

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVII.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1883.

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



## MILWAUKEE—ST. LOUIS.

"Widowed and fatherless," you say. What then?  
It is the world's way now; and there are those  
More cruel than the wolf—which, after all,  
Slays at fierce hunger's bidding only—who  
Live Demon lives, in that their gold weighs more  
Than all the dread bereavements fire or flood,  
Or bloody slaughter bring. A space for flight,

Timely provided by a bursting purse,  
Had saved these victims from their awful doom,  
And brought them forth in safety. No,  
'Twas not to be! Graves open by the score  
For heaps of murdered dear ones, whiles  
The bland and frugal host, indifferent, smiles.

JOHN WEBB.

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

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

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1882.				
Feb. 11th, 1883.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Feb. 11th, 1882.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	25.0	8.0	16.5	Mon.	20.0	1.0	10.5
Tues.	20.0	15.0	17.5	Tues.	20.0	1.0	10.5
Wed.	23.0	12.0	17.5	Wed.	24.0	1.0	12.5
Thur.	22.0	10.0	16.0	Thur.	23.0	1.0	12.5
Fri.	17.0	7.0	12.0	Fri.	16.0	1.0	8.5
Sat.	11.0	3.0	7.0	Sat.	11.0	1.0	6.5
Sun.	14.0	5.0	9.5	Sun.	8.0	-3.0	2.5

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Milwaukee—St. Louis—Sketches of Child Life—New York: The School of Trades for Workingmen's Children. Established by Professor Felix Adler, at Forty-Fifth street and Broadway—"Winter"—"Bread and Butter Days"—"In the Studio"—The Kiss.

LETTER-PRESS.—Saint Valentine—Gossip of the Week—A New Era in English Social Life—A Consideration of Prof. Stokes, F.R.S., on Modern Scientific Thought—Some Wits of the Past—Gustave Doré—He Won't Pay—Through Julia's Window—How She Lost "Old Porter"—Echoes from Paris—Valentine—Professor Jenkin's Valentine—Echoes from London—Literary and Artistic—The Knight of Toggenburg—Question of the Queens—The Stage in Japan—Stock Company Wanted—Musical and Dramatic—The Babbly-Jock—Heraldship—The Organ and its Uses—Varieties—The Bantley Madder's Song—An Infallible Cure for Sore Throat—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.  
Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 17, 1883.

SAINT VALENTINE.

"To-morrow is Saint Valentine's Day,  
All in the morning betime."

The only difficulty in dealing with the fact being that it has been St. Valentine's Day several times before, and that on each occasion hundreds of unfortunate scribblers have scratched their heads and bitten their quills to a stump—in the days, that is, when there were quills to bite—to bethink them what to say to an expectant public, who, in the majority of instances, would have been just as happy had they said nothing at all. For, indeed, there is little chance in the nineteenth century of our forgetting the good Saint Valentine, in league as he is with the Government and the postman to remind us of the fact. I wonder if I shall be the first to remind any one of the origin of the day, or, indeed, if there be anyone who has not previously stored in his memory the facts connected with it in previous discussions of a similar character on other fourteenth of February. And yet, stay, a glance at the Registrar-General's report assures me that babies, many indeed, for that matter, have been given to the world since the last time I volunteered this information. To them, then, let me speak, and tell them how in ancient times the Romans drew lots for partners at their *Luperalia*, and how the custom in later and more Christian times came to be transferred as a religious observance to the feast of St. Valentine, bishop and martyr. Let me inform them, too, that, amongst other interesting facts, the first person of the other sex upon whom their eyes may alight on this eventful morn is fated to be their valentine and partner for the coming year. Be careful, then, young ladies, I beseech you. Resist all inclination to open the door to the milkman, if he be fashioned as milkmen usually are. Be sure, if you do sit up till after twelve with anybody, be sure, I say, that it is the right man, and when Betty brings you word that there is a visitor below, ask him to send up his card. We cannot be too careful in these little matters, and the thought which is disturbing my rest and preventing me from taking my usual nourishment, is that perhaps I may be too late to warn you, and you may have imprudently gazed upon the wrong fellow.

But I suppose, after all, it is the post-bag and its contents which interests us mostly on this

anniversary. Valentines so called have undergone a change, by no means for the better, in the last ten or fifteen years. Do you not remember, any of you to whom I speak, the hours you spent, and the bad language you would have liked to use, over that especial piece of doggerel in which "heart" and "Cupid's dart" had played so conspicuous a share, and which was meant to evoke the compassion of the reluctant fair. Didn't you ever write your own valentines? I know I did, and very bad ones they were, too. But then the Valentine poet had not yet arisen, who for a quarter should provide us with an effusion which would put our early efforts to the blush.

Then, with the progress of color printing and kindred arts, came the beautiful, as we then thought them, lace paper valentines, with figures and bunches of impossible flowers, which, on being gently raised, disclosed beneath the impassioned verses of the aforesaid poet. And then, too, came the custom of concealing the identity of the sender, a custom often, I fear, broken through by tacit agreement, when Corydon feared lest his Phyllis might linger in doubt as to the whence of her tribute of affection, and Phyllis murmured over his initials in the corner. "Silly boy, as if I should not have known it was him," which, if ungrammatical, was doubtless true.

Our valentines are more costly now, but there is reason to fear that the love which freighted the old ones has left but a Brummagen god to take his place. The beautiful cards which now go flying over the world bear nothing between the lines but the compliments of the season. Well, we are a matter-of-fact people, yet perhaps the old love gets told equally well in new ways. The valentine has had its day, and ranks now pretty much with the Christmas card with its naked children in mid-winter, and exotic flowers blooming amid the snows.

And there is yet another feature of our modern *Luperalia*, which surely is not an improvement upon the old ones. What are we to say of the coarse and vulgar prints that disfigure the windows of the printers, and are fitter for the noble savage to send to his dusky consort that is to be, than for ladies and gentlemen—Heaven save the mark—so much as to finger? (Clever they are not, witty are not, in many cases indecent, in nearly all vulgar and senseless. Insult a man or woman, if needs you must, openly, and where he or another may have a chance to punch your head for it, but do not send to any one an insult in red and yellow under the shadow of St. Valentine, bishop and martyr.

If men, aye, and women, too, could realize how they degrade themselves by handling such "rubbish," surely the trade of the cheap valentine maker would perish, or be turned into better and purer channels. With harmless fun I have all possible sympathy, but when it becomes vulgar, indecent, insulting, it ceases to be harmless, nay, it even ceases to be fun.

So may you all have the prettiest of valentines, ladies, and if a particularly choice one comes from a strictly anonymous source, remember that I always send mine in that way.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

Who is to solve the mystery of the origin of the pseudonym, "Soapy Sam," as applied to the late Bishop Wilberforce—or the "synonym" as his son, Mr. Reginald Wilberforce, oddly enough, chooses to call it? Mr. Reginald Wilberforce himself treated it lightly enough last week, and said the origin was in the "S.O.A.P. of Cuddesdon College;" those letters being carved high up on the wall of that college, of which the late Bishop was the founder. The interpretation has been given as S. Oxon, the founder, and Alfred Pott, the first principal. But, now, what say two correspondents of the *Times*? The first declares that whereas Cuddesdon College was not begun to be built till 1853, he had seen the saponaceous sobriquet in print, as having been applied to the Bishop by some of his High Church friends, in relation to his "behaviour in the Hampden affair," in 1847; and, further, that a year or two later—and certainly before 1853—he heard the late Mr. Frewen call out to a brother M.P.—"Won't you come and tell 'Soapy Sam'?" The other pathetically tells how, so early as 1845, when a "boy at Rugby," and on a visit to the late Mrs. Tait's father, he received a "grave but very kindly rebuke" from Archdeacon Spooner for having ventured

to ask—"Is that the man they call 'Soapy Sam'?" I presume the name was really immortalized by Lord Beaconsfield in his celebrated reference to "his saponaceous Lordship."

The frequency of fires in London has given rise to a new industry. Formerly it was the fashion when there had been a large fire at a dry goods establishment for other houses in the same trade to buy the salvage stock and offer it at stupendous reductions. Now the costermonger has gone into the business. He loads his barrow with half-burned and wholly wet goods, and drives a roaring trade. In order to prove the genuineness of his goods he will in the intervals of doing business publicly wring the water out of them, a process which, as far as observation goes, has a remarkable effect upon the crowd, custom thereafter rolling in. Whether he waters his goods as he was wont to water his greens it might not be judicious to press too closely, but there are the goods partially burned and wholly wet, and the barrow is cleared with encouraging rapidity. It is marvellous to think how many people there are going about London to-day with portions of their underclothing partially burned. We have still something to learn, it seems, in the way of trade, but the "coster" is, so far as I have observed, indigenous to the soil of the old country. A disquisition on the *pinus*, with notes upon his transmigration into the various forms of itinerant vendor on this side the Atlantic, would offer a subject worthy of Dickens.

The thought reading of Mr. Bishop, whose claims have been the subject of so much controversy in the English papers, has been put to the practical test of a money loss to himself if he failed, and a gain of the same sum to a charity if he succeeded. The trial took place at the Philharmonic: Hope Hill, Liverpool. Mr. Bishop was to find a pin concealed within a radius of 500 yards of the Adelphi Hotel. The conditions were that if Mr. Bishop failed he should give £10 to the Liverpool Infirmary, while if he succeeded a like sum should be deposited by the proposer of the wager. The starting-place was to be the steps of the Adelphi Hotel, where Mr. Bishop is staying, and a committee was to be appointed to superintend the proceedings. It was further stipulated that Mr. Bishop's head should be enveloped in a velvet sack, and that the only connection he should be allowed to have with the "experimentee" would be a slender wire. Mr. Bishop publicly accepted the challenge both by verbal declaration on the platform and by advertisement, and the test accordingly took place on Saturday at one o'clock. A considerable crowd assembled in front of the Adelphi at the hour fixed for Mr. Bishop to start in quest of the hidden pin, while in the hall of the hotel were a number of gentlemen interested in the experiment, including the Rev. J. H. Skewes and Mr. W. Ladyman. It was through the latter gentleman that the wager was made, and as he was, therefore, responsible for the proper observance of the conditions, he had undertaken the not very difficult task of concealing the pin, and had, indeed, at the time Mr. Bishop was ready to start, already had deposited it in its place of concealment some time previously. Mr. Ladyman took his position by Mr. Bishop's side; a pianoforte wire was wound round Mr. Ladyman's hand, and Mr. Bishop having taken hold of the other end walked outside on to the steps. After some mystic passes with the hand, Mr. Bishop made a sudden dash into the crowd towards Ranelagh street. After the lapse of about six minutes a loud cheer intimated that Mr. Bishop was returning, and true enough he was espied coming towards the hotel holding the pin aloft in his hand. He was accompanied by Mr. Skewes and Mr. Ladyman, and the former, in a brief speech, stated that Mr. Bishop had won the wager, that the pin which Mr. Bishop had found was the one the speaker had marked before it was hidden, and that the infirmary would consequently receive the £10. "Did Mr. Bishop lead you or you him?" was asked of Mr. Ladyman, and the reply was emphatic, "He led me, most certainly, all the way." Mr. Skewes added that he marked the pin, and that he remained with Mr. Bishop while it was hidden.

A NEW ERA IN ENGLISH SOCIAL LIFE.

BY LADY WILDE.

The year 1883 is an important and remarkable epoch in the history of women, for, in consequence of the law which came into operation the first day of this year, the whole social and legal position of the sex is changed. From this time forth a woman enters the married state no longer as a bond slave, disenfranchised of all rights over her fortune, but equal with her husband before the law as regards property, free from his control, and perfectly independent of him in respect to the use she makes of her fortune.

A woman married after that date has now as absolute control over her income as if she were single. She can dispose of her property by sale, deed, contract, or will in any manner she may think proper, without asking permission of any one. Rents and dividends can be paid to her sole receipt the same as to a man.

The old cumbersome and involved arrangements of settlements and trustees need no longer exist, nor will there be any necessity for that peculiarly humiliating form of provision for a wife's personal expenses, called "pin money." These legal barriers were only required to protect a woman against the chances of utter spoliation and pauperism at a time when marriage deprived her of all legal rights over property; but henceforth she holds it in her own hands free from all bondage, and untrammelled by any legal disability whatever.

A woman may, of course, after marriage, resign all her rights, and make over all her property to her husband, if he deserves it; and many women, in the full confidence and first enthusiasm of love, will probably do so. But this impulsive generosity should be carefully checked; for it would be idiotic in the highest degree for a woman to resign, of her own free will, the rights and advantages which her sex has obtained at last from the legislature, after the bondage of centuries, and a struggle for freedom carried on bravely and nobly by a succession of brave-hearted women for the last fifty years.

There will always be plenty of opportunity for the exercise of generous impulses without a woman handing herself down by long legal documents to abrogate her personal rights in favor of another. Much would depend on the character of the husband, and if his conduct is worthy of generous confidence a woman will only be too ready to sacrifice personal interest for love's sake, without the intervention of lawyers and deeds.

That the necessity of "pin money" in matrimonial settlements has passed away should be a matter of intense congratulation to the female sex. It was vexatious and annoying to a woman of fortune to find her personal expenses provided for merely by a small stipend out of her own property, the husband reserving all the rest for himself, and giving the wife no account of it.

Sometimes, in moderate households, fifty pounds a year was considered sufficient for a woman's dress and other expenses; then gradually the fifty pounds would fall to thirty, or twenty, and finally, perhaps, end in nothing, the husband declaring that women had no need of money; let everything necessary be ordered, and he would pay the bills.

Then came the scrutiny of the bills—a season of much torture, and an ordeal of terror to the wife; and meanwhile she had to endure the deprivation of much that makes life charming and pleasant. No one can feel dignified, free and happy without the control of a certain amount of money for the graces, the elegant adornments, and, above all, for the charities of life. The hard-drawn line of simply paying the milliner's bill closed a thousand avenues to gentle joys and pleasures in a woman's daily life, unless indeed she descended to "coaxing" and subterfuge to obtain pocket money, or submitted to minute inquisition as to the objects for which it was required, as if she were a child or a mendicant.

All this happened under the old system; it was, in fact, the law of married life. But now everything is changed, and a wife can henceforth claim and hold her independent position with the dignity of conscious freedom that knows no need of coaxing or subterfuge, and no impulse of action in married life, save those of perfect love and generous confidence. If a woman has a fortune of her own, say three hundred a year, she can exercise her right to reserve at least a hundred a year for her personal expenses, while she gives up the rest for the general good of the household. In the same way, if she has three thousand a year, let her reserve one thousand and give the rest to the general fund, and this "without the intervention of any legal instrument, but purely of her own free will, for circumstances might arise which would require her to resume control over the entire amount.

In fact, under no pressure or influence should a woman ever resign the legal rights she has acquired over property, or imperil her future position and comfort and the claims of her children by a reckless and unnecessary confidence in another.

Women have been so long politically non-existent, that they almost tremble to assert they have any rights apart from their husband. They require much training in habits of self-assertion and self-reliance, and full knowledge of their newly acquired legal rights, in order that they may become worthy of the nobler life of freedom, and better fitted for the higher and more dignified status, both in home and social life, which they are destined henceforth to occupy and adorn.



[For the News.]

A CONSIDERATION.

(Appended in a volume of Song.)

BY J. R. N., LONDON.

Here end my songs, my hours of idleness
Stolen from the busy days of cheerless toil
Mid dusty volumes; here my fancy halts.

I side with Love: I hate a stunted scope.
Though women are not angels, still to muse
On them as such, spurs emulation on.

PROF. STOKES, F.R.S., ON MODERN SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT.

The announcement that Her Majesty the Queen had graciously signified to the Victoria Philosophical Institute of London her consent to receive the volumes of its "Transactions," gave additional éclat to a crowded meeting of its members held on the 15th of January at the Hall of the Society of Arts.

"We should expect a priori that, as the wisdom of the designing mind must be immeasurably above our own, so contrivance should as a rule extend far beyond what we can trace." We should expect, therefore, on purely theistic grounds, that the doctrine of evolution, assumed for trial, would be a useful and ordinarily trustworthy guide in our scientific researches; that is, might often enable us to go back one step and explain how such or such a result was brought by natural laws from such or such an anterior condition, and so might lead us to extend our knowledge of the operation of natural causes.

As for Mr. Darwin's theory of ancestral derivation and survival of the fittest, Dr. Stokes said it was one which "from its nature can hardly, if at all, be made a subject of experimental investigation, or even of observation in the records of the past," and, therefore must rest mainly on the estimate which may be formed of its own probability, "though doubtless," Professor Stokes added, "an underlying feeling that the phenomenon was in some way explicable by natural causes has contributed not a little towards its propagation." Still the most he could say on behalf of Darwinism was that it was "highly ingenious as an hypothesis."

Professor Stokes referring to the question of the creation of man, said,—"In the account of the creation it is distinctly stated that man was separately created, 'in the image of God,' whatever that may imply. Nor is this a point in which, by a wide license of interpretation, we might say the language was merely figurative; that we can afford to understand it so, for that Scripture was not given us to teach us Science. Our whole ideas respecting the nature of sin and the character of God, are, as it seems to me, profoundly affected according as we take the statement of Scripture straightforwardly, which implies that man was created with special powers and privileges, and in a state of innocence from which he fell, or if we suppose that man came to

be what he is by degrees, by a vast number of infinitesimal variations from some lower animal, accompanied by a correspondingly continuous variation in his mental and moral condition. On this latter supposition, God was made to be responsible for his present moral condition, which is but the natural outgrowth of the mode of his creation. As regards the lower animals, little change would apparently be made from a theological point of view, if we were to interpret as figurative the language which seems to assert a succession of creative acts. But the creation of man and his condition at creation are not confined to the account given in Genesis. They are dwelt on at length, in connection with the scheme of redemption by St. Paul, and are more briefly referred to by our Lord Himself in connection with the institution of marriage."

As against these statements "so express, so closely bound up with man's highest aspirations," we have nothing more to adduce on the side of science, says Professor Stokes, "than a hypothesis of continuous transmutation incapable of experimental investigation, and making such demands upon our imagination as to stagger at last the initiated." A modified theory of Darwinism, as applied to the creation of man, was thus dealt with:—"Some have endeavored to combine the statements of Scripture with a modified hypothesis of continuous transmutation, by supposing that at a certain epoch in the world's history mental and moral powers were conferred by divine interposition on some animal that had been gradually modified in its bodily structure by natural causes till it took the form of man. As special interposition and special creation are here recognized, I do not see that religion has anything to lose by the adoption of this hypothesis, but neither do I see that science has anything to gain. Once admit special divine interposition, and science has come to the end of her tether. Those who find the idea helpful can adopt it; but for my own part this combination of the natural and the supernatural seems somewhat grotesque, and I prefer resting in the statement of a special creation."

A discussion ensued in which many Fellows of the Royal Society took part, including Sir J. Risdon Bennett, vice-president of the Royal Society, Sir J. Fyfe, K.C.S.I., Professor Lionel Beale, Mr. J. E. Howard, Dr. John Rae, and others.

Several applications to join the institute were received.

SOME WITS OF THE PAST.

A confession frankly made by Sir Samuel Garth, physician to George I, and a member of the Kit-Kat Club, has been preserved: perhaps the truth it reveals is as conspicuous as its humor. Garth, coming to the club one night, declared he must soon be gone, having many patients to attend; but, some good wine being produced, he forgot them. Sir Richard Steele was of the party; and, reminding him of the visits he had to pay, Garth immediately pulled out his list, which amounted to fifteen, and said, "It's no great matter whether I see them to-night or not; for nine of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them; and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

Attorneys have ever been fair game for a joke, and Foote certainly made the most of them. One day, a simple farmer who had just buried a rich relation, an attorney, was complaining of the great expense of a funeral cavalcade in the country. "Why, do you bury your attorneys here?" Foote asked. "Yes, to be sure we do; how else?" "Oh, we never do that in London." "No!" said the other, much surprised: "how do you manage?" "Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room overnight by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off." "Indeed!" said the other, with amazement: "what becomes of him?" "Why, that we exactly cannot tell; all we know is there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

Swift had some whimsical contrivances to punish his servants for disobedience of orders. The hiring of his maidservants he left to his housekeeper, and, that form being over, he acquainted them that he had but two commands to give them—one, to shut the door whenever they came into a room; the other, to shut the door after them whenever they went out of a room. One of these maidservants requested permission of the dean to go to her sister's wedding, which was to take place at about ten miles from Dublin. Swift not only consented, but lent the servant one of his horses, and directed that a manservant should ride before her. The maid, in her joy at this favor, forgot to shut the door when she left the dean's room. In about a quarter of an hour after she had left the house the dean ordered a servant to saddle another horse, overtake the maid and her escort, and oblige them to return immediately. This was done, and the girl came into the dean's presence with the most mortified countenance, and begged to know his honor's commands. "Only to shut the door after you," was the reply. But not to carry the punishment too far, he then permitted the maid to resume her journey.

One night Garrick and Foote were about to leave the Bedford together, when the latter, on paying their bill, dropped a guinea; and not finding it at once, said, "Where on earth can it be gone to?" "Gone to the devil, I think,"

rejoined Garrick, who had assisted in the search. "Well said, David," was Foote's reply; "let you alone for making a guinea go farther than anybody else."

Foote having dined at Merchant Taylors' Hall, he was so well pleased with the entertainment that he sat till most of the company had left the table. At length rising, he said, "Gentlemen, I wish you both a very good night." "Both!" exclaimed one of the company; "why, you must be drunk, Foote; here are twenty of us." "I have been counting you, and there are just eighteen; and as nine tailors make a man, I am right. I wish you both a very good-night!"

A nobleman of questionable veracity told Lord Chesterfield one day that he had drunk six bottles of champagne. "That is more than I can swallow," remarked his lordship.

A young person, being hardly pressed to sing in a company where Colman formed one of the party, solemnly assured them that he could not sing; and at last said rather hastily, "that they wished to make a butt of him." "(O, no," said Colman; "my good sir, we only want to get a stove out of you."

Colman and Bannister were dining one day with Lord Erskine, the ex-chancellor, who, in the course of conversation on rural affairs, boasted that he kept on his pasture-land nearly a thousand sheep. "I perceive, then," said Colman, "your lordship has still an eye to the Woolstack."

George Selwyn's morbid passion for public executions and similar horrors became notorious. He paid a visit to Lord Holland while the latter was on his death-bed. When his lordship was told that Mr. Selwyn had called, he said: "Should he come again, please to show him up. If I am alive I shall be happy to see him; if I am dead, he will be happy to see me."

Some ladies were bantering Selwyn on his want of feeling in going to see Lord Lovat's heads cut off. "Why," said he, "I made amends by going to the undertaker's to see it sewn on again."

Satire is reckoned the easiest of all wit; but I take it to be otherwise in very bad times; for it is as hard to satirize well a man of distinguished vices as to praise well a man of distinguished virtues. It is easy enough to do either to people of moderate characters.

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt, when speaking, to hesitate in the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always at the mouth; as people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door.

Old men and comets have been revered for the same reason—their long beards, and pretences to foretell events.

It is with men as with beauties—if they pass the flower they lie neglected forever.

Dr. Young relates: "I'll send you my bill of fare," said Lord B., when trying to persuade Dr. Swift to dine with him. "Send me your bill of company," was Swift's answer to him.

Swift, in the Examiner, defends aristocracy on its true grounds, but with a fierceness quite equal to his brilliant wit. "A pearl," says he, writing of the positions from which great men have come, "holds its value though it be found on a dunghill; only that is not the most probable place to look for it."

Lord Palmerston, during his last attack of the gout, exclaimed playfully to his medical adviser, "Die, my dear doctor? That's the last thing I think of doing."

One warm summer night, at the Hay-market, Foote had put up Garrick's "Lying Valet," when the little manager called in at the green-room, and with self-satisfaction said, "Well, Sam, so you are taking up, I see, with my farces after all." "Why, yes, David," was Foote's reply; "What could I do better? I must have some ventilator this intolerable hot weather."

Lord Chesterfield, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, being asked one day whom he thought the greatest man in the country, replied, "The last man who has arrived from England, be he who he may."

A story is told of Swift's commanding "Sweetheart," as he called his cookmaid Mary, to carry down a joint of meat, and do it less; and on her alleging that was impossible, his grave request that when in future she chose to commit a fault, he hoped she would choose one which might be mended.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

The death of this versatile artist, at Paris, recently, removes the foremost character in the French school of contemporary art. Indeed, for certain classes of illustrations, Doré stands so entirely by himself, that he may be said to form a school of his own. His work is different in scope and treatment from anything, by other artists, ever seen in France.

Doré was by extraction from Alsace, and was in his fifty-third year. He differed in three important respects from his leading French contemporaries: he laid great stress on light and shade; had but little of the genius of color, which characterizes the work of the German Markardt, for example; and he was a great moralist. As an illustrator for wood-engraving, he was prolific beyond all precedent. His illustrations of Biblical subjects and others similar, are

good specimens of his wonderful powers in this direction.

Doré was the only artist in Paris who chose subjects with a moral, as do the German artists. In the later phases of his genius he has been called the Hogarth of France. Among his most impressive paintings are such wonderful compositions as his "Martyrs in the Coliseum," "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christ Leaving the Praetorium," and "Christ Entering the Temple," in which are grouped scores of life-sized figures. The imagination displayed, the massing of chiaro-oscuro, the rush and movement of the multitude, and the moral impressiveness of the ideas conveyed are indicative of an immense reserve power.

Doré was not only a great artist; he was a broadly educated man. Of course, he loved music, and understood it. He sang well—a rich baritone voice; played on the piano, violin, flute, and guitar. He was a regular opera-goer, where he was sure to attract attention by his shabby attire. For it is said that he was the "worst dressed man in Paris."

Doré passed his life in drawing and painting, sleeping, or dancing about with a fiddle in his hand. In society, when he was not napping or fiddling, he was constantly making sketches. His fertility was prodigious, and on that account his brother artists do not look upon him with a favorable eye. A statistician has calculated that Doré's pictures and drawings, if laid flat, side by side, would suffice to cover the railroad track from Paris to Lyons. He attached no importance to his work, and although in business transactions a man of singular acuteness, in private life he was the most "giving" of artists.

When he was in Switzerland, a few years ago, he used to give his water colors away right and left to his neighbors at the table d'hôte. It is told of him that, on one occasion, an English lady begged Doré to write his name on a slip of paper, so that she might possess his illustrious autograph.

"Oh! madame, I will give you something better than a mere signature."

And, suiting the action to the word, he took off his black necktie, asked for a bit of flake powder, mixed it with water, and, with a match, he painted on the necktie a gay procession of cupids offering a necktie to a lady, signed it "Gustave Doré," and handed it gallantly to his fair admirer.—Musical People.

HE WON'T PAY.

"I got that notice this forenoon," he remarked as he handed the printed slip into one of the ward windows at the Water Office recently.

"Y-e-s, I see," replied the clerk as he handed it back.

"I am notified," resumed the citizen, "that the water is to be shut off from my house unless I pay rates at once."

"Yes, sir."

"Is this despotic Russia or free America?"

"I guess so," sighed the clerk as he looked over a lot of figures.

"Then you'll shut my water off, will you?"

"I presume we will."

"I don't believe it! We've been frozen up for ten days, and if anybody can find any water to shut off they may try it on."

"Frozen, eh?"

"Frozen tight as a crowbar, and whose fault is it? You contract to give me so much water daily or weekly or monthly for so much money. Where's my water to-day?"

"Then it's frozen?"

"Frozen? Didn't I say every water-pipe in my house was frozen as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar? And whose fault is it?"

"I see," murmured the clerk.

"What do you see? Do you see me going around the neighborhood borrowing water, or do you see those frozen pipes. The landlord says he didn't freeze 'em up!"

"No?"

"And I didn't."

"That's so."

"But the weather did. Am I any more responsible for the weather than you are? Why don't you run your water over a huster in the winter and take the chill off?"

"I think we will."

"And now I won't pay until I get water! No, sir! I will see you hung first! You can go up and die, and pick and turn your old rags around, but you can't scare me into paying!"

"I know it," was the brisk answer.

"You may advise me to light a candle and crawl under the house and knock the top of my head off against the joists, but I won't do it! You may advise hot bricks, but I'd like to see myself holding bricks against the cold pipes to please anybody! Warm rags will sometimes do the business, but am I going to hunt all over Detroit for rags and burn half a ton of coal to warm 'em?"

"No," softly said the clerk.

"And don't you forget that you are a servant of the public, either!"

"Never!"

"And as I said before, shut off and be hanged to you!"

"Yes."

"And I will move!"

"You will."

"And you may sue for the amount and I will fight you to the highest court in the universe! This monopoly can't bluff me for a cent!"

"That's so," was the calm reply, and the citizen walked out as stilly as if his legs had been drilled for water-pipes and there had been a freeze-up.



"BREAD AND BUTTER DAYS."

"He in the present lives, she in the future,

Yet both are trending to the self-same goal."





"IN THE STUDIO."—FROM THE PAINTING BY CONRAD KIESEL.

## FOREFATHER'S SONG.

[A lady sends the following to the New York Independent. It was composed about the year 1630, and taken memoriter from the lips of a venerable lady 92 years of age. It so quaintly suggests the difference between the old time and the new that we give it a place.]

The place where we live is a wilderness wood,  
Where grass is much wanted that's fruitful and good;  
Our mountains and hills and our valleys below  
Being commonly covered with ice and with snow.  
And when the northwest wind with violence blows  
Then every man pulls his cap over his nose;  
But if any's so hardy and will it withstand,  
He forfeits a finger, a foot, or a hand.

But when the Spring opens, we then take the hoe,  
And make the ground ready to plant and to sow;  
Our corn being planted, and seed being sown,  
The worms destroy much, before it is grown.  
And when it is growing, some spoil there is made  
By birds and by squirrels that pick up the blade;  
And when it is come to full corn in the ear,  
It is often destroyed by ratoon and by deer.

And now our old garments begin to grow thin,  
And wool is much wanted to card and to spin;  
If we can't get a garment to cover without,  
Our other garments are clout upon clout.  
For clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn,  
They need to be clouted before they are worn;  
But clouting our garments, they hinder us nothing,  
Clouts double are warmer than single whole clothing.

If fresh meat be wanting to fill up our dish,  
We have carrots and pumpkins and turnips and fish;  
And is there a mind for a delicate dish?  
We repair to the clam banks, and then we can fish.  
Instead of pottage and puddings and custards and pies,  
Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies;  
We have pumpkins at morning and pumpkins at noon,  
It 'twas not for pumpkins we should be undone.

If barley be wanting to make into malt,  
We must be contented, and think it no fault,  
For we can make liquor to sweeten our lips  
Of pumpkins and parsnips and walnut-tree chips.  
(Four lines wanting.)

Now, while some are going, let others be coming,  
For while liquor's a-boiling it must have a scumming,  
But I will not blame them, for birds of a feather,  
By seeking their fellows, are flocking together.  
But you, whom the Lord intends hither to bring,  
Forsake not the honey for fear of the sting;  
But bring forth a quiet and contented mind,  
And all needful blessings you surely will find.

## THROUGH A JUDAS WINDOW.

## I.

I am not cruel. I distinctly require that to be understood and believed. Granting, as I grant it, that I do possess the detective faculty strongly, and that I have cultivated it with advantage during many years of an arduous and responsible career as a bank inspector, I deny that I am thereby to be convicted, or justly suspected of being unnaturally cruel. Of course I like to find that I am in the right, and I take an honest pride in proving my case; but I am as cautious as any man living to listen to reason only, to distinguish between instinct and prejudice, and I have the solid consolation, when my friends hint that mine is a talent of a very dangerous kind, of knowing that I have been a terror to evil-doers, I have also frequently been a tower of strength to innocent persons in circumstances of an unfortunate and equivocal nature. Neither am I prone to think evil of my fellow-creatures, though I have found persons who hold the converse of the proposition about the thief, the hedge, and the constable to be true, and that a man whose business it has been to find out dishonesty where it existed suspects everybody in a subordinate position, and with opportunities of actual or prospective malpractices.

So large a proportion of the persons I have had to deal with have been honest men, that I have a better opinion of my fellow-creatures than I would venture to express to the very shrewd amongst my acquaintance.

There are few men of whom I entertain a better opinion than of Michael Quinlan, who, twenty years ago, was appointed manager of the Tabber branch of the Universal Bank of Ireland; an establishment which I served in the capacity of inspector. Michael was a jolly, hearty, outspoken big fellow, with a handsome face and a fine manly figure, which threatened to become rather too heavy for the moderate-priced horses which he could afford to ride; this was, I believe, at that time, his only present grief or future apprehension. His salary was not large, but he was satisfied with it. He had a happy home, a pretty wife—their marriage had been enormously imprudent, and a thorough success—three children, a sweet temper, and a contented mind. He was a popular man in the society of the small place in which his lot was cast; the society and the place were alike big enough for him; and on the whole, though I never intended to persuade myself that I should have been contented with the conditions of life which perfectly satisfied him, I was in the habit of thinking Michael Quinlan a decidedly enviable person.

Michael had a strong affection for me, and an extensive belief in me. He dreamed no dreams and he built no castles for himself; but he saw visions of extraordinary brilliancy on my account, and erected gorgeous edifices for my future habitation.

He had two favourite notions about me, which he cherished with pertinacious fervour—one was that I was "a fellow whom nobody could deceive," the other, that I was "a fellow whom nobody could beat."

"If that were the case, Mick," I said to him now, "I should do tremendous things. Alexander or Napoleon could ask no more than un-

failing penetration and invincibility. With them there would be nothing to fear from friends or enemies."

"Don't bother with your chaps out of history," was Michael's reply to my sententious disclaimer; and indeed Mick's forte was not historical, philosophical, or any other kind of literature. "It's not Napoleon or Alexander you ought to take pattern by, but Rothchild or Malcomson. They're the boys for you, Jack—making money in sackfuls in a peaceable way, not killing and murdering other people for it."

I did not trouble Mick with my views upon war loans, but I did suggest to him that a very considerable gap lay between the position of a bank inspector and that of a capitalist, and that he had better not make too sure, on pain of disappointment, of my filling up that gap. But he was invincibly sanguine, and wound up his remarks on this occasion with the unfailing argument that a fellow like me, whom nobody could deceive and nobody could beat, ought to be able to attain to anything he set his mind on. He was rather disappointed when, as time went on, it did not appear as if I had set my mind on anything particular, but remained a bank inspector still; but it was always an occasion of rejoicing when, in the routine of my business, I went to Tabber, and the formality of inspection over, had time for a long talk with the ever-contented and sanguine Mick.

Mrs. Quinlan was a quiet little woman, endowed with a grand faculty for listening, or at least for being present while we talked, without either talking herself or looking affronted. If we asked her questions she gave us answers,—I don't know whether they were intelligent, but I remember that they were short; and she concocted whisky-punch with a practical comprehension of the laws of proportion rarely attained by a woman. She was as happy, as content, as her husband; and I do not remember to have seen a shadow upon her face, or noticed the smallest interruption of her placidity of temper, except on one occasion. It was the second day of one of my visits to Tabber, and the weather was detestable. I was Michael Quinlan's guest, and when I came down rather late to breakfast, I found Mick looking ruefully at a cloak in an advanced condition of moistness, which he was hanging over the back of a chair by the fire.

"It's ringing wet," said Mick, "and so's her gown, I'm sure, and her stockings too. If she doesn't get her death some of these days, it's a wonder."

"You don't mean to say Mrs. Quinlan has been out such a morning as this?" I asked, looking at the rain, which came down against the parlour-windows, and was caught up and splattered about anew by the sweeping wind.

"Out!" said Mick. "Of course she was out; she's out every morning in the year—hail, rain, or sunshine. The devil himself would not keep her away from eight o'clock mass." His tone had as much admiration as vexation in it, and he turned the steaming cloak with a gentle touch. While he was speaking Mrs. Quinlan entered the room, and he continued jestingly, "We're a punctual pair, Rossy, aren't we, you to mass and I to the hunt, and never miss a day?"

There was no answering smile upon his wife's face, nor did she speak to him; but with a brief "Good-morning" to me, she took the cloak off the chair and carried it out of the room. She came back immediately, and we sat down to breakfast; but Mrs. Quinlan's gravity remained unaltered, though Michael was in high spirits. I wondered whether it could be that her husband's harmless stupid jest had annoyed her, and whether I ought to take this as a lesson on that difficult subject—a woman's humour. I could not quite make it out, for Mrs. Quinlan's manner appeared to me sad rather than sullen. I had forgotten all about it before I bade Mick good-bye that evening, and started on the mail-car for Dublin; but the little insignificant scene recurred strangely to me afterwards.

I was at Birmingham, in the ordinary course of business, six months later. I had gone to a small hotel, favourably known to me, intending to sleep there and visit our Birmingham branch on the following day. The weather was very fine, and though the suburbs of Birmingham were not at that time tempting for an evening stroll, or provocative of poetic meditation, I could not remain alone in the dull inn parlour, whose windows commanded a view of a paved street, and a warehouse opposite, of apparently unlimited dimensions, for its long rows of dingy windows stretched beyond my line of vision. I left my dreary sitting room, and as I went through the wide square hall, on one side of which was the bar, I glanced at a rack hanging upon the wall, in which letters to the address of persons staying at the inn were placed, to be claimed by their owners. The rack was secured by a network of wire, fastened with a small padlock.

I did this accidentally. I was not expecting letters. I had not given my address at this hotel; and of the names which caught my remarkably quick eye, not one was known to me. I went out of the door with my mind suddenly awakened to an association of ideas which had been far enough from it. Something had made me think of Michael Quinlan. It was the postmark on one of the letters—Tabber. I had taken no heed of the address, but had a vague notion that it was a woman's name. "I must write to Michael," I thought, "one of these days;" and I walked on with a whimsical fancy of how ill at ease he would find himself if he should be transferred to a busy English manufacturing town like this rich, ugly, vulgar Birmingham,

where leisure seemed so scanty and money so plentiful.

I walked on and on, and did not fail to discover that a fine summer evening makes beauties of its own out of the least-promising materials, and was returning, tired and sleepy, to the hotel, when a fly, driven rapidly along the road by which I had come, was pulled up a few yards in advance of the spot I had reached, and a man jumped out and took his way up the street. He was a tall man, flashily dressed, with that peculiar jerky tightness about his gait—whether belonging to the legs or the trousers I never can quite make out—characteristic of third-rate sporting men. The fly remained stationary, and as I passed it slowly I perceived it had still a tenant—a lady, evidently young, and as even the brief opportunity I had of looking at her showed me, handsome. I saw a profusion of auburn hair, a bright complexion, large, bold, dark eyes and white teeth, liberally displayed by the smile—not at all bashful—with which the owner of these charms recognized my look, too long and too direct for good manners. I looked back once or twice before I reached my hotel, and on the second occasion the lady's bonnet was protruding from the window, and she had not withdrawn it when I lost sight of the fly by turning in at the doorway.

In the hall I perceived the man of sporting exterior who had got out of the fly. He was speaking to a florid young lady, entrenched behind the marble-topped shelf whereon numerous glasses and bottles displayed themselves, and above whose head hung lemons in nets and dried herbs in bunches, forming a sort of triumphal arch. His voice expressed impatience; hers, seconded by the look and attitude the imperturbability of a strong position. He evidently wanted something which it was in her power to procure, and above which she was in no humour to hurry herself.

"Mr. Jackson will be here presently, sir," she said calmly, touching up the silver label of a spirit bottle with a piece of chamois leather as she spoke. "He has got the key. James!"—to a waiter hovering in the open door of the coffee-room—"take this gentleman's orders."

I was the gentleman; so I explained that I had engaged a bedroom in the house, and named my requirements. Her previous interlocutor showed every sign of impatience while I was speaking, and I looked at him with no great favour. He was a man of about forty, with bushy reddish hair, small, keen, gray eyes, a hooked nose, and a harsh red complexion. He had thick whiskers, darker in colour than his hair, and was a specimen of "slang" from head to foot.

While I was speaking to the waiter the florid young lady put aside her piece of chamois leather and leaned against the bar, with her hands folded, totally regardless of the impatient person near. When I had done, she said to the slang person:

"Here is Mr. Jackson; you can speak to him about your letter." And then, diving into a recess out of sight, she presently emerged and presented me with a hand-some plated candlestick, containing one of those dumpty wax-candles which are now among the things of the past.

In the meantime Mr. Jackson—who was mine host, as I then discovered—and the stranger had exchanged a few words, and the former had unlocked the wire frame which covered the rack with the letters, and was looking for an indicated address, the stranger assisting him. I took my candle, bade the florid young lady good-night, and had turned towards the stair-case leading to my room, when I heard the landlord say:

"You're quite right, sir; here it is. Miss Kate Whelan. To be kept till called for. Postmark Tabber."

On the following day, my business being concluded too late in the afternoon to admit of my leaving Birmingham that night, I devoted myself entirely during the evening to writing out my report, and clearing off some arrears of correspondence. Next morning I left Birmingham by the first train for Liverpool, and on getting out at the terminus, I perceived that the impatient gentleman and the handsome lady were among my travelling companions.

I don't think the man recognized me, but I have no doubt the woman did. I had allowed my consciousness of her beauty to be sufficiently evident to secure myself a place in her remembrance. Her companion, whose eager impatient manner was an exaggerated edition of what it had been on the previous occasion, was urging the porters to speed, and gesticulating angrily at the luggage-van, while she stood apart, with a superb air of indifference, and I began to make my way along the crowded platform, portmanteau in hand. She was quite as handsome as my passing glimpse had led me to suppose her to be, and of a fine stately presence. She stood totally unconcerned among the crowd. A small travelling-bag, with the initials K. W. painted in white, was beside her on the ground. Inside the gaping mouth of the luggage-van I saw two or three boxes marked with the same "K. W." I thought, "The landlord said the letter was for Miss Kate Whelan; that is her name, no doubt. I suppose the man is her brother." I had passed the van, and ought to have been nearly out of the station, but I yielded to a temptation of curiosity—or perhaps something more—and turned back to have another look at her, on pretence of having left something in the carriage. There she was, standing still, with an amused and conscious smile upon her face, which made me aware that she saw and comprehended my manoeuvre. She was handsomer than I

thought at first; indeed I do not know that I have ever seen a more boldly-beautiful face. The features were as fine as the colouring, and the expression, at once cunning and daring, made it as remarkable as it was attractive. "A daring woman, and a dangerous," I thought, as I took a last look at her; and finally marched off with my portmanteau, just as her companion joined her, with a porter wheeling a truck laden with luggage.

My destination was the Railway Hotel, just round the corner, where I proposed to await the hour of departure of the Dublin boat; and I had arrived there, and was looking out of the coffee-room window, when I saw a fly, with the same batch of luggage on the roof that I had observed at the station, pass the hotel door. A waiter was standing on the lower step, and I saw him exchange a familiar salutation with the driver. Immediately afterwards he entered the coffee-room, and began to lay the cloth for my dinner.

"I wonder where those people are going with all that luggage," I said.

"Just gone by in a fly, sir! Going to New York by a Cunard liner, sir."

How he knew—by what cabalistic code of signals the driver had conveyed this intelligence to him (for I am sure they had not spoken)—I have no idea.

On arriving in Dublin I found several letters awaiting my return. Only one was of importance. It was marked "Private—immediate." These were its contents:

"Tabber.

"Dear Jack,—For God's sake come down at once! I am in dreadful trouble. Don't lose an hour.—Yours ever,

"MICHAEL QUINLAN."

H.

"Don't lose an hour." Many an hour had been lost already, for Michael Quinlan's letter was three days old when I read it. The brevity and urgency of it inspired me with serious fear. I did not feel the least doubt about the nature of the trouble he was in: it was connected with the bank. I knew instantly there was caution as well as agitation in the absence of all indication of the reason of this urgent appeal. A domestic or personal matter Quinlan would have found time and words to define, in-deed, would hardly have applied to me about; whereas he would surely seek me in any business emergency. It was impossible for me to leave Dublin on that day, but I wrote him a note, almost as brief as his own, announcing my intention of starting the next morning, and explaining that my absence had caused the delay.

In those days the railway had not extended to Tabber, though it was in course of construction, and the last twenty miles of my journey were performed by mail car. This vehicle, painted bright red and remarkably well horsed, passed the bank on its way to the coach office, and duly deposited me at the door, at five o'clock in the afternoon of a bright summer's day—a day which contrasted strangely with that on which I had last taken leave of Michael Quinlan. He was not at the door to meet me, when I got off the car; and a face which I saw looking over the wire-blind on the right of the hall-door was strange to me.

"The master" was expecting me, the servant said; and I found him in a little room at the end of the passage, where he kept a medley of papers, riding equipments, boots, and garden seeds.

I could not have believed it possible that such a change could have been wrought by anything but severe bodily illness as that which I witnessed in Michael Quinlan. His figure looked shrunken, his face was pinched and haggard, his eyes dim and restless—he looked like a man in the wasting stages of a fever. His manner was as singular as his appearance; he seemed to shrink from me involuntarily, after the eagerness of his appeal that I should come to him.

"Out with it, Mick," said I, as soon as he had closed the door: "tell me at once what ails you. Bank business of course?"

"Bank business, sure enough," he answered. "The worst trick Fortune has ever played me. There's a thousand pounds missing, and I can't trace it to any one, or tell how it's gone, any more than the dead."

"A thousand pounds?"

"No less, indeed."

Michael Quinlan and I stared at one another for a few moments in silence; and the poor fellow's teeth chattered. I never saw greater misery in a face.

"Does any one know of this?" was my first question. "As you say *missag*, I conclude there has been no robbery, no violence."

"Robbery, but not violence," said Mick; "unless I took it myself in my sleep, I don't know how it was done, as you'll see when I tell you the particulars; and not a soul knows it. I thought it best to keep it to myself, until I could get your advice, and I knew you'd come before I had to send in my returns."

"Does your wife know it?"

"No," said Michael, with some hesitation and a remarkable change of countenance, "she does not. She knows there's something on my mind, of course, but that's not altogether now." He went up to the narrow window which looked into the dusty street as he spoke, and sighed heavily.

"Not altogether new, Mick?" said I, with what may seem an unwarrantable digression from the serious matter in hand. "But it is altogether new. What's up?"



"Never mind now," said he; "one trouble's enough at a time for any man; too much for a fellow like me—as weak as water." He was not so strong in mind as in body, certainly; still this judgment passed on himself by Michael Quinlan surprised me not a little. He went on impatiently.

"The money is gone, and I'm accountable. I don't know what to do. I did not tell her, because I thought if you could not help me to trace it, it would be time enough to confront her with the facts when it was discovered that we were ruined."

"Certainly," said I, "quite time enough. Sit down and tell me all the particulars."

There were no remarkable features about the Tubber branch of the Universal Bank of Ireland. The incident which I record here took place before the era of decorative furniture and artistic fittings. The two rooms which formed the bank premises, supplemented by a kind of den in which the messenger passed his time, opened on one side of a rather broad hall, with an inner swing door. On the other side were the two sitting-rooms occupied by Michael Quinlan's family, and the small apartment in which our conference was being held. The "bank parlors," as the outer and inner offices were called, had barred windows, and in the inner room, in addition to a door of communication, there was a contrivance for the effectual protection of privacy, consisting of a sheet of glass in a hinged frame let into the wall, in fact a square glass door, about two feet wide, just above the writing-table, with desk and drawers, at which Michael Quinlan was in the habit of sitting when occupied in the inner room. By means of this honestly-avowed peep-hole, he could at all times command a view of the outer office, see all comers and goers, and observe the proceedings of the two assistants who, with the messenger and himself, constituted the staff of the Tubber branch of the Universal Bank of Ireland. Let into the wall at the end of this room was an iron safe, with the appearance and arrangements of which I was quite familiar. A few heavy chairs, and a sofa covered with black hair-cloth of most uninviting aspect, placed under a gray and fly-spotted map of Ireland, broke the blankness of the wall opposite to the windows. The condition of the room remained entirely unchanged since Michael Quinlan's discovery of the robbery, and it was quite clear it had been effected without any violence. It opened the safe, and showed me the spot where the money had lain—a locked cash-box and some small account-books were on the shelf. I inquired into the circumstances and nature of the deposit. The money had been received in two sums, from two persons, on two several accounts, and had been placed in the safe in due course by Michael's own hands. In those days it had not yet been made the rule in country banks to enter the number or specification of notes sent for deposit, and Quinlan could not give me exact information concerning the perished money. He was perfectly certain of only two facts: that there was a Bank of Ireland note for one hundred pounds and a Bank of England note for one hundred pounds among the number, and that they had both been paid in by the same person. The largest amount in Universal notes was twenty pounds, but there were some tens, and several one-pound notes. Both depositors were farmers, whose farms were within a few miles of Tubber, and from each it would have been possible, no doubt, to obtain exact information on these points. But maintenance of secrecy, for the present at all events, was of the first importance to the chances of detection and to the prestige of the bank. I said very little while Quinlan was explaining the unfortunate occurrence to me, and every moment his manner became more and more embarrassed, and less like that of a man talking to a friend. He felt the influence of my official capacity, and so did I. That was indisputable, inevitable; our common-sense forbade our struggling against it.

I questioned Quinlan closely concerning his keys, and the exactness of his custody of them. His replies increased the difficulty of accounting for the robbery. The key of the safe was kept in the centre desk of the writing table, whose patent key Quinlan wore on his watch-chain. He was positively certain that he never was without the chain and the key; he slept with his watch under his pillow always, and the key of the manager's room lay on a table by his bedside. He had hardly been out of the manager's room during the day on which he had placed the money, since stolen, in the safe, and he had discovered the theft within twenty-four hours. What had he been doing in that time? He gave me an account of his proceedings, with the difficulty and hesitation which we should probably all experience if called upon for a narrative of every hour of a day which, during its passage, we had no reason to suppose would be distinguished in the future from other days; but with an additional trouble and disheartenment in his manner, arising from the relative position in which he and I were placed. I was quite aware that the question which it was on his lips to ask me, but which he had not the courage to utter, was:

"Do you suspect me of having taken this money?"

On my part, the answer which I should have dearly wished to make was, "Not only do I not suspect you, but I am absolutely certain you are innocent." But I could not speak any more than he. I had no right to listen to my strong prepossession in Michael Quinlan's favor. It was my duty to conduct the investigation of this loss according to the rule in these cases, first con-

sidering where the opportunity for guilt lay, and proceeding thence to the motive which would presumably have led to the utilization of the opportunity. In the present instance, the opportunity was certainly Quinlan's, and supposing him to be guilty, the crime must be relegated to one of two categories, the transparently simple, or the superlatively atrocious. That Michael Quinlan discerned something of my thoughts was plain to me. The distance of his manner increased; he made no reference to the excitement of feeling, the confidence of friendship, which had induced him to send for me, but when I paused in my prolonged and painful questioning, he kept a constrained silence.

The unavoidable delay in my arrival had complicated Quinlan's position by inducing him to defer the intimation which ought to have reached headquarters before this time, and in this there was a serious element of danger. That he should make up the deficit, I knew of course to be impossible. Without having a definitely accurate knowledge of Quinlan's circumstances, I felt certain he had no savings, and I knew his wife had had no "fortune," as the smallest pittance used to be called in Ireland in those days. Nothing but black unmitigated ruin awaited him, even if he were not suspected of the robbery, which seemed almost inevitable; for I could not hope to inspire others with the confidence that, under a surface uneasiness, I knew I really felt in his innocence. It was only instinctive, and one cannot impart instincts.

Having heard Quinlan's narrative, I proceeded to question him about the other persons in the service of the bank, and I may as well simplify matters at once by remarking that only one of them is necessary to my narrative.

To be continued.

HOW SHE LOST "OLD PORTER."

BY KITTY.

"A masquerade ball! Well, I suppose it is right for young people to enjoy the night," said old Mr. Porter; but I think Kitty might have mentioned she was going. Since we are engaged, I'd have put on anything she wanted me to wear, and gone too. I suppose," continued old Mr. Porter, a little crossly—"I suppose Kitty thought me too old to go."

"Oh, dear, no, Mr. Porter!" cried Mrs. Grundy, who was herself many years the junior of her prospective son-in-law. "Surely not. But it was very sudden. Her cousin, Mrs. Rash, stopped here with Mr. Rash, of course, and she put on a lace domino and went. Why don't you go, too? She'd be so charmed. She'll be so lonely with only married folks."

And Mrs. Grundy, with a vivid remembrance of her Kitty's parting remark of, "One evening without old Porter, at least," rubbed her hands and tried to look candid.

"I could, I really could," said Mr. Porter,—"I could hire a costume—a Louis the Fourteenth, or something of that sort—get a carriage and follow. How was she dressed?"

"In white lace," replied the mother; but she wore those cameo bracelets you gave her yesterday. You'll know her by those."

"Yes, yes," said the delighted Porter. "I know her. Poor little thing, she will be lonesome going down to supper with old married folks. How glad she will be to see me!"

"I hope I haven't done any mischief," said Mrs. Grundy, as she smiled him out of the door. "If he finds Kitty, he'll stop that flirtation between her and young Winkle, and it's high time. Dear me, what trials mothers do have to bear, to be sure! What a match Mr. Porter is! Three streets of houses, a country seat, and a mint of money! I'm sure I would have tried for him myself if I hadn't known that a man of sixty-five never looks at anybody past eighteen. Now, young Winkle really quite admires me, and he's only one-and-twenty, but the older they are the younger they want. I couldn't let it slip out of the family. I'm sure he'll ask me to live with them. Kitty ought to be so thankful."

Remembering, however, with a shiver that Kitty was not Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Grundy again hoped piously that she had done no mischief.

"When she's married," thought the good lady, "I'll manage to get a little gayety myself. No doubt Mr. Porter will have an opera box at least. And Kitty isn't mean about money. I'll have my room in blue and gold, and wear black velvet all winter."

Meanwhile Mr. Porter had hurried to a costumer's, arrayed himself in trunk hose, a short coat, and a hat and feather, a wig with long curls, and a mask; and thus adorned, proceeded to the academy, purchased a ticket, and entered.

Myriads of beautiful creatures flitted past him. He strained his eyes to see his beloved one, who at that moment was seated in a bower of artificial roses, *à la mode* with charming young Andalusian, who, however, spoke no Spanish.

Gypsies, cavaliers, soldiers, old apple women, dominoes of all colors, flitted past.

The obliging cousins had amiably wandered away, and they could talk as they chose.

The Andalusian sat very close to the white-lace domino, and played with the pretty bracelet of yellow-tinted cameos linked together by chains of amethysts which adorned her arms.

"There she is," said to himself a cavalier with a top-heavy white hat and feather, and very large trunk hose, who approached the bower—"there she is. I know the bracelets. But who

is that fellow? These may be masked-ball manners, but I don't like them. I will watch."

And Mr. Porter assumed a careless attitude, and leaned against a column which supported the bower.

He was a very short, slender old gentleman, and the costume was intended for a tall giant; but it was all the more a disguise.

His face was, of course, hidden by his mask, and he was, fortunately, very sharp of hearing. He had no need to look at his betrothed to know what she said.

"What a lovely waltz that was!" said the Andalusian. "I have been so miserable, and it was such joy to hold you in my arms once more."

"Oh, indeed, was it?" asked Mr. Porter, under his breath.

"Ah!" sighed Kitty.

"Were you not also happy?" asked the Andalusian.

"Alas! I have no right to be!" said Kitty.

"Well, she has some sense of propriety anyhow," commented Mr. Porter.

"But were you not?" pleaded the Andalusian.

"Oh, Richard, I was!" sighed Kitty.

"Hang it!" remarked Mr. Porter, under his breath.

"But I shall soon be another's, and I am wrong, very wrong, to confess it."

"Isn't so much her fault. I'll take care there's no more waltzing," said the cavalier to his white feather.

"Then you really are going to marry that old hunk?" said the Andalusian sorrowfully.

"I'm no such thing!" indignantly commented Mr. Porter.

"I'm going to marry Mr. Porter," said Kitty, "I can't help it. I've promised. Ma drove me into it. You see, he is immensely rich, and we are using up everything we have. We've come to the last thousand. I couldn't sew for a living, could I, or go into a shop! And you have only ten dollars a week, if your family is good. Ma talked and talked, and he coaxed and coaxed. He isn't so hateful as you might think. He's generous, and—well, it's all settled."

"Rather sensible," thought Mr. Porter. "She is young; I must make excuses. I'll take lessons in waltzing and go to balls with her."

"Settled!" replied the Andalusian. "No, Kitty, no! It will not be settled so easily. I shall take my own life, and my blood shall be on your head."

"Oh, Mr. Winkle!" sobbed Kitty.

"His gold has won your heart," continued the Andalusian.

"No, I hate him!" said Kitty. "How can I help it, he's so old and ugly!"

"Confound it, this is pretty!" said the cavalier, grinning with rage under his mask.

"It's only because I must that I marry him," proceeded Kitty. "And, Richard, ma says that as I am eighteen and he nearly seventy, I am sure to be a young widow, and then—"

"I shall go crazy!" said the bridegroom elect, clenching his fists.

"Kitty," replied the Andalusian,—"Kitty, my love, promise me that when he dies you will marry me, and I will wait if it is ten years."

"Oh!" cried Kitty, suddenly, "what is the matter with that funny-looking cavalier in the crimson velvet cloak and white hat?"

"Too much champagne, I guess," said Mr. Winkle.

It was very late. Mrs. Grundy sat enjoying her magazine, when the door-bell rang.

The servants were gone to bed. She opened it herself, expecting to see Kitty. Instead, a small cavalier, in a white hat and feather and a crimson cloak, stalked in and clutched her by the arm in melodramatic fashion.

"Oh!" screamed Mrs. Grundy.

The cavalier removed his mask.

"Why, it's dear Mr. Porter!" cried Mrs. Grundy. "Didn't you find Kitty?"

"I found your daughter," said the old gentleman, "and you'll tell her that the cavalier in white and scarlet who leaned against the column while she talked to that confounded Spaniard was me—me, ma'am—she'll tell you why I desire never to see her again. There'll be no necessity for waiting ten years. She may say to Mr. Winkle I shall be no obstacle in the future."

And he dashed away banging the door after him.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, January 20.

MISS CHAMBERLAIN is among the distinguished beauty visitors at Cannes.

Two women who have been feted for their beauty, and are in fairly affluent circumstances, by agreement fought out a quarrel the other evening before a crowd of invited spectators, who were men moving in good society. One woman was of powerful frame and stature, the other small and delicate. Armed with but their fists they entered the arena, and freed of all costume from their waists upward fought out a horrible contest until one of the spectators thought it prudent to interfere between the blood-streaming bodies. What is to be said of the social condition that this fact proclaims?

A GREAT commotion has been occasioned throughout Italy by the demand made by one of the greatest savans of the country for the privilege of ransacking the tomb of Tomasina Spinola, known in history as the "Calisto" or platonic love of Louis XII. By the order of King Louis, Tomasina was interred with the greatest pomp and ceremony, and by the same royal command the whole of her jewels, supposed to have been of the greatest value, were buried with her, as well as the great gold medal struck in her honor by the same monarch. Louis is said to have dreaded the effect of the publicity which would have been given to his unwarrantable extravagance had the magnificent jewels and valuable ornaments he had bestowed upon his *calisto* been made known to the people after her death, and so thought it wiser to have them buried with her. The magic wand of Madame Cailhava might surely be tested here with some effect.

The ruins of the Tailor's Palace are now in the hands of the workmen engaged to clear them away. Parts of the ruins are found to be comparatively untouched by the flames which devoured the rest; thus, the staircase which led to the first floor of the palace, entering from the Place du Carrousel, and the gallery running around the floor resisted the conflagration; a number of columns with their capitals of *bas-relief* and other decorations, are in a perfect state of preservation. The large and massive columns supporting the gallery which surrounded the former chapel of the palace have disappeared, with the remainder of the masonry in the interior of that sacred precinct. The former Hall of the Marshals, so richly and magnificently decorated, is now a mass of blackened ruins, among which only one vestige, a scutcheon bearing the name "Léna," remains to recall the former glories of the spot. Hopes are entertained that as the work of demolition progresses, innumerable objects will be found to have escaped the flames; under the dense mass of burnt and blackened fragments which encumbers the ground, it is highly probable that many articles will turn up which have not lost their value.

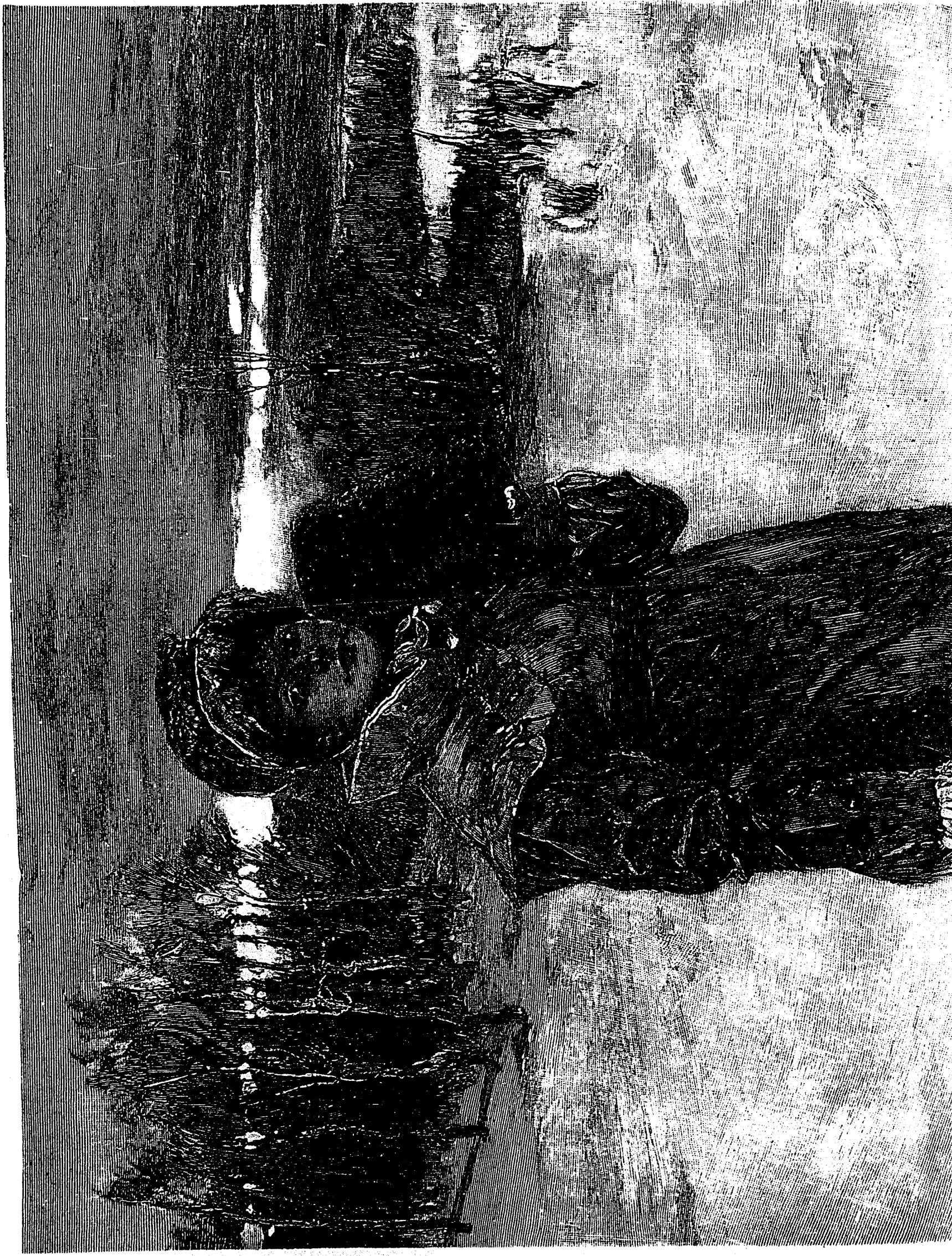
CANNES Regatta was a poor affair after all. The weather was very bad, and consequently the grand battle of flowers, which was so much talked of, did not come off, and has been postponed till carnival time: decidedly more appropriate. Mentone has, however, been extremely gay—balls and dinner parties have been plentiful. The most numerous attendants, and, perhaps, the liveliest, was the ball at the Hotel des Bains Britannique. Some excellent private theatricals have also been at the Cercle Philharmonique, which attracted all the best of the British colony and a number of foreigners, who came to laugh, but remained to applaud. The programme was *Anything for a Change*, and *Dearest Mamma*. In the former piece the parts were distributed as follows:—Swappington-Swappington, Captain Twynam; Margaret, Miss Wray; Honey-bill, Colonel Henchy; Eliza, Miss H-pworth-Dixon; Mrs. Honeyball, Mrs. Henchy; Jerry Census, Mr. Allen. *Dearest Mamma* was sustained by Mr. Kennedy, Capt. Twynam, Miss Harvey, Capt. Boyce, Miss Wray, Mr. Trotter, and Mr. Stewart Robertson.

FATHER HYACINTHE has been lecturing on Gambetta at the Theatre des Nations. Though the prices of admission were relatively high every seat was occupied, and numbers were turned from the doors. The famous preacher reiterated the eulogiums which have of late been delivered over the deceased. It would be difficult even for an orator of his varied acquirements to say aught that had not been already said on a subject which has been worn threadbare. Father Hyacinthe extolled in glowing terms the patriot's heroic efforts to retrieve the national honor. He deplored his inability to appreciate the blessings of religion, but defended him from the obloquy caused by his solemn warning, "*Le clericalisme, voilà l'ennemi*." This was directed against the invading spirit of the Church of Rome—the temporal sovereignty, which was as unchristian as anti-national; but he held that materialism, positivism, and freethinking were also enemies equally dangerous, as they furnish modern society with excuses for hesitating to resist the encroachments of the clergy. Father Hyacinthe was frequently interrupted by loud plaudits, and was hailed at the close of his oration with enthusiastic vociferation.

A PARISIAN *on dit* speaks of a marriage being arranged between the daughter of Baron and Baroness de Rothschild and Baron Alfred de Rothschild. The young lady is only eighteen years of age, and remarkably pretty. She will, naturally, have some money for her dowry.



CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.







“WINTER.”



VALENTINE.

"Little maiden, dost thou pine  
For a faithful Valentine?  
Art thou seeming faintly  
Every face that meets thine eye?  
Art thou fancying there may be  
Fairer face than thou dost see?  
Little maiden, scholar mine,  
Wouldst thou have a Valentine?"

Go and ask, my little child,  
Ask thy Mother and thy maid:  
Ask for she will draw thee near,  
And will whisper in thine ear.  
"Valentine! the name is good!  
For it comes of lineage high,  
And a famous family."  
And it tells of gentle blood,  
Noble blood—and nobler still,  
For its owner freely poured  
Every drop there was to spill.  
In the garden of his Lord,  
Valentine! I know the name:  
Many martyrs bear the same,  
And they stand in glittering ring  
Round the warrior of Land and King—  
Who before, and for them, bled—  
With their robes of ruby red—  
And their swords with cherub flames!

Yes! there is plenty there,  
Knights without number of four—  
Such as St. Dennis, such as George,  
Martin, Maurice, Theodore,  
And a hundred thousand more,  
Whom God gained and warfare over  
By that sea without a surge,  
And beneath the ethereal sky,  
And the beatific Sun,  
In Jerusalem above,  
Valentine is every one,  
Choose from out that company,  
Whom to serve, and whom to love."

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

PROFESSOR JENKIN'S VALENTINE.

To the Girl Who Sent It.

EDITED BY NED P. MAH.

Lordsakes! How mad it made me. I solemnly declare I am all of a quiver now down to my very finger-ends, with rage, when I think of it. But there! I'll just write it all down, just out of spite.

You see, I have always been made such a pet of, and am so used to feast upon adoration as my daily food, that anything approaching the faintest suspicion of a slight is more than I can bear. You must know I was real beautiful once; there wasn't another girl in Saratoga or anywhere else could hold a candle to me, and I would hold my own still against the best of them, if that cruel fever I took when poor Major Singletick blew his silly brains out, like a poor dear goose that he was, on my account, hadn't left me as thin as a whipping-post. But even now, my glass tells me, when I have just touched my eyebrows the least thing in the world, just to give them the tiniest bit of an arch, and lengthened them just the infinitesimal, smallest fraction of an inch at both ends, and just pretended to stroke my alabaster cheeks with a hare's foot, just to give them the veriest phantom of a reflection of rose; and just tickled my lips, which are sometimes a little trifle pale, to give them their natural tint of the brightest ruby, and when my maid has arranged the rits and kissing curls to my satisfaction, and the bright wealth of my magnificent tresses waves majestically in gleaming billows down my back and over my right shoulder—that I look real splendid. And there isn't one of them anywhere can come near me for style.

Anyhow, Harry tells me that he wouldn't have me altered the least morsel in the world for all the wealth of the Indies; so what need I care, since it's Harry I have got to please after all, for I shall be his some day. Of course you want to know who Harry is and what he's like? He's real handsome, is Harry, and he's so nice. Of course papa would have wished me to look higher than that, but then you see I had refused such a heap of offers already; and then after that fever—and really one must leave off being cruel some day, you know—and Harry was so awfully persevering and wouldn't take "No," for an answer, and, as I said before, is so real nice and so real handsome that I actually had to give in at last. And then it was in the queerest way it all came about.

I was almost the first patient dear Harry had, and he was so proud of the brave way I let him take five teeth out, one after the other, without flinching, that he fell in love with me on the spot, and never left me one moment's peace till I had accepted him. So Harry is to have me as soon as ever he can afford to keep a carriage for me to ride in, and when that will be I don't know, for, as Harry says, he hasn't got a deal of patients, so we must have a deal of patience, but, of course, it will all happen right some day, you know, if we only wait. And, of course, in the meantime, I have all the fun I can, for dear Harry loves me too well to wish to deprive me of any innocent pleasure I may find in society just because I am engaged to him.

Now, it so happened that I went down a fortnight ago, on Julia's invitation (Julia is my elder sister, who married Rattletrap, the lawyer) to stay a short while with her at S—. Now I always like going to Julia's once in a while, because S— is real gay for a place of its size, since it's only a little bit of a town after all, and Julia added, by way of inducement, that there was an awfully clever young professor of music, who had the first floor front just opposite, and who composed the loveliest airs, and wore a real splendid silver fox coat, and sang like a male

syren, and danced angelically, and had the face and figure of an Apollo, and played like Orpheus!

Well, when I got down to S—, I wasn't a bit disappointed. Professor Jenkins was just as nice as could be. I danced, I flirted, I conquered, and, consequently, I triumphed. Didn't all the other girls look mad at me—that's all!

I was sitting in Julia's bow window on Tuesday afternoon, and had just returned, in my sweetest manner, a bow from that washed out, insipid, absurd little dowdy, Mary Hopcroft, whom I had the pleasure of competently extinguishing at the bachelor's ball the night before, when who should pass—driving two splendid sorrel nags tandem, with blue and white rosettes and trimmings—but Professor Jenkins himself! But Professor Jenkins was not alone. By his side sat one of the simplest-looking, ruddy-cheeked, big eyed country girls I had ever seen, with her black hair all scragged back and fastened in a plain, heathenish, unbecoming knot behind. She stared full at me with her great baby eyes, while the Professor squared his whip hand and saluted, baring his splendid white teeth to the sunlight.

Julia told me the baby eyed girl was a daily governess, so, of course, I comforted myself with the reflection that she must be some relative of his, whom he felt in duty bound to be kind to. The idea of his showing himself with such a mean thing as that in public *from choice*, of course never once entered my head.

So I turned my attention again to the project I had conceived of sending him a splendid valentine. I got one with a blank scroll, and filled in the writing out of my own knowledge box. I am not going to tell you what I wrote, because you might be mean enough to laugh, but it was something real pretty and nice, I can tell you.

I knew Annie Severbones, the doctor's wife, who kept house opposite, very well. She was quite a bosom friend of Julia's. We let her into the secret, and made her promise to put the valentine in the Professor's plate at breakfast-time, and I was to ambush myself in the front drawing-room and watch through the crack when he opened it.

The morning came. About seven o'clock I folded a shawl over my head and let myself out at the back gate of Julia's house, picking my way through the deep snow down to the corner of the fence, for fear the Professor should see me cross the road; then I ducked through a hole in the fence of the vacant lot next to Doctor Severbones, and so round to Annie's back door.

The Professor was usually late to breakfast, so I snatched a mouthful with the Doctor and his wife, eating out of Annie's plates as well as I was able, for I felt real hurried. Presently we heard the Professor's step on the stair, and I fled to my post of observation. The Doctor, with a "Good morning" to the new comer, rose and went out. Annie stayed at the table to make tea. The Professor raised the envelope, looked at it on every side, and laid it aside. Presently Annie, having given the Professor his second cup, rose to go about her household duties. The Professor busied himself with the S—  *Herald*. Presently he laid down the paper and took up the letter again. I shivered like anything with cold and nervous anxiety. He tore it open, glanced at it, said "Pshaw!" and—what do you think he had actually the impudence to do!—folded it up—the first side was all face, so he opened it out, and used the lace half as a sort of handle—folded it up and lit his cigar with it—with all the impenetrable calm of a Count Fosco!

He flung the burning fragments into the stove and went out into the hall, where I heard him getting into his silver fox outer garment. Then I became aware that his gauntlets and cane were lying on the drawing-room table. Lordsakes! what should I do? Even now his hand was on the door and it had begun to move. I dropt, as if I was shot, behind the end of the sofa. Mercy! if he heard my heart beat. I could, most distinctly. Thank goodness, he was gone again! I heard the door close after him. I rushed to the window and peered through the winter curtains. Confusion! there was baby-face again, looking ruddier, simpler, dowdier than ever! His cigar was gone in a moment, and his fur cap came off down to the ground. "My valentine!" I could hear him say, right through the double window. Baby-eyes beamed and glowed ruddier than ever with pleasure. He turned and walked with her to the street corner. I knew he didn't go any farther, because he was back in five minutes, looking more Apollo like and stylish than ever.

I never felt so mean in all my life. I felt myself grow green and blue and all sorts of colors, and I'm sure my nose was awfully red—it was so cold in the drawing-room!

I rushed across to Julia's, and locked myself into my own room, venting my rage on this innocent paper.

Julia has just heard he is to be married—actually married to Baby-face! What fools men are!

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, January 20.

IRELAND is having a visit from Mr. Oscar Wilde, which, it is hoped, will benefit by his call.

IT is said that business is so good at the Monte Carlo tables, and the crush so great, that more

tables will have to be opened in order to accommodate the players.

It has been resolved to erect a monument in Canterbury Cathedral, to place memorials in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, and to complete the restoration of Lambeth Palace Chapel, as a memorial to the late Archbishop Tait.

THE Savage Club will be honored by a visit from the Prince of Wales immediately after his return from Berlin. Of course, although a member, he cannot drop in casually, and announce his intention beforehand. It will be a profitable intimation, as the right men will be there to make it a pleasant evening for the Prince.

MEMBERS of Parliament when they return to work on the 15th of next month will, like Linden at midnight, see another sight. The materials from the old Westminster Law Courts are to be sold by auction next Monday, and it will be a condition of the sale that they shall be pulled down and cleared away before the 12th of February.

MR. DOYLE CARTE is about to acquire the Avenue Theatre before it is pulled down, as it will have to be in two years' time to make way for the extensions of the Charing-cross Railway Station. The familiar *Opirelle* consequently takes the place of the promised novelties while Mr. Doyle Carte and M. Marius are arranging their terms.

ONE of the most wonderful sights in the world is just now to be seen at the residence of Mr. Siemens, the great electrician, at Tambridge Wells. Here does the great savant pursue his studies, the result of which is said to be prodigious. The experiment of colored light by electricity has proved highly successful, and the rich coloring of the fruit and flowers in the orchard, house and conservatory realizes the magic gardens of the Arabian Nights. But the greatest wonder of all is the artificial moon, which rises at its allotted time and lights up the whole building with its radiance.

A LIVELY incident at the Worcestershire Winter Assizes last year is recalled by the following concerning the judge who has just died:—Baron Martin said himself that he wished to have inscribed on his tombstone, "Here lies a Judge, who never left a *remains*," and Lord Campbell, who went to the Oxford Circuit with him in 1855, writes to this journal:—"I have had a very agreeable circuit, my colleague being Baron Martin, an excellent lawyer and an exceedingly good-natured fellow. We got through the whole of our business together extremely well, leaving no *remains* and asked for no assistance."

IN London an energetic American lady, Miss Lila Clay, with her company of "seventy clever and pretty girls," has just brought out a musical on women's rights, called "An Adamless Eden," by Mr. Saville Clarke. It represents a community from which the men have, by some mysterious edict, been banished, and where the women do all the work of the State. No sooner, however, have the men gone than the women begin hankering after them, and first one and then another schemes for their return. This treason creates a show of resistance with parasols, lawn tennis rackets, and other feminine weapons; but no sooner do the men appear and open their arms than the women lay down theirs.

MORE good news for lovers of the legitimate drama. An enterprising gentleman has reared and trained in Australia a kangaroo which he is bringing over to England, with a view to its introduction upon the English stage. The beast is said to be exceedingly clever, to have been brought up on High Church and temperance principles, and to possess social qualities of no mean social order. He must remember that this kangaroo will have to sustain comparisons with the immortal literary kangaroo of Artemus Ward, that "anxious little cuss," whose performances were one of the features of the "moral show." But the new kangaroo is said to be able to "give points" to any other kangaroo, literary or otherwise; so that Mr. Alfred Thompson, at Her Majesty's Theatre, will have to look to his twin elephants.

THE metropolitan thieves are notoriously bold, and the bustle at the opening of the new Law Courts provided opportunities which their energy would not allow them to neglect. On Saturday, a witness, when his turn came to be examined, divested himself of his overcoat, and laid it on a book-case in court. Having submitted himself to the ordeal of examination he sought his garment, but it was nowhere to be found. He mentioned his loss to the presiding judge, Mr. Justice Lopes, who expressed his sympathy, but could do no more. As thefts of books belonging to counsel have not been infrequent, steps are being taken to protect counsel and witnesses alike. Thefts committed in a temple of justice, under the very eyes of the judge, imply contempt of court so flagrant as to entitle it to be included in the list of capital offences.

It is a curious and interesting fact that the subjects of the Queen belonging to other races than our own, who visit London, almost invariably return declaring that the wonder of wonders in, around and about the metropolis—the most remarkable thing, indeed, in the country—is the Crystal Palace. In days gone by, the Shah declared such to be his view. Then Wah-bun-ah-kee, the Mohican of North America, endorsed it. The New Zealand chiefs said so. Cotewayo was convinced of the fact; and the "Indian Contingent," returning to its native land, speak of the Crystal Palace as the most marvellous of all English marvels. What attracts them apparently, is the lightness and glitter of that great conservatory, which, unlike any other building in the world, seems from a distance to be too unsubstantial to last, and yet seems strong enough when it is entered. Yet so little do Londoners care for the place that it has been decaying for years, and can only pay by an annual sensation. Is it too audacious to suggest that it ought to be national property?

A CONTROVERSY has arisen as to the right and the propriety on the part of actors of introducing their own language into pieces, otherwise gagging. If it be unseemly and vulgar language, those amongst the audience who are sensible of the insult show their disapproval by appearing unconscious of it, while the appreciative few encourage it as something understood, and, therefore, enjoyed. In nine cases out of ten the blame lies with the actor, not the author; for this gross error is particularly noticeable in plays of assured popularity, in which, after a run of fifty nights, the author will find the grand idea is almost all that is left him. No actor who is ambitious of success in this profession would damage his chance by committing such an offence. In the lighter forms of entertainment, such as comic opera, there is a tendency on the part of actors and actresses to exaggerate which is very often akin to vulgarity. If these things are more generally spoken of, as well as noticed, a little may be done towards putting down this growing system to the certain advantage of the performer, and infinite relief of a refined audience.

CAPT. ARTHUR SHEAN, Vice-President of the Fire Brigades Association, gives a cheerful account of the manner in which the Lord Chamberlain's authority is respected by theatrical managers. At one place of amusement in London there was a dispute about alterations in the interest of public safety, and Captain Shean was consulted. His opinion was confirmed by an arbitrator, and it might have been expected that the proprietor of the place would have made the requisite alterations. So far is this from the fact, that the house is more unsafe than ever, owing to the blocking up of gangways with camp-stools. "As an experiment, in the middle of the performance, I rose with a friend to leave the building, timing my exit. Every one assisted my egress as well as possible. I am not particularly clumsy, but I nearly fell over camp-stools lying on the ground, shut up, several times; and when I reached an exit door over five minutes had elapsed from my first rising to leave the building. The proprietor seems to act as he pleases, for on my remarking to his manager that in the event of fire a safe exit of the audience was utterly impossible, he remarked, 'Well, I suppose a panic in Hyde-park would cause accident,' and 'the Lord Chamberlain does not want to interfere with us, and we do not want to interfere with him.'" If the Lord Chamberlain does not interfere with this smart personage, there is little use in having such an official.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

IN addition to the exhibition at the Royal Academy, London, of pictures and drawings by the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the Burlington Fine Arts Club are about to place in their gallery at the same time a supplementary collection of his works with a view to co-operate with the Academy in affording as full and as comprehensive a representation of the painter as circumstances permit. Crayon, pencil and pen-and-ink drawings, besides some of the artist's early water colors, are to find an appropriate place in this collection.

THERE is a collection of Indian works of art at New Orleans, which is of great interest and value. It was made by a Senor Ramos Luiz, and is owned by Mr. N. W. Randall, U.S. Consul at Savannah, Columbia. There are 1,500 pieces, of which 200 are gold and 100 stone. The greater part is pottery, with occasional objects in copper and wood. One of the gold pieces represents the human victim offered to the god of harvest by the Chibcha Indians. The collection is rich in "money pieces" which the Chibcha as are said to have coined before as well as after the conquest.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 119 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

(From the German of Schiller.)

BY NED P. MOSE.

"Take, Knight, the poor return I offer— For the fierce passion that you proffer— Gives me but pain. Accept a sister's pure affection. At your approach I cannot blush or start. Nor melt to bitter tears when you depart. To feel love's silent, deep-dejection I strive in vain."

Mutely he hears—No outward token Tells how the faithful heart has broken— Springs to his horse. Tears from one last embrace all bleeding— Sends quick express throughout fair Switzerland To levy his retainers numerous—band— Towards holy grave their standard leading. The blood-red cross.

Then bleached the foe in deadly pallor At name of Toggenburg, and valor Of his strong arm: And ever hottest battle waging Still, in his heart's incurable unrest, Unfaded waves his helmet's tower'ring crest. Where, in the dense fight's furthest raging, Lies thickest swarm.

Thus sought he, by unceasing action, To give his saddened soul distraction From its hope's death. For a long year of fruitless striving. Then, seeing a fair bark on Joppo's strand Ships homeward to the dearly-cherished land— Hope's ashes phoenix-like reviving— Where she draws breath.

And as the pilgrim—doubting, fearing— Knocked and would enter, on his hearing A thunder pealed: Words from within her castle's portal. "She wears the veil then seekest. Yesterday The church—with holy right and pious gait— Found her soul in truth immortal— Her young fate sealed."

Then he forsakes his high estate for ever, True sword and faithful steel beholding never. Leaves the sad old sole lord of Toggenburg—once crowded With untrifling guests—and in sad silence wends The lonely path no follower attending: His noble fragments enshrouded In monkish cowl.

And in the centre of a valley lonely He built a lowly hut— that only He might be near: Where, through the hush of foliage peeping, Her cloister rose above the grassy lawn: Still hope within her face—from morning's dawn Till evening's shades—more vital keeping— With eye and ear.

Watching that spot of still seclusion Where, seeking safety from pollution, Her soul had flown: Watching her ascent to the mansion Till—as the music of its opening clang, Borne on the breeze through the valley maze— Anzelle with the soul's expansion Her fair face shone.

Then he was soothed, and unperceiving Till dawn upon the earth reclining— Scarcely slept. Thus sat, as day to day succeeding Grew to long years—thus slumbered, thus rejoiced: When in the heavens the minstrel's many voices Proclaimed the morning—time all unheeding His vial kept.

Till, radiant with the sun's expansion, The loved one from the distant mansion Gazed wildly down. Until, an empty habitation, His corpse sat there, life's flame to ashes burned, Still towards the entrance the pale visage turned: O'er whose the true soul's emanation For ever had flown.

QUESTION OF THE QUEENS.

It will be many years before the old question of the conduct of Queens Elizabeth and Mary will cease to vex the students of history. If the current of time brings any change in the balance of opinions, it is certainly in favour of Queen Mary, and against her executors. A passage in the memoirs of Sir Archibald Alison has recently called up the subject again in the London journals, of which one of the most vigorous, *Teutic*, gives this brief of the case:—"No two persons," says the writer, "have been more misrepresented than Elizabeth and Mary. The former was an able sovereign, but almost as objectionable a woman as can be conceived—cold, calculating, vain, cruel, stingy, mendacious, and utterly unscrupulous. The latter was impulsive, hot-headed, warm-hearted, and in her virtues and her faults essentially a woman. She fell over head and ears in love with Bothwell, and, as is often the case when this occurs to a woman, allowing her individuality to be absorbed in his, and became for a time a mere tool in his hands. With the exception of this episode, she conducted herself very properly.

Let us contrast the conduct of these two women during their final struggle. The facts, although they have been obscured, are exceedingly simple, and no one can, after weighing them with perfect indifference of judgment, and without any foregone conclusion in favour of one or the other of the queens, come to any other conclusion, but that Elizabeth was a murderess and that Mary was murdered.

Mary had been imprisoned in different parts of England for nine years. She had finally been shut up at Chartley, a place so damp that both she and her guardian, Sir Amyas Paulet, were crippled with rheumatism, and which had obviously been selected with the object of shortening her life. So penurious was Elizabeth in her treatment of her, that she sent her down towels made out of sheets worn to rags.

As cold and ill-treatment did not put an end to her, Walsingham determined to bring matters to a crisis by involving her in a plot against

Elizabeth's life. Having previously requested her keeper Paulet to kill her, it was evident that he was not warped by scruples. He considered that it was absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the Protestant religion that she should die before Elizabeth; and probably in this estimate he was right.

Walsingham had as a secretary one Phillips. He was one of the ablest forgers of the period; he could imitate writing without fear of detection, and he had already been employed by his master to deceive Mary's friends in Paris by sending them forged letters from Catholics in England. Some years after Mary's execution, he avowed in a letter which exists in the States Paper Office, that he had forged an entire correspondence to trick the Spanish Government, and, after the death of Elizabeth, being then in the Tower for some mischief, he confessed that he had forged letters in the handwriting of many persons.

At the same time, Walsingham gained over a certain Gifford, who was in the confidence of Mary's friends in Paris. Gifford's father lived near Chartley, and informed Mary's adherents that he could manage to transmit letters to and from her. Then he picked up a young gentleman named Babington, and suggested to him to kill Elizabeth. Subsequently he made the same suggestion to a soldier of fortune named Savage, and to a seminarist named Ballard. The three assented to his proposal.

Another conspiracy was also on foot in Paris to invade England and to proclaim Mary queen. This second conspiracy had the Spanish Minister in Paris at its head, and he was made aware of the intentions of Babington and his friends. Babington induced several others to join him, among them a certain Poley, who was one of Walsingham's spies. Mary had been aware of the second conspiracy, but not of the first.

Everything was now arranged as Walsingham wished. All Babington's letters to Mary, as well as those sent to her from other quarters, together with all her replies, were smuggled in and out of Chartley in the false bottom of a beer-barrel, having been previously handed over to Phillips, who deciphered and copied them. On May 2, Morgan, a Catholic, wrote to her to introduce Babington, and asked her to send him a few complimentary lines, as he might be useful to her, owing to his father-in-law residing in the neighbourhood of Chartley, and he enclosed her a model of a letter to him, which she copied and sent. On July 6, Babington wrote to her. This letter was handed to her on the twelfth, and on the nineteenth Mary's reply was sent. It is on these two letters that Mary was condemned, for having joined in a plot to murder Elizabeth.

In the copy that we have of Babington's letter, after having alluded to the intended invasion and to his intention to free Mary, the following passage occurs:—"For the despatch of the usurper, from the obedience of whom we are by the excommunication of his holiness made free, there are six noble gentlemen, my private friends, who, for the zeal they bear to the cause and your majesty's service, are ready to undertake this tragical execution.

In Mary's reply—or rather in our copy of it—she urges Babington not to move until she is withdrawn from her prison, and either surrounded by an army or put in proper security, or "it would give sufficient excuse to this Queen (Elizabeth), if she took me again, to incarcerate me in some hole where I should never come forth again, and to persute with the utmost extremity all who had assisted me, which, might befall myself." Further on occurs the passage which, if written by her, proves that she had been informed of the contemplated assassination, and that she assented to it. It is as follows:—"When all is ready the six gentlemen must be set to work and you will provide that on their design being accomplished, I may be myself rescued from this place and be in safe keeping till our friends arrive. It will be hard to fix a day for the execution; you must have a party, therefore, in readiness to carry me off, and you will keep four men with horses saddled to bring word when the deed is done, that they may be here before my guardian hears of it."

The letter was dictated in French to her Secretary Nau, and then translated and ciphered by her Secretary Curle. It was taken to Phillips, who was residing at Chartley. On the twenty-fourth, Phillips left Chartley, on the twenty-sixth he reached London, and on the twenty-ninth Babington received the letter through a servant.

The letter had consequently been in the hands of this professional forger for several days. According to his own account, he took a copy of it, and gave the original to Babington. But why should he have handed the original to Babington? The letter was to serve as the justification for Mary's execution. Whether she wrote it, or whether Babington received it, was the question at issue. Is it not, on a balance of probabilities, reasonable to suppose that Phillips interpolated the incriminating passage?—a passage which is contradicted by the recommendation in the body of the letter that Mary should be freed and surrounded by an armed force before the insurrection takes place, lest Elizabeth should wreak her vengeance on her. How possibly could this danger occur if Elizabeth had already been killed?

The interpolation is, however, conclusively proved. In the State Paper Office there is a draft of Phillips' copy of Mary's letter. In this draft the incriminating passage is omitted, and in place of it there is a postscript in entirely different words, but equally incriminating, and this draft is endorsed by Phillips as being his

handiwork. Evidently the first idea was to add a postscript; and this was subsequently abandoned for the more complicated plan of interpolation in the body of the letter. If the reply was tampered with, it is only reasonable to suppose that the letter which called forth the reply, and which had been also in Phillips' hands, or rather of which the only existing evidence was a copy made by Phillips, was also tampered with.

At Mary's trial, the original of neither of the letters was produced. She was not allowed to be heard, nor be advised by counsel. A confession, which it was stated had been made by Babington, who, admittedly, had offered to give any evidence required if his life were saved, was read. "Why," she asked, "if Babington confessed these things, was he put to death, instead of being brought face to face with me as a witness of the crime?" Why?

Nau and Curle had been arrested. For long they refused to make disclosures. Burleigh wrote to Hatton, that "he thought that they might yield somewhat to confirm their mistress' crimes, if they were persuaded that they themselves might escape, and the blow fall between her head and shoulders." Finally, after much threatening, they admitted that the deciphered copy made by Phillips of Mary's letter to Babington was "the same, or like" what she had ordered to be written. At the same time Nau wrote and forwarded to Elizabeth a statement, exonerating both himself and his mistress from ever having sought to take the Queen's life. The declaration of the secretaries that the copy was "the same, or like" was produced at the trial. Mary asked why she was not confronted with Nau and Curle? All the reply that she received was that it was "unnecessary." Why? In vain she appealed to the statute of 15 of Elizabeth, which provides "that no one should be arranged for intending the destruction of the sovereign's life but by the testimony and oath of two lawful witnesses, brought face to face before him." The only answer of the crown lawyers was that they had "letters in evidence of complicity." But this is precisely what they did not have.

That she had written to her friends urging them to free her, and to foreign sovereigns urging them to invade the country, she did not deny, but maintained her right to do so, as an independent sovereign, held in duress. She was not condemned for this, but for plotting the death of Elizabeth, by conspiring with Babington to kill her. There was not one tittle of legal evidence to convict Mary. That the letters had been in the hands of a professional forger; that the sole proof of her knowledge of and assent to the scheme of murdering Elizabeth submitted to the court was contained in the copies of two letters made by the forger; that another so-called copy of one of the letters, avowedly made by the forger, and entirely different from that produced, was in existence; that Walsingham, the forger's patron, had himself arranged the entire scheme of assassination; that he had proposed to murder Elizabeth; that even after the letters had been written, he and Leicester had calmly discussed the relative advantages of poisoning her, or of executing her after the trial, had been hanged before it, so that he could not be confronted with her; that Nau and Curle were in London, and that they were not confronted with her; that no answer was made to her when she claimed the right of being condemned alone by the evidence of two witnesses face to face, and that the right was unquestionable—are all damning proofs that she was judicially put to death.

Was Elizabeth deceived, or was she one of the conspirators? There is little doubt that she was the latter. In any case, she was as guilty, for she made Davison write to Paulet, and urged him to kill Mary, in order to be safe herself from the dangers involved in signing the death-warrant. When he refused, she signed it, and then pretended that she had not intended to do so, and caused Davison to be fined and imprisoned for having "deceiv'd" her. Her conduct, observed her apologist, Mr. Froude, was "defensible, and even excusable." Mary, says the same moralist, was a bad woman, suffered "because she had shown herself capable of those detestable crimes which in the sixteenth century appeared to be the proper fruits of it." Can bias go further!—*Home Journal*.

THE STAGE IN JAPAN.

Lovers of the stage will be pleased with Dr. Christopher Dresser's account of the Japanese theatres at Tokio. Unfortunately when he was there three of the principal theatres had been destroyed by fire, and he had, therefore, to judge of the stage in Japan from a smaller house. To show how careful and complete the author is in all he does there is a minute plan, showing entrances, exits, the auditorium, the stage, and the entire arrangements. The boxes which comprise a large portion of the auditorium, resembles a Methodist chapel rather than a European opera house. One advantage in case of fire or panic is that nearly all the seats are upon a level with the street. But the placid Japanese are not much given to panics; they take matters coolly. A gallery runs round the theatre, which increases the resemblance to the Methodist chapel, the stage, as seen by the audience, is exactly after the pattern of our own theatres. A curious plan is adopted in shifting the scenery, which is not ill like ours, but consists of a series of models of the objects required to be shown, and these are fixed upon a huge circular platform. Should houses be shown they are built

up as large as in reality, and other features are imitated in the same manner. There is no delay in changing the scenery, for everything is fitted upon a huge circular platform, which at a given signal swings round and presents a new scene to the spectator in a moment. If we smile at the quaintness of the Japanese we must admit that they have adopted a clever idea upon the stage. Another singularity is that the performers do not enter from the wings or the back of the stage, as in Europe, but pass down to the stage along with the audience. In one respect the Japanese stage is like that of the early days of Shakespeare for no female performers are permitted. Women and girls are represented by men and boys. Horses and animals are employed, they are embellished with trappings after the fashion of our circus animals. The hours of performance will rather astonish European playgoers, for the Japanese theatres open at six in the morning, and remain open until nine at night, and the regular Japanese playgoers, sometimes take their families and provisions and stay at the theatre witnessing the various performances from the opening until the close. The pieces performed are old legends of the country, sometimes in a kind of sing-song verse, and they do not change so frequently as in this country. Besides the fixed scenery are decorations in the shape of curtains and screens, sometimes prettily ornamented with fanciful subjects executed by hand. Dr. Dresser says that some of the entertainments he witnessed were quite as interesting as those given in the theatres of Europe.

STOCK COMPANY WANTED.

He sat behind a show-window full of specimens of silver ore and received his first customer with a bland smile. "Is that silver ore?" asked the man. "Of course." "Any silver in it?" "Certainly." "Dig it up around Toledo, here?" "No, sir; those specimens come from Colorado." "Buy 'em of some quarry?" "They came from my mine, sir." "Any more left?" "Thousand of tons." "Going to use 'em to pave streets?" "No, sir; I am here to sell stock in the mine." "Is the ore worth anything?" "It assays about \$1,200 to the ton." "Only \$1,200?" "Only? Why, it is the richest mine in Colorado." "What's the whole mine worth?" "At least \$1,000,000." "Is that all. I did think of investing, but I don't care for small speculations. If you want a dollar bill for those specimens I'll send a boy and a cart around here. Reckon they might come handy for chinking up the smoke-house or throwing at rats."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AN American correspondent writes:—Although Mrs. Langtry is making plenty of money she is homesick, and those who know her say she is not at all happy over there.

A NEW theatre is to be built in Elinburgh. It is a joint stock company's undertaking, and among the directors are the names of Mr. Toole and Mr. Henry Irvine.

Liszt has recently finished a transcription for the piano of Verdi's *Requiem*, which he was sending to the publisher, Ricordi, who has paid for it by weight of gold.

THE Royalty Theatre, which has been rebuilt and magnificently decorated, will open in March, under the management of Miss Kate Stanley, with a new and original English comic opera, by George R. Sims and Frederick Clay, entitled *The Merry Duchess*.

A SUBSCRIPTION of £5,000 has been given by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of New York, a native of Dunfermline, N.B., in support of the fund being raised for the National College of Music. The gift has been acknowledged by the Prince of Wales in highly cordial terms.

DR. FILIPPI, the Milanese musical critic, complains of the condition of the opera in Italy. He says the sad condition of our musical stage is made worse by the scarcity of good composers who, through following the impulse given by new foreign ideas, could keep up the glorious Italian traditions. "Pray note that I said scarcity of good composers, for if excellence is not taken into consideration their number, on the contrary, is immense; and this excess of composers and of new operas is one of the reasons to which I alluded above, owing to which our lyrical stage is in absolute decay."

THIS curious advertisement has been issued:—"Adelphi—The Tune of the Old Cow Died of.—This pest, under which the visitors of theatres have groaned so long, has been banished, after a severe struggle, from the orchestra of the Adelphi, and with it the waltzes and polkas, things that are not music at all, but mere rhythmical beats written for the foot, not the ear. All the music of the evening is selected by me and set by J. E. Mallandaine, and I venture to think that visitors to the Adelphi will find themselves consoled and cheered between the acts, not tormented as if it was really a crime to come to the theatre.—Charles Reade." The idea of being consoled between the acts is a slip, surely.



SKETCHES OF CHILD LIFE.—DRAWN BY JULIUS ADAM.



OUR PUSSY.



A BIG BOUQUET.



THROUGH THE FIELDS.



A REMONSTRANCE.



THIS IS THE WAY  
THE BIRDS  
FLY



LITTLE  
DESIGNERS



NEW YORK.—THE SCHOOL OF TRADES FOR WORKINGMEN'S CHILDREN, ESTABLISHED BY PROF. FELIX ADLER, AT FORTY-FIFTH STREET AND BROADWAY.



[For the News.]

## THE BUBBLY-JOCK.

A sillier beastie you'll ne'er find,  
Nor one who to himself is dearer,  
To his own wedded wife unkind  
Yet lets no civil thing go near her.

To flout his dignity, he seems,  
We pass his way, poor feckless zany!  
He's clean mistaken, so it seems—  
We never knew that he had any.

His gills he will incarnadine  
And think to scare you—curs't he—  
A bloody flux of fat they're seen,  
Fit for the grease pot of the mizen.

He ruffles, swells and struts about,  
And spreads his tail fan to the weather;  
And turns his beauty inside out,  
And shows the back of every feather.

Let you and I our actions seem  
As we are jealous, cross or pecky;  
Ah! we've noticed many a man  
No wiser than a gobbler-turkey.

F. C. EMERSON, M. A.

Feb. 7, 1882.

## HERO WORSHIP.

We were talking of hero worship. "After all," said Ailsie, "if we are to believe their memoirs and heart histories, our supposed im-munulate heroes and heroines were of 'like passions as we are,' from Elijah down."

"Yes, but they sweetened and rounded their lives into rare completeness, those real, true heroes of song and story, as well they ought, since noblesse oblige. But I think we invest these children of genius with a fancied aureole of idealism, elevating them on some lofty pedestal away up in the serene cloudland above the common places of daily life. Thus the sky-rocket of our fancy strikes terra firma with a rebound when we learn that bits of one wonderful book were written at the ironing table; that the authoress of one of the most famous novels extant made bread and did the weekly mending in the intervals of writing, and that another woman writer whose muse drinks deep of the crystal purity of the spring of inspired genius, is famous alike for her books and cooking."

"That is so," sighs Ailsie, "to say nothing of the grievous fallings off of some of the grandest minds and loftiest souls, who seem to forget the obligations due the rank of genius, the fact that only refined gold is fit setting for the jewel. But, ah, I should love to know a great, grand man or woman like one of those who touch the hearts of thousands with the music of their singing, whom to know is a liberal education." "Did you ever hear about the jewel in the toad's head, Ailsie? I often think, my dear, that like the ugly toad, more people under whose homely exterior we, like the toad family, would sneer at the idea of a jewel, there are as truly unconscious heroes and heroines as the happiest toad, blindly striving after the sunlight. I have seen real heroines, Ailsie, although their sphere was as comparatively limited as the toad's home in the well, and there were numerous people like the worm on the cabbage leaf, to be thankless recipients of their kindly offices."

"You remember the story of the brown lark and the crimson poppies? The lark that soared so eagerly toward the sun away up in the dim sweetness of the morning atmosphere, only to drop panting back to earth, jeered at by the cruel corn poppies, who clung to their rooted soil in sluggish content, unable even to comprehend the light and beauty of which the lark sang so gloriously?" "There are plenty of corn poppies in the world," mused Ailsie, "to jeer unfeelingly at the poor little brown lark's endeavors, although," seeing my smile, "don't think I'm applying any personal meaning." "Did you ever think what true heroism means, Ailsie?" I ask, waxing eloquent with my theme. "In the common acceptance of the term we say we are heroes who exhibit signal bravery in some grand action like laying down his life for friends or country, who saves a hundred lives from some appalling fate at the sacrifice of his own. That is a noble action and men crown their dead hero with the laurel and lay leaves, while lips reverently repeat the thrilling tale of the man's bravery; the electric wires flash the news into thousands of hearts and homes all over the country, and we say with a thrill of solemn admiration at our heart-strings, 'He is a hero' and truly he is. A man gifted with the fire of great genius, born to sway the millions by the powerful subtleness of his profound researches after truth, by unquestionable demonstration of the laws of attraction, gravitation and evolution, who penetrates the mysteries of serotiv nature and reveals the treasures of her hidden storehouses, or who touches the hearts of high and lowly by his wonderful gifts of poetry and song that sings its way into our lives a sweet interpretation of their words:

"The song and silence in the heart;  
That in part are prophecies and in part  
Are longings wild and vain.

"A soul thus gifted for its immortality should tune the keynote of its thought and action in sweet accord to the perfect whole, else the entire song is a discord. He thus royally dowered, lifted up in kingly grandeur above his fellows, is in duty bound to raise his whole life up to the standard of his genius, else the gem is tarnished, the benefit arising from the gift is lost. He should bend his noblest energies to the exalting of his life to perfect chastity; he should guard the sanctuary of his mind as the

holy of holies, purified and garnished from baser motives and besetting sins, his head among the stars, his feet climbing the shining roadway to the holy city descending out of the shadowy splendor enveloping the far-away summits of the heavenly hills.

"Every man is not subjected to the fiery ordeals which requires the exhibition of great bravery; a select few are chosen to shine in the galaxy of genius. Are they only heroes? There is a silent army of martyrs marching in dumb fortitude among life's shadows, invisible to all save the great Eye, whose piercing rays penetrating the furthestmost recesses of the heart, sees and judges aright. We meet them in the crowded marts, in quiet byways, even walk side by side with them from sunrise glory till stilly eventide, and blinded by the clouds of personal selfishness veiling our eyes, never dream that we are entertaining angels unawares, till they, gone up higher in obedience to the glad summons, 'Thy crown awaits thee,' we sorely miss the habitual silent influence they exerted, the tender ministries with which they blessed our days. They live in our homes, break bread at our tables, bear with us life's burdens, and rejoice in its joys, and we seldom pay honor to whom honor is due. They are those gentle, unselfish folk whose daily lives are daily self-abnegations. They are the home angels, ever planning its inmates' peace and comfort; who are sowing that others may enjoy. They are the sacrificing mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers. Unlettered, perhaps, uncultivated in exterior, wanting in grace and polish of mind and manner, but they have as truly developed the germ and flower and fruitage of true heroism as he whose fancy soars into the seventh heaven of thought, or the dead warrior lying in state with his martial cloak around him and all the world to do him homage. It is a grand, a beautiful thing to lose a life to save it, for what more hath a man? It is a truly noble thing to refuse the gold for the setting of the sparkling gem of genius, but it is as truly a grand and an infinitely more difficult thing to take up the petty crosses of a commonplace life and bear them uncomplainingly without hope of recompense through the valley of humiliation, over the sloughs of despond and despair, wounded by the sharp stones of ingratitude and selfishness, down at last into the valley of the shadow of death, without once kicking against the pricks or an articulate longing 'for something better than they have known.' And he is a hero in a fuller, deeper, broader sense of the word than aught else can be, since it is not the strain of days, but of years, upon the power of patient endurance at its utmost tension that tries the mettle to the quick, that develops the sublime elements of heroism. I think to be a hero in the grandest way of all, is to exemplify the teachings of the Master in the promises as strong and steadfast as the mountain top from which they were proclaimed, dropped like blessings upon the burning hearts of the men of old, desirous, like heroes, to grandly live or die for the faith that was in them, the sweet old story of whose ministry still lives in the hearts of the children of a later day, an enlightened Christian era. If we would but take the beatitudes of the pedestal of theory and carry them about in our hearts as daily precepts; if we only remembered all the day long that a life molded after His down among the homely, uneventful strata of existence is as truly heroic as the grandest in earthly courts of kings."

HOPE DARE.

## THE ORGAN AND ITS USES.

It seems almost incredible in the present age that so much ignorance should prevail on the subject of the organ and its uses. An extraordinary tract, recently issued by some of those ultra pious persons who vegetate in the odor of their own sanctity, affords conclusive evidence that they are plunged in the depths of an Egyptian darkness, as far as the legitimate use of art in connection with the worthy worship of God is concerned. This absurd tirade of nonsense is commenced by the gratuitous statement that "Jesus Christ did not use instrumental music in any ordinance of worship that distinctively pertained to the New Testament dispensation." Neither did the Redeemer inculcate tracts, or authorize their distribution.

We are well informed that "the most pious men in all ages have opposed the use of instrumental music in worship." This is an unmitigated falsehood, as every intelligent reader will at once admit. The earliest makers of organs were the monks; the instrument was first heard in churches, and its use sanctioned and encouraged by the most prominent ecclesiastics of all ages.

A variety of quotations from the writings of ancient Fathers of the Church, as well as such reformers as Luther and Calvin, in order to give weight to the opinions entertained on the subject by the Presbyterian Church are given. It unfortunately happens, however, that even in Scotland the use of the organ is becoming almost universal in churches in spite of this wholesale denunciation of the "box o' whistles." The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's manifesto is reserved as a parting shot. He expresses a desire in the name of the Nonconformists that all the organ pipes in their places of worship should be "ripped up or filled with concrete," as "the human voice is so transcendently superior to all that wind or strings can accomplish, that it is a shame to degrade its harmonies by association with blowing and scraping."

Later on, he exclaims in accents of fervent piety: "What a degradation to supplant the intelligent song by the whole congregation or the refined niceties of a choir, by the blowing of wind from inanimate pipes and bellows."

It would have been as well, perhaps, had this popular preacher "taken sweet counsel" with a musical friend before writing such utter absurdities. What does he mean by the "intelligent song" of the congregation? Probably those that sing "with the spirit," and give utterance to vague, inarticulate noises, or, if gifted with a musical ear, execute the melody of a hymn tune a couple of octaves below. One thing is certain, very few members of any congregation "sing with the understanding;" and why a hideous cacophony of miscellaneous sounds, that would not be tolerated elsewhere, should be openly encouraged as an indispensable adjunct of the worship of the Almighty, is hard to understand. The "harmonies of a human voice" of course exist only in his melodic soul.

Under the Mosaic dispensation it was the "firstling of the flock" the best of its kind, that was ordained to be set apart for sacrifice, and yet in this age of art progress it is urged by certain narrow-minded and ill-informed bigots that excellence in church music is to be rigidly discouraged. The "blowing of wind" from organ pipes will also provoke a smile from those who have the slightest acquaintance with the construction of the instrument.

Those responsible for the precious production that has called forth these remarks may be influenced by worthy and conscientious motives, but their more intelligent friends should endeavor to prevent them from inviting ridicule by their ill advised attempt to ventilate their eccentric notions.

FRED. ARCHER in Music and Drama.

## VARIETIES.

VICTOR CHERI.—There is nothing more harrowing in Bizac's novels than the end of Victor Cheri. Its poignant misery contrasts sharply with his unselfish and peculiarly artistic life. The poor fellow hanged himself to avoid witnessing the seizure of his furniture for debt. He had lived the life of a song-bird, wedded to his art and to the Gymnase Theatre, and never troubling himself about the future. His brother-in-law, Montigny, the husband of Rose Cheri, and the director of that playhouse, appeared to Victor as a kind of theatrical Napoleon, in whom he might place absolute trust. Victor Cheri conducted the orchestra at the Gymnase, and set to music the songs introduced into Vaudeville and dramas played there. He had musical genius, but was too much absorbed in his daily and nightly business to turn it to lucrative account. His orchestra was the pride of his life. He was constantly beating up promising young recruits, and drilling them. As soon as they were in perfect training, they deserted to rival theatres. So long as Montigny had Victor, he was not obliged to retain skilled instrumentalists, by giving them high wages. The salary the poor brother-in-law drew was slender, but the honest fellow made no complaint, because at the Gymnase he was *en famille*. Such as his pay was, he could not spend it all. He lived near the Temple, with a bowery *brasse* in front of his windows. There he practiced the flute and violin and cultivated flowers. He never married or thought of marrying. In his old age he spent all his savings upon some orphan children, nearly related to him. Mme. Judic owes to Victor Cheri her musical education. He had many pupils, but asked no payment for the lessons he gave them. His sister Rose and Montigny had a high opinion of his intellect; but most other people thought him a simpleton. In many respects he was too simple. The end of his life was as melancholy as that of a small bird dying of inanition by reason of a prolonged hard frost.

BEETHOVEN AND NOTTEBOHM.—Little as it might be imagined, Beethoven was one of the poorest and most tentative of composers. He always carried a large sketch-book with him, into which he scribbled every thought and every change of thought, as it occurred to him. Many of these remain, and thus the progress of his works can be traced from the germ to the finished production. His subjects and passages, on their first appearance, often almost commonplace, are gradually polished and altered, seeming to grow more spontaneous at each step, until at last, after a dozen or more corrections, they become what we know them to be. Notwithstanding the absorption which this would seem to imply, his common practice was to work at two and even three of his greatest pieces at the same time, the sketches for which are inextricably mixed up together in these precious books. With the music are mingled household accounts, addresses, memoranda of facts, droll puns, quotations, prayers, ejaculations, cries of misery. Nottebohm has left accounts of them in various publications. The principle of these are: A sketch-book of Beethoven, of 1202, a second ditto of 1803, reprints of the music with copious elucidations—both published by Breitkopf, of Leipzig; "Beethoveniana" and *New Beethoveniana* detached examples and extracts from the same stores, amounting to seventy or eighty numbers, many of them very long. The first of the two is published by Rieter-Biedermann, and the second must be looked for in the numbers of the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* (Leipzig), to which they were communicated in the years 1875 to 1879. Nottebohm has also published a

most interesting edition (the only correct one) of the early portion of Beethoven's studies—his exercises as a youth when taking lessons from Albrechtsberger, Haydn and Salieri, with elucidatory notes and comments; an exhaustive thematic catalogue of Beethoven's works, and another, even more complete, of Schubert.

A NEW CLASS OF ENGINES.—In beam-engines, such as are now used as steam motors, and for diving-pumps and blowing-machines, the active or passive substance generally moves in closed cylinders with pistons moving to and fro. Professor Wellner, of Brunn (whose "steam-wheels" were described a short time ago), has lately shown that various beam-engines may without difficulty be made, in which the fluid acts in open vessels by its weight or upward thrust, and, in some cases, they may be advantageous. A first group described consists of direct-acting beam-engines with water power. An oscillating beam, *etc.*, has at one end a scoop to hold water, at the other a weight balancing half that of the water. The scoop, raised to its highest point, receives water through a pipe, entering a sunk part in its bottom from an upper reservoir, a valve being automatically opened when this flow is required. The excess of water sends that end of the beam down, and the scoop empties itself below (the valve having closed meanwhile); then it is brought back by the weight to be filled again, and so on. The oscillatory motion may be converted into rotary in the usual way. This beam-engine may be made double. Again, direct-acting beam-engines for raising water are described. Here oscillatory motion is imparted from a driving shaft to a beam weighted at one end and having at the other a vessel with valve which alternately dips into and fills with water at the lowest point of its course, and delivers the water at its highest point into a trough. Another group consists of direct-acting beam-blowing engines. In one of these, *etc.*, a couple of one-armed levers are worked up and down on terminal pivots, one on either side of a wind-chest in water. By this motion a vessel like an inverted scoop, to which they are both attached, is alternately raised and depressed in water, from which it partly emerges at the top, and exchanges its water for air. A valve at the top of the scoop closes on commencement of the descent, and the imprisoned air is carried down and forced into the wind-chest. Other varieties of these machines are indicated.

FREE AGENCY.—When Macready went over to America, relates a contemporary, he took with him John Ryder, who had been one of his Drury Lane company, to play seconds. Just about the time of his return visit to New York, Ryder's term expired. "Look here, Ryder," said Macready one day, "I don't see why Simpson—the manager of the Park Theatre—shouldn't pay you your salary this time. You have only to say that your engagement with me has terminated, which is quite true, and that he must treat with you; he cannot do without you, and you can make your own terms." Never suspecting a trap, Ryder at once consented. The opening play was *Macbeth*, and Macready did not come to the theatre until the morning of the performance. The company and the manager were assembled in the green-room. Macready was called for the second scene, in which, according to the old acting-copies, he spoke the lines assigned to Rosse. "Oh, by-the-by," said Macready, addressing Simpson, "I quite forgot to mention that Mr. Ryder's engagement with me expired last week! Was it not so, Ryder?" Ryder answered in the affirmative. "So that you will have to arrange with him separately." "In that case," replied the manager, "I shall not require his services, as I shall put one of my own stock company into the part." Although a little disappointed, Ryder consoled himself with the thought that, after all, it would be only a short holiday, for which he would suffer no pecuniary loss. On the Saturday he went to Macready, as usual, for his salary. "There is some mistake, my dear Ryder," said the great tragedian. "Did you not say in the green-room on Monday, before the whole company, that your engagement had terminated? When I leave here, I shall be very pleased to renew our arrangement; but," *etc.* Expostulation was useless. "Then I am to understand, Mr. Macready," said the actor quietly, "that I am at present a free agent?" "Well, yes," *etc.* Without a moment's loss of time, Ryder hurried off to the Bowery, then a new theatre, stated his position, and offered to open on the following Monday as *Macbeth*. The offer was at once closed with; and before night every boarding in New York bore the announcement that on Monday next the celebrated English actor, Mr. John Ryder, would appear at the Bowery Theatre in his great imperfection of *Macbeth*. The next day Macready sent for him in hot haste, and demanded to know what the announcement meant. "You told me I was a free agent during your stay in New York," replied Ryder, "and, as I could not afford to remain idle, I have accepted an engagement at an opposition theatre." "You must break it; I will pay you your salary anything!" "Too late, Mr. Macready," answered John drily; and the engagement was played out, and proved a great success.

THE DUKE OF Saxe-Coburg, who has been staying for some time past in Paris, seems inclined to continue his residence, as he has just been made one of the Cercle de l'Union.

THE BANTRY MAIDEN'S SONG.

(From the Irish.)

A time there was, my Johnny dear, When Ireland's sons were brave, And when her daughters loved to see The flag of freedom wave.

But ah! too bright was freedom's light In Erin's Isle to reign: "She's free," the Saxon said, "but oh! She shall not so remain."

No more o'er Erin's valiant sons The flag of freedom waves, Our cause must yet be bravely won, Or else we die as slaves!

Till Ireland's call for "Ireland's sons" Reverberates in air, Until the Green, Unfading Flag Unfurls wildly there,

But when old Erin wakes her might, That long has dormant lain, And when her spirit gushes forth From lethargy again,

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

At the close of the time of play in the recent Tourney of the Canadian Chess Association, Dr. Howe and Mr. J. G. Ascher stood at the head of the contestants, with an equal number of won games each.

In calling attention to the above, we are desirous of adding, that a rule of the Association gives the Managing Committee power to decide in what manner a tie shall be played out in a Tourney; and, also, of saying, with reference to some remarks which appeared in the "Chess Column" of the "Quebec Chronicle" last week that no rule of the Association specially compels the Managing Committee to enforce the time limit in games that are played to settle ties in a Tourney.

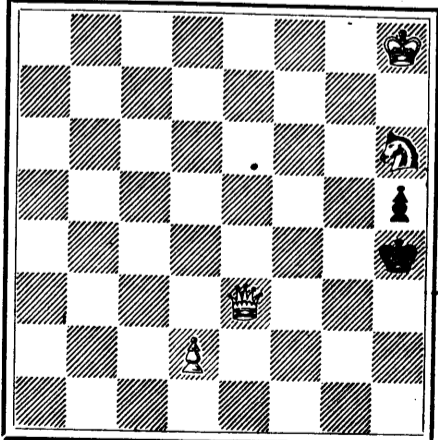
A short time ago we visited the Quebec Chess Club, and received the hearty welcome which is always tendered by the people of the Ancient Capital to friends coming from a distance.

The club room was well furnished with tables and boards, and also with a good supply of chess literature in the shape of newspapers containing Chess Columns, besides some of the chess magazines of the day.

This is the last week of Herr Steinitz's stay in New Orleans. He represents his visit as having been a very pleasant one to himself, and it has certainly been a very satisfactory one to his hosts of the Chess, Checkers and Whist Club.

PROBLEM No. 420.

By Mr. W. A. Shinkman.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 418.

White. Black. 1 Q to Q Kt 6 1 Any 2 Mates acc.

GAME 546TH.

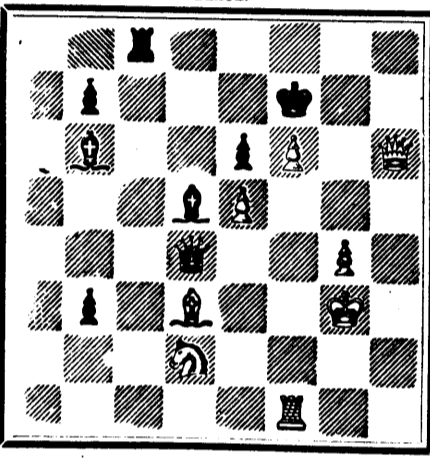
Played at Simpson's Divan, London, Tuesday, 12th September, 1882.

Remove Black's K B P.

WHITE.—(Mr. Gossip.) BLACK.—(Mr. Mason.) 1 P to K 4 1 P to K 3 2 P to Q 4 2 P to Q 4 3 P to K 5 3 P to B 4 4 P to Q B 3 4 Kt to Q B 3

5 Kt to B 3 5 Q to Kt 3 6 B to Q 3 6 K Kt to K 2 7 Castles 7 P to B 5 8 B to B 2 8 P to Kt 3 9 P to Q Kt 3 9 P takes P 10 P takes P 10 B to Kt 2 11 B to Kt 5 11 Castles 12 B takes Kt 12 Kt takes B 13 Q Kt to Q 2 13 B to Q 2 14 P to B 4 14 P to Q R 3 15 Q to K 2 15 Q R to K sq 16 K R to Kt sq 16 Q to Q sq 17 P to Q Kt 4 17 P takes P 18 Q takes P 18 B to Q 4 19 P to Kt 3 19 Q to K 2 20 B to Q sq 20 R to B sq 21 Q to Kt 3 21 R to B 6 22 Q to Kt 2 22 B to R 3 23 R to R 3 23 R takes R 24 Q takes R 24 B to B 3 25 Kt to K 4 25 K to R sq 26 Kt to Q 6 26 Kt to B 2 27 B to K 2 27 Kt to Kt 4 28 Kt takes Kt 28 P takes Kt 29 R to Kt 3 29 Q to K B 2 30 P to R 4 30 Q to B 4 31 K to Kt 2 31 P to Kt 4 32 P takes P 32 B takes P 33 Q to Kt 2 33 B to Q sq 34 Q to Q 2 34 B to Q 4 35 R to R 3 35 B to Kt 3 36 Q to K 3 36 B to B 3 37 K to R 2 37 K to Kt 2 38 K to Kt sq 38 Q to Kt 8 ch 39 K to R 2 39 Q takes P 40 Kt to Kt 5 40 Q to K 2 41 P to B 4 41 P to R 3 42 Kt to B 3 42 P to Kt 5 43 R to R sq 43 B to Q 4 44 Kt to Q 2 44 R to B sq 45 B to Q 3 45 P to Kt 6 46 P to K B sq 46 Q to K B 2 47 P to Kt 4 47 Q to K 2 48 K to Kt 3 48 Q to Kt 5 49 P to B 5 49 Q takes P 50 P to B 6 ch 50 K to B 2 51 Q takes P

Position after White's 51st move.



WHITE.

52 K to R 3 51 Q takes K P ch 53 Q takes Q 52 Q to K 6 ch 54 Kt to K 4 53 B takes Q 55 B takes B 54 B takes Kt 56 R to Q Kt sq 55 P to Kt 7 57 P to Kt 5 56 B to B 8 58 P to Kt 6 ch 57 R to K Kt sq 59 K to Kt 4 58 K takes B P 60 B takes R 59 R takes P ch 60 K takes B Resigns.



NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of SATURDAY, 10th MARCH, 1883, for the delivery of the usual Indian Supplies, duty paid, in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, consisting of Flour, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twine, Oxen, Cows, Bulls, Agricultural Implements, Tools, &c.

40 CARDS all lap-corner, Gilt Edge, Glass, Motto and Chromo, Love Letter and Case name in gold and jet, 10c. WEST & CO., WESTVILLE, CONN.



IGILT Floral Autograph Album, 1 Photo West & Co., Westville, Ct.

THE Canada Co-Operative Supply ASSOCIATION (LIMITED.)

8 and 10 St. James Street West, MONTREAL.

Authorized Capital - - - \$150,000. Shares - - - \$5 each.

This Society has for its object the supply and distribution to its members, of the best and purest articles of a staple character that are of daily use and requirement, at the very lowest remunerative prices.

The Grocery and Provision Departments.

will be found to contain, besides the usual staple groceries, Fresh Fruits (glacé and crystalized), Finest Malaga Raisins, Currants, Nuts, Jams, Marmalades, Chocolates, English and Canadian Bacon and Cheese, American Hams, French Concentrated Soaps, especially suitable for camping out, exploring parties and invalids.

The Wine Department.

Has two hundred varieties of undoubtedly GENUINE WINES and LIQUORS from the first European Houses. Cigars, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, Pipes, Matches, Cigar Cases, and other smokers' requisites.

The Dry Goods Department.

Is kept well supplied with the best STAPLE and FANCY GOODS, and the latest fashionable articles and materials. A few choice FURS and DRESS COSTUMES will be found marked in this department at very low figures.

Gentlemen's Furnishings.

Has a large stock, including Solid Leather Portmanteaus, Travelling Baskets, Dress and Uniform Cases, Hat Boxes and Continental Trunks, and other travellers' necessaries of the very best quality. The Directors can import for shareholders and members.

Stationery Jewellery, Plated Ware and Fancy Goods Department.

Herein will be found a large and attractive assortment of European Novelties, suitable for presents and house adornment; also a large variety of FANCY AND STAPLE STATIONERY, CHOICE PHOTOGRAPHS, HAND PAINTED PANELS, BRASS AND BRONZE WORK, CLOCKS of all sizes and prices, and LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FITTED DRESSING AND TRAVELLING BAGS.

Drug Department.

Contains a very complete stock of Drugs, Perfumes, Scent Bottles, Perfume Cases, Brushes, and all toilet necessities from LONDON and PARIS.

Crockery Department.

Has received an extensive stock of Glass, Fancy Earthenware, Ornamental and Useful China, Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, &c. Also a handsome collection of Duplex Lamps with Colored and Fancy Globes, Shades and Bases.

Furnishing Department.

This department is now being extended by the arrival of the latest patterns of Brass and Iron Bedsteads, Invalid Chairs and Bed Rests, Woven Wire Mattresses, Ornamental Coal Vases, Brass and Iron Fenders, Fire Irons, &c. New Goods are arriving daily, and no efforts are being spared by the MANAGEMENT to carry out to the fullest extent the objects of the Association and to increase its utility to the Shareholders and Members. Country orders are shipped immediately after they are received, and arrangements have been made to give Shareholders the benefits of pre-paid freight on their orders, subject to the conditions published in the price list, which can be procured together with Application Forms of Shares and Order Forms for Goods, by addressing the Secretary.

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR SORE THROAT.

I have been waiting for a long time to have some one say, I wish "Sans Souci" would write, but not a single nod from any one. At first I was angry, but have now risen superior to the situation and am going to write any way. To be sure, I've only called two or three times, but even that should have impressed the family with a sense of my brilliant talents and rendered them doubly anxious for me to come again. But the world is proverbially ungrateful and envious of the great. (I weigh 160.) So in token of my forgiveness I shall tell you of an almost infallible remedy for sore throat. I began to feel my throat very sore just before Christmas, but as there were no signs of diphtheria I used some simple remedies hoping it would be all right in a day or two. But within twenty-four hours of the time it began it took on the never-to-be-forgotten form of quincy, an old enemy of mine. I sent immediately for an old experienced nurse—for she modestly calls herself that—although she has been through a regular course of medicine and is an M.D. in all but the name. By this time my throat was so much swollen and inflamed that I was in great distress and in mortal terror of the doctor's lance, an operation I had to undergo when a few years since I was afflicted with the same malady. But this good nurse, taking some common white beans, boiled them soft and put them around my throat as hot as I could possibly bear them. This poultice she renewed every hour and a half. By night I felt much relieved, although I hardly dared have much faith in it when she began. By the next morning I knew that all fear of the dreaded lance was over. She continued the same remedy the next day, although she applied it only every three or four hours, and on the next simply a flannel wet in alcohol. She has told me since that she never began on a worse case of quincy than mine. I used at the same time gargle of chloride of potassium. Now, although I know that soft boiled beans are a wonderful remedy for sore throat, I must conscientiously tell you what I think finished a cure that the beans began. On Christmas Day I was still lying in bed when that husband of mine came in and gave me a small package, saying: "Your Christmas gift, my dear." I opened a small box, and behold, the desire of my heart for five long years was gratified, for within I saw a pair of diamond ear-rings! Well, the idea that there was the slightest chance for any other female to ever go flaunting out with my ear-rings, that I had considered an actual necessity and longed for so many years, set my blood circulating and my pulse to bounding to that degree that I felt I had a new lease of life, and I called to the nurse to get things ready, for I was going to get up and be dressed. She remonstrated, as she was of course in duty bound to do, but I did get up and I staid up, and in a few days I was as well as ever. But let me say, my dear friends and sisters, who husbands can't, or won't, or don't, buy you diamond ear-rings when you have a sore throat, you need not hesitate to pin your faith to soft-boiled beans.

SANS SOUCI.



(Under the Direct Patronage of H. M. Government.)



**JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF**

has been pronounced by leading scientists and physicians everywhere to be the most perfect form of concentrating nourishment at present known.

It is rapidly superseding Tea and Coffee in the colder European countries, and is served hot on draught in the fashionable Saloons and Restaurants.

As a Winter Beverage it is simply perfection, supplying heat in its natural state; stimulant in a thoroughly innocuous form; concentrated nourishment, rendering languid reaction impossible; and, above all, furnishing tone to the nerves, and substantial food for brain, bone and muscle.



**THE "SKREI" Cod Liver Oil.**

Pure, Pale and almost tasteless. No other Oil to compare with it.

**KENNETH CAMPBELL & CO.**

**APPRENTICE.**

WANTED a respectable young man to learn the Art of Pictorial Engraving.

Apply to G. B. BURLAND, Manager British American Bank Note Co.,

St. John Street, Montreal.

**CASTOR FLUID** (Registered)

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

**HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,**  
Sole Manufacturer,  
144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

**THIS PAPER** MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

**THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY** (LIMITED)

**CAPITAL \$200,000,**

**GENERAL**

**Engravers, Lithographers, Printers**

**AND PUBLISHERS,**

**3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.**

THIS ESTABLISHMENT has a capital equal to all the other Lithographic firms in the country, and is the largest and most complete Establishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada, possessing all the latest improvements in machinery and appliances, comprising:—

- 12 POWER PRESSES
- 2 PATENT ENVELOPE MACHINES, which make, print and emboss envelopes by one operation.
- 1 PATENT LABEL GLOSSING MACHINE,
- 1 STEAM POWER ELECTRIC MACHINE,
- 4 PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINES,
- 2 PHOTO-ENGRAVING MACHINES,

Also CUTTING, PERFORATING, NUMBERING, EMBOSSEING, COPPER PLATE PRINTING and all other Machinery required in a first class business.

All kinds of ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, ELECTROTYPING AND TYPE PRINTING executed in THE BEST STYLE

**AND AT MODERATE PRICES.**

PHOTO-ENGRAVING and LITHOGRAPHING from pen and ink drawings A SPECIALITY.

The Company are also Proprietors and Publishers of the **CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,**

**L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, and SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN.**

A large staff of Artists, Engravers, and Skilled Workmen in every Department.

Orders by mail attended to with Punctuality; and prices the same as if given personally.

**G. B. BURLAND,**

**MANAGER.**



THE KISS.

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S**



**EXTRACT OF MEAT**

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

An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which Nations should feel grateful." See Medical Press, Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale only) O. David & Co., 9, Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label. This Caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the Market.

**PIANOS! ORGANS!!**

**DEZOUCHE & CO.,**  
233 ST. JAMES STREET,  
MONTREAL.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

Decker Bros.' Pianos,  
Emerson Pianos,  
Stevenson & Co. Pianos,  
Mason & Hamlin Organs.

SEND FOR CATALOGUES.

**DeZOUCHE & CO.,**  
232 ST. JAMES STREET,  
MONTREAL.

**FURNITURE.**  
FINE AND MEDIUM.  
AN IMMENSE STOCK.  
**HENRY J. SHAW & CO.,**  
726 Craig St. (Near Victoria Sq.)

**STEPHENS & LIGHTHALL,**  
Advocates, Attorneys and Commissioners,  
341 1/2 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
(Opposite Exchange Bank).  
C. H. STEPHENS, B.C.L. | W. DEW LIGHTHALL, B.A., B.C.L.

**British American BANK NOTE COMPANY,**  
MONTREAL.  
Incorporated by Letters Patent  
Capital \$100,000.

**General Engravers & Printers**

Bank Notes, Bonds,  
Postage, Bill & Law Stamps,  
Revenue Stamps,  
Bills of Exchange,  
DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS,  
Promissory Notes, &c., &c.,  
Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving.  
**Portraits a Specialty**  
**G. B. BURLAND,**  
President & Manager

**Canadian Magazine**

OF

**Science and the Industrial Arts.**

**PATENT OFFICE RECORD.**

EDITOR—HENRY T. BOVEY, M.A. (Camb.), Associate Memb. Inst. C.E.; Memb. of Inst. M.E. (Eng.) and American Inst. M.E., Professor of Civil Engineering and App. Mechs., McGill University.

THE PROPRIETORS have great pleasure in informing the Subscribers to the SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN, and the Public in general, that arrangements have been made by which PROF. BOVEY will undertake the editorship of this Magazine at the beginning of the New Year, when the name of the publication will be changed to the **CANADIAN MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.**

Every effort will be made to render the publication a useful vehicle for the conveying of information respecting the latest progress in Science and the Arts.

It is hoped that the MAGAZINE will also be a medium for the discussion of questions bearing upon Engineering in its various branches, Architecture, the Natural Sciences, etc., and the Editor will gladly receive communications on these and all kindred subjects. Any illustrations accompanying such papers as may be inserted will be reproduced with the utmost care.

A space will be reserved for Notices and Reviews of New Books, and Resumes will be given of the Transactions of various Engineering and Scientific Societies.

The PATENT OFFICE RECORD will continue to be a special feature of the Magazine; and will be published as an Appendix to each number. The Illustrations, however, will be considerably enlarged, so that each invention being more easy to examine will be made clearer and more intelligible to the general reader. This RECORD gives information of the greatest value to engineers, manufacturers, and to all persons interested in the different trades.

In view of these great improvements the subscription price will only be **\$2.50 payable in advance**, and it is confidently anticipated that a large increase will be made in the number of subscribers.

The efficiency and success of the Magazine, the only one of the kind in Canada, must in a great measure, depend upon the hearty co-operation and support of the Public.

NOTE.—All communications relating to the Editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, 31 McTavish St., Montreal.

All business communications, subscriptions, and payments to be addressed G. B. BURLAND, Manager, BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO., 5 & 7 Bleury St., Montreal.

Advertising rates will be given on application to the Office of the Company.

Agents Wanted in every Town and City in the Dominion to solicit Subscriptions and Advertisements, for which liberal commissions will be paid.

**THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER**

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

In every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

**THE COOK'S FRIEND**

SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer.

**W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS,**  
10-52-362  
55 College Street.

**CANVASSERS WANTED.**—To solicit subscriptions and advertisements for the **CANADIAN MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS,** to whom liberal commissions will be paid. Intelligent young women would find this agreeable and profitable employment.  
Address, **G. B. BURLAND, 5 & 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.**