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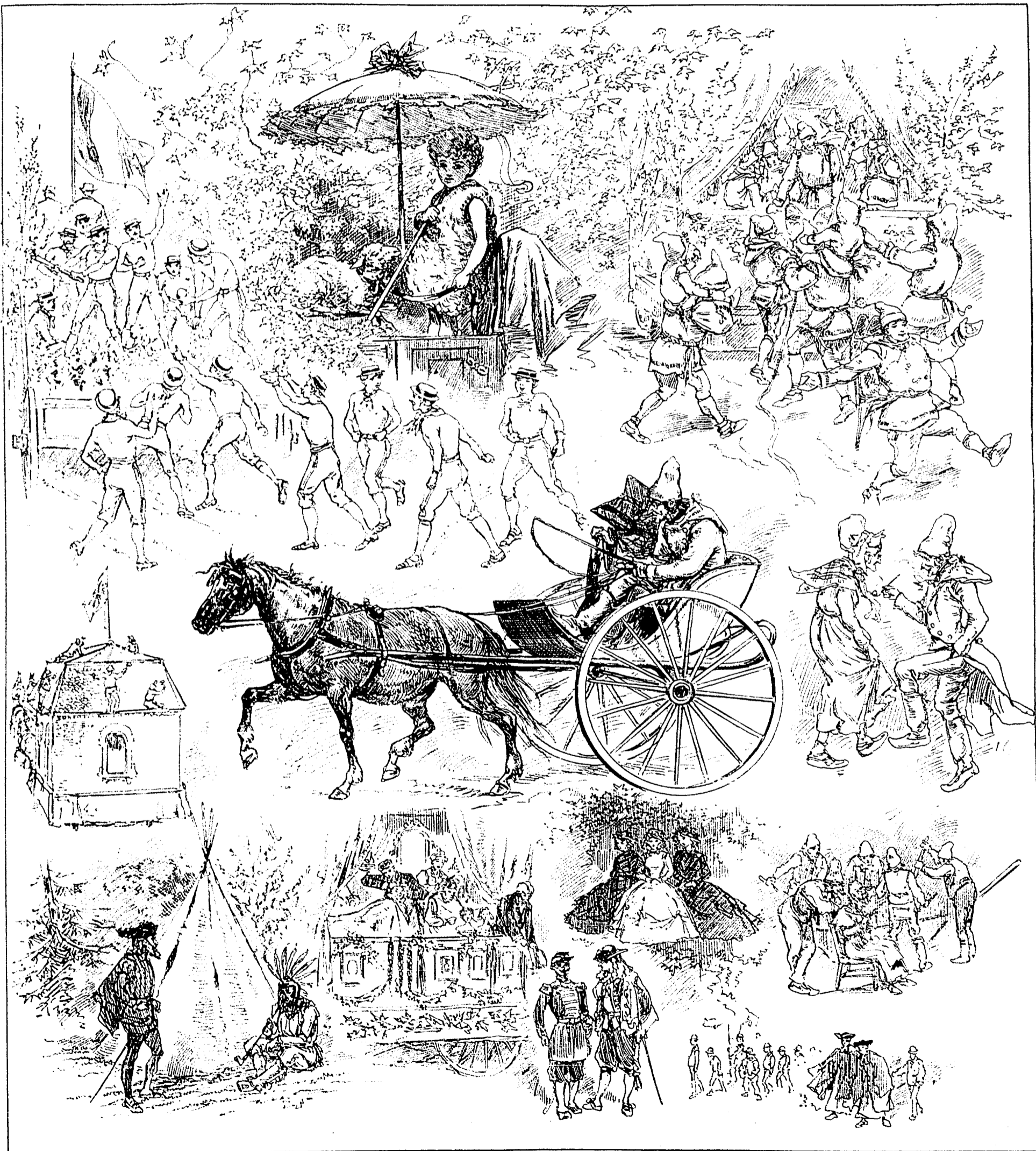
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

VOL. XXVI.—No. 2.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1882.

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ST. JEAN-BAPTISTE DAY IN MONTREAL.

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.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for dates (July 2nd 1882) and corresponding week (1881), with sub-columns for Max., Min., and Mean temperatures.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Montreal, Saturday, July 8, 1882.

THE WEEK.

SINGULAR apathy to danger is exhibited by the Dublin officials in the pay of the Castle. Many of them dislike to be guarded, and have nearly as great an antipathy to a constable as if they were notorious criminals themselves.

THE instinct of colonization is not unknown to the breast of the Londoner, though he is not inclined to follow it so far as Texas or Manitoba. He has recently formed a very successful colony at Bedford Park, on the extreme western limits of the metropolis.

water, send up the dinner piping hot, and take away the empty plates. If it could only be further utilized to “chuck out” the tax-collector and the representative of the landlord when he calls for the rent, life would be worth living in the æsthetic village.

THE last scene in the tragedy of President Garfield's death closed in on Friday with the execution of Guiteau. We have no intention of reproducing the disgusting details of the ghastly scene.

WE may be thankful, though, in looking back upon the scenes of the past year, that justice has so successfully vindicated itself under most trying circumstances. More than one great principle was at stake during the trial, and disgusting as were the scenes which transpired almost daily in Court, it was yet a recognized necessity that no suspicion of unfairness towards the prisoner should be even whispered; that he should have every opportunity, all freedom of speech, no matter how he abused it; that of two evils the lesser one should be chosen.

ONE word only to the sympathizers, if any there be, with the wretched man who stands perhaps even now before his God and ours. It has been the custom of late to weep over the murderer e'er the murdered man is cold in his grave—to sympathize with the assassin who but pays the penalty of his crime, while we forget the tears we should have shed over his victim.

ON Thursday last Dr. Ed. Sullivan was consecrated as Missionary Bishop of Algoma. The ceremony, in which the Bishops of Montreal, Huron, Ontario, Quebec, and Western New York took part, was a very impressive one, and was witnessed by a large number of people.

THE London Pictorial apparently has not a very high opinion of us:—

“So Princess Louise has gone back to her Governor-General and her Canadian home in the Sarmatian, and says she is glad to return. No doubt she is. Queen Victoria's daughters would be unworthy of their parentage if they did not feel that, health permitting, a wife's post of duty is at her husband's side.

This would be amusing for its very ignorance were it not so confoundedly impertinent. Apart from the fact that the three words which this erudite scribbler has suggested as typical of the speech of Canadians, do not amongst us entirely monopolize ordinary conversation, there are, we should think, one or two expressions which find favor with Arry, which can hardly be referred to the musical source of which he speaks.

possessed in Canada of that “perfect musical well”—which sounds as though it were some new kind of organette—our Pictorial friend has the kindness to give us an excellent moral character.

THE Rational Dress Question has reached a serious point at last. According to latest advices from England a band of young men living in Kent have established a society for the “Protection of the Natural Form of Woman,” and have bound themselves, according to one of the rules of their society, “by demonstration, argument, and entreaty to induce their sisters, and all ladies who are injuring their bodies for the sake of fashion, to sever the remaining link which connects the present generation with barbarism.”

THE COMMERCIAL SPIRIT IN MODERN EDUCATION.

ON all sides and from all countries evidences are forthcoming of the extent to which the commercial spirit of the times has overshadowed all education. We may rest assured that Bacon toiled for years, a poor law student in Gray's Inn; he regarded his studies not only as for use, but for pleasure and for ornament.

This is seen very evidently in the public schools of this country; it is even admitted to be the principle upon which their curriculum is denied. It is seen moreover in England even in the higher branches of education in which the competitive examination reigns supreme. Now the accumulation of facts to the exclusion

of what we may call the philosophical side of education is precisely what is suited to and fostered by the examination test as at present applied.

It does not, it cannot profess to inquire by what processes the mind has arrived at its facts; it simply assesses the number of facts absorbed, and doles out its rewards in a proportionate ratio. It is as if we should judge a horse by the sleekness of his coat, and take no account of the arsenic administered to obtain that sleekness. These last remarks may seem unduly bitter; but we believe that there are few thinking minds which are not profoundly dissatisfied with the tendency of our modern education to resolve itself into a scheme of continual examination.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

- THERE is no change in the freight hauliers' strike in New York.
- HARVEST prospects are causing anxiety in some parts of England.
- EUROPEAN residents in Alexandria are in danger of their lives.
- A LARGE land owner in Sligo was fired at while sitting in his house.
- A DESPATCH from Berlin announces the death of Joachim Raff, the musician.
- CHARLES Guiteau was executed on Friday for the murder of President Garfield.
- THE murder of a caretaker named Cahill is reported from Tralee, Ireland.
- THE period of service in the German army has been reduced from 14 to 12 years.
- ACTIVE preparations are going on at Woolwich for the despatch of war munitions to Egypt.
- THE London Times has a warning article on Chicago wheat owners, in view of the present harvest prospects.
- THE widow of the man Blake, shot in Ireland, is likely to die from wounds received at the time of the tragedy.
- THE French Cabinet, it is stated, has refused to co-operate with England in armed intervention.
- THERE are 32 men-of-war in Alexandria harbor, to which fleet four more are expected to be added very shortly.
- THE report that Lord Clanricard had been murdered in Ireland is contradicted. His agent and steward were the victims of the assassins.
- A SERIOUS railway accident occurred at Long Branch N.Y., last week, by which one hundred persons were injured. John T. Raymond was injured. Ex-President Grant was safely landed.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. Jean Baptiste's day was celebrated on the 26th June, in Montreal with the usual procession and rejoicings on the part of the French population of the city. Arches of evergreen were erected along the route of the procession which was even larger than usual. Each year the number of allegorical cars increases and on this occasion a friendly rivalry was shown between the different societies of St. John, as to who would have the finest car, the largest flag, and the richest insignia. Besides the allegorical car containing the little St. Jean which headed the deputation of each society, other cars followed illustrative of the industries, some of really beautiful design. Other incidents of the procession will be found illustrated on our first page such as the snow shoers car followed by a troupe of snow shoers in tuques or blanket coats; the base ball players keeping up the ball from hand to hand as they marched after their car, and a host of others, not forgetting the old lady and gentleman in the caleche who were one of the attractions of the procession.

ON THE RIVER JACQUES CARTIER.—Last summer we gave a number of sketches taken on a fishing excursion to lake St. Joseph. The present illustration is from the same neighbourhood, taken on the Jacques Cartier River. This beautiful stream rises in the Laurentian mountains to the north of Quebec and flows into the St. Lawrence a little below Portneuf. It is a fair fishing river for Salmon, which are caught in considerable numbers near Pont Rouge, (St. Jean de Neuville) but it is specially remarkable for the beautiful scenery which adorns its banks throughout almost its entire length.

OLD QUEBEC.—We add to our illustrations of old Quebec this week an engraving of the old church of Notre Dame de la Victoire which was destroyed in 1795.

A DAY IN ARCADIA.—The reader who is conversant with current allusions to the traditions of classical and romantic literature will know what is the ideal country of pastoral virtue and happiness that is designated by the name of "Arcadia," (no connection with Acadia, learned reader) which we need not try to identify with a district formerly so called in the geography of peninsular Greece. By just dipping into the fifth and last volume, recently published, of Mr. J. A. Symonds's learned work on the Italian Renaissance, we may see how the literary fancies of the sixteenth century were led, through a taste for the Eclogues of Virgil and the Idyls of Theocritus, to revive that charming vision of an innocent Golden Age, whose gold was the gold of buttercups and that of the centre of the daisy blossom, when people had nothing to do but to stroll about or sit in the rural meadows, keeping an eye on their flocks of sheep, piping sweet music with a simple reedy flute, and singing of their love for one another, until the declining afternoon sun bade them go in and milk the cows. *O si sic omnia!* What a deal of strife and sin and misery would have been saved, during the last three or four centuries of modern Europe, if kings and queens, courtiers and nobles, and all the rest of the civilized world, had been sincerely content as this once fashionable affectation pretended to be, with the harmless and wholesome pleasures of the pastoral life! Every cultivated mind must have received some indirect touches of this poetic sentiment, which abounds in some of our greatest imaginative authors, and which is frequently acknowledged by Shakespeare. We know, too, that the agreeable diversion of playing at shepherdesses and dairy maids was practiced amid the conventionalities of the age of hooped petticoats and hair-powder, in the last century, at the court of Queen Anne and of the Georges, and by the French court mistresses and the unfortunate Marie Antoinette at Versailles. Watteau's pretty pictures at that period have shown us precisely how they looked when engaged in such pleasant meadow parties; and if there are symptoms at the present day of an inclination to receive that kind of amusement, without the obsolete affectations which formerly attended its practice, we shall rejoice to see it come once again into vogue. A certain noble lady, residing at a beautiful park in the west of England, which was visited not long since by the Prince and Princess of Wales, lately gave an *ad fresco* entertainment to a large company of school-children when the business of milking a handsome cow, and making a "jacket," or syllabub, of her milk, which is delicious with raspberries or strawberries freshly plucked, was performed by the fair hands of damsels of high degree. Five minutes in Arcadia, "if you make believe very hard," as Dick Swiveller's Marchioness says, can be realized in that situation.

THE CHANGES OF HORNS IN THE RED DEER.—The Red deer usually changes his horns every spring, and it is by the shape of the horns and the number of points or ends upon them that his age is generally reckoned. When the stag is one year old, about the month of June there appears upon his head the commencement of the horns called by some the rosettes, and when the youngster is seen in July, he has upon his frontal two lumps the size of walnuts, on which later the first horns or "buttons" grow, often only a finger in length, or even less (See Fig. 1.) Before the end of his second year however, his second horn growth appears, still in the form of a single point, but now considerably longer and more tapered than the first set (Fig. 2.) His third antlers are entirely different in that the rosette is now developed, ring shaped at the base of the horn which latter is bent in crescent shape.

The horn itself appears in three different forms as shown in Fig. 3. Either as at *a* it is in the form of a single spike, as before, only more curved, or it puts on *b* a small projection near the base, the most unusual form, known as the "fork" or lastly it usually shows "two ends." The following year according to rule, the stag is properly developed into a "six-ender" three on each horn. From this out the development is ordinarily two points in each year, merely noticing that the eight and ten head antlers have different forms as in Fig. 5 and 6. Hunters are accustomed to tell a full grown stag by the number of ends upon his antlers, multiplying the number of ends on one horn by two. Stags, however, are found, not unfrequently, with more ends upon one side than the other. In this case it is customary to double the number of ends upon the horn which has most, and to describe the stag as "imperfect." Thus an "imperfect 8-ender" is a stag which has 4 ends upon one side, and less than four upon the other of his antlers.

HAY MAKING.—Hay making is in theory very delightful to the amateur haymaker; in reality it is rather picturesque *Esperanto crede*. Look not upon the hay when it is brown, with any idea that is of participating in the joys of making it so. Look rather upon the hay makers as they stand in the field, and admit that their occupation is of all others most picturesque, while the hay itself will make a most delightful couch upon which you may lie at length and watch them at work with the delightful sense of doing nothing yourself.

THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.—The phase which the Eastern question is now assuming on the banks of the Nile is a remarkable one. For the first time since the invasion of CAMBYSES, the cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians" is heard, and the man who represents this national movement seems at this present moment the master of the situation defying alike his sovereign the Khedive, his suzerain, the Sultan, and the power of France and England. The two Western powers, the chief holders of Egyptian bonds have for some time had the entire control of the Egyptian finances, and the taxes which under the late Khedive were largely distributed among his courtiers and soldiers have been devoted to paying the interest on the debt. In certain stages of civil society regular taxation enforced with European strictness is more oppressive than the spasmodic extortion of the East, and the French and English "control" has undoubtedly made still harder the hard lot of the Egyptian peasant. At the same time the Khedive's treasury ceased to be a gold mine for the hangers-on of the court, and the pay of the army was in arrears.

The first sign of the coming storm was the march of Arabi Bey to the palace, demanding a change of ministry and the dismissal of the "controllers." The next step was his appointment as Minister of War, with the command of the entire army. The Khedive became instantly a prisoner in his own palace. The arrival of French and English ships in the roadstead of Alexandria was answered by the erection of fortifications round the town. Mussulman fanaticism was aroused, and on Sunday the 11th a massacre of the Europeans in Alexandria took place, causing the death of nearly four hundred people. Since that fatal day Egypt has seen a new exodus. Men are abandoning their homes, their stores, their banks, and fleeing by thousands. There were not ships enough to carry off the fugitives. The extent to which disorder has spread must be attributed to the imbecile vacillation of the English and French governments. Both of these powers, especially England, have millions of Mohammedan subjects. Neither of them wishes to offend Mohammedan pride by boldly occupying the country, and the French have, till a few days ago opposed the idea of Turkish intervention. That the Sultan will interfere seems the only possible solution; and whether he does so as the suzerain of the tributary Khedive, or as the mandatory of the European Conference, it will be almost impossible to displace him hereafter. The Sultan Abdul Hamid, in fact, has won the first trick in the great game he is playing. He is a man of a different stamp from the tyrants and debauchees whom the house of Osman has for so long a time produced. The young man with the Armenian face, who now calls himself Sultan and Caliph, has all the astuteness of a Greek in formulating his plans, and all the impenetrable secrecy of an Oriental in executing them. An example of his style of acting was seen in the way in which he got rid of Midhat Pasha, the man who raised him to the throne.

It is therefore not an improbable conjecture that the Sultan has really been the instigator of Arabi Bey in his hostility to the Western powers. In all speculations as to the future, another new factor must be considered. Europe has not only to face the national pride of Egypt, but is confronted with the new-born doctrine of Pan-Islamism. Abdul Hamid has to a great extent succeeded in being known in the East rather as the Commander of the Faithful than as the Sultan of the Turks, and it is perhaps in the former character that he has reduced the Sublime Porte and his authorized ministers to insignificance, and transacts all the business to the empire in person. The Khedive, Tewfik Pasha, is a lazy good natured man, without any firmness of character, and as he is not the legal successor of Ismail, according to Mohammedan law, he may be displaced like his predecessor, who is now dwelling on the shores of the Bay of Naples.

Under whatever name the Sultan interposes, his intervention will be regarded in the East as

the exercise of sovereign rights, and the presence of Turkish troops in Cairo will raise to fever heat the fanaticism of all the North African tribes, who have so reluctantly seen the ascendancy of France, and give a strong impetus to that Pan-Islamist propaganda of which Abdul Hamid is the head.

PERSONAL.

THE investment of Arabi Bey with the order of the Medjidie, at the present juncture, is one of those grim jokes which only an Oriental can see through. The Sultan can certainly not afford to trifle with the Powers.

THE nomination of Sir Alexander Galt for Carleton would be a wise step indeed, giving him a safe constituency, and not imposing stringent pledges upon him.

It is said that M. Gambetta is in constant dread of assassination. His taking off at present would be an almost fatal blow to Conservative Republicanism, although his prestige has sadly waned since his abrupt withdrawal from power.

KING George of Greece, although young and strikingly handsome, is quite bald.

THERE is no appearance of the Duke of Argyll making his peace with the Gladstone administration. The Land question must be settled first.

MR. PARNELL spends most of his time in London, even during the recesses of Parliament, and is far from the enjoyment of that robust health, necessary to the active prosecution of his work.

PRINCE BISMARCK is suffering another of his periodical collapses of health, and will have to retire to Kissingen for recuperation. The great Chancellor is near seventy, and his gigantic frame is giving way.

DR. ADAM CARDENAS, the Secretary of State of the Nicaraguan Republic, is travelling in the United States.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR's wife is buried in the quiet cemetery of Albany.

WENDELL PHILLIPS is obliged to abandon his historic brick house in Boston, on account of street improvements. Relic hunters are busy after the bricks.

TOURGEMOFF's health is failing rapidly and his recovery is not expected.

NATALIE, the beautiful Queen of Serbia, is passionately fond of croquet, which she has introduced among the higher circles of Belgrade.

THE Prince of Wales occupies now the most distinguished position in the yachting world. He has been selected Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, in place of the late Earl of Wilton.

THE Sultan lately shook hands with the French Ambassador, at the close of a diplomatic interview, and this he intended as an extraordinary piece of condescension.

"CHRISTIAN REID," the well-known Southern novelist, is Miss Frances C. Fisher, a daughter of the first Southern Colonel killed in the war.

JOAQUIN MILLER is living quietly in New York, and his pen is almost quiescent.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS, the novelist, is about to visit his father, who is American Consul at Toronto. His sister is married to a brother of Mr. Louis Frechette.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES is living serenely in his Ohio homestead, quite indifferent to the attacks of the Eastern politicians against him.

MRS. SCOVILLE lately tried in vain to obtain an interview with Mrs. Garfield in Cleveland.

VICTOR HUGO's "Torguemada" is the latest literary event in the Paris world. The veteran poet declares that he will leave behind him as many volumes in manuscript as there have been works of his published during his life time.

A SEALED parcel of Alfred Musset's letters has been deposited in the National Library in Paris, not to be published before 1910.

MR. DUNCAN MCINTYRE, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has arrived in the city, after a short visit to the other side. He brings the welcome intelligence that the emigration movement from England is still in full operation. So much the better. As many as we have received this year—they are only a trifle to what we expect and to what we need.

DR. SULLIVAN has been consecrated Bishop of Algona. In the sermon of consecration, Bishop Cox, of New York, made the very apt remark that the sense of loss on the part of the congregation of St. George's should not be entertained, inasmuch as the Episcopal dignity and the missionary merit were much more than a compensation for the apparent sacrifice of the prestige and comforts of the chief Metropolitan parish.

MR. BEAUGRAND, editor and proprietor of *La Patrie*, left by last steamer for a short voyage to Europe. On his return he purposes starting a morning paper.

REV. A. J. BRAY, will very shortly sail for England, probably in connection, as last year, with a colonization and immigration scheme. Clergymen can reach and persuade certain classes

of emigrants that lie beyond the pale of ordinary inducement.

SIR JOHN had promised to visit the North-West this summer, but his visit will be hurried forward by a political call to Manitoba for the elections.

IT is not yet definitely settled that the Governor-General and the Princess Louise will visit British Columbia this autumn, as was their intention.

DR. MARY WALKER must needs have herself further talked about, by applying in person at the White House for the respite of Guiteau. President Arthur very properly denied her an audience.

THE indefatigable Baron de Lesseps, having been practically foiled in his attempt to pierce the Isthmus of Panama, is now devoting his energies to that of Corinth. He has found traces of a similar attempt by Nero, eighteen centuries back.

THE celebrated Roman historian, Mommsen, has contrived to escape from the clutches of Bismarck, who has charged him with direct personal abuse and indirect sedition. The professor was acquitted on a technicality.

EMILE OLLIVIER, Prime Minister *en emerit* of Napoleon III., is devoting himself to the study of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope. A work of his on this subject, about to be published, bids fair to create a diplomatic sensation. M. Ollivier's first wife was a daughter of Liszt, the great pianist, and sister of Madame Wagner.

THE Bishop of Huron, who assisted at the consecration of Dr. Sullivan, on Thursday, has been suddenly called away to England.

GENERAL GRANT had a narrow escape from death at the railway accident at Long Branch on Thursday. He was rescued from the ruins of the smoking car and found with the sempiternal cigar in his mouth.

BROKEN HEARTS.

DEATH OF THE SAVIOUR.

The term Broken Heart, as commonly applied to death from grief, is not a vulgar error, as generally supposed. On the contrary, though not a very common circumstance, there are many cases on record in medical works. This affection, it is believed, was first described by Harvey, but since his day several cases have been observed. Morgagni has recorded a few examples; amongst them that of George II., who died suddenly of this disease in 1760; and what is very curious, Morgagni himself fell a victim to the same malady. Dr. Elliotson, in his Lumleyan Lecture on "Diseases of the Heart," in 1839, stated that he had only seen one instance; but in the "Cyclopaedia of Practical Medicine," Dr. Townsend gives a table of twenty-five cases, collected from various authors. Generally this accident is consequent upon some organic disease, such as fatty degeneration; but it may arise from violent muscular exertion or strong mental emotions. The question becomes overwhelmingly interesting from there being sufficient proof that the physical cause of the death of our blessed Saviour, was the rupture of his sacred heart, caused by mental agony. Dr. Macbride, in his "Lectures on the Diatessaron," quotes from the "Evangelical Register," of 1829, some observations of a physician, who considers the record concerning the blood and water, as explaining (at least to a more scientific age) that the real cause of the death of Jesus was "rupture of the heart," occasioned by mental agony. Such rupture, it is stated, is usually attended by instant death without previous exhaustion, and by the effusion into the pericardium of blood, which, in this particular case, though scarcely in any other, separates into its two constituent parts, so as to present the appearance commonly termed blood and water. Thus the prophecy, "Reproach hath broken my heart" (Psalm lxxix. 20), was fulfilled, as were so many others in the momentous circumstances of the Crucifixion, *to the very letter*. Dr. Stroud, by the publication, in 1847, of his "Treatise on the Physical Cause of the Death of Christ," is considered to have thrown a new light upon this solemn inquiry. In this work the doctor's application of the science of physiology is brought into juxtaposition with the light of revelation; and the two established the conclusion, that the *bursting of the heart from mental agony was the physical cause of the death of Christ*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Queen's Hall organ in Montreal is to be re-built.

MR. ADOLPH PETERSEN is the new partner in A. & S. Nordheimer's.

MR. ARTHUR FISHER has been appointed organist of St. Martin's Church, Montreal.

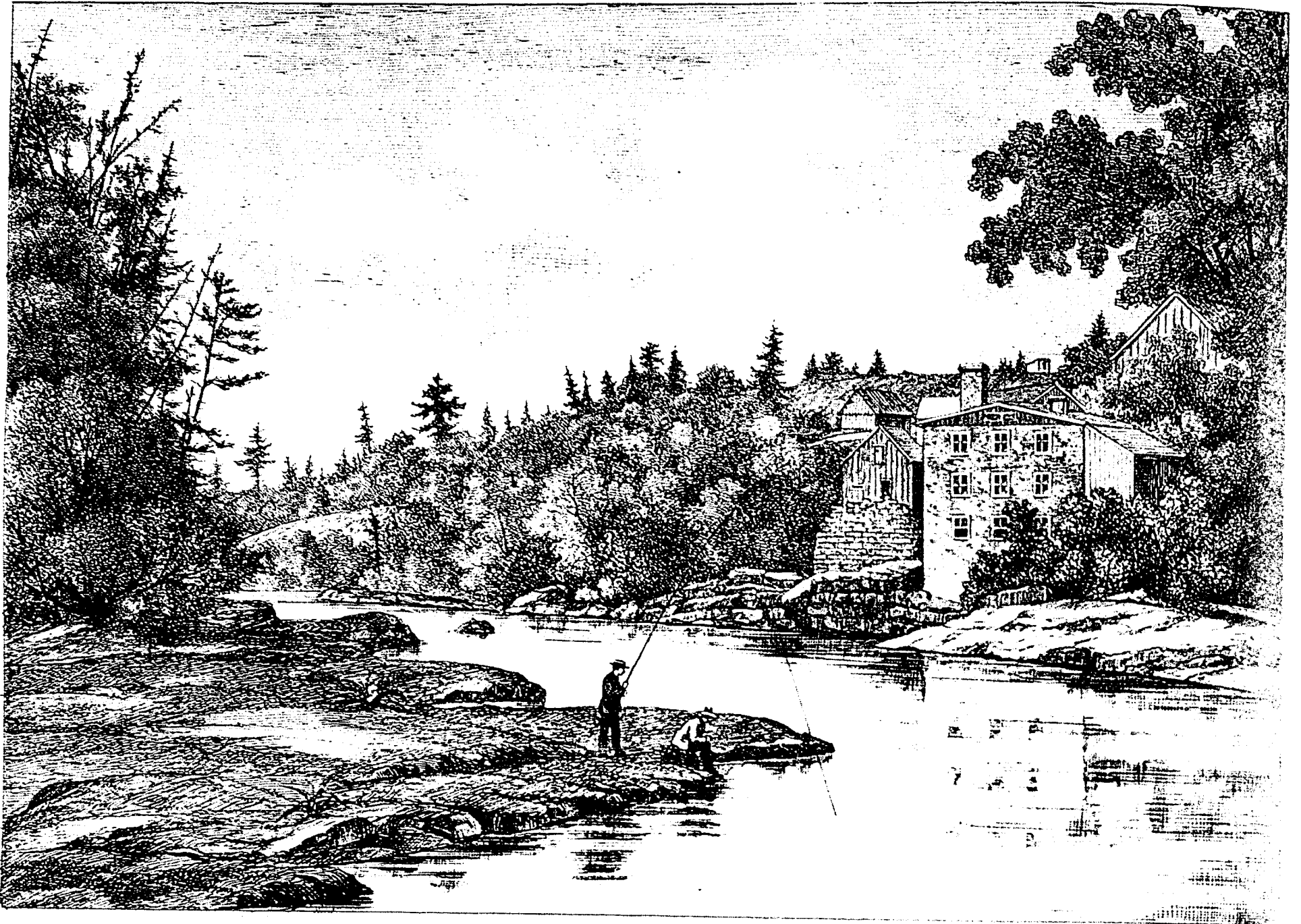
MR. FRED MILLS has resigned his position as organist of St. James the Apostle, Montreal.

THE illness of Edwin Booth's daughter has delayed his appearance in London.

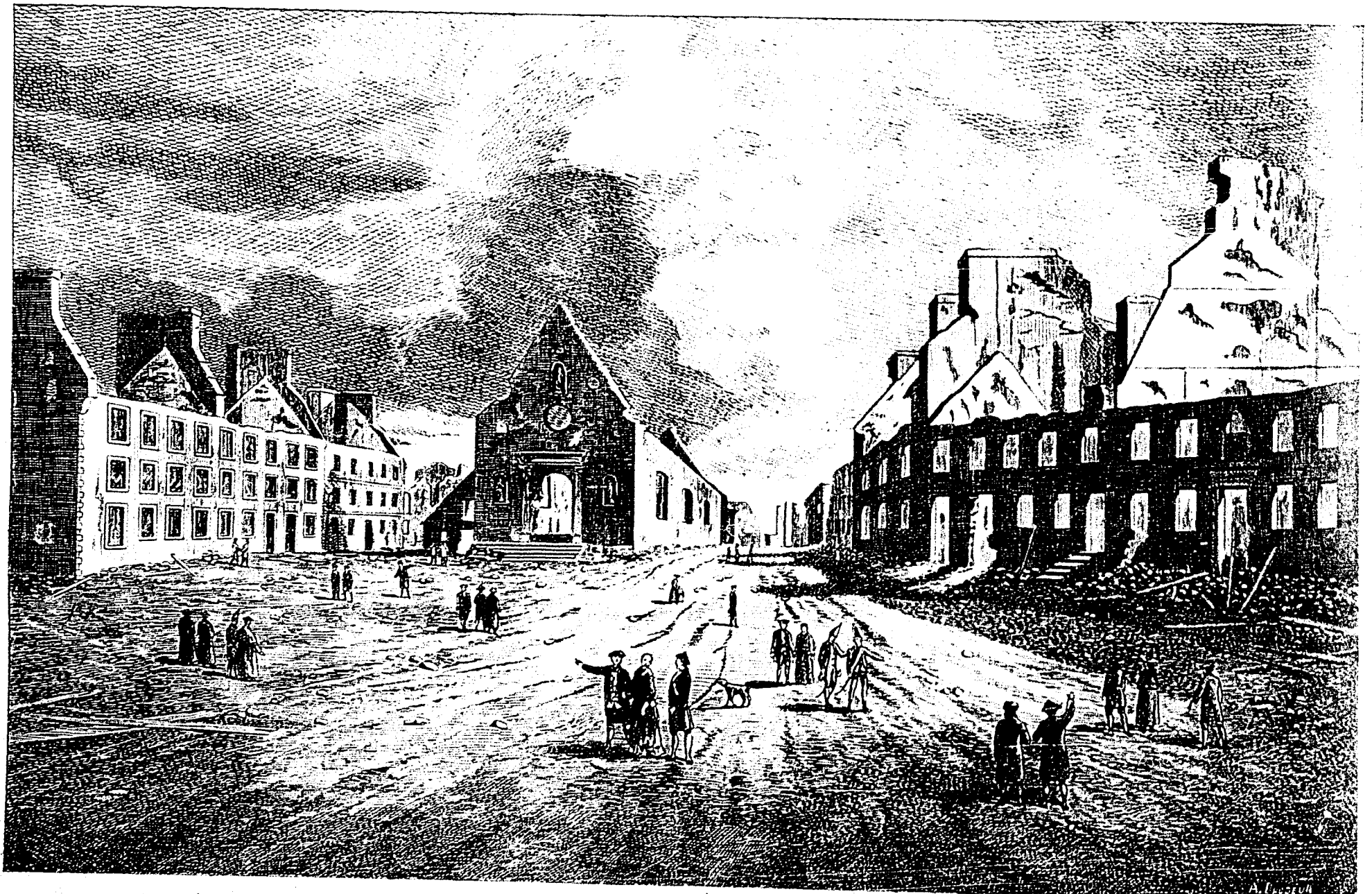
IT is finally settled that Mr. Irving and Miss Terry accept an engagement for a tour in the United States in the autumn of next year.

AN official prohibition against playing in Paris before paying the forfeit she has incurred has been served upon Mlle. Bernhardt at the instance of the Comédie Française.

MR. HARRY JACKSON and "Lotta," have jointly purchased, for no less a sum than \$10,000, the American right in the new melodrama by Messrs. Chas. Reade and Henry Pettit.

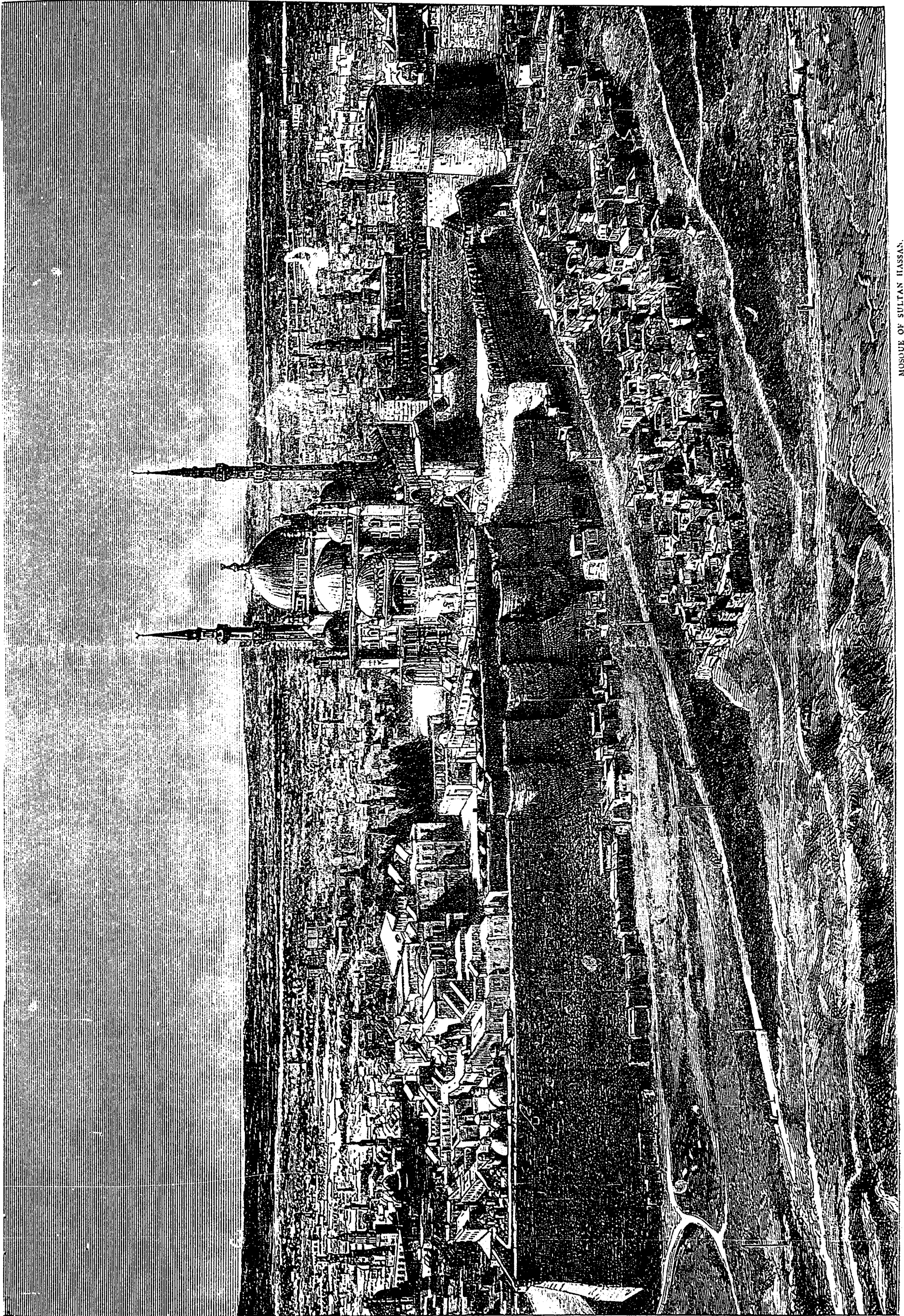


ON THE RIVER JACQUES-CARTIER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEX. HENDERSON.



OLD QUEBEC.—THE CHURCH OF NOTRE-DAME DE LA VICTOIRE, DESTROYED IN 1795.

MOSQUE OF THE CITADEL BUILT BY MOHAMMED ALI.



CITADEL AND PALACE.

THE EGYPTIAN TROUBLES.—VIEW OF CAIRO, WITH THE CITADEL AND MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI.

MOSQUE OF SULTAN HASSAN.

DOCTOR ZAY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Published by special arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston, Mass., Proprietors of the Atlantic Monthly.

I.—(Continued.)

The young lady had untied her horse (with the quickness of a practiced driver), had swept into the phaeton, had gathered the reins, and was off. If she noticed him at all, it was in a busy fashion, with the single, quick, abstracted glance usual to strangers in a crowd, in vivid contrast to the Down-East stare. Yorke felt that it was becoming a desperate case. He reined in the Bangor pony.

"I beg pardon, madam!"

The basket phaeton just whirling away, came to a pause unconcernedly.

"I beg pardon for the liberty, but will you direct me to the town of Sherman?"

Something in Yorke's accent of desperation was funny. The young lady's eyes twinkled for an instant. She looked as if she would have laughed if she had dared. But she answered him with grave politeness.

"It is four miles to Sherman."

"Thank you." The young man sat, with his hat raised, hesitating. "I ought to apologize for troubling a lady. But I have met nothing but dislocated sign-posts and admiring natives for ten miles. One gave me as correct information as another. Is Sherman the nearest place where I can get a dinner?"

"I think it is," said the young lady. "Yes, I know it is. If you take your first left below here, you will find it an easy four miles." She spoke with the unconscious ease with which only an American lady could have addressed a stranger met upon an unknown errand on a solitary road; but she gathered her reins as she spoke.

"I am extremely obliged to you," persisted Yorke. "You said the second left?"

"I said the first left. I am going to Sherman. If your horse is not too tired to keep distantly in sight, my phaeton will direct you without further trouble."

She spoke as simply as one gentleman might have spoken to another. Yorke, too profoundly grateful to her to notice this at first, remembered it as the gray mare sped away through the hollow.

How exquisitely it was done! The Beacon street gentleman felt a glow of appreciation of the little scene, viewed purely as a specimen of the religion of good manners. He would have liked his mother to see it. It was the sort of thing she could estimate at its worth.

"Going to Sherman,"—what a divine Christian recognition of the fact that he was a stranger, and that the Maine wilderness had taken him in! Even that though a man, he might yet be a gentleman, out of his way, misdirected, tired, perplexed, and hungry. "If his horse were not too tired,"—what a delicate fashion of comparing the exhausted and now abject-looking Bangor pony with her own sturdy little steed! "Distantly in sight,"—could language more! Faint, swift, manfully afterthought to the kindly impulse! Yorke had wrought himself into rather a glow, perhaps, by dint of present gratitude and promised dinner, but that simple little speech certainly seemed to him, as he thought of it, a classic in its way.

Meanwhile, the "frisky wagon" had tripped along over knoll and hollow, and the bright "amber-top" had turned into the thickly-wooded road and disappeared from view. Waldo Yorke whipped up and hurried on.

Distantly in sight, indeed! Was there an innocent sarcasm in that womanly thrust? The gray mare could make her eleven miles an hour easily, if put to it. The Bangor pony begged pitiously now at six. The basket phaeton had to Sherman. The buggy struggled after. The mare put her head down, and trotted straight and stiff, a steady roadster. The buggy followed by the fits and starts, the turns of elation and depression, the jerks of hope and lurches of despair, familiar to drivers of nervous ponies at the end of a steady pull. Distantly in sight! He should do well, indeed, if he kept a mirage of her in sight.

They had turned now quite away from the coast-line. The scattering farms, the tiny huts with enormous barns attached, the intelligent natives, the heavy stage-track, the dust, the glare, the cliffs, the sea, had vanished. The forest opened its arms again to the travellers, and the world grew green and cool.

Off the stage road here, the density seemed deeper, the shadow more abandoned. Through the impressive solitude the gay little phaeton cover danced along; through it the solemn black buggy top lumbered and climbed. The figure of the dainty driver in the phaeton, erect, slender and blue, sat motionless as a caryatide out of employment. The eyes of the traveller in the buggy vigilantly pursued it: chiefly, it must be admitted, because he wanted his dinner; possibly, in part because he fancied the pose of the caryatide,—any man would.

The shadow deepened as they rode, but not from the darkening of the day. On either hand the solid serried oaks seemed to step out and press against the narrow drive-way; thickets, whose black hearts relieved the various outlines of wild blackberry, sumach, elder, and grape,

netted them-elves more tightly, and grew stiff, looking like bronze; the aspens and pallid birches wooed one another across the narrowing road. Vistas of soft gloom stretched on. There was no light now, but flickering needles, fine as those of the pines, and drifting with them, that with difficulty pierced the opaque green heavens of the over-reaching trees. One looked twice in the low tone of the place even to see what the roadside flowers were. Yorke had almost passed unnoticed an apple-tree in blossom, and it was past the first of June. Nothing could have so vividly presented to him a sense of the painful Maine spring, and the frozen, laggard life that looked out from behind it upon a gentler world.

It occurred to him for the first time, as the depth and solitude of the road made themselves fully manifest, to wonder if the young lady felt no hesitation in trusting herself to drive over it alone. Apparently, he had here some society girl, whose whim it was to be unfashionable, and in Maine, at this unusual season. She was a little intoxicated with Nature's grand unconventionality: had no more fear, it seemed, than a butterfly released from a chrysalis.

He wondered if she did him the credit not to take him for a cut-throat. But a grim glance at the widening distance between the phaeton and the buggy strangled this bit of self-satisfaction at its first breath. Plainly, the case involved not so much a high opinion of the man as a low one of the horse.

Those delicate lovers, the birch and aspen, and the more ardent ones, the oak and hickory, beyond them, were now making themselves obnoxious, as lovers always do to third parties, and swept a fragrant and defiant arch across the way. Swift in the passing, the buff umbrella went deftly down. Slow in the following, the buggy-top groaned back.

The blue caryatide was daintily cut now against the heavy shadow. Fine pencillings of light fell on her: she wore, it might be, a straw hat, which caught them: they struck her hair, too, and her shoulder. She stirred but once. Then she turned to break some apple-blossoms. She picked the flowers at full speed and standing.

Yorke, as he watched her with the half-amused attention of a traveller who has nothing better to do than to "follow the duty nearest him," got the jingle of Lucy Gray into his head:—

"O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind."

And now Yorke put his case to the Bangor pony, and despairingly relinquished it. The buggy lagged dead at the foot of the hill. The phaeton speeding across the hollow, reached the crossing of the ways, turned a sudden corner, and was gone.

"And never looked behind," sighed the young man, out of temper with the pony, or the jingle, or what not.

"And sang a melancholy song
That whistles in the wind."

When the Bangor pony panted up to the cross-roads the phaeton had vanished utterly. The caryatide had become a dream, a delusion, a slender and obliging deceiver. Four solitary roads pierced the forest at four separate green angles. A dull sign-board stood in the square, and the traveller hastened gratefully to it. It bore in faded tints, once red and yellow and inspiring, an advertisement of Hooftlands' German Butters.

Blue caryatides, indeed! In what hues less intellectually respectable was the young woman perhaps portraying him by this time to the summer people at Sherman, a party of gay girls like herself!

The young man bit his lip somewhat distinctly, for a Bostonian, and stood for a moment irresolute in the heart of the cross-roads, uncertain which of the four narrow wooded ways looked least as if it ended in a cranberry swamp, or a clearing, or other abstractly useful but concretely dinnerless locality.

Suddenly, his eye caught the soft, irregular outline of some small object lying in the dust, a rod or so down the direct road. He drove up to it. As he approached it grew pink, as if it blushed. It was an apple-blossom.

II.

Yorke's faith in woman rallied. If the caryatide meant it,—and a caryatide might be capable of just such a picturesque procedure, it was very delicately done. If she did not mean it, at all events he had got scientifically past the cross-roads on his way, and she had got successfully out of it. He picked up the apple-blossom, and drove on. It could not have been ten minutes before his dumb guide brought him abruptly from the forest almost into the heart of the village.

The little town of Sherman slept peacefully in the afternoon sun. No one seemed to be astir. No glimmer of a phaeton cover shone across the hot, still street. The caryatide was gone,—where, it really did not occur to the young man

to wonder. He and the Bangor pony forgot her with equal rapidity and success, in the leisurely hospitality of the Sherman Hotel.

Sherman, Maine, June 5th.

My dear Mother,—I hope you promptly received the letter I mailed from Bangor. Another went, also, from some indefinite locality in the Maine wilderness: they called it a post-office; I believe it was a town-pump—or an undertaker's; but my memory is not precise on this point.

I am just settled and at work. Uncle Jed's affairs are a mesh as fine as that eternal tating Lucy Garratt used to bring over to our house, when she was a school-girl. My regards to the Garratts, by the way, when you write.

It threatens to be a process of some weeks to unravel my tating, and I have taken lodgings with Uncle Jed's executor. I stood the Sherman Hotel for twenty-four hours. I've saved one of their doughnuts for a croquet-ball, to complete your imperfect set. Direct your letters, if you please, care Isaiah Butterwell, Esq.

In Isaiah Butterwell I find a genuine "fine old country gentleman," and Uncle Jed's confidential and devoted friend. He is a man of property, influence, and honor in this place. It is kind in them to take me in. Mrs. Isaiah says she is glad of my society. She, by the way, has an eye like a linnet and a tongue like a Jonathan Crook pocket-knife, and a receipt for waffles which in itself has reconciled me to Sherman society for indefinite lengths.

I seem to be the only member of the family besides the united herd. It is a huge house, with wings, dead white, and reminds me of a Millerite robed and wondering why he can't fly. We seem to live a good deal at one side of the house, and one of the wings belongs to me. I have not explored as yet beyond my own quarters and the dining-room. Strain the Beacon street imagination if you can, up to the level of waffles for tea! She asked me, too, if I would have feathers or hair, and did I prefer *woolen* sheets? The house is perfectly still, and altogether delightful. As I write a single sound of wheels breaks the deep, sweet country silence. They roll softly up and past my window to the barn; probably Mr. Butterwell has been to the prayer-meeting, a dissipation to which his good wife endeavored to decoy me. Rather late for a prayer-meeting, too. Mr. Isaiah drives a good horse, I perceive.

Speaking of good horses, I lost my way, coming on, and was piloted through the forest by a caryatide in a basket phaeton. Remind me to tell you about her when I get home.

To-morrow I drive out about twelve miles along the coast, to see a man who knows another man who has heard of a "widdler lady" who stands ready to purchase certain shares of a certain ship which come into poor Uncle Jed's legacy. They launch their ships in salt brooks here, and trustfully tug them out in search of the sea. I shall convert all these wandering investments into cash as soon as possible, at any reasonable sacrifice, for I fancy there can't be more than three or four thousand involved at most. The property is widely scattered, much of it in local loans, like that of most Maine merchants. My share, as you remember, is more concise. Write when you can. Remember me to cousin Don. Don't miss me. It does not pay. Your affectionate son,

WALDO YORKE.

Waldo Yorke had started in search of the post-office to mail his letter, when Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell followed her guest to the door, and stood, while he was gathering the reins over the now gayly-recuperated Bangor pony. Mrs. Butterwell was a well-dressed woman, in the Maine sense of the term. She had a homely, independent face, with soft eyes,—not unlike a linnet's, as Yorke had said. She regarded him closely for a moment, and without speaking.

"What a charming day!" said Yorke, feeling it necessary to be polite even at the expense of originality.

"I'm too busy to bother with the weather," replied Mrs. Isaiah, briskly. "Can't spare the time for that Down East."

"Indeed! That is a frugal sentiment, at all events," Yorke ventured.

"There's no sentiment about it," retorted Mrs. Butterwell. "It's sense; as you'd find out if you lived here. If I'd spend myself noticing weather, I should have been in my grave ten winters ago. Are you fond of young women?"

The linnet put this startling question with gentle eyes, in which it was impossible to capture a ray of satire or of fun.

"As I am of the State of Maine,—with reservations," said Yorke guardedly, visions of Sherman "society" presenting themselves at once.

"Are you fond of an early dinner, then?" pursued Mrs. Butterwell, with the serene air of one who clearly sees the links of her own syllogism.

"Passionately, madam."

"We dine," said the hostess, bowing herself away with a certain dignity, "at half-past twelve."

"I will be at my post," said the guest, smiling, "dead or alive!"

"I would not say that if I was you," urged Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell, returning to the door step, and looking gravely at the young man. "I've always thought, if I'd been God, I'd have been tempted to take people up that way, just for the sake of it. Talk about his tempting folks! Folks throw a terrible lot of temptation in his way. But there it is. It just shows he

isn't made up like other people, after all. How that horse of yours does fuss!"

The Bangor pony was nervous indeed that morning; highly grained, after the journey, in Mr. Isaiah's generous stable. The buggy sped along the village street with emphasis.

It is doubtful if the caryatide would have offered her services as guide to its occupant that day, through the beautiful heart of the forest, four miles deep.

Waldo Yorke, as he clattered through that pleasant representative Maine town, where the meeting-house, post-office, and "store" were the important features, and impressed him chiefly as reminiscences of American novels which he had tried to read and failed at the third chapter, amused himself by a rapid acquaintance with the business signs.

"Goodell, Merchant." "Cole and Wood Lumber Dealers." "Dr. A. Lloyd." "Collins, cheap for Cash." "Smith and Jones, formerly Jedediah Yorke,"—and so on. He got those things into his head as he had the rhyme of Lucy Gray, the day before, with that idiosyncrasy which asserts itself in this exasperating form, and which threatens to prove the human intellect more lawless than the passions or the will. He found himself particularly a victim to the cheerful refrain of "Collins, cheap for Cash."

His host overtook him before he had driven far. Mr. Isaiah Butterwell, as Yorke had observed, shared the apparently well-spread Maine appreciation of a good horse. He reined up his heavy, handsome sorrel, and the two men rode abreast for a mile; they chatted, across whoops, of horses, the estate and Uncle Jed, and Maine politics, and the price of lumber, and horses again. The Boston boy listened deferentially to the gray Maine merchant; perceiving in him something of the same rugged dignity that Uncle Jed had borne in Beacon Street. Yorke felt that here was a king in his own country; he regarded the hard-worked man with respect, and pleased himself with drawing his points out, and storing them up, so to speak, with a sense of increasing one's knowledge of "types."

"I've got to leave you, to collect some interest," said Mr. Butterwell presently. "That's my turn,—the first right. You keep straight on till you find your man. Drive easy over the bridges. They're plaguery rickety, some of 'em. That pony of yours ain't used to 'em in Bangor. Back to dinner! Hope so. There, now, I wonder if my wife has told you—whoa! told you about—whoa, Zach Chandler!—about whom?"

"Oh, yes, she told me!" called Yorke pointedly, as the two horses nervously parted company. He looked, laughing, back to watch the old man, thinking how sacred their dinner hour was to these two lonely people; how large all little events must be in lives like theirs. His heart was full of a gentle feeling, half-deference, half-compassion. Mr. Butterwell's gray hair blew in the wind; he held the reins wound double over his knotted wrist; he sat with left foot forward. Zach Chandler was a long-stepping horse. Waldo Yorke, looking over his shoulder, saw, and long remembered, that he saw, these trifling things. Suddenly he felt a thrill in the reins at which his own horse was tugging steadily and sensibly. He turned his head, to see the Bangor pony tremble, rear, and leap; to see the loose yellow boards of a murderously-laid bridge bend up; to see that there was no railing; to perceive a narrow streak of black-water, presumably; and to know that he was scooped into the overturned buggy-top, and dragged, and torn, and swept away.

The whole thing may have taken three minutes. All that occurred to the young man quite clearly, as he went down, was, "Collins, cheap for Cash."

Against the blackness of darkness a blur appears; it stirs; it has extension and intension; it throbs and thrills, and with the eternal wonder of creation moving upon chaos there is light. After all, how easy a matter it was to die! And Collins in Maine are cheap for cash. How could a man have believed that a process so abnormally dreaded for nearly thirty years could be, in truth, so normal and so deficient in the extreme elements of agony. To be sure, there was one crushing blow; a compression of some endurance within narrow limits; but he had suffered so much from neuralgia, far more from the prospect of death.

How clearly and distinctly, though slowly, vision returns, in this new condition! There is a handsome old lady in a *post applico* cap. Like the child of Adah, she "goeth lame and lovely." By the way, will one make the acquaintance of a man like Lamb, in the society to which one is now to be introduced? Yes; still the old lady in the lace cap. She is sitting by the library grate, alone; her crutch has fallen to the floor; a yellow telegraph envelope is on the hearth; she is not weeping, but her face is bowed; she looks very old; the lines about her mouth are pinched; she has a haggard color. It seems easy to speak to her. How easy! Mother! Mother! She does not lift her head. Mother! It is true what we are told, then. The living do not hear. The dead may cry forever. A horrible deafness has fallen upon her. A man would have liked to see her once,—to say good-by, or to have her sit by him a few minutes. Yet it seems there is a woman here. That is a woman's hand which rather hovers over than holds me. How cool it is! How delicate!... Ah, no! Remove your hand! It does not caress; it tears me. Remove your hand! I am in agony. What in the name of life and death has happened to me in this accursed wilderness! Was there anything in those old-fashioned dogmas after

all? Take off your hand, I say! I know I might have been a better man, but I've tried to be clean and honest. I don't say I'm fit for heaven, but I don't deserve this. You torture me. *Remove your hand!* Am I in—

"You are in your own room, sir," said Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell, distinctly.
 "Ah!—so I see."
 Yorke tried to lift his head; it fell back heavily, and he felt blood start.

"Madam, you are very good. I must have been troublesome. I thought I was—dead."
 "I'm sorry for you, Mr. Yorke, but I must say that I don't approve of your theology," said his hostess grimly.
 "I dare say. I would not have offended you if— Ah, how weak I am!"

"Yes, sir."
 "Am I much hurt?"
 "Some, Mr. Yorke."
 "How much! Answer me. I will have the truth. The blood flows—see! when I even think that you may be deceiving me. Am I terribly hurt?"

"I am afraid so, sir."
 A heavy silence falls.
 "Shall we telegraph for your mother, sir?"
 "My mother is crippled. No."
 "For any sister, or anybody?"
 "I have no sister."

"Mr. Butterwell will write."
 "Where is the doctor? I should like to see him first. You have called a doctor?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Where is he?"
 "The doctor left about five minutes ago."

"What does he say?"
 "Very little."
 "I wish to see the doctor before my mother is written to. Call him back!—if you please... Call him back, I say! Why do you hesitate? I may be a dead man in a few hours. Do as I bid you!"

"The doctor said, Mr. Yorke—"
 "Said what?"
 "Said that—sh, Isaiah!—he was to be the judge when it was best for you to see your physician. If you asked, I was to say that you will have every possible attention, and I was to say that all depends on your obedience."

"That sounds like a man who understands his business."
 "Oh, indeed, sir, that is true! Our doctor—"
 "Oh, well; very well. Let it go. I must obey, I suppose. Never mind. Thank you. Move me a little to the left. I cannot stir. I am unaccountably sleepy. Has the fellow drugged me? I think perhaps I may—rest!"

He did, indeed, fall into a sleep, or a stupor that simulated sleep; he woke from it at intervals, thinking confusedly, but without keen alarm, of his condition. The thing which worried him most was the probable character of this down-East doctor, upon whose intelligence he had fallen. "The fellow absolutely holds my life in his hands," he said aloud. It was hard to think what advance of science the practitioner undoubtedly represented. Dreamily, between his lapses into unconsciousness, the injured man recalled a fossil whom he had seen, on his journey from Bangor, lumbering about in a sulky at one of the minor side stations; a boy, too, just graduated, practicing on the helpless citizens, at Cherrytown,—was it? No, but some of those little places. Then he thought of some representatives of the profession whom he had met in the mountains, and at other removes from the centres of society. He understood perfectly that he was a subject for a surgeon. He understood that he was horribly hurt. He thought of his mother. He thought of his mother's doctor, whom he had so often teased her about. In one of his wakeful intervals, another source of trouble occurred to him for the first time. He called to his hostess, and restlessly asked,—

"I suppose there isn't a homoeopathist short of Bangor?"
 "Our doctor is homoeopathy," said Mrs. Butterwell, instantly on the defensive; "but you need not be uneasy, sir, for a better, kinder—"
 "My mother will be so glad!" interrupted the young man, feebly. He gave a sigh of relief. "She would never have been able to bear it, if I had died under the other treatment. Women feel so strongly about these things. I am glad to know that—for her sake,—poor mother!" He turned again, and slept.

It was late evening when he roused and spoke again. He found himself in great suffering. He called petulantly, and demanded to be told where that doctor was. Some one answered that the doctor had been in while he slept. The room was darkened. He dimly perceived figures,—Mr. Butterwell in the doorway, and women: two of them. He beckoned to his hostess, and tried to tell her that he was glad she had obtained assistance, and to beg her to hire all necessary nursing freely; but he was unable to express himself, and sank away again.

The next time he became conscious, a clock somewhere was striking midnight. He felt the night air, and gratefully turned his mutilated, feverish face over towards it. A sick-lamp was burning low in the entry, casting a little circle of light upon the old-fashioned, large-patterned oil-cloth. Only one person was in the room, a woman. He asked her for water. She brought it. She had a soft step. When he had satisfied his thirst, which he was allowed to do without protest, the woman gave him medicine. He recognized the familiar tumbler and teaspoon of his homoeopathically educated infancy. He obeyed passively. The woman fed him with the medicine; she did not spill it, or choke him; when she returned the teaspoon to the glass,

he dimly saw the shape of her hand. He said,—
 "You are not Mrs. Butterwell."
 "No."
 "You are my nurse?"
 "I take care of you to-night, sir."
 "I—thank you," said Yorke, with a faint touch of his Beacon-Street courtliness; and so fell away again.

He moved once more at dawn. He was alarmingly feverish. He heard the birds singing, and saw gray light through the slats of the closed blinds. His agony had increased. He still moaned for water, and his mind reverted obstinately to its chief anxiety. He said,—
 "Where is that doctor? I am too sick a man to be neglected. I must see the doctor."

"The doctor has been here," said the woman who was serving as nurse, "nearly all night."
 "Ah! I have been unconscious, I know."
 "Yes. But you have been cared for. I hope that you will be able to compose yourself. I trust that you will feel no undue anxiety about your medical attendance. Everything shall be done, Mr. Yorke."

"I like your voice," said the patient, with delirious frankness. "I haven't heard one like it since I left home. I wish I were at home! It is natural that I should feel some anxiety about this country physician. I want to know the worst. I shall feel better after I have seen him."
 "Perhaps you may," replied the nurse, after a slight hesitation. "I will go and see about it. Sleep if you can. I shall be back directly."

This quieted him, and he slept once more. When he waked it was broadening, brightening, beautiful day. The nurse was standing behind him at the head of the bed, which was pushed out from the wall into the free air. She said:—
 "The doctor is here, Mr. Yorke, and will speak with you in a moment. The bandage on your head is to be changed first."

"Oh, very well. That is right. I am glad you have come, sir." The patient sighed contentedly. He submitted to the painful operation, without further comment or complaint. He felt how much he was hurt, and how utterly he was at the mercy of this unsea, unknown being, who stood in the mysterious dawn there fighting for his fainting life.

... He handled one gently enough; firmly, too,—not a tremor; it did seem a practiced touch.
 The color slowly struck and traversed the young man's ghastly face.
 "Is this the doctor?"
 "Be calm, sir,—yes."

"Is that the doctor's hand I feel upon my head at this moment?"
 "Be quiet, Mr. Yorke,—it is."
 "But this is a woman's hand."
 "I cannot help it, sir. I would if I could, just this minute, rather than to disappoint you so."

The startled color ebbed from the patient's face, dashing it white, leaving it gray. He looked very ill. He repeated faintly,—
 "A woman's hand!"
 "It is a good-sized hand, sir."
 "I— Excuse me, madam."
 "It is a strong hand, Mr. Yorke. It does not tremble. Do you see?"
 "I see."

"It is not a rough hand, I hope. It will not inflict more pain than it must."
 "I know."
 "It will inflict all that it ought. It is not afraid. It has handled serious injuries before. Yours is not the first."
 "What shall I do?" cried the sick man with piteous bluntness.

"I wish we could have avoided this shock and worry," replied the physician. She still stood, unseen and unsummoned, at the head of his bed.
 "I beg that you will not disturb yourself. There is another doctor in the village. I can put you in his hands at once, if you desire. Your uneasiness is very natural. I will fasten this bandage first, if you please."

She finished her work in silence with deft and gentle fingers.
 "Come round here," said the patient feebly.
 "I want to look at you."
 (To be continued.)

CARLYLE AND TWO OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

He could not fall in with the current of his time, as Emerson and Victor Hugo did: his philosophy was reactionary, and his influence short-lived. He united with German mysticism and romanticism an English worship of force and a caustic Scotch humor that were quite foreign to it, and the compound of foreign philosophy and native practice was not a stable one. Mr. Emerson had the mysticism without the pugnacity, and he elevated our souls. Victor Hugo had the vehemence for action without the passive philosophy, and he swept the French people on in a flood-tide of passion. Carlyle united both, and did not reach either mind or heart so perfectly. While Emerson was teaching individualism and avoiding self-assertion, Carlyle preached hero worship with unbounded egotism, and urged action while he flouted reform. An idealist, he grew to scorn ideas. He threw himself into the past to create a world that no present could ever give.

These three men, Emerson, Hugo, and Carlyle, belonged to the same general awakening, and need to be studied together: the first repre-

senting the ideal, the second the real, and the third the reactionary elements. They were all three men of strong imagination, though of very different kinds. They were almost poets. Neither Carlyle nor Victor Hugo had the lofty and refined spiritual insight of Emerson, but they had far more pictorial imagination. Both of them, and especially the Frenchman, could conjure up before our eyes the scenes of their fancy with a life-like reality and vividness that no other author of our time, except Hawthorne, has approached. But both, in their weaker moments, load their pages with an intolerable mass of detail, from which Emerson's are free.

The intellectual methods of the three men had much similarity. They each broke away from the old creeds without losing their reverence for the Divine. Neither of them was a vigorous reasoner or a sound critic. They swayed us by their eloquence, not their logic. But their individualism led them into an extravagance and an egotistic brusqueness of style that at times became harshly abrupt.

The dreams of Carlyle and Emerson and Victor Hugo were an epoch in the intellectual growth of the century, but the world moves on by more substantial means than dreams. It has left them behind, and we do not believe that it will ever return to them. We turn back often to the sound thought, the careful reasoning, of the past, but not to its conjectures, however splendid. For permanent progress is made by accurate reasoning, in which each successive step is firmly fixed, and not by soaring intuition, however lofty its flight.

In Carlyle, as in Emerson and in Victor Hugo, there was the same unconquerable rebellion against the narrow and tyrannous spirit of the time, and a return to humanity, a devotion to it, an adoring love of it, as the motive of life. But the manly enthusiasm for reality of the followers of the Scotchman has faded before a new gospel of clothes; and in America transcendentalism melts away before the positive spirit of the new culture. In France, in a general way, Victor Hugo has triumphed, for he threw himself into the democratic current of the time, and now the stage is free from the classic fetters that he struggled with in youth; and the democracy that he gave his maturer life to has gained at last not only the sceptre, but the power to use it as well. The new literary elements, however, that he contributed, the romance, the melodrama, the horrible violence, have not been lasting either in plays or novels. All his wondrous powers of enthusiasm and imagination have not founded a school, or reconciled gay Paris to the terrible conceptions of Le Roi's Amuse.

These men were the prophets of a new era, which they felt rather than saw; and the world hailed them with delight. But it soon craved something solidier than prophecy; something which neither Carlyle, nor Emerson, nor Victor Hugo could give,—science.—July Atlantic.

AN IMPROVISATION BY LISZT.

Friday evening the Bösendorfer Saal in Vienna was lighted up for the long-expected concert of the Wagner-Veroin. Toni Raab was to play, and Liszt to be there, an invited guest.

Long before seven o'clock that charming little hall was filled to suffocation. Not only the hall itself, but the vestibule, cloak-room, and even the piano salons beyond the vestibule, were filled with Wagnerians and their opponents. I have lost the programme of that evening; indeed, what need was there for one? Every friend of music knew young Mottl and his wondrous rendition of the "Siegfried Idyl"—that charming rhapsody which this young artist has made a *chef-d'œuvre* in the concert-rooms of the imperial city; and Toni Raab, with her grand technique and earnest adherence to *les bonnes traditions du piano*. She played better than ever before; she took the house by storm, and that is saying much for an artistes' concert in the Bösendorfer Saal. Better than all, she inspired Liszt. Round after round of applause greeted the difficult rhapsody she had played, but she would not acknowledge it alone. She sought out the Master where he sat among the peeresses of Austria in the circle before the platform, and seizing him by the hand, fairly dragged him to the stage.

Once there, he could not break away. Cheer after cheer, the Magyar "Ejen!" the Bohemian "Salva!" the German "Hoch!" with the "Bravo, Bravissimo!" of all lands, greeted him. The audience arose; ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and gentlemen clapped their hands. The air was full of perfume and rose leaves as bouquets went flying over the audience to the stage, where they fell at the Master's feet, who stood bowing, smiling, and shaking his head, while honestly trying to resist Toni, who fairly dragged him to the piano. Refusal and resistance were both in vain. The perfume of flowers, the flashing of gems upon the jeweled arms and fans of the ladies waving toward him, but more than all, the splendid magnetism of sympathetic genius, for Vienna's grandest and best musicians were gathered around him, and worked upon the artist imagination and delicate nervous system of the great Master. He stood still for an instant, then, with a bow of acquiescence, he placed himself at the piano.

One wild shout of triumph rang through the room, and then a silence like the silence of death hushed the vast assembly.

Was the Master thinking of Chopin as he raised his superb hands, and let them fall, with a touch as delicately soft as rose leaves, and weave, as if in dreaming, the memories of mountain lakes and pine forests into an improvisation full of

starry minors from echoing Alpen-horns! Of whom, of what, was he thinking? It was indeed Liszt who played his own wild Wanderlied, the "Wallner-See," and other pictures of travel seen in his youth, but the improvisation moved on in Chopin like phrases of thought, until the landscape faded from the memory, and the lights of the concert-room, the crimson hue of rose gowns lying scattered around, forced themselves upon the Master's mind; then one of Chopin's weirdly wild and passionately gay waltzes whirled faster and faster into a dance almost bacchanalian. It was the hour of the "Danse Macabre;" but the twelve tones of midnight were crushed out in chords of revelry and mirth very different from the solemn annunciation which ushers in the revel of the dead.

He ceased. The thunders of applause which shook not only the Bösendorfer Saal, but the entire Lichtenstein Palace, were enough to raise the dwellers in Central Friedhof with the idea that they had heard the trumpets of the judgment-day.

What a night that was, or rather, what a morning! Liszt did not leave the hall until three o'clock, and our *partie privée* was not called together until after four; nor did we adjourn then, but went to our music room, had coffee, and talked and rehearsed the concert programme we had heard till noon next day. Saturday night *Götterdämmerung* was to be given at the Opera, and Sunday the glorious Coronation Mass, better known as the "Graner," was to be conducted by Liszt; so, soon after lunch, we parted to "sleep the intervening hours away."—OCTAVIA HENSEL, in *Harper's Magazine for July*.

THE HORSE IN MOTION.

George E. Waring, Jr., contributes to the July *Century* an illustrated review of Dr. Stillman's remarkable book on the photographic studies of animals in motion, which were made under the patronage of Governor Leland Stanford, of California. Colonel Waring does not look for radical changes in art methods as a result of these discoveries, for he says of the horse in motion, "We must see him on the canvas as we see him in life, not as he is shown when his movements are divided by the five-thousandth part of a second." Of the illustrative picture he says:

The method by which these photographs have been taken—the result of years of experiment—is substantially as follows: At one side of the track is a long building arranged for photographic work, containing a battery of twenty-four cameras, all alike and standing one foot apart. On the other side of the track is a screen of white muslin and a foot-board. The screen is marked with vertical and horizontal lines, and the foot-board bears numbers indicating separate intervals of one foot each. The instantaneous shutters of the cameras are operated by electricity, and their movement is governed by such powerful springs that the exposure is estimated to be about one five thousandth of a second. The contact by which the shutters are sprung is made by the breaking of a thread drawn across the track at about the height of the horse's breast, there being one thread for each camera. In his flight through the air, therefore, he brings each of the twenty-four cameras to bear upon him at the moment when he passes in front of it, and that camera represents his position at that instant. The series of representations indicates the consecutive positions at each of the twenty-four feet covered by the instruments. In a series showing a horse trotting at speed the spokes of the sulky are shown as distinct lines quite to the fellow of the wheel, indicating an extremely short exposure. In a fast run, the tufts of the horse's tail, as it waves with his stride, are clearly marked.

VARIETIES.

"YOUR man, we eat all the rind here," said a boarding-housekeeper to a boarder who was taking off the outer portion of a piece of cheese.
 "All right," replied the boarder, "I am cutting this off for you."

AN APT QUERY.—Briggs hired a livery horse to take a little exercise. He got more exercise than he wanted, and, as he limped to the side of the road to rest himself, a kind friend asked him: "What did you come down so quick for?"
 "What did I come down so quick for? Did you see anything in the air for me to hold on to?" he said.

"JOLLY PARTI-CULAR."—A sailor complained of the power of the captains, and spoke bitterly of the characters of the skippers of the day.
 "Why," said he, "not long ago, on the coast of Afriker, a cap'n was going to throw one of the crew, that was dying, overboard, before he was dead. So the man says: 'You ain't a going to bury me alive, are you?' 'Oh,' says the cap'n, 'you needn't be so jolly particular to a few minutes.'"

THE celebrated Abernethy having asked a candidate at his examination what means he would use to promote perspiration in a particular disease, the student exhausted all the resources of his memory and imagination, and still the pertinacious old man continued to bore him with, "Well, sir, and if that failed, then what would you do?" The lad, driven to his wits' end, at length exclaimed, "Then, sir, I would send him to you to be examined, and if that did not make him sweat, it is my opinion his case would be hopeless."





ARCADIA.

FLOWER OF SPAIN

Like a throb of the heart of midnight
I bear a guitar faintly humming,
And through the Alcazar garden
A wandering footstep coming.

A shape by the orange bower's shadow—
Whose shape? Is it mine in a dream?
For my senses are lost in the perfume
That out of the dark tacket stream.

'Mid the tinkle of Moorish waters,
And the rush of the Guadalquivir,
The rosemary breathes to the jasmine,
That trembles with joyous fear.

And their breath goes silently upward,
Far up to the white burning stars,
With a measure of sweetest, half sorrow,
Unknown but to souls that bear scars.

Here, midway between stars and flowers,
I know not which draw me most:
Shall my years yield earthly sweetness?
Shine I shine from the sky like a ghost?

A spirit I can not quiet
Bids me bow to the unseen god.
I dream of a lily transplanted,
To bloom in the garden of God.

Yet the footsteps come nearer and nearer:
Still moans the soft-troubled strain
Of the strings in the dusk. Well I know it:
Till I called for me "Flower of Spain."

Ah, yes, my lover he made it,
And called it by my pet name:
I hear it, and—in but a woman—
It sweeps through my heart like a flame.

The night's heart and mine flow together:
The music is beating for each.
The moon's gone, the nightingale silent:
Light and song are both in his speech.

As the murky shadows that mingle,
As star-shine and flower-scent made one,
Our spirits in gladness and anguish
Have met. Their mingling done.

But over the leaves and the waters
What echoes the strange changing bells
Send adrift from the dim arched M-zquita?
How mournful the cadence that swells!

From the lonely roof of the convent
Where pale nuns rest! On the hill,
Far off, the hermits in vigil
Are bowed at the crucifix still.

And the brown plain slumbers around us,
O land of remembrance and grief,
If I am truly the flower,
How withered are you, the leaf!

Geo. P. LATHROP, in Harper's.

STONY-HEART HOUSE.

BY NED P. MAH.

I.

While I was still quite a child, my father and mother died. I was sent away from the happy home of my infancy, which I faintly remember as being situate in a smiling, undulating country full of cornfields, and woods, and pasture lands, to be placed under the charge of my uncle in his bleak house among the hills. My uncle had been in the army. He lived in a square, angular house, built of flints, cold and glittering—an erect, uncompromising house, narrow and high, and bolt upright like a soldier struck motionless in the attitude of attention. The grounds were laid out with military precision. They were surrounded with cold, glittering flint walls. They were on a dead level, without an undulation in the whole expanse. The walls were guileless of a curve, straight and clean, and cold and glittering too, from the large admixture of flint with the gravel. The lawn was trim and rectangular, with sharply-defined edges, kept newly cut by means of a sharp spade and a string stretched between little iron pins. The flower-beds were square, and trim, and angular, and the very flowers had the air of regiments. The tulips, and lillies, and jonquils stood up erect and stiff as if undergoing an unrelaxing drill. Here and there a weaker, tender plant drooped against a stick, appearing to stand at ease only on sufferance. The roses were all standard roses. The espaliers trained against the wall in the sunny side of the garden, looked strained and unnatural, as though struck still in the midst of some extension motion. The very rockworks were prim and forbidding; they glittered coldly, too, for they were composed principally of flints. There was no clustering ivy, no tendrilled creeping thing to relieve the monotony of the bare stone work. There was no curved line anywhere to relieve the weary eye. All was straight, and spick and span, and regular.

Amid the monotony of this prospect, with martial carriage, with commanding air, my uncle paced. I believe he counted the number of turns which formed his daily exercise. I can see him now, clad in a grey frock coat, tightly buttoned, with military trousers strapped tightly over the speckled boots, with short grey hair, parted with painful precision, brushed painfully smooth. With white, trimly-cut moustache shading the firm, decisive mouth; with white bushy brows penthousing the keen, cold, grey eyes; with acilline nose, clear complexion, and smooth shaven cheeks. A man to inspire awe, rather than love; to be admired, but not approached; respected, but not caressed. I used to look upon him with wonder in my childish eyes and think I should not like to be such a man.

Within the house the same stern precision reigned. Everything was trim, and bright, and polished, and distressingly speckless. The fur-

niture was tasteful and costly, the pictures well chosen and well hung. The meals were punctual to a minute, the viands simple, but excellent of their kind. My uncle's own apartments were gems of neatness and forcible exponents of simple taste. His personal attendant was an old soldier, as erect and stern, and manly and martial as himself. The women servants of the house were pretty and trim, and wore an exquisite uniform of lavender and white. My uncle was a widower. In the drawing-room hung a portrait of my aunt, whom I had never known. I used to gaze with awe upon the face of the woman who had dared to love such a man. It was a face at once exquisitely beautiful and exquisitely sweet. As one gazed, one felt it was the work of no mean master of his art; one felt intensely that it was a likeness, for while one looked the picture seemed to grow into life. The eyes—how could he see to do them!—so mild, so intelligent, so wistful, so full of truth, so courageous, the little mouth at once so sweet and so firm, the wealth of golden hair, fine and shining as floss silk, arrayed in great Madonna braids upon the low white forehead—the expression at once so angelic and so human—the costume, at once so simple and so rich. One felt instinctively that this was the one woman who could have found the one romance in the life of such a man. How I wished that she had lived, that to her I might have told my little griefs and puny sorrows, that to her I might have confessed and been forgiven, and received the caresses for which I yearned.

For it was a terrible home to which to bring a child. My uncle charged himself with my education. Each lesson had its appointed hour, nay, its appointed minute. He bought me a little pony, and I took riding lessons before breakfast in the little square paddock, where my miniature steed soon wore a circle barren with his hoofs. "Head up, shoulders well back, toes in, heel down!" the old words of command are still ringing in my ears. How stiff and sore and tired I used to grow, how I longed for a good unrestrained scamper out of sight of those cold, grey, piercing eyes. After breakfast came the lessons in his sanctum—half library, half study; reading, writing, arithmetic and Latin. History and geography in the afternoon, which I read up privately, and learnt in conversation lessons. After these appointed subjects were dispensed with, I was at liberty to ask questions on any topic which occurred to me, and no doubt I often astonished my instructor by the quaint inquiries which emanated from my inquisitive, old-fashioned, weird, child-brain.

For how could I fail to grow weird and old-fashioned, shut up with my own thoughts in that grim, desolate house, with no companion of my own age!

Weird and old-fashioned I must have appeared too, to other eyes, for my guardian's instructions directed my costume. At six—in the winter of my sixth year—I was dressed in a little tight overcoat with tails. I think I see myself now marching down town on some prescribed errand, a tiny, wizened old man, laughed at by the village boys, gazed at with sly smiles and titters by the village girls—regarded as a curiosity by the grown people whom I met—what wonder if I grew isolate, shy, retrospective?

In the evening my uncle's friends would drop in—the clergyman, the schoolmaster, the doctor, or the Major. Then the long, white clay pipes, which were never smoked on more than one occasion, but sent to the baker's to be burnt clean again, were brought out, and the huge pewter tobacco box, and the silver spirit stand, with its decanters of choicest liquors, supplied by a London merchant.

I used to sit prim and upright in a corner with my hands before me, or, mayhap, with a newspaper upon my knees to catch the chips, while I fashioned the rudder or other portion of a model ship, and listen to an argument on theology, or science, or medicine, or anecdotes and recollections, more or less good or wicked, or innocent, or worldly-wise, till Hannah came and seized on me, and bore me off to bed.

Thus I drank in deep draughts of precocious learning, and ate of the forbidden fruit of knowledge of good and evil, for no one took notice of the quiet, still child in his shadowy corner, and thus, unwholesomely early, I grew wise with that knowledge whose increase is more than of any other the increase of sorrow also—the knowledge of human nature.

II.

By Heaven's mercy I was not to be left altogether to the training my present surroundings would have entailed. The time was at hand when a young, lovely, affectionate woman was to illumine with her presence the apartments of the dull, prim house. At present the only females I saw were Hannah, the housemaid, who brushed my hair extremely hard, and kissed me now and then—extremely hard, too; the cook, who scolded vehemently whenever I ventured in the neighborhood of her domain, and Mrs. Rivers, the housekeeper, who had once had the audacity to smack me, extremely hard, also.

It was a bright day for me when my cousin Polly, having finished her school-life, came to live at Stony-Heart. To me she was to be more than cousin, she was to prove to me at once mother, sister, companion, friend, the consoler of my grief, the partner of my romps, the adviser of my dilemmas, the soother of my fears, the present help of all my childish needs. She

was in living blood the realization of the portrait in the drawing-room, only younger, fresher, more beautiful still.

I was the only creature in that comfortless, trim household, which must at first have seemed to her a prison, with which her nature could fully sympathize. On me she lavished the wealth of affection which found no other object on which to bestow its love and its caresses, and my little heart which had grown chill and desolate in the unnatural atmosphere of that drear home, gushed forth to her with a long repressed flood of affection and adoration.

She took such complete possession of my whole soul, that it was not without deep grief I learnt—as she soon bestowed on me her complete confidence—that I was not without a rival in her affection. She used to call for mysteriously-directed letters at the village post-office. She used to kiss these letters rapturously, and devour their contents with eagerness. They were the letters of her lover.

It was the habit of my uncle to attend church with us once only on Sunday—in the morning. In the afternoons Polly and I used to go alone. One memorable Sunday afternoon we started at the usual hour, but we did not go to church. We met a handsome young gentleman instead, out on the downs, over the crest of the hill, however, and well out of sight of home. This handsome young gentleman placed his downy upper lip just under Polly's nose and kissed her, which made me very jealous. Then he caught me up in his arms and tickled the tip of my nose with his downy upper lip, and made pretence to kiss me too. He wounded me deeply by the flippant way in which he spoke of me as "the kid." Then he sat me down again, and both he and Polly became oblivious of my existence till we reached the little station at Chalk Vale, whence he left by the four o'clock train, and I and Polly ran all the way home again to be in time to prevent suspicion of our not having been at church. We were late, nevertheless, and Polly, who was not used to telling fibs, had to make excuses about having visited some poor woman who was sick; and colored as she made them, and was looked at with stern suspicion out of my uncle's keen, grey eyes.

Soon after this a confession must have been made, either by Polly herself or by the handsome young gentleman, in a letter, or by both, for one day he came boldly up to Stony-Heart and was closeted with my uncle for a whole hour, during which time Polly, nervous and trembling, fluttered up and down the cold, trim, glittering gravel walks in the garden, holding my hand tight with a nervous, feverish grasp all the time. Then the handsome young gentleman came out radiant, and Polly flew into his arms, and I became of no consequence whatever immediately.

After some months, however, another rival appeared upon the scene, who threatened to put both the nose of the handsome young gentleman as well as mine out of joint. Listen, and I will tell you how it all happened:

My uncle's creny, the doctor, had a hydro-pathic establishment among the hills, commanding, as his advertisements stated, "a most delightful prospect." About this time, a certain Captain Hartwright, who had been wounded in the Crimea, came to him for treatment. He used to take long walks upon the downs, as exercise was to form part of the curative treatment prescribed, and in these walks it appears he frequently encountered Polly, who used to take long rambles by herself when I was ineligible as a companion, being closely imprisoned at my tasks in my uncle's study. After a time the doctor introduced his patient, who became a frequent visitor at Stony-Heart. To introduce him to Polly, remarked the Captain, seemed almost a work of supererogation; they had met so often he regarded her quite as an old friend already. To which Polly said yes, something would have seemed wanting from the daily routine if she missed meeting him, and the Captain's black eyes flashed with gratified vanity.

He was a strange, weird-looking man, this Captain Hartwright, with his large, glittering black eyes set in his pale face—eyes with a strange power of fascination—eyes which seemed to look through and through the person on whom he gazed—with his carelessly-arranged straight brown hair, which he had suffered to grow far beyond regulation length, possibly because he did not chose to submit himself to the tender mercies of the village barber—with the meagre, dark moustache shadowing the melancholy mouth. He had been so near death's door that he had the air of a man who had died and had been resurrected.

That his presence exercised a strange power of attraction and that his influence had a sort of fascination for Polly, against which she secretly struggled and rebelled in vain, I, with the intuitive perception of childhood, soon discovered. I learned to hate this man, I knew not wherefore, for his bearing to me was of the kindest. I shunned his glance as though he possessed the evil eye. I feared the fascination of his manner, as though there were something baneful in its influence.

One day I had been with Polly to visit a cottage where there was sickness, and we had taken a little basket of delicacies for the patients. At a point where two paths—one leading upwards in the direction of Chalk Vale, the other downwards to Stony-Heart—met, Polly declared herself tired and decreed a rest. The rest was a long one, and I grew impatient.

"I know why you are waiting," I said tauntingly; "you are waiting to see Captain Hartwright." Polly blushed.

"How funny it would be, Polly," said I, "if Captain Hartwright was to ask you to marry him, and you all the time Willie's sweetheart." "If that was to happen, Kid," said Polly indignantly, but with a still deeper blush, "I'm afraid Willie would have a very poor chance." "If that was to happen," said I, taking refuge in a babyish way of speaking—it was a way I had when I felt shy of saying anything—"I know what would happen to Willie. His little heart 'ood break and all the little blood would gush out."

Polly was strangely silent, and she looked away right across the village steeple, and the graveyard, and the cottages, and the cultivated fields, away over Bickley woods into the far distance. I don't think she saw either steeple, graveyard, cottages, fields, or woods, very clearly, for her eyes were blinded with tears. Suddenly she caught me up and kissed me passionately, and threw me over her shoulder pick-a-back, and scampered with me down the hill. My little hands were wet with the tears that streaked from her eyes as she ran, as they clasped her neck among her curls. Then she sat me down, but never let go my hand till we reached Stony-Heart. As we turned in at the great gates we saw a black speck in the distance descending the path from Chalk Vale.

Next day the Captain called. My uncle was out. I heard him asking Hannah where I was, as he folded up his cloak and put it on the hall table. She thought I had gone out, too. The sound of their voices came up to me as I put my head through the balusters on the top landing at the door of the attic, which was my play-room, and looked down the wall. Then I saw him walk across the floor cloth and go into the drawing-room where Polly was. Curious to know why he had wanted me, I crept downstairs and, seeing a piece of tissue paper sticking out of his cloak pocket, cautiously examined its contents, and saw there a beautiful ivory humming-top. Presently the Captain came out in a hurried, angry way, with a stranger glitter in his eyes than ever. He flung his cloak around him in the passage and let himself out at the front door, top and all, without so much as looking at, or speaking to me.

He left the village next day and we never heard of him again, till we saw his name in the papers, killed at the head of his men in the Indian mutiny.

Polly went about the house for a week in a strangely subdued, silent manner. When Willie came down she never rested till she had sold out her confession on his breast and been forgiven. After that he never ignored my presence, or treated me as a thing of no consequence any more.

It is a strange thing to think of, isn't it, what an influence our slightest words or actions may have on our fellow-creatures? You see what one little sentence from a small, old-fashioned, eight-year-old child once did. It secured the happiness of two lives.

HUMOROUS.

A QUERY.—May a police-van be accepted as a legal conveyance?

AFTER man came woman, and she has been after him ever since.

How the question was answered at a fashionable seaside resort.—"Do you enjoy good health?" "Yes; who doesn't?"

"YOUNG man," said the master, "I always eat the cheese-rind." And the new apprentice replied, "Just so; I am leaving it for you."

"MISERLY may like company," says a colored philosopher; "but I'd rader hab de rhumatiz in one leg den ter hab it in bot."

WHEN a man is about to be told a secret, he shuts the door; when it is a woman, she opens the door to be sure no one is listening outside.

"So your daughter has married a rich husband?" "Well," slowly replied the father, "I believe she has married a rich man; but I understand he is a very poor husband."

"MR. GRIPES, I understand you said I sold you a barrel of cider that had water in it?" "No, no," was the reply, "I only said that you sold me a barrel of water with a little cider in it."

ON THE MOUNTAINS.—(from a private report.)—Arabella, whose soul is wrapped in science: "Charles, isn't this gnafus?" Charles, who is deeply interested in Arabella: "Noo! It's delicious!"

THE meanest man on record sent through a post-office presided over by a woman a post card on which was written, "Dear Jack.—Here are the details of that scandal." And then the rest was in Greek.

THE COMMON SENSE OF IT.—"What a change," exclaims a novelist, "one little woman can make in a man's life!" Exactly, says a victim; and what a heap of "change" she requires while doing it!

ALLUDING to the fact that three steamers have been fatally weakened by additions to their length, the *Christian Register* says: "Many fine sermons have been ruined the same way."

A SATIRICAL inn-keeper in Wytheville, Va., advertises his house as "the only second class hotel in the world."

"I'll teach you to lie, and steal, and smoke, and use profane language," said an irate (Galveston) parent. "Never mind, father, I know all them branches already," was the reply.

A PRINTER'S EXCUSE.—A writer called at his printer's and accused the compositor of not having punctuated his poem, when the type earnestly replied, "I'm not a pointer—I'm a setter."

AN English statesman paid a visit to Ireland; but it rained continuously during the whole of his stay there. Afterwards, whenever he met an acquaintance who had just returned from the Emerald Isle, he would inquire whether "that shower" was over yet.

TEACHER: "Who was the first man?" Head scholar: "Washington; he was the first in war, first in peace." Teacher: "No, no; Adam was the first man." Head scholar: "Oh, if you're talking of foreigners, I suppose he was!"

AMERICAN REPORTING.

The manufacture of intelligence in times of stagnation is an important industry in the Western States of America, where the newspaper editors are often at their wit's end to find sufficient food of a stimulating nature to satisfy the voracious appetites of their readers.

Some interesting details are given by the *Cincinnati Gazette* of the ingenuity displayed in this line by a Mr. Bennet, now dead, but once editor of the *Cincinnati Inquirer*. It was Mr. Bennet's practice, when news was scarce, to make small imaginary children tumble from the Newport ferry-boat into the Ohio river, where they would have certainly perished but for the gallantry of a gentleman who happened to witness the occurrence and who plunged into the water and rescued them; this gentleman being always some personal friend of Mr. Bennet whom he delighted to honour.

Some of these heroes, however, at last became wearied of the distinction thus thrust upon them, and a certain Mr. Kellum, who had several times figured in the columns of the *Inquirer* as a saviour of perishing innocents, preferred a request that his name might no longer be used for this purpose. He was assured that his request, although it was a proof of a curiously sensitive disposition, should be complied with, and this promise was faithfully kept, for the next day Mr. Kellum read in the *Inquirer* that on the previous day a beautiful little girl, the child of a prominent citizen of Newport, had fallen from the Newport ferry-boat into the river, and that Mr. Kellum, who was standing close by and could have rescued the child from a watery grave, refused to render any assistance. Boiling with indignation, Mr. Kellum hurried to the office of the *Inquirer*, and uttered fearful threats of what he would do to Mr. Bennet if this pleasantry continued.

That gentleman, however, calmly pulling off his coat, said, "See here, Kellum, you are not a bad fellow in your way, but I cannot stand any interference with my department. If I make any statement in the *Inquirer*, you must not come round here contradicting it. That isn't journalism." Mr. Kellum retired abashed, and thence forward submitted calmly to his fate.

"CONEY ISLAND."

Coney Island appears to be the popular watering place of New York, and is unique in its appearance, its patronage and its history. The island is the extreme western end of a great outlying sand bar, broken by inlets which extend along the southern coast of Long Island for nearly 90 miles, its different sections being known as Coney Island, Rockaway, Long, Jones, Oak Island and Great South Beaches, all having the broad Atlantic for their southern boundary. Six years ago Coney Island's fine stretch of beach five miles long, with its splendid surf, and its unequalled location in point of accessibility to New York and Brooklyn, was but a barren wast of sand, much frequented by the disorderly classes. All that time a single horse care line from Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, connecting with steam cars near Greenwood cemetery, and a boat carried passengers to the island. At the present time eight steam railways, one line of street cars, and nine lines of steam-boats, capable of carrying 200,000 persons to and from the beach daily are in operation. Selecting one of these boats and going on board at the Battery, the excursionist finds himself among a crowd of people of all classes. A band of music plays popular airs with a preponderance of brass and bass drum; with flags flying and whistles blowing, the huge steamer is swung into the stream and her head turned down the bay. Steaming slowly around the network of mast and spar, Governor's Island—the headquarters of Gen'l Hancock—is passed, and a view of Castle Williams and its other defences obtained; past the Atlantic Docks at Brooklyn, along the shore to Bay Ridge, thence down through the Narrows, with the gray walls of Fort Hamilton on the left side, and Fort Wadsworth on the other, and above the latter the green walls of the earth-works called Fort Thompkins; in under the empty port holes of the ruined Fort Lafayette—where Jeff. Davis was confined immediately after the war of the rebellion—and out into the lower bay. Over to the right lies the low line of Sandy Hook, and nearer the Illinois, a dismantled hulk, and the floating small pox hospital. Coney Island soon comes in sight on the left, and we are landed at one of the two immense piers, constructed of tabular iron piles, each over 1,000 feet long, and projecting into the sea. On each pier are three two story buildings containing saloons and a promenade, and 1,200 bath rooms with stairways leading down into the water beneath. This is West Brighton and the scene is suggestive of a great fair ground. In the centre is a broad plaza with green grass and flowers traversed by wide, wooden pavements. The bathing pavilion at this point, those on the pier accepted, do not appear to be attractive. The concourse, which leads to Brighton Beach is a wide drive and promenade about half a mile long laid with concrete on the white sand. Path waggon and carriages continually traverse its length. The drive over the smooth hard roadway on the edge of the ocean is a fine one. You can go by the Elevated if you prefer. At the end of the drive is Brighton Beach and its great hotels, the latter nearly 600 feet long, three stories high, the front and sides with broad piazzas, constructed, it is said, for the purpose of allowing New Jersey girls greater freedom with her feet—

and unlimited hunting streaming from its various towers. The hotel is furnished with East-lake furniture and Axminster carpets, and of course has every modern convenience. Twenty thousand people can be fed at this hotel during the day. In a large pavilion, constructed with a huge sounding board, shaped like a clam shell set up on its hinge end, opening toward the front of the hotel, a band of sixty performers concertize in the afternoon and evening. This is where that famous horn-blower Arbuckle, the *bete noir* of the great Levy, later in the season, electrifies vast audiences with his wonderful execution on the cornet. From Brighton Beach eastward for two and a half miles extends the surf of Manhattan Beach, the centre of which is covered by a hotel seven hundred feet long. This you reach by light steam cars on a marine railway in just eighty seconds. At this hotel four thousand people dine at a time, and thirty thousand empty stomachs are filled in a day. Here are bathing houses containing three thousand separate rooms. The beach on the sides is fenced in and the inclosed space rigidly reserved for bathers. Large floats beyond the breakers afford resting and diving places for expert swimmers and life boats patrol the beach. An amphitheatre, seating 2,000 persons, overlooks the bathing grounds, and an interesting hour may be spent by one so inclined sitting well down in front on the corner next to the entrance leading from the ladies' dressing rooms to the beach and observe the procession of big pedals, hollow chested, skinny and bow-legged women—with here and there a pretty face and figure—emerge and crossing the little ribbon of white sand, enter the surf where, with many hundreds of other people in uncouth bathing dresses, are rolling, tumbling and screaming with delight.

Venus rising from the sea! The naiaid that disport themselves in the shining water are myths! Behold fair and shapely women going into these mysterious regions beyond where the feminine toilet undergoes such a marvelous change! They await eagerly the advent of the supple graceful figure who disappeared a few moments ago. Something approaches. Is it she, whose entrancing figure captivated all eyes? Ye gods! see approaching with a gingerly gait the Miggs of Dickens's imagination. Plump and beautiful Dolly Varden transformed in her lank serving-women, thin-chested, yes, absolutely knock-kneed. A slurrer, a drawing in of breath, supplemented by a slight scream, and the Venus of an hour before *sans*, bangs, *sans* palpators, *sans* plumpers, *sans* every thing that rendered her the most enticing, is embraced by Neptune. This ancient god is welcome to his fair but frail burden. Women hold many secrets of the arts so deplored by the 19th century aesthetes.

The general features of the beach are novel and interesting. Frail and wooden pavilions for dancing, drinking beer, and eating clams and hot sausages abound on every hand and there is little to choose between them in point of excellence. Wooden chairs, with wide rockers, are strewn about the beach for several miles at intervals of a few rods, and should you happen to drop into one a small freckled-faced urchin will approach on a run and extending his hand demand a dime. That boy is the proprietor's agent, and in addition to having charge of 15 or 20 beach chairs will sell you a small wooden or tin pail, with which you can carry home a specimen of the fine sand washed almost white by the action of the sea. No charge is made for the sand. There are platforms upon which are orchestras, placed there for the purpose of attracting visitors toward some eating house, bazaar, or museum, and the tones of the pianos, made wheezy by salt air, mingle incessantly with the roar of the surf. Shooting galleries, bowling alleys, billiards, aquariums, captive balloons, flying-horses, swings and an observatory three hundred feet high afforded ample amusement for visitors of that taste. The sands are black with people. It is said that on one Sabbath day one hundred and fifty thousand people can be seen at Manhattan and Brighton beach. Coney Island is indeed a great place. —*Chaff.*

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

London, June 17.

THE *Uddle Tom* troupe, with the real freed slaves, are to appear at Her Majesty's Theatre.

THE object of the great Barnum, now in our midst, is to make arrangements for bringing into London "the greatest show on earth."

IT is an extraordinary sight, and a very pleasing one, to see in the dirty burial ground of old St. Paul's, splendid bushes of rhododendrons in full blossom.

IT is stated that Colonel Chambers, the Englishman to whom Garibaldi gave his sword, has offered to return it to his family for presentation to the Municipality of Rome.

MRS. LANGTRY'S success on her recent tour is declared by her London friends to be financially equal to Mr. Irving's. It is said that in four weeks Mrs. Langtry has cleared £3,000.

MADAME ALBANI GYE gave a children's party on Saturday, June 3, at her residence, 16,

The Boltons, South Kensington, in honor of the birthday of her little son, who was three years old on that day.

IT is estimated that the Duke of Hamilton's collection will realize £300,000. A memorial has been presented to the Prime Minister asking for a special grant to enable the National Gallery to purchase largely from the Hamilton Palace collection.

A DEFINITION was given by a high ecclesiastical authority, in an appeal case at Westminster recently, which may be of service on some future occasion. "What," asked Lord Coleridge, "is a nobleman's chaplain?" "A nobleman's chaplain," replied Dr. Phillimore, "is a spiritual luxury."

IT seems that the marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill would have been carried in the House of Lords had an arrangement to carry on the debate until at least eight o'clock not been departed from. The result was that about a dozen peers who intended to vote for the Bill arrived at the House too late for the division.

NEARLY two hundred members have already subscribed a guinea to the memorial window which it is proposed to place in St. Margaret's Church to the memory of Lord Frederick Cavendish. The proportion is pretty equally divided among members on both sides of the House. The two front benches are largely represented in the preliminary list.

TRICYCLES grow in favor, and are to be seen daily, ridden by either sex, in the most crowded parts of the city. The Rational Dress Society recommends lady tricyclists to wear their new "divided skirt," both because it allows freer use of the legs, and because it offers less resistance to the wind—an important consideration.

THE Strangers' Gallery is not usually filled in the Lords, but on the night of the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill it was crowded the moment the doors opened, many of those present being in clerical garb. In the galleries there were something like a dozen ladies present, amongst whom were the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Albany.

MR. G. R. SIMS, with the terms he has retained for his new drama at the Princess's, the *Romany Rye*, can afford to smile at the critics who say such hard things of him. He receives ten per cent. of the drawings, and the house holds £400. In other words, Mr. Sims will pocket during the time this piece may run £30 to £40 a night.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT does not forget the romantic associations attaching to her marriage. One of the first things she did on arriving in England was to send the vicar of St. Andrew's, Wells street, by whom the knot was tied, an order for a box, and the rev. gentleman not only accepted it, but was present at the first performance at the Gaiety.

IN many of the London churches the innovation has been introduced of retaining the seats for the persons to whom they have been allotted till the bell stops ringing, and then treating every unoccupied seat as free. It is said that the West-End clergy intend to make a vigorous effort to have this arrangement more generally adopted. It has been found that the best filled churches are those where the practice prevails.

NO fewer than 800 guinea catalogues with photograph illustrations have been supplied of the Hamilton Palace collection, and the demand is by no means exhausted. Messrs Christie's rooms have been crowded this week by connoisseurs and virtuoso's eager to witness the matchless display. Exceptionally high prices are expected to be realized during the sale, which commences to-day. The Earl of Dudley, who has in past years been a liberal purchaser of pictures, china, and works of art generally, was present on Tuesday, accompanied by the Countess of Dudley.

MISCELLANY.

SAYS the New York *World*: "It was rude in Mr. Belmont to allude to Mr. Blaine as a bully and a coward, and the incident reminds us of a little story of the meek and mild witness who had been bullied by a blustering Blaine-like lawyer, until finally he got righteously mad and retorted to a certain impertinent question, 'Is none of your dash-blows business?' Then the lawyer ran and thrust his head under the Judge's arm and demanded the protection of the Court with the fervor of Mary's little lamb. And the Judge said sternly unto the infuriated witness, 'Witness, do you wish to withdraw or qualify that answer?' 'No, I'll be blank-dashed if I will,' roared the witness. 'Very well, I wouldn't either, if I were in your place,' said the Judge.

AN African lawyer once had an important case, and the decision depended on the way the

jury would regard the testimony of one lady. He lost the case because the fair witness swore positively to an occurrence which she witnessed at a distance, although there were many persons who stood much nearer than she that saw nothing whatever of it. The lawyer looked rather blue when the jury brought in their verdict, but revenged himself by rising and telling the Court a story of a lady he once knew who was very near-sighted, but always declared her eyesight to be excellent. Accordingly, one day a neighbor stuck a darning-needle in the side of a barn, and, placing her on the opposite side of the road, asked her if she could see it. "Oh, yes," she replied, "I can see the needle easy enough! But where's the barn?"

"IMMIGRANT CHILDREN."—Mr. John T. Middlemore, the founder of the Orphan Children's Emigration Charity, London, Ont., left Liverpool on the 1st inst., in the S.S. *Polynesian* with a party of 23 girls and 39 boys between the age of 3 and 13 years, who are brought out to this country for adoption or hire, chiefly among farmers. They are expected to arrive at the Guthrie Home, near the city, on or about the 14th inst. This will be Mr. Middlemore's 10th annual visit to these shores with juvenile emigrants from Birmingham, England, since 1872. Already many applications accompanied with good references have been made for the children expected to arrive, but more are required. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing Mr. H. Gibbens, Manager of the Guthrie Home, London, Ont.

WHEN Faure's discovery of the storage of electricity was made known, many novel uses were claimed for the new discovery, but no one ventured to think it would be likely to increase our fish supply. Yet this it may do. The French Government have just sanctioned the experiment of fishing by electricity. It is well known that light at night exercises an irresistible influence over fish. The new apparatus consists of a globe of glass, attached to a weight below, and a float above, so that it can be lowered from a boat to the required depth. Insulated wires, connected with a Faure storage battery, ignite the carbon in the glass globe at the will of the operator in the boat, and the fish may be seen in shoals, disporting themselves in the unaccustomed brightness, little dreaming of the sinister purpose with which the little fete has been organized. The work is completed with nets drawn round the unconscious victims by other boats, and "there you are, don't you know."

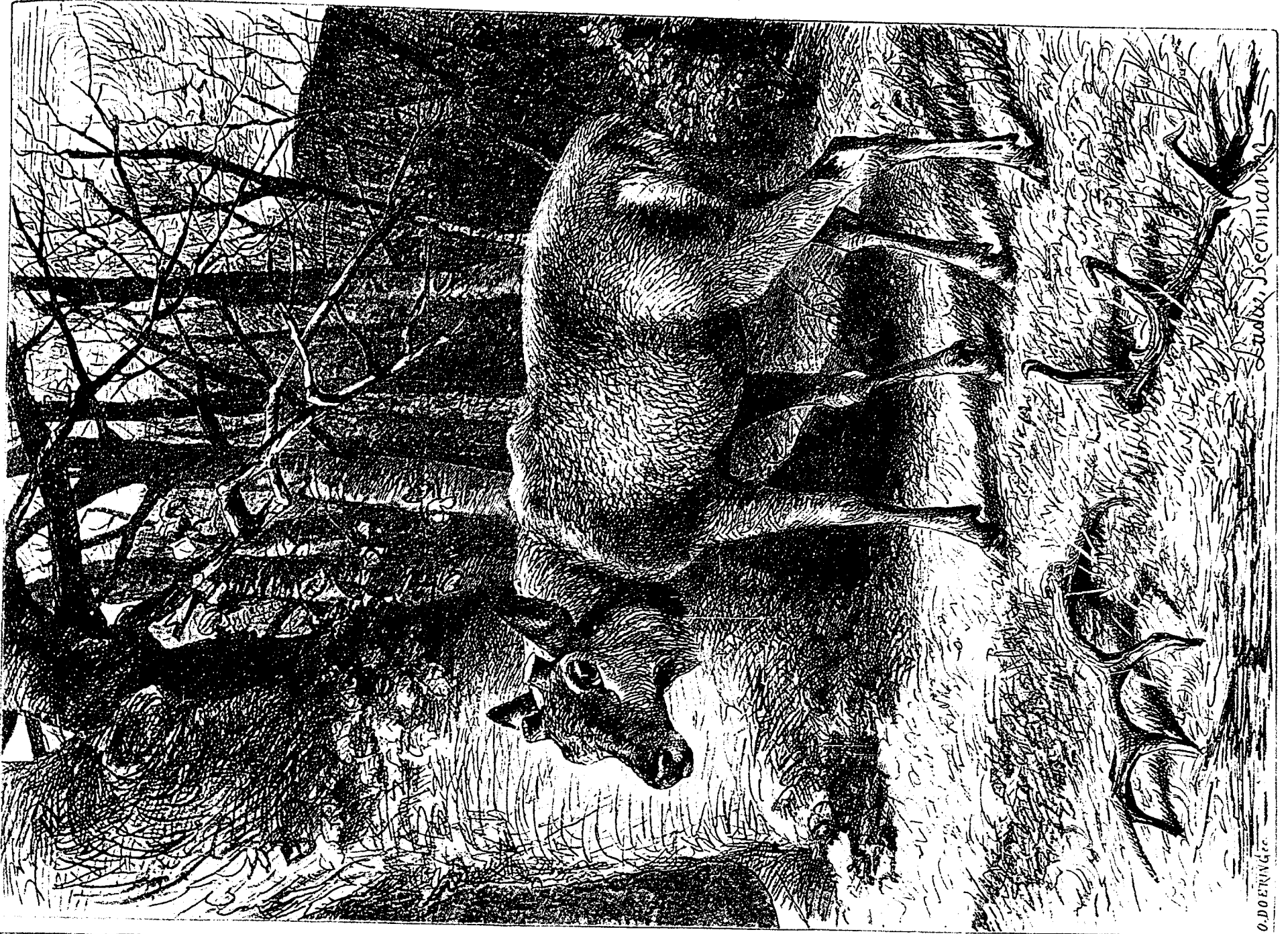
THE following is a good story about a well known professor, which may go to prove that even great physicists are liable to error: The professor was showing a party of ladies and gentlemen over some large works at Birmingham, chiefly engaged in the manufacture of complicated optical instruments. The party came across a very ingenious instrument, the working of which the professor proceeded to explain. In the midst of his exposition, a roughly-dressed young man, standing near, struck in, and civilly pointed out that the man of science was quite mistaken in his notions as to the instrument in point. The professor, whose weak point is not an excess of humility, angrily maintained his own view, but did not succeed in convincing his opponent, who finally shrugged his shoulders and walked off. "Who is that—that person?" asked the professor, indignantly, of a workman standing by. "Oh! that is Dr. —" was the reply; "he invented that instrument you have been looking at!" Tableau.

A SHORT time ago, a lady and gentleman were married in the neighborhood of Nottingham and proceeded in their carriage to the honeymoon among the Cumberland Lakes, the gentleman giving strict orders to Murphy, his Irish footman, on no account to state to inquirers that they were newly married. When leaving the first inn on the road, the happy couple were much astonished and annoyed to find the servants all assembled, and, pointing to the gentleman, mysteriously exclaiming, "That's him! that's the man!" On reaching the next stage, the indignant master told Murphy he must certainly discharge him, as he had divulged what he had impressed upon him as a secret. "An' pray, yer honor," inquired Murphy, "what is it yer complains ov?" "That you told the servants at the last inn we were a new-married couple." "An' it's not throve, yer honor," replied Murphy; "I tould the whole kit that yer honor and yer honor's lady (God bless her!) wouldn't be married yet for a fortnight!"

POPK AND BEANS.—One quart of white beans; wash and pick them. Some house-keepers soak their beans over night, but I find it less trouble to boil them at once, putting them in three quarts of cold water and letting them come slowly to the boil. Cook full three hours, and do not boil too rapidly, or they will be cooked unevenly. Season with a tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of white ground pepper, and as much red pepper as the cud of a penknife blade will take up. Put them in a deep baking-pan. If the beans have not absorbed all the water, keep some of the water they were boiled in, as they will require it when baking, if too dry. Take one and a half pounds of bacon; it is nicer than salt pork. Skin and score it. After the beans have been baking in a slow oven for four hours, put on top of the beans the bacon, and let it all bake two hours longer. If it gets too dry, add the water, which should be boiling.

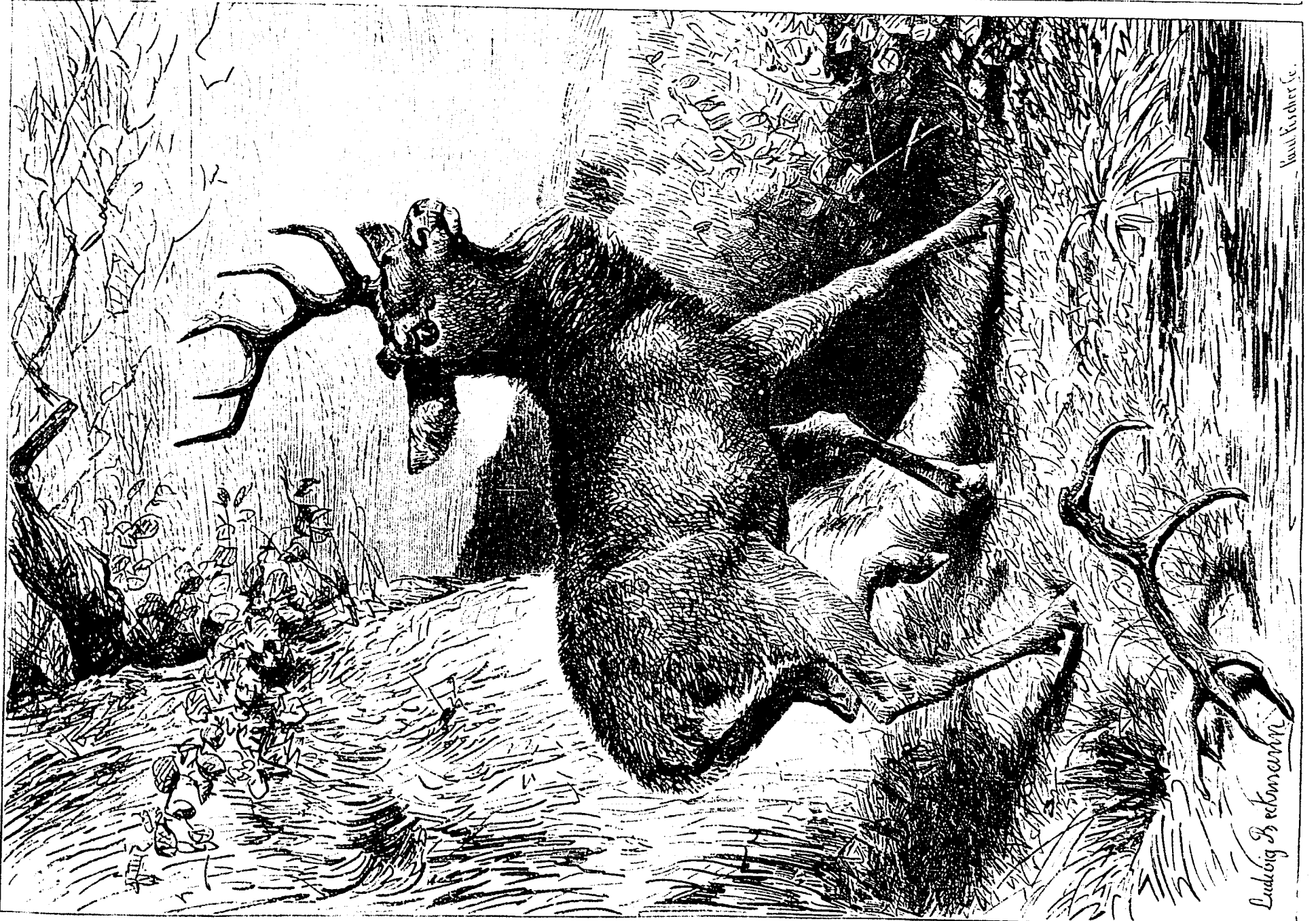


"HAYMAKING."—FROM A DRAWING BY M. RYCKEBUSCH.



O. DOERING

Ludwig Beckmann



Paul Kasper

Ludwig Beckmann

THE RED DEER SHEDDING ITS HORNS.—DRAWN FROM NATURE BY L. BECKMANN.

THE LOVE OF THE PAST.

As sailors watch from their prison
For the long gray line of the coasts,
I look to the past re- arisen,
And joys come over in hosts
Like the white sea-birds from their roosts.

I love not th' indecise present,
The future's unknown to our quest,
To-day is the life of the peasant,
But the past is a haven of rest—
The joy of the past is the best.

The rose of the past is better
Than the rose we ravish to-day;
'Tis holier, purer and fitter
To place on the shrine where we pray—
For the secret thoughts we obey.

There, are no deceptions nor changes,
There, all is placid and still;
No grief, nor fate that estranges,
Nor hope that no life can fill,
But ethereal shelter from ill.

The coarser delights of the hour
Tempt, and debauch and deprave;
And we joy in a poisonous flower,
Knowing that nothing can save
Our flesh from the fate of the grave.

But surely we leave them, returning,
In grief to the well-love'd nest,
Filled with an infinite yearning,
Knowing the past to be rest—
That the things in the past are the best.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

PICTURESQUE QUEBEC (1).

Under this title Mr. J. M. Lemoine has given us a sequel to his "Quebec Past and Present." Future generations of Canadians will owe even more to Mr. Lemoine's painstaking research than we ourselves. He has spent a great portion of his life in rescuing from oblivion the records of his city and country. The present work, besides its historical value is made most attractive to the general reader, who cannot fail to linger over the pages of anecdotes and lively descriptions with which it is filled. The first chapter is devoted to a mosaic of descriptions of the city itself, as it has appeared at different times to different authors, from the days of Jacques Cartier down to one of its latest and perhaps truest friends the Earl of Dufferin. In Mr. Lemoine's charmingly discursive manner, which is to many one of the great attractions of his writings, the chapters follow each other hap hazard, and we dip at one time into history, at another we roam about the city of to-day; we listen at one moment to the legends of the past; at another we gaze upon the industries of the present. Such objects as may naturally interest the antiquary in his wanderings through the city, are described with an evident love for the task which cannot fail in turn to captivate his readers. Some of the descriptions of the surroundings of Quebec are not altogether new to us, as Mr. Lemoine has reprinted in part some of his early sketches which under the title of *Maple Leaves* appeared in 1865. They naturally take their place here and serve to complete the work which was begun in "Quebec Past and Present" and is concluded in the present volume.

CARLYLE'S LIFE (2).

So much has been written and said of Carlyle since his death that anything like a lengthy criticism of this book is out of the question. The work itself can hardly be called a biography, being composed mainly of the sketches of Mr. Carlyle which were collected and prepared for publication by Carlyle himself some years before his death, and which cover the whole period of his life in London until his death, with which his active work ceased. These are prefaced by a description of his earlier life from Froude's own pen, accompanied by a promise from the historian of the completion of the work with an account of Carlyle's last years. Mr. Froude takes occasion to defend himself from the charge of publishing much that others have thought should have been left unseen. Much recrimination has aroused in this way over the outspoken character of many of the Reminiscences, and it was felt by many that the ruggedness of Carlyle's manner and the uncouth freedom of his speech should have been kept in the background. For answer, Mr. Froude takes ground upon Carlyle's own estimate of the duties of the biographer, and claims that what has been published of the Chelsea sage is such only as must needs have formed part of any true biography. Such ruggedness and outspokenness was Carlyle himself, and if we are to have a picture of him, it must be a true one and not, as Carlyle expressed it himself, the *ghost* of a biography. The work is illustrated by general engravings.

ERRORS IN ENGLISH (3).

Those who have already seen Dr. Hodgson's excellent little manual, will welcome the appearance of this edition. It has been carefully revised and edited by Francis A. Tealt, whose labour has, besides other things, supplied a more copious and thoroughly reconstructed index which adds much to the value of the work.

(1) Picturesque Quebec by J. M. Lemoine, President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, etc., etc. 1882, Montreal, Dawson Bros.

(2) Thomas Carlyle, a history of the first forty years of his life by James Anthony Froude, M. A. 1882, Montreal, Dawson Bros.

(3) Errors in the use of English, by the late William Hodgson, L. L. D. etc. etc. American revised edition, 1882, New York, D. Appleton & Company. Montreal, Dawson Bros.

Its high appreciation in England will doubtless be followed by a similar success in this country. The surprising list of mistakes which Dr. Hodgson has succeeded in extracting from authors of deservedly high reputation, serves of itself to show how few there are to whom such a work may not be profitable and even necessary.

THE DISEASES OF MEMORY (4).

The very modest preface with which Mr Ribot introduces his little book, which is here published in the International Scientific Series, claims consideration for it merely as an essay in psychology—the "the" in the title is of course an error in translation—and as treating the memory from a purely pathological standpoint it has a value which will be recognized by all students of a very difficult subject. It is an accepted fact that the study of an object under exceptional conditions often leads to a deeper insight into its true nature than the consideration of its purely normal state. Thus through the study of the diseases of the body or mind alike we are led to certain conclusions as to the functions of each, which in health are difficult of apprehension. It is with the view of presenting certain data for the study of the conditions under which the memory is exercised that Mr. Ribot offers his interesting monograph, and without drawing any general conclusions he has presented us with a number of vastly interesting parts supplemented by straightforward and sensible theories as to the understanding of individual cases. More he has not pretended and more he has not attempted to do, yet the work is undoubtedly a valuable contribution to psychological literature.

SACRIFICE OF A HINDOO WIDOW.

News of the widow's intentions having spread, a great concourse of people of both sexes, the women clad in their gala costumes, assembled round the pyre. In a short time after their arrival the fated victim appeared, accompanied by the Brahmins, her relatives, and the body of the deceased. The spectators showered chaplets of mogree on her head, and greeted her appearance with laudatory exclamations at her constancy and virtue. The women especially pressed forward to touch her garments—an act which is considered meritorious, and highly desirable for absolution and protection from the "evil eye." The widow was a remarkably handsome woman, apparently about thirty, and most superbly attired. Her manner was marked by a great apathy to all around her, and by a complete indifference to the preparations which for the first time met her eye. From this circumstance an impression was given that she might be under the influence of opium; and in conformity with the declared intention of the European officers present to interfere should any coercive measures be adopted by the Brahmins or relatives, two medical officers were requested to give their opinions on the subject. They both agreed that she was quite free from any influence calculated to induce torpor or intoxication.

Captain Burnes then addressed the woman, desiring to know whether the act she was about to perform was voluntary or enforced, and assuring her that, should she entertain the slightest reluctance to the fulfilment of her vow, he, on the part of the British Government, would guarantee the protection of her life and property. Her answer was calm, heroic and constant to her purpose; "I die of my own free will; give me back my husband, and I will consent to live; if I die not with him, the souls of seven husbands will condemn me!" Ere the renewal of the horrid ceremonies of death were permitted, again the voice of mercy, of expostulation, and even of entreaty was heard; but the trial was vain, and the cool and collected manner with which the woman declared her determination unalterable, chilled and startled the most courageous. Physical pangs evidently excited no fears in her; her singular creed, the customs of her country, and her sense of conjugal duty, excluded from her mind the natural emotions of personal dread; and never did martyr to a true cause go to the stake with more constancy and firmness, than did this delicate and gentle woman prepare to become the victim of a deliberate sacrifice to the demoniac tenets of her heathen creed. Accompanied by the officiating Brahmin, the widow walked seven times round the pyre, repeating the usual mantras or prayers, strewing rice and coorries on the ground, and sprinkling water from her hand over the bystanders, who believed this to be efficacious in preventing disease and expiating committed sins. She then removed her jewels, and presented them to her relations, saying a few words to each with a calm soft smile of encouragement and hope. The Brahmins then presented her with a lighted torch, bearing which—

Fresh as a flower just blown,
And warm with life her youthful pulses playing,

she stepped through the fatal door, and sat within the pile. The body of her husband, wrapped in rich kinkab, was then carried seven times round the pile, and finally laid across her knees. Thorns and grass were piled over the door; and again it was insisted that free space should be left, as it was hoped the poor victim might yet relent, and rush from her fiery prison to the protection so freely offered.

(4) Diseases of Memory, an Essay in the Positive Psychology, by Th. Ribot. Translated from the French by William Huntington Smith. 1882, New York, D. Appleton & Co., Montreal, Dawson Bros.

The command was readily obeyed; the strenght of a child would have sufficed to burst the frail barrier which confined her, and a breathless pause succeeded; but the woman's constancy was faithful to the last. Not a sigh broke the death-like silence of the crowd, until a light smoke, curling from the summit of the pyre, and then a tongue of flame darting with bright and lightning-like rapidity into the clear blue sky, told us that the sacrifice was completed. Fearlessly had this courageous woman fired the pile, and not a groan had betrayed to us the moment when her spirit fled. At the sight of the flame a fiendish shout of exultation rent the air; the tom-toms sounded, the people clapped their hands with delight as the evidence of their murderous work burst on their view, whilst the English spectators of this sad scene withdrew, bearing deep compassion in their hearts, to philosophize as best they might on a custom so fraught with horror, so incompatible with reason, and so revolting to human sympathy. The pile continued to burn for three hours; but, from its form, it is supposed that almost immediate suffocation must have terminated the sufferings of the unhappy victim.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, June 17.

WE are assured that Sarah Bernhardt is learning fencing, and that her master is M. Lantieri. Painter, sculptor, poet, authoress, aeronaut, and now mistress of arms!

"AMOROUS frog," "rosy snow," "dewy periwinkle," "expiring green," "comet," "budding love," "frothy Chicquet," and "Bengal fire," are the singular names of some of the most fashionable colors in Paris this season.

A GRAND concert was given at the Trocadero on Wednesday for the benefit of children just born. The idea is a little whimsical at the first blush, but it is well-placed charity to the poor parents, ill able to bear the expense of the new comer.

A YOUNG man of distinguished birth has just married a lovely and fascinating Jewess; but before the family of the lady would consent he had first to embrace (—) the Jewish faith. He was duly initiated into the mysteries of the Talmud, and abjured the Roman Catholic religion.

THERE was a show of princes and princesses at the ball of the Duchess de Pomar the other evening. Among them were the Princess de Bauffremont, the Princess de Montholon, the Princess Lise Troubetzkoi, the Prince and Princess Jean Troubetzkoi, the Princess Alexandra Troubetzkoi and Prince de Bauffremont. At the conclusion of the brilliant event a cotillon infernal was given, conducted by Prince Troubetzkoi and M. Carlos de Predraso.

M. MOLIER, a gentleman well known in Parisian society, and a fervent amateur gymnast, owns a private circus at his residence in the Rue Benouville, where every year he gives a grand representation for the benefit of his friends. The performance is much after the style of that met with in ordinary circuses; there is bare back riding, athletics, interludes by clowns, pantomimes, &c. The athletes, at the head of whom figures to advantage M. Moliere himself, are all persons belonging to the best society, a fact which gives greater zest to their tumblers and tricks. It is only a few days since M. Moliere's performance took place with its usual success in the presence of a large and fashionable attendance.

STRAWBERRIES at present are pretty dear in Paris. A gentleman from the country went to dine ten days ago at one of the restaurants on the Boulevard, and seeing little plates of strawberries on the buffet as he came in, he thought he would have some for dessert. But, with provincial caution, when the guest had nearly finished his dinner, he asked the waiter what was the charge for strawberries, and received the not ruinous reply that the cost was a franc. Therefore, he ordered a plate. While toying with the fruit he ordered his bill, and was astonished to find a charge of ten francs for strawberries. The waiter stated that what he meant to convey was that the fruits were a franc, not a dish, but each. The gentleman had already eaten nine strawberries. Through remorse of conscience he left the tenth remaining one on the little dish, and stood up to go away. "You have forgotten the waiter, sir," said the *garçon*, with a beseeching grin. "Forgotten you," exclaimed the guest; "certainly not! I have left you a strawberry, which is equivalent to a *pour-boire* for you of twenty sous."

At a recent fencing bout between a foreign gentleman and a fencing master, which was given in presence of a very distinguished circle, the foreigner denied all the hits of the master, which were palpable as possible, and said the result would have proved his truth had the foils been swords without the protecting top. "Would monsieur consent," said the master, "to a proof which would not be quite so

serious?" "Certainly, sir," was the quick reply. The professor retired into his private room and brought out the foils with buttons on. "In shirts, if you please, sir," said the professor. The foreigner and professor flung off their fencing jackets. One, two, a palpable hit at the foreigner's expense, and his denial. The company smiled; again and again the same denial. But now the proof was evident; every blow had left its mark in blood, and the professor explained that in the centre of the button of the foil there was just the finest needle point, which drew blood to mark the breast of the unbeliever, as the professor would himself have suffered had he been touched. This description of foil is, however, not quite a novelty.

FOOT NOTES.

A CELEBRATED character has just gone over to the majority. The name he went by was "Dicke Hahn" (Hahn the Fat), and he kept the Rœsli Inn at Cannstatt. During the siege of Paris, when Favre went to ask Bismarck for a truce, he hinted that the German army was as badly off for food as the people in Paris were. "You think so, do you?" said the future Chancellor; "I'll let you see differently." And then he sent for Fat Hahn. Fat Hahn came and exhibited his portly paunch and rosy cheeks to the French Commissioner, who was thereupon constrained to admit that there could not be much scarcity of victuals in the German camp, and he went away with the conviction that the besiegers were not very likely to raise the siege for the lack of meat and drink. Thus did Hahn, the fat innkeeper of Cannstatt, play a part.

THE London (Eng.) *Spectator* recently contained a very appreciative criticism of the recent performance of "Antigone" at University College. This notice was probably written by one of the participating Professors, and if so we are at a loss to account for the learned gentleman's strange oversight in omitting all mention of Mr. Torrington's efforts in connection with the performance. Thanks for the success are accorded to Prof. Ramsay Wright, Prof. Pine, and Prof. Hutton, and there is nothing in the article to intimate the well known fact that Mr. Torrington originated the idea of performing "Antigone," organized and taught the chorus, trained the orchestra and conducted the rehearsals and the public performance—and all this without any adequate reward for his professional services. The Professors may be entitled to more or less praise, but the deliberate suppression of Mr. Torrington's name in connection with the affair was a striking piece of ingratitude.

OVERDOING IT.—A Methodist minister, travelling on horseback through the State of Massachusetts, on a sultry summer's day, entered a cottage by the roadside, and partook of the refreshment which was cheerfully placed before him. For some time past there had been no rain, and the country around seemed literally parched up. The minister entered into conversation with the mistress of the house, and remarked on the dryness of the season, when the hostess replied, "Unless we have rain soon all my beets, cucumbers, and cabbages will be good for nothing; and I think that all the ministers ought to pray for rain." The guest informed her that he was a minister, and that he should be happy to comply with her wish. He accordingly knelt down and prayed that a gates of heaven might be opened, and that the shower might descend and refresh the earth; after which he thanked his hostess, mounted his horse, and departed. He had not been gone more than an hour when the clouds began to gather, and the hail and rain descended with such force as to wash the contents of the old lady's garden clean out of the ground. "There!" said she, "that is always the way with those Methodists; they never undertake anything but they always overdo it."

HIS EXCELLENCY'S PLEASURE.—In publishing the following curious anecdote of a distinguished Russian General, the Russian *Czas* expressly guarantees the authenticity of every detail therein set forth. It would appear that, whenever a personage of high rank and importance visits Warsaw, the Imperial police authorities commission their secret agents to watch every action of that personage by day and night, so far as may be compatible with the respect due to his exalted station, and to report the results of their observations regularly every morning. One of these reports, handed in to the police-office of the district in which is situated the Hôtel de l'Europe, where the General lodged during his recent sojourn in the Polish capital, is textually reproduced in the columns of the *Czas*. It runs as follows: "Last night, at the hour of nine, his Excellency the General deigned to leave his hotel. He wore an elegant silk hat and a no less elegant overcoat. In his hand he carried a walking-stick. His Excellency condescended to hire the droshky No. 217, and, seated therein, to drive to Ziazd, where he alighted, and straightway disappeared. His Excellency did not return to his hotel until seven o'clock this morning, wearing, however, a jacket and cap, both of which were covered with mud. It was, moreover, his Excellency's pleasure to appear considerably intoxicated."

AMONG the forthcoming gay and magnificent events will be a grand ball given by the Countess Siméon in honor of the marriage of her relative, Mlle. de Morny, one of the most elegant and engaging of the youthful circle of Parisian belles, with the Marquis de Belbeuf.

THE HISTORY OF CATS.

A man's sentiments with regard to cats are a kind of token of his age. In boyhood we are apt to hate cats, regarding them as "higher vermin." A dog which, like poor dog Tray in the poem, "is uncommon good at cats," is our favorite companion. We do not weary of contrasting the sterling merits and straightforward character of the dog with the sly and slinking habits of the cat. But as age draws on we begin to see redeeming features in the quiet, undemonstrative cat. We admire the sagacity with which it passes a double life—a sleek domestic favourite all day, a wild animal of unbridled impulse in the darkness of night. If the cat is not a robust animal like the Newfoundland or bull terrier, it is an unaffected one. It does not wag its tail at every chance corner, but purrs only when it has good reason to be pleased. The undemonstrative cat takes a human interest in her own comfort, disturbs no one (except occasionally at night), and really deserves protection from the worse than Bulgarian atrocities of fiends in the shape of boys.

This animal, so essentially hypocritical and civilised, has a history and a folk-lore of her own, which we now propose to examine. In the new number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Mr. Thistleton Dyer tells us a few things about the history and folk-lore of the harmless, persecuted cat. He remarks that the chariot of the Goddess Freya, "the Teutonic Venus," was drawn by cats, and for his authority he refers us to Kelly's "Indo-European Folk-Lore." But this does not advance us much, as we wish to know whence Kelly derived his information. But he who asks for first-hand references is born to be disappointed. It is not easy to see how Freya's car came to be drawn by cats, if cats were not introduced into Europe till the middle ages, by which time Freya had ceased to be adored. Probably Freya's were the tall, brindled, wild cats which thirty years ago were common enough in the West Highlands. This wild cat, Mr. Lenormant says, was hunted and even eaten (we regret to learn) by the dwellers in the Swiss lake-cities in the age of Stone. Mr. Lenormant is convinced that not Egypt, but Africa further south, is the cradle of the cat as a domesticated animal. The Egyptian wild-fowl hunter in the monuments took his cat with him in his boat, and the cat acted as a retriever. Cats, as a rule, dislike cold water; but they are fond of fish, and there used to be a cat in a mill on the Yarrow or Ettrick (we forget which) which would dive after trout and seize them even in deep pools. This cat did not illustrate the Latin proverb "*Catulus amat pisces sed aquas intrare recusat.*" The Egyptian cat's fondness for birds doubtless enabled him to overcome his aversion to wetting his feet. All the world knows through Herodotus how the Egyptians revered the cat, though, indeed, there was scarcely any animal which some of them did not ignorantly worship. The remarks of Herodotus about the personal habits of the cat seem to prove almost to demonstration that the domesticated animal was no more known in Greece in his time than in the country where Dick Wittington introduced it. On this topic, some years ago, Mr. Mahaffy entered into controversy; Mr. Mahaffy believing in Greek cats, while Mr. A. S. Murray was sceptical about their existence. If any Egyptian voluntarily slew a sacred animal, death was his punishment; and Diodorus tells us that a Roman soldier who had accidentally killed a cat scarcely escaped the fury of the people. Yet the Egyptians had probably a still higher respect for dogs. When a cat died in a house, the people shaved their eyebrows; but when a dog died, they shaved the whole head and all the body. Dead cats were embalmed, and buried in the city of Bubastis, the sacred city of Bast, or Pasht, the divine cat. Mr. Lenormant finds that the Egyptians still respect cats, and in Cairo serve up a copious banquet every day to the cats of each quarter, "in the court of the house of the Cadi." In one of the picture galleries was lately exhibited a study of cats on a pilgrimage in Egypt; they had a camel all to themselves, under the direction of an old pilgrim, and were perched most comfortably on the animal's shoulders. The cat, like so many other animals, played a considerable part in Egyptian religion. But, if Mr. Lenormant is right, cat-worship is comparatively late in Egypt. He finds no trace of the animal among all the many monuments of the ancient Empire. Under those early dynasties the cat-goddess, Bast or Pasht, was a lioness goddess. Not till the Twelfth dynasty, and the conquests in *le pays de Koush*, does the cat come to the front in Egypt. We may therefore regard the cat as a Cushite animal, derived from the *felis maniculata*, found wild in Upper Nubia and the Soudan. Our cat, on the other hand, is thought to be descended from the *felis catus*, the wild cat which gave a name to Clan Chattan, and to the Duchess of Sutherland a Gaelic title, said to mean "The Great Lady of the Cat." The Spanish cat is regarded as a hybrid, dating from the Arab invasions. The late introduction of domesticated cats among Semitic peoples seems to be proved by the absence of cats in the Bible. We do not remember a single mention of cats in Holy Writ. The Assyrians and the Babylonians are said to have been equally ignorant of this charming animal. There appear to be no Greek or Roman pictures or other representations of the *mau*, or "mew-cat," of the Egyptians. Perhaps one exception should be made; for Mr. Longpérier has encountered a cat on a Tarentine coin, struck shortly before the wars of Pyrrhus. Another archaeologist mentions a Roman tombstone, that of Calpurnia Felicula (*pussy*) on which a cat was

engraved; but the monument is lost, and its date was post-Christian. The Indo-Aryans of the Vedic age seem to have lived and died ignorant of cats. The Sanskrit names of the cat mean "the animal of the house," "the house-wolf," "the rat-eater," "the enemy of mice." The name of the wild cat in many languages seems to be related to our puss. The Persian is *puschak*; Afghan, *pischik*. Even the fanatic Kurd keeps his *psig*; the Lithuanian is attached to his domestic *puje*, and the Turk has a kindly feeling for the *puschik*. Mr. Pictet, that audacious philologist, is inclined to connect those words with the Sanskrit, *putchha*—that is, "tail"; and so we should find in "puss" the same idea as in the Greek—, the creature with the waving tail.—*Saturday Review*.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

THE GRAND VIENNA TOURNEY.

Now that the greatest chess match in the world's history has terminated, we may expect to see in the chess journals of the day full particulars of the contest. These will all be welcome to every one who takes an interest in a battle which no doubt has called forth the energies of our great players more than any previous event of a like nature. The prizes were of a value sufficient to excite attention, but we are inclined to believe that the contestants thought more of maintaining a high standing at the close, than of any benefits they were likely to derive in any other way.

There is still much speculation as to the result of this tie, which before now has been played off; but the general opinion is that Steinitz will come out at the head of the list.

Winawer, however, will not lose his chance of the proud position for want of skill, and knowing as we do that the least slip on either side will decide the encounter between these redoubtable chess heroes, it is not well to speak with too much assurance of the final result.

The same may be said to a certain extent of the game between Mackenzie and Zukertort.

Our American cousins have much cause to be pleased with the position in the Tourney which Mason has taken. He has exhibited skill of the highest order.

No doubt the whole of the games in the Tournament will be published at an early date, and the collection will be invaluable not only to the chess student, who is anxious to improve his play, but also to him who is only desirous of enjoying the intellectual treat which is to be obtained by playing carefully over the moves in the most brilliant of the encounters.

We have been informed that Mackenzie and Zukertort have agreed to divide the fourth and fifth prizes. If such is the case, we shall lose an opportunity of seeing what these two great players would do in a contest, which would call for all the skill at their command.

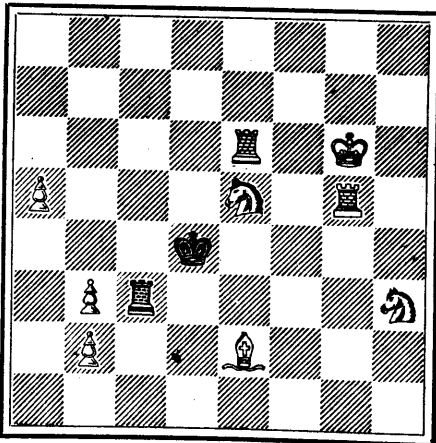
Considering, however, the amount of mental labor they have recently undergone, it would not be surprising if they should endeavor, by an arrangement of this nature, to bring the affair to a conclusion.

The Brighton Circulating Game is remarkable not only for egregious errors on the part of one or two of the players, but also as the medium for gentle admonitions and caustic reproofs, the latter conveyed in well-known aphorisms. These (it may be stated for general benefit) are not aimed at the quality of the play, but refer to the state of the book and the comments thereon. It is not in our power to give an authoritative reason for the present deplorable condition of the book, but we will take the liberty of inflicting upon our readers the conclusion which its appearance suggests. The assumption one would take is that the book has arrived by post just as the player is sitting down to breakfast, with the result that his attention is divided between the one and the other. This supposition is the more tenable as the pages of the book bear traces of a colored substance, strongly suggestive of the yolk of an egg. There is an amusing illustration of the "biter bit." Some one having requested that the book be "kept clean," and, in doing so, smeared his own writing, a wag facetiously draws attention to the fact by an asterisk, and the old axiom, "Example is better than precept." But, undoubtedly, the best service has been done by the gentleman who strengthened the covers of the book (seeing they were becoming dilapidated by reason of the continual transit through the post) and added the appropriate inscription, *Bis dat qui cito dat.*—*Brighton Guardian*.

PROBLEM No. 386.

By J. Paul Taylor.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 386.

- White. 1. Q to K Kt sq. 2. B to Q B3 (ch) 3. Q to Q4 mate. Black. 1. P to Q Kt 4 2. K takes B 1. P Queens 2. K Any

GAME 515TH.

VIENNA TOURNEY.

(From Land and Water.)

Played in the eighteenth round between Blackburne and Steinitz. Mr. Blackburne appears to advantage in

this game, playing in a bold, free style which, having regard to its success, contributes a powerful protest against the mincing excellence of the modern school. For a real master we want Blackburne without his defects—someone who besides hitting strongly and conceiving deeply also sees clearly and keeps a firm grasp of position.

(Ray Lopez.)

- White.—(Mr. Blackburne. 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to KB 3 3. B to Kt 5 4. B to R 4 5. P to Q 4 6. Kt takes P 7. Q takes Kt 8. B to Kt 3 9. P to Q B 3 10. Q to Q sq 11. Castles (e) 12. R to K sq 13. B to B 2 14. Kt to Q 2 15. Kt to B sq 16. Q to R 5 17. Kt to Kt 3 18. Kt to B 5 (e) 19. P to Q R 4 20. P takes Kt P 21. B to K 3 (f) 22. K R to Q sq 23. Q to R 3 24. R to Q 7 25. Kt to R 6 ch 26. Q takes Q 27. B takes R P Black.—(Mr. Steinitz.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. P to Q R 3 4. K Kt to K 2 (a) 5. P takes P 6. Kt takes Kt 7. P to Q Kt 4 8. P to Q 3 9. P to Q B 4 (b) 10. B to Kt 2 11. Q to Q 2 (d) 12. P to B 5 13. Kt to Kt 3 14. B to K 2 15. Castles K R 16. Q R to K sq 17. B to Q sq 18. P to B 3 19. P to Q 4 20. R P takes P 21. P takes P 22. Q to Q B 2 23. R to K 4 (g) 24. Q takes R 25. P takes Kt 26. B to Q 4 (h) Resigns.

NOTES.

(a) This is the *Cozio* preceded and to that extent varied by P to Q R 3. One's sympathies are with any attempt to introduce a square and fair defence in the Ray Lopez, but the text line must be had having regard to the rapidity of White's development.

(b) If this be necessary, his defence stands at once condemned, for the game is lost on principle on account of the weak Q P. See our notes in issue of April 29 last. The Minor Principle therein set forth is not invalidated by the fact that the unhappy Q P can be some time or other pushed forward and exchanged, for there will then be an undue exposure.

(c) Bold, but the position apparently justifies him. This course was evidently intended on his last move.

(d) If 11 B takes P then 12 R to K sq, and Black, however playing, will be dreadfully looked up.

(e) Here the nineteenth Minor Principle (Bland's Annual) comes in.

(f) Audaciously played. He cares nothing for the Pawn, relying upon the powerful augmentation of force that accrues to him.

(g) A dreadful blunder. He should play 23 B to B sq, 24 R to R 7, B takes Kt, though White keeps a fine game.

(h) Evidently demoralized. If wanting to struggle the move in that behalf is R to K 2, though of course he would have no chance.



TRENT NAVIGATION.

Notice to Contractors.

THE letting of the works for the FENELON FALLS, BUCKHORN and BURLEIGH CANALS, advertised to take place on the fifth day of July next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—Tenders will be received until Wednesday, the second day of August next. Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination (at the places previously mentioned) on Saturday, the Fifteenth day of July next.

By order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary. Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 20th June, 1882.

British American Bank Note Company.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Special General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company will be held in the Company's Offices, St. John Street, Montreal, on

Saturday, 8th July next,

at Three O'clock, p.m., for the purpose of taking into consideration and voting upon a By-Law passed by the Board of Directors, to increase the Capital Stock of the said Company.

By order, G. J. BOWLES, Secy.-Treasurer.

Montreal, 26th June, 1882.

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MONDAY, 10th JULY, 1882.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 27th June, 1882, to the 10th July, 1882.

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Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

JULY, 1882.

DELIVERY.		MAILS.	CLOSING.	
A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.
8 30	8 40	ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES.	8 15	8 40
		(A) Ottawa by Railway		
		(A) Province of Ontario, Manitoba & B. Columbia	8 15	8 40
		Ottawa River Route up to Carleton.		
		QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES.		
		Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, Sorel, per steamer.		
	5 35	Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, &c., by Q. M. O. & O. Railway		5 30
	8 00	(B) Quebec by G. T. Ry.		8 00
	8 00	(B) Eastern Townships, Three Rivers, Arthabaska & Riviere du Loup R. R.		8 00
	12 50	Occidental Railway Main Line to Ottawa.	7 00	12 50
	9 20	Do St. Jerome and St. Lin Branches.	7 00	9 20
	8 00	Do St. Jerome & St. Janvier	7 00	8 00
	10 00	St. Remy, Hemmingford & Laprairie Railway		10 00
	8 00	12 45 St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, Coaticook, &c.	6 00	8 00
	8 00	Acton and Sorel Railway		8 00
	10 00	St. Johns, Stanbridge & St. Armand Station	7 00	10 00
	10 00	St. Johns, Vermont Junction & Shefford Railways		10 00
	9 00	South Eastern Railway		9 00
	8 00	(B) New Brunswick, Nova Scotia & P. E. I.		8 00
		Newfoundland, forwarded daily on Halifax, when despatched by the Packet leaving Halifax on the 10th and 24th April.		
		LOCAL MAILS.		
	9 45	Valleyfield, Valois & Dorval.		9 45
	11 30	Boucherville, Contrecoeur, Varennes & Vercheres.	6 00	11 30
	9 00	5 30 Cote St. Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace.	9 00	5 30
	9 00	5 30 Hochelaga.	9 00	5 30
	11 30	Huntingdon.	6 00	11 30
	10 00	5 30 Lacbeile.	6 00	10 00
	10 30	3 00 Laprairie.	7 00	10 30
	10 30	Longueuil.	6 00	10 30
	10 00	New Glasgow, St. Sophie, by Occidental Railway Branch.		10 00
	10 00	Longue Pointe, Pointe-aux-Trem. & Charlemagne.	8 00	10 00
	8 30	2 30 Point St. Charles.	6 00	8 30
	11 30	St. Cosme.	6 00	11 30
	10 00	St. Lambert.		10 00
	1 30	St. Laurent, St. Martin & St. Eustache.	7 00	1 30
	11 30	5 30 Tanneries West (St. Henri de M.).	6 00	11 30
	10 00	Sault-au-Recollet & Pointe-aux-Lacs (also Bougie).		10 00
	10 00	6 55 St. Jean Baptiste Village, Mile-End & Coteau St. Louis.	7 00	10 00
		UNITED STATES.		
	8 30	8 40 Boston & New England States, except Maine.	7 00	8 40
	8 40	10 30 New York and Southern States.	6 00	10 30
	8 00	12 30 Island Pond, Portland & Maine.	6 00	12 30
	8 40	(A) Western & Pacific States.	8 15	8 40
		GREAT BRITAIN, &c.		
		By Canadian Line on Thursday		7 00
		By Canadian Line for Germany on Thursday		7 00
		By Canada on Monday		7 00
		Do. Supplementary, 11th and 25th December.		7 00
		By Packet from New York for England, on Wednesday		7 00
		By Hamburg American Packet to Germany, Wednesday		7 00
		By White Star and Inman Lines 14th and 29th April		7 00

(A) Postal Car Bags open till 8.45 a.m., and 9.15 p.m.
(B) Do 9.00 p.m.

Mail for St. Thomas, W. I., Brazil, Argentine Republic and Montevideo will be despatched from Halifax, N.S., once a month—date uncertain.

Mails leave New York by Steamer:
For Bahama Islands, April 12th.
" Bermuda, April 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th.
" Brazil, April 5th and 11th.
" Cuba and Porto Rico, April 8th and 22nd.
" Cuba, Porto Rico & Mexico, April 6th, 20th & 27th.
" Cuba and W. I., via Havana, April 15th and 29th.
" Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, April 25th.
" South Pacific and Central American Ports, April 10th, 20th and 29th.
" Windward Islands, April 5th and 29th.
" Venezuela and Curacao, April 15th.

Mails leave San Francisco:
For Australia and Sandwich Islands, April 8th.
For China and Japan, April 19th.

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