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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 17.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1883.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
{ \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



A STUDY.

BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

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

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1882.				
Oct. 20th, 1883.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Oct. 20th, 1882.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	81	39	70	Mon.	71	50	60.5
Tues.	81	39	70	Tues.	72	50	61
Wed.	82	40	71	Wed.	73	51	62
Thur.	83	41	72	Thur.	74	52	63
Fri.	84	42	73	Fri.	75	53	64
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Sun.	86	44	75	Sun.	77	55	66

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 27, 1883.

THE WEEK.

THE banquet to Sir Hector Langevin, on Thursday, was a brilliant demonstration and a fitting tribute to a very deserving public man. The gathering was mainly non-political, and as such all the more creditable to the Honorable Minister of Public Works.

THE Apostolic Delegate for the Province of Quebec has arrived in the Ancient Capital, and will at once enter upon his duties. Mgr. Smelders is a Cistercian monk, and although only a simple priest, will take precedence over the episcopate of the Province for the period of his official stay.

THE French Radicals are again astir. Not content with letting the vexed Monarchical question rest, they are resolved, upon the reassembling of the Legislature, to demand the expulsion of the Orleans princes. There is nothing more relentless and more inimical to real liberty than your rampant Radical.

THERE are also changes contemplated in the Quebec Government, which, it is said, will be announced within a few days. It is satisfactory to know that, at length, the authorities are awakening to the fact that something must absolutely be done to draw the Province from its present false and precarious position.

THE convulsions of nature are spreading over the earth. After Ischia came Java, then the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, and now we are told that several earthquake shocks have been felt at Gibraltar. These commotions doubtless arise from the same cause, which will engage the earnest attention of geologists.

THE Madagascar affair is again creating bad blood. The French Government having decided to pay Rev. Mr. Shaw an indemnity in money for the losses sustained by him at Tamatave, the Paris papers are loud in their denunciation of the act, and the matter will be made the subject of an interpellation before the Chamber.

THERE is trouble brewing in the North of Ireland. Lord Rossmore, Grand Master of the Orangemen of Monaghan, calls attention to the serious state of affairs in Ulster. He says that henceforth the self-restraint of Orangemen can-

not be relied upon. He adds that if the Government allow such disloyal meetings to continue in Ulster, the result will be bloodshed, and, perhaps, civil war.

SOME minor changes have been made in the Dominion Cabinet. Hon. Mr. McPherson, resigning the Presidency of the Council, assumes the Ministry of the Interior, vacated by Sir John Macdonald, who will thus be able to devote himself more exclusively to the general policy of the Government and the administration of his party. It is meet on other grounds that the Prime Minister should be allowed a period of comparative rest.

THE new Governor-General arrived in Quebec on Tuesday, where he met with an appropriately cordial reception from the Government and people. The Marquis of Lorne delayed his departure, purposely to be present at the arrival of his successor, and will not now leave Quebec before next Saturday. Repeating the sentiments of our last issue, we extend a hearty greeting to Lord Lansdowne and a respectful farewell to the Marquis of Lorne and Her Royal Highness.

WE desire to give the advantage of the circulation of the News to the following document issued by Mr. W. D. Johnson, Manager of the Commercial Agency of Dun, Wiman & Co., on the wicked policy of depreciation which is being pursued by certain unscrupulous parties in regard to our best financial and commercial institutions:—"It is to be deeply regretted that sensational rumors and innuendos reflecting upon the collective and individual credit of our banks and merchants are daily circulated. For a month past every day has brought with it a crop of these exciting causes of uneasiness, no class of trade interests being exempt from attack. In our opinion, after gathering pretty close data at most points, there is no good reason for apprehending any general commercial distress. The conditions which lead to general weakness are largely non-existent. No one short crop will cause any great or lasting trouble. With the effect still felt of previous fair harvests in our favor, the temporary evil of one low average growth can well be endured. Commercial interests will still maintain sufficient vitality to be secure from serious interruption. Most of the stoppages we have seen have been created by the most natural causes—would occur in the best of times and carry but little real significance with them—in so far as their reflection upon a community is concerned. If such interests drop quietly out from time to time it is a positive help. Many will remember the excitement of last spring and the character of most of the concerns which went to the wall. Wonder was afterward commonly expressed that the sensations of that time should have reached the pitch they did. Within the past ten days we have been asked the most ridiculous questions about some of our oldest and strongest houses. One of the latest—a house handling a capital of several hundred thousand dollars, with a bank balance in its favor of \$50,000 or more, and with a well-managed business. Another, with a balance in its favor of near \$30,000, conservative and able to pick its custom. No censure can be too severe upon the authors of these rumors, and if created in selfish interests, they take on a coloring disgraceful and unworthy in the extreme."

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE ONTARIO PROVINCIAL TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

PRESIDENT MACMURCHY'S ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

In the remarks which through custom it now becomes my duty to address to you, I propose to confine myself to a few of those points with which we, to whom the parents of the country entrust their children for nurture in all that truly ennobles a human being, should be especially conversant.

The work to be done under any school law is threefold. First, to provide sufficient and suitable school accommodation; second, to enforce regular attendance of all children of school age at the schools thus provided; third, to adopt the necessary means to secure for the children thus assembled a complete and efficient education.

On the first object, viz., school accommodation, I do not intend to say anything, except to state that very satisfactory progress has been made, and to express the conviction, which I have had for some years past, that too much attention has been paid to the material development of the schools—and slight interest taken in the well-being of the living agent—to the detriment of the progress of the country—since it is true for all time: like master, like school.

The population of this Province of the Dominion of Canada is now over 2,000,000, and by the last annual report (1881) of the Minister of Education, the whole number of school children is 434,224. From this number deduct one-seventh for those who are not likely to be found in the public elementary schools, and we have 415,049 as the number which should be taught in these schools. I may be allowed to express a doubt as to the accuracy of the returns in regard to the number of school children in Ontario. In Great Britain the number of school children between the ages of five and fourteen inclusive, forms about a sixth of the population, but in Ontario the given number forms nearly a fourth. Another peculiarity is that while the whole population is increasing, the school population, according to the returns, is decreasing. I take the liberty of directing the attention of the inspectors to these features of our school statistics. Looking at the figures given by the annual Departmental Reports on Education, I find that for the year 1853 the daily average attendance was thirty-five per cent. of the number on the roll, for the year 1868 the daily average attendance was forty per cent., for 1880, forty-six per cent., and for 1881, forty-five per cent. So that, apparently, the annual increase in the average daily attendance has been one-half per cent. Examining the last report issued by the education authorities of the United States of America, I find that the percentage of the whole school children who attended school for the year was thirty-four, whereas the daily average percentage of the number on the roll for the same year was fifty-nine; in one city, the daily average attendance of those on the roll is reported to have been eighty-nine per cent. The school age in England and Wales is between five and thirteen; the percentage of the whole number of school children whose names were on the roll for 1881 was seventy; the daily average attendance of those whose names appeared on the roll for the same year was 88-45 per cent., and is year by year becoming higher. For Scotland, where the school age is between five and fourteen, the percentage for 1881 of the whole number of school children expected to attend public elementary schools, was sixty-six, and for those whose names were on the roll, the percentage of the daily average attendance for the same year was seventy-nine; also, as in England and Wales, this percentage is annually becoming greater. From these figures it is seen that we are far behind England and Wales, Scotland, and even the States of the neighboring Union in the matter of school attendance. The law compels the local school authorities to make provision for teaching all the school children in the country, the money has been invested for this purpose by the parents, teachers have been engaged for instructing the scholars; but though the machinery is complete in all its parts, the learners are not in the school-rooms. The financial loss, though it is not inconsiderable, is only the least part of the actual loss sustained by the people on account of the small daily average attendance of the scholars. Much more attention is required from trustees, inspectors, teachers and parents, in order to secure the average attendance which has been obtained, without much difficulty, in other English-speaking communities. It is not at all creditable to us, that our wealthy and populous Province of Ontario should be so far behind other countries existing under similar conditions, in this essential requisite of prosperous school-keeping.

Having thus briefly, but as well as may be, considered the scholars and their attendance at school, let us look at the teachers; as respects their (a) literary attainments; (b) experience in teaching; (c) length of service. It is quite unnecessary for me to state what are the conditions, both as regards literary attainments and experience gained in teaching, in order to obtain the certificates of the various grades; all these I may safely assume are well known to you. In the public elementary schools, there are 6,928 teachers engaged. By the last annual report of the Minister of Education they are classified as follows: Number of teachers holding third class certificates, 4,346; number holding second class certificates, 2,059, and number holding first class, 523; that is, the percentages of third, second, and first classes, respectively, are sixty-three, twenty-nine, and eight. You will observe, no distinction is made between County Board certificates and those issued by the Minister upon the recommendation of the Central Committee of Examiners, nor is the number of those holding permits only excluded from the third class. It is not satisfactory to observe that the number of those holding the lowest grade of certificate is continually increasing. Every legitimate facility and inducement should be afforded to teachers to improve the grade of their certificates, and to continue without interruption in the profession. To secure these worthy ends the providing of residences for teachers would be of special value, as enabling a most desirable class to remain in the service, and not only so, but the tendency of such wise and fitting provision would be the lessening of the too frequent change of masters, which in the best interests of the country we all regret so much. I found it

impossible to obtain any reliable information as to the average length of service of teachers in Ontario; I suspect it is comparatively very short. Some statistics can be given us to the longest period of service. Examining the list of those who are receiving the allowance from the superannuation fund, I find the following figures bearing upon the ages and length of service in Ontario of the recipients. Five consecutive years were taken. The average ages were 65, 65, 64, 63, 63; average length of services in Ontario was respectively for the same years, 22. From this it is manifest, either that these men began to teach somewhat late in life, or that they had taught for years somewhere else. The professional life should at the very least be fifty per cent. more. A man is only at his best as a teacher between the ages of forty and sixty or sixty-five.

We meet our scholars day in day out during the school year. What is our object? What have we in view in so far as we consciously set a definite aim before us? Is it simply to pass the time or to get a piece of bread? or to make keeping school a basis of operation for gathering money in all possible ways, by taking advantage of the legal holidays for outside business rather than, as designed by law, for reparation of energies and increase of knowledge? Must we confess that amongst the 7,000 teachers of Ontario there are some who put a noble profession to an ignoble use? Is it our aim only to give instruction in the representative subjects of reading, writing and arithmetic? We know that there are some able and zealous teachers, who devote their energies to their duty, and consider it to be the whole function of the schoolmaster. But is this so? Do we meet our whole obligation when we turn out boys and girls good readers, writers of a fair hand, and good at ciphering, expert at telling the location of different countries, etc., etc.? I ask each teacher who has given the question any thought, if he feels satisfied in his own mind that he has done his duty by the boys and girls of his school when he has dealt only with the intellectual part of their being?

Assuredly, I feel certain that I voice only the mature judgment of our efficient and zealous teachers when I give emphatically the answer No to the above question. Here I insert an advertisement which appeared in the public prints not many months since:—"A boy wanted; the boy that is wanted must be active, intelligent, cleanly in his habits, quick to learn, obedient, truthful, and, above all, must be honest." This advertisement clearly reminds us teachers that while we are to attend to the cultivation of the intellectual faculties, we are by no means to forget that if our boys are to fill the places where boys are wanted, we must with the utmost care develop, nurture, and strengthen good character. The conduct of a man, not his attainments, most concerns his fellows with whom he lives, and the nation of which he is a citizen. Many a man is honorable, faithful, and highly esteemed by those amongst whom he moves without being what is called educated. And, indeed, daily experience unmistakably shows us that a cultivated intelligence is often degraded to the worst purposes. It is therefore our deliberate aim, while giving the most earnest attention to the representative branches referred to above, also, with equal care at least, to attend discreetly and with unflagging zeal to the instruction of our scholars as to their moral obligations and duties. The training of a child should aim at the development of his whole nature, moral and religious, as well as intellectual. The being is one and indivisible; we should not attempt to split it.

Cleanliness of person, purity of manners, truth, honesty, kindness, respect for the rights of others, forbearance, carefulness, thrift, love and obedience to parents and teachers, are of great importance, and the earnest, conscientious teacher will never leave them out of view. Also, the first faint appearance of good intentions will be eagerly watched for and carefully tended, and obedience to an enlightened conscience insisted upon as the hidden spring of all right action. To do this is to claim for our noble work its rightful place, to hallow it with the special care and sanction of the Master of Assemblies. Verily, I declare unto you, brethren, that if I had the consciousness that my work in the school-room was limited by this life and the results of this life, the very spring of action and endurance would be removed. That I am accomplishing a purpose, doing a special work—how imperfectly the Master only knows. Faith is the sheet anchor by which I meet all discouragement and all disappointment, and at the same time from which I derive power to continue at the work rejoicingly. And who are they that would rob you and me of this, the source of our continuance and power in our chosen profession, the most important of callings? Every good school is more than a place for the acquirement of knowledge. It should serve as a discipline for the orderly performance of work all through life, it should set up a high standard of method and punctuality, should train to habits of organized and steadfast effort. It should be, in miniature, an image of the mighty world. And education must ever keep in view the great principle that its highest object is the mental, moral and religious elevation of the scholar, the evolution of all that is best and noblest in his powers and character. It must aim at the highest possibilities, or its results will be failure. It must not be regarded as simply ministering to our selfish ends. Here I quote the opinions of two men, whose words, I doubt not, will have much weight with us. The first is that of a scientist, an earnest and success-

ful student, an accomplished educator, Principal Dawson, of McGill University: "No education worthy of the name can overlook the religious instinct of man. It will be a fatal mistake in our science teaching if it runs counter to spiritual truths and interests. The teaching of non-religious men is cold and repulsive. The aesthetic and moral relations of nature are lost sight of. But so long as common sense remains to man, it is impossible that monism and agnosticism can be the doctrine of more than a very few eccentric minds." The other is that of our respected and much regretted Chief Superintendent of Education, the late Rev. Dr. Byerson: "There are many religious persons who think the day schools, like the farm fields, is the place for secular work, the religious exercises of the workers being performed in the one case as in the other in the home habitation, and not in the field of labor. But as Christian principles and morals are the foundation of all that is most noble in man, as well as most prosperous in a country, it is gratifying to see the public schools avowedly impregnated with these to so great an extent, thus tending to build up a comprehensive system of Christian education."

The case being so, how are we to realize this the highest function of our life work? I know of no way, and the world has not yet discovered, nor is it likely to discover, any other way but by Scripture reading and teaching of Bible precept. You will not misunderstand me, I do not ascribe any talismanic power *per se* to the reading of the Scriptures. I do recognize in the Bible a Divine gift to man for his safe guidance in this world of disappointments and triumphs. By religious and moral education I understand, not merely a set of Bible or religious lessons, or the regular and constant repetition in season and out of season of pious phrases, but the hourly training which is carried on in every lesson of the day. It should control every art. It is the constant, though often the unexpressed and scarcely conscious, reference of the conduct to the highest motives that the scholar may become self-reliant, and may be fitted to guide himself aright amidst the dangers and temptations which hourly beset his path of life. It is, in short, the preparation for the performance of the duties of life in the light of the life hereafter. Nevertheless, though this is the case, I hold Bible reading, in our Public Schools, to be of prime importance, not for the teaching of doctrine, but for the teaching and emphasizing reverently of the great truths of our common Christianity. In the achieving of this glorious purpose, I do not believe any serious obstacle would be encountered from any enlightened and truly patriotic citizen. What is required is just to do it.

In the city of London, England, this is carried out most successfully. I cite the example of the city of London, not because it has done better there than in other parts of Great Britain, but because the school population is nearly the same as in the Province of Ontario, and because what is done there seems to me quite practicable in Canada, at least in Ontario. Prizes are given annually to the scholars attending the London Board Schools, through the liberality of Mr. Peck, also through that of the Religious Tract Society. For these prizes all the pupils, who are willing, are examined each year on portions of Scripture selected the previous year. For the year 1882 the number of school children whose names appeared on the school roll for the city of London, at the date of the last examination for Scripture prizes, was 293,001. Of this number 158,134 were examined in the selected portions of Scripture for that year. "When it is borne in mind," says the Chairman of the School Board, "that all the infants, except one standard, are excluded, it will be seen that practically all the children in attendance were examined." Why should we not have a similar record for our Province? I take it, ladies and gentlemen, that this question of Scripture knowledge, moral and religious education, is the vital question for Ontario, yea, for the whole Dominion, in this and all succeeding generations.

"Who loves and lifts his fellowman,
He is the saint;
He walks with God who works for man;
Who in restraint
Holds passions close, and folly scorns,
His nights are clean and sweet his morns;
God his sweet brow with peace adorns,
And crowns the saint."

Herewith, I append the questions set the scholars at the last examination for Scripture prizes for the city of London, Eng. :-

Standard 4.

1. Write in the words of Exod. xx. God's commands against idolatrous worship.
2. In what respect was Moses fitted to be the leader of the Israelites?
3. Give in St. Paul's words to the Ephesians, the duties of parents and children, of masters and servants.
4. Give instances, from the Acts, of St. Peter's zeal in preaching the Gospel.
5. How did Christ say that all men should know who were His disciples?
6. "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Under what circumstances did Christ use these words?
7. Give three texts in which Christ is spoken of as "light."
8. In what way did our Lord teach—(1) Truthfulness in word and act, and (2) just dealing one with another?

Standard 5.

1. What does St. Paul say about—(a) Anger? (b) Evil talk? (c) Kindness one to another? And what does St. James say of "pure religion and undefiled"?
2. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." To whom and on what occasion were these words said? Give from the Bible any other instance in which they are applicable.

3. Write a short account of Absalom's rebellion against his father.
4. Write down what you remember of the Parable of the Seed growing secretly. How do you explain it?
5. In what sense did Jesus call himself—(a) The bread of life? (b) The light of the world? (c) The keeper of the sheep? (d) The true vine?
6. For what good deeds are the following persons commended in the Acts of the Apostles? Write a full account of one of them:—Dorcus, Cornelius, Barnabas.

Standards 6, 7 and upwards.

1. "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers." By whom, and when, were these words uttered? Relate what took place immediately afterwards.
2. What does St. Paul say about—(a) Anger? (b) Evil talk? (c) Kindness one to another? And what does St. James say of "pure religion and undefiled"?
3. Write out the substance of the Parable of the wicked husbandman, and give its application.
4. "Doth our law judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doeth?" On what occasion and by whom was this question asked? What answer was given?
5. Write a short account of St. Paul's journey to Rome.
6. St. Paul says to the elders of Ephesus, "The Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide with me." Show from one or two incidents in his travels that this was so.

THE SIXTH FUSILIERS.

PRESENTATION OF THE ENGLISH CHALLENGE SHIELD TO THE WINNING TEAM.

The occasion of the farewell visit of the Governor-General and Princess Louise to the city of Montreal was taken advantage of by the Colonel and officers of the 6th Fusiliers, as a fitting time on which to receive from the hands of the city's distinguished visitors the English Challenge Shield and prizes won at the last meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association by a team of the gallant Sixth. We make a few extracts from the Montreal Herald's account of the brilliant affair:

"The gallant Sixth has had the privilege of having many memorable events held directly or indirectly under its auspices, but never, we venture to say, has there been one so auspicious in the history of the regiment as that of yesterday, when the Governor-General of the Dominion and his royal wife, the daughter of our beloved sovereign, graced the regiment's gathering with their presence. Many have been the brilliant assemblages to which the Sixth have lent eclat, but the gathering of last evening was far ahead of anything that has taken place in the past, and it may be long before another regiment in the Dominion will have the same opportunity of having their muster attended by a daughter of Our Queen. In the brilliancy of the gathering, and the success of the proceedings, yesterday was a red-letter day in the history of the Sixth Fusiliers. That the regiment merits all the success that it has achieved, not even its closest rivals will deny. From small beginnings and through many difficulties it has risen from a small corps to be one of, if not the finest, representative body of the citizen soldiery of the Dominion. For the brilliant success, which it has achieved, the regiment owes much to its commanding officer, Lieut. Col. Gardner, who has been unremitting in and out of season in his efforts to make the gallant Sixth a regiment of which the Dominion might well feel proud. This end has been successfully achieved; on more than one occasion the Sixth have been the guests of a sister country, and the high encomiums that it received on these occasions were as numerous as they were well-deserved. May the gallant boys in red ever maintain the high reputation that they have by merit won, and continue to be a stimulus to other regiments to like exertions, will ever be the wish of every person who has the interests of our citizen soldiery at heart.

While the regiment was going through their drill movements, the spectators commenced to arrive, and until six o'clock a constant stream of visitors poured in until the Rink was crowded to its utmost capacity, and there must have been fully five thousand people present, among whom the fair friends of the gallant Sixth largely predominated. The scene was one of the most brilliant description. The Rink was handsomely decorated with the flags of old England, and bunting of variegated colors, to which the scarlet uniforms of the members of the regiment made a striking contrast. At the foot of the balcony, on the south side, was erected a raised dais for His Excellency and the Princess, on which was placed the challenge shield and the prizes, which the distinguished visitors had been requested to present. As the Marquis and Princess entered they were greeted with the royal salute, the colors of the regiment being lowered while the band struck up the National Anthem. On the way to the dais, the visitors were greeted with applause, every head in the vast gathering was uncovered, and the enthusiasm was very great. His Excellency and the Princess at once took their places on the dais, the Governor-General being attired in a walking habit. Her Royal Highness wore a handsome costume of black velvet. They were accompanied by Lieut.-Col. DeWinton, Major Collins, Capt. Bagot, Lord John Hervey and ladies. Having been received by Lieutenant-Colonel Gardner the visitors at once proceeded to pass up and down the line inspecting the regiment. His Excellency was accompanied by Lieut.-Col. Gardner, while Her Royal Highness was escorted by Col. DeWinton, Col. Worsley and Colonel Dyde. To Lieutenant-Colonel Gardner their Excellencies expressed themselves as highly

pleased with what they saw. The Vice-Regal party then returned to the dais, after which Lieutenant-Colonel Gardner put the regiment through a number of movements, including the marching in column, column of double companies or grand division and quarter column, the marching of the men being remarkably fine, and drawing forth the highest praise. Major Blacklock then put the men through their manual and firing exercise, which was executed with the utmost precision, and Her Royal Highness expressing a wish to see the bayonet exercise executed, the regiment was put through this manoeuvre by Major Massey, and acquitted themselves with much brilliancy, the Princess expressing herself as highly pleased. To Lieut.-Col. Gardner, in conversation, their Excellencies expressed themselves in the highest terms of praise on the appearance of the regiment, the Governor-General remarking that they looked as well as any regular regiment, while their drill was fully equal to any regiment of volunteers he had ever seen in the mother country. Her Royal Highness remarked that she did not wonder at the high encomiums which General Laard had passed upon the regiment. Her first favorable impression of it had been formed some three years ago at Quebec, and the men had fully come up to her expectations. The various movements having been completed, the regiment was drawn up in line in readiness for the presentation of prizes.

His Excellency at once proceeded to make the presentation of "The English Challenge Shield," which it will be remembered, was presented by the auxiliary forces of Great Britain for competition among the active militia of Canada. The successful team, consisting of Col.-Sergt. Waters, Sergt. Curry, Corp. Marks, Pte. J. Riddell, Pte. Phillips and Sergt. Anthony, Captain of Team, Lieut. Dennison, was called to the front and presented to His Excellency and the Princess by Lieut.-Col. Gardner.

His Excellency then presented the shield to the regiment in the following terms:—

"Col. Gardner, Officers and Men of the Sixth Fusiliers—We have witnessed the exercises of this afternoon with the greatest satisfaction. The various movements have been executed with a certainty, a steadiness and a precision that have called forth the hearty commendation of the officers around me. It gives me great pleasure therefore, to present this prize to so fine a representation of our citizen volunteers, and in doing so I may be allowed to make a few remarks in reference to the prize itself. This shield was subscribed for last year by both the active militia and volunteers of Great Britain as a prize for competition among the active militia of Canada. The volunteers of Great Britain have much the same duty as those in this country, and they are frequently called upon to make sacrifices on the altar of patriotism and suffer much pecuniary loss. The desire is that this shield will act as an emblem of the fellowship which I hope will always exist between the two forces.

The custom of musketry practice is not an old one, and the first target practice I believe took place at Malta while the troops were on their way to the Crimea. Since then rifle practice has become very common and popular in England. Some of your representatives have won high prizes at the great meetings in England and I am glad to see that there is now in Canada a central meeting at which last year there was distributed some \$4,000 or \$5,000 in prize money. Let us hope that this meeting will increase in greatness and importance and that we will see before long \$15,000 given away in prizes. This year the shield has been won by your regiment and I now present it to you, very glad that so fine a regiment as the Sixth Fusiliers has been the first to receive it."

His Excellency then handed over the shield to the regiment, after which he presented to each member a miniature silver counterpart of the shield which was pinned on the breast of each member by Her Royal Highness the Princess, who took the greatest interest in the proceedings. The prizes won in the recent regimental matches were then presented by Her Royal Highness, this being one of the few occasions on which such an honor has been granted. The presentation concluded, the regiment was drawn up in column of double companies and advanced in review order, the royal salutes being given with drooped colors.

Three ringing cheers were given for their Excellencies, after which arms were presented, the Royal salute was again given, and the distinguished visitors took their departure. This last official act in the city of Montreal of His Excellency and Her Royal Highness is one that will long be remembered with pride and pleasure by all who participated, and will help to perpetuate and increase that popularity which has been theirs since their stay in Canada, and is a fitting compliment to the whole militia of the Dominion, especially to the regiment that has been so highly honoured.

The following is the record of the members of the team who won the Shield:

- COLOR-SERGEANT WATERS.
Col. Martin's Cup, 1879.
Ladies' Cup, 1879.
Capt. South's Cup, 1879.
Aggregate Medal, 1880.
Do do, 1882.
Dominion Medal of Montreal R. A., 1883.
Wimbledon, 1882.
In the fifty in Ottawa this year.

- SERGEANT JOHN CURRIE.
Silver Cup, presented by Lieut.-Col. Martin, 1877.
Highest score of season 1878.

- Highest score of season, Silver Medal, 1879.
Silver Medal, highest aggregate matches at 500 yards, 1879.
Annual Battalion practice, 1st Prize, with a possible at 500 yards, 1879.
Silver Medal, highest score of season, 1880.
Dominion Medal, presented by M.R.A., for highest grand aggregate, 1881.
1st Prize, presented by Col. Fraser, August competition, M.R.A., 1881.
Dominion Medal, presented by G.T.R. Club, 1881.
Member of team which won the Accident Insurance Co.'s Cup, 1881.
Silver Medal, presented by Major Massey, 1882.
1st Prize, Stadacona match, at the P.Q.R.A., 1883.

CORPORAL MARKS.

- Gold Medal, 1st Prize, M. Eng. (Company), 1879.
Ald. J. McShane's Silver Cup, 1st Prize, M. Eng. Rifle Association Matches, 1879.
Brigade Major's Badge, 1st Grand Aggregate, M. Eng. Rifle Association Matches, 1879.
Gold and Silver Medal, 1st Prize, G. T. R. Association, 1880.
M. R. A. Silver Medal, 1st Prize, M. R. A., 1881.
Silver Medal, 1st Prize for highest score during year, 6th Fus., 1881.
D. of C. R. A. Silver Medal, 1st Prize, 6th Fus. match, 1881.
Governor-General's Bronze Medal, 2nd Prize, 1881.
Gold Medal, 1st Prize, highest aggregate at 500 yards at P. Q. R. A. matches. Medal presented by portion of Staff of Canadian Illustrated News, Star, Herald, Witness, and Jester, to be won twice in five years, 1881.
N. R. A. Silver Medal and Champion Badge, 1st Prize for highest aggregate score at P. Q. R. A. matches, 1881.
Q. R. A. Badge, 3rd Prize (aggregate) 6th Fus., 1881.
O. R. A. Silver Medal, 1st Prize, M. R. A., 1882.
Silver Cup, 1st Prize, aggregate, G. T. R. A., 1882.
Lieut.-Col. Gardner's Silver Cup, 1st Prize, 6th Fus. Battalion matches, 1883.
Silver Medal, 1st Prize, 6th Fus. Battalion matches, 1883.
D.C.R.A. Silver Medal, 1st Prize, G.T.R.A. match, 1883.

He was a member of the Canadian Wimbledon Team in 1882, and won a place on the Kolapore Team (8 men) which entitled him to wear a Kolapore badge and a Wimbledon badge for 1882, showing that he was a member of the Canadian Wimbledon Team for that year.

PRIVATE G. PHILLIPS

- Formerly Sergeant 8th Royal Rifles of Quebec.
Company's Medal, 8th R. R., 1879.
2nd Aggregate Stadacona Rifle Matches, 1880.
Gov. Gen's Silver Medal, 1880.
Lieut.-Gov. Medal.
Dom. of Can. R. A. Medal, 1881.
Dolan Cup, 1882.
Accident Ins. Co. Cup, 1882.
First prize 6th Fusiliers, Gold Pin, 1883.

PRIVATE J. RIDDLE

- Silver Cup, Company's Match, 1875.
" Medal, 1875.
Earl of Dufferin, Bronze Medal, 2nd Agg. P.Q.R.A., 1876.
1st Silver Medal, Dominion Match, 1876.
Gold Medal, Presented by the Montreal Herald Staff, 1876.
N. R. A. Silver Medal, 1st Agg., P.Q.R.A., 1878.
Gold Medal, Presented by the Staffs of the Can. Ill. News, Star, Herald, Witness and Jester, 1878.
D. C. R. A. Medal, 1st Agg., 1881.
Silver Medal, Presented by J. Davidson, of Hamilton, 1st Agg.
Silver Medal, Company Match, Sept. 1881.
D. C. R. A. Medal, 1st Prize, G.T.R.A., 1882.
Marquis of Lorne Bronze Medal, P.Q.R.A., 1882.
D. C. R. A. Medal, 1st Agg., 6th F., 1883.
Gold Medal (Press) 1883.
Wimbledon, 1879.
Kolapore Team, 1878.
Wimbledon, 1879, won place on Wimbledon Team for 1884.
Dolan Silver Cup, P.Q.R.A., 1883.

Sergeant Anthony, the spare man, has also a brilliant record.

Lieut. Danison, the Captain of team, is also a first-class shot and has won many prizes, and takes great interest in rifle shooting.

PERSONAL.

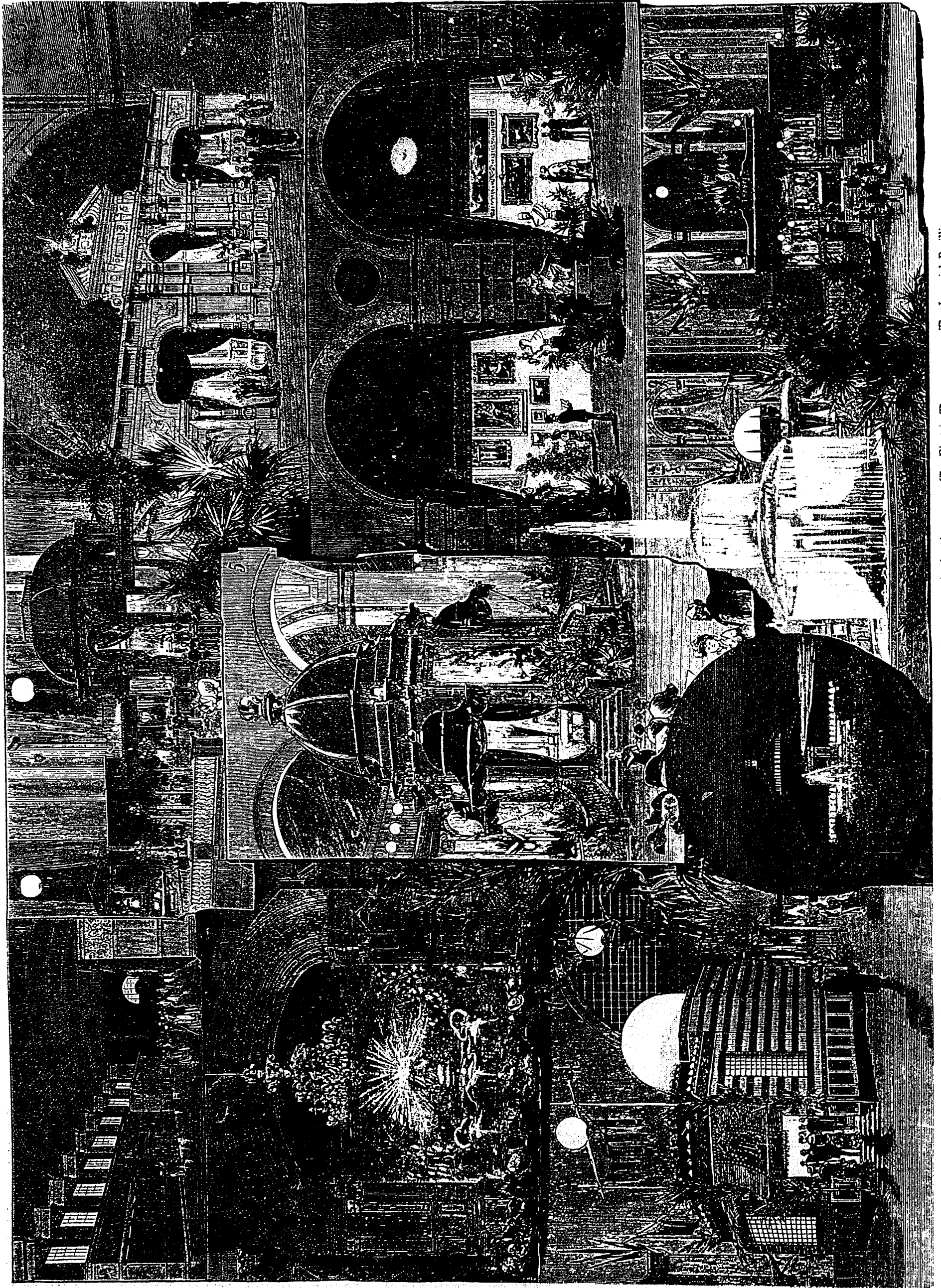
THE Oregonian says that Mrs. Miller, the mother of Joaquin Miller, was married at Portland on the 4th. She is in her sixtieth year, and the groom is only 22.

JEFF DAVIS'S book has not had a very remunerative sale. He is not rich, but fairly comfortable. He has the plantation which his brother "Joe" Davis left him below Vicksburg, which brings him something, and he has the cottage property at the seaside which a lady left him.

THE original "Orderly Book of General Howe," belonging to the period of his command in Boston during the war of the revolution, has been discovered by B. F. Stevens, of London. It contains some curious details of the campaign, and will probably soon be published.

ADMIRERS of Sir Walter Scott, and all travellers who have visited Tweedside, will rejoice to hear that the beautiful and interesting ruins of Melrose Abbey have been carefully restored during the last few weeks by the Duke of Buccleuch, to whom they belong. The nave, aisles, transepts and choir have all been overhauled, and the stone roof of the nave has been put in excellent repair.

THE following story is told concerning the origin of Hawthorne's latest and best portrait: Hawthorne, who could not endure to have his picture taken, was beguiled by Motley into the studio of a London photographer to examine some portraits. The novelist dropped into a chair, and Motley, going to the other side of the room, called his attention to some object. He looked up, with that glance of quick intelligence which his friends remember so well, and at that moment the photographer, privy to the little conspiracy, exposed the plate.



1.—Telephone Room. 2.—Pavilion of the Austrian Ministry of Public Works. 3.—Entrance to the Interior. 4.—The Electric Theatre. 5.—The Imperial Pavillion. 6.—Art Gallery. 7.—The Oriental Pavillion. 8.—The Rotunda at Night. 9.—The Rotunda in the Rotunda. 10.—The French Pavillion.

THE ELECTRIC EXHIBITION AT VIENNA.



MOSES.



ADAM AND EVE.



ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.



MICHAEL STOLZ, DIRECTOR.



JOHN.



MARY.



THE CHRIST.



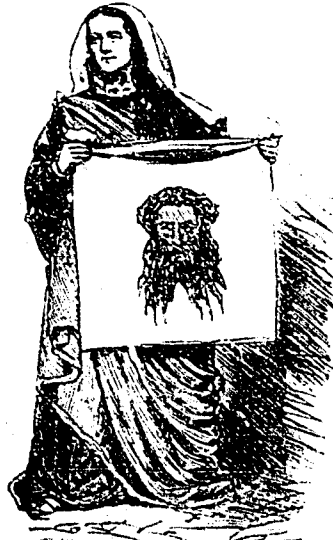
MAGDALEN.



PETER.



CAIPIES.



VERONICA.



JUDAS.

THE PASSION PLAY IN BRIXLEGG.

KIND HEARTS ARE MORE THAN CORONETS.

BY NED F. MAH.

One day in smiling Paris, at her attic window stood
A maiden with a face as fair, as her young heart was
good.

A Conservatory student. She raised her soulful eyes
Abstractedly exploring the mysteries of the skies.

Then drooping her long lashes—between the flowers
which fill
That tiny mimic garden that blossom on the sill—

She pensive gazed till she perceived, in the far street
beyond.

A squalid, ragged, wrinkled hag—a homeless vaga-
bond.

An aged crone, decrepit—feeble, and bent, and old,
Whom pangs of hunger and despair to croon a song
made bold,

Trusting long suffering charity her tuneless lay might
bless,
Pitying her effort for what seemed its very hopelessness.

Or—haply—her shrill discords some slight reward
might meet
Flung angrily, and as a bribe to "go in the next
street."

Alas! her crack and diemal voice made hideous
the day.
And all who heard her closed their hearts and hastened
on their way.

Till, fainting with protracted fast, 'neath the archway
she sank prone,
Her wan face on her lean, long arm, upon its corner
store.

With bleeding heart the student sees. Hastening to
hide each curl
Beneath a plain black kerchief, with trembling feet
the girl

Decended many storied stairs, her footsteps rendered
fleet
By her pure soul's eager purpose—to the stony-
hearted street.

Then, like incarnate Mercy, bent o'er the hag the
maid,
Touched tenderly the poor bowed head and in kind
accents said,—

"Dear friend, despair not! Aid is nigh. Arise and
take my hand,
I pray you press it now and then, and helpful by me
stand."

Then lifting up her fresh young voice, by Heaven
inspired she sang
As men dream highest angels sing, and far the full
notes rang

Clear, pure and mellow as a bird's the simple song
she trilled,
Whilst a noble heart's pulsation thro' every accent
thrilled.

The cabmen ceased their *sacrees*—their whip crack-
ing, jokes and jeers,
The way worn nags were halted and pricked their
jaded ears.

The gamins ceased their gambles, and busy men
stood still,
As by a modern Orpheus enthralled against their
will.

While from window, door and balcony pours down a
welcome shower
Of silver, gold and copper which had made a poor
maid's dower.

And thus the coy young damsel, in a noble purpose
bold,
Soon reaped a plentiful harvest, which was garnered
by the old,

Which promised food for many months—for the rem-
nant of her life!
And left her there bewildered, with sweet surprises
rife.

It seemed so like a miracle! She stood there, half in
fear
Lest, in a vision, she had seen a winged seraph near.

Her heart bewitched, her withered lips, unused to
praise or pray,
She murmured low her thanks to God—rejoiced, and
went her way.

And when the name Dronsert shall wear Fame's
diadem
This action of her student youth shall prove its
brightest gem.

KEEP MY SECRET.

I was returning to London from Paris by way of Dieppe; the month was September, the weather hot enough to make the longer sea journey seem inviting. I found myself at the station with a good half-hour to spare, and to while away the time I bought books, newspapers, fruit, emptied my pockets, arranged my notebook, and sorted my money. It seemed to me I had a good deal more French gold than I need carry back with me, and I asked a military-looking individual standing by if he knew of a money-changer handy. Yes, there was one round the corner of the opposite street, not ten doors away—he would keep an eye on my belongings, while I went so far. I started, found the house, managed my business, and returning just in time to be let out on to the platform, hurried to secure a corner seat in a carriage. When I had drawn breath it struck me I need not have been in such a bustle, for, although there was a crowd of passengers in the waiting-room, none of them came my way; apparently I was going to make a solitary journey. Not too fast, though; here come some fellow-travellers—two, a man and a young lady; they pass my carriage, come back again, hesitate, look round; and finally she gets in and he walks away, to return, however, a few minutes later, and stand chatting at the window, out of which she leans. I get a good view of the man's face—

not a pleasant one to my mind; his eyes roam uneasily about, as if looking for some one who has not come; and though the girl is talking earnestly and quickly, he seems to pay very scant attention to her.

Up comes the guard—there is a final scrutiny of tickets, a banging of doors, a shriek, a groan, a shrill whistle, and we are off—unexpectedly as it seems to my companion, for she starts up crying, "Papa! papa!" and then, "Oh, mon Dieu!" and she has sunk down on the seat in a passion of tears.

"Now I ask any unprejudiced person"—this was the way I soliloquised on the occasion—"What I have done that I should have the grief of this young Niobe forced upon me." Positively the girl seemed able to turn on taps of tears, for when she drew away her handkerchief from her eyes it was wet and sopping. An idea seemed to have occurred to her that this utter abandonment was a little out of season, for, after throwing a timid glance in my direction, she resolutely closed her hand over the ball her handkerchief was reduced to, buttoned her eyelids tight over her eyes, as if determined not to let out any more of the tears that were there, tucked up her feet, and sat silently battling with the sobs which she could not quite overcome.

I cannot now remember what it was that interested me in the paper, but something caught my notice, and I suppose for a time engrossed my attention, for the next thing I recollect was a train of thought—a travelling back into past days caused by my eyes having fallen on my fellow-traveller. She was fast asleep now, and I was able to take a good look at her. Poor child! I wondered what was the cause of her sorrow—could it be leaving that broken-down, rascally-looking father? Suddenly a vision of myself came to me, and I was living over again that day when at something about her age I had left behind all that was dear to me. Great Heaven! the agony I had endured at saying good-bye to my mother, the horrible forlornness that took possession of me, launched out into the world alone, without a creature near to care for me. The mere sight of the scar left by those sufferings stirred up my compassion to this little stranger whose feelings seemed so tender. Why, she could be barely seventeen; her face was much younger than her figure; round peachy cheeks where dimples love to linger, a rosebud of a mouth, and eyes—for at that instant she opened them—as blue as the forget-me-nots that grow by the river. Over the face there stole a little pinky flush, and then there came a timid conscious air such as a child puts on who fears it has offended you. Before I knew it I was smiling at her, and she, though still looking afraid, began to essay a half smile back. Confound it! what a nuisance that I couldn't speak better French—I should like to say something to her—but what! Happy thought! the pearls that I had provided myself with at the station! I seized the basket.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "voulez-vous accepter une?" and I held them before her. Oh! those roguish dimples, that came out in hide-and-seek all over the face as she answered: "Monsieur, I am not French, but English, like you."

"Then do have one!"—and in my haste to press them on her I gave a little jerk forward which sent the whole half-dozen rolling on the floor. Well, by the time we had picked them up, crawled under the carriage seat, humped our heads together, and were reseated a little worse for dust, we had become friends, and laughed honestly and openly each in the face of the other. It did me good to see her plunge her little pearly teeth into that pear, the skin of which I vainly entreated to be permitted to remove.

"It is so good," she said, "for I feel hungry now. There was a breakfast for me, but I couldn't eat before I came away;" and the quiver in the voice supplied the reason.

"Are you going to school?" I ventured to say.

"Well, yes and no; I am going to a school, but to teach as well as to learn there." I was silent; and after a minute she added, "At home it isn't what it used to be. Papa has married another wife. I have lost my mother—she died when I was a baby."

"Ah!" I said by way of consolation, "that is a sad loss to anybody."

She nodded her head affirmatively.

"She—the other one knows that I have nobody but papa; it is cruel of her," she said, "to send me away."

"Oh! but you must not take it like that!"—it seemed to me that any excuse that removed her from that shady-looking father's influence ought to be counted a fortunate circumstance—

"I dare say they thought going to school again might be good for you."

The rosy button was pursed up to show that its owner did not share my opinion.

"I do not believe that I speak English with such a bad accent," she said poutingly; "do you find that I do, monsieur?—what do you think?"

Because I laughed she turned away her head vexedly, the truth being that what I did think was that this was the most bewitching-looking monkey I had ever in my life come across. It was my first experience of innocent childish coquetry, and the fascination was irresistible.

"You laugh at me," she said reproachfully, "and that is what they will all do. I told papa so, and he said, no. He likes the English, that is why I got into the carriage with you; he thought perhaps you might be going the whole way—are you?"

"Yes, I am going to London."

"So am I."

"Then we shall cross together."

"Cross the sea!" She clasped her hands tightly. "Oh! I am so frightened of the sea—the thought of being alone on the water terrifies me."

"But," I said, "you won't be alone—that is if you will permit me to take charge of you."

She shook her head doubtfully. "Oh, thanks! but I should not dare to trouble you. Papa himself always gets angry with me, but I cannot help it; I say to myself, this time I will be brave; but, my foot on the ship, and, ah!"—her face expressed how her courage melted—"if I cannot find somebody who I can hold on to tight, I feel I must die."

"You shall hold on to me like grim death!" I said, laughing encouragingly. "We are due at Dieppe by two o'clock; that gives us plenty of time for a good luncheon before we start." Something in her look made me add, "Oh! you must eat; beside, you tell me you have had no breakfast—that you are hungry."

"Yes, I am; only papa said I was to go on board immediately."

"Very likely he forgot about your wanting something after this journey."

"No, I don't think it was that," she said, with shy hesitation; "but, frankly, monsieur, we are not rich; and before saying yes, I think I must count my money."

Already I had closed my hand over hers, and the shabby little purse it held, which while speaking she had drawn out of her pocket. "Now," I said, in return for the care I mean to take of you, you must do me a favor. I am an old bachelor, you must know, and very seldom get the chance of a young lady's society; whenever I do I always make it a point that she shall have luncheon with me."

"Really! but that is very nice of you."

"Oh! I'm a despot in that respect."

"But it's very fortunate for me that you are so," and she clapped her hands gayly, "for do you know that I could eat you, and I have nothing but a packet of bon-bons in my pocket to satisfy me;" and she divined her hand down in search of them. "Oh! what did I do with my money!" she exclaimed suddenly. "Ah! here it is; I get into such a fright because I think I have lost it. Papa told me to be very careful, and so I am; but I don't know where to put it."

"It often strikes me that ladies are very badly off for pockets," I said.

"But no!" and she pointed to the sides of her jacket. "I have one there, one there, and one in the skirt of my dress; how many have you?"

"Oh! the number of mine is legion;" and I pointed to my outer coat; "not that I should think of carrying my money about with me there."

"Wouldn't you? where would you put it, then?"

I took out some of the loose coin I had, and held in my hand to show her.

"What, without any purse?" she asked.

"I never carry a purse with me."

"And all the money you have you carry loose like that?"

"Yes, all that I want for daily use I do. Of course in travelling one is forced to have more about one, but that I keep in a place of safety."

"Out of sight—hidden away," she said, confidentially. "Yes, that is what I ought to have; a pocket that no one could get at; and it might be done in this lining, I should say," and she unbuttoned her jacket so that I might give an opinion.

"Perfectly; you have only to stitch a piece of stout stuff on that—don't you see?"

"Yes—it would bulge out, though."

"Not if done properly."

"Doesn't yours?" and she bent forward to see.

"No, mine seems flat enough;" and I further turned open the flap of my coat, a little amused at her curiosity. The little nimble fingers had half drawn out my pocket book; and then, looking up, she suddenly recollected herself.

"Oh, pardon! pray excuse me! for the moment I forgot—I am so accustomed to papa that—"

She hesitated, and I found nothing to say. Positively for the first time in my life the thorn that I was no longer young ran its point into me; of course a girl of that age would look upon me as her father. Why shouldn't she?

Fearing that my silence would make her think that she had offended me, I pulled the note case out and opened it wide.

"You see," I said, "that mine is a more portable form of money;" and I unfolded the roll of crisp notes that had been given me at the exchange office. But her propriety had evidently taken fright, and though she smiled at me, she cast no more than a glance in the direction of the money.

What an unaccountable being is man! full of strange surprises for himself as well as for other people. Here had I been roaming at large for six months or so, seeing every day fresh faces, and being brought into contact with women, young, pleasant-mannered, good-looking, who had made not the slightest impression on me, had failed even to whet my curiosity to the point of a king who they were, or wanting to know what had become of them, and, suddenly, after a few hours spent with this school girl, I was enslaved—charmed with her society, and felt miserable to think how soon I should have to part with her.

I expect that waiter reckoned me up to a farthing when he spoke of "madame" to me; and

didn't the fellow snigger in his sleeve at the liberal tip I gave him? At the time I was vastly amused by the idea of his supposing such a child could be a wife; and I should not like to be bound by a solemn affidavit to affirm that no blush warmed my cheeks at the supposition that it was my wife she was taken for.

It was but natural that I should give her my arm, for we were just going on board the steamer, where I had promised to take care of her; and never did bridegroom, young or old, go more fassily about from stem to stern to get every possible thing she could want, and ask after every impossible thing to obtain for her. A rug, a foot-stool, a wrap for her shoulders—for the wind blew keen, and she had no better covering than this thin cloth jacket on—nothing was forgotten; and then down I sat close beside her, as happy as any young Tom Noddy of eighteen. I quite forgot how I had valued the superiority of my simple estate on other occasions; it never entered my head to wonder what the other passengers thought of me; they might think what they pleased, I did not care—having the rug between us, and as we got further on, an extra wrap too—the enjoyment of the passing hour was enough for me; a little golden head rested on my shoulder, and every now and again there smiled up into my face two eyes of heavenly blue.

"You are not frightened?" I often whispered.

"Not a bit."

"Didn't I tell you so!—there is nothing to be afraid of on the sea?"

"Not like this there isn't," she said naively; "I should not mind going ever so far with you."

Although I did not say so, my own inclinations echoed the sentiment.

"Is my head too heavy? Am I leaning too much?" she asked anxiously.

"No; what makes you suppose so?"

"Because I hear your heart beating so quickly—that is your heart, isn't it?" and she stretched out her hand, putting with her fingers gently.

"Somewhere about that spot—at least," I added gallantly, "that is where it used to be."

"Isn't it there now?"

"Well, I am not quite sure; I was just beginning to wonder if it hadn't strayed off a little way."

"Oh, the wanderer!" she exclaimed, laughing; "I wonder how long it means to be before it comes back again."

Already on my lips I found a ready answer, which, no more than the rest of the conversation, need be set down against me; enough to tell that I sighed discontentedly as we approached the shore, and my comfort was not increased by the fact that my little companion was resolved to go on by the train which started as soon as the examination of the luggage set us free. In vain I suggested dinner or tea, and then going on by the train which followed after—she was inexorable.

"Perhaps it is arranged that some one will be there to meet you?"

"No"—she did not expect to be met by anybody.

"Then you must let me see you as far as the end of your destination in safety."

"Will you?" she said gladly—but you do not know where it is."

"I shall, though, when you tell me. I was going to ask you to give me permission to call and inquire after you. I thought perhaps that, being a stranger in London, you would let me take you to see some of the sights there."

"Oh, monsieur! but you are too kind to me."

"The lady of the school need not know how short our acquaintance has been," I went on warily; "she can suppose that I am a friend of the family."

"But certainly you are, since you have been so good a friend to me."

"Then we'll arrange our programme during our up-journey. And now to get our luggage through without delay."

"If we miss I'll meet you on the platform."

"But we shan't!" I was going to give the reason why, when the pushing crowd seemed to separate her from me, and it was not until the train was about to start that we again joined company.

"What a fright you gave me," I exclaimed, when by reason of a heavy tip to the guard we were off in a carriage without other passengers—I thought I had lost you."

"Oh, I saw you all the time. I got my box at once, and then I sat down behind some ladies and watched you."

"Was yours a wooden box painted in stripes with blue ribbon tied to the handles?"

"Yes, did you notice it?"

It was next to impossible not to, but I kept this to myself, merely saying, "Then I shall be able to spare you all trouble at Victoria Station, and when I go for my luggage I can bring yours."

"And I can keep the cab by sitting in it until you come. And now about afterwards. When you call for me what will you take me to see?"

Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkling with anticipation; it was the face and air of a happy child! looking forward to a holiday.

"How old are you?" I said irreverently.

"Just over eighteen. Last month was my birthday."

"Is it possible? Then you are quite a woman."

"They tell me I ought to be. Do you think so too?"

"I think you ought to be as you are"—I

could have added adorable, charming, lovely, but prudence withheld me; and without giving me another opportunity she launched into her history, telling me, as it seemed to occur to her, about her father, his means, his disappointments, and finally that her name was Sara de Montmorenci. In exchange she had to listen to some portions of my history; that I had when almost a boy gone to India; how I had come back, and now was about to return there. I grew quite pathetic over the picture I gave of the loneliness of my situation; and it was quite in keeping with the tender disposition of my hearer that she should take my hand and on it drop a tear. I kissed that tear away, and as I did so my eyes fell on her; her face grew aflame, and feeling it was so, with charming artlessness she covered it with her hands to hide it from me.

Ah, well! journeys such as those seem very short ones. I remember this came to an end before I thought it possible we had got more than half way. The glare from the lights of the station roused me from a delicious dream, and I had twice to tell to my little companion that we had reached the end of our journey. The fatigues of the day were telling on the poor child—she had fallen asleep, and was still drowsy.

"You are sure that you think you will know my box?" she murmured.

"I will try," I said confidently, shutting the door of the cab in which she was seated, and bidding the driver keep a sharp look-out for me; and away I went, and as I turned to go I saw her blow a kiss at me.

"I'm so sorry to disturb you."

My head was in the cab. At my heels stood an irate French woman, chattering and gesticulating about the striped box, whose heavy weight rested on the shoulders of a much-enduring porter. A great deal of what the foreign lady said was lost to me, but I was able to apprehend so much that she claimed this luggage as her own; and to settle the matter, I brought her to where I believed sat its rightful owner. Full of my difficulty, I was already launched into explanations when I perceived that the cab was empty. Upon the seat stood my sticks and umbrellas, but the place which my companion had occupied was filled by the rug only.

"The young lady has got out, I suppose," I said to the cabman inquiringly.

"Not this side, sir, or I should ha' seed her."

It was not very likely that she had got out on the other side, where carriages, four-wheeled and handoms stood crowded together.

"You told me to keep a sharp look-out, which I've done so," he added; and then, noticing that I was looking about uneasily, he suggested the waiting-room, the refreshment bar, finally, that she was looking about for me. The delay caused by these inquiries increased the ire of the French lady considerably; the porter, too, tired of his burden, began to take sides with her, joined by a near-standing cabman desirous of obtaining a fare.

"What's she a-saying to him?" "What's he brought her here for?" "Why don't ye get the station-master?"

Quite a crowd had surrounded us, into the midst of which an official appeared, asking an explanation. To the best of my ability I endeavored to give one. "Yes, but where is the young lady?" he said, after having listened.

"I left her here some minutes ago, seated in this cab. I suppose she got out, and I fear something has happened to her."

"Wait a moment, and I'll get some one to go with you and see;" and in a few minutes, in company with an individual in plain clothes for whom he sent, I was searching the place over. Not a trace could we discover—it was as if the girl had vanished. Returning to the cab, I found the guard of train waiting to corroborate the statement of the lady, who not only turned a deaf ear to the very humble apologies I endeavored to make to her, but even when driving off with the never-to-be-forgotten box beside her, continued to fling at me through the window, "Vilain, voleur, barbare."

"Would you like to leave your address, sir?" said the official, who was evidently disposed to assist me.

"I should," I answered, ready to catch at any excuse which would take me away from the small crowd, among which the wildest surmises were being bandied. "Eloped—carried off—heiress—daughter—wife," went floating past me as I walked away, confiding to my companion how I had met the young lady and what I knew of her in history.

"I am going to stay in Sackville street," I said, "I'll give you my card, and write the name of the hotel upon it."

Already my hand was in my breast pocket, in less than an instant I had flung open my coat and searched it through; and then, with a stupid gaze at the man before me, I gasped out, "I've been robbed, my note-case is gone—with my money in it."

"Young baggage! if I didn't guess as much!" exclaimed my companion involuntarily. "We've been on the look-out for her, unless I'm very much deceived. Not six months ago a seemingly similar game was played on a gentleman at this very station."

Impossible! it couldn't be.

"You are jumping at conclusions too hastily." I was beginning to recover, but his words had struck me like a cannon-ball. "I have no reason on earth to suspect this young lady," I added severely; "I have her address, and know

to whom she was going. The loss of the money is a trifle compared to her safety."

Mr. Jones—I had reason afterward to learn his name—moved his head in apology. "Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure, if I have spoken hastily," he said, "but the two circumstances seemed as you may say to fit in exactly: she was a young lady going to school, and the gentleman—taking care of her as you might be—lost sight of her in just the same way; found he'd been robbed, but wouldn't credit that 'twas she who'd taken the money from him. She was small, fair, young, with pink and white face, and a look as innocent as a baby's. Don't answer the description in any way?"—the wretch saw that I was quailing under his scrutiny—"Well, I'm glad to hear it, sir; thank you, sir"—I was turning away—"and if you should happen to want any information at any time you'll find me here ready."

"Drive to Bloomsbury Square, 209." Miss Lorimer's—that was the address given me. Need I say that the drive was a failure! Before I asked I felt assured that the name of Montmorenci was unknown—never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant had a ladies' school been kept there: "Master's lived here himself for thirty years."

There was an end then—no need for further inquiries—without a doubt I had been cheated, robbed, made a dupe of; there was nothing left but to take my quarters at the hotel and laugh at myself for my folly. But the misfortune was that I couldn't laugh, strive as I might; my heart was heavy; between me and everything I looked at a face came to distract me. Oh! the thousand mad ideas that went coursing through my brain that night, when, unable to rest and seized with some wild probability, I roamed the streets, denying to myself what had brought me out, and fearing to find what I had gone to seek. I remember on my return catching sight of myself in the glass, and I laughed outright, but not because I felt merry. Happily, as the day came on, my fever in a measure left me. Reason returned, and I could give my ear to her precepts.

I went again to the station, interviewed the wily Jones, and invited him to spend a friendly evening with me. I wanted to know about the other victim, in what manner he had been duped, and the steps he had taken. "Wouldn't take no steps at all," said Jones indignantly; "didn't care a hang for the money, all he wanted was to find her."

Just so—I knew the feeling exactly, and I fancy Jones guessed as much, for though he aimed his arrows at the dupe who was not present he took careful heed that each one should pass through me. "All false sympathy," he said at parting; "pity's thrown away on such as she, but there, gentlemen must take their way; and as it's no doubt cost a tidy sum, perhaps after all, sir, the lesson may be of profit to you."

I thanked Mr. Jones cordially; I felt very little fear that a second time I should ever fall a victim. The world of women was evidently a terra incognita to me, and henceforth, as far as possible, I must try and steer clear of them. Up to this period I had occupied a neutral position; henceforth I was armed to the teeth; my antagonism to the fair sex became a byword and a reproach to me. "Never had a thought of love in his life!" say they who know me and have never read these confessions, and by them learn what a narrow escape I once ran of not living and dying a bachelor.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

In Leghorn, on the 24th of October, 1784, Rachel, the daughter of Abraham Mocatta, gave to her husband, the merchant Joseph Elias Montefiore, his first-born son, and they named the child Moses.

If an angel had appeared to this Joseph in a dream, or had there been at hand a prophet to reveal to the parents what their child would become, not only to the race of Israel, but to the cause of human need in any creed or clime, their delight in their first-born must have deepened into a most solemn joy of thanksgiving, even without the knowledge that his life should cover with the unbroken lustre of good deeds the span of a century.

In conversation with a most courteous English gentleman, the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, gifted son and right capable delegate of the aged Chief Rabbi, I learned most of the following interesting facts.

Sir Moses, now in his hundredth year, though suffering some physical languor, retains in their full power his mental forces and all the quickness of his humane sympathies, and can find at will among the superb stores of his memory the incident or scene he wants, which he relates with eyes that sparkle as in youth. He is a tall man of majestic presence; his handsome features, unwontedly firm in repose, have the most attractive nobility when he speaks or smiles. His interest in all matters of any import to mankind continues unabated. When the recent coronation ceremonies were being arranged in Russia, he sent letters to the principal rabbis in Russia and Poland, asking that there might be festivities in their schools on coronation-day, including a sum of £10 in each letter for the purpose.

He always directs prayers to be offered in the schools of Jerusalem on the birthdays of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. The City of London College, soon to be opened by the latter at Moorfields, recently received Sir Moses's check for £500.

He has always been the friend of children; not many months ago he appeared at a charity bazaar, and bought continuously a great quantity of toys and trinkets, which he as continuously gave away right and left to the hungry-eyed little gamins who crowd around such gay scenes.

One day last May (1883), Lord Shaftesbury, meeting Dr. Hermann Adler, exclaimed: "Your great Judas Maccabæus has just sent me £98 for my Ragged Schools!" A pound for each year of Sir Moses's life. When I asked Dr. Adler to tell me in a word the sum of Sir Moses's effectiveness, he replied: "By his example he has stimulated his brethren in Europe to think of and work for their co-religionists in the East, and his sustained efforts, indirectly the origin of the 'Alliance Israelite' in Paris and the Anglo-Jewish Association here, have inspired all the exertions made during the last year to relieve and rehabilitate the persecuted Jews of Russia."

About two months ago a warm friend of Sir Moses, Mr. Alfred A. Marcus, of Boston, sent, in honor of Sir Moses, a fine harmonium to the Evelina Hospital for the Sick, in Southwark Road, founded by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, whose wife, Evelina, was a relation of Sir Moses. And as the centenary of this beloved patriarch approaches, signs are not wanting of the universal interest it excites.

A special celebration of it is under preparation at Leghorn, the city of his nativity; in Rome a rabbinical seminary about to be founded is to bear his name; and a beautiful album containing addresses voted by all the towns in Italy having Jewish inhabitants is to be presented to him. I have also heard that a celebration in his honor is under consideration in the city of New York, warmly seconded by, if not originating with, his personal friend the Rev. Dr. Isaacs, son of the Rev. Mr. Isaacs, founder of the *Jewish Messenger*; and here in England preparations are being made to celebrate worthily the interesting date.—Mrs. Z. B. GUSTAFSON, in *Harper's*.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Oct. 6.

A NOVELTY in mineral waters is called the Koni Volcanic. This must be fire-water in disguise.

A BEST book is about to be issued with this quaint title: "Not too Funny, Just Funny Enough."

MR. B. C. Stephenson, the author of "Impulse," has, it is stated, in preparation a new play for Mrs. Langtry.

THE plot of ground at Albert Gate on which Lord Rosebery was to have built his immense mansion has been acquired by the London and County Bank.

A MOST interesting book will shortly be published, namely, "The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton," by his son the Earl of Lytton.

VERY tempting announcements will be shortly made to speculators to go in for American silver mines. One silver mine, we are informed, will assay at the rate of £300 a ton.

MILLIONS will be made—yes, nothing less—by speculating in the sale of tickets for the Irving performances. Over £6,000 was netted in six hours for the first night's performance in New York.

THE City Chess Club wishes, and doubtless will be able, to get up a grand chess tournament which will bring together at least a hundred of the best players. Chess has taken a rapid stride in popularity of late.

FUR is to be greatly patronized this winter by ladies, who presume to predict that it will be cold; everything is to be trimmed with fur, and those who can afford it will be clad entirely in hirsute costume.

A DENIAL is given to the report that the Czar and the Emperor William intend to have a friendly meeting. It is useless speculating on the origin of the statement—its truth at one time, and its final abandonment.

LONDON just now rejoices in a dairy show, at which the novelty is goats. The society for their introduction into more general use has reason to be proud of its success. Thousands of cottage dwellers are, it is stated, keeping goats.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT is composing the music for the new piece which will follow "The Silver King." The music ought to be in the Byzantine style, which requires the use of all the flats and sharps, as everyone knows.

THE son of the recently-deceased Dr. Begg is the clever actor, Mr. Walter Bentley. At present he is triumphing in New York as Wilfred Denver in "The Silver King." There has been a great deal of dramatic talent in the Begg family.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been started for a testimonial to Sir Michael Costa. This means that the compliment will take the pleasant form of a cheque. Doubtless there will be a goodly array of figures on it, or one with many decorative cyphers.

IT is quoted as giving an idea of the value of dramatic works in modern days, that immediately after the first night of the "Silver King," when its success was assured, Mr. Wilson Barrett was offered £10,000 for the piece, and refused the offer.

SURELY the diplomatists are in an excited condition at the present aspect of things, else one of them would not have arrived in town minus the whole of his baggage, which he had left at the other end of his journey. The shirtless one had to get a refit in a hurry.

THERE is a rumor, a "Wilde" one, that the aesthetes have taken fitness into their favorable consideration, the fact being that some of the disciples of the meagre order have been forced into this condition, and must make the best of it they can.

A CURIOUS collection is promised, namely, a book containing fac-similes of the handwriting of actresses and fair singers, with comments on their caligraphy—of course not reflecting on the pot-hooks, but doing something in the fortune-telling and search-into-character way.

THE inventive London street-boy has found out a new pastime, namely, roller-skates for wooden and asphalt-paved streets; they rejoice in Gower street especially, which gives them a long and splendid racecourse; next lawn tennis will figure on the asphalt, with a piece of string for the net.

THE fashion of travelling about on the Thames in launches and house-barges has suggested to the Parisians that it will be a pleasant thing to do the like on the Seine, and orders have been given for the construction of pleasure steam-yachts. Perhaps the winter will be allowed to pass before the experiment is made.

A VERY pretty invention, which may be recommended to the masquer, is a scarf-pin with a real electric light in it. It is within the means of that gent, as it does not cost more than a sovereign. At present he will have to send to Vienna for one, but no doubt London tradesmen will soon be on the alert, and have a supply of this novelty.

IT is proposed to establish a Hindoo Club in London. This, with the Hindoo Institution at Wimbledon, or about that locality, will bring the Indians into potent and extensive connection with this country; a union which will be to the advantage of both, as we still consider India the brightest and most valuable gem in the diadem of our Sovereign.

LONDON lights are never to go out. That is the latest novelty (not theatrical). The gas in the principal thoroughfares and open spaces is to be turned down almost to expiring point, but not quite out. Upon the turning on of the tap the illumination is instant. It seems rather a wasteful process.

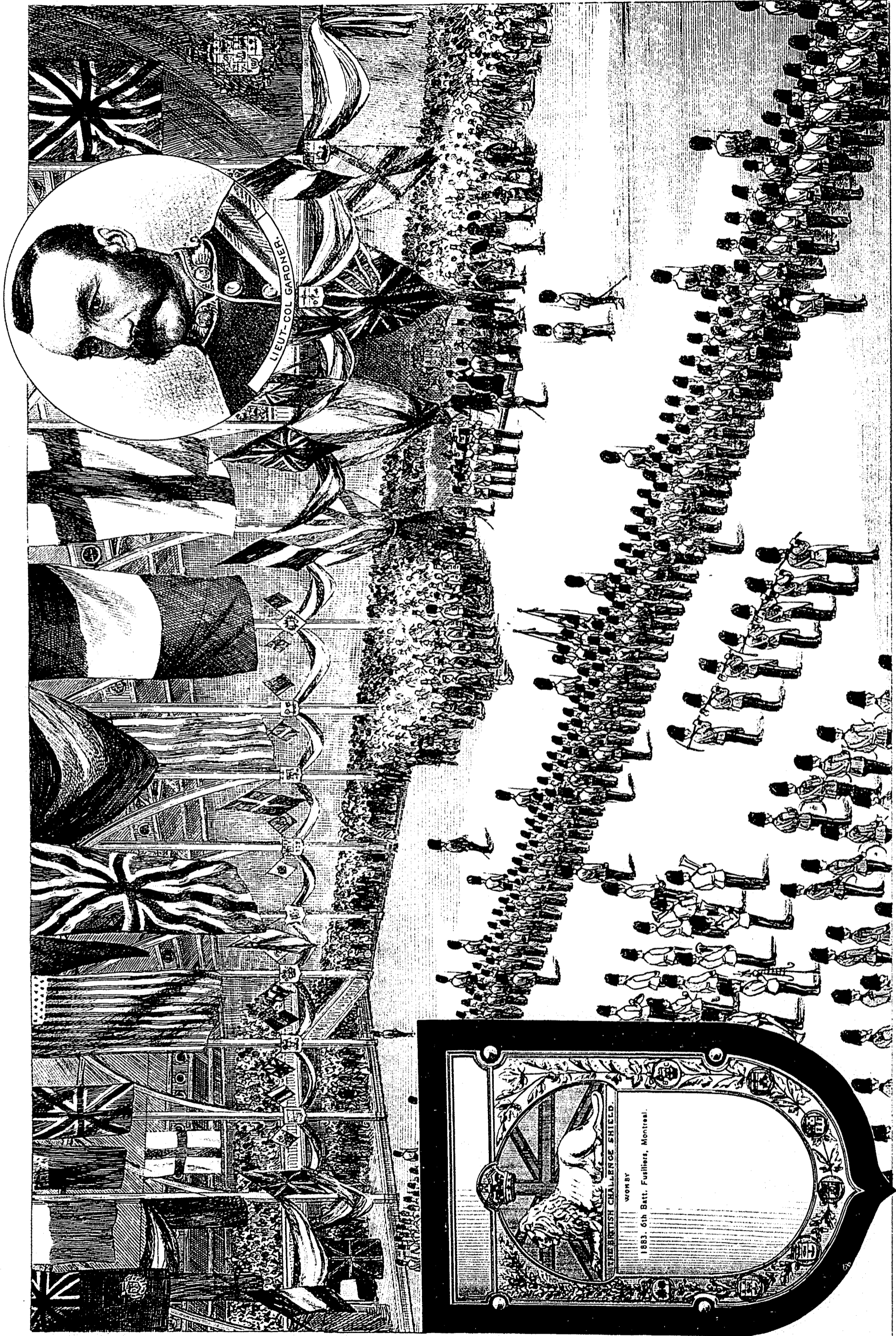
BOSTON is about to import a theatrical piece into Paris. This is ambitious, but there is a great prospect of a success, as the plot consists chiefly of lovely costumes and beautiful ballet-girls, who represent Oriental loveliness, while the scenery of the East has been painted with great magnificence of color. There is no talking done, not even to the *concierge*.

THE Americans who boast of their plain speaking in general become rather obscure when relating the doings of their aristocracy. Thus the *Newport Journal* announces that a large number of "society solids" had arrived at that fashionable watering place, while a smaller supply than usual of the "small potato squash" had "been hailed at the station."

THE Portsmouth people are anxious to have the Wellington statue erected on Southsea Common, the parade ground of the troops included in the garrison of the town. The idea has something in it to commend it. It would be easy to export the statue from that port, and no one would then be troubled any more about it. We adhere to the idea of letting it take root where it is.

GRATITUDE is not plentiful, and therefore the more pleasant to hear and read of because it is rare. Gratitude is about to be shown to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts for her endeavors to benefit the public in getting cheap fish for them. A testimonial, not a parchment one, but a gold one, has been spoken of, and the idea was discussed at a recent grand dinner. We hope it was not forgotten after the champagne had done its work.

THERE is hardly an adult person living but is sometimes troubled with kidney difficulties, which is the most prolific and dangerous cause of all disease. There is no sort of need to have any form of kidney or urinary trouble if Hop Bitters is taken occasionally.



PRESENTATION OF THE CHALLENGE SHIELD AND PRIZES TO THE SIXTH FUSILIERS BY THE GOV. GEN. AND PRINCESS LOUISE.



COL. SERGT. WATERS.



PRIVATE J. RIDDLE.



LIEUT. DENISON, CAPT. OF THE TEAM.



PRIVATE PHILLIPS.



SERGT. CURRIE.



CORP. MARKS.



SERGT. ANTHONY.

PORTRAITS OF THE TEAM WHO WON THE CHALLENGE SHIELD.

THE QUARREL OF THE WHEELS.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

I sat within my wagon on a heated summer day,
And watched my horse's flinking feet devour the
dusty way.
When suddenly a voice below shrieked out, it seemed
to me—
"You're bigger, but you cannot go one half so fast as
we."

I looked around, but no one there my straining
vision caught:
We were alone upon the road; I must have dreamed,
I thought.
Then almost at my feet I heard, distinct, a voice's
sound—
"You'll never overtake us, though you twice go over
the ground!"

It puzzled me at first, but soon the fact upon me
broke—
The fore-wheels of the wagon had thus to the hind-
wheels spoke.
I listened for the answer, and it came in accents
low—
"You're no farther now before us than you were an
hour ago!"

I waited the rejoinder, but no further answer came:
The fore-wheels were too busy, and the hind-wheels
were the same;
And though I strained my hearing much, depressing
much my head,
By fore-wheels or by hind-wheels not another word
was said.

The matter set me thinking how in life one often
knows
Of bitter controversies with the words absurd as
these:
How many claim as merit what is after all but fate,
With success that others make for them exultingly
elate.

Your wise and mighty statesman just before his
fellow set,
Strives, as fore-wheel in the wagon, farther from the
hind to set;
Rolls along in his complacency, as he thinks, to name
and fame,
To find the journey ended, his position just the
same.

The patient toiler struggles, but no inch beyond is
gained;
And he grumbles that, despite him, one position is
maintained—
Not reflecting that the Owner who can everything
control,
Bade him ever as the hindmost for a fitting purpose
roll.

Still speed along the wagon by the steady roadster
drawn,
Till ends the weary journey, and the light of day has
gone.
And all the rivalries of men, the quiet thinker feels,
Are idle as the quarrels of the fore and hinder
wheels.

THE AGE OF NEWSPAPERS.

It is difficult for a member of this generation of mankind to realize what life was before the age of newspapers. And yet for a very large share of mankind that age began very recently. It was only in the era of the Napoleonic wars that the habit of newspaper-reading became universal in the middle classes of England, and began to extend to the lower social strata. It was the War of American Independence that made the monthly intelligence of the *Scot's Magazine* insufficient for the demands of people who lived outside of London, and brought the great city newspapers to a larger range of readers. Every great crisis sufficient to produce a popular excitement has extended the influence of the newspaper, and has given it a hold which it retained when the excitement was past. Our own civil war did this for American newspapers. It gave opportunities for enterprise in the public service which were rewarded, not only by present patronage, but by permanent influence.

Yet there are heard a few voices in protest against this vast popularity of the newspaper, and they are not altogether without reason. Religious feeling for a time resisted the innovation of newspaper-reading, although the most trusted and honored among the religious poets was the first to welcome the change and to point out its significance. Cowper's "folio of one sheet" was not welcome to all who welcomed the "Task." A lady friend assures us that she heard a good man express publicly his thankfulness that he never had read a newspaper in his life. It is easy to laugh at such people, but it is well to remember John Stuart Mill's saying that while the strongest minds may be looked for in the van of progress the next strongest are to be found bringing up the rear. Side by side with this religious conservatism stands Henry Thoreau, who for years renounced newspaper-reading as inconsistent with ethical culture. Not until the Virginians hanged his friend, John Brown, did he buy one,—a *New York Herald*,—and when he had read it, he says, he washed his clothes in water and was unclean until evening!

It is beyond doubt that even the better class of newspapers may be a source of serious injury to careless readers who are not governed by strong instincts of right. The broadly indiscriminate way in which they depict the daily life of the world is not calculated to keep the great lines of right and wrong before the vision of such readers as these. Eternal and fundamental distinctions are apt to be buried under the mass of details, indeed, the best and most thoughtful readers need to be on the watch, lest this constant but passive contact of the mind with events which should awaken pity, indignation, or some other emotion, may result in diminishing the capacity for such emotions.

Then, again, the sides of life which the newspaper is apt to bring out in the boldest relief

are not those whose contemplation is most wholesome. It is the calamities, the rascalities and the acerbities of mankind that find their way most easily into its pages. Somebody once took the pains to catalogue the characters in "Hudibras," and showed that England as Butler found it was little more than a menagerie of fools, rogues and hypocrites. A moral analysis of the picture of life in a nation or a city as this is portrayed in the daily newspaper would not show such a lack of the brighter side as is found in "Hudibras," but it would show a preponderance of the darker elements which is not in accordance with the facts. This, perhaps, is unavoidable. It is precisely the darker points which lend themselves easily to the reporter's uses, while the brighter are less easily worked up into paragraphs of public interest.

It is unfortunate also that newspapers tend to foster the spirit of excitement and of unrest which pervades modern society. Their competition is to have the latest and the most extraordinary intelligence, as this is the best way to reach the popular ear. Your newsboy who offers you the afternoon paper, with the assurance that it describes "a horrible murder in the Eighteenth Ward," knows his public. The "display lines" by which the journalist seeks to attract attention to his news are a tribute to the popular craving for the startling and the exciting. This craving is not a subsidiary and unimportant passion with us. It has become a strong—almost a governing,—impulse in the cities and other business centres of America. It shows itself in the spirit of speculation in business and in the passion for intoxicants. We are not content to take life in a calm or peaceful fashion, like the great processes of nature, *nil per saltum*. We must have its changes come with telegraphic swiftness, to keep time with our nervous excitability. The climate tends to this restlessness, and the newspapers stimulate it until the quietness and patience that are the strength of wise men threaten utterly to leave large classes of our people.

Again, it may be doubted whether we do not incur intellectual as well as moral losses through the constant and especially the exclusive reading of newspapers. Coleridge quotes from Averroes a list of practices which tend to weaken the memory, such as gazing on the clouds, riding among a multitude of camels listening to a series of funny stories, and reading the epitaphs of tombstones. The common character of these acts is that they occupy the mind with a number of disconnected facts between which no logical nexus is traceable. Much of the same sort is newspaper-reading, and with much the same effects on the mind. It is easy to recall the dictum of Dr. Rush in his will that they are "teachers of disjointed thinking." The possession of a memory so good that we would call it remarkable seems to have been quite common in the earlier ages of mankind. The Hindus carried the "Vedas" and the Persians their "Zend-Avesta" across the centuries in their memories. So the Edomites preserved "Job," the Jews their early traditions, and the Greeks their Homeric epics, before the art of writing came to their aid. There still are Jewish scholars who know the wilderness of the Talmud by heart, Hindus who can repeat the "Vedas" and their commentaries, Christians who know every verse of the Bible. But none of these people are much given to newspaper-reading; they would find that altogether inconsistent with such exploits. Fortunately, the *ars artem conservatrix* brings us compensations with this loss. We do not need to know Homer by heart, as every Greek did, when for a dollar we can put a printed copy on our book-shelf. But we have lost something. There was an advantage in having stored the mind with a great work of literary art which is not balanced by the value of the lesser matters which occupy our attention. Indeed, we venture to doubt whether we have done well to wage an indiscriminate war upon the process of memorizing in education. Nothing can be said for the stupid cruelty which exacted the repetition from memory of grammatical rules and dry geographical facts. But if for these were substituted some of the great classics of the language the child would gain more by their acquisition in the memory than he will get from the most rational exposition of "subjects, not books," such as we now insist upon. Mr. Macaulay is an eminent instance of this use in memorization.

The general decay of memory, if we are right in believing that it is decaying, is more than an intellectual loss. Memory is the foundation of moral character. The degraded races of mankind are in no way more marked as degraded races than in their lack of the power of recollection. It is said that some of the Australian savages cannot recall anything that happened three days before. And the same differences reappear in the higher strata of humanity. The possession of a vigorous and retentive memory is all but indispensable to many of the social virtues; the want of it detracts from all.

Yet when all allowance has been made for the evils which grow out of a careless use of the newspaper the balance remains in favor of the practice of using them. The newspaper is the great enlarger of our intellectual horizon, the daily reminder of our bonds to the whole of human kind, the constant admonition against all selfish and narrow construction of life and its duties. It does for us in the space of to-day what the study of history may do for us in regard to the past, by lifting us out of the provincialisms and the limitations to which other pursuits tend to confine us, into sympathy with the whole of humanity.

FOOT NOTES.

THERE is to be a Liverpool of the south! Shoreham is the spot. It has been long talked of and often shelved. Now we hear there is reality in the scheme, and that a Bill is to be promoted in the next session of Parliament, by which the Brighton Railway Company will acquire property rights over Shoreham Harbour. The Bill obtained, then the work will begin.

Is the savage suddenly tameable? In the current *Cornhill* there is a story about a converted black, who comes to England, learns to be a clergyman and a gentleman, returns to Africa as a missionary to his own people with a sweet English girl for his wife, but, in a moment of frenzy, betakes himself to the life of his ancestors. His wife is so shocked that it kills her, and the reclaimed one returns to his savagery. Now, is this story psychologically true?

THE electric light, which has been provisional in the libraries and dining-rooms of the House of Commons, will during the recess become a fixed institution of the Palace of Westminster. Why it should succeed in the libraries and be excluded from the House of Commons is hard to say. Perhaps the only possible explanation is, that a stronger feeling against any innovation prevails, with regard to the House itself than with reference to any of the surrounding apartments.

THE name of the young lady has been given and the locality, so it seems a fact. It appears that she arrived at a certain railway station and gave a sewing machine to a man who, if not a porter, acted as such on this occasion, and who promised in good faith to deliver the parcel. Having received his remuneration and instructions, the bearer set out with the machine on his shoulder. It was carefully covered over with thick paper, and entirely concealed from view. While about half-way to his destination he conceived the idea that he was in danger. He thought the dimensions and weight of such a well-covered parcel were somewhat suggestive of an infernal machine, and at once proceeded to the Police Office, where he was liberated from his perilous position.

THE Bibliothéque Nationale has recovered an album of reproductions in color of architectural monuments which is believed to have been stolen from the Gaignières collection by the notorious Clairambault. Gaignières was an enthusiast who spent his life and fortune in travelling through France and collecting memorials in the shape of books, MSS. and views which were executed to his order. In 1711 he entered into a special arrangement with the crown, and received a pension on the condition of leaving his treasures to the Royal Library. He was afterwards suspected—perhaps wrongly—of making away with some of his curiosities, and Clairambault, who was appointed keeper of the collection, used his position to filch many valuable books and portfolios. The present album is interesting, inasmuch as nearly all the drawings it contains record monuments which have ceased to exist.

It is said to be a fact that many school-boys in Belgium, France and Germany are actually driven to suicide by too much study. For example, the hours at the Ecole Normale Supérieure, in Paris, are reported as follows: Five to seven a.m., study; eight to twelve, instruction; one to three p.m., study; three to half-past four, lectures; five to eight, study—the study in all cases being in a public room under supervision. This means practically that miniature school-boys are compelled to work their brains twelve and a half hours out of every twenty-four. A three years' course of this kind has produced few, if any, first-rate scholars. To counteract such evils as this the School Board of Baden, in Germany, will hereafter have the local physician as an ex officio member, whose duty it shall be to look after the physical health of the school children. The idea is most praiseworthy, and might well be adopted in many places in this country where education is supposed to be synonymous with "cramming" for examinations.

A WRITER in a London paper comments as follows on the slight knowledge of swimming possessed by English ladies: I never go to one of our "seaside resorts" without noticing how very few English women there are who appear to know how to swim. At Brighton, Eastbourne, or Scarborough, you will see dozens of girls ungracefully bobbing up and down in eighteen inches of water, but not one in fifty swimming. Abroad, on the contrary, at Trouville or Boulogne, plenty of ladies swim about in the most fearless manner. This difference I attribute entirely to our insular and idiotic prejudices. Here, the unwritten law of Mrs. Grundy decrees that no girl shall bathe with any man, even her father, husband, or brother, and the consequence is that few of them learn to swim, and many do not bathe at all. Abroad, on the other hand, where the sexes bathe together, ladies are constantly taught to swim by their male relatives. The sooner, therefore, that we supersede our ideas on this point, and allow both sexes to bathe together, the better—especially for the ladies.

GORITZ, the last resting place of the Comte de Chambord, is a little town, dull and dreary, on the borders of the Tronzo, a narrow river which rushes madly along—the only living thing in the whole place. It is celebrated in history as containing the strangely mysterious sepulchre of Attila, King of the Huns, whose

body was conveyed by his followers to Goritz, where the rapid current of the Tronzo was turned, a deep grave dug at the bottom of the river, and the remains of the cruel and pitiless conqueror deposited therein. The tide was then restored to its usual ebb and flow, and all trace of the work obliterated. Tradition declares that the great warrior lies there enveloped in his royal robe of cloth of gold, and fully armed with chain mail of silver gilt, and breastplate richly adorned with jewels. His helmet is of solid gold and the crest, composed of rubies and emeralds of untold value, represents the double eagle with open beak and outspread talons he had chosen for his emblem. His head reposes on his shield of gold and his right hand grasps the sword which none could wield but he.

THERE is one requisite of a good school which is too often omitted in the circular and prospectus. It is the sanitary condition of the rooms and premises. Very pertinently the sanitary engineer cautions parents who are sending their children away for training to make searching inquiries as to the character of house drainage, method of sewage disposal, the source and character of water supply, the ventilation of school-rooms and dormitories. It is of little use to put ideas into the mind, if poison is being infused into the lungs and blood by unsanitary conditions. High theories of ethics will avail little if they are not based on a common-sense regard for vulgar, material health. Let us have all the moral preaching which has made up the prospectus from time immemorial, but let there be added to it such pertinent items as:—"House drainage in thorough order, and ventilated in accordance with the rules of the City Board of Health;" "the school is inspected by a competent physician every month;" "water supply from a well absolutely free absolutely free from all danger of contamination." Such matters have already begun to receive, and inevitably they must become more and more prominent as the basis of health and well being is better understood.

IN Paris there is a most interesting suit of old armor, beautifully chased and wrought with rich metals, that is now a subject of considerable interest. It belongs to Mr. Spitzer, an amateur and a speculator in European antiquities, whose collection is valued at about six hundred thousand pounds, and is one of the finest in all Europe. This suit, it seems, has a curious history that is generally considered authentic. It originally belonged to Francis I. of France, and was bought by the late Sir Anthony Rothschild for one hundred pounds, and sold by him to the late Lord Ashburnham for one thousand pounds. Some years afterward a dealer in curiosities purchased it of Lord Ashburnham for four thousand pounds, and sold it within twenty-four hours for seventeen thousand pounds. Its subsequent history is even more remarkable. It was deposited by its purchaser in the B-grave Square Pantechnicon, and when that unfortunate building was destroyed by fire the armor was buried beneath the ruins. Dug out of the debris, it was sold for a few pounds as old iron. It survived, however, even this degradation; for, after undergoing a process of renovation, it was subsequently sold for twelve thousand pounds to Mr. Spitzer, of Paris, where it is said to be now on sale for twenty thousand pounds, that is, about one hundred thousand dollars.

SIRAUDIN, the vaudevillist, was a very clever playwright. His vaudevilles were sparkling and dainty. He was in all his tissues a Parisian and had a genius for setting fashions. As a tradesman he made astonishing hits. When he felt that his literary wit was subsiding he bought the confectioner's shop at the corner of the Rue de la Paix and the Rue Neuve des Augustins, where he made money so quickly that he was soon able to sell the business at a great price and retire from all kinds of mercantile enterprise. It should be added that he gave the distinction of a fine art to confectionery. What could be more distinguished than the candied orange blossoms, violets, and other sweet-scented flowers? Siraudin's shop was to the fashionable world between New Year's Day and Twelfth Night what the Boulevard Fair was to the lower orders. Sight-seers and purchasers advanced slowly through it in a queue, entering at the Rue de la Paix door and leaving by the one in the Rue Neuve des Augustins. The apparition of a new doll in the Rue de la Paix window was an event. Siraudin put an end to the reign of crinoline by exhibiting a poupée "first empire" side by side with a poupée "second empire." The first was made in the image of the Empress Josephine, and dressed in beautiful old lace and soft tissues that showed the form they seemed to hide. At once a reaction set in against the hooped petticoats, and the great trades that had been based upon them collapsed in a few months.

A VOICE FROM THE PRESS.

I take this opportunity to bear testimony to the efficacy of your "Hop Bitters." Expecting to find them nauseous and bitter and composed of bad whiskey, we were agreeably surprised at their mild taste, just like a cup of tea. A Mrs. Cresswell and a Mrs. Connor, friends, have likewise tried, and pronounce them the best medicine they have ever taken for building up strength and toning up the system. I was troubled with costiveness, headache and want of appetite. My ailments are now all gone. I have a yearly contract with a doctor to look after the health of myself and family, but I need him not now.

S. GILLULAND.
July 25, 1878. *People's Advocate*, Pittsburg, Pa.

THE LITTLE BLACK SHEEP.

BY ONE OF 'EM.

I.

We were a happy household flock,
On the pleasant Pentland hills;
And still when I think upon those days
My heart to the memory thrills.
O for the trout in the mountain beck!
The bees in the heather bells!
And the cushat's call in the summer woods,
And the silent, lonely fells!

II.

I was earliest up, and latest out,
And always in some disgrace;
'Twas a jacket torn, an unclean task,
Bare feet, or a dirty face,
Off to the woods at dawn of day,
And lost on the hills at night,
The little black-sheep of the household fold,
And always in some sad plight.

III.

I had stripes to take on every hand;
I had lessons in every book,
But nothing troubled me half so much
As my mother's sorrowful look.
And oft when the house was dark and still,
Angry and wretched in bed,
I have felt her kiss on my hot, dry lips,
And her hand upon my head.

IV.

And heard her say: "Is Jack awake?"
Then what could I do but sigh,
Fling little brown arms about her neck,
And whisper: "I'll try! I'll try!"
I'll try to learn, I'll try to be good,
Oh, mother, for your dear sake!"
And when I failed, I was sure to hear
In the night: "Is Jack awake?"

V.

Honor and gold to-day are mine;
Yet many my memory keep,
And wonder and doubt how I have won,
I, such a little black sheep,
I could not stray from my mother's arms,
Was true for her love's sweet sake,
And if I falter'd or fail'd, I knew
She would ask—"Is Jack awake?"

VI.

Now I have boys of my own to guide,
And one is idle and wild;
Do you think I forget the Pentland hills
The day when I was a child?
Ah no! Ah no! my little black sheep,
More close to my heart I take;
And when he strays, in the solemn night
I whisper, "Is Jack awake?"
And very soon his little hot hand
Seek mine with penitent sigh,
He softly says—"I want to be good,
To-morrow, I'll try! I'll try!"

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

HOW HE CONSTRUCTED NOVELS.

Under the title of "A Walk in a Wood," the late Anthony Trollope thus describes his methods of plot-making and the difficulty the novelist experiences in making the "tricky Ariel" of the imagination do his bidding:

I have to confess that my incidents are fabricated to fit my story as it goes on, and not my story to fit my incidents. I write a novel once in which a lady forged a will; but I had not myself decided that she had forged it till the chapter before that in which she confesses her guilt. In another a lady is made to steal her own diamonds—a grand tour de force, as I thought; but the brilliant idea only struck me when I was writing the page in which the theft is described. I once heard an unknown critic abuse my workmanship because a certain lady had been made to appear too frequently in my pages. I went home and killed her immediately. I say this to show that the process of thinking to which I am alluding has not generally been applied to any great effort of construction. It has expended itself on the minute ramifications of tale-telling: how this young lady should be made to behave herself with that young gentleman; how this mother or that father would be affected by the ill conduct or the good of a son or a daughter; how these words or those other would be most appropriate or true to Nature if used on some special occasion. Such plottings as these, with a fabricator of fiction, are infinite in number. But not one of them can be done fitly without thinking. My little effort will miss its wished-for result, unless I be true to nature; and to be true to nature I must think what nature would produce. Where shall I go to find my thoughts with the greatest ease and most perfect freedom?

I have found that I can best command my thoughts on foot, and can do so with the most perfect mastery when wandering through a wood. To be alone is of course essential. Companionship requires conversation, for which indeed the spot is most fit; but conversation is not now the object in view. I have found it best even to reject the society of a dog, who, if he be a dog of manners, will make some attempt at talking. And though he should be silent the sight of him provokes words and caresses and sport. It is best to be away from cottages, away from children, away as far as may be from other chance wanderers. So much easier is it to speak than to think that any slightest temptation suffices to carry away the idler from the harder to the lighter work. An old woman with a bundle of sticks becomes an agreeable companion, or a little girl picking wild fruit. Even when quite alone, when all the surroundings seem to be fitted for thought, the thinker will still find a difficulty in thinking. It is not that the mind is inactive, but that it will run exactly

whither it is not bidden to go. With subtle ingenuity it will find for itself little easy tasks instead of settling itself down on that which it is its duty to do at once. With me, I own, it is so weak as to fly back to things already done, which require no more thinking, which are perhaps unworthy of a place even in the memory, and to revel in the ease of contemplating that which has been accomplished rather than to struggle for further performance. My eyes, which should become moist with the troubles of the embryo heroine, shed tears as they call to mind the early sorrow of Mr.—, who was married and made happy many years ago. Then, when it comes to this, a great effort becomes necessary, or that day will for him have no results. It is so easy to lose an hour in mauling over the past, and to waste the good things which have been provided in remembering instead of creating!

But a word about the nature of the wood! It is not always easy to find a wood, and sometimes when you have got it, it is but a muddy, plashy, rough-hewn congregation of ill-grown trees—a thicket rather than a wood—in which even contemplation is difficult, and thinking is out of the question. He who has devoted himself to wandering in woods will know at the first glance whether the place will suit his purpose. A crowded undergrowth of hazel, thorn, birch, and alder, with merely a track through it, will by no means serve the occasion. The trees around you should be big and noble. There should be grass at your feet. There should be space for the felled or fallen princes of the forest. A roadway, with the sign of wheels that have passed long since, will be an advantage, so long as the branches above head shall meet or seem to meet each other. I will not say that the ground should not be level, lest by creating difficulties I shall seem to show that the fitting spot may be too difficult to be found; but, no doubt, it will be an assistance in the work to be done if occasionally you can look down on the tops of the trees as you descend, and again look up to them as with increasing height they rise high above your head. And it should be a wood—perhaps a forest—rather than a skirting of timber. You should feel that, if not lost, you are lovable. To have trees around you is not enough, unless you have many. You must have a feeling as of Adam in the garden. There must be a confirmed assurance in your mind that you have got out of the conventional into the natural—which will not establish itself unless there be a consciousness of distance between you and the next ploughed field. If possible, you should not know the east from the west, or, if so, only by the setting of the sun. You should recognize the direction in which you must return simply by the fall of water.

But where shall the wood be found? Such woodlands there are still in England, though, alas, they are becoming rarer every year. Profit from the timber-merchant or dealer in firewood is looked to, or else, as is more probable, drives are cut broad and straight, like spokes of a wheel radiating to a nave or centre, good only for the purposes of the slayer of multitudinous pheasants. I will not say that a wood prepared, not as the home, but the slaughter-ground of game, is altogether inefficient for our purpose. I have used such even when the sound of the guns have been near enough to warn me to turn my steps to the right or to the left. The scents are pleasant even in winter, the trees are there, and sometimes even yet the delightful feeling may be encountered that the track on which you are walking leads to some far-off vague destination, in reaching which there may be much of delight, because it will be new—something also of peril, because it will be distant. But the wood, if possible, should seem to be purposeless. It should have no evident consciousness of being there either for game or fagots. The felled trunk on which you sit should seem to have been selected for some accidental purpose of house-building, as though a neighbor had searched for what was wanting and had found it. No idea should be engendered that it was let out at so much an acre to a contractor who would cut the trees in order and sell them in the next market. The mind should conceive that this wood never had been planted by hands, but had come there from the direct beneficence of the Creator—as the first woods did come—before man had been taught to recreate them systematically, and as some still remain to us, so much more lovely in their wildness than when reduced to rows and quincunxes, and made to accommodate themselves to laws of economy and order.

They will not come at once, those thoughts which are so anxiously expected; and in the process of coming they apt to be troublesome, full of tricks and almost traitorous. They must be imprisoned, or bound with thongs, when they come, as was Proteus when Ulysses caught him amidst his sea-calves—as was done with some of the fairies of old, who would, indeed, do their beneficent work, but only under compulsion. It may be that your spirit should on an occasion be as obedient as Ariel, but that will not be often. He will run backward—as it were downhill—because it is so easy, instead of upward and onward. He will turn to the right and to the left, making a show of doing fine work, only not the work that is demanded of him that day. He will skip hither and thither, with pleasant bright gambols, but will not put his shoulder to the wheel, his neck to the collar, his hand to the plough. Has my reader ever driven a pig to market? The pig will travel on freely, but will always take the wrong turning, and then when stopped for the tenth time will head backward, and try to run between your legs.

So it is with the tricky Ariel—that Ariel which every man owns, though so many of us fail to use him for much purpose, which but few of us have subjected to such discipline as Prospero had used before he had brought his servant to do his bidding at the slightest word.

But at last I feel that I have him—perhaps by the tail, as the Irishman drives his pig. When I have got him I have to be careful that he shall not escape me till that job of work be done. Gradually as I walk or stop, as I seat myself on a bank or lean against a tree, perhaps as I hurry on waving my stick above my head till, with my quick motion, the sweat-drops come out upon my brow, the scene forms itself for me. I see, or fancy that I see, what will be fitting, what will be true, how far virtue may be made to go without walking upon stilts, what wickedness may do without breaking the link which binds it to humanity, how low ignorance may grovel, how high knowledge may soar, what the writer may teach without repelling by severity, how he may amuse without descending to buffoonery; and then the limits of pathos are searched, and words are weighed which shall suit, but do no more than suit, the greatness or the smallness of the occasion. We, who are slight, may not attempt lofty things, or make ridiculous with our little fables the doings of the gods. But for that which we do there are appropriate terms and boundaries which may be reached but not surpassed. All this has to be thought of and decided upon in reference to those little plottings of which I have spoken, each of which has to be made the receptacle of pathos or of humor, of honor or of truth, as far as the thinker may be able to furnish them. He has to see, above all things, that in his attempts he shall not sin against nature; that, in striving to touch the feelings, he shall not excite ridicule; that, in seeking for humor, he does not miss his point; that, in quest of honor and truth, he does not become bombastic and strait-laced. A clergyman in his pulpit may advocate an altitude of virtue fitted to a millennium here or to a heaven hereafter; nay from the nature of his profession, he must do so. The poet, too, may soar as high as he will, and if words suffice to him, need never fear to fail because his ideas are too lofty. But he who tells tales in prose can hardly hope to be effective as a teacher unless he binds himself by the circumstances of the world which he finds around him. Honor and truth there should be, and pathos and humor; but he should so constrain them that they shall not seem to mount into nature beyond the ordinary habitations of men and women.

Such rules as to construction have probably been long known to him. It is not for them he is seeking as he is roaming listlessly or walking rapidly through the trees. They have come to him from much observation, from the writings of others, from that which we call study, in which imagination has but little immediate concern. It is the fitting of the rules to the characters which he has created, the filling in with living touches and true colors those daubs and blotches on his canvas which have been easily scribbled with a rough hand, that the true work consists. It is here that he requires that his fancy should be undisturbed; that the trees should overshadow him, that the birds should comfort him, that the green and yellow mosses should be in unison with him, that the very air should be good to him. The rules are there fixed—fixed as far as his judgment can fix them—and are no longer a difficulty to him. The first coarse outlines of his story he has found to be a matter almost indifferent to him. It is with these little plottings that he has to contend. It is for them that he must catch his Ariel, and bind him fast; but yet so bind him that not a thread shall touch the easy action of his wings. Every little scene must be arranged so that—if it may be possible—the proper words may be spoken and the fitting effect produced.

Alas, with all these struggles, when the wood has been found, when all external things are propitious, when the very heavens have lent their aid, it is so often that it is impossible! It is not only that your Ariel is untrained, but that the special Ariel which you may chance to own is no better than a rustic hobgoblin, or a pease-blossom, or mustard seed at the best. You cannot get the pace of the race-horse from a farm-yard colt, train him as you will. How often is one prompted to fling one's self down in despair, and weeping between the branches, to declare that it is not that the thoughts will wander, it is not that the mind is treacherous! That which it can do it will do; but the pace required from it should be fitted only for the farm-yard.

VARIETIES.

WHILE we are enjoying the benefits of reduced postage, let us not forget that our esteemed citizen, Hon. Thomas L. James, helped to bring about the much-desired result at this early date while he occupied the position of Postmaster-General. "Honor to whom," etc.

THE excavations in the island of Delos, in charge of the Ecole Française of Athens, have been suspended for the present, owing to the establishment of a lazaretto in the immediate neighborhood. Important discoveries have been made in the short time during which these researches have been carried on. The ruins of a private house of the time of Alexander, which were uncovered near the Théâtre d'Apollon, included the pavement of a court in mosaics representing flowers and fish.

THE statue of Alexandre Dumas by the late Gustave Doré will be unveiled in Paris at the end of October. It is ready to be placed upon its pedestal, and nothing remains to be done now but to prepare the ground around the monument. This statue is said to be a remarkable work, marked alike by the faults and the genius of Doré. It represents the great romancer seated, in his working costume; he is writing, and the pen seems to be running in his fingers as it ran in life. On the front part of the pedestal is a group of readers; a young girl is reading a passage to a student and a workman, who are listening with rapt attention. The rear of the pedestal is occupied by a figure of Artagnan. There is an interesting series of descriptions on the work.

LAPENBERG, the summer home of the crowned heads of Austria, Rudolph and Stephanie, is a beautiful spot. It was put in its present form by the grandfather of Francis Joseph, who exhibited his taste for the picturesque by building on an island in the lake of the castle of Franzensburg, an exact counterpart of the most ancient home of the Hapsburgs in the Tyrol. To furnish the interior he almost pillaged every existing old family mansion or convent, taking from one a beautifully-carved wooden roof, or a whole chapel with marble pillars, statues, altars, etc.; from another a beautiful fire-place or a brilliant stained-glass window. The whole building was filled with old chests, wardrobes, gilt beds, etc.; so that it is now really an interesting museum, where the art of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries can be advantageously studied.

THE Canada Atlantic Railroad claims to run the fastest trains in America, from Coteau to Ottawa, seventy-eight and four-tenths miles, in one hour and thirty-four minutes, or about fifty miles an hour, making three stops. The "Flying Dutchman," running from London to Bristol, averages fifty-nine and one-eighth miles an hour for one hundred and eighteen and one-quarter miles; another Great Western train, from Paddington to Swindon, makes fifty-three and one-quarter miles an hour for seventy-seven and one-quarter miles; a German train goes one hundred and fifty-two and one-half miles, from Berlin to Hanover, at the rate of fifty-one and seven-tenths miles an hour; the Great Western's London and Peterboro train averages fifty-one and one-half miles an hour, the Northampton train fifty-one and one-half miles an hour, the Pennsylvania's fast train from Jersey City to Philadelphia forty-eight and three-tenths miles an hour, and the Reading's Bound Brook fast train forty-four and seven-tenths miles an hour.

MR. D. W. JUDD, in notes of travel in the far Western States and Territories published in the *American Agriculturist*, says: "The cheap lands are rapidly being taken. There will be none left at the end of five years' time, if they are absorbed as rapidly as they have been during the past five years. You must move quickly if you secure any more farm lands on Government grants, or at three, four and five dollars an acre from the railroads. First go out and explore the country before purchasing and taking your family with you. Explorers' tickets are still furnished by most of the railroads which have lands to sell. Take little baggage and few heirlooms with you. It costs money to transport them to the far West. Be sure and locate in a healthful locality. One after another, individual cattle ranches of Colorado, Dakota and Wyoming are being absorbed by large companies. Vast sums have been invested by Englishmen in these companies. An acquaintance who during two trips rode with us through Wyoming not long ago sold his cattle and his rancho on the Sweet Water to an English party for one hundred thousand dollars cash. The acquaintance, Tim Foley by name, has since invested this one hundred thousand dollars in and around Leadville, Colorado, and is now worth five hundred thousand dollars."

DID SHE DIE?

"No!"
"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years."
"The doctors doing her no good."
"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."
"Indeed! Indeed!"
"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A DAUGHTER'S MISERY.

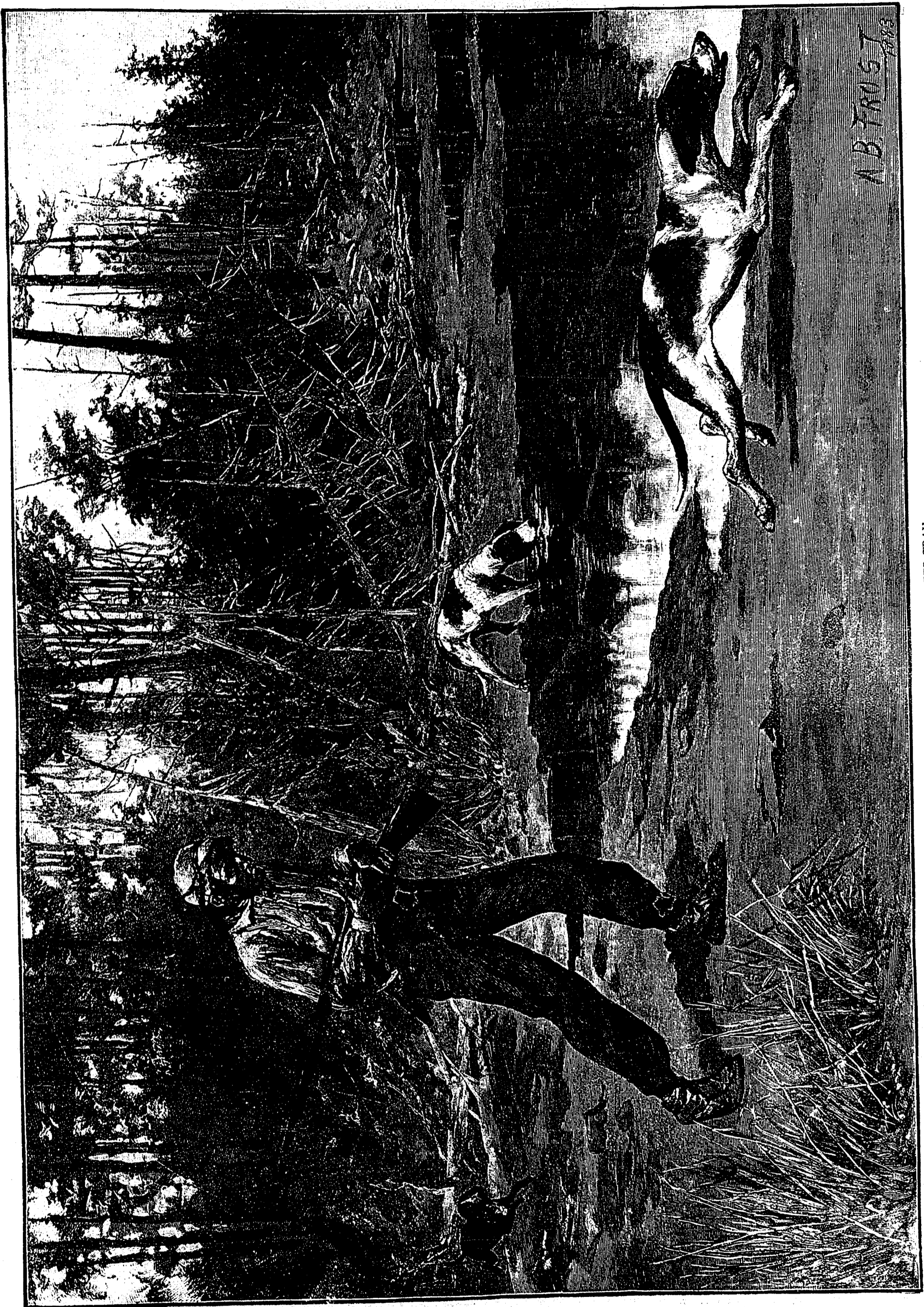
"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery
"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,
"Under the care of the best physicians,
"Who gave her disease various names,
"But no relief.
"And now she is restored to us in good health by a simple remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

FATHER IS GETTING WELL.

"My daughters say:
"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."
"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."
"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."
A Lady of Utica, N.Y.



SCENE IN THE MARKET PLACE.
THE LUTHER FESTIVAL IN WITTENBERG.



INDIANS PUTTING DOGS ON A DEER TRAIL.

"I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES."

BY W. HOYLE.

'Twas in the flow'ry month of June,
The sun was in the West,
When a merry, blithesome company
Met at a public feast.

Around the room rich banners spread,
And garlands fresh and gay;
Friend greeted friend right joyously
Upon that festive day.

The board was filled with choicest fare.
The guests sat down to dine;
Some called for "bitter," some for "stout,"
And some for rosy wine.

Among the joyful company,
A modest youth appeared;
Scarce sixteen summers had he seen,
No specious snare he feared.

An empty glass before the youth,
Soon drew the waiter near;
"What will you take, sir?" he inquired,
"Stout, bitter, mild, or clear?"

"We've rich supplies of port,
We've first-class wines and cakes,"
The youth, with guileless look, replied:
"I'll take what father takes."

Swift as an arrow went the words
Into his father's ears,
And soon a conflict, deep and strong,
Awoke terrific fears.

The father looked upon his son,
Then gazed upon the wine;
O God! he thought, were he to taste,
Who could the end divine?

Have I not seen the strongest fall,
The fairest led astray?
And shall I, on my only son,
Bestow a curse this day?

No, God forbid! "Here, waiter, bring
Bring water unto me,
My son will take what father takes,
My drink shall water be!"

A ONE-SIDED EDUCATION.

Besides not educating the boy's or girl's body side by side with the mind, or even stopping to consider whether throughout the year they progress physically at all or not, in every city, town, and hamlet of our land we provide machinery and require them to use it, which kept within reasonable bounds, has proved one of the great sources of national progress, to which we point with just pride, but which, like almost everything else that is good, may yet be so injudiciously used as to work positive harm, and that is the school system. With many of our cities doubling in population every generation or oftener, with parks and play-grounds narrowing almost annually, and many of them so well kept that the children are not allowed to use the greater part of them at all, with school yards so diminutive that half the pupils in some of the schools could not even stand up together in their own school yards, much less do any playing, in an immense number of our schools we put the boy where from five to eight hours of each day are given up to close, exacting study, often in rooms in which the air much of the time is a second-hand article, and hence unfit to breathe. It is difficult to see why, under such treatment, many of the boys are anything but hale and robust!

Maclaren, speaking of an English school-boy of whom he knew, says that his mother boasted that he studied seven hours a day regularly, sometimes eight, and then he wonders whether that boy's headaches were real or sham. But if this surprises him, what would he think of such cases as the following, which are only one or two out of scores sent to the New York press some months since, when the matter of school overwork was under discussion? One parent wrote:

"My daughter, aged fourteen, attends Grammar School No. 72, one of the best in the city, and conscientiously strives to obtain a good report. She reaches home at half past three, spends one hour at the piano, and thus studies until half past six. After supper she studies again until nine, and then retires, to rise again at six to study away until breakfast-time, after which she starts for school."

Another parent wrote that his daughter of fourteen, going through the regular course, and wishing to keep up with her classmates, "has come direct from school, and sat in her room studying usually about five hours." If Mr. Maclaren thinks eight hours of study or even seven a day ought to give a child a headache, what will he say to the ten or twelve of each of these girls? It is strange, that the father of the second one added:

"The result has been that I was obliged to take her from school, and put her under the care of a physician, who is yet treating her for no less a disease than St. Vitus's dance. Physicians and all who see her agree that her brain has been overworked."

School Commissioner Frederick W. Devoe, on investigating these and other cases, said: "I was speaking to a school trustee to-day whose daughter, a public-school pupil, is afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, the direct result of over-study. The present course of study is so elaborate that nothing more than a superficial knowledge can be gained by the pupils."

Here, then, a course of study which not only crowds out even one minute a day of attention to the body, which compels many pupils to keep their minds on the stretch, not four or five

hours daily, but often more than twice that long, and this when they are under no care or instruction out of school which begins to fit their bodies for even the present way of living, when others besides themselves must depend on them for support—this plan is found by one of the commissioners himself, after careful examination, to be "so elaborate that nothing more than a superficial knowledge can be gained by the pupils."

Is not this paying a pretty good price for a pretty poor article? If all that this injudicious, and in many cases dangerous, method of education brings to the pupil is but "superficial knowledge" after all, would it not be well to stop such a plan at once, and substitute one which will acquaint the pupil thoroughly, not superficially, with whatever he attempts to know, and will at the same time educate his body as well?

THE PAINTER MILLAIS.

Turning back toward the heart of London from this new art colony of Melbury Road, we reach, on the other edge of Old Kensington, the home of John Everett Millais, who, national in his inspiration and national in his works, lives in the high esteem of his fellows, and is to-day the very head and front of the English school of painting.

It is a remarkable career of success, that of the painter of "The Boyhood of Raleigh" and "Chill October." An infant phenomenon in art, he passed unscathed through the perils of a strange precocity. A seeker after truth, he entered the shadow and the valley of pre-Raphaelitism, and came forth not only unharmed, but stronger for his wanderings. Born in the leafy month of June, fifty-four years ago, his pencil drawings at the age of eight were sufficiently striking to greatly astonish the President of the Royal Academy of that day. At nine he won a silver medal of the Society of Arts, and at sixteen he was the author of an historical painting, "The Capture of the Inca by Pizarro," which was hung with distinction on the walls of the Royal Academy. At twenty he joined the "pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," which until his accession consisted prominently of Dante Gabriel Rossetti the poet, Holman Hunt the painter, Woolner the sculptor, Coventry Patmore the poet and essayist. A protest against conventionalism in art, this school split upon the very rock which it started to avoid. Nothing more conventional ever saw the light in the history of art than the works of the pre-Raphaelites. Their motto was "Truth," and the details of their pictures came out as if the spectator had viewed them through a microscope. Their motto was "Truth," and yet they saw no beauty in man or woman. Under their inspiration Millais painted a sentimental picture entitled "The Woodman's Daughter," and the village maiden was positively ugly. It is not necessary to dwell upon these anomalies of a school which had a foundation of good, and which undoubtedly proved a useful training for the conscientious brush of young Millais; but it is fortunate for English Art that eventually Millais flung from him the shackles of a narrow Mediaevalism of style and color, and turned his back upon "Christ in the House of His Parents," with its realistic shavings and its ascetic figures, to paint "The Order of Release," "The North-west Passage," "Chill October," and "The Cuckoo"—examples of a healthy inspiration as robust in their grand breadth of treatment as they are perfect in technique and true to nature. "The Cuckoo" is a poet's dream of English childhood; "Chill October," a dirge for dead summer-time, sung in gusty moanings by swaying reeds that shiver in the autumn winds.

In his house, as in his pictures, Mr. Millais has discarded every affectation of art and knowledge. Neither the shadow of the pre-Raphaelite nor the intensity of the so-called aesthete disturbs the general air of unpretentious prosperity that characterizes his handsome house at Palace Gate. It might be the residence of an opulent merchant of good taste, so far as any special idiosyncrasies of style or appearance go, with the exception of that tall northernmost window that looks out upon the Kensington High road, and that great "roomy" studio which it lights within. A magnificent apartment is this same studio, worthy of the man and his art—a lofty, spacious, impressive room, its dull red walls literally covered with tapestry. The mantel-piece is a block of carved marble. Above it hangs a portrait by Murillo. A polished floor is covered with soft carpets and rugs; a few cabinets; a platform for models; a majolica pedestal for vases or flowers; a blazing fire on the hearth, the light of which dwells lovingly upon a rich rug—and this is the famous painter's workshop. How the painter's appearance and manner were characteristic of his work would have struck the most careless observer. A frank, robust, fresh-looking English gentleman, above the medium height, sturdy of build, broad of shoulder, a complexion suggestive of breezy downs and hills, a rich mellow voice and a manner that of a country lord, master of fox-hounds, and owner of a thousand acres in the Midlands.—JOSEPH HATTON, in Harper's.

A PREPONDERANCE of tinsel is seen on every thing, particularly on women's heads, in the shape of craps, with silver threads throughout, Turkish muslin embroideries and feathers, all spangled with infinitesimal spots of gold and silver.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Oct. 6.

THERE is, just now, a little madness about umbrella colors. Not satisfied with the modest yellow and green, umbrellas are appearing in plaid and patchwork of variegated hues.

MR. DE LESSEPS has had a panorama of the Isthmus of Panama constructed, which, it will be understood, includes his canal, and has invited the whole crowd of interviewers to inspect it.

To make things glide along more pleasantly between Fatherland and Monsieurland the artists of Paris have commenced a crusade against the Germans who have found employment in French firms, and are now looked upon in the dual capacity of taking the bread away from the hard-working French, and assassins.

A CORRESPONDENT claims that nowhere more than on the racecourse is the public hustled by the policemen, and people having English or American ideas on the subject, are surprised to see the manner in which the track is kept clear at Longchamps, recalling the treatment of rioters more than anything else. However, it is very rare for anyone to be hurt on the racecourse in France.

A GENTLEMAN belonging to the ancient and honorable order of street beggars was taken up the other day, and facetiously complimented by the police on the quality of the lining of his breeches-pockets, that contained ready money and documents of the value of 50,000 francs, we presume cleverly shown to be his own, or the police were very innocent not to suspect him; equally innocent and fearless of robbers was the man to go about with such a little fortune on his person, and to fall into the hands of the police.

It is stated, not very authoritatively, that it is intended to take possession of the Château de Chambord on behalf of the nation. There may be some truth in it, but it seems odd after making a gift to a person that the giver should have the power of taking it back at will. When you give an umbrella to a friend it becomes his own to do as he likes with as long as its frame will hold together. It is only when you lend it to him that you hope for its return, although it must be confessed in the latter case the heart is more likely to become sick with the "hope deferred" than to be the "tree of life" promised when the "desire cometh."

PRETTY barmaids are an English specialty, and foreigners have long desired to see the institution nationalized in their countries, but they meet with a difficulty, not in getting pretty girls, but in finding girls that combine civility with attractiveness and propriety of conduct. What they have done only tends to help vice to the detriment of honest families, and the sooner this class of female servants is abolished, therefore, the better. For not only are these women *effrontées* towards gentlemen, but they are superciliously impertinent to ladies whenever accompanied by a gentleman; so much so, that wherever there are these women-waiters, ladies hesitate to enter. This is especially the case in Italy, where women who appear too much in public are looked upon with contempt by men. In time, no doubt, Italian women of the lower classes may emancipate themselves; but then they will have also learnt how to make female labor honorable in the eyes of men.

MISCELLANY.

ANOTHER effort is being made in London to introduce, within the busiest area of the city, the American messengers system. The company which has organized this service of messengers to supersede the commissionaires has not yet succeeded in obtaining much encouragement. The commissionaires are likely to hold their ground.

A REMARKABLE phenomenon, which has been observed lately at several places in the Madras and Bombay Presidencies, has caused much interest, mingled with not a little alarm among the superstitious. For some days the sun presented a distinctly green color. Several explanations have been made, of which the most plausible appears to be that offered by the government astronomer, that it is due to the passage across Southern India of clouds of sulphurous vapour from the Java volcanoes.

THE visitors to Brighton are wonderfully and fearfully dressed. All the more startling of the red tints are considered good style, and there are blues that make one feel sorry for the sky. Clawhammer coats, with short waists and tails down to the heels, are worn in plush of a kindling tint by enterprising maidens; while matrons, not to be behind, sport brocade costumes, in which huge bunches of golden flowers are the chief design. And the hats! The brims are flat, the crowns are high, with the coiffure stowed away within them. It would seem that this fashion of wearing the hair was adopted by those who last year cut off their locks to follow the mas-

culine bent of the season. Just now it is kept under cover to grow. Next year we shall perhaps see the tresses thrown across the shoulder again.

THE unique MS of Dante's "Divine Comedy," with exquisite illustrations in bistre and silver point by Botticelli, the gem of that portion of the Hamilton collection purchased by the German Government, is now in process of reproduction by the photogravure at Berlin. Although the extreme delicacy of the tones, which time has reduced to still fairer and fainter hue, may baffle absolute fidelity in the attempted fac simile, still the success which has attended the production of two or three of the illustrations is amply sufficient to justify the Berlin museum authorities in prosecuting their difficult task. It will be some time before the whole work can be completed. The system which is now finding favor with the various museum authorities throughout Europe, namely, that of publishing copies, casts, electrotypes, and so forth of their best possessions must prove to be of the highest value to other institutions.

A NOVEL wall-covering design has been introduced in London, composed of a loosely-woven, ecrú-tinted, wide canvas, tacked top and bottom to the wall, and fastened on the seams with heavy rope, giving the effect of canvas panels; the frieze, composed of a diamond network of slender rope, netted after the manner of fish seines and tacked to the wall at each intersection by galvanized iron handwrought nails, is decorated by two rows of tassels, composed of unravelled rope strands; the dado, a network of heavier rope, is divided into panels by means of ropes; a deep band of dark red and a band of lighter red, laid under dado and frieze, show through the network with pleasant effect, while ropes laid around door and window casings, and twisted at the corners and tops into trefoils, flatly applied, finish this inexpensive but handsome wall finishing. Hunting scenes fairs, players engaged in rural games, and banqueting parties are among the subjects on these canvases.

A WONDERFUL bedstead, lately finished in Paris for an Indian prince, is described as follows:—It is partly made of real silver, and cost many thousand pounds sterling. At each corner stands a beautifully modelled female figure (déesse) holding a delicately constructed fan, and wearing a wig of real hair. This is to be regularly "dressed" by the court barber once a week. On the great potentate getting into bed the weight of his body sets certain machinery in motion, the effect of which is, that so long as his royal highness enjoys his horizontal refreshment the silver maidens gently fan the sleeper. If the figures at the foot of the bed are required to exert themselves in a like manner this can be accomplished by the aid of a clock-like apparatus. Moreover, should the dusky owner of the bed wish to be lulled to slumber by the dulcet sounds of soft music this can be done by touching a spring. The bottom of the bed contains a large musical box, which is so arranged that the tunes can be loud or soft as desired.

IN the Hohenzollern Museum may be seen a small round table, which Princess Eugenia of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, née Princess of Leuchtenberg, presented to Count Stollfried, who in his turn presented it to the royal family. On it the princess had, with her own hand, painted the portraits of twenty-five Hohenzollern princes of the Hechingen-Sigmaringen and Hagerloch line, eight of whom bear the name of Eitel (this being one of the names recently given to the second son of Prince William, of Prussia), namely:—Eitel Frederick I. in 1270; Eitel Frederick II. in 1273; Eitel Frederick III. in 1302; Eitel Frederick IV. in 1370; Eitel Frederick V. in the beginning of the fifteenth century; Eitel Frederick VI. about the middle of the sixteenth century; Eitel Frederick VII. who reigned in 1573, and Eitel Frederick VIII. who succeeded Prince John George. Around the edge of the table runs the inscription:—"May truth and honesty always defeat falsehood and lies! May the stronghold always rise anew from its debris! Hail Zollern forever!"

THERE is a story, at his own expense, which the late Professor Moses Stuart Phelps used to tell with great glee. In the days when he was a graduate student at New Haven, he took a walk one morning with Professor Newton, a man who lives in the world of mathematics, and simply exists in the common world of ordinary things. Professor Newton, as is his habit, started off on the discussion of an abstruse problem. As the professor went deeper and deeper Mr. Phelps' mind wandered farther and farther from what was being said. At last Mr. Phelps' attention was called back to his companion by the professor's winding up with, "Which, you see, gives us 'x.'" "Does it?" asked Mr. Phelps, thinking that in politeness he ought to reply something. "Why, doesn't it?" excitedly exclaimed the professor, alarmed at the possibility that a flaw had been detected in his calculations. Quickly his mind ran back over the work. There had indeed been a mistake. "You are right Mr. Phelps, you are right," almost shouted the professor, "it doesn't give us 'x,' it gives us 'y.'" And from that hour Professor Newton looked upon Mr. Phelps as a mathematical prodigy. He was the first man who had ever caught the professor tripping. "And so," Mr. Phelps used often to add, with his own peculiar smile, in telling the story, "I achieved a reputation for knowing a thing I hate. It's a way many reputations are made in this superficial world."

BY THE WASHES.

We stood for a little together.
The water kissed our feet;
Around us glowed glad bright weather;
The morning and you were sweet.

is much the kind of thing that is so "riling" in the old editors, but there is very little, indeed, of it in Mr. White. His notes are shrewd, wise, indispensable.

Associated with this determination to keep the annotation within the briefest possible space, is another idea hardly less important. It may be said to be included in the great note question; but we have hitherto been considering the cases of obsolete or unusual words, the explanation of which was really the least part of Mr. White's labor, although it appears more conspicuously than his own work. Indeed, it makes the entire showing; for while the greater task was to furnish a trustworthy text the arguments through which countless questions were decided are not given. All the scaffolding is knocked away, and nothing remains but the building. This, again, was sound judgment for a popular edition. Elaborately critical editions in many volumes can be had by those who care more for disputation than for the subject of it; but the design here was different. In some other respects, however, it strikes us that Mr. White might have been profitably fuller. The historical, bibliographical and other introductory matter to the plays is rather disappointing; it is good as far as it goes, but points of true interest are often entirely neglected or treated in a very summary manner. Then we can but think it an error to dismiss the whole subject of the theatre as completely as Mr. White does in these volumes; it might be almost supposed from this edition that Shakespeare was designed for the closet, and never had any other field. And while we are upon this disagreeable quarter of our duty we must object to the familiar tone assumed by Mr. White in his introduction and in divers other places. Allusions to Dunderberg's night-shirts and such things, we modestly suggest, are out of place in the vestibule of such a careful, and perhaps lasting, piece of work. Without being hypercritical, it may be reasonably held that no publication except the admittedly ephemeral property permits the kind of contempt of fitness which Mr. White is guilty of in various places. The preface would make a very excellent magazine article. Placed as it is, with all the sound sense it now and again expresses, it is a blemish on the book through lack of dignity; at least, it certainly has passages which are blemishes.

The make-up of the book we can in most essential respects heartily praise. The body of the work is printed in a beautifully bold and clear type which is a delight to the tired eye. The arrangement of the notes, the numbering of the lines, etc., show good judgment. We should prefer fuller stage directions, but those given are printed in an italic letter which makes an excellent contrast to the text. To the slight emphasis given in a characterless type to the entrances and exits, we decidedly object. If the design was to choose a third letter which should be a contrast as well to the text as to the stage directions, the end could have been reached in ways better than the one chosen. These "vital statistics," as they may be called, of an acting play are important. A play seems to lack movement when we do not strongly realize the positions and doings of the characters; and Shakespeare is not an abstraction, to be read merely for his philosophy and his poetry. He wrote for the stage, and his stage relations should never be overlooked.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and paper to hand. Thanks.

The time for activity on the part of those who hold office in connection with chess clubs is approaching, and soon they will be expected to put things in apple-pie order for members who no longer able to enjoy out-of-door amusements, are glad to return again to the cosy comforts of the club room, a place which, for the last six months, has been almost entirely neglected. Two or three enthusiasts have, now and then, dropped in, and have occupied the accustomed corner, but even these have felt that, though quiet, the room has had a deserted look, and they will be delighted to see signs of returning life and its accompanying cheerfulness. The maintenance of a good chess club is not an easy matter, and its healthy continuance depends to a great extent upon the gradual addition to its members of young players, who may ultimately take the places of older members, whom circumstances may compel to retire. This addition depends very materially upon the following things: in the first place, the subscription should not be too large; secondly, there should be such arrangements as to give all players opportunities of meeting with antagonists at club meetings; thirdly, there should be frequent club contests, which would tend to maintain a lively interest in the game; fourthly, active exertion should be made by the officers of management to make the club room comfortable and well supplied with chess appliances; and, fifthly, regularity should be insisted on in carrying on the monthly and other business meetings.

A chess association has been formed recently in the county of Surrey, England. Its objects are the affiliation of the chess clubs of the county, the establishment of the Surrey Challenge Cup, the institution of a club trophy, the management of problem and solution competitions, the arrangement of club matches and inter-association contests, and the establishment of new clubs in the county. This is a step in the right direction, and should it be followed by many of the other counties of England, it will tend greatly to advance the interests of the game in this country.

The Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, U.S., in giving a list of twenty-two American chess columns, says that the number shows the increasing interest in, and the progress made in the knowledge and practice of chess, and adds that the game was never in greater favor than at the present time, and that its future prospects are exceedingly bright. The following is the list:—

- American, Baltimore, Md.
American Queen, New York City.

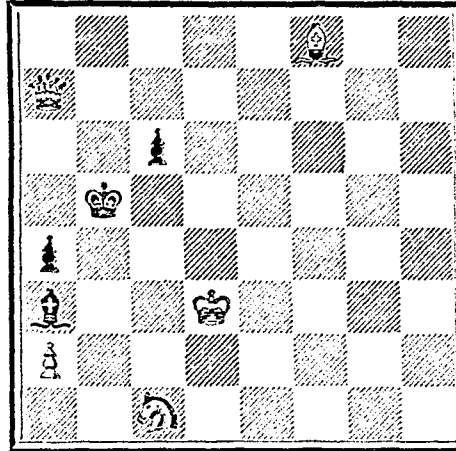
- Brooklyn Chess Chronicle, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Clipper, New York City.
Call, Newark, N.J.
Commercial Gazette, Cincinnati, O.
Free Press, Detroit, Mich.
Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, Mo.
Globe, St. John, N.B.
Herald, Elizabeth, N.J.
News, Baltimore, Md.
News, Illustrated, Montreal, Canada.
News and Courier, Charleston, S.C.
Opera Glass, Galveston, Tex.
Times, Hartford, Ct.
Turf, Field and Farm, New York City.
Telegram, Elmira, N.Y.
Times, Philadelphia, Pa.
Telegraph, Pittsburg, Pa.
Times-Democrat, New Orleans, La.
Telegraph, Milwaukee, Wis.
Trade Gazette, Louisville, Ky.

Chess matters have continued quiet, but the appearances are that the season will soon open with great heat. With the approaching visit of the renowned Mr. Zukertort, who carried off the highest honors in the great London tournament, and the proposed coming also of Messrs. Blackburne, Bird, and perhaps Steinitz, it is evident that the winter promises to be a lively one in chess circles here. Many conjectures are afloat as to possible matches between these great players, and an encounter between Zukertort and Steinitz is most anxiously looked forward to. It would be a truly grand battle, and one which we would gladly see contested on these shores.—Brooklyn Chess Chronicle.

PROBLEM NO. 456.

By R. B. Wormald.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 454.

- White. Black.
1 Q to K5 1 R takes R
2 R takes P ch 2 R takes R
3 Q mates

GAME 583RD.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT, 1883.

Played at the International Tournament between Messrs. Zukertort and Mason.

(Irregular Opening.)

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

NOTES.

- (a) Which must lead to the exchange of the Bishop against the Knight, thus leaving the opponent with two Bishops at a very early stage of the game. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the second player obtains thereby some attack.
(b) If S P takes P, White recovers the Pawn with 9 Q to K 2, for Black dare not reply P to Q Kt 4, on account of 10 Kt takes P.
(c) Making everything ship-shape for an immediate attack against the adverse King's quarters.

- (d) For both offensive and defensive purposes, for White threatens now to force the opening of the King's file, and he clears a retreat for his King.
(e) Tempting, but disastrous would be 19 Kt to Kt 5; 20 R takes P ch, K to B (best); 21 B takes Q, Kt to R 7 ch; 22 K to K 2, Kt takes Q; 23 R takes B, and White remains with a piece ahead.
(f) 20 B to B 4, B to Q 3; 21 Q to B 6 ch, K to K 2 would be in Black's favor.
(g) Threatening: R to Q 5, or R takes P.
(h) If 27 B to K 4, white wins with 28 R takes P ch, P takes R; 29 Q takes P ch, B to Kt 2; 30 B to Q 5 ch, and Black must sacrifice his Queen, for if 30 K to R, White would mate in two moves.
(i) White conducts the attack with much vigor up to this point, but here he misses the strongest continuation, viz.: 32 R to Q 7.
(j) Well played; he threatens R to K 2 and Q to R 5 at the same time.
(k) After 34 R to Q 7, Q to R 5; 35 K to Kt, B to K 4; 36 R takes P ch, K to R 3; 37 R to R 7 ch, K to Kt 4, White's game would be hopelessly compromised.
(l) A miscalculation, as Mr. Mason informed us.
(m) Of course if 37 P takes R, then 38 B to Q 3 ch, and 39 B takes R.
(n) A very pretty comp. which either disposes of the Bishops of different color or wins a pawn.
(o) If 47 B to Kt sq, then 48 R to Q 7, and White must ultimately win.—Freston Guardian.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating weir and for the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal. Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canal. Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th day of November next, for the extension of the pierwork and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galop Canal. A map of the head or upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 9th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained. A map, plans and specifications of the works to be done at the head of the Galop Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained. Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 28th Sept., 1883.

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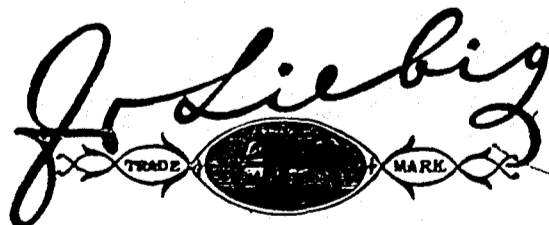
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