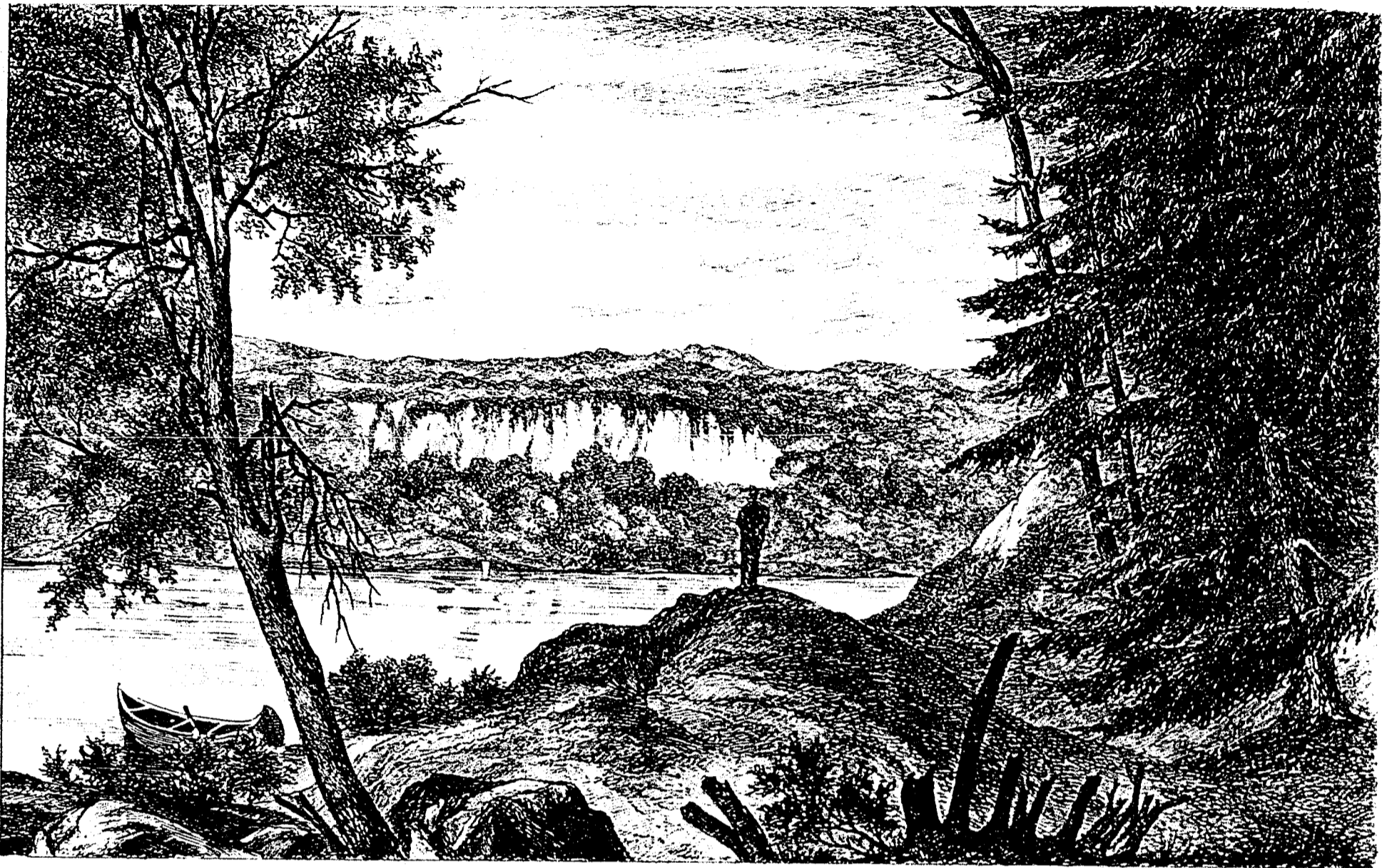
Hop, for instance, suffer severely at times from four distinct afflictions, agriculturally known as the "worm," the "hop-dog," the "fly," and "blight." The "worm" attacks the root of the plants, and is really the caterpillar of an insect known to entomologists as the "ghost moth;" the "hop-dog" is the caterpillar of another moth, and eats the leaves; while the "fly," which is a beetle, and the "blight," a kind of aphid or plant louse, attack the young shoots and the blossom. The last pest is undoubtedly the worst, but often brings its own remedy in the shape of attendant crowds of lady-birds, a small beetle specially designed by Nature for the destruction of injurious aphides. Unfortunately, however, the conspicuous colouring of the lady-birds is apt to attract the farmer's attention, and he, considering their presence in such numbers as suspicious, to say the least, generally adopts an attitude towards them which materially lessens their power of rendering him service.

The standing wheat, again, is often infested with small graminivorous beetles, and is sometimes carried to the granary so full of the caterpillars of a small grey moth that they may be picked up in handfuls from the floor. Still, although insect collectors, by sweeping the wheat by night with a net, will often for their own purposes collect hundreds of these injurious insects. The farmer never dreams of taking any such measures. There has, it is true, been some improvement of late years in the attitude of agriculturists towards science. Farmers, spurred on by the fear of forcing competition, are beginning to avail themselves of new chemical and mechanical appliances. But to bring out the full capabilities of the land something more than this half-hearted advance is required. Capital, energy, and scientific knowledge are indispensable; and in proportion as these are not to be found among our tenant-farmers in their small holdings, too long accustomed to undisturbed control of the market, we are tempted to regard the so-called evils of large farms and American competitions as very mixed evils after all.

THE proposal to form a national Liberal Club in London, to serve as a common meeting place for Liberals both of town and country, is in a fair way of realization. The new institution is to be much more than a club. It is suggested that it should be a kind of hotel, with bedroom accommodation for provincial members, and that all the Liberal associations of the country should have their offices in the building. If the ideas of its promoters are carried out, it will become the headquarters of Liberal organization in England. The scheme has already attracted a wide measure of support.

PERSONS about to use the telephone will do well to take warning by the terrible fate of a gentleman who is something in the city, and has a telephone. The other day he was offering a few remarks through the instrument, when suddenly he saw a bright flash from the instrument, and the same moment there came upon him a sensation as if a huge lobster had secured an unusually favorable grasp of him by the skin of the forehead, and was violently shaking him. The scientific explanation with which he has been consoled is that he had touched with his forehead the hooks for suspending the transmitter. That's all very well; but he got a great shock, and his watch won't go.

SHE was an American—petit, pretty, and plucky. We came out shooting, and she, with her little single-barrelled breech-loader, wiped many of our eyes. There was a tremendous number of guns, and the underwood is terribly thick this year, as everyone knows. Shot was peppering about as profusely as at Plevna, and at last about four o'clock entered the back of a gentleman who was standing by my lady's side. "By Jove, I'm hit!" he exclaimed, taking off his coat to see whether there was any blood about. "Captain—," calmly observed *la belle Americaine*, "if you have been a soldier and a sportsman for twenty-five years without knowing what lead is, you are a lucky individual. I trust you do not intend to undress yourself in this corner, as it is the best on this side of the wood, and I should be sorry to have to leave it before the drive is finished."



ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.—ROCKS WABI KIJIK.—FROM A SKETCH BY REV. C. A. PARADIS.



SCENE IN A SIBERIAN VILLAGE IN BUTTER-WEEK.

THE RETIRED COLONEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT ARTFUL VICAR."

From the Illustrated London News.

To live a brave, honourable, self-denying life, to get little praise, loss money, and occasional snubs; such is often the lot of a British officer; and when he has served his time, when old age, or one of our hundred colonial fevers, has sapped his strength, where do you find him? What becomes of the hero who led his men up the heights of the Alma, or charged with the Six Hundred?

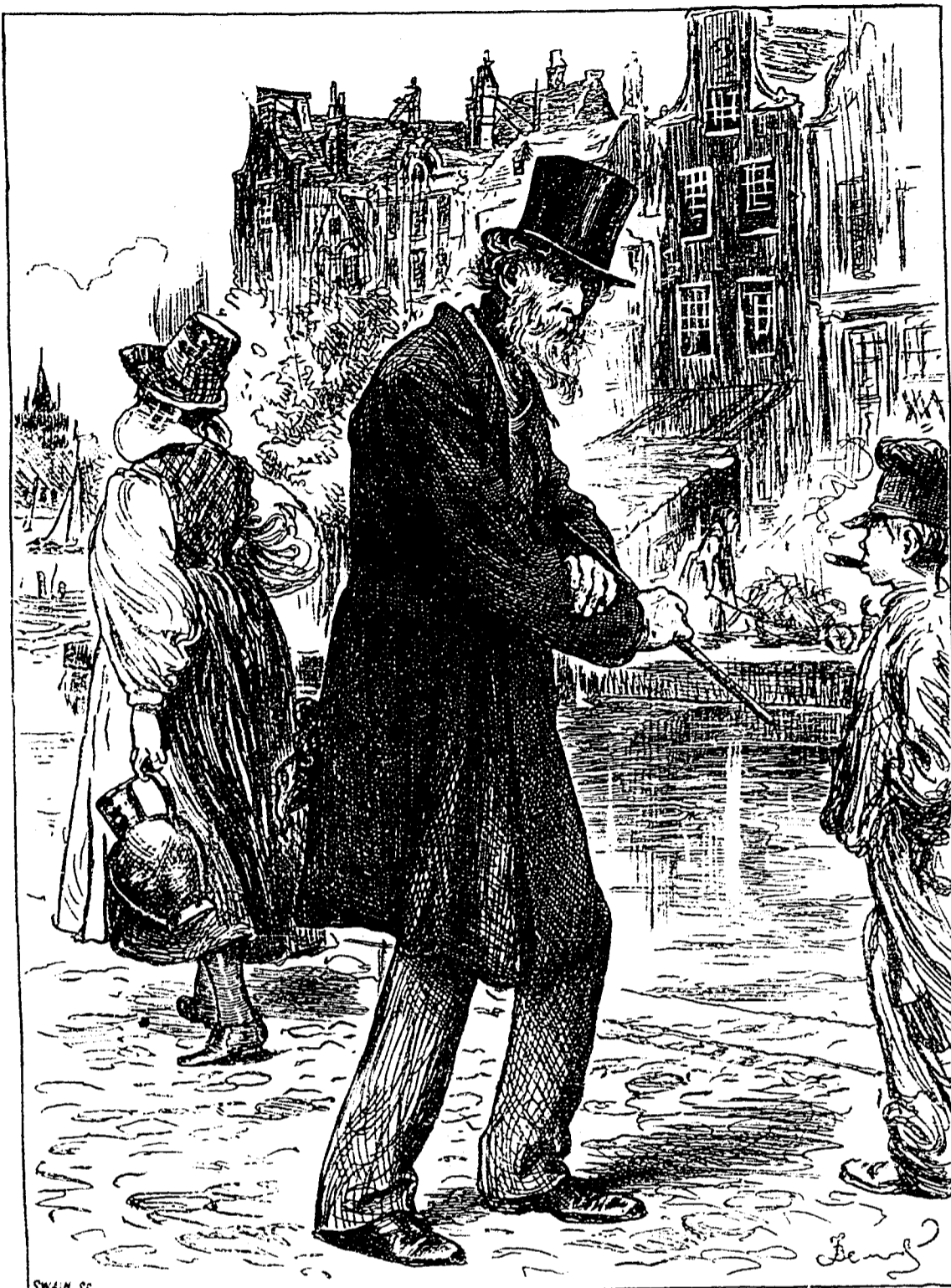
Frequently he may be discovered in some obscure Continental town where living is cheap, the country for which he fought being too dear for him. He has married, and has a family. The task of bringing up all his sons and daughters honourably like ladies and gentlemen exhausts his resources of energy and money, and leaves him but a slender surplus for indulgence in such small luxuries as he may well be said to have merited at his age. But, perhaps, a moralist would say that there was a Nemesis in this, for officers start on their careers by being clothed in purple and fine linen and faring sumptuously every day. What wonder that, if, having eaten up the seven fat kine when they are young, they should be reduced to the seven lean and tough kine when they are old and toothless?

Assuredly it was on the leanest of kine that poor Colonel De Crepyte was living when I encountered him in an old Flemish city some years ago. He used to hobble down every afternoon to the club which this curious town boasted, and read the *Times*, which was taken in for the convenience of English residents. There was nothing very military in the old warrior's appearance. He walked with a stoop; his clothes, which were none of the newest, hung loosely about him; and his face derived a scrubby look from an unkempt beard of pepper-and-salt hue. Few of the Colonel's fellow-countrymen in the town I mention knew to the full what his services have been; and none of the Belgians did. One day I saw a ridiculous creature in the uniform of a Belgian Major put a public affront upon the hero—an affront soon repented of, however. The Colonel had come rather late to the club than usual, and the *Times* happened to be in the grasp of the Major in question, who was holding it before his face to keep the flies off whilst he dozed in a besotted condition produced by drinking too much Flemish beer. Colonel De Crepyte waited a quarter of an hour to see whether the Belgian would make a show of reading the paper; but, finding he did not, he approached and asked him for it. The Colonel's voice, even in its softest tones, was always gruffish; and it may have been this circumstance which excited the Belgian's fury.

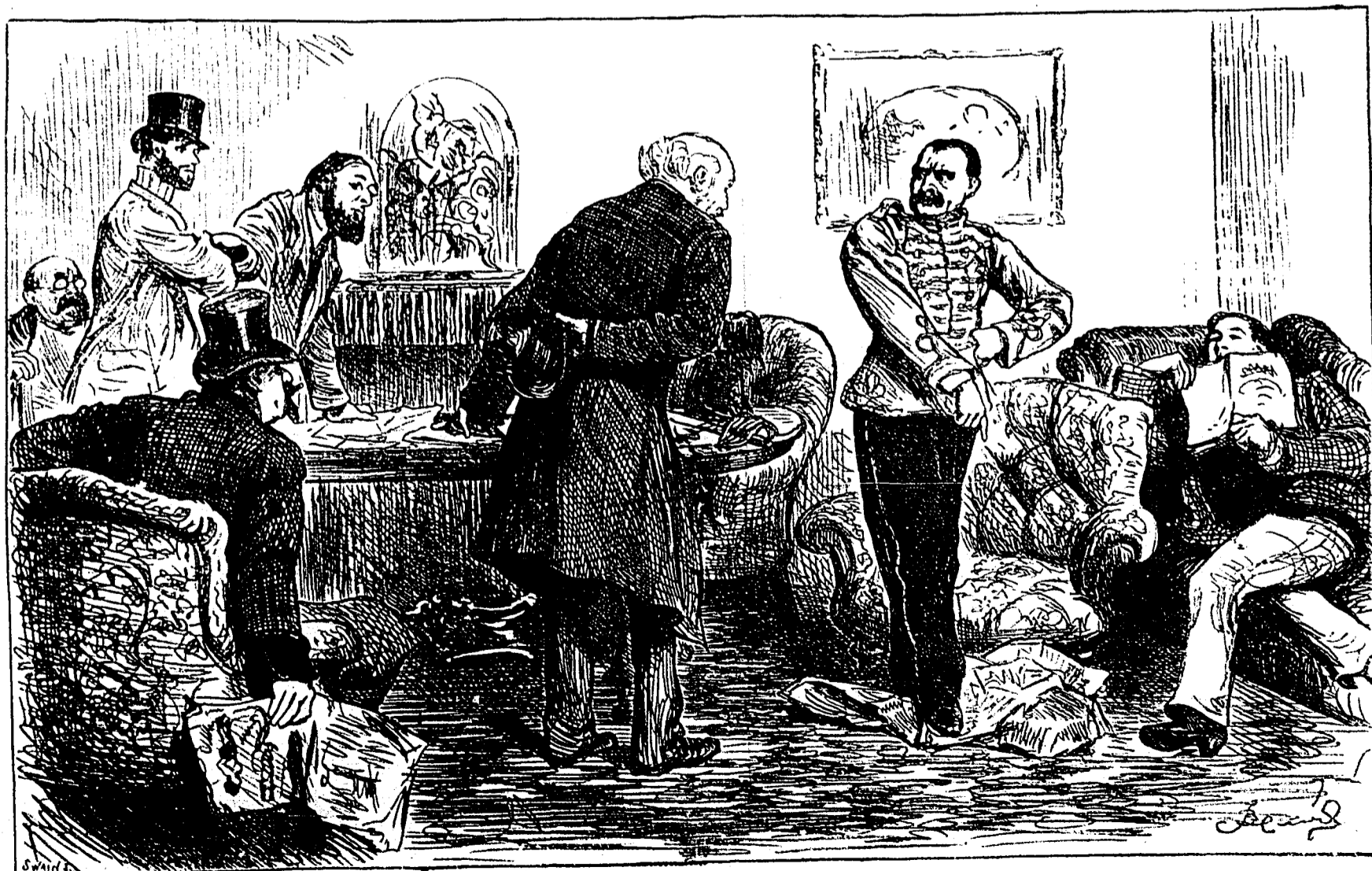
"Sure!" he cried, flourishing the *Times* as if he would brush off the Colonel with it as he had done the flies. "Sure! I vant de *Times*. I read him. Cannot you see?"

"I saw that you were not reading it; that's why I asked you to use some other paper as a fan," replied De Crepyte, looking his aggressor hard in the face.

"I do vat I please," screamed the Belgian Major. "I read ze *Times*, I play vith him, I sit upon him, I dance upon him"—and suiting the action to the word, he successively pressed the newspaper to his nose, branched it, sat upon it, and finally trod it under foot. When he had thus distinguished himself, this swashbuckler, who had never faced any fire but that of



SWAN. SC.



SWAN. SC.

his own cigar, defied the old officer, who had borne himself stoutly in a hundred fights, putting his arms akimbo and grinning under his nose.

Of course there was an exchange of cards, and on the morrow De Crepyte would have had to go out with the Belgian Major if some friends had not interposed, and explained to the latter who it was that he had insulted. The General in command of the garrison, too, heard of the matter, and for the credit of his cloth commanded the Major to make an apology. It was then and then only that many of the English who had been accustomed to elbow the Colonel every day heard that he was the De Crepyte—the De Crepyte of the Balaclava Charge, and the relief of Lucknow. He had been one of the most dashing cavalry officers in the English army. He himself hardly knew how often he had ridden in charge, been unhorsed, picked himself up, and ridden onwards again. He had been six times wounded and twenty times mentioned in despatches; in fact, if he had served in any army but the British he would have been a General, and have sported in his button-hole the ribbon of some order of knighthood. As it was he was a mere Lieutenant Colonel on half-pay, and the only tokens of honourable service which he could show—not on his coat of course, but in a shagreen case on his drawing-room table—were medals.

There was a disposition to make much of Colonel De Crepyte among the English colonists in the foreign town, once the hero's true status were known; but it wore off after a while, for the Colonel's urbanity did not equal his valour. He was, in truth, a bit surly. His respect for civilians was not great. If he played whist at the club he sometimes forgot that he was not sitting down among subalterns, but would lecture men of his own age about the laws of the game with a frankness that was unacceptable. So it came to pass that on a certain occasion when an election was held among the pew-renters of the English church to appoint a churchwarden, a large section declared that they would not have this "bear" to rule over them. Colonel De Crepyte happened at the time to be intresting himself in church affairs, being minded to put down some Ritualistic proclivities of the chaplain's and he had allowed himself to be nominated as candidate, regarding it as certain that he would be returned. There was something at once ludicrous and pathetic in the scene that took place when he rose in the vestry room to explain why he was inclined to accept the office, which a few of the pew-renters (the most respectable few too) had pressed upon him. As a soldier talking upon church matters he was, of course, very solemn. He had put on his best clothes, and looked upon the chaplain's nominee, who was opposed to him, with an expression of severe displeasure. However, it was of no use, for when a poll was demanded, the Colonel got scarcely any votes, and was made, as he somewhat inconspicuously but bluntly put it, to cut "a deuced ridiculous figure."

"Yes, sir," he said, drawing on his gloves and frowning terribly at Mr. Maunders, an earnest Low-Churchman of small stature, who had nominated him. "I've been made to look an utter fool through your fault. What did you mean by bringing me forward to receive this affront?"

"I'm sure there's no affront intended, Colonel," pleaded Mr. Maunders, quite abashed. "I suppose these gentlemen have simply voted according to their consciences."

"Consciencs be hang'd!" growled the Colonel. "What consciences do you think there can be among a beggarly lot of refugees who have all outrun the constable in their own country, and come here to hide their heads in bags! No, Sir, those rascals wished to put a slight upon me because I am one of the few gentlemen in the place." Saying which he turned on his heel and flustered off.

It will be seen that the gallant Colonel had no very high opinion of his fellow-countrymen abroad; but this outburst of his at the vestry formed a solitary exception to the rule of silence he observed respecting his opinions about other persons, for he was no tatter, and thought too well of himself to attend to the concerns of other people. It should be added that from the day when the "affront," as he pleased to call it, was put upon him, Colonel De Crepyte mixed less than ever with the English, and confined himself chiefly to the society of a brother military crony of his—Major Bullfinch.

This Bullfinch was quite a different man to De Crepyte; for he was a big, bluff, jolly, and talkative fellow, who was on friendly terms with everybody; but he, too, in his way, was an oddity. To begin with, he was a man with a "grievance"—though you would scarcely have thought so from his cheerful manner—and this grievance had cost him £4,000.

This heavy fine had been the result of a lawsuit. There is a race of persons in the East who unite in their own persons the double privilege of being Levantines and British subjects. *Græculi aurientes et civis Romani*—they cannot lie and they cannot be whipped. One of this comfortably-circumstanced race chanced to be Vice-Consul at Pseudopolis, where he realised a nice income by protecting smugglers. In an evil hour for himself, Major Bullfinch, who had been sent on a military mission to Pseudopolis, exposed the malpractices of this gentleman. The Foreign Office, with its usual sagacity, thereupon wrote to Mr. Gastrimargos (the name of H. M.'s representative in question) asking him whether these things were so? Mr. G. replied that he was innocent, and the Secretary of State declared that he was satisfied; but Mr.

Gastrimargos was not, for he wished to be revenged on Bullfinch, and he resorted to a very simple expedient for attaining this object. He wrote a brother Vice-Consul, also a Levantite, to warn him against the Major, whom he, Gastrimargos, "believed to have been implicated in a fraud on the Stock Exchange." The contents of this epistle getting abroad, as they were intended to do, the Major began by vowing that he would strangle Gastrimargos; but, yielding to good advice, he decided to institute an action for libel and to claim heavy damages. After many months' delay, the trial came on in London; but the Court decided that there was no case for the jury, the Vice-Consul's communication being privileged. Two appeals followed; but the law was dead against the Major, inasmuch that barristers began to jeer about him as "poor Bullfinch." Then he tried to get at his enemy by some mysterious proceedings in Chancery, but was thrown heavily with costs; the Vice-Chancellor observing, with some asperity, that never in the whole course of his judicial experience had he seen the time of the Court wasted with so frivolous a motion. Bullfinch now bethought him of the press, which is the palladium of British rights, and addressed a communication of portentous length to the *Morning Liberal*, in which, as his ill-luck would have it, he made two mistakes in grammar and spelt the word "receive" with an "i" in the wrong place. The editor inserted portions of the letter, not omitting those which contained errors, and commented, in a jocular article, upon men with grievances. Worse than this, the Major, who was now in a chronic state of litigation, had committed a gross contempt of Court by writing at all, because he had a fresh motion pending. The Lord Justices in succession admonished him, and hinted that they were acting kindly in not inflicting a penalty—which, by-the-way, was the only piece of kindness the Major ever did get from the Bench. After losing his cases on appeal, he tried what writing a pamphlet would do, and consequently found himself saddled with a printer's bill in addition to his other losses. Then he gave up the whole affair, rather to please his wife than to satisfy himself for he had a combative spirit that would have impelled him to fight on till he had not a halfpenny left in his purse. However, having got straitened in his circumstances through his struggle with Gastrimargos, the Major, who had some time before thrown up his commission, went to live in Belgium; and there soon became noted among the English residents as "The man who had had some ugly business in the law courts."

When questioned, however, about this ugly business, the man with a grievance would rather astonish his hearers by saying, "And do you know what that rascal Gastrimargos meant by saying that I had been concerned in a fraud on the Stock Exchange! Why, I was one of the shareholders of the Rio Brigande Loan, and got swindled out of ten years' savings in the affair. That how I was implicated in it."

"And that is why I am now smoking a four-centime cigar in Belgium, instead of a sixpenny weed at the 'Rag.'" poor Bullfinch might have added.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Oct. 14.

ALMACK'S will be heard of early next season. The first attempt to set it going again was a decided success, and has made many converts to the "revival."

DE NEVILLE is to paint a picture illustrative of the late campaign in Egypt. The actual subject has still to be decided, but the commission has been given by the Fine Art Society.

We understand that Sir Beauchamp Seymour will probably take the title of Baron Alcester of Alcester, in the county of Warwick. Sir Garnet Wolseley will take that of Lord Wolseley of Egypt.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL, late rector of the Catholic University, Kensington, has been successful in all the points of his appeal to the Pope against the decision of the English Roman Catholic ecclesiastical authorities.

CONSIDERABLE satisfaction among the élite of Lambeth has been caused by a rumor that Mr. Bradlaugh has got an eye upon the London School Board, and intends creeping into it by way of that borough.

THE battle between Woolwich cannon and Krupp cannon will be waged once more. There has been some very practical experimenting in Egypt, and the unanimous opinion of our officers is in favor of Krupp, but Woolwich will assert itself till the last.

THE pencils of Mr. Leslie Ward and the other accomplished artists of *Vanity Fair* are no longer to be devoted entirely to the caricature of men of light and leading. Portraits of ladies are now to be issued with that paper, but, of course, there will be no attempt to caricature in these. A peep at a proof of the first that will appear shows a perfect picture of the Princess of Wales, by M. Theobald Chartran. The work is quite unconventional, and certainly the most effective thing in portrait printing ever produced.

THE STORY OF THE WEEK.

(Continued from page 291.)

Now on comparing this order with that in which the planetary names occur in the week, we find that a very singular relation exists between the two. The day following Saturn's day is called by the name of the fourth planet in the system; the next day, Monday, bears the name of the seventh planet; the next day, Tuesday, that of the third planet; and so throughout the entire week it will be found that each day is called from the third planet after that of the preceding day. This curious coincidence certainly cannot be the result of accident; and any theory which will satisfactorily account for it must be accepted as true, however much its consequences may conflict with our preconceived notions on the subject.

The needed light on the matter is to be found in a passage of Dion Cassius, an historian who wrote in the beginning of the third century of the Christian era. This writer speaks of the planetary week as an institution of recent introduction in his time, and gives the following account of its origin: The Egyptian astrologers (that is to say, those of Alexandria, the scientific centre of the ancient world) used for the purposes of their science to assign the hours of the day successively to the seven planets, taking them in the order of their remoteness. Each day took its name from the star which ruled its first hour. The first, eighth, fifteenth, and twenty-second hour of Saturn's day were the hours of Saturn; the twenty-third hour belonged to Jupiter, the twenty-fourth to Mars, and the first hour of the following day to the Sun. For this reason the day after Saturn's day was named from the Sun; and a moment's consideration will show that this mode of explanation fully accounts for the order in which the planetary names occur in the Roman week. The key fits the lock so perfectly that there can be no doubt whatever that it is the right one.

It is, therefore, to the ancient astrologers that we must ascribe the introduction of the names of the seven days. When the foreign astrology had been imported into Rome, it naturally soon became a very popular study. Almost every one, in fact, seems to have dabbled in it more or less. Some of the emperors attempted to stamp it out by persecuting edicts, but only succeeded in imparting to it the proverbial attractiveness of forbidden fruit. When everybody had thus learnt to talk familiarly about horoscopes and lucky and unlucky days, it was very natural that the astrological should come into use as a division of time for the purposes of common life.

So much concerning the way in which the planetary week was introduced into Rome itself. It remains to consider by what means it was spread through that part of Europe which was inhabited by the nations whom the Romans called barbarians.

With regard to the general outline of the matter there is not much to explain. Every one knows that the Romans were the masters of Europe, much as the English are of India. Nearly everywhere there were stations of the Roman armies, and those armies were recruited largely from the native populations. In some countries there were large and numerous Roman settlements; and everywhere there would be many among the barbarians who had availed themselves of the advantages of a Roman education.

This Romanizing process did not always go on to the same extent. In the Celtic and Iberian parts of the Continent—in Spain, France and Portugal—the barbarians became so completely Roman that their modern descendants have forgotten their original languages, and, with the people of modern Italy, speak those various kinds of Latin which we call Spanish, French and Italian. The Kelts of Britain, unlike their Continental kinsmen, retained the use of their mother tongue; but they were so far affected by Roman influence as to adopt many Latin words, and the present Welsh names of the days of the week—happen rather singularly to be the purest modern form of the original Latin names. In Spain, France and Italy, the planetary names of Sunday and Saturday have been displaced by others of different origin. When the Romans became Christians, they learnt to call Sunday the Lord's Day—Dies Dominicus; and so in the countries just mentioned, the word is still *Domenica*, *Domingo*, *Domingo*. The day before Sunday was called, instead of Saturn's day, the Sabbath—a fact which will seem surprising to those who do not know how modern is the notion which confounds the Christian "Lord's Day" with the Jewish Sabbath. In Spanish the name is *Sábado*, in Italian, *Sabbato*; and in French, because the ancestors of the French people pronounced the word *sabbatum* as *sambatum*, the name of Saturday is *Samedi*.

While in this manner one half of barbarian Europe allowed themselves to become Romans in language, in customs, and even in name, there was another half on whom the influence of Roman culture was far less powerful. This half consisted of a large number of tribes, who bore different names and perhaps spoke dialects too distinct for them readily to understand one another, but who were well aware that they all belonged to one and the same great race. Their name for their race considered as a whole was *Thiodisc*, which means of our own people. The modern forms of this word are *Deutsch*, by which the Germans call themselves, and *Dutch* which we apply to the inhabitants of Holland. Their designation for aliens, for people not of themselves, was *Welsh*—a name which we still give

to the descendants of the ancient Britons, and which the Germans apply to the French and Italians. This great race is called by modern writers the Germanic, or more commonly the Teutonic race. The latter name, though open to some objection,† is, perhaps, the most free from misleading associations. However, whichever name we adopt, the main thing to be remembered is that this race included among others the tribes known as Goths and Anglo-Saxons, and that to it belonged the ancestors (so far as they are revealed by the inheritance of language) of the present inhabitants of England, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Iceland.

The most prominent national characteristics of the ancient Teutons seem to have been a spirit of sturdy independence and an invincible attachment to their ancestral usages; and these qualities are eminently illustrated in their behavior with regard to language. It is true that the Goths of the South, whose peculiar position, as well as their early conversion to Christianity, rendered them especially open to Romanizing influence, did become ultimately assimilated in language to the Latin-speaking nations whom they conquered. But with their more northerly kindred it was far otherwise. Although for the sake of intercourse with their fellow-subjects very many of them no doubt learned to speak Latin or "Welsh" as they would nickname it, yet they seem to have obstinately resolved to speak as little of it as they could. Very rarely indeed did they even borrow a Latin word. When they became acquainted with some new object or institution belonging to the Roman civilization for which they had no native name, they generally preferred to invent one rather than to adopt the foreign title, as the ancient Britons and other Celtic nations usually did.

Although the religion of the Teutonic race differed widely in details from that of the Romans, the two systems were so far similar that both were founded on the worship of the personified powers of nature. This degree of similarity would be quite sufficient to produce in the minds of the Germans the belief that the Roman gods were simply their own gods under new names. When, for instance, a Teuton heard his Roman fellow-soldier talk of Jupiter as the god who was causing the thunder, it would at once occur to him that Jupiter must be the "Welsh" for *Thunor* or *Thor*; and this discovery would lead him to make further inquiries in the same direction. He would relate to his Roman friends the legends of *Tiw* and *Woden*, and ask them what they called the gods to whose characters such incidents were appropriated. Through discussions of this sort, or by other similar means, it became very early an accepted belief among the Teutons that each of the principal Roman gods corresponded to a particular one among those of his own countrymen.

Now in course of time the Teutonic peoples became acquainted with the new Roman custom of reckoning time by weeks, and with the Latin names for the seven days. This custom they found it convenient to imitate in their intercourse among themselves. But, in accordance with their usual practice, they did not borrow the Latin names of the day, but chose instead to translate them into something which they could understand. That the names had anything to do with the planets they probably did not know; but they knew that Mars and Mercurius were Latin for *Tiw* and *Woden*, and therefore Mars' day and Mercury's day became *Tiw's* day and *Woden's* day.

We have now to inquire what sort of beings or no-beings were those gods of our ancestors whose names we all every day unconsciously take in vain.

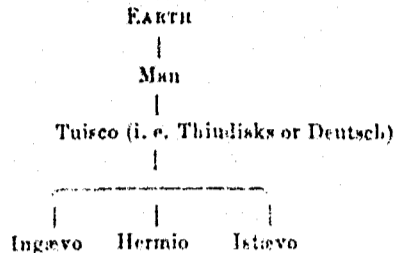
The Teutonic religion, like that of the Aryan nations generally, began by being misunderstood poetry. Men of lively imagination and simple minds, when they saw the heavens and the earth in mysterious motion around them—when they saw changes going on of which they could not assign the cause—naturally tried to explain these phenomena by supposing that the sun and stars, the sky, the clouds and the wind were living beings who moved by their own wills. When they described the various appearances of nature in poetic parables, in stories about the loves and quarrels of these superhuman persons, their hearers and their posterity mistook their meaning, and fancied that these stories were a history of some real transactions which took place long ago, instead of being merely a picture of the things that happen every day. Enough, however, was always remembered of the real meaning of these legends for it to be understood that these wonderful beings still lived on unseen, and possessed a mysterious sovereignty over nature. The religious instinct of human nature fixed itself on these awful invisible existences, and found in them the object of its highest reverence and dread.

To descend to details. The god *Tiw*, who gives his name to Tuesday, was originally the personification of the sky, the being whose varying moods were displayed in the changes of the weather. He was therefore properly the analogue of the Roman Jupiter; in fact, the names of *Tiw* and *Jupiter* are etymologically identical. But among the Teutonic nations the Aryan sky-deity had lost much of his original character, and his office had become narrowed to that of a

† There is no absolute proof that the Teutones of Roman historians were in the modern sense "Teutonic" at all. The supposition that the words *Teuton* and *Teutsch* or *Deutsch* are identical is very precarious. It originates, however, not with modern philologists, as is sometimes stated, but with the mediæval Latin writers who use *Teuto* as a synonym of *Theotiscus*.

god of battles, corresponding closely with the Roman Mars. Some writers have attempted to account for the change in the character of the god by supposing that Tiw was especially invoked by the Germans in connection with warlike enterprises because the atmospheric conditions were so important an element in their chances of victory. The more reasonable explanation, however, is that the warlike legends belonging naturally to the heaven god, such as are found in the story of Jupiter himself, happened among the Teutons to be developed into disproportionate prominence, so as to obscure the other features of his character.

It is usual to identify Tiw or Tyr with the god Tuisto mentioned by Tacitus—the son of Mother Earth and the father of Man (Maunus), whose three sons gave their names to the Ingævones, the Hermiones, and the Istævones, the three branches of the Germanic race. But this identification seems to me extremely questionable. It is a tempting supposition that the genealogy has been transposed by Tacitus and that it should be arranged as follows:—



On this view the legend becomes simply one of the usual type of ethnic pedigrees which are familiar to every student of mythology, whereas as given by Tacitus it remains, on any theory of the nature of Tuisto, somewhat anomalous and unaccountable.

As the Saxon t is regularly represented in High German by z, the old High German name of Tuesday was Zeistac. The present German word, Dienstag, is often supposed to be a corruption of this. Such a corruption, however, appears to be phonetically impossible; and it is more satisfactory to regard Dienstag as a mispronunciation of Dingstag (modern dutch Dingstag, the day of the "Thing," or judicial assembly).

In some High German dialects the third day of the week bears the name of Eritag, Erichtag, Ertag. This name Kemble has ingeniously attempted to explain by a reference to the Anglo-Saxon deity, Ear (compare the Greek Atēs), who seems to have been either identical with, or at least similar in office to Tiw or Tyr, and therefore equally suited with him to represent the Roman Mars.

It is at first sight startling that Woden or Odin (Odhinn) should have been selected as the nearest Teutonic equivalent for the Roman Mercury. Certainly on a superficial view no two deities could well be more unlike than the awful All-Father of the German mythology and the light and airy personage whose character is fitly indicated by the astrological use of the word "mercurial." The points of resemblance, however, are not difficult to discover. The ancient Roman Mercurius, as the etymology of the name implies, had been merely the guardian deity of commerce; but in later times his personality had been absorbed in that of the Greek god Hermes, who was primarily the spirit of the morning breeze. He was the god of rapid movement and wide wanderings, the god of cunning stratagem and manifold disguises, and the god of eloquence and wisdom. All these characteristics he had in common with Woden; and further, although the two myths are utterly different in spirit, it was Woden, as it was Hermes, who received the souls of the departed. The name Woden or Odin is usually connected with a verb meaning to wander; and it is possible that the primitive basis of his character is a personification of the winds and of the cognate ideas of breath and soul. It must be acknowledged that we owe our knowledge of this deity principally to the Scandinavian poetry of the eighth and following centuries; while the identification of him with Mercury is recognized by Tacitus, and therefore cannot have originated later than the first century. It is consequently possible that some portion of the striking dissimilarity between Mercury and Woden may be due to the development which the Teutonic legends had undergone in the intervening period. The German Mercury of Tacitus, however, was already the chief of the gods, and was sometimes propitiated with human sacrifice: two points which show that an enormous difference existed even then between his character and that of the classical deity, however much that difference may have been exaggerated by the sombre imagination of the northern poets.

The modern Swedes and Danes agree with the English in retaining the name of Odin's day for the fourth day of the week. Among the other Teutonic peoples this name has given place to that of Mid-week (German Mittwoch).

The god who gives his name to Thursday is the invisible somebody who causes the thunder. The Anglo-Saxons called him quite plainly Thuror; and we may safely assume that, so long as the name remained in this transparently intelligible form, the legendary history of the god was very scanty. When the Scandinavians contracted the word into Thor (Thōr), the way was laid open for mythopoeic fancy; and thus arose the well-known stories of the frolicsome giant Thor, who went about it with his mighty hammer battering iron gates and shivering rocks in sunder, and whose eyes flashed fire as he

laughed the awful laughter which shook the mountains and the sky. As the most striking characteristic of Jupiter, in popular apprehension, was his wielding of the thunder, his identification with Thor requires no explanation. The contraction of Thunresdag into Thursday seems to have been produced by the influence of the Scandinavian Thursdag, as the shortened form does not appear in any Anglo-Saxon document earlier than the period of Danish rule in England.

The Anglo-Saxon name of Friday was Frige-dæg. The nominative case of Frige would necessarily be either Frig or Frigu; but the name of the goddess is not met with, as such, in any Saxon writing. The word frigu, however, occurs in poetry in the sense of "love," and it is therefore probable that this is the correct form of the name of the goddess. The Teutonic mythology is best known to us in its Scandinavian form, and it is usually stated in books that Friday is the day of Freyja. This, however, is a mistake, and the true Norse equivalent of Frigu is Frigg, the wife of Odin, and not the inferior goddess Freyja. It has, indeed, been supposed that Freyja ("the mistress") was originally a mere name of Frigg, but in the Norse thronogy, as we have it, the two are distinct personages. The early English historians, Roger of Wendover and William of Malmesbury, say that Friday took its name from the wife of Woden; and it is remarkable that Frigg-jarstiarna is the Icelandic name of the planet Venus. The old Norse word for Friday, Fria-dagr or Frjadagr, has no meaning in that language, and is interesting as proving that the Scandinavians derived the word from a Low German source—either from the English or the old Saxons.

The name of Sætern or Sætere, which is connected with the last day of the week, is a mere adaptation of the Latin Saturnus. From the Anglo-Saxon "Dialogue between Solomon and Saturn," and from other indications, it appears that this Roman divinity had somehow found a place in Teutonic legend—possibly owing in part to a confusion between him and a native god of like-sounding name, of whom no very distinct traces exist. The name of "Saturn's day" among the Teutonic nations is peculiar to the English and the Dutch, who have it as Zaterdag. This fact may perhaps afford a slight presumption in favor of the conjecture that the translation of the names of the days originated in the Low German branch of the race. The Teutonic names for Saturday are various. The High Germans, like the ancestors of the French people, called it the Sabbath-day (Sambaztag, now Samstag). It is worth notice that in the Anglo-Saxon gospels, the word Sabbath is sometimes rendered by Saterne-dæg and Saterdag. The Scandinavian name was Laugardagr (modern Swedish Lördag), the day of the bath. An English monastic chronicler (the author of the Historia Eliensis), who mentions as a proof of the extraordinary popery of the Danish invaders, that they combed their hair every day, goes on to say that it was also their custom to bathe every Saturday (sabbatis balneare). It has been stated, though I believe not on any very early authority, that the horrible massacre of the Danes, known in English history as "St. Brice's day," took place on a Saturday, and that the victims were surprised when engaged in their weekly ablutions. Another old Teutonic name is said to have been Norrtag, the day of the Norns—a word which sometimes denotes the "weird sisters" of German mythology, and is sometimes applied to merely human sorceresses. It can scarcely be by a mere accidental coincidence that this name reminds us so strongly of the medieval superstition of the "witches' sabbath."

We have seen that either in their original or the translated form, the planetary names of the days are now in use in nearly all the languages of Christian Europe. There are, however, two or three exceptions. In modern Iceland, and in Portugal, the heathenish names have been discarded, from a religious scruple, and the days are now designated only by numbers. Among the Slavonic nations, whose conversion to Christianity was late, the names of the days are derivatives of the numerals (except that of Sunday, which signifies resurrection (Voskresenie)).

So much for the European history of the Alexandrian astrological week. It has also an Asiatic history, which is not a little curious. Many inquirers have been greatly puzzled by the discovery that in the modern languages of India the days of the week are called by names which, in their original Sanskrit form, are exactly coincident in meaning with those prevailing in Europe. As there is a vulgar notion that everything Sanscrit is of immeasurable antiquity, it is not surprising that the theory should often have been propounded that the planetary week is an Indian invention, or even that it was a primitive possession of the undivided Aryan race. Professor Max Müller, however, has shown that these Sanscrit names were invented under Greek influence at some period later than the Christian era. The Indian planetary week, therefore, like that of Europe, derives its origin from the astrologers of Alexandria.

In conclusion, I trust the reader will agree with me that there are few facts in the history of language by which what has been called "the romance of philology" is better exemplified than by the story which tells how these seven words, originally part of the abstruse vocabulary of an occult science, have come to find a place among the commonest words of daily life in the languages of half the population of the world.

HENRY BRADLEY.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

A circular has been issued by the Secretary of the Troicoupan chess club, London, to the British chess clubs inviting co-operation, for the purpose of organizing an International Tourney in England next year, and also for promoting annual chess tourneys throughout the country, and otherwise contributing to the interest of the game.

It is intimated, also, that in the event of co-operation on the part of any club, it is expected that a representative will be appointed to attend the convention which is to be held in a short time, and that contributions will be furnished in order that the measures intended may be satisfactorily carried out.

We heartily wish success to this undertaking, and hope that it may lead ultimately to such a meeting of chess celebrities in the great metropolis as may make it the most important event in the history of the game during the last fifty years.

Chess clubs have increased to a great extent in many parts of the old world of late years, and at the present season clubs are gathering their members together who may feel more than ordinary interest in the progress of the game; if such is the case, the appeal just sent out may be in every way a success, and all lovers of the game will be glad to hear that it is so.

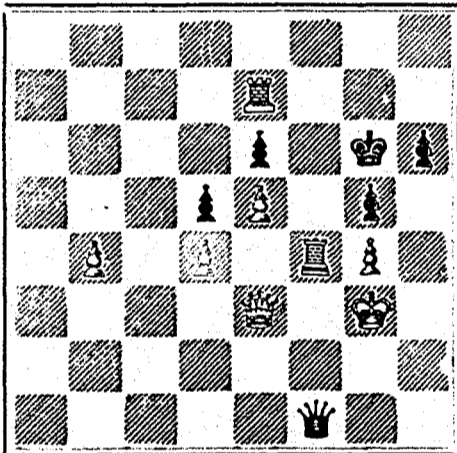
We learn that Captain Mackenzie has been successful in his recent encounter with Mr. Blackburne. Of the three games played, the Captain won the first and the third. Should we obtain the scores of these games, we will not fail to give them a place in our Chess Column.

CHESS CHRONOMETER.

"Mars," in the "Sporting and Dramatic News," after pointing out the defects of hour-glasses and stop-watches when used in chess matches, thus refers to a chess time apparatus invented by Mr. Wilson, the hon. secretary of the Manchester Chess Club:—"This apparatus consists of two small clocks—one for the Black and one for the White players. The clocks are fastened together on a small movable iron table, slightly sloping from the centre, and so arranged that at the time one clock is going the pendulum of the other is thrown out of the perpendicular, and thus stopped. When a player has moved, he with his finger (this his clock to one side, and thus places straight and starts his opponent's. This movement actuates a lever connected with a dial about the size of a small watch, on which a finger registers each move, and at the end of twenty moves, or as arranged, a bell rings. The apparatus is very ingenious, and will, we should imagine, quickly supplant the clumsy hour-glasses. It could easily be carried in an overcoat pocket."—(Illustrated Herald.)

A selection of the best games played in the late Vienna Tourney has been published in the United States by Mr. G. A. Sellman. The volume is well got up, and embellished with a frontispiece representing the end of a contest between Messrs. Paulsen and Mason. The following diagram is a copy of this interesting position:

BLACK.—(Mason.)



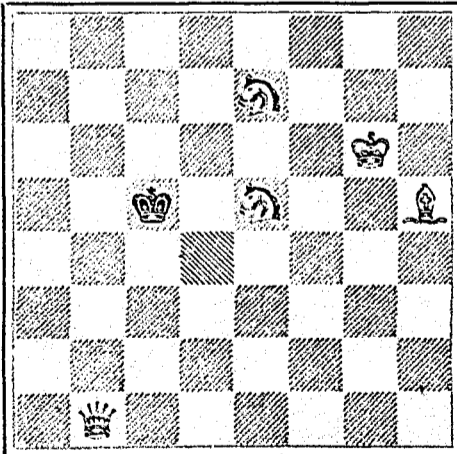
WHITE.—(Paulsen.)

Black mates in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 405.

By Richard Peipers, San Francisco, Cal.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 403.

White. Black. 1. Q to K R 8 1. Any. 2. Mates acc.

GAME 532nd.

CHESS IN LONDON.

An exceedingly interesting game between Messrs. Mason and Gossip, played at Simpson's Divan, Sept. 12.

(Remove Black's K B P.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Gossip.) 1 P to K 4, 2 P to Q 4, 3 P to K 5, 4 P to Q B 3, 5 Kt to B 3, 6 B to Q 3, 7 Castles, 8 B to B 2, 9 P to Q Kt 4, 10 P takes P, 11 B to Kt 5 (b), 12 B takes Kt (c), 13 Q Kt to Q 2, 14 P to B 4, 15 Q to K 2, 16 R R to Kt sq, 17 P to Q Kt 4 (c), 18 Q takes P (f), 19 P to Kt 3, 20 B to Q sq, 21 Q to Kt 3, 22 Q to Kt 2, 23 R to R 3, 24 Q takes R, 25 Kt to K 4, 26 Kt to Q 6, 27 B to K 2, 28 Kt takes Kt, 29 R to Kt 3 (g), 30 P to R 4, 31 K to Kt 2, 32 P takes P, 33 Q to Kt 2, 34 Q to Q 2, 35 R to R 3, 36 Q to K 3, 37 K to R 2, 38 K to Kt sq, 39 K to R 2, 40 K to Kt 5, 41 P to B 4, 42 Kt to B 3, 43 R to R sq, 44 Kt to Q 2, 45 B to Q 3, 46 R to K B sq, 47 P to Kt 4, 48 K to Kt 3, 49 P to B 5, 50 P to B 5 ch, 51 Q takes P, 52 K to R 3, 53 Q takes Q, 54 Kt to K 4, 55 B takes B, 56 R to Q Kt sq (l), 57 P to Kt 5, 58 P to Kt 6 ch, 59 K to Kt 4, 60 B takes R, 61 Resigns. (Duration 5 hours.)

NOTES.—(Condensed.)

(From the Field.)

- (a) We should have preferred 6 P to Kt 3, followed by Kt to R 3 and B 2. (b) We fail to see White's intention. (c) This capture can only be explained by the desire of White to exchange pieces. Most odds receivers lose through such fallacious principles. (d) 15. Q R to B sq would have been more effective. (e) With this move White destroys his pawn position, and obtains in exchange a weak Q P and an isolated Kt P. (f) If White has already spoiled his pawns we should have thought he would retake with the Kt, at least with some chance of an attack. (g) Although a pawn minus, Black has already an equivalent in position. (h) Mr. Mason thought he ought to have played 25. K to K 2. (i) Weak! The Kt ought to have moved. With the text move all White's pieces will be necessary to defend the B P. (j) Threatening to take the Q P. (k) Mr. Mason ought to have taken the Bishop with an easily won game. (l) A preposterous move. (m) Of course, now Black is virtually a rook ahead, and the game is over in a few moves.

Turf, Field and Farm.

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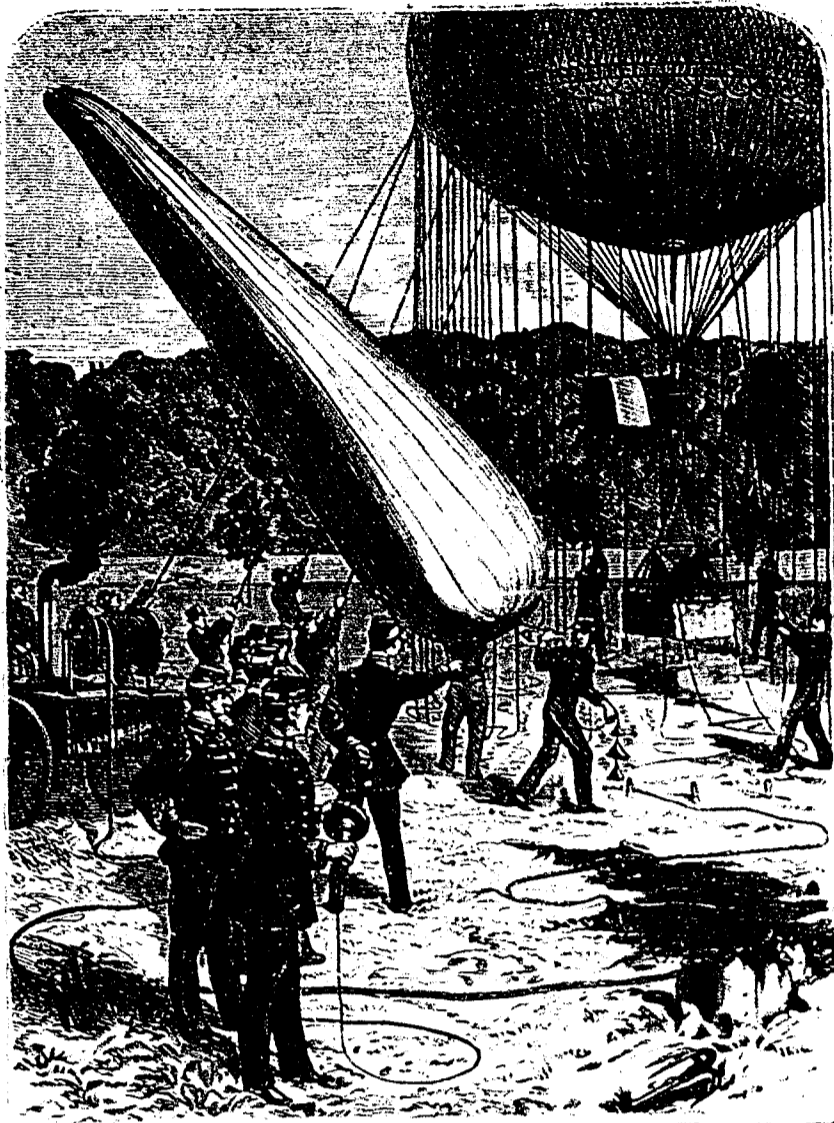
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MILITARY AEROSTATICS IN FRANCE.—(SEE PAGE 291.)

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DELIVERY.		MAILS.		CLCSING.	
A. M.	P. M.	ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES.	A. M.	P. M.	
8 30	(A) Ottawa by Railway...	8 15	8 00	
8 30	(A) Province of Ontario, Manitoba & B. Columbia Ottawa River Route, up to Carillon.....	8 15	8 00	
.....	6 30	6 00	
QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES.					
8 00	Berthier, Sorel & Dalscan Bridge, per steamer.....	6 00	
.....	5 35	
8 00	Québec, Three Rivers, Ber- thier, &c., by North Shore Railway.....	1 50	
8 00	(B) Québec by G. T. R. Y.....	8 00	
.....	12 50	(B) Eastern Townships, Three Rivers, Arthabaska & Rivière du Loup R.R. Can. Pac. Railway Main Line to Ottawa.....	7 00	
9 20	Do St. Jerome and St. Lin Branches.....	4 45	
9 20	Do St. Jerome and St. Janvier.....	7 00	
9 20	St. Remi, Hemmingford & Laprairie Railway.....	4 00	
8 00	12 45	St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, Coaticook, &c.....	6 00	2 30 8	
8 00	Acton and Sorel Railway.....	8 00	
10 00	St. Johns, Stanbridge & St. Armand Station.....	6 00	
10 00	St. Johns, Vermont Junc- tion & Shefford Railways.....	2 15	
9 30	South Eastern Railway.....	4 15	
5 00	(B) New Brunswick, Nova Scotia & P. E. I.....	8 00	
Newfoundland forwarded daily on Halifax, whence despatch is by the Packet leaving Halifax on the 11th and 25th September.					
LOCAL MAILS.					
9 45	Valleyfield, Valois & Dor- val.....	4 30	
11 30	Beauharois Route.....	6 00	
10 30	Boucherville, Contrecoeur, Verennes & Vercheres.....	1 45	
9 20	5 30	Cote St. Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace.....	9 00	1 00	
9 00	5 30	Hochelega.....	8 00	2 15 5	
11 30	Huntingdon.....	6 00	2 00	
10 00	5 30	Lachine.....	10 30	2 15	
10 30	5 30	Laprairie.....	6 00	1 45	
10 30	3 00	Longueuil.....	
10 00	Long Pointe, Point-aux- Trem, & Charlemagne.....	8 00	1 50 5	
.....	Point St. Charles.....	6 00	
8 30	2 30 6	St. Cuneonde.....	2 15	
11 30	St. Lambert.....	
10 00	St. Laurent, St. Martin & St. Rustache.....	7 00	
11 30	5 30	Tanneries West (St. Henri de M.).....	6 00	2 00	
10 00	Sault-au-Roccollet & Pont Viau (also Bonlieu).....	3 30	
10 00	6 55	St. Jean Baptiste Village, Mile-End & Coteau St. Louis.....	7 00	3 30	
UNITED STATES.					
9 15	St. Albans and Boston.....	6 00	
8 9 40	Boston and New England States, except Maine.....	5 40	
8 9 30	New York and Southern States.....	6 00	2 15 4	
8 00	12 30	Island Pond, Portland & Maine.....	2 30 8	
8 8 30	(A) Western & Pac. States.....	8 15	6 00	
GREAT BRITAIN, &c.					
By Canadian Line, Friday 1st.....		7 00			
By Cunard Line, Monday 4th.....		7 00			
By Supplementary Cunard Line, Tues- day 5th.....		2 15			
By White Star Line, Wednesday 6th.....		2 15			
By Canadian Line, Friday 8th.....		7 00			
By William and Guoin Line, Monday 11th.....		2 15			
By Cunard Line, Monday 11th.....		7 00			
By White Star Line, Tuesday 12th.....		7 00			
By Hamburg American Packet, Wed- nesday 13th.....		2 15			
By Canadian Line, Friday 15th.....		7 00			
By Cunard Line, Monday 18th.....		7 00			
By Supplementary Cunard Line, Tues- day 19th.....		2 15			
By Inman Line, Wednesday 20th.....		2 15			
By Canadian Line, Friday 22nd.....		7 00			
By William and Guoin Line, Monday 25th.....		2 15			
By Cunard Line, Tuesday 26th.....		2 15			
By Hamburg American Packet, Wed- nesday 27th.....		2 15			
By Canadian Line, Friday 29th.....		7 00			
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" For Brazil and W. I. via Havana, September 6th.					
" The Windward Islands, September 6th and 27th.					
" Jamaica, Turk's Island and Hayti, 8th and 26th.					
" For Cuba and Porto Rico via Havana, September 9th, 21st and 23rd.					
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