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THE SIOK DOLL.

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TEMPERATURE

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

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday. Sept. 3rd. 1881.

THE WEEK.

THE particulars of the victory of the Canadian artillery team in the Lorne prize, have just reached us, and we are able to congratulate them not only on bringing home a beautiful trophy of their skill and discipline, but upon having won golden opinions from all who witnessed a really fine performance of artillery mand-uvering. The Volunteer Service Gazette gives a long and interesting account of the competition, the conditions of which were, to dismount a 64 pounder from a standing carriage, move it to and remount it upon a second carriage at some little distance. Twenty-one detachments competed, and the longest time occupied was 20 minutes 43 seconds. The Canadian term, proceed ing on a different principle from any of the others, and winning universal admiration by their activity and skill, performed their task in 6 min. 48 seconds. They were, however followed by the 3rd Kent, who, put on their mettle by this performance, made the match a tie by accomplishing the work in exactly the same Much interest was naturally felt in the final contest between the two teams, when both improved remarkably upon their first effort-the Canadians winning a very close match by 2 seconds only, in 4 min. 30 sec. The team itself has been most favorably noticed by the English papers, who, moreover, applaud Lord Lorne's idea of a go-as-you-please competition like the present. "Drill according to the book," says the Gazette, "will probably, and very properly, be always the rule for the chief Repository competitions at Shoeburyness. But we shall be much surprised if the notion struck out by the Governor-General of Canada is not further developed in the course of the next year or two."

THE condition of the President has occupied all mens minds during the past week, and the end is not yet. Whatever may be the result of the struggle for life which General GARFIELD is so bravely making, aided by the prayers of his countrymen and the good-wishes of all nations, there is much for the States to be grateful for in the fact that it has been prolonged so far. That the gravest results would follow from the President's death even now, can hardly be concealed, but the crisis which would have inevitably supervened had the assassin's aim been more sure may have been staved off by the delay.

situation calmly in the face. Conkling is no longer in the position he occupied when the blow was struck, and though a change in the chief magistracy might return him in a manner to power, it would not of itself restore the prestige and influence which he has lost. The feeling, moreover, which has been shown on the President's account, and the sympathy which his case has called forth from all parts of the globe, cannot be without their effect on the future conduct of affairs. Party differences have been forgotten, party cries have been hushed in the universal prayer for the recovery of him, who in health had perhaps many enemies, but in sickness has found nothing but friends. Such a bouleversement of affairs as the Stalwarts might have contemplated had they come suddenly into power three months ago, would be out of the question now. Meanwhile, while there is life there is hope, and where such vast interests hang in the balance between recovery and death, the hope is one which every honest man will cherish to the last.

Much has been said for and against the doctors who have had charge of the President's case. But in spite of the errors which are inevitable in all human practice, there can be no do doubt that the medical profession is represented at the White House by the best skilled practioners in traumatic surgery America could supply, and foreign authorities assert that that is to say the best in the world. Dr. HAMMOND, perhaps, has had of late years less special experience in dealing with wounds than his colleagues, and hence his prediction of the patient's early decease, which so alarmed the public at the beginning of last week, has already proved to have been founded on too hasty and imperfect a diagnosis. But, except as tending to produce a bad impression in the country, predictions of life or death matter but little. We have all learnt long ago to mistrust them in our own domestic experiences. What men are concerned to know is that all is being done that human skill can do to forward the chances of recovery. If the doctors are doing all they can to help him to live, we can afford to let them prediet that he will die, and that they are so doing is undoubtedly the case.

AFTER much delay DR. BRADLEY is an nounced as Dean Stanley's successor at Westminster. Since his departure from Marlborough, the Master of University has won himself a name as a reformer, which, coupled with his reputation as a preacher, points him out as a man likely to maintain the importance of the office to which he is called. Dr. Bradley is, as the Dean of Vestminster must necessarily have been, a leader of the Broad Church party, moreover, he is a scholar and a gentleman, as belits a successor of ARTHUR STANLEY. We have no more than space this week for this brief editorial mention; next week we shall give some account of the position and principles of the new Dean.

Lord Granville's Epistle to the Thessa: lonians, as the London Daily News terms the recent circular on Turkish brigandage, has created a not altogether pleasing sensation in the hearts of British subjects inabiting or passing through that favored region. Truly the people of Macedonia, like the man of that country who appeared to St. Paul, may well cry out for some one to "come over and help" them. Robbery is the rule not the exception, and he who escapes the Scylla of official extortion is indeed fortunate if he fall not into the Charybdis of professional brigandage. A correspondent of the News fears that the announcement of the British Goverment that they will in future decline paying the ransoms of British subjects captured by the brigands, will diminish the security for life and property, which small as it is in Macedonia, the protection of the British flag is supposed to afford to Her Majesty's subjects. The object of the All parties have had time to look the circular, it need hardly be said, is dif-their innate devilry, their systematic defiance

ferent. Horace's traveller was enabled to sing in the presence of the highwayman by the mere consciousness of the emptiness of his pockets, and the British tourist, Lord GRANVILLE hopes will now be enabled to travel with the same impunity. At present the B. T. is chiefly valuable as an investment, in view of his redemption at an early date, and if the policy of repudiation is adopted, the stock may be expected to fall in the market, a state of thing to which dealers in Turkish securities must be fully accustomed by this time. Meanwhile, of course, the protection of the Government will no less be extended to such British subjects as may, in spite of the circular, find themselves in the power of the brigands, and it will be "considerable happifying" to all such to reflect that in the event of their ears and noses being cut off and posted to their friends, the Government will still be prepared to "take the matter up." Possibly, even Mr. GLAD-STONE may find some means for providing them with some sort of "compensation for disturbance," should any of them be very seriously incommoded in this way. Meanwhile, it is not well, it would seem, to settle in Macedonia; at least we personally should hesitate about applying for a situation there, unless we were offered a jucrative post under "Le roi des Monagues."

THE NEW TERROR.

(From the London World.)

The discovery of the infernal machines at Liverpool may well suggest many serious, and even appalling reflections to persons who have no constitutional tendency towards alarmism. Some of the American papers tell us that we should regard the whole affair as a species of abominable practical joke. A few English journals admonish us that the great thing is to retain our equanimity, and not to let loose the fury of our judignation at the mistaken gentlemen, whoever they may have been, who got up the performance for our edification. Whether a humorous or a depreciatory view is taken of what occurred at Liverpool, the facts remain the Men who sport with dynamite are dancharacters, and the playful exuberance of their spirits is practically indistinguishable from an organized attempt at wholesale assassination. It is very well to talk of being composed under these circumstances, and of not giving way to a strong desire of plenary vengeance. Are we; then, to remain inactive and supine, to trust to accidents which may tell in our favor, and to walk with an air of philosophic jauntiness on the verge of a volcano? truth is that neither the gravity of the diabolical attempts which so nearly succeeded at Liverpool, nor the necessity of taking peremptory measures to punish the miscreants and to leter men who may be ripe for the perpetration of similar iniquities, can be exaggerated. Nothing is to be gained by concealing the fact that Government and civil society are engaged in a profound critical struggle, and are opposed by a peculiarly menacing combination of foes, A month ago, in commenting upon the attempted assassination of President Garfield, we said that violence was contagious, and that farther outbursts of homicidal ruffianism might be expected. England cannot reasonably hope to be exempt from the operation of this curse. Her prosperity and peace have hitherto been so uninterrupted that she has grown to regard herself as placed by some law of Nature high above the perils which convulse other societies. Her good fortune in this respect has roused the envy of her less happy neighbours, and it is not surprising that some satisfaction should be felt and expressed in foreign countries at the acquaintance which we are now making with the perils of revolutionary disturbance. There can be no reason to suppose that our experience of these is as yet complete. The discovery which has been made at Liverpool may be made elsewhere before many weeks are over. The theory that they are planned by the police, for the purpose of impressing the public with a sense of their own vigilance, must be dismissed. They are what they seem to be-the efforts of abandoned and fiendish criminals to do wanton damage to property, to terrify law-abiding people, and to upset the established order of things.

The State will need all the resources at its

disposal to defeat the conspiracy which now confronts it. It has to deal with men who are not only amendable to no considerations of mercy or of shame, but for whom neither the human nor the divine law possesses any coercive terrors. Criminals who, like O'Donovan Rossa, magnify the duty of destroying life and property in England for the sake of realising a revolutionary programme in Ireland, men who can contemplate, without pity or remorse, outrage and murder upon a scale which the soul of infamy has seldom conceived, must be indifferent to any proapect of punishment, either in this world or in that which is to come. But that is not the most formidable aspect of the present business. It is not merely their resolution, their audacity, of public opinion, which makes the authors of such attempts as that disclosed at Liverpool last week so menacing to the community. For the first time in the history of the world, these criminals have the command of an instrument which is but too likely to enable them to escape detection, and to laugh the repressive organization of the State to seorn. Infernal machines. may be planned in such a way as to take offect at some comparatively remote date. fore the explosion has occurred, before the building has been shattered to atoms, before hundreds—and perhaps thousands—of human beings have been hurled into eternity, the scoundrels, who have dared the deed and devised its machinery, may have disappeared. The dangers of outrage of a wholesale kind are analogous now to those of poisoning, when poisoning attained, as in the Middle Ages it did, the character of a fine art. Then the murderer acquired a new power and a fresh terror, because he gained the mastery over subtle drugs which destroyed his victim, and apparently left no trace of their operation behind. Now the assassin has become proportionately more alarming to society, because he has made a fresh stride forward in scientific knowledge. He has, in fact, as much command of the armoury of science as the Government itself. His opportunities are not likely to be diminished. He may discover new modes for terrorising humanity, and may supplement the policy of assassination and outrage with fresh methods of crime For instance, why should he not resort to ab-duction! What is to prevent half a dozen de-termined ruthans from kidnapping any individual whose presence is valuable to the commun. ity, and for whose restoration no reward that could be offered would be considered too high They have only to watch their opportunity, and when their victim appears on a lonely road, accompanied by three or four attendants, to over. power the retinue and to seize their quarry. (a course all this would require elaborate preparation, and the men who engage in the attempt would do so with their life in their hands. But they might succeed, and the remotest chance. success would be enough to herve them to the most atrocious enterprise.

In the face of these perils, in a sense as nove as they are appalling, it is the imperative duty of the State to provide itself with fresh safe guards. At the present moment, the chances are at least as much in favor of the ruthans who ship infernal machines, and who talk placidly of converting Manchester, Liverpool, and other cities into a heap of ruins, as they are in favor of the Government. Unless the State can devisome way in which it will be able to strike for more swiftly, surely and severely than it now can, there is a serious danger of its being worst ed in the struggle. It is of unutterably great importance that, in the earliest encounters be ween revolutionary ruthanism and established order, the latter should not go palpably to the wall. Public opinion in England is, on the whole, on the side of public decency and tran-There is an element of Conservation even in the most pronounced forms of English Radicalism, and the masses may, upon any emergency, be trusted to rally round the Gov They will do this the more decisi vely and the more certainly if the Government shows itself equal to the crisis which confronts it. It is conceivable, though it may not be likely, that if the enemies of the law were to win one or more undoubted victories, a force of a new kind, and one not unfriendly to commo tion and crune, might appear in this country. The first thing for the Government to do is to show, in the most impressive, manner possible, its exact appreciation of the conditions with which it has to deal. It must bring to its duties more inventiveness and more vigour, it must alternately avail itself of persuasion and of force; it must spend money with a lavish hand; and it must impress the public with the idea that it is, on the whole, quite as pay-ing a business to be on the side of the law as on the side of the criminal. Mr. Howard Vincent's Criminal Investigation Department is only two or three years old; but it is already as obsolete as are the Brown Bess and the muzzle-loader by the side of the mitrailleuse and the whole host of modern arms of precision. The State may yet do all which is necessary for the national safety, and for the suppression of the new re-volutionary movement. But it can only accomplish this if it realises the fact that it is now face to face with circumstances which have never hitherto presented themselves, that there are ranged against it enemies who have weapons never employed before, and who are animated by a comprehensive and remorseless villany of purpose for which, in our own annals, there is probably no precedent.

HUMOROUS.

A WIFE must be like a roasted lamb-tender

WHAT law has been the greatest terror to evil loses since the world began !- The mother in law.

"Dogs your wife play Nap?" asked one. "No," replied the other, rubbing his head; "but she's death on poker,"

Dox'r judge a man by the silk umbrella that be carries. He may just have left an alpaca one in its place.

Why does the latest fashionable bonnet resemble a sulpe !-- Hecause it is nearly all bill.

THERE was a great scarcity of water some little time back at Olbrahar. An Irish officer who was quartered in the fortress said that he was very easy about the matter, for he cared very little for water; all that he wanted was his ten in the morning and his punch

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE humorous sketches of scenes in Utah are from the note book of an old traveller, and represent characteristic traits of the inhabitants of Salt Lake city. The Mormons are beginning to attract considerable notice in the States from the power which they are gaining in politics, a power which every day increases, while their enemies are making a determined stand for their suppression, alarmed at their growth and prosperity during the last quarter of a century. The sketches themselves need no other explanaprove interesting, we believe, at the present

ON another page we give a series of illustrations of the "Bundeshieszen" at Münich the capital of Bayatia. The title of the last one needs perhaps to be explained by the information that Munich supplies half the world with lager beer, and the idea of bringing beer thither seems to indicate the prospect of a large consumption by thirsty riflemen.

THE gunning season is just about to com mence, and our special artist has given us on page 153 a capital account of a day's duck hooting. The start takes place in the early morning, and is followed by a tramp and a paddle to the place of hunting ; the cold and the exercise alike prompting a "nip" before commencing operations. The scene of action reached, the sport begins. Preparations have been made for erecting a bower of sheltering branches in one of the pools where the ducks resort, and under the cover of this the cance is gently paddled. Secure in his leafy retreat, the hunter awaits the coming of the game, attracted as they will be by the decoy ducks spread in front of the screen and floating temptingly upon the water. Good sport is obtainable by this means, and the gentlemen in the sketch appear to be making the most of it. With the remain ing sketches the reader must write the story of the day to please himself. The short cut apparently has led to complications, and is not to be recommended for imitation, but who does not envy the sportsman the draught of fresh milk with which he refreshes his thristy soul 'ere starting for a tramp homeward.

"HEE FIRST OFFER."-The subject of Mr Brewtnall's picture, at the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in water-colours, seems to belong to the domestic life of the higher class of English gentry in the early years of this century, about the time of Jane Austen's novels; and this young lady, standing with her father her father beneath the trees of his park, might have been "Emma," the daughter of Mr. Woodhouse, of Hartfield. She has received a letter from some aspiring lover, whose suit, to guess from the tender anxiety that gives a soft expression to her face, she feels much inclined to favour; but, with the dutiful behaviour of young ladies at that period, she has lost not an hour in bringing it to her father: and, having met him in his morning walk, is now respectfully awaiting his decision. This excellent maidenly example should not be lost on the girls of the present age; but they have their own ideas and sentiments, which have already been recognized in the works of contemporary novelists and artists. We have a recollection of a picture by Mr. Millais, exhibited some years ago, entitled "Trust Me!" in which the young lady was holding such a letter behind her back, and frankly looking up into her father's face, with the air of conscious innocence fortified by a considerable degree of moral courage, as much as to say, "I know how to take care of myself!" Parents and guardians must make the best of it, and put up with the spirit of these times.

THE spirited sketch of the Lawn Tennis Tournament at Toronto, which we publish this week, will give our readers a capital idea of this popular game. The tournament was held under the anapices of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club, at the club grounds in Front street, and beginning on the 3rd of August, was brought to a close on the 13th. The competitions were two in number; the first for a cup open to all comers, for which there were seven entries, namely, Mesars. J. F. Hellmuth, R. D. Gamble, H. D. Gamble, the Rev. G. W. S. Rainsford, Messrs, W. H. Young, T. S. Plumb and A. G. whose play throughout was marked by great judgment and steadness. Mr. Hellmuth is a left-handed player with an unusually steady return and may fairly be estimated as up to English Championship form, inasmuch as he was only beaten by four points out of sixty last year by Mr. E. O. Woodhouse, whom the critics class among the four or five best in England. The second competition was a handicap open to members only, for which fourteen entered. This prize—a racquet—was also won by Mr. Hell-muth, who was placed at scratch, but who manged to give each of his opponents all he was asked and a little more—to wit a beating. The tournament was a great success, the weather being lavorable and all the arrangements perfect. There was a large attendance of spectators each day, the interest in the contests visibly increasing as they went on, and num-bers of Toronto's fairest might daily be seen braving the heat of the summer sun throughout the whole afternoon, when a particularly close game was determined by lot to be played on the sunny side of the ground. Our sketch represents two of the Courts, the third, lying north loathsome disease.

of and behind them, being out of view from the artist's stand point. Five seasons of careful cutting and rolling have made the turf almost as level as a billiard-table, and several of the players declared that they had never played upon a better ground. The members of the club are much to be congratuated upon the success which has smiled upon their first effort in this direction, and we venture to express a hope that they may be encouraged to give another tournament next year.

WE illustrate on another page the struggle between two rhinoceri which recently took place in the Zoological gardens at Berlin. By some inadvertence the two animals, both magnificent specimens of their kind, were allowed together in the same enclosure, Whether they differed in politics, or in early life had loved the same young lady, or whether the younger of the pair, with the giddiness of youth "cheeked" his elder brother will probably never be known. Suffice it that, whatever the casus belli, it was one which demanded an instant appeal to arms. Hostilities once commenced only terminated in the death of the weaker party, after a struggle which was watched with breathless interest by a large number of spectators, powerless to inter-fere until the conqueror had wrecked his vengeance upon his adversary and tramped his corpse under foot to his heart's content.

A MONSTER LEATHER-BACK TURTLE, -We illustrate the capture of a monster turtle, which was brought to New York city by Captain Hines, who commands a fishing-smack in the menhaden or moss-bunker fishery. cruising for menhaden about 125 miles off Absecom Light on the 31st ult., Captain Hines discovered a queer-looking monster feasting on the bait that had been thrown overboard for menhaden. A seine was hastily spread around him. but if there was any expectation that he would surrender without a strugele, it was soon disappointed. The strong threads of the seine parted like gossamer in the tremendous struggles; but the alert fishermen, as fast as one seine was broken, spread another around the monster, and at last, worn out by the fury of his own exer-tions, he was towed to the side of the smack. A crane was rigged up on the mast of the smack, and the turtle was lifted on board. The captain then steamed for port and sold his prize for \$250 to some amateur showman, who rigged up tent on the pier just north of Fulton Ferry, and charged ten cents admission. The turtle is of a variety seldom seen in this market. It is seven feet long, four feet three inches broad, about three feet thick, and weighs from 1,800 to 2,600 pounds. Its "flippers," or pectoral fins, are forty-seven inches long. It is bluishblack all over except on the neck, where muddy-white spots, and, under the throat, pink spots, relieve the black surface. The back is marked by seven longitudinal ridges, there being one large ridge in the centre and three smaller ones on either side. The head is roundish and about a foot in diameter. The mouth is eight inches long, and two long fangs protrude from the end of the upper jaw. These fangs are exceedingly sharp. Unlike most of the turtle family, this specimen has not the power of drawing his head into the shell, and he s also incapable of walking, possibly because of his great weight. It is known as a leather-back turtle, and is found on both sides of the Atlantic, especially in the tropies, and wanders along the course of the Gulf Stream as far north as Massachusetts, and to the coast of Europe and the Mediterranean. On the shores of the Mediterranean, its shell is used to make small-boatdrinking-troughs and bath-tubs.

A YOUTHFUL TELEGRAPH OPERATOR. -- We give in this issue a portrait of "Eddie" Shaner, the widely known boy telegraph-operator of the West, now in the employ of the Chicago and West Michigan Railroad Company. Young Shaner, who is thirteen years of age, commenced the study of telegraphy at the early age of nine years, being then probably the youngest operator in the country. At the age of eleven he was employed as "relief agent" by the railway company just named, and soon became noted all along the line, and frequently commended by the press for the skill and efficiency with which he performed the work intrusted to him. The company has employed him ever since to instruct new operators and to do general station work, including telegraphing at many different points. His home is at Coloma, Berrien County,

PRINCE BLADUD,

Many years ago, before Julius Casar invaded Britrin, there reigned a King whose only son, Prince Bladud, was afflicted with leprosy, a disease regarded with such horror that its victims were ruthlessly driven from their homes to seek refuge where they could. Even the only son of the King and Queen, a handsome and accomplished Prince, enjoyed no immunity from this custom; and, despite his mother's entreaties, his royal father was forced to yield to the stern demand of his council, and expel his

son from the city in order to prevent contagion.

The unfortunate Prince bade a lieu to his parents with bitter tears, for the parting must, as he thought, be final. His weeping mother suspended a ring of carved agate around his neck, bidding him by this token to assure her of his identity should his cure be effected in the lapse of years, and enable him to return to court. This seemed at that time a fond and vain hope, as no cure was then known for this

Bladud now wandered forth friendless and ought now to be no difficulty about retaining a alone, and only by the friendly intervention of a shepherd lad obtained employment as a swineherd with an old man, who was too nearly blind to manage his charge without assistance. quickly gained his master's confidence, and often stayed away from home for a week at a time, subsisting on the acorns, roots, and pig-nuts

which fed the swine.

Oue day, in the course of his wanderings, he came in sight of the bright river Avon, and de-siring to cross it, returned home to ask his master's leave, which was readily granted, as the rich country beyond the river promised bet-ter nourishment for the herd. Many of these, to Bladud's dismay, had become infected with leprosy; and as he could not cure them, the unhappy boy sought to conceal this new misfortune from his master by keeping his charge out of sight.

Having crossed the river at a shallow ford now called Swinford (or Swinesford, from this vent), Bladud's astonishment was great to see his pigs rush with frantic speed to some springs vater oozing from some boggy land at the bottom of a valley, and roll over one another with delight, as if possessed. His efforts to drive them out again were long unavailing, and after a retreat to the woods in search of acorns, they returned to plunge headlong into the swamp.

The Prince, being of a reflective nature, con-cluded that there must be some medicinal virtue in these springs in which the herd so delighted, and which proved to be of warm, salt water and after several days, to his unspeakable joy, he found the leprosy diminished among the swine. A few weeks completed the cure; and finding his charge restored to a sound condition, Bladud was encouraged to follow their example, and bathed frequently in the healing springs.

Complete success croweed his perseverance, and after a time the silvery Avon reflected his smooth, handsome features, no longer disfigured with scales and blotches. With a thankful heart the Prince led back his charge to their master, to whom he related his wonderful story, which was received at first with incredulity but at length convinced, the old herdsman agreed to go with his former servant to the royal city.

Here they arrived at the time of a great an nual feast, and with much difficulty, after rude jostling with the crowd, the disguised Prince found a place of concealment behind a pillar in the pavilion, near the seat of his royal mother. She looked pale and sorrowful, scarcely tasting the dainties before her, and openly lamented her son's hard fate while she was surrounded with luxury.

Touched by her fond remembrance, Bladud slipped from behind the pillar unperceived, and dropped the agate ring into her cup. When this goblet was filled with wine at the King's behest, and the Queen was about to taste the sparkling liquor, the ring caught her eye, and with a cry of joy she exclaimed, " My son! my

The Prince, in his rude swineherd's garb, now came forward, and kneeling before the royal pair, claimed their blessing and protec-When he had established his identity, he was received with acclamations by the assembled court, and soon reinstated in all the privileges of his rank and birth.

He never forgot the humble friend of his time of exile and distress; and when, in due time, he succeeded to his father's throne, he erected a city near the healing springs, on the site of which now stands the city of Bath. Tradition says that Prince Bladud was the father of King Lear.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

Mr. Edison, the American light, is expected in London shortly. When here he will exhibit something new in the electric way.

It is those Russians who spoil our operation artists in the matter of salaries. Madame Sem-brich has been offered 2007, a night to sing at St. Petersburg and Moscow. This is equal to anything that Patti has ever received.

Some have said that the late dean had no ear for music, yet he certainly had a heart for those who fascinate by it, for it has always been stated that, as a young min, Dean Stanley was an ardent admirer of Jenny Lind, and proposed

MLLE, R. BONHEUR has nearly finished a large picture of a lion and cubs, entitled, "En Famille, or the Lion at Home," which will next spring be exhibited, with another work by her, at Mr. Lefevre's gallery.

AT the recent sale of Lord Beaconsfield's furniture in Curzon street, there was great competition for the bed upon which the deceased statesman was supposed to have died; the fact is Lord Beaconsheld died in an easy chair, Dr. Quain being by his side at the supreme moment

"THREE Terrible Nights" is the title of a little story written by Lefroy, and now published for the first time. It was sent a few months ago to an editor for insertion in his magazine, but was held over as more suitable for Christmas time. It is by no means badly writ-ten, though it bears numerous traces of that unconscious plagarism which one almost invariably sees in the productions of very young men. As infants or adults. Let its the sale of the little book is enormous, there all who have not used it.

good counsel for Lefroy's defence.

IT was touching to see the devotedness of the Countess Spencer to her husband, during the debate in the House of Lords. Alone of all the brilliant throng of peeresses who had enlivened the galleries of the House of Lords in the early part of the evening she remained to hear Lord pencer's reply to Lord Lytton; and the Presilent of the Education Department repaid this affectionate attention on her part by casting tell-glances in her direction, although she was somewhat awkwardly seated behind him. Since Lord Spencer's advent to office, she made great efforts to secure him social influence, and her salon is now one of the first and most select in London.

WE are promised the visit of the renowned Professor Henry G. Vennor, who has obtained such a colossal reputation on the other side of the Atlantic, for prognosticating the weather, that he is known all over America as "the Canadian weather prophet." Professor Vennor is a native of Montreal. He scorns the use of instruments and ignores the science of weathergauging altogether, nevertheless, his weather prophecies have always been so remarkable for their accuracy that the Canadian farmer reckons on him for directions for sowing and reaping with the utmost confidence. Professor Vennor declares he owes the skill he possesses entirely to observation of the meteorological changes of the atmosphe e, which are as subject to rule as every other movement of nature. The Professor makes light of the signal office, and its four and twenty hour predictions. He foretells the weather incidental to the whole of the coming year, spring, summer, autumn, winter, and his prophecies have been so correctly fulfilled in lanada that the scientific men of this country have invited him to come over to England, and judge of the future weather-board here. thought that he has discovered the law of weather cycles and their periodical recurrence.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE President's condition is unchanged.

THE British Government have declined to pay n future the ransoms of British subjects cap tured by brigands.

WITHIN the last ten years 1,300,000 Italian have emigrated to foreign parts.

GERMANY intends to spend \$3,000,000 on the fortifications of Dantzie this fall.

THE silkworms of Italy have yielded a very arge crop of cocoons this season.

THE first specimens of this year's crop of oranges in Florida are unusually fine.

MEETINGS in favour of the abolition of the iws of guarancy to the Pope have been held in all the chief cities of Italy.

THERE is a movement in Russia to have all the ecclesiastical service performed in the Slav language instead of the Greek.

DR. ROBERT MOFFAT, the venerable African missionary, has no confidence in the professions of the Boers that they do not hold slaves, and says that no reliance can be placed on their most

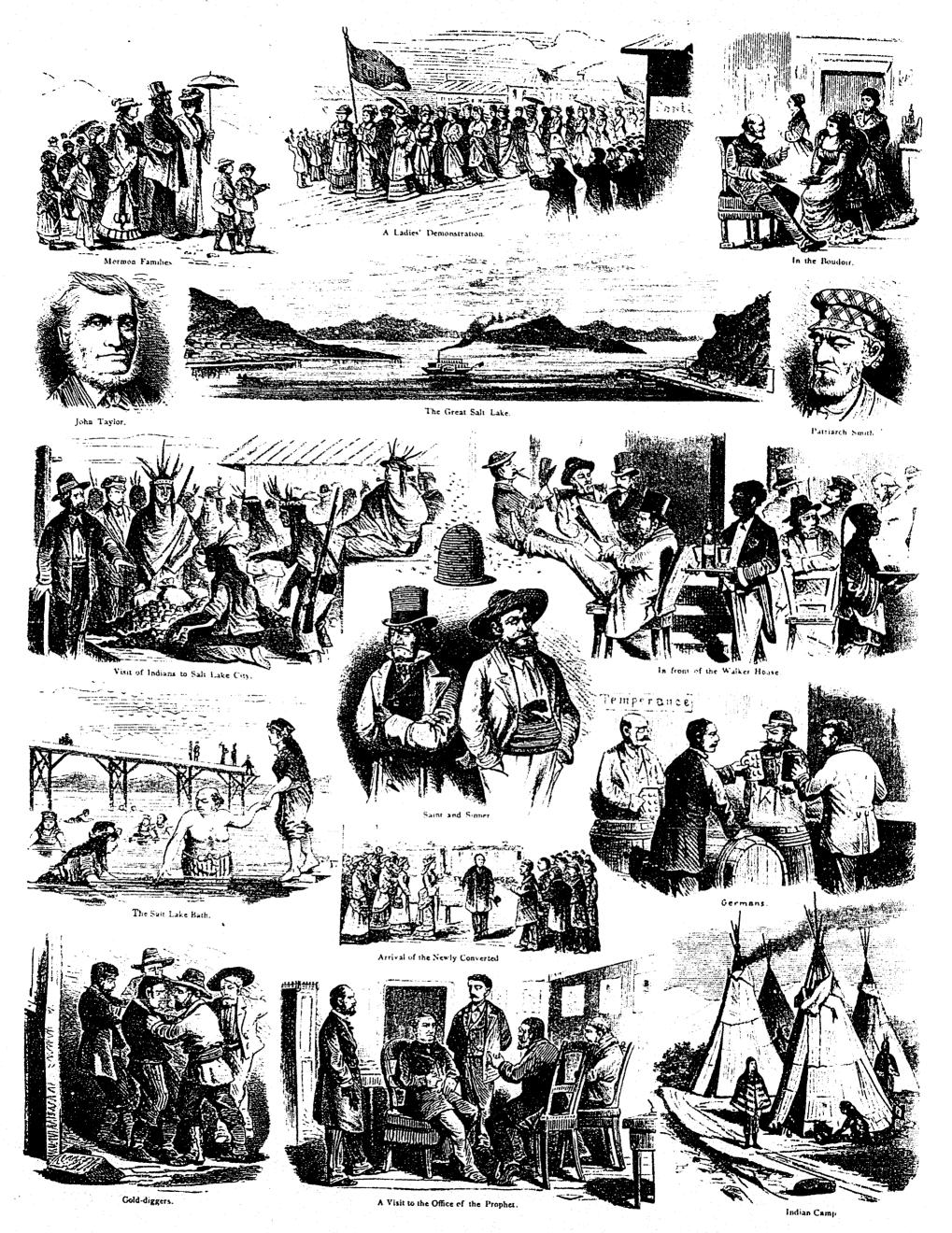
THE Golos, the well-known Russian newspaper, has been suppressed for the term of six

It is said that there have been a number of cases of lunacy in Germany of which the comes has been the cause.

CHOLERA INFANIUM .-- That terrible scourge among children may be speedily cured by Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. All forms of bowel complaints, nausea and vomiting, from an ordinary diarrhea to the most severe attack of Canadian cholera, can be subdued by its prompt use. It is the best remedy known for children or adults suffering from summer complaints.

UNBEASONABLE EXPECTATIONS are often entertained respecting medicines of real merits Sufferers from complaints of long standing, anticipating and being disappointed in obtaining from some remedy which, if persisted in. would eventually cure them, precipitately aban-don it. This is unfair and absurd. We would urge, in their own interest, upon those troubled with affections of the throat and lungs who resort to Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, that they give this sterling and proven remedy a fair trial. In obstinate cases this is particularly desirable, and though instances are not wanting in which it has overcome a severe cough with activities and the severe with the severe with the severe cough. cough with astonishing rapidity, it would be unreasonable to expect such a result in every case. Use it for asthma, bronchitis, irritation of the throat and lungs. Sold by all druggists. Prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT !-- If so you can testify to its marvellous powers of healing and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Dr. Fow-ler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhea. cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, cholic, sickness of the stomach and bowel complaints of infants or adults. Let its merits be known to



SKETCHES IN UTAH. - FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLER ROUND THE WORLD.

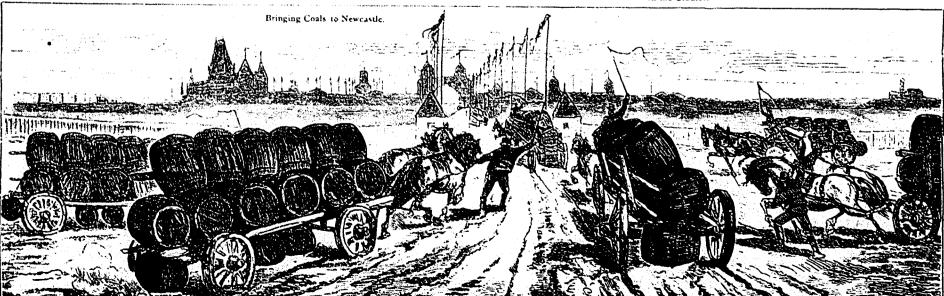








In the Studios.



SKETCHES AT THE SHOOTING MATCHES OF THE GERMAN CONFEDERATION AT MUNICH.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

(From the German of Uhland.)

BY GOWAN LEE.

Hast seen you castle standing
Beside the crystal saa,
Around its towers commanding
The white clouds wandering free.

Hast seen it downward bending
To kiss the water clear,
Its summit high ascending
To touch the heavenly sphere!

"Ab yes, I know its seeming— That eastle by the sea— The moon above it glesming. The mist about the lex."

Did breeze and crested billow Sound loudly forth and long, And from the festive chambers Came there a mirthful song!

"The wind and e'en the ocean But uttered plaintive sighs, A wail of deep emotion Called tears into my eyes."

O did'st thou see the waving
Of the monarch's crimson gown,
The precious jewelled setting
Of the fair queen's golden crown?

A maiden were they leading
With repture and with grace,
Celestial glory beaming
Upon her lovely face.

The regal pair were sitting Without a chaplet rare, In mourning robes and fitting: The maiden was not there.

POWDER AND GOLD

CHAPTER IV. -- (Continued.)

LOVE, BURGUNDY AND DUTY.

We teased through the court-vard of the farm, into which the sun, already low in the heavens, began to cast long shadows. A short consulta-tion arose as to whether we should go to the pavilion first or proceed at once to the castle. I earnestly urged the latter course, as the walk up the somewhat rugged height would afford a much better opportunity for conversation, and twilight would soon gather. They yielded to my wishes and we began our walk, while Friedrich was left behind with the provision basket, to see that the farm servants opened the pavilion and prepared everything properly for our comfort.

I need not describe our ascent; every one knows that to reach ruined castles demands considerable effort from the knees and lungs. I will only say that we had to climb up by a wretched goat-path, but the expedition produced a pleasanter state of affairs. I ventured to offer Mile. Blanche my arm, which she accepted without the slightest hesitation. When we reached the ruin and passed through the well-preserved door-way which had formerly divided the outer buildings from the citadel, we entered the court-yard. A most majestic view burst upon us-the dark, pine-circled valley, the river winding far below us, the neighbouring heights, and a broad expanse of the leautiful and fertile lands of ancient Bur-

I was in a singularly excited mood, a species of blissful intoxication in which the fact that Blanche, with a sort of submissiveness that was perhaps merely the result of fatigue, allowed her hand still to rest on my arm, bore no trifling share. We stood in silence for a long time, each apparently enchanted, ravished, absorbed by the beautiful scene before us; but I must acknowledge that in my heart I thought only of Blanche - was conscious only of her presence.

After a pause she said quietly: "Acknow-

ledge that I was right."
"Right? Right in what? Have I not told you that I am in such a peaceful mood that I have totally forgotten war, and would acknowledge every one to be right! Do we differ in opinion about anything !"
"Oh! in a thousand things, I think," she

replied in a soft, low tone which still rings in

my ears.

"And yet I could not quarrel with you about any of them. If I could prove myself right a thousand times, what would it avail? You know that 'might makes right,' and you have

the power."
"I have the power?" she said quickly, and then glowed with the girlish blushes, the emconsciousness of thoughtlessly uttered word, which may call forth an answer that is not desired.

The abbe interrupted the conversation, which I would willingly have continued, and we spoke of other subjects. The priest mentioned the different objects and places which we perceived the distance. He was very eloquent and communicative about them; but I saw with no little anxiety that the sun had already sunk so far in the horson, that its lower edge almost touched the bree, chardlike ordines of the distant mountain neaks tant mountain peaks.

At last I interrupted him to propose to return; but Blanche seemed unable to leave the spot, and stood motionless for a long time, as if lascinated by the sight of the exquisite landscape, to which the magical tints of the setting sun lent wondrous heauty. When we at last began to retrace our steps, twilight was already gathering, and the somewhat difficult descent of the mountain pathway, during which Mile. Blanche done tresigned herself wholly to my guidance, as if rived.

abstracted or lost in reverie, occupied a considerable space of time. As we emerged into the plain, light glowed from the pavilion, and through the open doorway we saw a lamp burning upon a well-supplied table. Friedrich, it seems, had arranged the supper, but the idea of lighting a fire in the parlour doubtless originated with the farmer. At all events it greatly enhanced the comfort of the handsomely furnished apartment, which, though of moderate size was onite leave. ed apartment, which, though of moderate size, was quite large enough for the accumodation of its present occupants. We seated ourselves at the round table in the centre of the room; the abbe did the honours of the little repast, and poured out for me a glass of fiery Burgundy, which was doubly exhibarating after our toil-some walk. MHe. Blanche eat and drank very little, and soon turned away to watch the flick-ering glow of the firelight, leaving us to our gay conversation, which was sustained by the abbe with great volubility; it seemed as if the fiery Burgundy had completely melted his usual re-serve. At times the eyes of Mile. Blanche caught my face with a questioning glance that by no means lessened the feeling of secret happiness inspired by the strange, dreamlike si-tuation in which I found myself. For was it not, in truth, as if I were wandering through the mazes of some dream—suddenly brought as if by enchantment into this quiet, rockwalled valley, where the rustling of the pine trees in the evening breeze, the splashing of the mountain stream, and the crackling of the fire, made a strange, weird music in the stranger's ears; while Mademoiselle Blanche, with her rare beauty, might well pass for the enchantress, over whom the tremulous flicker of the flames danced in elfish sport, to whom the rustling pine boughs warb'ed their mysterious songs, and the rushing toaming waves of the river, dashing down its deep, stony channel, spoke of life and motion, of all that was concealed in the dark chasms of the rocks.

I must confess that never during my whole life had I known an hour when my heart was so filled with poetic dreams, blissful fancies, and confident joy.

Ah! why must Friedrich appear at the door so soon, and give me a glance of warning! Yet he was right; no doubt it was very late. I looked at my watch; the hands pointed to a quarter past ten! The night was farther adranced than I had thought.

The abbe refilled my glass, then on my reminding him that it was time for us to return to the chateau, poured out one for Friedrich,

looked at his watch and said : "It will be half-past eleven before the horses are harnessed and we can set out; the drive is two hours long, so we shall not reach home until halfpast one. What do you think of it, Blanche!

"If it is so late, we cannot return to-night," she replied. "We must not disturb my mother at such an hour; she had so bad a night yesterday that we ought not to deprive her of her

sleep."
"You are right, consin," exclaimed the abbé, eagerly. "We are perfectly comfortable who should we so home!" here; why should we go home!"

"But I cannot be absent from my post all night," I interrupted, somewhat startled by

this proposal.

"Your men will be perfectly safe at Chateau Giron," replied the priest. "I give you my word of honour that no harm shall befall them. You can submit to Mlle. Blanche's decision without the slightest anxiety. We have some cosy sleeping-rooms here, enough for a larger party than is to be accommodated to-night; ook, this one is at your service."

He rose and opened a door, revealing a very handsomely furnished apartment with a recess containing a bed.

I must confess with shame that I was already too much under the spell of my enchantress, to make any very earnest protest against the arrangement. Who could have shortened such hours before it was necessary, and how could any one resist the plea that an invalid mother must not be disturbed! I allowed myself to be persuaded to remain, drank' the freshly filled glass of wine, and accepted the cigar proffered by the abbe at the suggestion of Mile. Blanche. We resumed our conversation, but Mile. Kuhn soon rose, bade us good night, and went up stairs to her own apartments. The abbé occupied a room like mine on the opposite side of the drawing-room.

As Blanche passed, taking leave of us with a graceful bow, her eyes rested upon me with a very singular expression.

Strange! there was a shade of displeasure. dissatisfaction -- I might almost call it contempt -in the look and the curve of the lip; what had I done !

CHAPTER V.

"DEATH TO THE PRUSSIANS!"

The glamour of the hour vanished after she left the room; I became taciturn, allowed the abbe to sustain the larger share of the conversation, and when he proposed that we should retire to our chambers, eagerly assented. Friedrich, who had remained near the door, instantly came in to help me remove my uniform, and we were soon alone in my sleeping-room.

This was all a settled plan to detain us here,'

said Priedrich. "Do you think so! Why!"

"Don't you see ! the bed has been opened and the quilt removed; that must have been done by the servants at the farm before we ar-

"Glauroth will not leave the room."
"During thewhole night! Who knows? And he is alone. "Pshaw!" I exclaimed; "I am sure that this young girl does not intend to deceive me. I

would as soon thrust my hand into the fire as to believe her capable of such base treachery !' "And can you also rely upon the honesty of

the abbe !"
"The abbe is no very skilful schemer, Friedrich; he does whatever the young lady wishes. But all this does not concern me in the least. My military duty requires that I should not be absent from my post over night; so, no matter when or why this bed was opened, I shall certainly not sleep in it. We must march, Friedrich, and at once."

" Are we to return to the chateau ?" exclaimed Friedrich.

"Did you doubt it ?" "It is a very long walk to take at night,

sergeant. "Yes, but it is not very dark, and the road is excellent. So come!"

"Without any leave-taking!"

"Ought we to disturb and alarm them—per-haps, after all, compel them as a matter of civility to return home when they do not desire to do so! Go across the court-yard and tell the people in the farm-house that we are obliged to return to the chatean; bring my overcost from the carriage at the same time, and you can overtake me on the road. I shall set out at once.

I took up my hat and gloves and left the pavilion as noiselessly as possible. Friedrich ran to the farm house, and soon rejoined me

after obeying my orders.

We walked quickly on. There was no moon, and the sky was partially obscured by clouds, but the stars were so bright that we could distinctly see our road and the surrounding land. marks. The cool night air made the walk easy, so we marched on at double-quick step, our sheathed swords carried on our shoulders, that they might not retard our speed, and our spurs ringing on the paved highway which led through the rocky valley of Colomier. The mountain stream dashed along at our feet, the precipices on the left overshadowed our path, and a light breeze sighing through the valley rustled the trees, shrubs, and bushes on the rugged cliffs.

We had marched about half an hour, and were approaching the little hamlet with the mill, which I have already mentioned; it was silent and mute, as if wrapped in the most profound repose, but to my great surprise we received a proof that we were greatly mistaken in supposing its inhabitants lost in slumber. When we had passed the mill, and were already approaching the end of the hamlet, where there was a turn in the road, a broad stream of light fell across our path. It came from one of the last houses, whose door stood wide open, and we heard loud, angry voices disputing as if in a drunken quarrel; at the same moment a dog rushed out barking angrily. The noise drew several men, clad in the blue blouses and leathern belts of the Frunctireurs, to the doorway, whom we were obliged to pass in the full glare of the light streaming from the house; they recognized us, intered a loud shout, and rushed back into the house, which immediately resounded with a deafening uproar. We naturally quickened our steps as much as possible, loosening our swords -- the only weapons we carried-as we went; but we had not advanced forty paces before a gun was fired, a bullet whistled past us, then another and another, then a half dozen; it seemed to me as if I felt a slight pain in my left arm, but the bullets did no further damage, nearly all of them whizzed through the air far above our heads. Friedrich's pace had long ago changed from a walk into the quickest possible trot - and, in truth, resistance to such a number of men armed with muskets was not to be thought of; I rushed after him, and when once again by my companion's side,

"We shall be shot after all if we remain here on the highway, in plain sight; we must separate—do you take the right, and I will escape through the vineyards on the left."

We had just reached a gently sloping piece of ground which occupied the space between the road and the steep cliffs that inclosed the valley. I turned into it, and harried on between the trellises, through the clinging vines, over the low partition walls, amid a hundred impediments-I had at least the certainty that I could not be seen, and therefore was sheltered from the fire of my pursuers; but my task was nevertheless no easy one -- in spite of every hindrance I must advance faster than they could do on the smooth highway; I already heard them running and shouting below me.

"Fire-fire-fire on the dogs! fire-death to the Prussians!" I heard them scream from the road beneath me. A short time after two shots were fired, evidently at random, unless they were aimed at Friedrich. I at least was untouched by the bullets, but all this was quite sufficient to make me use every effort to advance as rapidly as possible over the gravelly, stony

must reach the end of the vineyards before my pursuers; if I were too late, if I should be compelled to enter the highway, in full view, I was a dead man.

It was a terrible chase. At one time, as I listened to the confused shouts of the Franctireurs, I almost decided to give up the race and throw myself flat on the ground in the hope that they would run beyond and leave me lying there, but just at that moment I heard a dog barking behind them-the animal would scent me out; I must go on, on, with failing strength and panting breath as long as my limbs would support

Fortunately the vineyards extended over a large tract of land, and it was perhaps a quarter of an hour or more before I reached open ground and stumbled, or flew rather than ran, down the steep slope that led to the highway. My pursuers had given up the chase; I heard nothing more from them except now and then the bark. ing of the dog; they were evidently returning to the tavern in the hamlet, and I could once more breathe freely.

It was in vain that I looked for my comrade. I listened, called in a low tone, then louder, but not a sound was heard. I walked slowly on, then called again; at last a low whistle, imitating our gathering signal, answered me. Greatle delighted I whistled in reply, and heard the words "I am coming" from the opposite bank of the river. I walked quickly down to the water's edge, and as I reached the shore way Friedrich step boldly into the stream. The water rose to his knees and foamed around his waist; I held my sheathed sabre towards him, he grasped it, and the next moment stood safely

beside me. "Thank God that you are alive and well," he panted. "What a chase that was! When we parted I dashed into the water at once-1 knew very well that the ruscals would not follow me there. Frenchmen are like cats, they don't like to wet their feet, and are dispirited by a very slight ducking. The miserable wretches: slight ducking. The miserable wretches! thank heaven that I found you again so soon. You took to your heels splendidly! I lost sight of you in a trice when our race began, and was already reproaching myself bitterly for having left you, since I did not find you at once. It you had dashed against anything—but, thank God, we have escaped from the rascally gang with whole skins !"

Friedrich sputtered these words in the greatest excitement as we were climbing up the bank of the river to regain the highway.

I lagged a little behind him as we walked, for I suddenly experienced a strange feeling of exhaustion. "I fear I have not escaped with a whole skin," said I; "there is violent pain in my left arm, caused, I think, less by a harmless attack of rheumatism, brought on by the night air, than a Chassepot bullet which I have yer, unintentionally disturbed by my hasty flight."
"Ah! you are wounded! Let me see!"
claimed Friedrich, anxiously.

I listened before pausing, but there was not even the faintest rustle to be heard nothing but the distant bark of the dog, and the river plashing beneath us. We could halt and allow ourselves time to examine my arm with perfect

The removal of my clothing caused me doubly violent pain. Friedrich carried some mat hein his vest pocket; after lighting two or three while I drew my shirt from down my shoulder and slowly loosened it from my arm, we discovered a slight flesh wound, so treely deep enough to account for the pain I suffered, but very angry and sensitive. Friedrich ran down the bank to the river and brought some water in his cap to wash the arm; my handkerchad served as a bandage. I drew on my shirt, Friedrich made a sling of his handkerchief to support my left arm, drawing my right through his that I might lean upon him, and we then resumed our march through the darkness.

Friedrich was a clever, skillful fellow, but, like a thousand others, somewhat rough and careless. Yet he suddenly showed a brother's affection for me, and displayed a sympathy, zeal, and anxiety which touched me deeply. How much kindness, brotherly affection, will sacrificing devotion, and warm sympathy sleeps in the hearts of thousands, may almost all the vast multitude of mankind, always close d hand, but never displayed until the moment our need arouses it from its slumber 'And since war creates thousands of such moments, it is, although a source of cruelty and inhumanity, also a great apostolacy of kindly feelings, a harvest of brotherly affection and human love, sur-passed by nothing else on earth. I have no where found more ready assistance, more gently uttered expressions of sympathy, than among soldiera.

We reached the end of the rocky valley and emerged into the broader one watered by the Oignon. The cool water relieved the pain of my wound; I strove to forget my exhaustion, and we proceeded on our way --very wearily, it is true, and more and more slowly as we approached Chateau Giron; but we at last reached it safely, and I breathed more freely as I saw a faint light gleaming from the windows of my room.

"Glauroth has not left his post !" I cried. Thank God ! I scarcely expected it.'

Just at that moment we received a further proof of Glauroth's zeal and thoughtfulness. He had sent two scouts to look for us, who oversoil, which afforded very insecure footing and were returning home. Nevertheless, when made me stumble every instant against the trelentered my room I found Glauroth in bed, I see of the vines. If I housel to save myself I locked in the arms of Morpheus—unless his tertook us in the avonue before the chateau as they

A lamp flared on the table, and the "Chevalier von Faublas" lay on the floor. Glauroth sat up as we shook him, making a noise like a hydraulic organ, and vehemently declared that he had not slept a moment. I expressed my entire belief in the assertion, and begged him to resign his couch to me. Ten minutes after, having hastily explained the state of affairs and sent him away, refusing all offers of assistance, I stretched myself upon the soft cushions with a feeling of intense gratitude to my Creator.

CHAPTER VI.

" LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

Spite of the pain still caused by my wound, I soon fell into a refreshing slumber - a repose so deep that the day was already far advanced when I awoke the following morning. Indeed it could scarcely be called morning, for the clock was already near the stroke of noon. At first I could scarcely remember what had happened, where I was, and whether it was some illusive vision or Mlle. Blanche herself who sat on a sofa opposite me leaning over a book, and now rose, pulled a bell-rope in one corner of the room, and then approaching my bod, sat down in a chair beside it.

"Is it you?" I asked, gazing at her in bewilderment.

"How do you feel?" she exclaimed, with ident agitation. "Thank God that you are wident agitation. awake-now your wound can be dressed. would not allow you to be disturbed, and then I became very anxious because you slept so

long. Before I could collect my thoughts sufficiently to answer her-for did I know myself how I felt at that moment !-- the abbe and Friedrich en-

tered. " Allow me to examine your wound," said the priest, "I am a sort of doctor, or rather surgeon; I hope I shall be able to do whatever is necessary until our family physician arrives; he will probably visit Madame Kuhn to-morrowhe is obliged to come all the way from Noroy, and it is difficult to send for him.

Mile. Blanche left the room, and the abbe with tolerably skilful hands removed the bandages from the wound; Friedrich brought water and fresh linen bands, which had already been prepared, and I submitted to the dressing in

"I do not think there is any danger," said the abbe; "it is a mere flesh wound, which will soon heal; the loss of blood has probably exhausted you.

"The loss of blood or the walk," I answered, " or both together; at any rate I feel as if it would make me very happy to be allowed to lie here without stirring a finger for the next four and twenty hours."

"That you can certainly do," answered the abbe, washing the wound; then applied lint to it, and replaced the bandage.

"Can you move your arm?" he asked when he had finished.

I raised it; a violent pain shot through the

muscles, but did not impede the motion.

Mile. Blanche returned and took her seat in

the chair she had previously occupied.
"I will be your nurse," said she, with a strange, cold precision in her tones. "Your servant has told me everything that happened after you left Colomier. I am to blame for this

mischance, and I will show you how deeply I regret it, how eagerly I will do everything in my power to make amends and soften the conse quences. "And if you are not to blame t" I asked,

slowly collecting my thoughts. 'What do you mean t'

"Would you then-supposing I needed a woman's care-offer it with the same kind-

She looked at me without speaking.

"You understand," I continued, smiling, after a long pause, "that these attentions will make me very happy; but if you tell me that only the consciousness of being to blame for my mischance, only the desire to make amends for it, leads you to perform these acts of self-denial, I roply -I thank you, but the whole affair is by no means so serious as you suppose, and I shall get up immediately to prove to you that I really do not require such self-sacrificing care, that you are not 'to blame,' and need not lay so much stress upon the accident that has befallen me."

She still gazed at me in silence, then said at last, as if suddenly awaking from a reverie, "I do not understand you; it is very unkind to

"I merely mean that I would rather have a proof of your kindness then a proof of your conscientiousness. But enough of that; I do not understand how you can consider yourself to blame for my misfortune."

She looked carnestly at me, and then re-

" Now you are not speaking trankly. Your

heart is filled with a base, wicked suspicion-yet no, it is a suspicion which is only too natural ! You are convinced that we sought to lead you into an ambuscade. I have learned from your servant's statements that the supposition that we had previously made our arrangements to pass the night at Colomier startled you, and induced you to go away by stealth. Does not that sufficiently prove your distrust !"

Friedrich had gone away some time before with the bandages and other articles no longer needed, so I could not summon him as a witness

rible snores had long since induced the god to that Blanche was in error; the abbe had also been very blind, very deaf, if you have not perceived that it would be impossible!"

some food; we were alone.
"I went away because it was my duty not to remain absent from my post during the night,"
I replied; simply and wholly for that reason."
"Is that really so?" she exclaimed with singular cagerness. "Was that the true reason?"

"Certainly—can you doubt it

"I always doubt a man's making any great exertion merely from a sense of duty, when he has so many reasons or pretexts for disowning its necessity."
"Then you have no great respect for a man's

sense of duty?"

"No," she replied, coldly.

"And yet it was the only thing that induced me to tear myself away last night from a place which, believe me, had a strange charm for me, and compelled me to relinquish the pleasure of driving home with you to-day."
"Then I thank you!" she exclaimed, eagerly,

holding out her hand to me as if involuntarily "I thank you, and will even frankly confess that I was glad."

"Glad I why ?"

"Because you were more resolute than I supposed yesterday, when I found you so yielding "But if I now entirely acquit you of all blame, does that relieve you from the duty of taking care of me, and assuming the rôle of a

Sister of Charity in my behalf !" You appear to endeavour to make it difficult for me to do so.'

"No, certainly not! I need not tell you how happy it would make me if you would remain

with me; not as a mere matter of duty".—
"Ah!" she interrupted gaily, as if to hastily cut short my assurances upon that point, "we women are always expected to do more than our duty, but it is asking a great deal to request me to give you a proof of the fact."
"You are right, a stranger, an 'enemy,' does

not deserve so much from yon. The man for whom you would do that must be grand, extraordinary, far beyond the usual"-

"He must be an extraordinary person, a man who knows how to conquer and rule his passions.

With the exception of his love for you " She looked at me as if to reprove the jesting tone in which I had spoken, and answered

coldly:
"No, he must also be able to rule his love for strength to crush it, should reason or duty de-mand the sacrifice."

"Then I know what boon I must desire-an opportunity of appearing before you as a sort of Hercules, who destroys the Lernsean Hydra of his love, or a beast tamer who tramples the tiger

of his useless longings under foot ! "I spoke more seriously than you seem to be

"And there is more deep feeling in my soul than my words betray, Blanche," I replied, looking steadily into her eyes.

She glanced at me as if startled by the familiar title, and then hastily turned away, say

"I must explain the cause of the sudden attack of which you became the victim. I heard all the particulars at daybreak this morning, from the farm-people at Colomier. The sight of your uniforms created a great excitement in the hamlet through which we passed, and the inhabitants collected together in the tavern at nightfall to discuss the affair; while there, their brains became so heated by our fiery wine and the influence of the conversation, that words were no longer sufficient, their agitation must find vent in deeds-and the act decided upon was a general arming and march to Colomier to ascertain what had become of the Prussians who had not returned through the village, what they were doing, and whether they had not murdered or run away with the abbe and myselt, who had been seen in their company. A party of a dozen or more young men set out, armed with the guns which have been divided among the people, to march through the darkness to Colomier. About ten minutes walk from the estates, they met our farmer, who was just returning home, and it was with great difficulty he succeeded in repressing their warlike zeal and making them understand that the Prussian soldiers were our guests, and were spending the night beneath our | my suit when their object is attained ! roof on the most friendly terms. He begged them to return home quietly, threatened them with the unfortunate consequences that would ensue if they injured the foreign soldiers, and at last succeeded in persuading them to go back. On reaching the hamlet they must have gone directly to the tavern, and unfortunately caught sight of you as you passed through the village. I need not describe my terror when the farmer told me the whole story early this morning. He did not know what had become of you, so my cousin and I hurried back to the chateau as fast

On our arrival," she continued, " we went at once to your servant, who could at least give us the assurancee that you had reached here alive-but the anxiety about your wound and your feelings towards us still remained."

"I ought to be grateful to you for this anxiety," I replied, "and indeed I should be in my inmost soul, if it were not for that last sup position. It is terribly exasperating to me."
"Good Heavens! it would have been so natu

ral for you to suspect "--

"No; suspicion, distrust, belief in such at-rocious malice, would be the most unnatural feeling imaginable for my heart to entertain to-wards you. Do you not feel it? You must have

I pronounced the words very decidedly, I fear almost angrily; at least she answered, laughing.
"And does that annoy you so much? If I were blind and deaf, surely it were only so much the worse for me, since I suffered unnecessary anxiety, and it is very ungrateful to reproach me, because the thought that you had misjudged

me was a painful one."

"And yet it does annoy me horribly that you should have such an idea. There are some feelings which have their own logic."

Again a faint colour tinged her cheek, but she was spared an answer by Glauroth's entrance. He had heard from Friedrich that I was awake and had had my wound dressed, and now came in person to convince himself that I was well cared for. Blanche took advantage of the opportunity and left the room in silence.

I was obliged to relate my adventures once more to Glauroth, although he had heard the story from Friedrich-long ago, but I cut short his conjectures, many of which contained the suspicion which Mile. Blanche attributed to me, by asking him what had happened the day before. He assured me that he had not left day before. He assured me that he had not left his post in my room, and had ordered his supper brought to him there; the gardener, who served it, afterwards entered the apartment several times on various pretexts; at last he returned between nine and ten o'clock with a chambermaid, who began to arrange the furniture and sweep the room, evidently with the intention of compelling Glauroth to leave the apartment. The gardener informed him that as I might now return at any moment, the room must be swept and dusted and the bed made, which they had been unable to do before because Glauroth had remained there all day; my substitute then, as he said, nodded to them very pleasantly, but in spite of the terrible noise and dust made by both servants, did not leave the room.

" It was plain enough that they wanted to drive me out," said Glauroth, "but I did not yield.

"Virtuous man!" I exclaimed. " And the

Chevalier von Faublas?"

"Capital," he answered, "capital! The idea of puzzling our brains at school for years over Cicero's Orations and Xenophon's Anabasis, when there are such books in the world !'

Glauroth expatiated at great length upon the delightful task I had given him, and then went on to express the anxiety he had felt on my behalf—which, however, had not prevented him from falling fast asleep-the caution which we must observe towards our hosts, and the problem their evident desire to detain me at Colomier and induce him to leave my apartments, offered for our solution. I sought as much as possible to introduce other subjects of conversation, and described our drive and the appearance of Colomier; it was painful to me to listen to the distrustful jeering manner in which he alluded to our hosts, but I could not endure to hear him mention Blanche; every time he pronounced her name wounded me afresh.

And yet I was not wholly free from suspicion myself. I knew that she was entirely innocent of the accident that had befullen me, but for all that it was evident that there was some mystery about my rooms, that they had sought to detain Friedrich and myself all night, and that the proposed excursion to Colomier was no mere friendly attention, but had a definite object. True, the chamber in the rear probably contained nothing more than a quantity of new weapons placed there by the flying Franctireurs whom we had driven before us, and who now naturally desired to obtain them behind our backs. I had thought this before, and would now have sworn to it! It was certainly very foolish to be so much annoyed by Glauroth's suspicious !

But now there was another fancy which ecretly stung and tortured me, and although it was a very base suspicion, I could not shake it off. I had with a soldier's boldness—with a sort of insolent audacity called forth by a military life-allowed Blanche to see plainly the impres-sion she had made upon my heart; she had received these frank acknowledgments with great kindness. But I now asked myself, "Is that only a part of the game which they are trying to play with me! Will this cordiality and kindness be succeeded by a scornful rejection of

At all events I would have a clear understand ing of the matter, and was all the more determined to do so to escape from a suspicion which. being utterly foreign to my nature, caused me inexpressible torture. But had I not reason to feel its pangs redoubled when a few hours after, to my great surprise. Blanche again entered my apartment! My behaviour that morning had certainly not made it more easy for her to return. And vet she came.

I have come to ascertain whether you are well cared for and have everything you need, said she; "or, to be perfectly frank, to learn

whether you are feverish or not.' "If you will feel my pulse I think you will be perfectly assured that there is no fever about

me," I replied.
"I don't understand how to feel a pulse," she answered, "but it greatly relieves my aexiety to know that you are free from it so far; I hope

you will now escape entirely."
"I om very glad also," said I, "because I have a certainty of being able to rise to-morrow, and seek for the opportunity of which we were

speaking this morning."
"What opportunity!" "The opportunity of appearing before you in the role of a moral Hercules."

"You are jesting," she answered, "and evidently imagine that I am holding some overstrained and romantic idea, such as often governs the fancies of young girls. You are wrong. The feeling I acknowledged to you is deep and sacred—earnest, I may say painfully earnest, for it was taught me by a harsh lesson. "A harsh lesson?"

Blanche had again taken the chair at my bed-

side; after a long pause she said:
"Why should I not tell you! You will then see that your jest wronged me. About a year before my father died he betrothed me to his partner's son, You know it is more the custom in France than in Germany to question hearts less than interest in such alliances"—

"You are betrothed, Blanche!" I cried in error. "You were! tell me that you were!"

"Listen to my story. I did not love my fiance, whom I had rarely met; but he pleased me, and won my confidence. I had the most loyal feelings towards him; I painted the future he was to shape for me in the brightest, most rosy hues. He was attentive to me, well-educated, and very agreeable-attractive to every one. But after a time a vague anxiety began to mingle with my dreams; Adolphe travelled a great deal, and when he returned I always noticed a certain coolness between him and his parents, to whom I paid long visits. On such occasions I myself found him out of humour, listless, and inclined to a self-condemnation and contempt, which grieved and angered me in one whom I wished to honour and reverence for energy and self-control. My father deferred the time of our marriage, which had been already decided, for reasons that appeared to me to be pretexts rather than his true motives: and in a short time he died, after an illness of only a few days. After I had lost him my heart turned still more fondly to my betrothed husband. But alas: several weeks elapsed before he came to me, and then it was in such a strange condition—he seemed as if he had just recovered from a severe fit of sickness, and was pale, languid, silent, and listless in everything he did and said. He appeared to have lost all youthful feelings, the energy of life. I suffered deeply, and asked an explanation from him and from my mother, but in vain. He returned home, and I vainly tormented myself in trying to discover what had happened. At last my cousin Etienne came to my assistance, and one day when I was telling him of my raxiety-for I had received no letters from Adolphe for several weeks-he

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A New journal called Le Victor Hugo has appeared.

THE road from Nice to Monaco along the littoral will certainly be finished before winter. The works are now progressing very rapidly.

THE engagement of Prince Ruspoli to Miss Diller, of Chicago, is said to have been finally broken off. The young bridegroom that was to have been has been recently suffering from an attack of diphtheria, but is now convalescent.

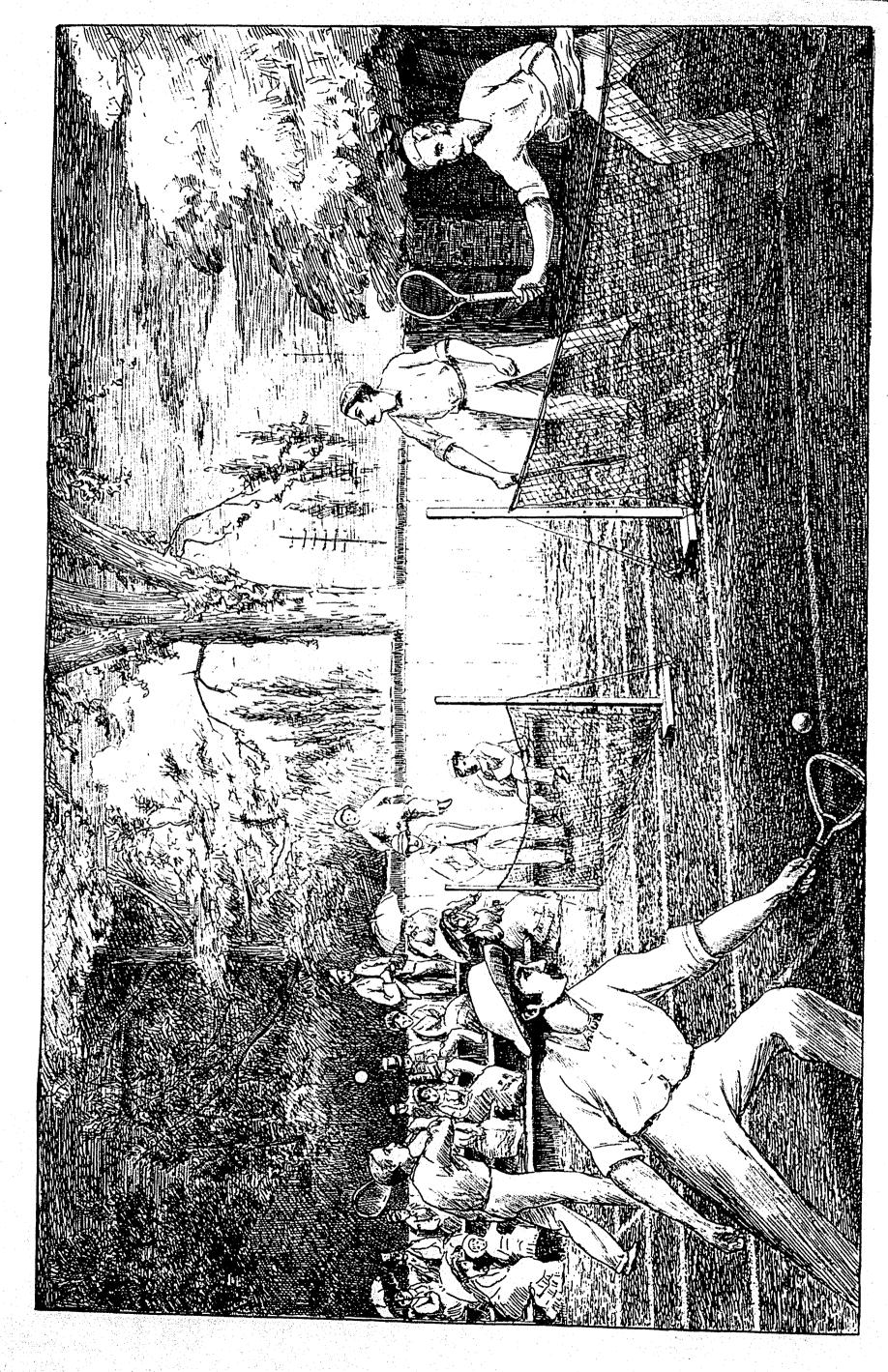
Ar Deauville the ladies are wearing red hats, for shape almost like that of a cardinal's hat. The Duchesse de Sesto, who is one of the most brilliant habitumes of the casino, has just sold to a company 200,000 metres of land for the erection of a race-course for steeplechases.

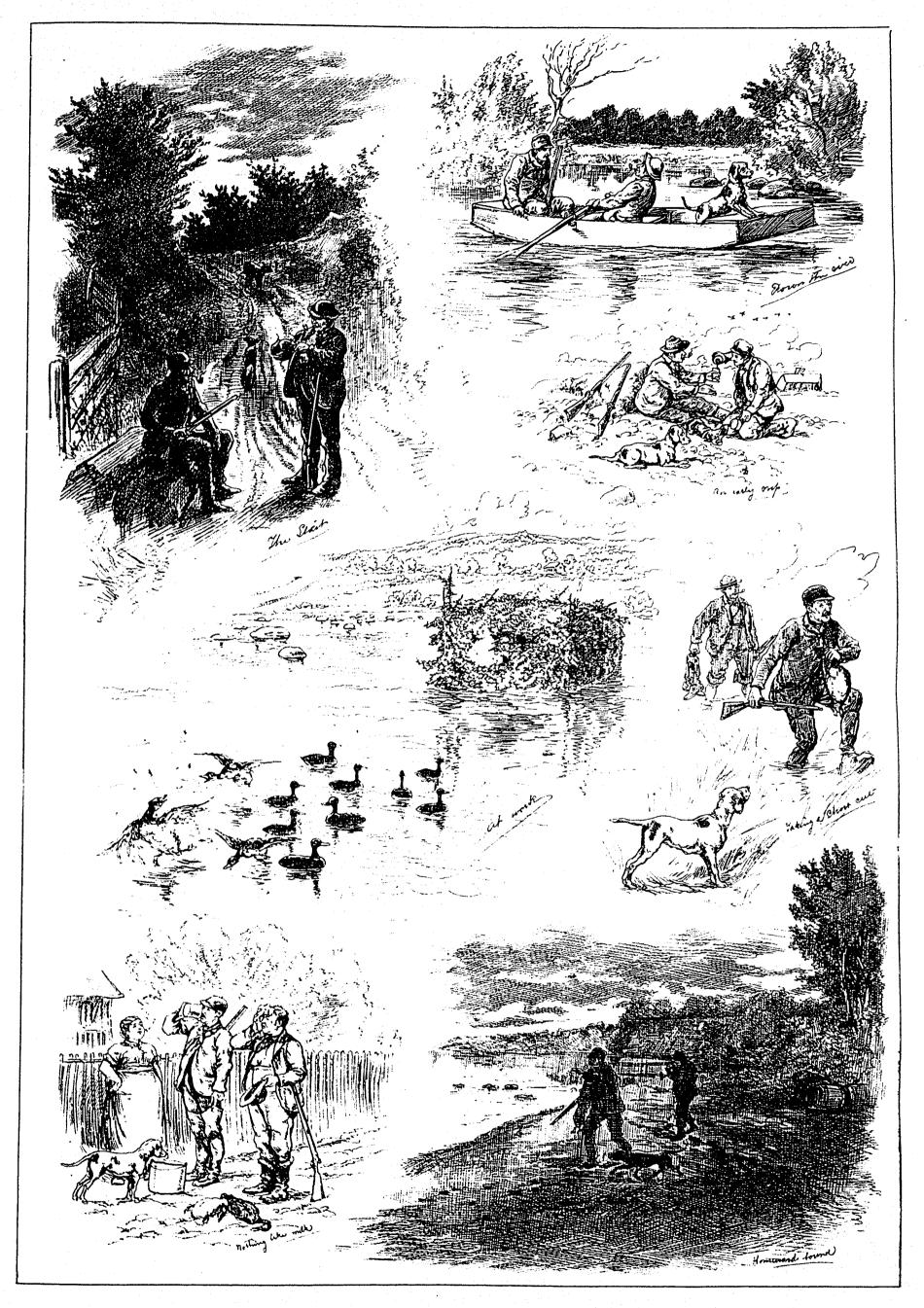
THE Grelot of the 10th contained a satirical illustration representing Italy as an old beggar woman, with the legend, "Pity poor Italy, who will not work." The artist, M. Alfred le Petit, has since received a number of letters from Italians demanding a retraction or a reparation by arms. One challenge, which was couched less cautionsly than the rest, he accepted, and he in consequence lett Paris with his two seconds, MM. Jules Jony and Pierre Maldezin, for the Swiss frontier, where the duel took place on Tuesday morning. The weapons chosen we e swords. M. Manfredo Bassetti, who had chal-lenged M. Alfred le Petit, received a somewhat serious wound in the breast at the first bout, when the seconds interfered and put an end to the fight.

A MADMAN, a fan-maker by trade, sent a letter last week to the President of the Republic marked "Secrets of the State." In the letter he explained his ideas on politics in general and on the regeneration of France. His means of action were very simple. He had remarked that in all matters misunderstandings arose from the fact that politicians, men of science, professors, etc., constantly had their blood rushing to the head and so obscuring their brain by heat and vapours. He therefore proposed that all persons suffering from this infirmity should provide themselves with fans of his manufacture. "By this means," he wrote, "each one will enjoy perfect tranquillity, there would no longer be passion in writings and speeches, and we should no longer see discussions and enmities among human beings." M. Jules Grevy did not reply, and the writer determined to set his apartment on fire. He was accommodated at the lunatic asylum.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

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





COMMENCEMENT OF THE HUNTING SEASON-A DAY WITH THE DUCKS .- (See page 147.)

THE UNDER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

BY DAVID BAKER.

I know that the world, that the great big world, From the peasant up to the king, Has a different tale from the tale I tell, And a different song to sing.

But for me—and I care not a single fig If they say I am wrong or right— I shall always go for the weaker dog, For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world, that the great big world, Will never a moment stop To see which dog may be in the fault, But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me, I never shall pause to ask Which dog may be in the right,
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said I had best not have said, Or 'twere better I said it incog, But with heart and with glass filled chock 'to the brim, Here's health to the bottom dog.

The above poem is well known; but the following sequel to it is new and worthy of comparison with the original.

THE WISE OLD DOG.

You may say what you please of your bottom dog, Or any dog that you please, I go for the dog, the wise old dog, That knowingly takes his case.

And wagging his tail outside the ring— Keeping always his bone in sight— Cares got a pin in his sound old head, For either dog in the fight.

I know there's dogs—injudicious dogs— Who think it quite the thing To take the part of one of the dogs, And go yelping into the ring.

But I care not a pin what all may say
In regard to the wrong or right,
My money goes as well as my song,
For the dog who keeps out of the fight.

TOMMATOO.

THE HOUSE BY THE STONE-YARD.

A fairy that had lost the power of vanishing, and was obliged to remain ever present, doing continual good; a cricket on the hearth, chirping through heat and cold; an animated amulet, sovereign against misfortune; a Santa Claus, without the wrinkles, but young and beautiful, choosing the darkest moments to leap right into one's heart, and drop there the prettiest moral playthings to gladden and make gay,—such, in my humble opinion, was Tom-

As yet I do not ask the reader to agree with me; for over him I have one great advantage,— I know who Tommatoo is. When, however, he makes her acquaintance also, hears her twitter makes her acquaintance also, hears her twitter round the house, beholds the flash of her large dusky-gray eyes, is wonder-struck at the mar-vellous twinkling of her ever-dancing little feet, he can take his choice of all the personi-fications with which I becan this story. fications with which I began this story, and I feel convinced that he will select the most beau-

tiful to enrobe Tommatoo. This is (or rather was, six years ago, when the incidents to be narrated took place,—but I shall narrate them in the present tense) a vast flat of land stretching along the New York shore of the North River, close to where Thirtysecond street vanishes into a swamp, in which unborn avenues are supposed to be slowly maturing. Although yet in embryo, they are already christened, and city engineers have imaginative ground-plans hanging on their walls, aginative ground-plans hanging on their walls, where Twelfth and Thirteenth Avenues are boldly represented, with as much minuteness as Fifth and Sixth. Should, however, any sanguine person be led by those delusive maps to seek for such mythical thoroughfares, Ponce de Leon, after his pursuit of the Fountain of Youth, would not offer a more striking example of ill-success. On reaching the spot where imagination depicted the long perspective of rails agination depicted the long perspective of rails, with crowded and hurrying cars gliding smoothly to and fro, he would behold this vision of civic activity replaced by the dreary and mysterious waste I have spoken of, without even a sign-post pointing to the splendid future reserved for it by city surveyors.

This tract of land is perhaps the most melancholy and mysterious spot in the whole city. The different streets that cross the island pull up, as it were, suddenly on reaching this dreary place, seemingly afraid to trust themselves any further. The buildings that approach nearest to its confines are long, low ranges of fetid slaughter-houses, where on Sundays bloated butcher-boys lounge against the walls; and on week-days one hears through the closed doors the muffled blow, the heavy fall of the oxen within; the groan, and the hard-drawn breath; and then a red, sluggish stream trickles out from under the doorway and flows into the gutter, where hungry dogs wait patiently to lap it up. This murderous atmosphere, these smells of blood, seem appropriate enough as one approaches this desolate locality.

A great plain of red, awampy clay is covered here and there with numberless huge, helpless beams of timber,—some floating like dead rafts in the stream, and chained to the bank; others high and dry, blackening in the sun, and shadowing criminal-looking dogs that skulk in and ent among them all day long. One or two

particular trade, unless it is to rot calmly at their moorings, lie alongside, and grate and chafe lazily agaidst the slimy logs. A few homeless boys, with smeared faces and thin, starved arms, who seem to have dressed them-selves in the rags and kite-tails that flutter on telegraph-wires, lie on the sunny sides of the timber piles sleeping away hunger, or some-times sit on the edges of the green piers languidly fishing for something which they never catch. Cinders most unaccountably prevail all over the place; they crackle under the feet, and the dogs gather round occasional piles of them, growling over a burned bone lying in the ashes; where they come from is not yet to be known. There are no houses, no factories, and the rotting sloops are so damp and slimy that it would be a mockery to suppose a fire had ever been lit in any one of them. Nevertheless the cinders prevail; and at certain hours in the day two or three crouching creatures wander slowly among the heaps, picking mysterious ob-jects, with hands that seem themselves to have been burned into coke.

The place is also a species of morgue for dead ogs. Every cur that Hudson drowns floats indogs. evitably to this spot and is swept up on the swampy bank,—when the outlawed mongrels that skulk between the timber logs crowd around it, and perhaps identify the corpse. Sundays you see a few low-browed, soap-locked loafers strolling among the piles, pitching stones into the water, and, if it is summer, stripping off their tattered shirts to have a swim; but on week-days the place is entirely dead. The starved boys and the shadowy rag pickers flitting here and there giv no air of life; they seem very thin and impalpable, and haunt the place like ghosts.

Further on this dreary swamp changes somewhat its character. The great balks of timber disappear, and a few shingle huts—so loosely built that the wind whistles through their walls with a shriek of triumph—are scattered here and there. Large masses of stone lie about, hewn into square blocks for house-fronts, and in the daytime the monotonous click of the stone-cutter's chisel shrills continually from the shingle huts. This straggling stone-yard, for such it is, is perhaps less desolate than the swamp further down, but at night—when the moon streams on the huge white blocks that lie there so cold and dead, and the huts are deserted by the workmen, and nothing moves but a shadowy dog that flits by, seen for an instant against the pallid stones—the place is in-expressibly weird and lonely.

Just on the confines of this stone-yard, in a rutty, half-made road that is bounded on both sides by burned-looking building-lots, where nothing hides the scalded earth but some unhealthy boulders, and occasional remnants of old shoes that are black and pulpy with decay, stands a small house built of unpainted shin-gles. It is two-storied, with a basement, and a omewhat imposing flight of steps up to the door; yet it wears a reckless and despairing aspect. I have no doubt when this house was built it had many youthful hopes of establishing a neighbourhood and becoming a dwelling of respectability. It promised itself, perhaps, a coat or two of paint, and had visions of being the ancestor of a street. But year after year wore away, and it found itself still naked as when it was been been as the still naked as when it was born. No companion dwelling lifted its head to cheer the solitude. On all sides the bleak river-winds touched and smote its bare walls until its windows chattered with the cold. It grew weary of waiting for the neighbourhood that never was to come, and seemed to care no longer what became of it. let beardy mosses grow all over its haggard face. Its edges were chipped and ragged; its chimneys, no longer spruce and tapering, bulged and tottered to one side, like the crushed hat of a confirmed drunkard. It buttoned itself up no more about the chest with its snug, comfortable doors, but let them han loose on one hinge, and flap about in the wind. It was evident to any one who saw it that the house near the

stone-yard had gone to the bad. Forlorn and seedy as it looked, this house was inhabited. The shivering, shrunken windows gleamed with lights by night, yet not cheerfully, but with a wild glare, like that which streams from the eyes of those about to die. If the skulking men that prowled in summer evenings among the sheds of the stoneyard, whistling mysteriously to each other, had any taste for music, the house would have been to them a source of great wonder. Sometimes for hours together a wild and mellow music or nours together a wind and menow music would stream upon the air, soaring over the dreary yard, wailing sadly along the waste river-grounds and by the rotting sloops until it reached the water, when it would float triumphally along, as if it knew that it was leaving the dealets place behind it and burn itself down the desolate place behind it, and bury itself deep in the sleeping groves that nodded on the distant Weehawken heights. The character of these melodious sounds was entirely mystical and strange. They were not born of violin or bugle, and yet seemed to have the souls of both instruments intermingling with another dis-tinctly their own;—another soul, not merely instrumental, but human, passionate, luxuriant, as if all the utterances of a great Italian -desire, entreaty, and triumph - were translated into aerial harmonies.

To you and me, reader, there need be no mystery in either house or music. That despairinglooking chateau was inhabited but by three and ent among them all day long. One or two immature piers jut out into the river here and there, and grimy sloops that seem to have no traditional homage of precedence, I will first

introduce to you the elder of the trio. I beg to present to your notice the maestro, Buoccho.
You could not possibly conceive a man made

up with less waste of material than Signor Baioccho. Nature, when she formed him, must have been terribly short of stuff. There was too little of everything in his physical composition. He was abbreviated in every limb and feature. This, nevertheless, was fortunate, for had he been on a large scale he would have been insupportably ugly; he was too small, however, to be repulsive, and so was only queer. But how queer he was, with his withered pinched-up face, his sparse, stiff beard, which looked like a thin growth of thorns, and his quaint, convulsed figure, that gave one the idea that all inside of him was catgut and wheels, and that something was continually breaking in his machinery! Yet, with all this likeness to a comic toy, how inexpressibly mournful was the countenance of Signor Baioccho! what terrible sorrow was hopelessly shut up in that wretched little frame!

Baioccho had been a musician, and was now a cook. Years ago, when opera was young in New York, Baioccho came here from Italy with a company, set up an opera house, was instantly successful, and made a fortune. Music was his successin, and made a fortune. Music was nis religion, the lyric stage his temple, the conductor's desk his altar, the overture his mass. But he became a fanatic to his faith. He enlarged his house; he spent thousands of dollars on the production of new operas, and, as a matter of course, he became bankrupt. For the opera is like a Parisian mistress, the most charming, fascinating, bewildering of all creations, who invariably leaves you without a shilling at last. For many years poor Baioccho struggled to keep his feet. He led orchestras at second rate theatres. at second-rate theatres; he gave lessons on the piano and violin, always hoping, always dreaming of one day grasping again the magical baton, the sceptre of his world. It was a vain struggle, however; other maestri came over from Italy with still more wondrous and expensive singers than those Baioccho brought, and they built opera-houses, and bought newspaper puffs, and covered the dead walls with huge announcements of colossal successes; and the world, rushing on the heels of novelty, swept over the ancestor of American opera, and poor Baioccho found himself trampled on, bruised,

It were too sad a task to enumerate the various steps which led Baioccho from Par-nassus to the kitchen. An accomplishment of which in his palmy days he had been not a little proud, was now brought into requisition to save him from starvation; the hand that was too weak to hold the baton found itself still able to brandish the ladle. Those gay Italian tenors, those majestic bassos, little thought when, round his elegant supper table long ago, they used to to applaud his amateur cookery, delicious mayonnaises, harmonious salads, that the day would arrive when the poor conductor would don the white apron and cotton cap very seriously, and sweat all day in a restaurant kitchen through an eternal round of soups and roasts and entrees ever the same. But so it Those who frequented Calcar's Restaurant would now and then behold a wizened little man stealing quietly from some mysterious passage leading to the kitchen, and sneaking up to the bar, where he would hastily swallow a potent draught of raw brandy, and shuffle back guiltily to the place whence he came. And they see one or two old New Yorkers looking pitifully after him, and saying to each other that they remembered poor Baioccho when he drove his carriage. He now trudged home every night on foot; and it was sad to see the old fellow, unsteady with drink, staggering down the rutty road to the house near the stone-yard, where the faithful Tommatoo kept watch until she heard his stumbling footstep, when, tripping to the door, she tenderly helped him up to bed.

So! we have come at last to Tommatoo. have been longing to get to her for some time past, but it would have been unkind to have deserted old Baioccho now that he is so poor. Salutation to his misfortunes!

Tommatoo was Baioccho's only child. In some quaint old Italian chapel, it may be by the shores of Sorrento, a smiling babe was one sunny day christened by the stout old Padre, and the name bestowed was Tomasina. Melo-dious as was this pretty name, the little girl that bore it, as soon as she reached lisping age, obstinately refused to be known by any cogno-nien but that of Tommatoo. This sounded awfully heathenish to old Baioccho, but she was apparently determined, and in time her imperious infant will had its effect on the family. She became Tommatoo to all intents and purposes, as far as household experience went, and even when she grew up to the age of reason did not seem anxious to reclaim her original appella-

Tommatoo was one of those lovely, fair-haired Italians that one sees so seldom, but who once seen are never forgotten. At some antique period, when Alaric was king, some of the blood of his blonde race must have mingled with the olive-skinned Roman Baiocchi, and after centuries of rest suddenly bloomed in Tommatoo. Her eyes were a dark liquid gray, like a twilight lake. Her face was pale, yet not cold, for a southern fire seemed to smoulder beneath the skin, with a beautiful, subdued glow. Her mouth, small and moist and rosy, pouted over mouth, statch belif soon and they pouted over pearly teeth, half seen, and the curves of her smooth cheeks swept into a wickedly dimpled

This sweet virginal face was set in a golden frame of luxuriant hair, that one of Raphael's saints might have envied.

Yet why speak of Tommatoo's beauty so rap-turously? I shall have no enthusiasm left for that bright and joyous nature that burst from her as the sun bursts from a golden cloud, shedding its own lustre on everything, and infusing into all a portion of its own innate worth.

Every one has felt at times, when wandering through the fields, the intense joy experienced from the twittering of the birds amidst the branches and the glancing of their tiny forms. through the leaves. Some such pure and healthy influence did Tommatoo exercise over the little household. She twittered and sung, and, as it were, fluttered lightly through the rooms, until one could swear that the sun shone wherever she went. All day, while old Baioccho was absent attending to his culinary duties, compounding wondrous soups, and moving amidst the thick steams of the kitchen like an elf in some incantation seene, Tommatoe was putting the old house in order: sweeping at the on in some incantation scene, Tommatoe was putting the old house in order; sweeping up the little sitting-room, displaying its scauty furniture to the best advantage, and occasionally darting like a swallow into Mr. Gustave Beaumont's sanctum sanct rum.

It must be confessed that this was one of the household occupations that Tommatoo performed with the greatest willingness; for Mr. Gused with the greatest withingness; for mr. Gustave Beaumont was young, handsome and played the most delightful melodies on his great instrument, invented by himself, entitled the Pancorno. The Pancorno was a singular piece of mechanism; hideously suggestive, in appearance, of some nameless instrument of tor-ture from the dungeons of the Inquisition, yet in reality capable of soothing the most agon-izing pains by the sweetness of its notes. By aid of some interior arrangement of tubes, the vibrations of the horn portion acted in turn upon what must have been a series of wires also concealed, and which seemed to give the effect of a trio between flute, violin, and French-horn. It was from the Pancorno that the seraphic strains heard at night across the stone-yard strains neare at night across the stone-yard floated so harmoniously, giving to the old house an air of being one of those enchanted abodes frequent in fairy tales, in which dwelt some spell-bound prince, who thus summoned in music his faithful knights to his rescue.

Gustave was a clever young Frenchman, with an extraordinary passion for music, whom old Baioccho had known ever since he was a child. He was the son of the bassoon in one of the or-chestras which the maestro had conducted in his palmy days; but one night the bassoon died in the middle of a rapid passage, and the little Gustave was left without a father, and but one friend, Baioccho. The old Italian took the bassoon's son home, brought him up as his own child along with Tommatoo; and when his fall came Gustave still shared his scanty means. To came Gustave still shared his scanty means. To do the young fellow justice, he wanted to work, but the old man would not have it. "You are a genius, Gustave," he would say, "and, please the Virgin, you shall do something great." So, Gustave did nothing great or small save the invention of the Pancorne out of which he invention of the Pancorne out of which he invention of the Pancorno, out of which he expected to reap a fortune, and he continued to live at the house by the stone-yard, having first scrupulously bargained with his entertainer to pay three dollars a week, which, as he did nothing but play on the Pancorno and make love to Tommatoo, it is needless to say he never continuous, it is necessed to say ne never earned and never paid. It quieted his conscience however, and he used to say to himself that when he sold his invention for one hundred thousand dollars, that being the least he would take for it, old Baiocoho should live like a prince

And this is the last of the inmates of the house by the stone-yard.

II.

A FAMILY GROUP.

"Is that you, father ?"

"Ah, the little Tommatoo! So you maintain the watch for the poor old father! Bless you, little angel!"

"Take care of the step, father. Take care."
"Put yourself easy, my child. I will be remindful of the step. I am very steadfast on my feet this evening."

And, as if to falsify his testimony, poor Baioccho staggered up the steps leading to the hall-door, and would have fallen if Tommatoo had not caught one of his arms and held him

up.

"It is nothing; it is nothing!" he exclaimed, as he tottered through the hall into the little parlour. "I can walk myself well enough. t it is the kitchen _has got into my head, my child. Where is the

cognac?"

"Do you think it would do you any good, father?" asked Tommatoo, sorrowfully; "won't father!" asked Tommatoo, sorrowfully; "won't it make your head bad!"
"Ah, little dove! It does not comprehend.

My child, the cognac is the life to me. When I stew and form dishes and mingle soups all day long in that dam kitchen, it gets into my head; and sometimes, mon Dieu / when I stand over the ragout, and try to forget the place where I have found myself for a moment, the old times return upon me and I become very sad and sor-rowful, to that I have to walk myself out to the bar and drink the cognac; and then, baccho / I remember myself not, and I go back smooth cheeks swept into a wickedly dimpled chin, that aided and abetted with all its might the criminal beauty of her bewildering lips. old father!"

Tommatoo fluttered over to a little cupboard that stood on one side of the room, and brought out a bottle and a wine-glass, and, pouring out some brandy, handed it to the old man. He raised it tremulously to his mouth, and

quaffed it off at a single draught; then, smacking his lips, he muttered, "Ah! the cognac is the soul to the old men like me !"

There was nothing disgusting in Baioccho's intoxication. The inebriety of the old musician was as cleanly as the tipsiness of a toyman had such been possible. His little eyes only twinkled the brighter, and his nose seemed longer and sharper and thinner, and his lips moved rapidly; but that was all. His speech was not thick, nor were his ideas clouded. It was drunkenness idealized.

"What has my child to tell me of the day?"

asked the old man, invigorated as it were by the

petit verre de cognac.

Tommatoo drooped her eyelids, coloured a little, and did not reply for a moment.

"Some one has been here," she said, at last.

"Which was it, little one?"

"It was—it was——" And the little voice

faltered.

"Diable!" cried the old man, leaping like an enraged cat from his chair, as if an idea had flashed upon him suddenly. "Ten millions of devils! was it not that brute Giu-

"It was, father," answered Tommatoo, soothingly. "Pray, don't fly into a rage. I could not help it."

"The wretch! the abandoned-by-God miserable fellow!" shouted old Baioccho, growing more and more excited each moment. "So he must place himself near my child, my angel, to steal her away from me! But we will see! What did he say to you!" he added, turning almost hercely to Tommatoo.

O, nothing more than he has said to you. He said he loved me very much, and if I would marry him he would take us all back to Italy, and that you should end your days in com-

fort."
"O, the serpent! His mother and his grandfather were snakes! You know not that man, Tommatoo! He is capable of roasting his fa-

ther on a spit !"
"But, dear father, you know I hate him. will never marry any one but Gustave, and not that until you wish it. I laughed at Guiseppe, and told him to go away." And Tommatoo made an ineffectual attempt to give some idea of her stern manner to Guiseppe; but if the reality was at all like the representation, I don't think that the descendant of snakes was very much crushed.

'Ah, child! you are as innocent as the flower that grows under our feet! and Baioccho looked down, but, finding no flowers, continued: "He will perform some mischief to us. I feel it in—in the air!" and the sharp eyes seemed to pierce into the depths of the gloomy room, and fasten on some spectral misfortune. "Now Gustave is a boy. He will be a great man. It Pancorno shall be played in many universal cities, and the good fortune shall come to him. Thou shalt be the wife of Gustave, my

small pet child ""
"But," said Tommatoo, with a half-smile, "I think he loves his Pancorno better than he

It is the love of the artist, mignorar? He loves it with his soul, but his heart-ah, that is

"Hark! there he is!" cried Tommatoo, hushing her father into silence as the liquid, delicious notes of the Pancorno stole through the house.

"Yes, let us listen. O heaven, how beautiful!" exclaimed the old musician, repturously; then in a half-whisper added, "One little glass more of the cognac, ma biche."

And there they sat in the dusk of the room, the old man warming his veins with the cognac, the young girl dreaming of her lover, and both listening to the music that bore them far away, out of the old house by the stone-yard, into a delicious land, where the sea lay like a mistress on the broad breast of the beaches, and the breath of the orange groves wandered like un-

heard music through the slopes and valleys.

"I think so of my home," nurmured the old maestro, and I know that a tear fell through the twilight as he spoke, "of my dear, dear home, when I hear the music. Ah I why does not my brother -- the brother of my youth -- replace me in my dear Italy! He is more rich than a great many Jews, and yet he will not spare his scudo, poor brother one were the rich Pietro, and he the poor cook Giulio Baioccho, I would not count my zechins until he had what he wanted. It he would only promise to leave my little Tommatoo something when he died, I would not care for myself. Ah, the bad brother! Mignanne, one other little verre de cognae for the poor old cook."

"Shall I go and tell Gustave that you have me home!" said Tommatoo, "We must come homo?" said Tommatoo. "We must have supper soon, you know, father."
"Do, my beloved. Sweet as are the notes of

the Pancorno, thy voice is sweeter still. Go and gladden the good Gustave with its music.

Tommatoo tripped to the door, perched for a moment on the threshold like a bird hovering on the edge of its cage, then, after looking back into the dusky room with a radiant smile that seemed to illuminate the twilight, she vanished, and in a few moments the notes of the l'ancorno ceased, and there were light, pattering footsteps heard in its stead.

(To be continued.)

CARLSBAD.

The season at this popular Bohemian spa is this year very prosperous, if one may judge by the number of people who are here, and who have been lately arriving at the rate of two hundred a day. Such a crowd of visitors at a German spa I have never before seen, and I have rather an extensive acquaintance with the Continental "cure" resorts. The scene at the springs in the morning is a most extraordinary one. Look at the Muhlbrunn, for instance, at 6 a.m. Such is the crowd that one is obliged to take one's place in a long queue, and, moving slowly along as one of a double file, it is at least fifteen minutes before one reaches the drinking-fount. Quite an array of young girls are on duty at this point. One receives your drinking cup as you pass, she hands it to another who fills it, and a third in her turn hands It back to you as you are still moving on; for nobody is allowed to stand still for a moment, otherwise the great army of water-drinkers would be thrown into confusion. This all takes place under a long colonnade; and meantime the orchestra, which is so placed that all may hear it as they slowly progress towards the spring, plays at brief intervals enlivening and excellent music. A number of police are on duty to preserve order.

And this animation is not confined to the early morning hours. All day long the Alte Wiese, lined with its pretty shops, is crowded with people, who troop up and down before the afes, inspecting each other and noting the new arrivals; while along the Haupt Promenade and in the pretty and nicely shaded cafe gardens of the environs there is always to be found a goodly number of loungers of all nationalities and of every rank and condition in life. A prominent feature among the promenaders, from their strange dress and still more remarkable faces, are the Polish and Bohemian Jews, who are always numerous at Carlsbad, but this year especially so. To those unaccustomed to the sight, these Jews, with their swallow faces, sharp black eyes, and a corkscrew curl by the side of each ear, their long black coats, tall peak-shaped hats, and Hessian boots, are at first a source of wonder; but one soon becomes used to meeting them, and in fact Carlsbad would be unnatural without them. The various na-tionalities which go to make up the Austrian Empire are also well represented here; but of them all the Hungarian element is at once the best dressed, the handsomest, and altogether the most attractive. From Buda-Pesth come two young ladies, known as the Hungarian Sisters, who may rank as at least among the belles of the Carlsbad season. England and the United States are in good force and good form, as usual. Their tendezvous is at the Konig's Villa, which is unquestionably the best situation in the town.

The music, of which there is plenty, is excel-

ient. We are fovoured with two grand orchestras, one of them led by Labitzky from Vienna, whose reputation as a leader and composer is by no means local. The selections at the daily concerts are, however, sometimes very funny For example, last evening, in the attractive garden of the Sans Souci cate, the programme included what was called simply Poipouri. And it was indeed a potpourri It was rather startling to hear a bit from Lucrezia Bargia, It was rather followed instantly by the American air, "Yankee Doodle," and that in turn by the "Swan Song" from Lohengrin. I can picture to myself the indignation of Waguer at this inconginous but amusing association of his master-piece with "Vankee Doodle."

Life in Carlsbad is in many ways quite distinct from that of other well-known German spas. Here the table d'hôte system is not vogue, everything a la carte. One lodges in one place, takes breakfast at another, dines at another, and sups at a third. The hotels are little frequented, except for dinuer. One breakfasts at the cajes, of which there is an infinite number, the majority in the environs-all with cool and shady gardens and one returns to them for supper. The food is good, and coffee as perfect, if not as cheap, as in France. One is quietly, quickly, and deftly served by comely waiter-girls (women do all the work here); and it everything is very, one overlooks it for the sake of the quiet, the garden, and the delightful

Carlsbad lacks sadly, however, a general promenade to serve as afternoon rendezvous. It is the one thing wanting in this otherwise charming resort. The cafe gardens are large, but it is impossible for any one of them to accommodate a tenth of the people here; and the ladies must be often vexed at lack of opportunity to display effectively the elegant toilettes of which one eatelies a glimpse now and then, but which can never be seen in one grand casemble. Pupp's is perhaps the most fashionable cafe for afternoon tea or coffee, and out of the town the popular Schönbrunn; and as a result they are often disagreeably crowded. For the lovers of serious music there are classical concerts three times a week at Café Posthof, about fifteen minutes' walk from the town, and they are most fashionably attended. Indeed, I may say that, if one wishes to see the representatives of the truly upper ten thousand, a visit to the matinies at Café Posthof is indispensable. It is even whispered that Labitzky's orchestra only really play their best at these concerts : a less degree of perfection is considered good enough for the early morning. At the last concert I noticed the famous excavator, Dr. Schliemann, who has just arrived here from Athens to take

The name of the sympathetic Belgian Princess, who has become Grown Princess of Austria, seems to be a shibboleth here. Every new thing is called "Stephanie." Of a morning the band gives us "Stephanie" waltzes, quadrilles, etc. On the café maus the new dishes have cess, who has become Crown Princess of Ausreceived the now popular name, and the new shape of drinking-glass has the same appellation. Whenever at a loss for a name, the Carlsbad people say "Stophanie." It is at least a simple way of settling mutters.

A system is in vogue at the post-office here, which I hope is not extended to the whole Austrian Empire. For every newspaper received, either at the post or at one's lodgings, one must pay a tax of about a penny. For one who receives daily a number of papers this is a serious tax, and reminds one of the old Papal days in Rome, when the postman demanded a panny for

every letter or paper he delivered.

The Carlsbad Kursaal is an exceptionally comfortable and handsome one. The baths in it are the best in the place, the restaurant is good, and the reading-room well supplied with English and Continental papers. So it any reader who glances at these lines should unfortunately be tortured by that troublesome organ, the liver, he cannot do better than try Carlabad, where, besides the certainty of good results from the waters, a month may be agreeably and pleasantly spent.

MUHLBRUNN.

LIKES AND DISLIKES.

There is no accounting for the likes and disikes of men and women. The following aneclotes will make this apparent. It is said of the Duke of Schomberg, for instance, that, soldier as he was, he could not sit in the same room with a cat; and someone else had so great a dislike to this harmless domestic animal that he would not even pass under a signboard with a cat painted on it. It will hardly be credited that though the valorous Peter the Great built a fleet, he yet, from his sixth to his fourteenth year, could not bear the sight of either still or running water, especially if he was alone. He did not walk in the palace gardens, because they were watered by the river Moskva; and he would not cross over the smallest brook, not even on a bridge, unless the windows of his car-riage were shut close, and even then he had cold perspirations. La Mothe de Vayer could not ndure any musical instrument, although he delighted in thunder. Grebry, the composer, and Anne of Austria, were identical in their dislike of the smell of roses.

The learned Dr. Beattie tells us of healthy, strong men who were always uneasy on touch ing velvet, or on seeing another person handle a cork; Zimmerman, the naturalist, of a lady who could not bear to touch silk or satin, and shuddered when feeling the velvety skin of a peach. One of the Earls of Barrymore considered the panzy an abomination, and the unfortunate Princess Lamballe looked upon the violet as a thing of horror. Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-crosses, and neither he nor Peter Abono could ever drink milk. It is said of Cardan that he was disgusted at the sight of eggs. We have heard of a valiant sol-dier fleeing from a sprig of rue. An author tells us that, provided he had but a sword in his hand, he would rather encounter a lion in the deserts of Arabia than feel a spider crawling on him in the dark. William Matthews, son of the Governor of Barbadoes, had, like the above, a great aversion to the harmless spider. One day the Duke of Athole, thinking his antipathy somewhat affected, left him and his friends in the room, and came back with a closed hand. Matthews thought he had a spider concealed there, and becoming furious, drew his sword, and would have done damage to the Duke or himself had not friends interposed.

We hear from the philosophic Boyle that the sharpening of a knife or the teating of brown paper never failed to make the gums bleed of a servant he once had. Chesne, secretary to Francis I., always bled at the nose on seeing apples; a gentleman in the Court of the Emperor Ferdinand had the same indisposition on hearing a cat mew. In the Universal Magazine for October, 1762, we read of a woman who on handling iron of any kind was immediately bathed in perspiration, though never otherwise affec ed in this way. There is also related an account of a young woman at Schelestat, Germany, who for sixteen years had such an aversion to wine that she could not touch anything without nature perspiring profusely though she had previously been accustomed to drink it. John Pechmann, a learned divine, never heard the floor swept without being immediately uneasy, and feeling as though he were sufficiented. He would run away or jump out of a window at the sight of a brush, the association with it and the noise was so intolerable. We read of a young man who was known to faint whenever he heard sweeping; and in a Roman Catholic magazine we are told of a monk being served with a dish of craw-fish, at which he changed colour, grew pale, stared prodigiously, while the perspiration poured down his face, and he appeared in so languid a state that he seemed inclined to fall from his seat. He afterwards declared that he had no idea of anything that had happened, but at the same time related that as he was one day preaching, he observed a boy at the church door with a craw-fish in his hand, on which he instantly

gives an account of a brave officer so frightened at the sight of a mouse that he dared not look at one without a sword in his hand. We read of another case of an officer who was only troubled with fear in the presence of a smothered rabbit. Another min was sublued by a cold shoulder of mutton.

Burton, the traveller, tells us that a melan-choly Duke of Muscovy fell ill if he but looked upon a woman, and that an anchorite was seized with a cold palsy under similar circumstances. In the Universal Maguzin: we read of a woman of Namur who fainted whenever she heard a bell ring. The medical pioneer, Hippocrates, mentions one Nicanor who swooned whenever he heard a flute. Am itus Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell when that flower was in bloom. Scaliger mentions one of his relations who experienced a similar horror on seeing a lily. Henry III. of France fainted whenever he saw a cat. The Duke d'Eperon swooned on beholding a leveret, though a hare had no effect upon him. Tycho Brahe, the superstitious astronomer, was similarly effected on seeing a fox, and Marshal D'Albert at the sight of a pig. We hear of a French lady who swooned on seeing boiled lobsters; while Ambrose Pare, a celebrated French surgeon, mentions a gentleman afflicted with the same weak-ness when he saw an eel. M. Vaugheim, a great huntsman in Hanover, felt dizzy and fainted, or, if he had time, he would run away, when he saw a roasted pig.

The credulous Doctor Mather records an ac-

count of a young lady who fainted if any person cut his finger nails in her presence; but if done with scissors, she was indifferent. Boyle, the philosopher, himself tells us that he never conquered his uneasiness at the sound of water running and splashing through a pipe, and that he sometimes even fainted. We are told of French people particularly partial to the odour of jonquils, or tuberoses, who will swoon at the smell of ordinary roses. Orfila, the distinguished French physician, furnishes an account of the painter Vincent, who was seized with violent vertigo and swooned when there were roses in

the room.

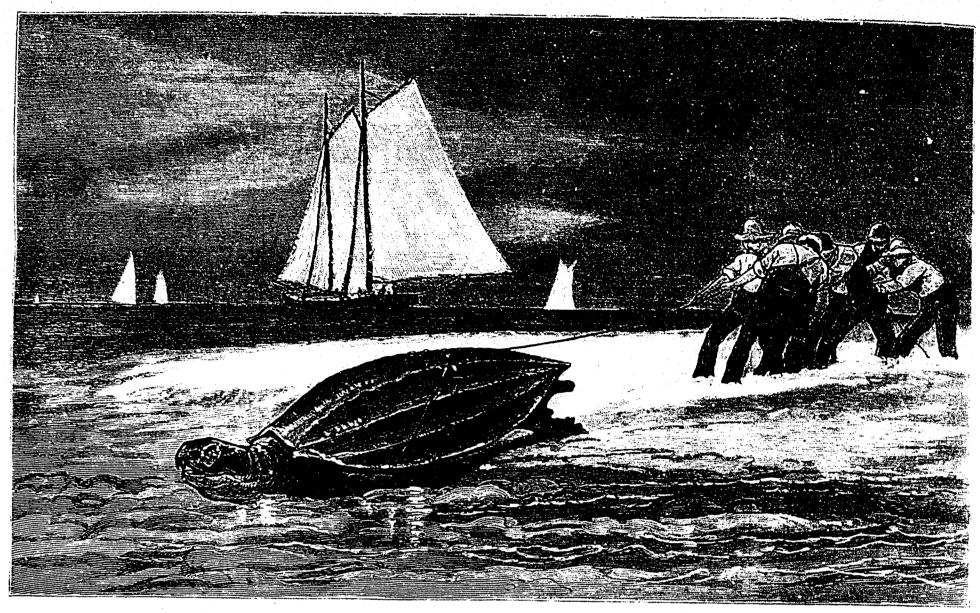
HEARTH AND HOME.

DIRECTION OF OTHERS.—Other things being equal, the leader of men or women who has himself borne all their toil and discipline will be far more successful than one who has not. He knows by personal experience what the real difficulties are and how they can be surmounted. He has but to draw upon his memory to realize the situation, and to decide how much can reasonably be expected. Thus, wherever it is possible, it is certainly safer to gain a thorough knowledge of the business in hand by actual work before assuming the direction of others. In some employments this is absolutely indis-

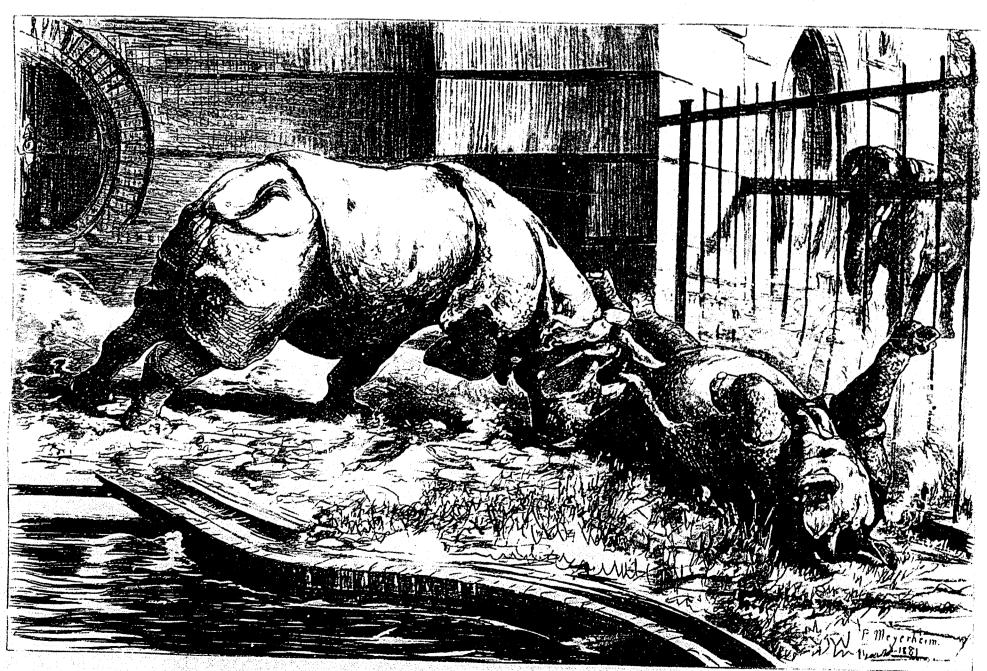
Tott..-Toil is the inheritence of all by a law that is universal and inexorable and that feartully avenges its violation. It is the command of God, and, like all His mandates, is wise and merciful. Do not grieve because others seem more favoured than yourself, for such appearances are often deceptive. With all the varied cares and duties and strang- inequalities of life, we are largely, if not wholly, moulded by our own efforts, and sunshine or shadows will predominate as we may decide for ourselves. No community was ever prosperous where "wealth accumulates and men decay;" no church ever advanced in vital piety when indolence prevailed among its worshippers; no social circle ever improved in morals, intelligence, or happi-ness when labour was rejected as wanting in respectability, and no individual idler ever made himself useful or gladdened a home with the wealth of content.

THERE are some things which you had better not believe, my friend. When a man advertises for a partner, and wishes a young man to put in a small investment of one hundred or five hundred pounds, and promises to him a realization of fifty or one hundred per cent. profit, don't believe it. When a man offers to give gold watches or jewellery worth twenty-five or fifty pounds for only one pound, don't believe it. When a man offers to give away knowledge of the utmost value for the cure of consumption, and any and all other diseases, by merely sending so many stamps to prepay postage, don't believe it. When a man proposes to do his ut-most to make everyone else rich, and looks to other people's interests more than his own, don't believe it. When a man offers to give you something of great value for nothing, don't believe it. People who advertise in this alluring fashion generally have an axe to grind, an I confidently count on the assistance of simpletous to turn the grindstone.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric felt the strongest emotion, and that he should tricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electrone speechless if he had not quickly Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. turned his eyes from the object. M. de Lancre man, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont. Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Nor-



A MONSTER LEATHER-BACK TURTLE CAPTURED NEAR NEW YORK



DEATH STRUGGLE BETWEEN TWO RHINOCERI IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN AT BERLIN.



HER FIRST OFFER.-FROM THE PICTURE BY E. F. BREWTNALL.

THE AESTHETIC CRAZE.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE FROM GEORGE TO HIS FRIEND JACK.

DEAR JACK :

I write you to say that the sethetic craze
Struch the town on last Tuesday as hour after a
When Miss Hortesse Matilda de Fortesoue-Page
Arrived in the train, as if dropped from the moon.

Her costume was—well, indescribable quite, And cocasioned indeed on all sides quite a flutter; Both Mary and Kate asid she looked like a fright— In language sethetic, "unutterably utter."

Her manner and style were a study alone;
A full blossomed tulip she bore in one hand,
And the way that she ogled that flower, I must own,
Can't be told in what language I've now at oo mm

Her walk was quite "utter"—a stumbling glide; With shoulders a kind of pulled up in a bunch. She looked like those pictures that sharply deride The aesthetic craze in the pages of Punck. -a stumbling glide

The drivel she talks and the bosh she gets through,
The numberless tricks of her "sethetic" taste,
Will soon drive me mad—as it is, I fed "bue,"
And my language, at times, is not proper or chast

e very last straw that she's heaped on my back, to make my two sisters, like her. "quite too too;" d so, in depair, I sit down, my dear Jack, To pour out my troubles asthetic to you.

Ah me! I suppose I should not give away,
But wait for old Time to break through all the toils
Mark Tapley in trouble was jolly and gay:
In patience I suffer, like Job with his boils.

So a merrier look I will take at the wav Of the "utterly utter," or these "quite too too," nd laugh to myself as the crasy displays
Of Hortense and my sisters I lazily view.

Imagine, dear Jack, if imagine you can,
If the crase of a sudden should strike below stairs,
And bring all the servants right under its ban
And the "atterly utter" in cooking affairs.

Just imagine for once, if you can, in your mind, The picture of Biddy, our fat Irish cook, Hanging o'er a potatoe, the "utter" defined In the languor and languish of every look.

As a contrast to Hortense, in attitude utter Up stairs in the periour, o'er tulip or rose, Putting Mary and Kate in an envious flutter At her "utterly utter" sesthetic repose!

I fear such a sad state of things soon will be, Though against them Dame Fashion will soon set he stings When she sees her pet follies so commonly free As to get all mixed up with life's practical things.

The "utter's" absurdity stands out so plain
When brought into contrast with practical things,
That Fashlon feels foolish, won't have it remain;
So the "utterly utter" '!l soon find itself wings.

For instance, imagine a garden where blows
The rose and the cabbage, set out side by side;
What a shock the Æsthete, as she beat o'er the rose,
Would receive in her sethetic pride!

The cabbage would bring up a vision of pork—
Of fat greesy pork—and the both suggest eating,
With the necessary by-play of kuife and of fork,
Which would shock the Æsthete even into retre

Everything in its place, so the cabbage and rose
We should not in our gardens plant close in position
Or a mignonette border put round potatoes,
For each in this life has a separate mission.

The things of earth earthly we should not combine With things more divine, howe'er useful they be For we all have some tastes that are more or less fine, And if we had not what a world we should see;

But this sethetic crase places shine on the rack, Is foolish and weak. But I new rest content For I feel in my soul, and I'm sure you do, Jack, It will go where old China and Keramics went.

St. John, N.B., August 15, 1881.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE IN FIF-TEENTH ST. WASHINGTON.

GRORGE.

In one of a group of four tall houses, built of brown stone and red brick, situated in Fifteenth street. Washington, and bearing the number 821, dwells the American Secretary of State. With the assurance of meeting with the kindest welcome from a statesman-universally known for his hospitality and his amiability, and of being entertained with his charming conversation for a few minutes, if the pressing morning duties of the Premier will at all permit it, we stroll along the quiet street, and arriving at the neat door-step, pull the bell at Mr. Blaine's. Our cards are taken by a young negress, who, in English undefiled by the slave's jargon of the Southern plantation, makes the usual cautious remark that she does not know if Mr. Blaine is at home. Four large rooms constitute the drawing-room suite, the ground-floor, at Mr. Blaine's. A bow window on the street adds to the size of the rooms, and affords further scope for the loving ornamentation with which each of these apart-ments is endowed. There are many valuable objects here; much rare china on the walls and in cabinets; fine pictures; some good statury but the greatest charm of the place is its home like spirit, which enters the heart of the visitor and tells him that the Premier and his family specially inhabit these rooms, and keep no corer of their house sacred to the bold ceremony

of merely receiving visitors.

Mr. Secretary Blaine's house is incontestably the most popular in Washington. On Wednesday afternoons-the days in Washington when, during the Session of Congress, the wives of Cabinet Ministers, and those of foreign Ambasga dors receive—there is no house in the American

capital so crowded. Whatever the weather. however thin the attendance in other drawingrooms, there is always a throng at Mr. Blaine's. Nor is this due to the importance of his present position as Secretary of State. It was the same when he was in Congress, whether as member or Speaker of the House; it was the same when he was in the Senate; it would be the same if Mr. Blaine were not in politics. People go there because they like Mr. Blaine and go there because they like Mr. Blaine and all his family, which consists of his intel-lectual and lady-like wife; a kinswoman of brilliant reputation in American letters, who uses the nom de plume of "Gail Hamilton;" and six fine and promising children. Never since the days of the silver-voiced Henry Clay of Kentucky, has there been a man in the United States whose personal magnetism has been acknowledged as so potent as that of Mr. Blaine. The power which Mr. Blaine exercises over men. infailing success he enjoys in winning their affection, has been variously attributed to his epigrammatic speech, his delightful jocularity, to his earnest face and his splendid physique. But there is a more simple explanation. Mr. Blaine's popularity is simply derived from the sweet and unaffected nature of the man, and from the unchanging goodness of his big heart. To be a great statesman, and yet a kind, generous, and sympathising friend to uncountable scores of little people whose acquaintance he has made during the last twenty or thirty years of his life; to maintain a demeanor of perfect dignity at all times, and yet to know how to unbend to each visitor in just the degree neces-sary to make the latter feel that of all "good fellows" in the world, "Blaine of Maine" is the demands intellectual talents and moral qualities of the highest order. These talents and these qualities are well-known to be the attributes of Mr. Blaine; and they are not denied him even by those whose interests in the political arena are arrayed against his own.

In the examination of the drawing-rooms at Mr. Blaine's we find, among other valuable possessions, one very interesting picture,—a large canvas by Sir Peter Lely, representing Charles II, and his Court. It is signed with the date 1658. It was painted by Sir Peter for Lord Baltimore, and was bought by Mr. Blaine for a sum of comparative unimportance at the sale of the Calvert estate, Riverdale, Maryland, a few years ago. There is not an art-gallery in Europe, public or private which would not be enriched by this large historical picture, full of portraits, and executed in Lely's most delicate, and yet most animated style. Near at hand, on a pe-destal, stands a fine lifesize bust of Mr. Blaine, as good a likeness of the statesman, as could perhaps be obtained in this form of a man, the charm of whose features lies principally in their mobility and ever changing-play. Portraits of men of letters abound here. Dickens, Thackeray, Disraeli, Washington Irving, Hawthorne, and many others gaze down from the walls, principally in the last of the suite of drawing--the one in which the Premier sits of a morning before going to the Department of State, examining such letters as imperatively demand his attention at home. Routine correspondence is carried on by secretaries in a vast room at the top of the house, and is an enormous and never-ceasing task. Listen! A deep mellow voice is warmly crying out, "Now, is there anything more annoying than to be kept waiting? To which we reply with truth, "It is not annoying with the prospect in view of seeing you." Blaine of Maine acknowledges the compliment by a hearty grasp from both his extended hands. It is impossible to exaggerate the charm of his manner, because with his owners the rilliance, he has a goot of delightful and great brilliancy, he has a sort of delightful and modest deference to the opinion of his listener, as though to say, "Am I right? Does your judgment approve of this?" which, it is needless to say, is most "taking" with every auditor. And there is nothing false here. It is the natural idiosyncracy of a frank and impulsive man, with a very warm heart, kindly instincts, and generous nature. In stature, Mr. Blaine is above the medium height, and is of strong and compactly-built frame. His head is large, his hair gray, and abundant; his face is engaging in expression, large in feature, and lighted by a pair of brilliant dark-brown eyes. His movements are alert and vigorous, save when he is in ments are alert and vigorous, save when he is in the inquisitorial cortures of an inherited enemy—the gout. "I suffer vicariously from the gout," he explains with a rueful grimace. "I never earned the gout. I never a drank a glass of spirits in my life. Yet I must endure the agonies of the gout, because my jolly old British ancestors denied themselves nothing." These ancestors were of that excellent mingling known as the Scotch-Irish.

On the 31st January 1830, at West Brownsville, Pennsylvania, James Gillespie Blaine wa born. The old farmhouse, where he first opened his eyes, is still standing. Local history as that the Gillespie farmhouse was the first stone house built on the western side of the Monon gahela River. The great-grandfather of Mr. Blaine was Commissary-General of the northern department of Washington's army, and the heroic exertions of Colonel Blaine, with the sacrifice of his own fortune and his persistent supplications for contributions from his friends, alone kept the continental army from starvation during the terrible winter at Valley Forge. In 1818 Mr. Blaines father was the possessor of the largest landed estate in Western Pensylvania an estate comprising not only a goodly portion of the land on which now stands the city of Pittsburg, but which included endless timber-tracts and coal-tracts of incalculable value.

Vicissitudes compelled the family to dispose of the great bulk of these possessions piece-meal; but the remnant still owned by Mr. Blaine, though but the merest fraction in the of area compared to that which his father held fifty years ago, is nevertheless of value im-measurably greater than was the whole estate a half century since.

At the age of eleven, James Blaine was sent for the advantages of better tuition, to Lancaster, Ohio, where he lived in the family of his kinsman, Thomas Ewing, at that time Secretary of the Treasury. His cousin, "Tom" Ewing, was his classmate, and both were under the tuition of Mr. William Lyons, a brother of the present Minister to France. At the age of eighteen, Mr. Blaine graduated at Washington eignieen, mr. Blaine graduated at washington College, Pennsylvania, and immediately after "went West" again into Ohio, and began to in-struct others. Cupid mingling his arts with the teaching, and Mr. Blaine becoming the husband of a young lady-teacher in the same educational establishment with himself, the pair resolved to return to the home State of the young wife, Maine. Here he became an editor of newspa-pers—first of the Kennebec Journal, next of the Portland Advertiser. Elected to the State Legislature of Maine in 1858, since that date Mr. Blaine has been unceasingly engaged in the political arena of his country. Whether as State Legislator, National Representative, Speaker of the House, Senator, or Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine has ever shown himself to be a man of marvellous powers, and one of the finest types of

American Statesmen.

The sobriquet of "the Plumed Knight," by which Mr. Blaine is so often mentioned in the American Press, is derived from the speech made by Robert Ingersoll when he nominated Mr. Blaine for the Presidency in 1876. Mr. Inger-

soll said:

"Republicans demand a man who will sacred ly preserve the financial honor of the United States; one who knows enough to know that the National debt must be paid through the prosperity of this people; one who knows enough to know that all the financial theories in the world cannot redeem a single dollar; one who knows enough to know that all the money must be made, not by law, but by labour; one who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry to make the money and the honour to pay it over just as soon as they can. The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come together; when they come, they will come hand in hand through the golden-harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindles and the turn-ing wheels; hand in hand by the open furnacedoors; hand in hand by the flaming forges hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eage fire raked and grasped by the hands of the countless sons of toil.

This is a grand year—a year filled with the recollections of the Revolution; filled with proud and tender memories of the sacred past filled with legends of liberty—a year in the sons of freedom will drink from the fountain of enthusiasm; a year in which the people call for the man who has preserved in Congress what their soldiers won upon the field; a year in which they call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason, the tongue of slander; the man who has snatched the mask of Democracy from the hideous face of the rebellion; the man who, like the intellectual athlete, hath toodin thearenaof debate, challenging all comers, and who, up to the present moment, is a total stranger to defeat. Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress, and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of every traitor to his country and every maligner of his fair reputation."

Mr. Blaine has been twice before the people as a Presidential candidate, and twice has he been defeated by "the dark horse." It is not impossible that the third time—as a dusky pythoness of a gypsy-camp on the heath might say-would "work a charm." In the recent senatorial contests in America, it was plainly shown that the sympathies of the people were, from first to last, warmly in favour of the policy pursued by the Chief Magistrate of the nation, and his admired and beloved Secretary of State.—London World.

VARIETIES.

SIC TRANSIT. -As the train rolled into Fremont, Ohio, the fat passenger remarked, "If we had time, I'd stop and take dinner with old Hayes." "With whom?" asked the sad passenger severely. "Old Hayes," the fat passenger replied. "Didn't you know him! Used to be President of the Republic. Some months ago people were calling him "His Most Excelient people were calling him "His Most Excelient Excellency Rutherford B Hayes, President of the United States of America and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy." Then he got on Chief of the Army and Navy.' the cars one day in March to ride west, and when he got as far as Altoona, people were call-"Rutherford B. Hayes, ex-President of the United States." When he reached Pittsburg, they called him "Ex-President Hayes." When the train got as far west as Cleveland, the papers announced the arrival of Hon. R. B. Hayes." And the day after he reached Fremont an old Fremonter, lighting a spring fire with an ancient pea-brush and blighted boots in his back-yard said to his neighbour, with little grammar and less reverence, "Old Hayes is got rich." Sich transit gloria of the United States of America! Yesterday men would chase after Hayes's carriage fifteen miles through mud and dust to beg him

for a little Missouri corner post-office worth three hundred and sixty-five dollars a year and pay your own rent. To-day he appears at an hotel, and the clerk says cheerfully, "Want a sample-room, Mr. Hayes?" He goes to the bank, and the cashier looks at him pleasantly, but with intense scrutiny, and says, "Could you get another name on this for us, please?" Verily, my brother, all is vanity? So is the greatness of the man who hath been President."

ALTHOUGH you may drive a coach and six through Acts of Parliament, they are proof against a tricycle, even when it is driven by steam. Sir Thomas Parkyns, being of an ingenious turn of mind, has invented a tricycle which goes by steam, and he was proudly try-ing his invention along the public roads at Greenwich, in the presence of admiring crowds, when some one was pleased to regard it as a dangerous nuisance. There is, of course, no Act of Parliament in existence which was passed for the purpose of putting down steam tricycles; but there is a statute on the book which, though drawn with a different object, may be construed to embrace them within its ample folds. The Highway and Locomotive Acts of 1865 and 1878 were passed in order to regulate the move-ments of traction engines and steam rollers, which when not regulated have a knack of rushing uninvited into private drawing-rooms or breaking through into front cellars, and of colliding with innocent horses and carts that keep the right side of the road. But, unfortunately for Sir Thomas Parkyns, this act defines "locomotive" as "a locomotive propelled by steam or by other than animal power." Now, the new tricycle is unquestionably a locomotive, and it is propelled by steam. It therefore comes within the definition of the statute, and consequently must abide by the requirements of the statute, which are that it must not travel more than two miles an hour, and that it must have three persons in attendance! The stipendiary so ruled, and upon appeal Lord Coleridge has confirmed his judgment. It may be law, but it is very absurd that a light and agile tricycle should be subject to the same rules as a fifty-ton roller or traction engine.

His Solemn Warning. — "Yaa's there's money made in stocks, no doubt," said the old man, as he removed his hat and ran his fingers through his gray locks, "but it's a reesky bizness; it's suthin like betting on where lightning's going to strike, with the odds in favour of hitting the tree you stand under." "Then you never speculate? "Never. I dig along on the old farm, taking one crop with another, and pulling out summer when I've nothing cleans." and pulling out stumps when I've nothing else and pulling out stumps when I've nothing else to do; and if I don't make any great shakes, I haven't anything to worry over. I had a purty solemn warning during the coal-ile excitement, and it cured me o'speculating'." "How was that?" "Waal, I was a widower then; wife fell down the well, and was drawled out as stiff was called purty solid. We all got excited about ile, and oll of us dug more or less holes in search of the stuff. All of a sudden a widder living about two miles from me found ile in a dozen places on her farm. She wes a widder with a bad nose, freckles all over her face, eyes on the squint, and built up like a camel. But when she struck ile that was a different thing. Old Deacon Spooner, who was a widower, got mashed right away. Our preacher, who had lost his third wife, saw the spec. I thought it over, and concluded she was an angel. I guess some six or seven of us began courting that widow within sixteen hours after the first sich sixteen hours after the first sich sixteen hours after the first sixteen hours after the hours after the hours after the hours after the hours afte within sixteen hours after the first sight of ile. I know the procession reached from the gate to to the house." "And you got her?" "Not much I didn't, and that's what I'm thankful for. much I didn't, and that's what I'm thankful for. Somehow or other I couldn't work up to the pint. That nose kinder stood in the way every time I was ready to pop the question. She acted like she wanted me, but Deacon Spooner got the best of us all, and they made a hitch." "And then what?" "Nothing, except she had dosed that farm with a barrel of ile, and thus got a bushend for herself, and a home for her five a husband for herself, and a home for her five children. When the news came out, I was so cold along the back-bone that they had to kiver me up with a hoss-blanket; and since that time I haven't had the nerve to buy eggs at seven cents a dozen and hold em for a rise."—American Paper.

A GENERAL DEFEATED.—A Mrs. J. G. Robertson writes: "I was suffering from general debility, want of appetite, constipation, etc., so that life was a burden; after using Burdock Blood Bitters I felt better than for years. I connot praise your Bitters too much.

OUR CHESS COLUMN

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

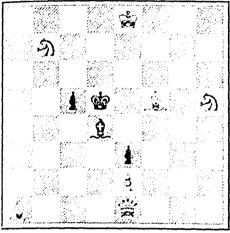
J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.

We are sorry to see that the members of St. George's Chess Club have tied to their acceptance of the challenge of the Philadelphia Club the condition that there shall be a stake of a large sum of money on each side. Money prizes are always objectionable, and it would be well if, instead of setting the example of adopting them, the members of chess clubs generally would use their indinence in opposing a practice, which must detract so seriously from the respectability of the Royal game. In the meantime, however, we need not be surprised to find in what are called professional encounters that the same objectionable feature should exhibit itself, if the largest and most infinential clubs of the great cities on both sides of the Atlantic cannot be satisfied with victory as beauty the chief prize to be obtained in a contest over the cheston.

Onro.
The stimulations of the members of the Havana Union Club, in their challenge to the Philadelphia players, are much more consonant with the spirit of chees, and their proposals in this respect, we hope, may be carried out. They propose that the losing side shall relimburse the winning side with the telegraphic and other expenses of the match, and that they shall also present their victorious antagonists with a symbolic object of art of not less value than one hundred dollars. There can be no objection to an arrangement of this nature, but money prizes, if associated with chess, cannot but lead to its being shunned by many from an idea that it is used to a great extent for gambling purposes.

A scientific treatise by a Freuch writer upon the diffi-culties connected with the Kuight's tour over the chess-board, has been issued, according to Turf, Firld and Farm, under the auspices of the Mathematical Society of France. We recommend this production to the class of chess amateurs who take delight in problems of a hundred moves or more, as we feel convinced that they will find much to their taste in a work of this character. For ourselves, we must confess that our chief gratification in connection with the chequered bound is in the diffi-culties that present themselves when we find that we are face to face with an antagonist whose knowledge of the game enables him to use every piece at his disposal in such a way as to present us with a series of problems which require all the vigilance we possess to escape from the estastrophe of a checkmate.

PROBLEM No. 344. By J. Thuraby.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves

GAME 4728D (From the Field.) CHESS IN LONDON.

The 56th game in the match between Mesers Zukertort and Blackburne.

(Sicilian Defence.)

White .- (Mr. Z.) Black --- (Mr. B.) 1. P to Q B 4 2. P to K Kt 3 3. B to Kt 2 B to K12 Pio K R 3
Kt to Q sq
Pto Q B 3
Q takes Kt
P to K B 4
Kt to B 2
Castles K side
P to Q 4
Kt to Q sq
B to Q 2
P to R 5
Kt to Q sq
B to B 3
P to K Kt 4
Kt to K 7
P to K 7 PtokesPenp BtoKeq QtoKt2 KtoRsq BtoB2 B to Kt *q
B to R 2 31. R to R 2 31. R to B 5 32. K to K t sq 36. Q R to K B 8 37. R takes R P H takes H R to R 6
Kt to B 5
R to R 5
Q to B 2
P to K 3 P taken P B to K 5 R to R fich

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 342. White. Black.

1. R to K 2 2. Mates ace

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 340. White.

1 Q inkes Kt (ch) 2. Kt takes P 3. R mates.

I. K takes Q 2. Any.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 341.

White. Black. Kat Q B 5 Kat K 4 Pawns at KR2, Q 4 and Q R3 RatQ4 BatKBaq KtatKB8

White to play and mate in three moves.

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NOTICE.

THE CANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the BRITISH AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY, for the election of Directors and other business, will be held at the Office of the Company, St. John Street, Montreal, on

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1881.



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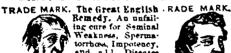
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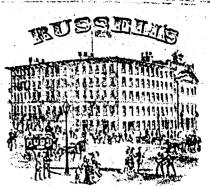
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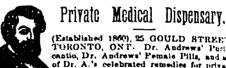


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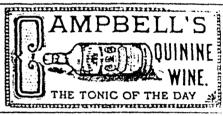
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