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NOTICE.

In order to prevent any delay in the delivery of the NEWS, or loss of numbers, those of our subscribers who change their place of residence will kindly advise us of the fact.

TEMPERATURE,

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1879			
June 5th, 1880.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon..	67°	51°	62°	85°	60°	72° 5
Tues..	71°	51°	61°	86°	68°	77°
Wed..	66°	61°	63° 5	83°	59°	71°
Thur..	64°	58°	61°	84°	50°	57°
Fri..	69°	55°	62°	88°	50°	59°
Sat..	68°	58°	63°	89°	55°	62°
Sun..	70°	53°	61° 5	87°	54°	60° 5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 12th, 1880.

FROUDE ON THE COLONIES.

Canadians are most assuredly sensitive to a degree regarding the opinions of Englishmen. If an English journalist or essayist happens to write an article in an anti-colonial spirit, there are Canadians quite ready to hold the government and people of England responsible therefor, and it is well if it does not lead to a suggestion that it is high time to cast about in our mind's eye for a new state of political existence. We have been led to make the foregoing remarks by reading the comments of a Canadian journal on a paper contributed by Mr FROUDE to the *Princeton Review* entitled, "England and her Colonies." Mr. FROUDE is of opinion that England treats the colonists as "poor relations," whom "she will not recognise as really belonging to her," and, by way of illustration, he cites the revival of the order of St. Michael and St. George as being a mark of "a distinct and inferior race of beings." On this a Canadian journalist observes that "there is sufficient truth in these remarks to compel the people of the colonies to reflect upon their actual status within the Empire," and adds, "it is hard for them (the Canadians) to be told they are 'poor relations' whom the ruling classes of Britain tolerate at a distance." Now we confess that to us it seems incomprehensible that any sane man in Canada should trouble himself for a single moment about anything that Mr. FROUDE may write or speak. It is sufficiently absurd to fret over a leading article in the *Times*, but really when Mr. FROUDE's opinions are treated as those of the English nation we hardly know what to expect next. It is a tolerably well-known fact that the revival of the Order of St. Michael and St. George was suggested by an eminent Colonial Governor to obviate the difficulty that was felt in conferring the distinction of an order of merit as a reward for services rendered to the Crown in the colonies. For the same reason the Order of the Star of India was instituted to meet the cases of persons who had rendered

services in the Indian Empire. It will be difficult for Mr. FROUDE to convince people gifted with common sense that there was any intention to mark the members of the Order of St. Michael and St. George as an "inferior race of beings," when the Queen herself and two of her sons are members of the order, and when on the occasion of its revival, among the first creations were Earl RUSSELL and Earl GREY, two noblemen who had filled the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies.

We could not have believed without ocular demonstration that a Canadian journalist could be so thin-skinned as to declare that Mr. FROUDE's remarks "convey a sense of humiliation to the people of this country which they cannot understand and certainly will not tolerate." We hope that Mr. FROUDE will not see the article in question, as we have no doubt that he would exult at the notion that he had found a raw spot in the Canadian hide, and that he would lose no time in inflicting a few more lashes. But we are told by this Canadian journalist that the "uneasy feeling engendered by a sense of the ideas so curtly enunciated by Mr. FROUDE" has been the cause of "those various propositions for reorganizing the Empire which have engaged the attention of British and Colonial politicians." On this point Mr. FROUDE, we admit, has made some very sensible remarks intended to demonstrate the absurdity of imagining that any such scheme as Imperial Federation would be entertained by the Imperial Parliament. The Canadian journalist imagines that a great number of Canadians will be disappointed at finding the Confederation scheme pronounced impracticable by so high an authority as Mr. FROUDE, but he gives a very strange reason for their being so, viz., that "they are not inclined to resign their birthright." If the enjoyment of their birthright depends on Imperial Confederation, it is rather a singular circumstance that no one has ever been found to propose any such confederation scheme in Parliament. Our own belief is that if people could be made to understand that the meaning of Imperial Federation is that Canada should assume her share of the military and naval defences of the Empire, there would be a very insignificant number indeed who would countenance it. Nothing would tend more to assist Mr. JOSEPH PERRAULT and Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH in their annexation scheme than an agitation for Imperial Federation by a considerable number of influential persons. As to the suggestion of Mr. FROUDE that England should force her population and capital into her colonies, we may observe that as regards emigration people will go to whatever country they think most advantageous to them; while as to capital it will be lent to colonists as well as to foreigners provided the security is deemed sufficient.

THE WASHINGTON TREATY.

Among the many vexed questions which the Cabinet of Mr. GLADSTONE find awaiting their decision, not the least troublesome is that of our Fisheries. Of course, the BEACONSFIELD Administration is not responsible for this, and if there were any blame attached, as there is not, it would naturally fall, like a bit of retributive justice, on the present English Premier, the Washington Treaty having been concluded during his previous government. Our American friends are very restive under these Fisheries clauses, and especially since the Halifax Conference, are using it chronically as a weapon of contention.

Conformably to a resolution recently passed by Congress, the President has sent a message to that body, accompanying a report of Mr. EVARTS, Secretary of State, relative to the now famous Fortune Bay affair. Our readers will remember that in January, 1878, some fishermen from Gloucester, Massachusetts, were attacked by the inhabitants of Fortune Bay, Newfoundland, for alleged violation

of local fishing laws, and driven away with the loss of their nets, which they had tied on the shore.

This "outrage" was made the subject of a bill of claims by the United States, to which Great Britain replied with a declination on the ground that the American fishermen had fished at a prohibited season and with forbidden instruments, in violation of the local laws and regulations. In consequence of this reply of Lord SALISBURY, Congress called upon the President for all the correspondence and other papers connected with the negotiations, and it was in compliance with that call that Mr. HAYES sent in the message just referred to.

The message of the President is brief, confining itself to an approval of the conclusions arrived at by his Secretary of State respecting the measures to be adopted to affirm the rights of American citizens and obtain a redress of the wrongs suffered by the Gloucester people. The report of Mr. EVARTS is more extensive. It contains an exposition of facts, explains the relative attitude of the two Governments, lays down clearly the American interpretations of the Treaty of Washington and suggests such measures as would imply a virtual abrogation or an immediate revision of the treaty.

There is a tone of moderation in this document indeed, as required by the usages of diplomacy, but a strong feeling is manifest, as in the passage where Mr. EVARTS hints that the British Government would seem not only to justify but to defend "the violent expulsion of our fishermen." Lord SALISBURY's despatch, certainly, gave no ground for such interpretation and we very much doubt whether Lord GRANVILLE will take another course in the premises. Of course, the subject is not of sufficient actual moment to lead to any excitement, but for that very reason, we would like to see it discussed purely on its merits, without recourse, even the most remote, to vulgar diplomatic tricks. Fortunately, the Presidential campaign will keep the whole country absorbed for the next six months, during which time the Fisheries will be clean forgotten.

IN ACCORDANCE with a general desire to mark the deep feeling of regret pervading the public mind at the untimely death of the late Hon. George Brown, a public meeting was called on the 21st May, in Toronto. It was then unanimously resolved to erect a monument to his memory, and a committee was appointed to determine on the character of the work, and take the necessary steps to carry out this resolution. The Committee at a subsequent meeting decided to adopt a monumental statue of bronze as the form of the memorial—the monument to be placed on some public grounds in or about the Queen's Park, Toronto. It was also resolved, in order that all might have an opportunity of contributing to the proposed memorial, to accept all sums however small, up to any amount which any one may feel disposed to give; and that the following gentlemen be named to assist the officers of the Committee in communicating with representative men in each electoral division, who will undertake to secure the collection of subscriptions in the several municipalities, viz: Hon. Messrs. Alex. Mackenzie, William McMaster, Adam Crooks, T. B. Pardee, and Messrs. David Blain and H. H. Cook, M. P. P. It is impossible at once to determine the character and quality of the statue and pedestal until the amount likely to be received shall have been approximately ascertained; but it is estimated that a work which will be creditable to the country, and which will present a fitting tribute to the memory of so distinguished a Canadian, cannot be erected for less than from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars. While contributions may be sent direct to the Treasurer, it is deemed desirable that local organizations should be formed to make collections in all parts of the country.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BELGIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION.—The Belgian National Exhibition is to be opened this month, for the feast of the celebration of the jubilee of Belgium's last fifty years of independence.

The building is of Græco-Roman style, and is erected on the spot named Plaines des Manceuvres, which was formerly used as a race-course, and is well known to many on this continent.

The building is made after the original plan of M. Bordiaux, and represents the principal facade of the Exhibition. It consists of two great pavilions united by a beautiful colonnade, having at its centre a gigantic "arc de triomphe." Each pavilion is eighty-five metres long, fifty-two metres wide, and forty-two metres high. These pavilions contain all the marvels of ancient artistic treasures dispersed in the Belgian museums, churches, and particular collections.

The other portions of the building cover a large space in the rear.

The general area of the constructions, without including the stables for the domestic animals (16,000 square metres), is 70,000 square metres.

H. R. H. PRINCESS BEATRICE.—The Princess Beatrice, the youngest of Her Majesty's children, was born April 14th, 1857, at Buckingham Palace. The Queen's recovery was unusually rapid. Five days later Prince Albert wrote to his stepmother: "Hearty thanks for your good wishes on the birth of your latest grandchild, who is thriving famously, and is prettier than babies usually are * * * The little one is to receive the historical, romantic, euphonious, melodious names of Beatrice, Mary, Victoria, Feodora." In a letter to King Leopold, the Queen explains how these names came to be given: Beatrice, a fine old name, borne by three of the Plantagenet Princesses; Mary, after her aunt Mary; Victoria, after the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Royal; and Feodora, after Her Majesty's sister. The infant Princess was christened at Buckingham Palace on the 16th June following, in the presence of the Archduke Maximilian, who was then about to be married to the Princess Charlotte of Belgium, and whose career opened with a brightness sadly belied by its tragical conclusion.

As the last of the Queen's other daughters was married more than nine years ago, the Princess Beatrice has been from childhood her mother's chief girl-companion, and many of us know how in such cases the hearts of mother and daughter are intertwined together, and with what a wrench even the gentle separation caused by marriage is felt. Yet it would be unkind of us even to seem to grudge the Princess Beatrice the privilege which her sisters have enjoyed, and it is to be hoped that in due time she will meet with a husband worthy of her hand. We may add that the Princess bears the title of Duchess of Saxony, and that in 1874 she received the Russian Order of St. Catherine.

THE RAILWAY UP VESUVIUS.—The ascent of Mount Vesuvius up to within a mile or so of the cone itself is not particularly laborious, and; indeed, hitherto has been usually accomplished by carriage as far as the inn below Professor Palmieri's Observatory, as there is a capital road all the way from Naples. Close by the Observatory, however, the road was wont to end, and thence would-be ascenders walked over a foot-path cut in the streams of hardened lava to the foot of the cone, where they would begin their three hours' zig-zag climb of a slope that barely takes seven minutes to descend—pestered half the way with porters anxious to carry them up on a litter—shin deep in loose ashes and crumbling scoria. Now, however, the ascent can be made with all the "modern improvements" which the ingenuity of engineers can suggest. The carriage road has been extended to the foot of the cone, and there is situated the lower station, from which the train starts for the summit, a distance, as the crow flies, of a little over a thousand yards. The upper station is built about 260 yards from the mouth of the crater, the whole return journey from Naples now costing a napoleon. The line is worked on what is termed the "funicular" system, the carriages not being propelled by a locomotive, but being drawn up and lowered by means of two endless steel ropes and a windlass, which, set in motion by a steam-engine, is placed in the lower station. The line has been constructed with great care upon a solid pavement, is planked throughout, and is believed to be secure from all incursions of lava. The wheels of the carriages are so made as to be free from any danger of leaving the rails, besides which each carriage is furnished with powerful automatic brakes, and these, in the event of any rupture of the rope, would stop the train almost instantaneously. No little difficulty was found in obtaining a water supply, but this was obviated by the formation of two large reservoirs, which may be seen on the left of the station in our sketch. The gradients throughout the line are exceedingly steep, varying from 10 in 135 to 63 in 100, the mean being 56 in 100. The ascent only occupies seven minutes, but it is to be doubted whether those who will henceforward climb Vesuvius in this manner will enjoy the hearty lunch of eggs roasted by the guides in the hot sulphurous cinders, and the deliciously-refreshing bottle of Lachryma Christi brought up from the inn below, as much as after the two or three hours' battle with the slope and the cinders which they would have to have fought before the advent of the iron way.

THE LATE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Marie Alexandrovna, Czarina of all the Russias, departed this life on Thursday, the 3rd inst., after having been for many years a confirmed invalid. She was a Princess of Hesse, with whom the then Czarwitich fell in love when he was in search of a wife at another German Court. She was married in 1841, and was mother of a large family. Domestic difficulties, probably, were the means of shortening her days, and a great deal of gossip has circulated on this score of late. The Empress returned to Russia from Cannes, where she had wintered for her health, in a measure reconciled, on the occasion of the Czar's last anniversary, but then, as it had been for a long time, her case was hopeless, and she went home to die. She was a lady of varied accomplishments and will leave a gap in the courtly circles of Europe.

PARISIAN BRIC-A-BRAC.

ARMAND is on the point of death, and without a cent in the world. "I never smoked in my life," exclaimed he fervently; "and yet, where is the money that I saved in cigars?"

AFTER hearing "Les Huguenots." "Isn't it queer! Protestants and Catholics killing each other, and a Jew (Meyerbeer) furnishing the music."

A NEW description of life. Life is a railway; the years are its stations; death is its terminus, and the doctors—its stokers.

BEGINNING of a story. Once upon a time there was a child so prodigal that all the calves fled at his approach.

TALK of party spirit. You must go to France for it.

The Municipal Council of Paris has at length turned its attention to the Jardin des Plantes (Zoological Gardens), and passed a resolution expelling all the eagles, as suspected of Bonapartism. As to the great Bengal tiger, he shall no longer be called "Royal." He shall be designated in future as the "Republican" tiger.

The opinion of Manzoni, the celebrated author of *I Promessi Sposi*, on lawyers:

"You must always state your case frankly and clearly to your lawyer. It is his business to mix it up afterward."

AN awkward visitor said to a sensible lady of a certain age:

"I wouldn't give you fifty years."
"Sir, I should be too proud to accept them."

AN eloquent word worth a volume of compliments.

Some one inquired for the address of a lady whom he wished to visit.

"She lives in Avenue ——" was the reply. "I don't exactly remember the number, but ask the first person you meet and he will tell you."

A DOCTOR had discovered an infallible remedy against the cancer. He lately undertook a splendid case, treated it splendidly and buried it ditto. Yesterday, while lecturing to his anatomical class, he said:

"Gentlemen, I am going to demonstrate to you, by the examination of the proper organs, that my patient died cured."

BETWEEN a clergyman and his dying parishioner:

"My dear friend, have you reflected on the state of your conscience, before going to render the final account?"

"Oh! it must be in a good state, as I never used it."

THE Abbé Venoisin was a courtly diplomatist. He once called upon the Prince de Conti, who, being in bad humour, turned his back on him.

"Ah, Monseigneur," murmured the Abbé, "I had been told that you were ill-disposed toward me, but am delighted to know the contrary."

"Contrary! How so?"

"Because your Highness never turns his back upon an enemy."

SOME men are born financiers.

A youngster, studying his sacred history, came to the story of Joseph and his brethren.

"Were the brothers greatly to blame?" asked the father.

"Yes, sir, they were greatly to blame."

"Why so?"

"They sold Joseph too cheap."

AN ancient magistrate, having become mayor of his commune, gave the civil blessing enjoined by law to a young couple. After having asked the sacramental question:

"Mademoiselle —, do you consent to take for your husband Mr. —, here present?"

"Yes, sir."

The ancient magistrate turned to the young man, and, mindful of his former functions, said, with great gravity:

"Prisoner, what have you to say why sentence should not be pronounced on you?" LACLEDE.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, May 31.—Bismarck proposes to transfer the German customs frontier from Hamburg to Cuxhaven, seventy miles nearer the sea, at the mouth of the Elbe.—Precautionary measures have been taken in British Burma to prevent the insurgents crossing the frontier, it being feared that they intend to enter Aracan.—Abdul Rahman's reply to the British Government has been received, but nothing definite has yet been settled; it is feared Russian influence is being brought to bear on him.—A vessel recently arrived at Queenstown, from Demerara, reports having passed a raft about 300 miles south-west of the Bermudas, which, from its construction, appeared to be made on board a man-of-war.

TUESDAY, June 1.—The Canada Club in London gave a banquet last night to Sir Alex. Galt.—The French Tariff Commission recommend increased duties on imported cattle.—Renewed appeals are made for the famine-stricken districts of Kurdistan, Armenia and Western Persia.—A London cable says the captain of the Canadian cricket team has been arrested as a deserter from the Royal Horse Guards some years ago.

WEDNESDAY, June 2.—The Canadian Wimbledon team will be commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Williams, M.P., of Port Hope, with Major Macpherson, of the Foot Guards, Ottawa, as second officer.—It is expected that the Prince of Wales Rifes, Montreal, will visit Ottawa on Dominion Day. They will be entertained by the Governor-General's Foot Guards during their stay.—The Hon. Geo. F. Hoar has been elected temporary Chairman of the Republican National Convention at Chicago. He is regarded as friendly to Senator Edmunds.—The jury in the case of Charles Demont, ex-Treasurer of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, charged with the embezzlement of \$50,000, has disagreed. This was the second trial and will probably be the last.—The American Union Telegraph Company has completed contracts with the Pennsylvania Company and the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway Company for telegraphic privileges along the lines of the two Companies, the same as the Western Union enjoys.

THURSDAY, June 3.—The King of Greece is in London.—The French man-of-war *Clorinde* has arrived at Halifax.—The Empress of Russia died yesterday after a long and painful illness.—Nothing of importance occurred in the Argentine election trial yesterday.—The preliminary working of the tunnel connecting England and France has been satisfactory.—The Republican Convention at Chicago has not yet reached a ballot.

FRIDAY, June 4.—It is reported that the Russians have been repulsed by the Chinese.—The Parnell Land Bill has been introduced into the British House of Commons.—Henri Rochefort, wounded in a duel on Thursday, is in a precarious condition.—H. R. H. Prince Leopold occupied a seat on the platform at the Republican convention in Chicago yesterday.—The articles of agreement for the Hawaiian-Trickett match have been signed. The race will take place on the Thames, on the 15th of November.—The lacrosse convention met in Toronto yesterday; the name was changed to "The National Amateur Lacrosse Association of Canada." Major Stevenson, of Montreal, was elected President.

SATURDAY, June 5.—Henri Rochefort is much worse.—"Robert the Devil" won the Grand Prix de Paris yesterday.—The hostility to Mr. Geschen in Constantinople is said to be increasing, and intrigues are reported.—Her Majesty is expected to be present at the volunteer review in Hyde Park, in which 50,000 troops will participate.—The Sultan of Turkey has promised to assist the English Government in accomplishing the desired reforms in Turkey.—A great land meeting was held at Clonen, Tipperary County, Ireland, yesterday. The Government reporters were ejected from the platform.

VARIETIES.

VISIT OF PRINCE LEOPOLD.—His Royal Highness Prince Leopold is making good use of his time in his visit to Canada. He has wisely relieved himself of the delays which would be occasioned by the presentation of addresses, and other ceremonial observances, and is, therefore, more at liberty to travel freely and quickly. After spending a few days in Quebec, witnessing the principal sights of that ancient citadel, he passed on to Montreal, where he was courteously received, and with which he was particularly charmed. From Montreal he proceeded to Ottawa, and there he inspected the Government Buildings, and other attractions of the capital, and had pleasant intercourse with Sir Edward Selby Smyth and several members of the Dominion Cabinet. On Friday night he left Ottawa for Toronto, and at the Prescott Junction was joined by the Princess Louise. The party arrived in Toronto on Saturday morning, and were met at the station by a number of official persons. During the day they visited the General Hospital, and several other prominent places and buildings. On Sunday morning they attended divine service in St. James Cathedral, and received a few visits during the day. From Toronto they went on Tuesday to Niagara Falls; and thence they went to Chicago and Milwaukee, but no further, the trip to San Francisco having been abandoned. With what he has seen the Prince expresses himself as particularly pleased.

FEMALE FIDDLERS.—A remarkable revolution in public sentiment is strikingly indicated by the fact that, in one of the May magazines, we find a titled writer, Lady Lindsay of Balcarres, giving instructions to the ladies how to play the violin. It is not very long since the fiddle was deemed an "unladylike" instrument—ungraceful, and, indeed, altogether impossible for women. Lady Lindsay says she has known girls of whom it was darkly hinted that they played the violin, as it might be said that they smoked cigars, or enjoyed the sport of rat-catching. But now—at least in England—all this has changed. There is scarcely a family of girls in the upper strata of London society where there is not at least one who plays the fiddle; and Lady Lindsay says she knows a household in which there are six daughters, all of whom are violinists. Female fiddlers play in the orchestra of the Royal Academy, and in that of the National Training School of Music; and it is no uncommon sight in the London streets to see a

girl carrying her fiddle in its black case. For this change Lady Lindsay thinks we are chiefly indebted to Madame Norman Neuda. Uniting with the firmness and vigour of a man's playing, the purity of style and intonation of a great artist, as well as her own perfect grace and delicate manipulation, she has proved what a woman can do in this field. In former days there have been distinguished female fiddlers; but it has been reserved for this lady to head the great revolution, and to enlist an enormous train of followers.

NEW BRUNSWICK AS A SUMMER RESORT.—The St. John *Telegraph* takes advantage of the prevailing desire for summer visitation to pour-tray the advantages of New Brunswick as a summer resort, especially for invalids and sportsmen. It is represented as easy of access, and as abounding with fish and game, &c. Where, says the *Telegraph*, shall the visitor find a more excellent place for sea-bathing than the sandy beaches near St. John in July and August? Or where shall we find more picturesque scenery than in the drives and walks in the vicinity of the city? For tourists who are fond of fishing, New Brunswick offers, we need hardly say, unrivalled attractions. The Restigouche, the Nepisiquit, and the South West Miramichi, probably the three finest salmon rivers in the world, are all in New Brunswick. If there is any finer trout river on this hemisphere than the Tabusintac, another New Brunswick river, we have not yet had the happiness to learn its name. But quite independently of these famous streams there are numberless other streams and brooks where the angler can find the best of sport, and feel always certain of a well-filled basket, to say nothing of lakes which are numerous and generally well-stocked with fish. The tourist in search of the picturesque need not go far in New Brunswick to have his desire gratified. In the rugged grandeur of the rocky gorge through which the St. John makes its way to the ocean, the noble stretches of the Long Reach, and the pleasant pastoral scenery along the river St. John below Fredericton, he will find much to delight his eye. The river between Fredericton and Andover, is rich in beauty of another sort, and in the Grand Falls may be found a cataract not unworthy to be compared with Niagara itself, not indeed in volume of water or height, but in its suggestions of resistless power. Or he may wander farther, and in the lovely scenery around St. Basil and Edmunston drink in the richness of the landscape. Or his steps may take him farther north to the shores of the Bay Chaleur, the park-like scenery of the Restigouche valley, or the lofty hills which look over the waves at the Province of Quebec. Already the splendid game to be found in New Brunswick has been made known to readers on both sides of the Atlantic by the writings of Lord Dunsraven and other popular authors, and we hope soon to see the splendid sanitary qualities of the country as well known. These are certainly strong recommendations, and should induce many summer travellers to find their way to such a paradise.

STATUE TO LORD BYRON.—The long-talked of statue to Lord Byron, has become an accomplished fact. It has been erected and unveiled in Hamilton Place Gardens, London, and is the object of much admiration. The production of a colossal figure in bronze is necessarily a work of time, and it is, therefore, no reproach to Mr. R. C. Belt, the sculptor of the Byron Memorial, that it is now nearly five years since the first committee meeting was held at Willis' Rooms under the presidency of Lord Beaconsfield. The colossal sitting figure of Lord Byron, which if erect would measure about eleven feet in height, looks towards Hyde Park almost in the direction of the Achilles, to which it will supply a marked contrast. Opposed to the swift action of the warrior is the contemplative attitude of the poet. According to one of Byron's journals it was a custom of his, after bathing in some secluded place, to sit upon the summit of a rock by the side of the sea for hours and hours, contemplating the grandeur of the sea and waves.

When lone,
Admiring Future's universal throne.

Such a moment has been happily seized by Mr. Belt, who with a sculptor's natural seeking for a reposeful attitude, has placed the poet as if on "Sunium's marble steep,"

Watching at eve upon the giant height,
Which looks o'er waves as blue, skies so serene.

The poet, whose head is slightly inclined towards the left, is seated on a rock. His chin rests upon the outstretched fingers of the right hand. He has the manuscript of "Childe Harold" on his knee. The difficult matter of raiment, the stumbling block of the modern sculptor, has been solved without recourse to the stagy device of putting Byron into the Albanian costume in which he was painted. He wears the natural and appropriate dress of a yachtsman. By his side crouches his favourite dog Boatswain, looking trustfully and lovingly up into his master's face. In modelling the poet's head the sculptor has been guided by Philip's portrait and David's medallion, and has also been assisted by the constant study of the well-known portrait by Westall, lent for the purpose by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The pose of the figure is simple and natural, and is not marred by any attempt to depict the fine frenzy so difficult, if not impossible, to render adequately in bronze. The unstudied attitude and quiet, thoughtful look, together with the yachting costume and the presence of the dog, convey admirably that truth-

fulness and realism of interpretation in seeking which the sculptors of to-day have risen in rebellion against the sham classicity which once bade fair to make their art ridiculous.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE bane of life is discontent. Who has not found it so? We say we will work so long, and then we will enjoy ourselves. But we find it just as Thackeray has expressed it. "When I was a boy," he said, "I wanted some toffy—it was a shilling—I hadn't one. When I was a man I had a shilling; but I didn't want any toffy."

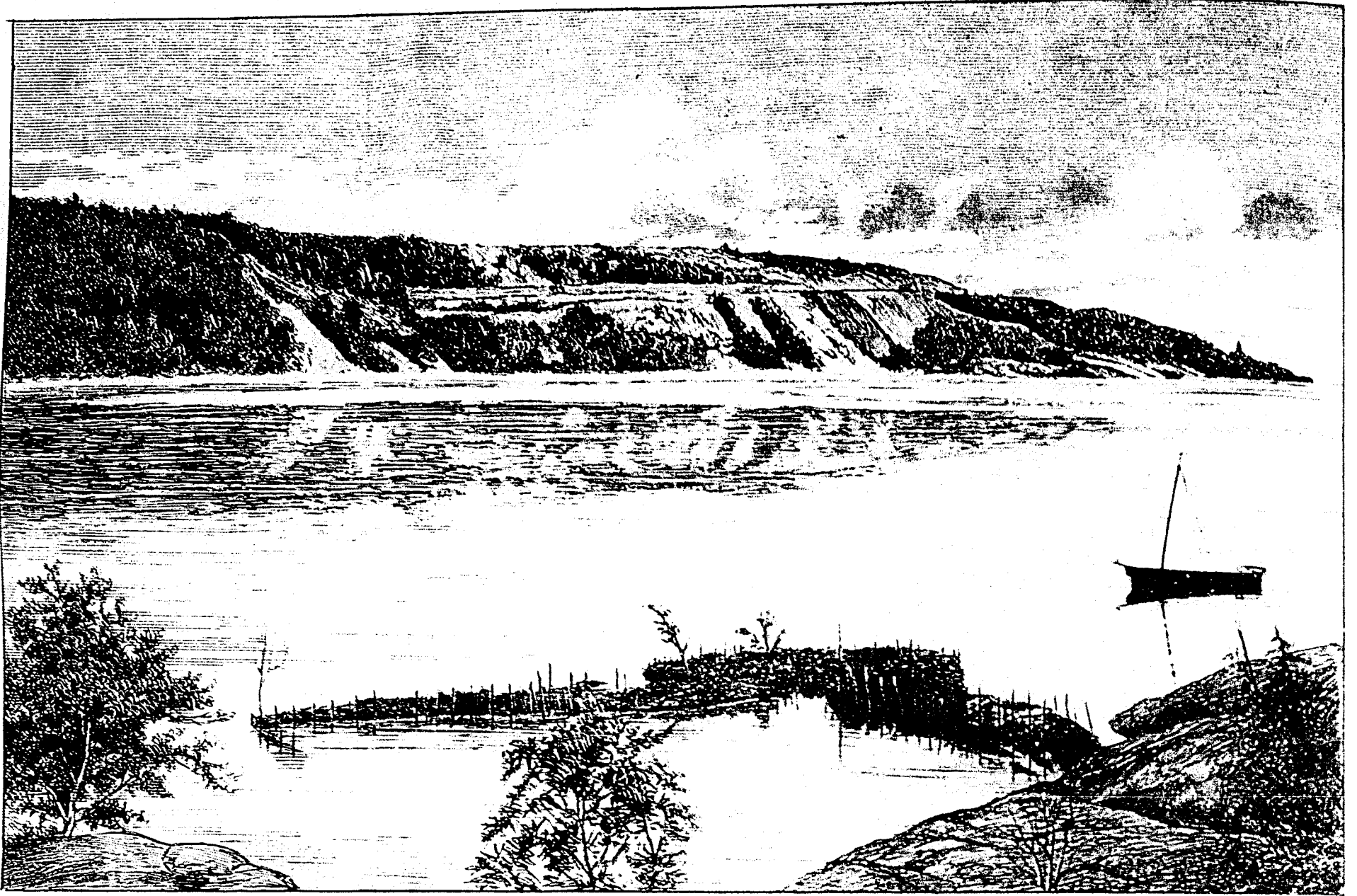
RICHES AND ECONOMY.—It is no man's duty to deny himself every amusement, every luxury, every recreation, every comfort, that he may get rich. It is no man's duty to make an iceberg of himself, to shut his eyes and ears to the suff-rings of his fellows, and deny himself the enjoyment that results from generous actions, merely that he may hoard wealth for his heirs to quarrel about. But there is an economy which is consistent with happiness, and which must be practised if the poor man would secure independence.

THANKFULNESS.—There is a great difference between doing anything for the sake of the thanks, or appreciation, or gratitude it ought to bring, and merely looking forward to them as a natural result which we may justly expect. A wise and loving parent gives years of effort, sacrifice, and toil for his child's welfare. He does not do it for the sake of filial gratitude, yet he may well feel grieved and disappointed if his child should fail to evince it. So it is impossible for any of us to feel quite happy and satisfied without the need of sympathy and thankfulness to which we are justly entitled.

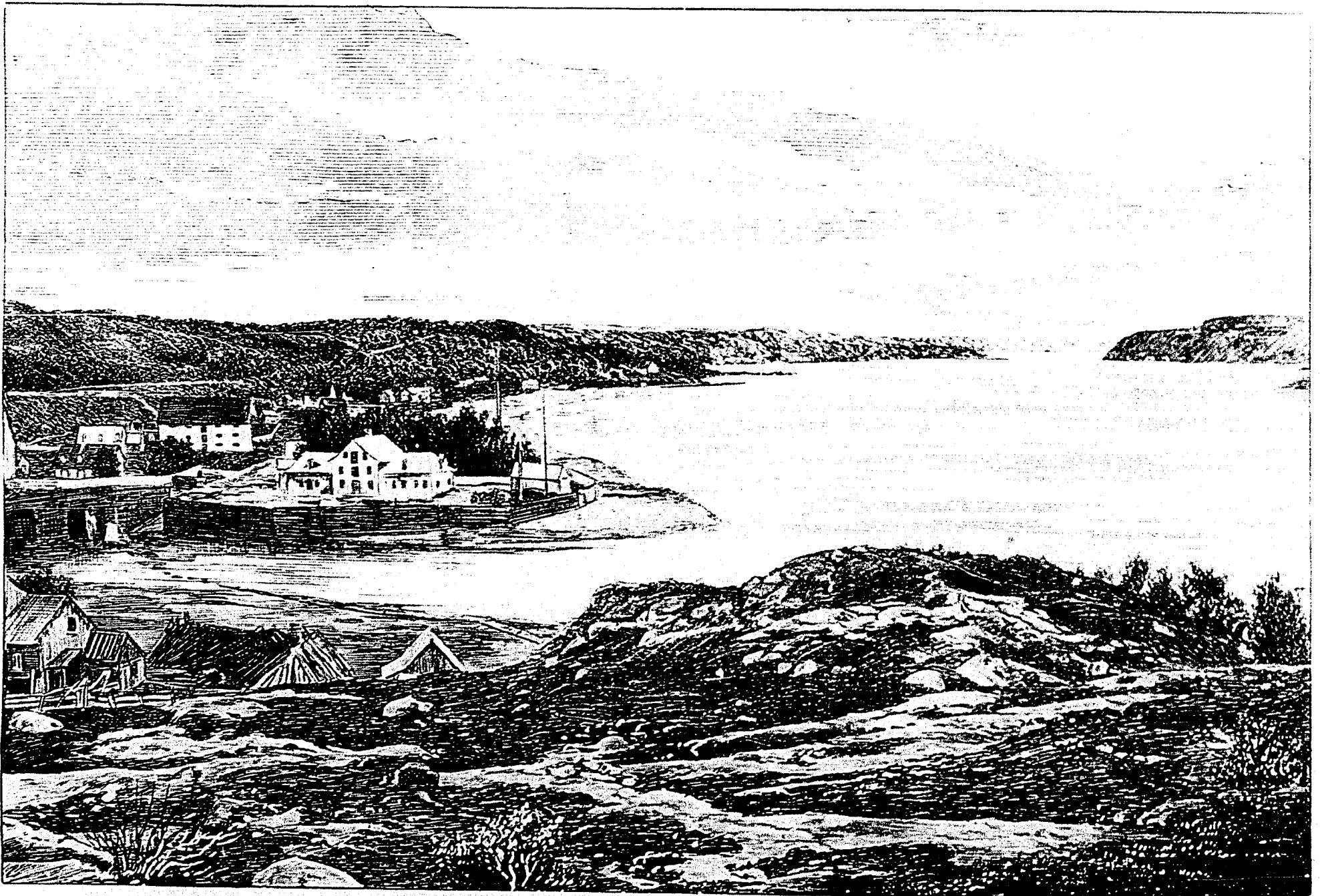
A REMEDY FOR FORGERIES.—The forgeries by erasing small sums in cheques and inserting larger ones are so serious that many remedies are proposed. Sir Henry Bessemer gives the most practical—namely, to take any pale vegetable colour—say, blue—which should be as sensitive to acid reaction as lithium, and with this colour print over the whole surface of the cheque or other paper a fine engine-turned pattern, thus giving to its surface somewhat the effect of a pale tint extending all over the paper. If any attempt should be made by means of chemicals to take out any portion of the writing on such prepared paper, all the surrounding parts touched by the acid solution will at once lose the whole of the blue printed pattern, which is more sensitive and much more easily discharged than the common writing-ink. Sir Henry says the paper could be produced very cheaply.

CUT AND CUT.—A jealousy of the lower classes aping the dress of their superiors runs through all the ancient sumptuary laws. Camden tells a story of a Sir Philip Calthorpe, who in the time of Henry VIII. "purged a shoemaker of Norwich of the proud honour our common people have to be of the gentleman's cut." Hearing from his tailor that John Drakes, a local shoemaker, had ordered himself a winter cloak "of the exact like cut he should make for Sir Philip," the knight instructed the tailor to make his garment "as full of slits as the shears could cut." The cloak and the copy were thus duly made, and the disgusted shoemaker, on receiving his ragged purchase, "swore never to follow gentlemen's fashions again."

HOW NEEDLEWORK AND KNITTING ARE TAUGHT IN THE PRIMARY CLASSES OF GERMAN SCHOOLS.—In German elementary schools six hours are given to needlework and knitting. Knitting only is taught in the two lower, but even that is done by rule. In the fourth, from March to end of August, plain knitting backward and forward. At the beginning of September a stocking is to be begun. In the third only stocking knitting. Sometimes the children knit quietly by themselves, but they most frequently do it together, stitch by stitch, while the teacher very slowly counts or beats time. Painfully monotonous it must be for a child who has well mastered the work. At one the needle is put in; two, the cotton goes over; three, the stitch is made, and at four taken off the needle. In the second class, ages nine to ten, needlework is begun. The children are provided with squares of canvas and red cotton, and the teacher has a large frame on a stand, on which coarse netting is stretched that represents the canvas. With a thick needle and thread in her hand, she says, "I take up two threads and pass over two," and so on, suiting the action each time to the words, until she has fully made the girls understand and copy her. That is a lesson in running. In due time hemming, stitching, cross-stitch and others are taken in the same way, and the canvas is filled. Then the girls have each a piece of coarse calico given them, on which they work, on the same principle of counting the stitches. So well has all been arranged that the calico piece is exactly finished at the end of the year. By paying for the materials a girl is entitled to whatever she makes in the school. In the first class each one has to make a calico chemise the size of an average girl in her eleventh year. All girls in the class are in their eleventh year. As nature is not very accommodating, and will make her children of very different sizes, the chemises cannot be an equally good fit for all the fifty girls, but that is a secondary consideration, and the girls have the option of taking or leaving the work as it suits them.



TADOUSAC BAY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PARKS.



CHICOUTIMI, SAGUENAY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PARKS.



H. R. H. THE PRINCESS BEATRICE.

ON A THIMBLE.

Welcome assistant,
Steadfast and bright,
Shielding its owner
With all its might,
Should the keen needle
Wound in its flight.

Symbol of patience,
Token of care,
Honoured and time-worn,
What can impair
Such a brave marvel,
Wrought for the fair?

Tell me, O Thimble,
Of gossip sweet!
Bumblers of scandal,
Not too discreet,
Canst thou accomplish
This daring feat?

Whisper the secret
Uttered so low,
When her white fingers
Fly to and fro,
Why doth her bosom
Palpitate so?

What sudden tremor
Darts through her frame?
Is she recalling
Some tender name?
Is it a recent,
Or a late flame?

What dainty garment
Bordered with lace,
Doth her sweet fingers
Silently trace?
Making the blushes
Flit o'er her face?

Tell me, O Thimble!
Happy and wise,
All the sweet language
Of her bright eyes,
Or the true meaning
Of her deep sighs?

Killings and gussets,
Gathers and frills,
Fellings and pleatings;
Humming soft trills,
Numberless moments
Swiftly she kills.

Happy the mortal
Lingering near,
Constant and hopeful,
Whispering clear,
Some playful nothing
Into her ear;

Watching the needle
Heedlessly dart,
Fearing a torture
Near to his heart,
Should she command him
Then to depart.

Envious mortal!
Favoured to please,
Murmuring love-words,
Trying to tease;
In a shy moment
Giving a squeeze!

Rapturous moment,
Of tenderness,
Tremors and blushes,
Dreadful to guess,
When her hand pauses
And she says "Yes!"

London.

ISIDORE.

THE SPRING CAPTAIN.

The London season is ushered in by various outward and visible signs of the crush and gaiety that are about to take place. One by one the squares and crescents and terraces lose their deserted aspect; the old newspapers have been taken off the windows, the sheets and coverings have been removed from the furniture, the painters have departed with the pails and scaffolding, the little plots of grass in front of the houses have been cut and swept, and the walks freshly gravelled; whilst the tradesmen around look up their books and take stock of their goods, for "the family" have arrived. Now it is that the carriage-builders bring out their newest vehicles and place them in the front of their warehouses, whilst the job-masters walk cheerily round their stables, and think of the prices they can command for the nags they bought for a song during the autumn. Operatic and theatrical managers advertise their companies and quote the opinions of the press upon the new artists who, after having starred in the provinces, are now about to astonish the fastidious metropolitan world. The clubs have taken up their heavy stair-carpet and made their arrangements for additional waiters. Lodging-house keepers are turning into their basement floors in order to have more space for letting purposes. Pious divines, who pay their way by pew-rents, and who during the past winter have had ample opportunities of living more for the other world than for this, now begin to look up their most effective sermons, and to study their most imposing attitudes. Cab-owners have brought up extra cabs from country towns to be added to their stock in the London yards. The shops crowd their windows with their most attractive goods, the principal streets have been put in repair, the parks have been trimmed, and the Row done up for the hundreds of horses that are soon to canter up and down it; the offices of the house-agents are filled with country visitors in quest of tenements in a fashionable quarter and at a reasonable price. On all sides there are bustle, activity, and awakened interest, for the season has begun!

From such symptoms the ordinary observer becomes aware that the old state of things has passed away, and that a new régime is on the eve of introduction. Yet your true Londoner knows that all this is only the prelude to the play, and that until the appearance of one great actor upon the scene the real drama or comedy of life has not commenced. The streets may be thronged with carriages, the Row may be crowded with equestrians and pedestrians, the columns of the *Post* may be filled with the festivities of the fashionable, the clubs may be so populated that to obtain a seat within their princely walls is almost as difficult as to obtain

a seat in Parliament; the uninitiated may look upon the outward world, and greet each other with "It's going to be a goodish season; town very full!" Still the arrival of one individual is absolutely necessary to constitute the height of the season. As surely as the needle points to the north, or as the barometer prophesies the weather, so surely does the appearance of the Spring Captain on the steps of his club, or taking his walks abroad, calm, important, and resplendent, proclaim to all interested in the matter that the season is at its height.

The "spring captain" is nothing unless fashionable; he only comes up to town when everybody is there and everything in full swing; and he quits the "little village," as he pleasantly terms the capital of his country, a fortnight before Goodwood. Why this distinguished personage should be so careful to identify his arrival and departure with the movements of what is called, down-stairs, "high-life," is not very easy of comprehension; for the circle of his acquaintances is limited, and he has about as much to do with society as the penny postman has with the Cabinet. He is a man upon town instead of a man about town, and the difference between the two is all that is contained between social exclusion and social admission. In spite of his immense pretensions, candour compels us to state that the spring captain is an "outsider."

Yet he is eminently a representative man. Of society's representative men there are various kinds. There is the man who is careless as to his personal appearance—who wears short trousers and dirty white socks, whose hair is unkempt and beard unshorn, and whose ill-fitting hat is always at the back of his head; who is shortsighted, who is always immersed in diligent perusal, and never met unless with books and pamphlets under his arm; who is given to much lecturing, sporting and amateur writing and reviewing; who adopts no opinions but his own, and silences all opposition by argument, contention, and incessant contradiction; he is the representative of culture, of progress, and of advanced ideas, which fail, however, to advance him. There is the man who is always starring before the public—who addresses pamphlets to Cabinet Ministers on most of the great public questions, who is incessantly badgering the political committees of clubs for pecuniary aid, who is great at election meetings, who is the ally of Workingmen's Associations, and who is frequently to be met with in the lobby of the House of Commons, hanging on to any member who will be content to be bored by his society; he is the representative of political ambition. There is the man, generally in the city, and always in the volunteers, who is the great critic of strategy and military manoeuvres—who knows the *army list* as a priest knows his breviary, whose talk is confined entirely to military matters, and who is never so happy as when investigating the military estimates, criticising the working of a campaign; he is the representative of the military spirit of the country. A great warrior this man, and the bloodthirstiest of the bloodthirsty where the honour of his nation is concerned; yet in private life he is mild and exemplary, and is often the most active of churchwardens. The spring captain is, however, none of these things—he does not care for "culchaw," he knows nothing of politics, and he "curses pipeclay;" he is the representative of swagger.

Yes, before the shrine of swagger he bows down; in his gait and demeanour he is the fond disciple of swagger; and in all that he does, thinks, and says, swagger in its most exaggerated form has marked him for its own. As a rule your true man about town is indifferent to dress; he dresses like a gentleman, and it is his object to pass through the world without attracting attention, so far as sartorial art is concerned. Not so the spring captain. His visit to London is not an every-day affair. During the winter and spring he has thought much upon the subject; he has not quitted his dreary provincial quarters for the capital with any intention of hiding his candle under a bushel; nay, he has economised so that the light of his dip during the few weeks he is an external member of the gay world may flare up, and, by the brilliancy of its flame, attract much comment. There are some simple people—generally from the country and the suburbs—who think when once they have donned their finest garments, have walked in the Park without bowing to a soul, have mooned about what they call "the West-end," and have visited the haunts and show-shops of fashion, that they are really the *habitués* of society, and swells of a most alarming character. To this order belongs the spring captain. He feels that without all the aid of his tailor, hatter, and haberdasher, and without adopting that peculiar "dismounted dragon-like walk, and that remarkable pronunciation of the English language, he would be, what his inner voice plainly tells him he is, a nobody. He is one of those men who think they are bound to bolster up their position by constant swagger and self-assertion; as if a keen, inquisitive world did not speedily detect all their little artifices, and place them upon their true level!

The spring captain, like everybody at the present day, of course belongs to a club—not to one of the exclusive clubs, but still a club. He has a bedroom in one of the back streets near Pall Mall, and his life is not very *aragusee*. The invitations he receives to dance or dinner are very limited and seldom of a character to ad-

vance his progress in society. He, however, cheerfully accepts his position, and is quite content with himself, provided his tradespeople turn him out to advantage. His daily programme may appear to some monotonous, but it is strictly gone through, and seems to give him pleasure. He never, if fine, misses the Park in the morning; and indeed, to me, it would not be the Park without his attractive presence. I like to see him lounge up the Row with his gorgeously-gloved hands behind his back, and dangling his tasselled cane. A fatuous smile overspreads his face, and when he comes upon a crush of people he conceals his shyness by pretending to be anxiously looking for some one in the crowd. Yet, poor man, his fervent prayer is that he may meet no one. What an awful collapse would it be for him, with his glossy hat upon his head, his hair parted behind, his moustaches curled and brilliantined, his dazzling scarf, his neck envired in the highest and starchiest of collars, his exquisitely-fitting frock-coat, with the expensive little bouquet in the button-hole, his delicate tinted trousers that a fly walking over would soil, his white gaiters and polished pointed boots—I say, what an awful thing it would be for him, with the eyes of the polite world gazing upon him, to meet some of his friends! The acquaintances of the spring captain are always drawn from the eligible set, but his friends do not belong to the same class. It is the one terror of his life that he should come across, when thus attired, like Solomon, in all his glory, those he knows in the country. Fancy meeting his village apothecary—with whom he plays sixpenny whist during the winter, and whose wife, on Sundays and festal days, is much given to curious bonnets and green satin dresses of the year one—in the Row during the very height of the season! "Ulo! you 'ere! My, what a swell you are, John! ain't he, old woman? Well, we are like you. I and the missis have come up to see the sights and gay folk and do the fashionable. You're alone; come and toddle about with us, and show us who's who," he fancies he hears them say; and he is ready to sink with shame into the boots he owes Thomas three guineas for. He is always alone; it is a characteristic of the spring captain to be solitary; and he knows if he meets any of his provincial friends he will be powerless to avoid them or shake them off. It is the one bitter drop in the cup of his life, and has more than once marred the pleasure of his visit to London. It does me good to observe him on those trying occasions. I like to see him the perfect tailor's dummy—haughty, condescending, stolid; and then to see him suddenly greeted in the most affectionate terms by some little cad who in the country may be his bosom friend, and to watch him colour, shift from leg to leg, and whilst in his heart of hearts consigning the intruder to eternal perdition, yet daring not to display his mortification, but pretending to take an interest in the conversation; and then to see him sneak off subdued, crestfallen, and, O, so humble!

Having "done" the Row—that is to say, having walked up and down it a certain number of times without recognizing a friend, and having paid his penny for a chair whilst he smoked his cigar in solemn silence—the spring captain solemnly wends his way along Piccadilly to his club for lunch. Here he is more in his element. Provided he pays for what he orders, he receives the same comfort and attention as the proudest lord. Having economized during the winter for his weeks of metropolitan splendour, the spring captain does not deny himself a single luxury. At home he may be accustomed to a somewhat frugal board, and his establishment may leave much to be desired; but watch him at the club, and the stranger would take him for the most consummate gourmet, and the master of the most princely appointments. With what an air he enters the coffee-room, and gazes at the different dishes on the tables! and how severe he is upon the waiters, if they are in the slightest degree remiss in their duties! At home a maid-of-all-work may dish up his cold mutton, and draw his mug of beer; but at the club he is content with nothing less than the most careful and exacting service. He lunches with his hat on, because he has been given to understand that it is the custom with certain members of Parliament, and with others who imagine themselves to be of high degree. The spring captain is observant, and the most imitative of beings. He watches what the leaders of fashion in his club do, and orders and follows in their footsteps. He drinks nothing but the driest of champagnes and the silkiest of clarets, though as a matter of fact he prefers pale ale or whisky-and-water. Everything that is just in season, and consequently very expensive, he makes a point of ordering. It does not matter whether he likes what he orders, or whether he has ever tasted it before, but, as he says, it is "good form." Who does not remember that immortal spring captain who, having told the waiter to bring him some plover's eggs, took one of them up to eat, and then, in tones of the deepest indignation, bade the servant remove them, as *they were quite cold!* It is the spring captain who is so particular about his lettuce and tomatoes being served up in the French style, though the profusion of oil makes him terribly bilious; who has kidneys stewed in sherry, who sprinkles his ham with champagne, and who carries out to the very letter every gastronomic instruction he has heard of. Yet ask him what he really likes, and he would tell you a steak and a bottle of stout. But your true spring captain is always satisfied so long as he can make a display. After luncheon comes the important question

of how to spend the afternoon. Tobacco and the newspapers carry him on to four o'clock very well; but what is he to do then? He has no calls to make, because he knows no one. For the same reason he never has to put in an appearance at afternoon teas, at-homes, or afternoon dances. He does not play whist, and he is dressed too well to soil himself with billiards. What shall he do? Many men under the circumstances might find time hang heavy upon their hands, but not so the spring captain. The public—any public—is his audience, and as long as he can appear before it he is perfectly happy. Solemnly he descends the steps of his club, and begins to take his afternoon's constitutional. He has brushed his hair and spiked its ends after the fashion of spring captains; a new flower blossoms in his button-hole, which he has bought from the hall-porter; not a crease or a bulge is to be observed in his attire; his boots are as bright as polished ebony; and he feels, as he loftily surveys mankind, that he has nothing to fear. He is the most perfect of "mooners." Without coming across a single acquaintance, without looking into a single shop-window, without observing anything that is going on around him, he is perfectly content to wander up and down the town. His favourite haunts are well known. The Academy, the Burlington Arcade, Regent street, the lower part of Bond street, Piccadilly, and the Park constitute his London. Whenever he passes a shop in which there is a mirror, he stops and studies with pride his own reflection. Quite the ladies' man in his own estimation, he puts himself into attitudes whenever he has to pass the gauntlet of the fair occupants in carriages drawn up in front of the establishments of our great mercers and milliners. If a woman makes some audible remark in his favour, or a little boy admiringly exclaims, "Lawks, what a swell that cove is!" he is made happy for the day. The exercise he takes over the London pavement is a splendid feat of pedestrianism, for he is always walking (except in rainy weather, when he frames himself in the bow-window of his club); and he sits down seldom, because it mars the fit of his frock coat, and makes his trousers bulge at the knees. And so he passes his day, lounging about the fashionable streets, or uniting himself with the crowd that throngs the Park from Apsley House to Albert Gate, until it is time for him to return to his lodgings and dress for dinner.

Exercise has given him an excellent appetite, and he does not stint himself. A man may say, even in those epicurean days, that he has dined who sits down to Painter's clear turtle, white-bait, sole *au gratin*, two kromeskys, a dish of cutlets, a spring chicken, a dish of asparagus, ice- pudding, and the whole washed down by a bottle of Perrier Jouet extra dry, and a couple of glasses of old East India sherry. The spring captain always orders the most perfect of little dinners, spends every sou he has upon himself, and reprimands the steward in the haughtiest manner if anything goes wrong with the details of the repast. How often has he told the wine-butler that the vintages were corked when they were not! and when he complains of the smallness and hardness of the asparagus, you would imagine that the kitchen-gardens "down at his place" were one of the sights of the county, when perhaps he owns a thirty-pound villa and a back-yard.

After dinner, of course, comes the play. Occasionally the spring captain visits the Opera, and last season he went into ecstasies over Sarah Bernhardt, though his knowledge of French is confined to mis-spelling the dishes he orders from the club menu; but the theatre and the music-hall are his favourite places of recreation. He does not care for severe music and high-class comedy, but he is much given to *opéra bouffe*, to burlesques, and leg-pieces. Cane in hand and toothpick in mouth, he is one of the most devoted admirers of the Lotties and Nellies and Claras, whose theatrical photographs are seen in every window. At the music-hall he poses as a patron; he goes behind the scenes, is on familiar terms with the ballet, and stands a bottle of "fizz" to the great comique; there he is reported to be a lord, and does not contradict the rumour. In his opinion the country is going to the dogs, since the doors of "the Duke's" have been closed, and Cremorne a thing of the past. "What is a fella to do with his evenings?" he sighs; and returns to his club, to finish a well-spent day over his cigars and sundry brandies-and-water.

A life of mild imposture is that of the Spring Captain. In the country he may be a worthy and manly creature; but so far as numbering himself amongst the *habitués* of London is concerned, he is the vainest and most empty of snobs. A foolish display in dress when dress is no longer a distinction; petty effeminate airs which only recoil upon himself; a conceit that would be offensive were it not too ridiculous, and an assumed knowledge of the world when he is the most ignorant of its votaries, are his main characteristics. However, he is harmless; he is so completely the fool that it is impossible for him to develop into the knave.

POVERTY AND SUFFERING.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did them no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced its use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost, I know it. A Workingman."

THE FAIRY KISS.

FROM THE IRISH.

Deep, deep in a glen where some fairies were dwelling,
Young Cora, by moonlight, was known oft to rove,—
Her face beaming gladness, her heart with joy swelling,
For there her fond Thady used whisper "I love."

One evening alone in that vale she was straying,
Beguiling the moments till he would be there;
And to herself saying, "Why is he delaying?"
She sat down to rest, and began to despair.

But sleep closed her eyelids, and soon she was dreaming,
Of bright days with Thady and long years of bliss;
And while she was sleeping, her lover came creeping
And fondly imprinted a true-lover's kiss.

Awaking, she started, and then gazed around her,
But naught of her Thady was there it was clear;
She then thought, a fairy while roaming had found her,
And gave her a kiss, as she dreamed of her dear.

Then home to her mother her footsteps directing,
She met her own bouchall upon the breen,
She told him her story—he laughed in his glory,
And said, "I'm the fairy and you are my Queen!"

ALOYSIUS C. GAHAN.

Quebec, June, 1880.

ELOISE.

It was a bitter night in November, a promise of a cold, dreary winter to come, when two gentlemen, some thirty-eight or forty years old, sat over wine and cigars in a luxurious room in an up-town boarding-house in New York city. One, the youngest of the couple, had landed a few hours before from a European steamer, and had been telling travellers' tales to his companion, far into the night hours.

"Rich?" he said, in answer to a question. "No, but little richer than when I left here. But I have gained experience and knowledge in my Paris life. There is nothing like the French schools and hospitals for a doctor. Bert, I would not take thousands of dollars and miss the last few years."

"But you are glad to come home, Cyrus?" "Home!" said Cyrus Worthington, with a short, bitter laugh, "this is my home, a room in a boarding-house, and I chose this because you were here, my old friend and chum."

"But your relatives?" "I do not know of one. Dr. Worthington took me from a charity school when I was six years old, because I had a curious variation of scarlet fever he wished to study out at leisure. I was an odd child, smart and active, and before the fever was cured he became fond of me and adopted me. We must have been a strange pair—Bert, the old bachelor, wrapped up in his profession, and the elfish, half-starved foundling. But we were very happy. Until I went to Harvard, where we met, Bert, my benefactor educated me himself, and I devoured books. I had no one to love, and books filled the craving of my heart, so I studied everything before me, including the medical works in the library. You would believe me, I suppose, if I tell you I could use a dissecting knife before I was twelve years old."

"I do not doubt it. We all considered you a prodigy of learning at Harvard. By the way, how did you ever come to leave the doctor for college?"

"He desired it, distrusting his own powers of tuition after I passed 17. When I came home, as you know, I became his partner and assistant until he died, leaving me \$30,000, and I fulfilled my life-long desire and went to Paris."

"Was that all that drove you to Paris? No love dream, no fair companion on the steamer?" "None. I am heart-whole at 23. Can you say as much?"

"Not I. My heart is as full of holes from Cupid's darts as a skimmer. My last love, though, is the sweetest maiden ever won a heart, with soft eyes and golden curls. You shall see her. In your travels you have seen no fairer face than Eloise Hunter's."

Over Cyrus Worthington's face came a startled look that was almost terror.

"Eloise Hunter!" he cried, then added, with a forced carelessness, "it is a pretty name. Who is she?"

"The daughter of our landlady. Did I not mention her name when I wrote you I had secured rooms for you here?"

"No."

"Well, that is her name. She is the widow of one Daniel Hunter, who died leaving her without one dollar, having squandered her fortune as well as his own. Not a bad man, I judge, but one who was wickedly reckless in using money. Well, he is dead, and his widow keeps this house."

"And this daughter—how old is she?" "Nineteen or twenty, I should judge. She is so little and fair she looks like a child. You are tired, Cy?"

"Very tired."

"You are pale as death. I will leave you to rest. Pleasant dreams."

Pale as death, and with his large, dark eyes full of startled light, Cyrus Worthington paced the floor after his friend had retired.

"It is fate!" he muttered. "Destiny. What accident would throw that girl across my path three hours after landing in New York? Eloise, only daughter of Daniel Hunter! It makes me dizzy to think. If, after all, I am to grasp what I have coveted for years! Patience! Patience!"

He paced the room for hours, till the gray dawn crept in at the window, when he threw himself upon his bed for a few hours' repose. A man of iron will, of steady nerve, he had been

assailed by the strongest, fiercest temptation of his life, and he wakened only to renew the mental conflict.

A late breakfast was presided over by a pale woman about 40, his landlady, but there was no sign yet of Eloise. Feverishly desirous to see her to form some estimate of her from his own observations, Cyrus Worthington lingered in the house all day.

He was a man who, once having resolved upon any course of action, could not be turned aside by trivial or by weighty opposition, and he had resolved to marry Eloise Hunter, never having seen her face or heard her voice. So, with this purpose in his heart, he threw all other considerations to the winds, and waited to make the first move in this game of life for two.

Educated, as he had said himself, by a man whose soul was wrapped up in his profession, the scholar had absorbed much of the teacher's enthusiasm. But while Dr. Worthington looked steadily at the nobler aims of his profession, the power to alleviate suffering, to aid mankind, Cyrus loved it for its more abstruse investigations, its scientific scope, its broad field for self-aggrandizement. To make a name in the medical and scientific world by some new work of value, to be known as the great Dr. Worthington, was the end of all his study and research. But his ambition was second to his avarice. Not for money itself, but for free control of the luxuries money will procure, he longed for wealth; not merely comfort—that his own income secured—but riches, power to live in a palace with a score of servants, with luxury in every appointment, and money to spend freely in the pursuit of those scientific studies for which he had an earnest love, and from which he derived all his dreams of fame.

A man in perfect health, who had never injured an iron constitution by an excess of hard, keen intellect and strong will, he was a dangerous wooer for fair Eloise Hunter, a lily in her fair, sweet beauty, with a delicate constitution, timid to a fault, and modest as a violet.

He was in the drawing-room in the afternoon, reading a novel, half-hidden by the folds of a curtain, when he saw a lady coming across the soft carpet, who, he felt sure, must be Eloise Hunter. Small as a child of 14, exquisitely fair, with a wealth of golden curls caught from a low, broad brow, a sweet, childlike mouth, and purely oval face, she was as lovely a vision of girlhood as ever man's eyes rested upon.

Yet, Cyrus Worthington, studying the face unseen himself, thought only:

"How weak, timid, easily influenced!"

Not one thought of the wrong he was to do her dawning womanhood troubled him. Whatever scruples of conscience had troubled his night's vigils were all crushed under the iron heel of his will, and there was no thought now of turning back from his purpose. While his eyes still rested upon her face, Eloise opened the piano, and from the little taper fingers flowed the music that comes only from divine gift, the outpouring of inspiration. It moved even Cyrus Worthington, no mean judge of the wondrous execution of the girl's fingers or the power of genius. From a heart full of sadness came wailing melodies, melting into dying cadences, full of tearful meaning, then slowly there gathered on the sweet lips an intense smile of wondrous radiance, and the minor passages were changed to tender, rippling airs, happy as an infant's smiles, till some glorious chords of grand harmony completed this true maiden's dream.

It was evidently holiday work, for with a sigh Eloise took a book of alarming-looking exercises from the music rack, and began to practice in real earnest.

Cyrus Worthington drew further back in the folds of the curtain, and resumed his novel. An hour flew by and then Mrs. Hunter came in.

"Five o'clock, Eloise, and pitch dark. Are you practising properly in the dark?"

"I know these lessons by heart, mamma," the girl answered in a low, sweet voice, with a shade of weariness in the tone.

"Don't waste time, darling," the mother said anxiously, "you know I cannot pay for music lessons, and next year you must try to find scholars."

"I wish you would let me help you more," was the reply. "It seems wicked for me to be studying and practising while you have so much care and work."

"You will help me soon. But I want you to be independent, Eloise. I may die, and you could not run this great house, but you could teach. Go upstairs now; the gentlemen will soon be coming in to dinner."

"Did the new boarder come last night?"

"Dr. Worthington? Yes, dear! Mr. Loring tells me he is a great physician, author of some medical books, and wonderfully skillful. He is well off, too."

"Oh, mamma, if he could help that pain!"

"No, dear, no; we will not trouble him with our aches and pains. There, dear, run upstairs. I will send Maggie for you when I eat my dinner."

Then the parlour was empty, for Cyrus sauntered off to his room when Mrs. Hunter and her daughter were gone.

He was not many days an inmate of Mrs. Hunter's house before he discovered that it was not that lady's policy to parade her daughter to her boarders. The girl lived like a nun, in her own room nearly all day, practising at an hour when the gentlemen were away, and the few ladies lying down or out.

Yet with his resolve in full force, Cyrus Worthington contrived to see Eloise very fre-

quently. He would bend his great dark eyes upon her face, and hold her fascinated for hours by the eloquence with which he spoke of music, of poetry, of all the girl-soul worshipped. He drew from her the story of the pain her mother suffered around her heart, and delicately offered professional service, where his skill availed to bring relief, thus making one step by winning the gratitude of mother and child.

But while his own heart knew no more now than before the sweetness of love, he read in Eloise's eyes none of the emotion he hoped to kindle there. Heart-whole himself, he had not been without conquests in his selfish life. Women had owned the magnetic power in his great dark eyes, his rich voice, the winning eloquence of his tongue. Belles, whose conquests were of well-known number, had let him read the love he wakened in their eyes, and flirts had owned themselves beaten at their own game.

Yet this shy violet, this recluse, liking him well, gave him no part in her heart. One word from Bert Loring, one glance of his blue eyes, would call up flying blushes to the fair cheeks all Cyrus Worthington's eloquence failed to bring there.

But Bert, though older than his friend, had been an unsuccessful man. A poet by the gift of God, he was almost a pauper by the non-appreciation of man. Just the tiniest patrimony kept him from actual want, but though he had a hall room at Mrs. Hunter's, his boots were often shabby, his clothes well worn and his purse lamentably slender.

And Mrs. Hunter, seeing Dr. Worthington in her best room, prompt in payments, faultless in costume, with a certainty of \$30,000 and a possibility of greater wealth in the practice of his profession, encouraged his attentions to Eloise, frowning upon poor, loving Bert, who, spite of his jests about his well-riddled heart, gave the young girl, true, royal love.

It was the old, old story, and Eloise, torn by her filial affection and her girl love, was growing pale and wan as the winter wore away. There was no coercion. Mrs. Hunter loved the only child of her heart too well for that; but loving her she could not give her to poverty and Bert Loring. And one day when Bert pleaded his cause she told him:

"Dr. Worthington asked me this morning to give him Eloise. I like you, Bert. You are dear to me as a son, but we must think of the child above all. You know how dreamy, sensitive and helpless Eloise is. You know that hard work would be slow murder for her. She lives in her music, her books."

"And her love! She loves me," interrupted poor Bert, a boy yet in many tender phases of his nature.

"And you, loving her, would you see her toiling, starving, a poor man's wife?"

"You put it hastily."

"I put it truly. While I can keep this house up you are welcome to a home here, but at any day I may die. These heart spasms mean a sudden death some day, Bert. Then where are you going to take Eloise?"

"I will work for her."

"Work first, then, and woo her afterward. My poor Bert, you are too like her to marry her. Could I but give you wealth, you could live in a poet's paradise, you and Eloise, never growing old, two grown-up children. But we are all poor. Do not torture her, Bert; you who love her. Go away and let Dr. Worthington win her."

"She will never love him."

"Not if you love her."

"I will go, then. You will let me tell her?"

"Why? It will only make her life harder if she thinks you suffer. I will never force her to marry. But—if Dr. Worthington can win her, I tell you frankly, it will make me very happy."

So Bert—honest, loyal Bert, for his very love's sake, turned his face from his love and went to another city, where he was offered a position as assistant editor upon a magazine, that was to be a fortune in the future, but in the present rather a log on the necks of the proprietors.

And Eloise, wondering at Bert's desertion, knew all the sunlight was gone from her life when he said farewell. There had been no secret in Bert's parting with his friend. Frankly he had told him his hope, love and despair, and pathetically implored him to cherish Eloise lovingly, if he could win her love.

Even while he spoke, Cyrus Worthington knew that this love would never come to answer his wooing; knew one word of his could flood two lives with happiness, yet kept silence. In the days that followed, when he wooed that fair pale girl, tenderly, devotedly, no pang of remorse wrung his heart, though he knew he trod carefully upon all loving flowers of hope in hers. He was a man who could have seen his own mother writhe in agony, if by her torture he could have wrung one new fact for science, and in the scheme of his life, the heart-pangs of a girl counted for less than nothing.

And while he courted the unwilling love patiently and gently, Mrs. Hunter, with her failing health, her pale face and weary step, pleaded eloquent in her very silence. A home of rest for her mother was what Eloise had been promised in delicate words, that could not be resented as bribery.

"Your dear mother, Eloise, may live for years in a quiet house, but this constant care and toil are killing her."

So little by little, wearing out the young heart's constancy by steady perseverance, Cyrus

Worthington won Eloise for his wife. She told him she did not love him, but knowing nothing of Bert's spoken love to her mother, she kept her maiden secret folded close in her own heart, and whispered nothing of her love for Bert. If on her wedding day her white, drawn face was corpse-like in its forced composure, what cared Cyrus Worthington for that? He had won his game.

Only one week after his wedding day, leaving Eloise with her mother, he wended his way to the office of a leading lawyer and asked for an interview.

"You were lawyers for Gervase Hunter?" he asked.

"We were."

"You were aware that he died in Paris last September?"

"We were not aware of that. Our business has not required correspondence since that time."

"I was his physician, and to me he committed the care of all his papers, his will among the number."

"H'm; making you his heir?"

"No, sir; making his nephew's only child heiress to his wealth—nearly a million, I understand."

"Nearly double that sum. You will leave the papers?"

"Assuredly, and Mrs. Hunter's address. Miss Hunter became my wife one week ago. I leave you the address of my assistant in Paris, the lawyer who drew up the will and the witnesses, that you may ascertain that all is correct."

And unheeding the lawyer's keen, scrutinizing looks, Cyrus Worthington bowed himself out of the office.

"A bold game," the lawyer muttered; "he has played his cards well."

And while he spoke there was a noise in the street, a rush of many feet, a clattering fall.

"A scaffolding on the next door house has given way," a clerk cried, with a white face, "and there are men killed. Nine or ten, they say."

Nine or ten bricklayers, masons, carpenters, and one gentleman who had been passing by, and in whose face the lawyer recognized the features of his late visitor.

Dead, with his scheme complete. Dead, with the road to his ambition, gold-strewn, open before him. Dead, with his hands upon the wealth he had planned to win. Dead.

They carried him home to his young wife, and tenderly broke the truth to her. Even in the first shock she felt her heart recoil when the lawyer told her of the errand completed two minutes before her husband's death. She had never loved him, but had she never known his baseness she might have mourned a kind friend lost. It was two years before Bert came to share her home, to be the husband of her heart, to fill the paradise her mother had painted. But in their happiness they gave Cyrus Worthington's name the charity of silence. Never is it spoken by the wife he deceived or the friend he wronged.

THE GLEANER.

THERE is every appearance of an abundant crop throughout Ontario.

THE Duke of Westminster is the wealthiest peer in England, or in the world.

JOHN CURWEN, of London, the writer of music, and promoter of singing in Sunday-schools, is dead, in his 64th year.

MR. CROSS and his wife, Mrs. "George Eliot" Cross, have gone to the Continent, where they will remain several months.

SIR BARTLE FRERE has not been recalled from South Africa because he is engaged in arranging a scheme of Confederation.

THE Goethe monument at Berlin was unveiled on the 1st of June, in presence of the German Emperor and Empress. They both knew Goethe intimately.

THE South, since 1866, has set in motion 600,000 spindles, of which Georgia has 213,157, a third of them being in Columbus.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S widow and her daughter, Miss Julia Jackson, will unveil a monument to Stonewall Jackson at Winchester, Va., on the 9th of June.

QUEEN VICTORIA insists upon court ladies appearing in low-necked dresses; but she has just banished three noble dames from her presence for a too zealous compliance with her wishes.

AN American, in the person of Lady Harcourt, is, for the first time, the wife of a British Minister. She is the daughter of the late J. Lothrop Motley, the historian.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA has resigned the post of conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre in London, owing to a pecuniary dispute with Mr. Mapleson, which began some years ago.

A LARGE addition of 1,500 books was lately made to the library of Manitoba College. These were sent by friends of the college in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Belfast, and from Halifax, N.S.

MR. ROBERT BELL, of Carlton Place, Ont., has in his museum the quadrant used on the *Belleophon* which conveyed the first Napoleon to his exile at St. Helena.

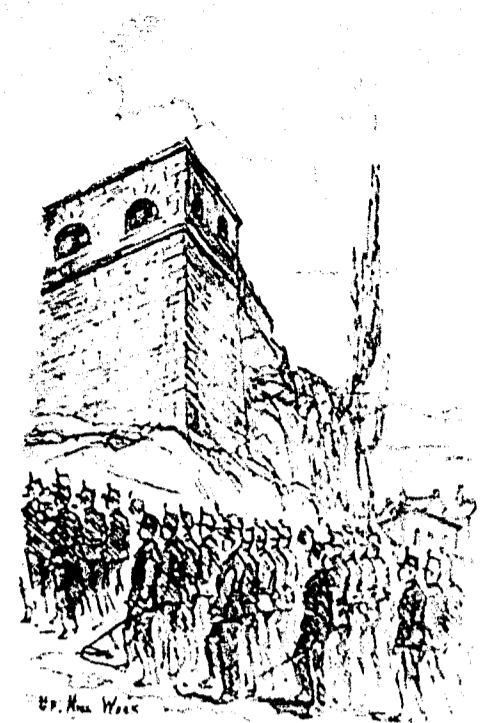
THE whole of the stock in the company organized to operate steamboats on lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis and Saskatchewan has been subscribed. The Hon. Peter Mitchell is President.



The Soldier's Leisure Moments in the Field



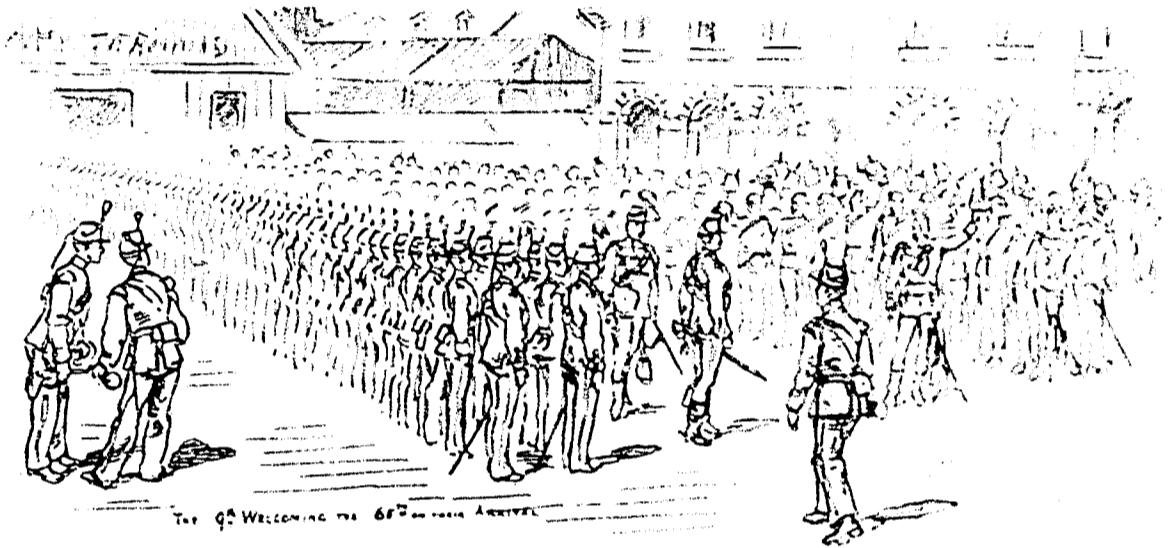
A Soldier Smoking His Pipe



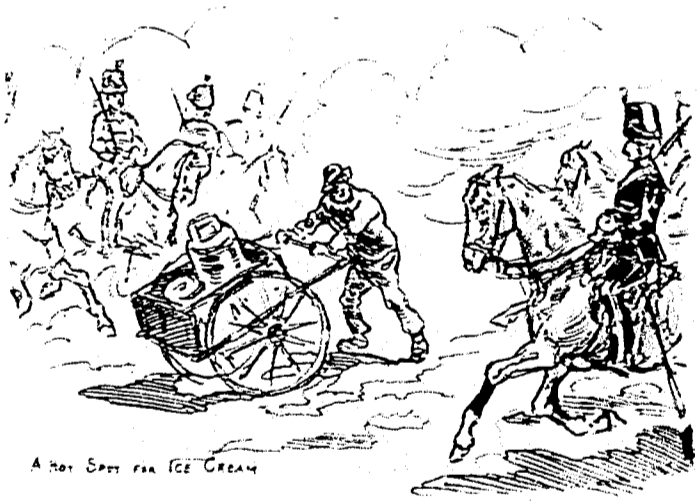
St. Mary's Church



An Accident in Camp



The 65th Welcoming the 68th on their Arrival



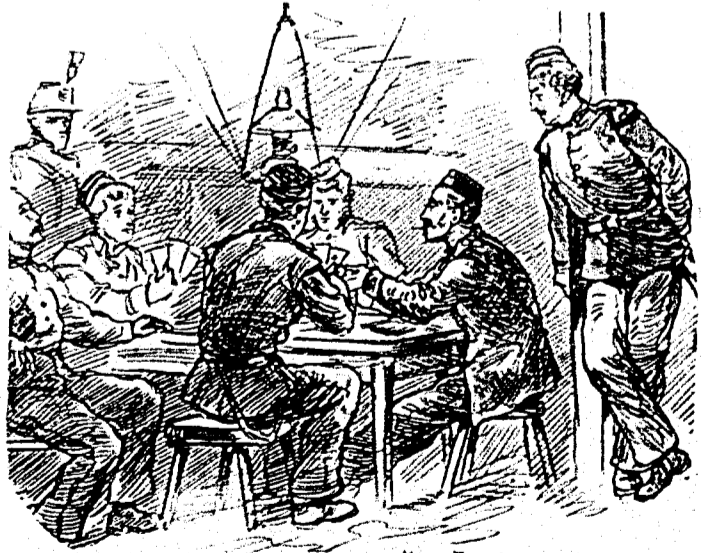
A Hot Spot for Ice Cream



Practising in the Camp



The Company's Dog in the Field



Killing Time During the Fog



You Have Had a Day

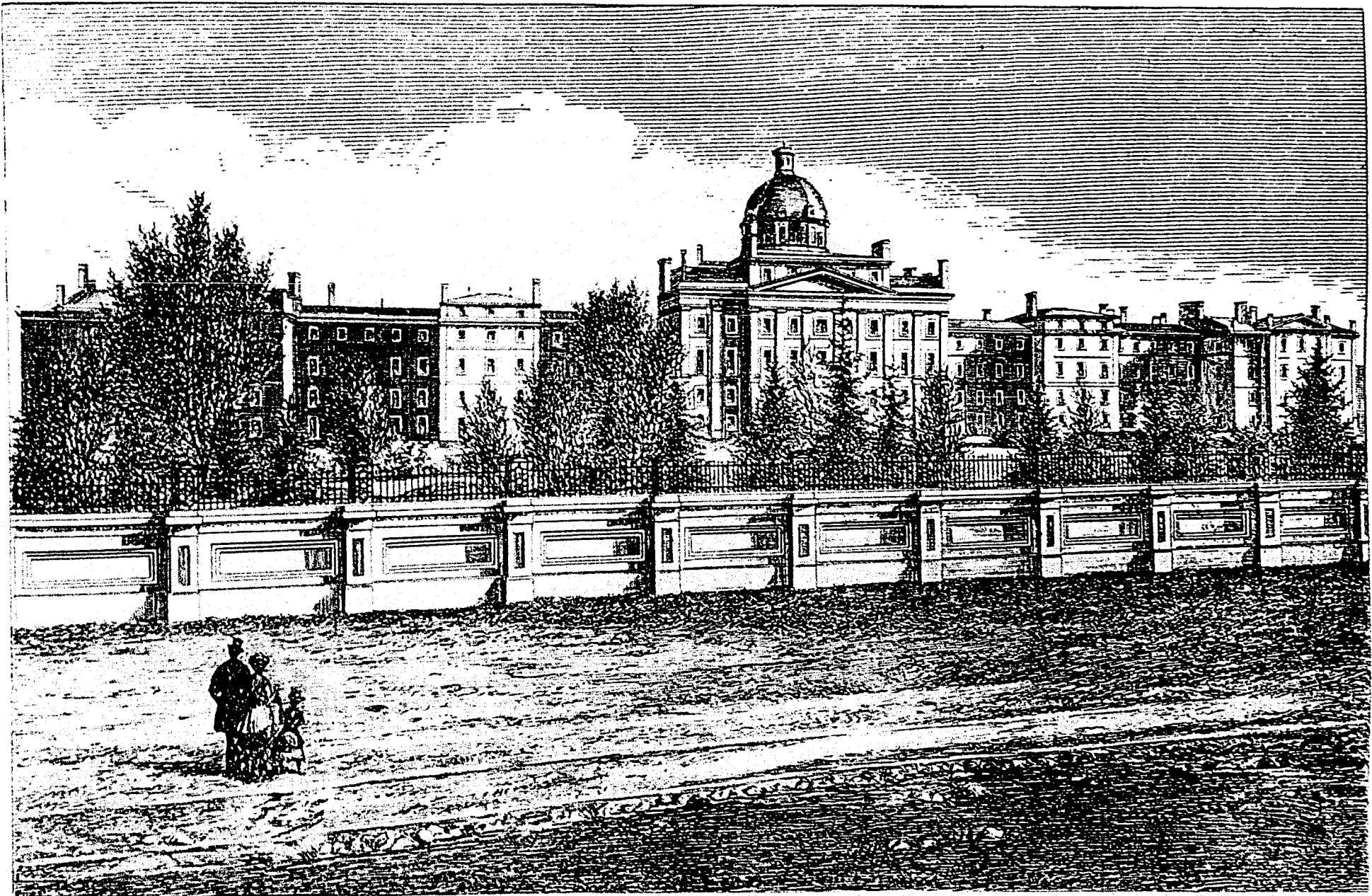


The Company

INCIDENTS OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT QUEBEC.—LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH BOOK OF OUR ARTIST WITH THE 65TH.



THE LATE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.



TORONTO.—THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER.

MUSETTE.

(Translated from Murger's "Vie de Bohème.")

"Je donnerais volontiers tous mes livres pour avoir fait la seule chanson de Musette."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, fils.

To-day, while watching on the wing
A swallow, herald of the Spring,
I called the giddy girl to mind
Who loved me when—she felt inclined:
And I from morn to eve have mused
O'er an old record, oft perused—
The Calendar, that marked the year
When she and I were both so dear.

Oh! deem not that my youth is dead!
Remembrance of thee hath not fled,
And if I heard thy step, Musette,
My heart would open to thee yet.
For, still it trembles at thy name,
Muse of a too inconstant flame:
Come back, and we will eat once more
The love-blessed bread we ate of yore.

The simple ornaments that grace
Our chamber seem to miss thy face,
And look less faded, when I say,
"Musette, perhaps, will come to-day."
Come! thou wilt notice that my room
Hath by thy flight been draped in gloom,
The tiny couch, the ample verve,
Whence thou so oft wouldst sip my share.

Come, don thy robe of stainless white,
And once again be fresh and bright,
And on each Sunday we will stray
Into the woodlands, far away.
When daylight dies, thy rosy mouth
Shall quaff that vintage of the South,
In which thy song its wing would dip,
Ere forth it fluttered from thy lip.

And Heaven (that doubtless pardons thee
Thine infidelity to me)
Will not withhold its moonlight pale
To light our kisses in the vale:
And Nature, still as ever fair,
Her brightest looks for thee will wear,
And smile upon our loves once more
As in those cherished days of yore.

Musette (the Carnival was o'er)
Filled with remorse, came back once more
Back, like a truant bird, to rest
Within the old deserted nest!
But, when I kissed the faithless child,
I thrilled no more with passion wild,
And poor Musette, so long estranged,
Felt that I too, at last, was changed.

Fair idol of the days of old,
To me thou now art dead and cold!
Our youth, that naught can lure us back,
Lies buried in yon Almanac.
Fond joys therein are sepulchred—
'Tis only when their dust is stirr'd,
That Memory can restore the key
Of Paradise now lost to me!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

A LITTLE DINNER.

"My dear George,—I should esteem it a favour if you would invite your father's cousin, Alexander McDour, to dinner. He is in London for a few days, at Charing Cross Hotel, and a little attention to him would please me, your affectionate aunt,

"PRISCILLA LOVELL."

What would I not do to please aunt Prissy! Had she not declared me heir to her thousands? Did she not always tip me handsomely on my birthday and at Christmas? And, present source of gratitude, had she not enclosed me a crisp Bank of England note for ten pounds? Dear aunt Prissy!

I sought my particular friend, Joe Grantly, and, having discussed the matter with him, I despatched a note of invitation to Sandy McDour. The messenger brought back an acceptance, and then we talked over all the people we knew from whom we might select a fourth for our little dinner.

"You and I are good company for each other," observed Joe, thoughtfully watching wreaths of smoke that ascended from his pipe; "but you ought to get some other old fellow to meet your Scotch friend; they'd understand each other, you see."

Later in the day chance favoured me. I was walking in Piccadilly, when I came into violent collision with an old gentleman who was bolting out of Bond street.

"Don't!" I cried, in a vexed tone, as I caught at my new hat.

"I didn't, sir—it was yourself!" ejaculated my adversary; and there was that true ring of music in the tones of his voice which is only heard north of the Tweed. I looked hastily up, and behold, an old Edinburgh friend stood, first glowering, and then smiling, before me.

"My dear boy! I'm glad to meet you, though you've been a trifle rough on me in your greeting!"

"Pray forgive me—inexcusable carelessness," &c., I murmured; and five minutes later, I had mastered the important facts that the friend I had just met knew Sandy McDour well, and would be delighted to meet him at dinner at my rooms next evening at seven o'clock.

Next morning I told my landlord, who was once a butler, that I hoped he'd see to things being all right at dinner. He was clearing my breakfast-table, and replied a little nervously, "Certainly, sir; but have you seen Mrs. Dick, sir?"

"Not yet," I said carelessly; "I'll see her about the dinner presently."

"Better see her soon, sir," with an uneasy glance at the door. "Mrs. Dick is a very amiable woman, sir, but she's firm."

I knew Dick was only Mrs. Dick's husband—not himself—so I pitied him.

"Won't she let you wait, do you mean?" I enquired, filling my pipe.

"I'm not so sure as to that, sir; but I was thinking more about the dinner—it might be spoiled, you see, unless Mrs. Dick was consulted—in time, sir."

"I see. I say, Dick," I continued, in my bachelor ignorance (I did not know it was bliss then, and have had the folly to be wise since), "you should show your wife you are master!"

"O, I do, sir," cried Dick, with a terrified glance at the open door. "I'm a firm person myself, sir; "but," hesitatingly, "I think Mrs. Dick is firmer."

I thought so, too. A few minutes later I had a long and quiet conversation with my landlady, whose ruffled plumes were soothed by a few words of gentle flattery as to her excellent cooking; and she left me with the assurance that everything should be in beautiful order, and that Mr. Dick would be most "appy" to wait at table.

When the clock on the mantel-piece pointed to five minutes to seven my guests were assembled. Men are, as a rule, punctual as dinner guests. I think they like to enjoy and endeavour to unravel the mixture of delicious odours that pervades a small house just before dinner.

Mrs. Dick outdid herself in the meal she sent up, and Dick's brow was cloudless as he waited. We spoke little, for we were hungry; but when the last relay of plates was removed each man looked at his neighbour with a genial smile, and this showed me the wheels inside the human machine had been sufficiently lubricated, and that mind might now triumph over matter. Finally, Dick removed all but the spirit-case, and with a request that I would ring when I wanted hot water, he withdrew.

We turned our chairs to more easy positions, I stirred the fire to a blaze, and Mr. Craig (the Bond street hero) addressed Mr. McDour as follows:

"Do ye remember the little discussion we had when I last saw you five years ago, as to the management of St. Andrew's College?"

"I do," said Sandy; and there was a sideward nod of his head that said, "And I'm glad to see you do."

"Well, now," pursued the other, "you've altered your opinions since then, surely?"

"Not a bit," proclaimed Sandy.

"Eh, now! can ye really say that?" incredulously demanded Mr. Craig; and forthwith the battle began.

Did you ever see a Scotchman preparing for argument? Much has been written and said about the war-horse arrayed for battle, the bull entering the arena, and other animals in trying situations; but I repeat again, did you ever see a Scotchman preparing for argument? There is a complacent smile on his lip and a firm gaze in his eye as he faces his adversary that tells of possible conquest and certain pleasure. There is also a little pity in the glance he fixes unflinchingly on the poor fool who dares disagree with him. But here were two Scots arrayed, and how deadly the struggle would be I knew not yet, but presently, in even, measured tones the two went on, till Joe looked at me and I looked at Joe, and we both looked at the clock. A quarter to ten. I determined in my own mind that old codgers like these went to bed at ten, and, trusting in that delusive hope, I rang for hot water.

"The whisky will soothe them, perhaps," I mused, as the steaming water, fragrant lemon, and shining lumps of sugar were put temptingly before the combatants.

Soothe them? The smell of the toddy inspired them as a breath from their native hills. The whisky lowered in the bottle and the steam arose from the tumblers, and hard at it they still kept.

Once a shout of triumph broke from Craig. "Then you admit that so much is better than it was?"

"Aha!" explained Sandy, with a sideward jerk of the head and a wink that was deadly in its effect, "but I promised that."

On again. I had a piano. Joe was a musician; and a happy thought struck him. He opened the instrument, played a few chords, and commenced singing.

"We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a droopie in our ee."

The struggle waned. Several long sips of toddy were silently swallowed, and then in stentorian tones the Scotchmen chimed in,

"For I will taste the barley bree."

The savage breasts were calmed.

"It is eleven o'clock!" declared the two dissipated old gentlemen, as they put on their coats. They thanked me genially for their pleasant evening, and Dick was sent for a cab.

"For," said Craig, "you can drop me at Bond street on your way, and we'll divide the fare."

"Ay," said Sandy. "Saxpence apiece."

"And," I heard Craigsay on the steps as they departed, "we can have a few more words as we drive that I'm thinking will settle our dispute."

I felt thankful these words would be said in the cab.

M. D.

PLYMOUTH ROCK has just been removed to a new position to make way for some improvements in front of Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, Mass. The stone is in two pieces, weighing together about three tons. The piece under the canopy at the "landing place" weighs about two tons. The rock on which the Pilgrims landed was originally a good-sized boulder of five or six tons weight.

WILKIE COLLINS ON INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

When it was announced that Mr. Wilkie Collins was about to contribute to an American magazine an article on International Copyright, the public hoped for something striking and original on the subject. His performance has not justified the expectation. The distinguished novelist has thrown no new light on the question. His paper in the *International Review* for June is nothing but a vigorous echo of the well-known British whoop against American "pirates"; and, curiously enough, while he asserts that American publishers have nothing to do with the question, he presents himself as the champion of the trade interests of British publishers.

Mr. Collins states his view of the object to be attained by "the thing called International Copyright" as follows: It "is to give me by law (on conditions with which it is reasonably possible for me to comply) the same right of control over my property in my book in a foreign country which the law gives me in my own country." This is precisely what American publishers propose to do. On complying with certain conditions, Mr. Collins, should the American propositions become law, could control his literary property in this country precisely as he does in his own. But, not satisfied with this, he claims the right to make this country a free market for books manufactured in England. This is confounding authors' rights with trade interests; and to this American publishers naturally and rightly demur. The terms they offer are reciprocally fair and advantageous. They propose to treat directly with foreign authors, and to secure for them the same protection which is now accorded to native authors, on certain conditions, "with which it is reasonably possible" for them to comply. But the British publisher, who, to use Mr. Collins' own words, applied to the American publisher, "has actually persuaded himself that his individual trade interests form an integral part of the question of International Copyright," demands admission for his manufactured wares on the same basis. Mr. Collins asserts that British publishers "have no idea of intruding their trade interests into a great question of national justice." But this is precisely what they are doing. Were their opposition withdrawn, the way for International Copyright would be clear. It is their dog-in-the-manger attitude that keeps British authors from enjoying the full benefits of American copyright.

Mr. Collins writes like a man with a grievance. "I have lost," he says, "some thousands of pounds by American pirates." Let us look into this. Since Mr. Collins became known as an author he has received from Harper & Brothers (as their books show) over thirty thousand dollars for advance sheets and in royalties. This does not include the payments for "Armada," which was purchased from the proprietors of *Cornhill*. But, says Mr. Collins, there were unauthorized cheap editions, for which I never received a cent. Well, if the publishers of these cheap unauthorized editions had been obliged to pay him a royalty, they would not have gone into the business; so that Mr. Collins after all laments an imaginary loss. The American publishers propose a practical remedy for all his real or supposed wrongs. Let him join hands with his American friends, and let British publishers keep their trade interests out of the question, and Mr. Collins may soon have abundant reason to congratulate himself on the establishment of the "thing called International Copyright."

COMPLIMENTS.

What honor that
But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lyes—
Outlandish flatteries.

Thus Milton, in "Paradise Regained," would seem to assign to this word Compliment an expression of civility which includes some hypocrisy. Dr. Johnson translates the noun "an act of civility," the verb as "to flatter." It is of French origin, and is usually understood to mean less than it declares, being properly Compliment, something superfluous or more than enough. The French language peculiarly adapts itself to the honeyed utterances of society, and yet some of the compliments handed down to us by this light-hearted nation have been singularly unfortunate. Madame Denis had made a decided hit in the part of Zara, and, in reply to one of the many flattering utterances from a crowd of admirers in the green-room, she said, "To act that part a person should be young and handsome." To which answered he who had been warmest in his praise, "Ah, madam, you are a complete proof of the contrary." Miraflores, trying to ingratiate himself with Madame de Lieven, was not more happy in expression. The charms of younger women were under discussion, on which he remarked, "Elle est trop jeune, trop fraîche; j'aime les femmes un peu passées," with a tender look at her. A compliment implies compliance, or assent, with the will of another, having a desire to please or flatter any weakness or prejudice of theirs, and in excess of the truth as a rule. But compliments are the current coin of society. The man who can pay a compliment without outraging the delicacy of feeling of the recipient, and in such a manner as to ensure belief, is certain to ensure goodwill and success in the world, for long ago sociability taught men that, in order the better to cement their likings for each other, it is necessary that everybody should show off his neighbour in the best light. Lord Chesterfield, in his famous advice to his son,

dwells at some length on the necessity of studying the weaknesses of others, and flattering their vanity, more especially with regard to women and their beauty; "upon which," he adds, "scarce any flattery is too gross for them to swallow." Indeed, most of the writers of past days would seem to assign to women a special complacency with regard to compliments. "Many women doat upon a man for his compliments . . . they are won in a minute," writes Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy." And though it is quite possible to remind a pretty woman of her charms in a well-turned compliment without overstepping the boundary of truth; still, such is the perversity of human nature, the fair ones of incontestable beauty desire to be esteemed for their understanding, wit, or some other virtue which they most probably lack; just as Richelieu, the ablest statesman of his time, desired to be accounted by his flatterers a poet. According to another and earlier writer, "Compliments between men are odious and ridiculous unless *plaisanterie* instigate them;" but even clever and discreet women will swallow the most exaggerated tributes to their personal charms.

A well-turned compliment throws grace over society, and to produce the best effect it must be premeditated without appearing so. A hundred years ago it was part of the education of youth to pay pretty compliments with the air of believing them. Judging from the rapid, fulsome strain in which many, handed down to us in the "Academy of Compliments," are couched, the women of that day must indeed have shown much amiable complacency. What would be said now to a man who would address a woman as follows:—"For your beauty, madam, I may name you Venus, for your comeliness Pallas, for your honour Juno. I should show myself insensible were I not amazed with the curiosity of your beauty. At last, oh, fair one, cast the eyes of thy resplendent presence on thy abject creature, that by the brightness of those eyes his baseness may be turned through thy perfections into a most happy preference!" No wonder that in the "Art of Complaisance" men are instructed to consider ladies' society merely a pleasing amusement or school of politeness, lest, perchance, they should get to care only for madrigals and periwigs.

As long ago as 1670 compliments were described as a collation of sweetmeats to a banquet, pleasing the daintiest tastes, the quintessence of wit, the refiners of speech, the mind's fine exercise. "They have," the writer continues, certainly without flattery, "some dross in them as well as silver—are, in fact, a kind of bell metal; for wit and women are frail things, gilded hypocrites to which compliments, like feathers to small birds, make of fair proportions, though the body itself be small. They are multiplying glasses and flattering mirrors that conceal age and wrinkles—jays finely dressed for the moment." Yet Shakespeare wrote—

"Twas never merry world
Since lovely feigning was called compliment.

And Steele, who knew the world well, speaks with contempt and pity of those solemn expressions of respect and kindness which pass between men who, perhaps, never met before; suddenly devoted to each other's service and interest; infinitely and eternally obliged for no benefit; concerned and afflicted for no cause; and that hollow kind of conversation which, being complimentary, claims to be no real deceit; for words are like money, when the current value of them is understood no man is cheated by them. Compliments have ever been esteemed the key to open the secret cabinet of princes' breasts, and no great man but has his circle of courtiers, who compliment him by deeds as well as words. Hence a lame king makes a lame court, just as the men about Alexander the Great bent their necks because his was bent. We are all inclined to pray the Lord, with the Weaver of Kilbarchan, to send us "a guid conceit o' oursel," and insensibly we like those who help to establish our own self-esteem. Many a man dates his success in life from a well-turned compliment. One of the most popular men of his day made his mark in society when a friend addressing him in the crush-room of the opera said, "Look at that fat Lady D—, isn't she like a great white cabbage?" "She is, indeed, like one," was the wise reply—"all heart." The lady heard, and was his friend from thenceforth. Fashionable life is passed, not so much in being happy as in playing at being happy, and compliments help to keep up the delusion. Many polite phrases are expressions and nothing more, and we glean something of the meaning of the word compliment, in the use we make of it, as a mode of addressing those to whom we adopt the third person in writing. This is not always understood by the lower orders. A man-servant each morning, in reply to inquiries as to the health of an invalid lady, was wont to reply, "Miss M—'s compliments, she is worse," or "better," as the case might be, until at last came, "Miss M—'s compliments, and she died this morning."

FEELS YOUNG AGAIN.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, in Providence, R.I.

SONNET.

No drooping eyelids shadow her bright eyes;
But fearlessly they fix their gaze on mine,
As pure as stars upon my face they shine;
So innocent and yet they seem so wise.
That "neath their light I throw away disguise
And fall a worshipper at the sweet shrine.
Two little arms about my neck entwined,
Two lips that know not witchery of sighs
Are touched to mine in sweetest of replies,
Then ripple into laughter half divine.
Sweet child, you know not how that kiss I prize,
Nor can I breathe it in this wavering line.—
May thy life's day be bright, and night but given
To end a long sweet even-tide with heaven.

Montreal. BARRY DANE.

THE STOLEN LOVE-LETTERS.

In the uncertain flickering fire-light pretty Maggie Leslie sat pulling a rose to pieces. Her sister Kate watched her a few moments impatiently, and then said: "What are you doing, Maggie? Tired of your new lover, eh?"

"What nonsense! I am not tired of my new lover, but I am angry at my old one."

"Very likely. When a girl has discarded a country clergyman with £300 a year for a baronet with £20,000, it is likely she will be angry at the poor lover troubling her memory."

"I should dismiss the country clergyman very readily from my memory, if he permitted me. I never thought Archie Fleming could have been so mean;" and Maggie threw the poor tattered remnant of a rose passionately away from her.

"I do not believe cousin Archie Fleming could do a mean thing, Maggie. You must be mistaken."

"I wish I was. Come closer, Kate, and I will tell you all about it;" and the two young girls seated themselves on a low ottoman in a confidential attitude.

"Now, Maggie, when and what?"

"The 'when' was two evenings ago. Sir John and I were coming across the moor, just as happy as—anything, and I thought Archie was in London, when we met him suddenly as we turned into the Hawthorn Path. And what do you think? They rushed into each other's arms like—like two Frenchmen. I do believe they kissed each other. It was 'John,' and 'Archie,' and handshaking, and 'How are you, old fellow?' and that kind of thing, until I was quite disgusted. Men going on in that way are so ridiculous!"

"By-and-by Sir John remembered me, and supposed 'Archie knew his fair parishioner, Miss Leslie,' and Archie bowed in the most distant manner, and said 'he had the honour of being my poor cousin.' Men never can keep anything, and before we had walked a quarter of a mile Sir John had contrived to let Archie know how matters stood between us."

"That was not very pleasant, but of course you were off with the old love before you were on with the new?"

"Not exactly. I had stopped writing to Archie, and if he had an ounce of sense he might have guessed the reason."

Kate shook her head and looked grave.

"Now, Kate, don't be aggravating. The case is just this. Sir John and Archie, it seems, are old school friends, and Archie has all sorts of romantic notions about fidelity to his friend, and threatens to tell Sir John how badly I have treated him."

"Then you have seen Archie?"

"Yes, I sent Davie Baird to tell him to meet me in the conservatory last night."

"How imprudent!"

"I had to do it. I wanted to coax Archie to let me off easily, and to give me back all my letters. I must have the letters, Kitty, I really must."

"Well?"

"Well, he said some very disagreeable things—truths he called them—and I cried, and looked just as pretty as I could. He insisted I was in love with Sir John's title and money, and not with himself; and when I said that was not true and that I loved Sir John very dearly, he got quite in a temper. It is my belief that he would rather I married for money than love if I don't marry him. That's the selfishness of men, Kitty. I wouldn't be as mean for anything. And oh, Kitty, he said he would not give me back my letters, and I must have them."

"I should not worry about a few love-letters."

"Kitty, you don't know all, or you would not say that."

"Tell me 'all,' then."

"I have sent Sir John just—the same—letters, word for word. You know I never was good at composition, and when Clara Joyce was here, I got her to write me some beautiful love-letters. She liked doing it, and I thought I might need them. I copied them for Archie, and they were so clever I copied them also for Sir John. Now, Kitty, if Archie should show those letters, as he said he would, how both of them would laugh at me! I could not bear it."

Kate looked very much troubled. "Indeed, Maggie, you are right," she answered. "You must have your letters; and if Archie will not give you them, they must be stolen from him; that is all about it. It would never do to let him hold such a power over your poor little head, and it would be worse after you were married than before it. You are sure that he will not give them up?"

"He said he never would give them to me."

"Perhaps he has burned them."

"Oh, no, he could never bear to do that. Why, he idolizes them, Kitty. Just before he went

away he told me that they were laid in rose leaves in the drawers of his Indian cabinet."

"Very good. Grandfather sent that cabinet to the parsonage. I dare say it is exactly like the one in his room. If so, it is likely grandfather's key will open the minister's."

"Oh, Kate! you durst not do such a thing!"

"I dare, under the circumstances. Of two evils one should choose the least. Anything, almost, is better than giving a rejected lover such a power over you. It would be different if it was me. I would defy him, and take the telling in my own hands."

"I could not do that. Archie might tease me to death first."

"I know, you dear, foolish little woman. But you shall have your letters, Maggie, so go to bed, and sleep soundly on my promise."

"When?"

"Perhaps to-morrow. Archie dines with the bishop to-morrow. I shall find no better opportunity, I think."

The next morning proved to be one of those drenching days quite characteristic of an English November. Still, about three o'clock, Miss Leslie insisted on riding to the village. Her grandfather made some opposition, but soon gave in to "Kate's set ways," and her decided declaration "that she would be ill without her gallop."

Arrived at the village, she stopped at the parsonage door, and nodding pleasantly to the housekeeper, who opened it, she said she was very wet, and would like to see her cousin, and dry her habit.

The parson was gone to the bishop's, but if Miss Leslie would come in, there was a fire in his parlour, and she could warm her feet, and have a warm cup of tea; and Miss Leslie, after a little affected hesitation, and a little more pressing, consented to do so.

She permitted Martha to remove her hat and bring her some tea, and then she sent her down to give the groom a glass of mulled ale. "I shall rest half an hour, Martha, and if cousin Archie is not back by that time, I must go, or else I shall not reach home before dark."

As soon as the door was shut she glanced round the room. It was a cozy place, full of bachelor comforts, and pleasantly littered with books and papers. The Indian cabinet stood in a little recess between the two windows. She quietly selected her grandfather's key, and tried the lock. It opened at once, and with an ease that showed it was in constant use, and the first thing that greeted her was the faint scent of rose leaves.

But the letters were not in the drawers, and she was on the point of closing the cabinet in despair, when she remembered that her grandfather's had a secret door that slipped away, and hid a closet between the drawers. It was likely Archie's had the same. She sought the spring, and it responded at once to her touch, and there lay the letters, all tied together in one little bundle. There were not more than half a dozen, and Kate, with a smile of relief and satisfaction, put them in her pocket, and re-locked the cabinet.

She had scarcely done so when she heard some one open the front door with a pass key, and come straight up the stairs. In a moment she had decided that it was not Archie's footstep, and that it must be one of his intimate friends. In a moment, also, she had decided that if she did not know him, he should not know her. Whoever it was, he did not at once come to the parlour; he went into an adjoining room, removed his wet coat and boots, and came lounging in, with slippers on his feet and a cigar in his mouth.

Kate had just finished arranging her hat and gloves, and was going quietly out of one door when he entered by the other. For a moment they stood and looked blankly at each other; the next, Kate advanced a few steps, and said, "I am waiting to see the clergyman. Do you know how soon he will return, sir?"

"I think he will be here immediately," answered the new-comer, whose first instinct was to say the thing most likely to detain so beautiful a girl. "I am sorry to have intruded, but I will retire at once, if you desire it."

"By no means, sir. I shall not remain longer. I expected my brother with Mr. Fleming, but as my groom is with me, there is no need to wait, especially as it is likely to be dark very early."

"I left Mr. Fleming at the bishop's, with three other clergymen. Your brother—"

"Oh, my brother is not a clergyman;" and then suddenly remembering a friend of Archie's who lived at least ten miles away, she said, "I am Miss Crowther, of Hill Top—perhaps you know Mr. Henry Crowther?"

The young gentleman looked at Kate in utter amazement. In fact, he was Mr. Henry Crowther himself, and he was not aware that he had ever had any sister. Who was this beautiful girl claiming so pleasant a kinship with him?

But almost with the announcement Kate disappeared. He watched her horse brought round and saw her mount and ride away, and then sat down to smoke in a whirl of curiosity and excitement. "What a bright face! What frank, charming manners! What a figure! I wish to everything I had a sister—or something nice—like that girl. I do wonder who she is!" The next moment he had rung the bell, and pulled the bell-rope down.

"Lawks, Mr. Henry, I knew that was you a-ringing, which Mr. Archie never rings that outrageous way. What be you wanting, sir?"

"I want to know, Martha, who that young lady is that left the house twenty minutes ago."

"Well may you ask, sir, which to do shows your good sense. That is Miss Kate Leslie, sir—Mr. Archie's cousin—a very beautiful young lady, sir, and a good one, and proud her grandfather is of her."

"That is all, Martha."

"Very well, sir."

When Archie returned he found Harry Crowther pacing the room in the greatest impatience. "How long you have been!" he exclaimed; "and here has been the most beautiful girl waiting for you; and, by everything! she says she is my sister; and, still funnier, she did not know that I was her brother."

"What do you mean, Harry?"

"Just what I say."

"Oh, this is too bad! I must ask Martha about it. She ought not to permit strangers to come into my rooms."

"Stop, Archie; I have asked Martha. Her name was Miss Kate Leslie."

"My cousin Kate. Now what could have brought her here this wet day?" He thought immediately of his interview with Maggie, and of her anxiety about her letters. "Poor little girl," he said, mentally, "I must not punish her any longer. I will take her her letters to-morrow."

So the next afternoon he put on his hat and coat and went to the cabinet for them. Of course they were not there. For one moment he was confounded; the next, his mind had instinctively divined the hand that had robbed him. He was very angry with his cousin Kate. He knew at once it was altogether her doing. If Maggie had even dared to try, she would have screamed in the attempt, and betrayed herself.

It was with a very stern face that he entered the parlour where Kate was sitting, and he would not see the hand she held out to him. When they were alone, she asked at once, "Why won't you shake hands, Archie?"

"How can you expect me, Kate, to take the hand—"

"That robbed me. Say it if you wish."

"I was going to say it. Why did you do it?"

"Because you were torturing little Maggie, and I will not have her worried about a few letters. They were hers, not yours."

"I think they were mine."

"That shows a man's honesty in love matters. The letters were sent to you under a supposition that you were to fill a certain relationship to Maggie. You were found incompetent for that position, and the favours relating to it ought to have been returned. A dismissed ambassador might just as well keep the insignia of his office."

"Sit down, Kate, and don't put yourself in a passion. Have I ever done an unkind thing to either Maggie or you since we were children together?"

"No, Archie, you have not."

"Do you really think I would?"

"You said you would tell Sir John things about Maggie, and that would be unkind. Maggie loves Sir John very much."

"I would never hurt Maggie. As your pastor, and as your cousin, let me say I think you have behaved in a very improper manner."

"Archie!"

"Very improper indeed. You ought to have come to me. I would have given you the poor dear little letters; and as for telling Sir John anything to open his eyes, I like him far too well. The only way to be happy in love is to be blind."

"You think that is very satirical, I dare say."

"No, I do not. I am waiting for your apology, Kate. You know you ought to make me one."

Kate sat, with burning cheeks, tapping the floor with her foot, and Archie stood calmly watching her. At last she said, "You are right, Archie." Then putting her hand in her pocket: "Here are the letters. Do what you like with them. I trust you."

He took them tenderly, and throwing them into the fire, mournfully watched them turn to gray ashes. Kate's eyes were full of painful tears.

"Archie," she said, "forgive me. I acted very impulsively and very imprudently. I am ashamed of myself. There is something else I must tell you about this miserable affair. I saw a gentleman in your parlor, and I gave myself a false name to him."

"Oh, Kate, see how one fault leads to another. If you had been doing right, you would not have been ashamed to confess that you were Kate Leslie. Do you know the lady whose name you borrowed?"

"No, I know nothing about such a person."

"Then I will go with you, and you must make an apology to the family."

"Must I do this?"

"You must. It is the least you can do."

"Very well, Archie, I will do it."

But this part of her punishment was long delayed. The next morning Kate was very ill, and a severe attack of rheumatic fever confined her for weeks to her room. Then the fatigue and excitement consequent on Maggie's marriage threw her back into the inertia of invalidism, and the adventure was almost forgotten in its painful results.

As the warm weather came on she improved, and began to go into society again. One day there was to be a lawn party at the bishop's and she promised to meet Archie there. She was sitting resting under a great oak, when she saw him coming toward her. A gentleman was with him, whom she recognized at a glance; she had introduced herself once to him as Miss Crowther. What was Archie going to do to her? She felt almost like crying; but she stood brave

ly up as they advanced, and in her white muslin dress, with roses at her waist and throat, she made a very lovely picture.

"Good afternoon, Cousin Kate."

"Cousin Archie, good afternoon."

"Kate, this is my friend Mr. Henry Crowther."

She blushed violently, but did not lose her self-possession. "I have met Mr. Crowther, before, once, when I was on a little private masquerade, and assumed the character of his sister. I hope I am forgiven."

"If I had sister, she would have been honored by the assumption. Since the momentary favour I have never ceased to regret my want."

They sat long under the pleasant shade, and in the evening rode slowly home together under the July moon. Before they parted both had acknowledged to their hearts an interest that might be a dearer tie than even that of brother and sister.

For a few weeks Harry Crowther was constantly coming with Archie to call on the Leslies, either for one pretext or another. Then he began to come by himself, and to come without any pretext at all. It had been long evident to Archie that Harry and Kate loved each other very dearly, and at last even the dim eyes of her grandfather began to perceive how matters stood.

"Kitty," he said, one night after waiting patiently through a "good-night" that lasted an hour and a half—"Kitty, why does Harry Crowther come here so often?"

"Because we do not believe in writing, grandfather. Love-letters once nearly cost me my life;" and leaning fondly on her grandfather's neck, Kitty told him the fault of which she had been guilty, and the pain and shame it had caused her.

"Never pays, Kitty, to do evil that good may come; the price is too high."

"You forgive me, grandfather?"

"Yes, Kitty, with all my heart."

"Harry has forgiven me too. You see, after taking his name in jest, it is right I make the *amende honorable* by taking it in earnest. So, grandfather if you will let me, I am going to be Mrs. Crowther instead of Miss Crowther. May I try ask you to-morrow?"

"Yes, he may ask me. He has asked you, I suppose?"

"Oh yes."

"And we are to have a wedding, and no love-letters. I never heard of such a thing."

"A wedding and no love-letters, grandfather. Love-letters are slow, and old-fashioned, and very dangerous. We have adopted visits and telegraphs in their place."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

SAYS a French critic: "I like a girl before she gets womanish, and a woman before she gets girlish."

KATE FIELD says that if women had been born without tongues men would have been born without chins, and so things are right as they are.

"I am very much afraid of lightning," said a pretty lady. "And well you may be," replied a despairing lover, "as your heart is made of steel."

THE wife of a wealthy and retired grocer to her artistic dressmaker: "Dress me in such a manner that my vulgarities will pass for mediæval affectations."

ONE of the saddest and most vexatious trials that comes to a girl when she marries is that she has to discharge her mother and depend on a servant girl.

BASHFUL lover (to his belle): "Would that I had three kilograms of dynamite?" Belle: "Why, monsieur?" Bashful lover: "To break the ice between us."

AN Italian does not believe that she is loved by her lover unless he is capable of committing a crime for her, an Englishwoman extravagance, and a Frenchwoman a folly.

WHEN a fond parent finds that his little son has emulated the example of the father of his country in regard to arboriculture, he raises the wind immediately; that is to say, he puts the heir in motion.

A LADY tells something which ought to have remained a secret with her own sex. It is that a woman, in choosing a lover, considers a good deal more how the man will be regarded by other women than whether she loves him herself.

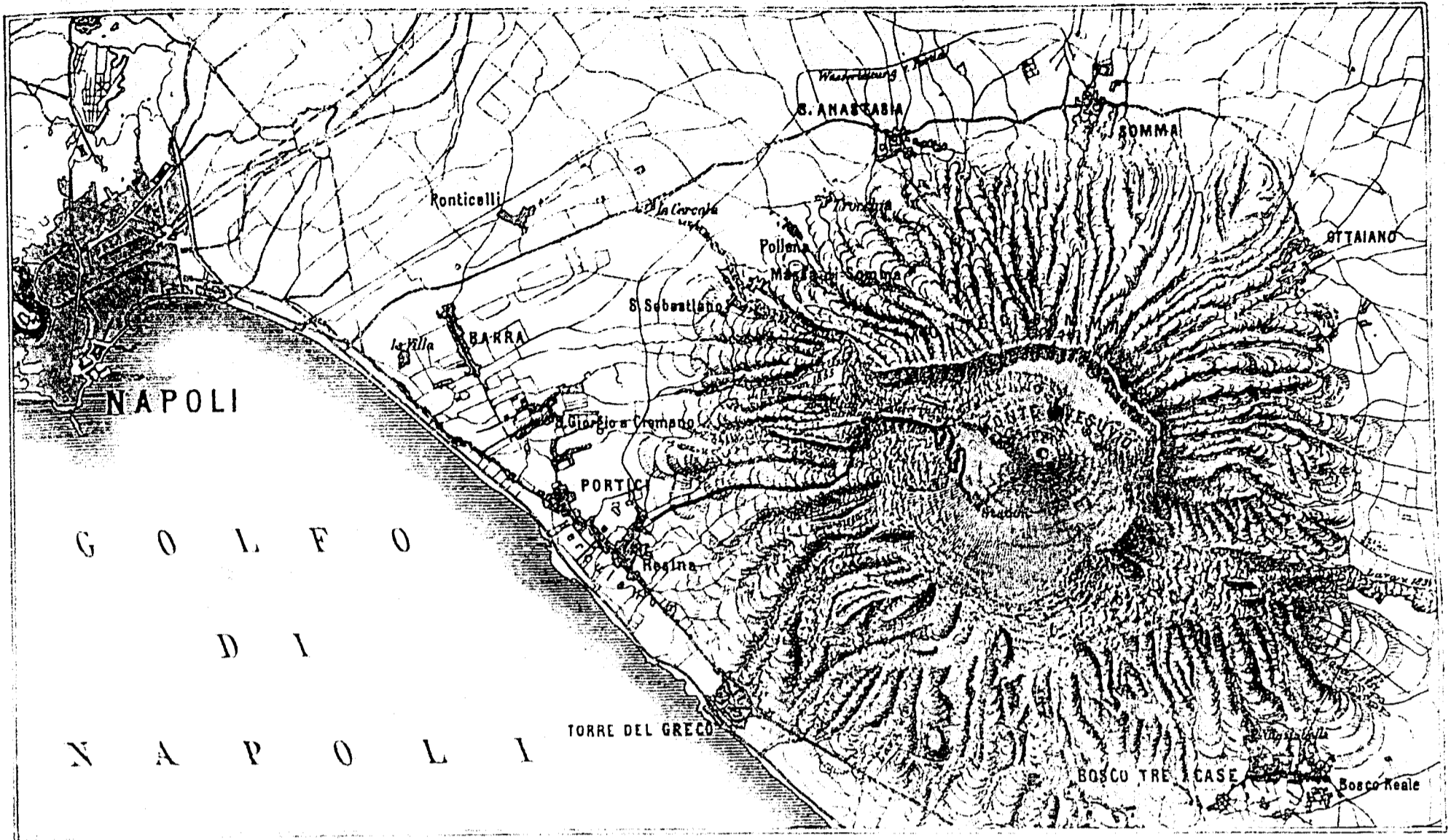
THE newest thing in high art, girls, is to paint your brother's pipe a delicate sky blue, with a cluster of lilies of the valley on the bowl. If you haven't got a brother's clay pipe, some other girl's brother's clay pipe will do as well, perhaps better.

A PORTION of the clergy oppose the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. These disciplinarians are possibly of the opinion that the man who marries twice, and is afflicted with but one mother-in-law, has more happiness here below than is good for him.

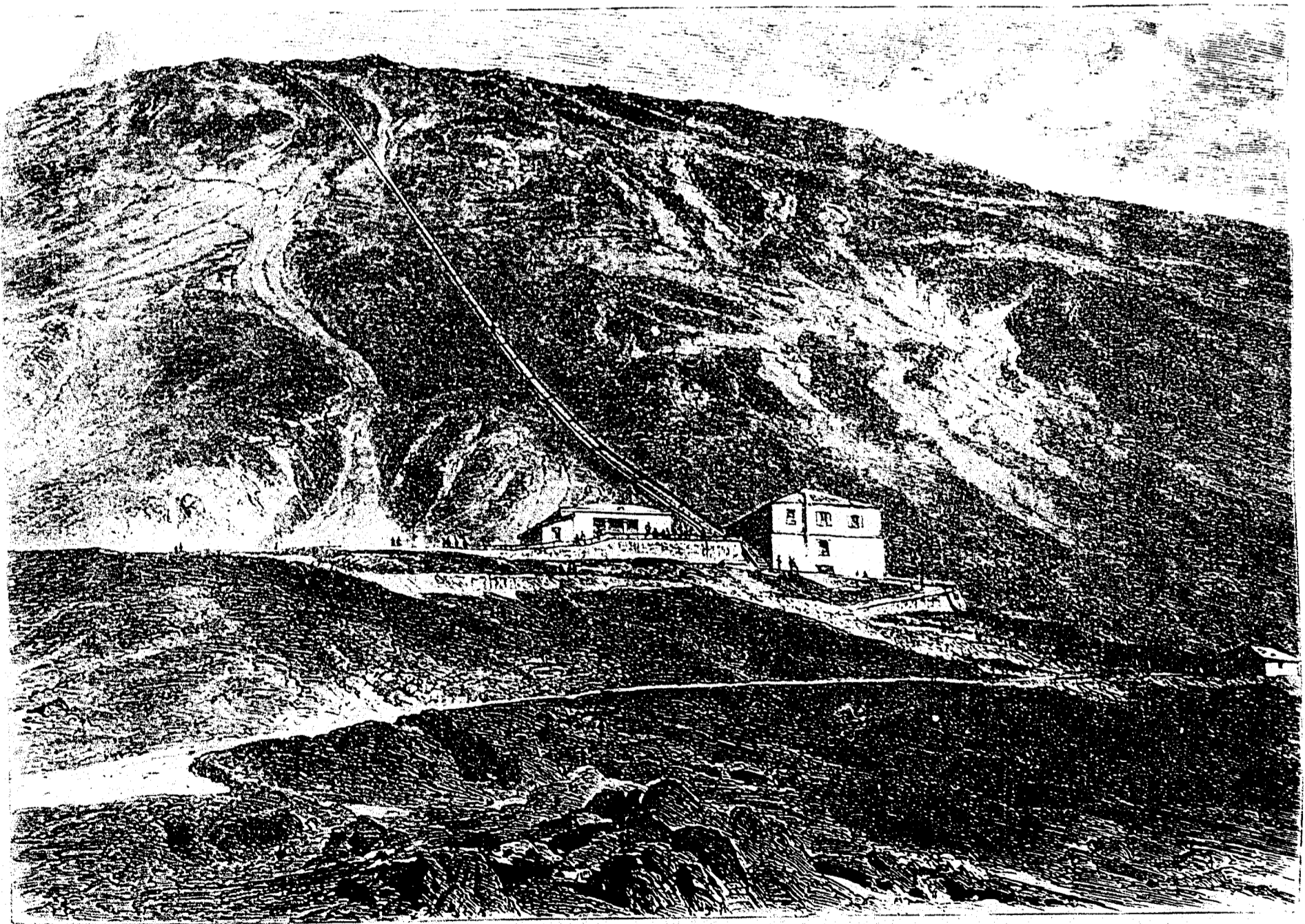
TENDER wife: Say, look here! I've got to have a new velvet skirt right off. Got to have it. This old thing is worn out—actually threadbare down the front. Brute of a husband: Just the thing, my dear. All the rage. Fashion item says velvet skirts will be very much worn this season. Sandpaper the back of your dress and you're setting the style.



HENRY VIII. AND ANN BOLLEYN.



TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.



RAILWAY UP MOUNT VESUVIUS.

THE GAME OF WHIST.

"If you the modern game of whist would know, From this great principle its precepts flow; Treat your own hand as to your partner's joined, And play, not one alone, but both combined.

Your first lead makes your partner understand What is the chief component of your hand; And hence there is necessity the strongest That your first lead be from your suit that's longest.

In this with ace and king, lead king, then ace; With king and queen, king also has first place; With ace, queen, knave, lead ace, and then the queen; With ace, four small ones, ace should first be seen; With queen, knave, ten, you let the queen precede; In other cases you the lowest lead.

Ere you return your friend's, your own suit play; But trumps you must return without delay.

When you return your partner's lead, take pains To lead him back the best your hand contains, If you receive not more than three at first; If you had more, you may return the worst.

But if you hold the master card, you're bound In most cases to play it second round.

When'er you want a lead, 'tis seldom wrong To lead up to the weak, or through the strong. If second hand, your lowest should be played, Unless you mean 'trump signal' to be made; Or if you've king and queen, or ace and king, Then one of these will be the proper thing.

Mind well the rules for trumps, you'll often need them; When you hold five, 'tis always right to lead them; Or if the lead won't come in time to you, Then signal to your partner so to do.

Watch also for your partner's trump request, To which, with less than four, play out your best.

To lead through honours turned up is bad play, Unless you want the trump suit cleared away.

When, second hand, a doubtful risk you see, Don't trump it, if you hold more trumps than three, But having three or less, trump fearlessly.

When weak in trumps yourself, don't force your friend, But always force the adverse strong hand.

For sequences, stern custom has decreed The lowest you must play, if you don't lead.

When you discard, weak suit you ought to choose, For strong ones are too valuable to lose."

From these rules it will be seen that whist is a game in which the players are always drawing inferences. If you lead the king, your partner knows that you have either ace or queen; if second hand you put on an unnecessarily high card, and afterwards, when the same suit is played, let fall a low card, your partner knows that you are calling for trumps; if you lead trumps early in the game, your partner knows that you have five, or that you wish trumps out in order to bring in certain strong suits in your hand; if you take the trick with the king, your partner knows that you have not the queen; if you trump a suit first round when second hand, your partner knows that you are weak in trumps; if you force your partner to ruff a suit, he concludes that you are strong in trumps. Thus the game calls forth all our powers of observation and calculation, and should be played in silence and without any interrupting agents around.

There is no game which reveals to us more the character of a man than whist. There is the man of cunning and deep design, who will always be in favour of over finessing, of tricky combinations which seldom come off, and whose play, if it misleads his opponents, is also successful in deceiving his partner. There is the timid, fearful man, who plays an essentially nervous game; who never leads trumps unless he has amazing strength; who plays entirely for his own hand; who is given to putting on his best cards second-hand for fear he should lose the opportunity of ever making them; who, if he has a bad hand, is always ready to throw down his cards, and who never dreams of being of service to his partner. There is the superstitious man, who is a fervent believer in luck; who is always changing his chair and calling for new cards when fortune is adverse, who objects to be looked over, who has faith in playing on certain days or in certain coats, or in the efficacy of some fetish—a pocket-book, a pencil, an old coin—which he places upon the table to court the fickle goddess. There is the emotional man, the joy or gravity of whose face at once reveals that he holds good or bad cards; he is intoxicated with delight when he wins, and as gloomy as a mourner when he loses. There is the incessant grumbler, who before he even looks at his hand growls about "his luck;" who wails like a Jeremiah about the rubbers he loses; who is always commenting upon the good fortune of others; who sighs and groans when his partner leads, as if a tooth were being drawn out of his head instead of a card out of his hand; who appeals to those around for sympathy when cruelly treated; and who, even when victorious, insults his luck by ironically remarking, "Actually, I have won a rubber!"

Indeed to comment upon the moral qualities of the individual as exemplified by whist would be endless. The game is a great test of breeding. Your true gentleman knows how to win without exultation, and to lose without temper. To take up bad hand after bad hand, never to find your partner with a suit, or to be the victim of a nasty run of ill-luck, is certainly not calculated to develop the amiable qualities of our erring nature. Yet the well-bred player shows by no external signs the angry feelings within him; calm and quiet in all his dealings, he awaits the turn of the tide with the patience of the philosopher and the well-balanced temper of one who has learnt the value of self-control. With the vulgar it is very different;

he is boisterous in his objurgations against fortune; he abuses his partner; he angrily bangs his card upon the table; he is hot, noisy, and restless, and pays his money ungraciously. It is the contrast between a silent majestic river and a shallow babbling brook.

I have said that whist is one of the most fascinating of amusements, but it is not given to every one to take it up. No man whose temper is ungovernable, who is unable to bear defeat, who hates losing his money, or who is intolerant of a partner's mistakes, should become a whist-player. Such a person not only renders himself ridiculous, but creates feuds at the table, and mars the pleasure and sociability of the game. No one should play unless he can afford to lose without causing himself anxiety. Nothing is more distressing than to win from one whom we know can ill spare what we deprive him of; both the victor and the vanquished are made uncomfortable. No one should sit down to play who is rendered heavy from the little side-dishes he loves, not wisely, but too well, or whose brain is clouded by indulgence in the choicer vintages. Ah, but if whist were only to be played by those who are proficient in the game, whose tempers are never ruffled, whose memory is clear and limpid, whose balance permits them to stand a bad run of ill-luck, and who never complain of the tactics of their partner, how perfectly charming would every rubber become! In another and a better world we may perhaps play such whist; but not, I fear, so long as our imperfect human nature takes up its abode in this "best of all possible" planets.

One word as to luck. Whether we believe in it or not, there is such a thing as luck. We see one man for a season persistently holding bad cards, losing rubber after rubber, and invariably being found by his partner with nothing in his hand. Nor is such misfortune due to bad play. As long as honours count for what they do in the rubber, a first-class player, it is calculated, has only the advantage of one point in the game over an indifferent player. Still, in spite of men grumbling about their luck, and assuring everybody that they invariably lose, take a cycle of three years and it will be found that luck is very even in its operations. I have seen men who have lost steadily throughout a whole year, yet in the next year they have more than recovered their losses. I have seen a man lose thirteen rubbers running; yet shortly afterwards I saw him win every night during a whole week. No man who has made legitimate whist the occupation of his life, has ever come to much grief. The men who have been "broke" are those who play for points they cannot afford, and who have not the funds to stand a heavy run of bad luck; or those who, not content with the points, bet largely, backing their luck when they win, and plunging deeper and deeper to regain their losses when unfortunate. But legitimate whist—that is, whist at points that a man can afford to lose, and no bets—is the cheapest pleasure that can be indulged in. It offers one an agreeable rest after the day's labour, a healthy form of excitement, and intellectual exercise without fatigue. My advice to all is that of Talleyrand's, "Play whist, and you will be spared a sorrowful old age."

MOSES OATS, the Galt prophet, predicts for this summer one of the hottest spells of weather ever known in Canada. He also predicts a heavy rainfall for the early part of the summer, followed by an almost entire absence of rain, except what falls in thunder-showers.

A MONTH OF BATTLES.—It has often been remarked that many of the great battles of history, especially in modern times, have been fought in the month of June. A recent writer has made an enumeration of some of these engagements from which it appears that on the 1st of June occurred a great naval fight between the "Chesapeake" and the "Shannon," and on the same day Lord Howe defeated the French fleet in 1794, and Napoleon left Paris to begin the campaign of 1815. One of Admiral Blake's hardest sea fights with Van Tromp commenced on the 3rd and was prolonged during the whole of the 4th, ending at length in the triumph of the British flag. The French victory at Magenta was won on the same day. The French capture of the Mamelon earthwork at Sebastopol, one of the most gallant exploits of the great siege, was achieved on the 7th. The 10th gives to Russia the double honor of Napoleon's defeat at Heilsberg in 1807, and the capture of Khiva in 1873. The 14th has the twofold renown of Cromwell's final defeat of Charles I. at Naseby, and Napoleon's equally decisive overthrow of the Russians at Friedland. On the same day occurred the less important, though hard-fought, battle of Raab, where Napoleon defeated the Austrians in 1809. On the 16th, (which subsequently witnessed the outbreak of the war of 1866) Napoleon gained the battle of Ligny over Blucher, and Marshal Ney indecisively attacked the British at Quatre Bras. The 17th has the glory of Bunker Hill. Waterloo, Frederick the Great's defeat by the Austrians at Kolin, and the British repulse before the Redan, at Sebastopol, have immortalized the 18th. On the 19th Italy joined the coalition of 1866 against Austria. The great victory of Plassy, by which Lord Clive, defeating with 3,000 men a force of more than 60,000, made Britain mistress of India, was gained on the 23rd. On the 24th was fought the battle of Bannockburn in 1314; on the same day marks the passage of the Nieman

by Napoleon 1812; the 25th, the Italian defeat at Cutozza in 1866; the 26th, the commencement of the famous "seven days before Richmond," in 1862; the invasion of Denmark by the Prussians in 1864; the 28th, the capture of Silistria by the Russians, after a gallant resistance, in 1829. To this long list must still be added the earlier tragedies of the Indian Mutiny, several of the hardest battles of the Crimean War, and more than one of those which decided the fate of Northern Bulgaria in 1877. In European war-records we almost find the month of June the busiest and most important in the annals of each campaign. The reason for this is that the days during the month are not too warm for moving large masses of men from point to point, whilst the night are not too cold for sleeping in open fields.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Many Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Solution received of Problem No. 279. Correct.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 276. Correct.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Solutions received of Problems Nos. 278 and 279. Not correct.

Last week we stated in our Chess Column that the Correspondence Tourney, set on foot by Mr Shaw, of Montreal, about two years ago, had been brought to a conclusion. It now gives us much pleasure to publish the final report. The "Canadian Illustrated News" was the means of first presenting to Canadian chess-players Mr. Shaw's prospectus of his enterprise, and notices of its progress and the scores of games played have, from time to time, appeared in our Column; it cannot, therefore, but be a satisfaction to us that it has in every way been a success.

THE CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

FINAL REPORT.

The Conductor has much satisfaction in announcing the termination of the Tourney. The contest—the first of its kind in Canada—was entered into by fifteen players, each of whom agreed to play one game with every other and conduct four games simultaneously.

This constituted a total number of 105 games, and no stronger proof can be adduced of the maintenance of interest felt in the contest by the competitors than the fact that the entire number has been played out faithfully to the finish.

The time occupied in the progress of the Tourney has been two years and two months, the first series of games having begun on the 27th March, 1878.

When it is remembered that many of the players resided at remote distances from each other—e. g., the Maritime Provinces and the westernmost part of Ontario, a distance of four days, as represented by the transmission of a post-card—the duration of the Tourney may be reasonably considered as short.

Out of a possible 14, Mr. John Henderson of Montreal, has succeeded in winning 12 games, thus securing the silver cup. He has well earned the first prize.

Characterized by soundness of combination in attack, and fertility of resource in defence—with an aim to safety rather than brilliancy—Mr. Henderson's games may be regarded as models of correspondence play. Mr. A. Saunders, of Montreal, follows close behind with a score of 11. Mr. W. Braithwaite, of Unionville, Ont., comes next with 10½—the list of winners closing with Prof. Hicks and Mr. J. W. Shaw, both of Montreal, who, with a score of 9 each, tie for the fourth and fifth prizes.

Subjoined will be found a table, showing the standing of all the competitors at the close of the Tourney. The average number of moves made in each game was thirty-eight, and the opening most in favour with the players has been the Knight's game of Ray Lopez. Although the contest has been carried on generally with great cordiality and harmony, the Conductor was called upon to adjudicate in several cases of appeal, arising from the sending of impossible moves.

As the result of the Tourney has been to some extent affected by such mistakes, the importance of the subject demands more than a passing notice.

An impossible move may be defined as the moving a Piece or Pawn to a square to which it cannot legally be moved, or the incorrect designation of a piece captured. Such a move is identical with the description of a false move, as given in Staunton's Praxis, vide "Regulations for Playing," VIII. p. 19, where the penalty, or a choice of penalties, in such cases is clearly laid down. One of these—the writer cannot but term them—unmerciful penalties, is "to play any other man legally movable which his adversary may select."

This terrible punishment, immediately fatal in its consequences, is incurred by the unfortunate player who might omit the "i" from Kt, or err in the naming of a piece when sending conditional moves (as actually occurred in this Tourney). The chess world owes Staunton much for his "Praxis" and other admirable guide-books to the game, but in the compilation of his laws, and the imposition of pains and penalties, the spirit of the Middle Ages must have been strong within him! He must have considered chess a very quarrelsome game, and one in which the players were prone to over-reach one another, to require such vouchers for good behaviour. In the cases of appeal mentioned, the writer had no alternative but to render verdicts in accordance with Staunton's laws, but he did so with a strong sense of their injustice, as being totally incommensurate with the offence. In every one of the cases appealed, the infraction of the law was a simple inadvertence by copying the move incorrectly from the player's register on to the post-card. It might be justly urged, with no small measure of truth, that success in a correspondence tourney, governed by Staunton's laws, is obtained as much by the ability to avoid error in the transcribing of a move, as by efficiency in the game. Should not the former be altogether subordinate? In the Correspondence Tourney now in progress under the superintendence of Dr. Ryall, the principle is adopted that the receiver of a false move shall not have the penalty in his own hands, and he alone benefit by it. A penalty is imposed of one-half a game, to be deducted, at the close of the tourney, from the score of the sender, for every such mistake. By this means all the players benefit by a mistake of one of their number. The principle is correct, but is not the penalty too severe?

In conclusion, if the Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney has been a source of entertainment to the players, and has given an impetus, however slight, to the game throughout the Dominion, the writer will feel himself amply rewarded for the care and labour he has bestowed upon it.

Thanking the competitors for their courtesy and co-operation, he wishes each a kindly farewell.

Very respectfully, J. W. SHAW.

26 Windsor Street, Montreal, } June 1st, 1880.

SYNOPTICAL TABLE, SHOWING THE RESULT OF EVERY GAME PLAYED IN THE TOURNEY. Table with columns for Competitors and Score, listing players like John Henderson, A. Saunders, etc., and their respective scores.

N. B.—Drawn games count one half to each player.

THE WINNERS.

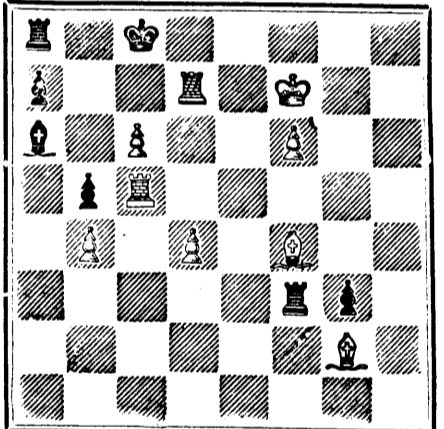
Table listing winners and their prizes: John Henderson, Montreal, 1st Prize, 12 Points; A. Saunders, do., 2nd do., 11; W. Braithwaite, Unionville, Ont., 3rd do., 10½; Prof. W. H. Hicks, Montreal, 4th do., 9; J. W. Shaw, do., 5th do., 9.

J. W. SHAW, Conductor of Tourney.

PROBLEM No. 280.

By J. Paul Taylor. From Chess Chips.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 278.

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

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 276.

- WHITE. 1. R to K B sq. 2. Kt to K B 7 (ch). 3. R mates. BLACK. 1. P moves (best). 2. K moves.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 277.

- White. K at K 8. R at Q 4. B at K R 3. Kt at Q R 5. Pawns at K Kt 3 and 4 and Q B 3. Black. K at K 4. Pawns at Q 3 and 4 and K R 4. White to play and mate in two moves.

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WELLAND CANAL.
Notice to Bridge-Builders.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY, the 15th day of JUNE, next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, the 31st DAY OF MAY, next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and 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 a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge, for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work 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.

For the due fulfilment of the contract, the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS,
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



WELLAND CANAL.
NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

THE construction of Lock Gates advertised to be let on the 3rd of JUNE, next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—
Tenders will be received until

Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

Tuesday, the 8th day of June.

By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS,
Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.



LACHINE CANAL.
NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE construction of Lock Gates advertised to be let on the 3rd of JUNE, next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—
Tenders will be received until

Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

Tuesday, the 8th day of June.

By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.



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TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:—

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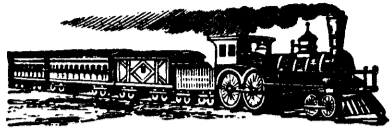
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Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.



Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.
Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON
Monday, May 3rd, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Hull.....	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Hull.....	12.40 p.m.	9.25 p.m.
Leave Hull for Hochelaga.....	8.20 a.m.	5.05 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	12.30 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
		Night Passenger.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....		9.00 p.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	10.40 a.m.	9.30 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	4.45 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
	Mixed.	Mixed.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome... ..	5.30 p.m.	
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.	
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga... ..		6.45 a.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....		9.00 a.m.

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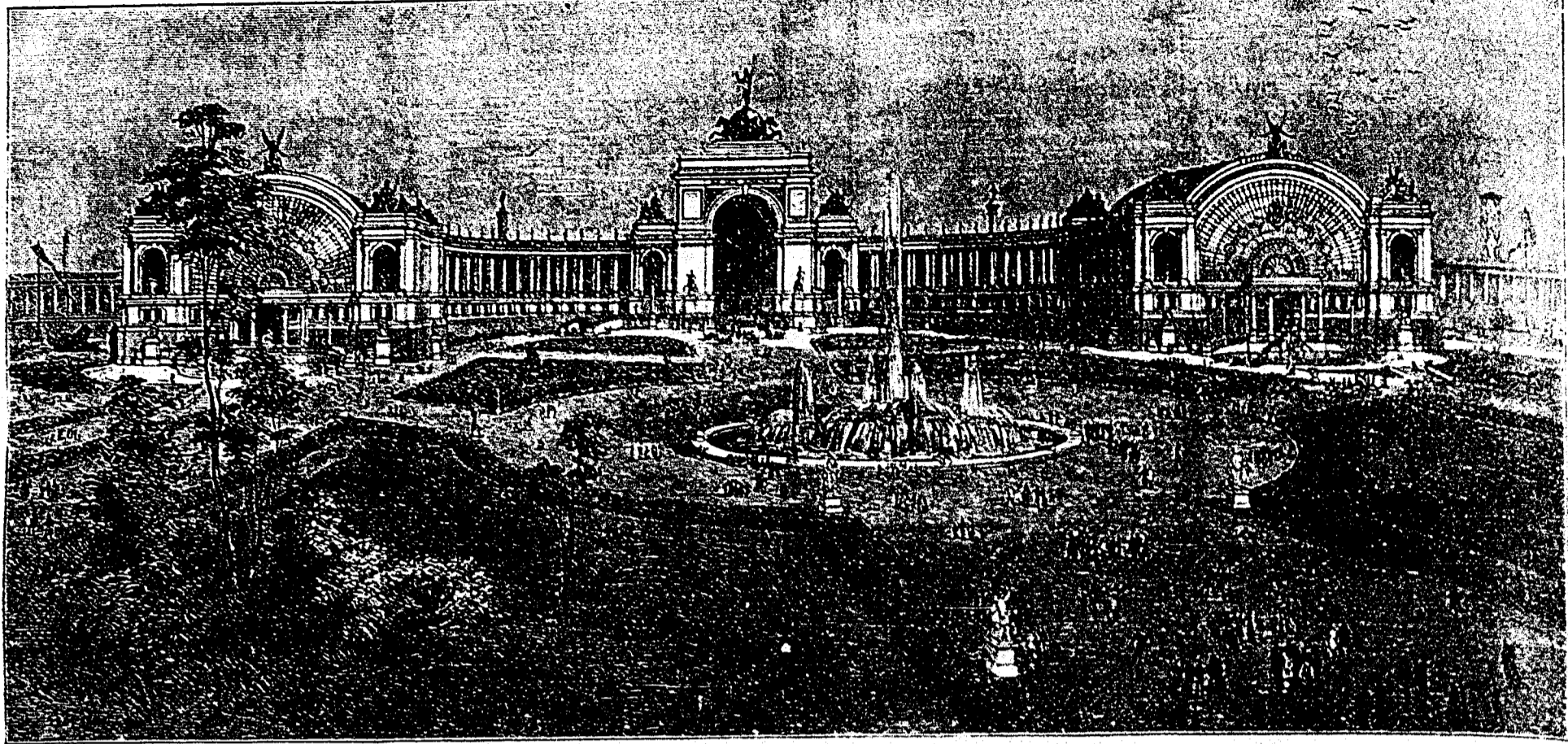
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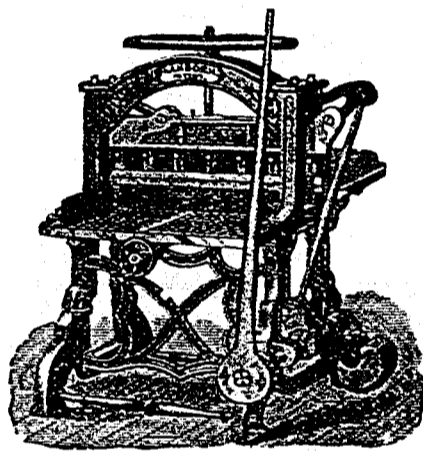
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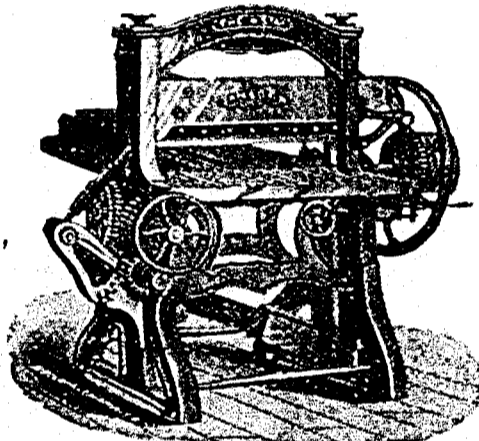
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