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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 1.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1883.

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THE TONQUIN EXPEDITION.—COMMANDER RIVIERE,
KILLED BEFORE HANOI.

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 Hoarn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

Table with columns for dates (June 30th, 1883, and Corresponding week, 1882) and rows for days of the week (Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun.) with sub-columns for Max., Min., and Mean temperatures.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal, Saturday, July 7, 1883.

THE WEEK.

Mr. Bright has now come out squarely against the Irish agitators whom he calls disloyal and rebellious. This is perhaps the most remarkable tergiversation in that remarkable man's career.

THE Provincial Government deserve much credit for promptly acting on the report of the Civil Service Commission and proceeding to dismissal and curtailment in a large number of cases. This is the only way to make a serious beginning.

BEFORE we go to press, the probabilities are that the Count de Chambord will have passed away from what was to him, in a double sense, a land of exile. The result of his demise must have an influence on the state of parties in France and his political testament will be looked for with concern.

WE are glad to learn that the prospects of establishing a Canadian sanitary association are excellent. The provisional officers will meet at Kingston in September, and proceed to draft a constitution and by-laws. Following upon this we hope to see the publication of a periodical devoted to the different branches of sanitary science.

GOVERNMENT are spending a great deal of money this year for the camping of volunteers, and the money will be well spent, if expended upon bona fide men. But we fear that there is a great deal of sham in the making up of the Cadres, and complaints reach us of young men enlisting only a few days before marching, with the sole view of enjoying the fun of the camp.

It is a pity, that, for the sake of capturing a little electoral influence, the Government of

the United States should stoop to so puerile an act as the reshipping of "assisted immigrants" from New York. The matter is so simple as not to be worth while arguing, but it is a great satisfaction to know that the better class of the American press have treated the subject with rare good taste and wisdom.

HEALY'S return for Monaghan, over both the Conservative and Liberal Candidates, is unquestionably a striking victory for his party. No wonder he declared that landlordism had been trampled under foot, and that the elections represented the demand of Ulster for a speedy reform in the Land laws. Healy further stated that he had little doubt, every farmer in Ireland would be the owner of his holding before many years. "The victory of the Parnell party would lead to the reopening of the land question and other great reforms and his hearers would see the day when Irishmen would make laws on their own soil." These be brave words, but the election in Monaghan gives them much significance.

The Globe agrees with us that the government of Canada should be consulted in the choice of a Governor General, but the Gazette so far disagrees as to be "really anxious about the mental condition of our contemporary under its next management." The London Advertiser, abounding in the same view, says:—"The Government of the United Kingdom are responsible for the appointment of Governors-General. The efficiency with which the Colonial Office administers its affairs depends upon the skill and ability with which the Governor-General discharges his duties. Certainly the men who are called upon to administer the Government of England, know the public men on that side of the Atlantic very much better than they can be known here. Whether it will be better that the people of Canada should appoint their Governor-General, is a separate matter. It does not arise in this case. What we have here is an attempt to embarrass the Government of Mr. Gladstone by interfering in the appointment of a Governor-General." We confess that we see no argument in all this against our pretension. As a mere matter of political or diplomatical etiquette, if nothing else, Canada should be consulted in so important a matter.

PRACTICAL RESULTS OF FISH CULTURE IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

Having read attentively your two leading articles on "Fish Culture," I venture to offer some candid observations, founded upon facts within my own knowledge, concerning fish-cultural operations and their practical effects in Canada. The first of these articles, from the ability of its author and its matter of fact style, attracts especial attention. It deals with the report of Professor A. J. Malmgren, to the Russian Government, discouraging the artificial breeding of fish in Finland on the pattern described and adopted at Nikolsk in the district of Novgorod. His conclusion is supported by reference to various countries in which he contends that adequate substantial returns from public expenditure are not shown. Pardon me for saying that I not understand Inspector Malmgren to allege, as you say, that "the artificial breeding of fish, especially in the United States and Canada, has proved a failure." He concedes everything else excepting the financial success, which he alleges cannot be unquestionably proved by perceptible improvement in the fisheries of the United States and Canada from the output of large quantities of fry.

I have received a letter from M. Von dem Borne, of Germany, asking for information to refute the learned doctor's statement. Other Canadian correspondents have also received similar communications. My own answer to him refers solely to the case of Canada as understood from official reports printed for public use. In the present letter I shall confine myself to the same class of facts.

The fecundation of vast quantities of fish ova and their development into living and healthy fry, in fabulous numbers and promising condition, immeasurably exceeding the produce of natural operations, are practical results established beyond peradventure. Herein is certainly an important gain to human knowledge as bearing on the necessities of mankind. The means of safe transport and successful deposit of both vivified eggs and young fish to distant parts and numerous places, have also proved efficient and in keeping with other success. The very interesting and instructive spectacle lately on view at South Kensington, of American and Canadian ova in process of hatching after an

ocean voyage, not only shows complete facilities for transportation, but indicates the boundless possibilities of the same ingenious energy that has brought fish culture to its present state. Thus far there is no appearance of failure and no room for doubt. What requires yet to be done is to convince the world that a proportion of such prolific hatching and abundant distribution, commensurate to the prodigious numbers hatched and liberated alive, has reached maturity and reappeared in commercial and industrial channels as a commodity of trade and an article of supply to such an appreciable extent as the faithful are justified in expecting. The multiplication of marketable food-fishes, as evidenced by the actual, is what remains to be proved. There can, I presume, be no doubt that the public tax-payer has a right to demand this proof; and in Canada, parliament and the press are always asking for it in somewhat impatient terms. We cannot longer confound the practical results of successful reproduction and promising distribution with the other practical results which are no doubt comprised in Prof. Malmgren's idea of "financial success." It may be that there are still, as you so well describe, skeptics and carpers—it may be that there are faults and accidents; but there are also exaggerators and enthusiasts, and with enthusiasm lurks the danger of being unduly influenced on behalf of fish hatching, even to the extent of overlooking contributory and "stubborn facts" necessary to establish perfect success and justify public patronage.

In view of this increasing demand I put in a word to say, that it seems to me to be the truest interest of the enlarged propagation of fish, and the immense increase of fish food which we anticipate from artificial methods and their auxiliaries, that we should now begin to consider seriously the economic as the chief of "practical results."

It is proposed, therefore, to bring under notice a few statistical facts relating to the artificial cultivation of fish in Canada, and its bearing on domestic consumption and trade supply. The present time is favorable for such a retrospect, because the decennial census of Canada is now complete, and the concurrent fish hatching operations between 1872 and 1882 afford a reliable basis of comparison.

Canada has eleven government fish hatcheries now in operation, eight of which are occupied in hatching salmon eggs only, besides two private ones, which also hatch the true salmon; two are employed in hatching salmon, white fish and trout egg, and one hatches white fish and pike-perch. The earliest of these hatcheries has been in operation for about fifteen years, and the latest for two years; the principles ones have existed since 1873. The entire cost of these public establishments to date is \$259,400.

The whole number of fish bred and distributed from 1868 to 1881 is about one hundred and five millions of which about twenty and a half millions were salmon, and about sixty-nine and a half millions were white fish.

The total catch of these two kinds of fish in the five provinces where hatcheries exist is given in the Census returns as follows:—

Table with columns for years 1871 and 1881, and rows for Salmon and Whitefish with their respective weights in lbs.

This difference is seventeen per cent. under the natural increase during the decade next preceding. Considering the increased numbers of fishermen and amount of netting in the last ten years, and the actual yield from new places and districts far removed from areas of the deposit of fry from the hatcheries, the general evidence of this exhibit is not thus far assuring of commercial benefit. Unfortunately the proof in special comparative instances is even less encouraging. Taking, for example, the two hatcheries which represent the leading fish products of the maritime and lacustrine sections of Canada raised in their precincts, salmon and white fish, namely, the Bedford Basin salmon hatchery at the sea coast of Nova Scotia, near Halifax, and the Sandwich whitefish hatchery between the great lakes, in Ontario, as easterly and westerly exemplars. Both of these hatcheries were started about the same time, and have been some seven years in operation. There is an ample margin of time for realization; and to be perfectly sure I reckon along with the salmon fry at Bedford, these hatched at Sydney, C. B., also in Nova Scotia, and I add to the whitefish hatch reported at Sandwich the hatch returned from Newcastle, Ontario. The number of salmon fry distributed in Nova Scotia was six million and a quarter. The catch of salmon in that province, by the Census of 1871, was 343,600 lbs.; and for 1881 it was 316,900 lbs., the decrease in ten years being over fifty per cent. notwithstanding other causes which should improve the yield, such as protection, fishways, etc., etc. The young whitefish distributed in Ontario between 1876 and 1881, numbered sixty-five millions seven hundred thousand. The catch of white fish in the same province, by the Census of 1871, was 4,239,000 lbs.; and by that of 1881 it was 7,660,200 lbs. This improvement in the whitefish fishery may be due in a measure to artificial hatching, but is most noticeable in localities dependent entirely on nautical sources, and it is indisputable that the yearly catch from 1875 to 1881, in the immediate vicinity of the Sandwich hatchery, has declined.

The state of the salmon fishery in Nova Scotia is undoubtedly against us. But the weakest of all is the case where we ought to be strongest—at the parent institution, from which five millions six hundred thousand young salmon have

been distributed. The catch of salmon in Ontario, by the Census of 1871, was 17,800 lbs.; and by the Census of 1881 it was nil. The Superintendent's Report for 1881 states that, so far as returns go, it is a complete failure. This settles the point that absolutely nothing has resulted in fourteen successive years from the repeated deposit, prolific incubation, and annual distribution of salmon at the parent establishment.

If, then, as it appears, the economic results from this large outlay and enormous distribution of salmon and whitefish, in two exemplary instances on the sea coasts and inland waters of Canada, within the period of ten years, are, as the official returns establish, comparatively insignificant, it is not fair to assume and wise to acknowledge that the time has arrived to ask ourselves, if there may not be something wanting perhaps in our nursing and rearing of the broods, which want defeats fruition from the tried methods of impregnation and incubation that have thus far, from ova to fry, proven remarkably successful!

The presence of eminent scientists and experienced fish-culturists from all parts of the world now assembled at the International Exhibition in London, affords a rare and timely opportunity to discuss the matter, and to elicit information and opinions that may not only instruct and guide us in the future,—if there be defects in the system,—but give assurance to the public tax payer that we are reaping or shall sooner or later reap the fruits of so much zealous and expensive labor. This phase of the enterprise is of such great importance in its relation to the permanence and extension of the system of artificial fish hatching, that I think it merits the attention of distinguished and practical men in both hemispheres.

Your obedient servant, W. F. WHITCHER.

PERSONAL.

THE Prussian Ministry have decided to take the regulation of Church matters into their own hands, independent of Rome, and to submit a Bill in the Diet providing for a modification of the May laws. The bill is not intended to be an organic measure, but one removing the chief objections to those laws. The bill will consist of a single paragraph, allowing the saying of Mass and the dispensing of the sacraments, in consideration of recognition of the Government's modified rule in regard to the duty of informing the Government of Church appointments.

AS old hat of Herr Wagner's has lately been made the subject of a lengthy legal document. Not long before his death the great musician bought a new hat in Venice, and put it on at once, leaving his shabby old head-gear behind on the counter. With a keen eye to business the hatter kept the old hat, which was of white felt and the usual broad-brimmed shape often seen in Wagner's portraits, and he has now sold it for a handsome price to a devoted Wagnerian. The purchaser was determined that there should be no doubt of the relic's authenticity, and obliged the hatter to give a full account of Herr Wagner's visit and purchase before a lawyer, the deposition being duly signed, attested by witnesses, and carefully handed over to the lawyer's keeping.

ALLAN THORNDYKE RICE, the editor of the North American Review, recently bought up an ancestral estate known as "the Plains," a tract of seven hundred acres with palatial buildings, in Caroline county, Md., the property of the late Mrs. Bourne, whose father, Isaac Parnell, a typical Southern gentleman, married a daughter of Benjamin Sylvester, a large landholder in ante-bellum times. The Parnell family were related to Senator Pendleton of Ohio and some of the first Virginia families. They were very wealthy, and maintained all the social customs of the old Dominion aristocracy in old plantation times.

A CRUEL PRACTICAL JOKE.—A man, travel-stained and wearied, entered the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington a few days ago, and said he had just arrived from Muskovy, Indian Territory, and had come for the purpose of getting his instructions as agent at the Union Agency, in that Territory. He was informed that an agent was already there, and that no vacancies existed. Upon hearing this he seemed to be very much overcome, and said that his friends had told him that he had been appointed Indian agent, and all that was necessary for him to do was to go to Washington and receive his instructions. He said that he had spent all his money in coming here. He was told that he had been made the victim of a practical joke.

THE production of beer in the United States last year amounted to 525,000,000 gallons, an average of more than 14 gallons for every inhabitant. This average is still behind that of Belgium, of Great Britain, and of Germany, the German average being 22 gallons per head annually; but it is larger than that of any other country, and the increase in the consumption of malt liquors in this country is in every way remarkable. In 1865 the total production was but 62,000,000 gallons, so that the increase has been more than eight fold in twenty years, the population having increased about sixty per cent. To counterbalance this, the statistics show that the production of distilled liquors has diminished during this period, notwithstanding the increase of population.

DOMINION DAY.

BY T. MCTUFF.

Ring the bells, merry bells,
At the break of day!
Their clangor tells, as it swells,
'Tis Dominion Day.

Do not lag, hoist the flag,
Upon the highest pole;
Loyally and joyfully,
Engage with heart and soul,

From Nova Scotia's rugged coast,
From far Vancouver's Isle,
From Manitoba's prairies green—
Ontario's fruitful soil,

New Brunswick's mountains echo back
The thunders of Quebec;
Cape Breton's sons
Stand by their guns,

Long may Confederation be
Our country's guiding star;
Not e'er set of rulers e'er
Its constitution mar;

What enemies but well might fear
Our borders to attack,
Did they but know the souls which glow
Beneath the Union Jack!

Ours not the mercenary aid
That pampered hirelings give;
The ties which bind our loyalty
Are silken bonds of love,

Then let us all right royally
Engage, while yet we may,
To celebrate,
With minds elate,

Campbellford, June 18th, 1883.

THE NEW "PILGRIM" OF THE FALL RIVER LINE.

To say of anything that it is the best of its kind in the world is to make a bold claim, and yet this is what may be safely asserted of the new steamer Pilgrim of the Fall River Line, between New York and Boston, and of which we give several excellent illustrations. The Pilgrim, which after several years of construction and preparation took her place last week in the regular passenger service of the line, has been aptly christened "The Iron Monarch of Long Island Sound," and is not only larger than any other inland steamboat in the world, but is also unsurpassed in the perfection of its finish, the completeness of its appointments, and the extent and variety of its equipment. The hull of the Pilgrim, which is of iron, was built and launched at the well-known Chester (Pa.) yard of John Roach & Son, and her boilers, engines and machinery supplied by the same firm at their works in New York. To fully describe in detail all the features of the Pilgrim would be to the unprofessional reader a tedious task, but a few figures may give some idea of her magnificent dimensions and varied equipment. Among her measurements are the following: Tonnage, 3,500 tons; length 300 feet; beam over guards, 87 1/2 feet; depth from floor to top of dome, 60 feet; aggregate horse-power of twelve boilers, 5,500; diameter of paddlewheels, 41 feet; of steam cylinder, 110 inches; weight of walking beam, 83 tons; and of cylinder, 30 tons. In the equipment of the boat are required ten miles of electric light wire, five miles of copper signal wire, 2,000 feet of fire hose, 6,000 yards of carpeting, 4,500 sheets, 4000 blankets, 3,500 towels, 10,000 pieces of china and crockery, and 1,800 pieces of silverware. The Pilgrim has sleeping accommodation for 1,000 passengers, and a dining-hall seating 170 persons at once. In every detail of construction and furnishing, the principle of the builders of the Pilgrim has been to "get the best." Iron bulkheads dividing the hull transversely, render it unsinkable; the

casings in iron of the engines and boilers, and the practical abolition of gas and lamps, reduce the danger from fire to a minimum; while in the decorations and the furnishings nothing which could please the taste or enhance the comfort of the passengers has been omitted. The grand saloon and its galleries and ceilings, the main staircases and the bridal staterooms, are marvels of the decorator's and the furnisher's arts, and in all departments of the great steamer, and for all classes of passengers, all the latest and most effective appliances of modern skill and taste to insure both comfort and safety have been called into service. In round numbers, the total cost of the Pilgrim has been one million dollars, and the Old Colony Steamship Company, her owners, may safely challenge the world to produce, for a long time to come, her equal. With the addition of the Pilgrim, the Old Colony fleet now numbers nine first-class steamers, of which four are exclusively in the freight service, enabling it easily to hold the pre-eminence it has long deserved and maintained as the finest and the favorite of all the lines plying the waters of Long Island Sound. The service for the Summer of 1883 includes a separate line to Newport and a daily line to Boston via Fall River.

In the fitting up and equipment of the Pilgrim nothing has been omitted which the resources of modern art and science could suggest. Nearly one thousand Edison electric lights illuminate brilliantly the saloons, galleries, dining-rooms and all the larger spaces of the great steamer, while in every stateroom a simple half-turn of the key will throw an instant flood of clear, soft light at the service of the occupant. The three dynamo machines generating the electrical current, are run by a special boiler at 150 horse power, and to produce by candlelight equivalent to that supplied by the electric plant would require nearly twelve thousand candles burning simultaneously. The candle-light would doubtless, even then be far less satisfactory, while the resultant heat would be absolutely intolerable. The entire absence of heat from the lights, the almost perfect immunity from danger from fire and gas explosion are, by no means the least of the advantages of the electric system of lighting. The Edison plant was adopted on the Pilgrim, after two years successful and constant use on another of the Sound line of steamers, and thorough examination of all the claims of competing systems. The fixtures for the electric lights, of elegant and tasteful design, were all manufactured by the well-known and enterprising firm of Mitchell, Vance & Co., of this city, who, for many years, have led in the manufacture of gas fixtures, and are now prepared in connection with their other business, to adapt their extensive facilities to the manufacture of the most effective and artistic fixtures for the electric light. Their ability to succeed in this new branch is amply demonstrated by their work on the Pilgrim, which includes one electrolier of thirty-six lights, two of twenty-seven, and a large number ranging from four to eight lights each. All of the silverware on the Pilgrim, of which there are over three thousand pieces, was supplied by Reed & Barton, of Taunton, Mass., whose works, established in 1824 as pioneers in the manufacture of table ware, have steadily grown until they now cover ten acres, and employ nearly one thousand men. Compared with competitors, the Reed & Barton manufactories as far surpass any other as does the Pilgrim all of her floating rivals. Special designs were prepared for most of the ware, and an exceedingly rich and solid effect, combining beauty with utility, has been secured. Few private tables can compete with those of the Pilgrim in the elegance and substantial merit of their silver. The New York City salesroom of Messrs Reed & Barton, at 686 Broadway is a museum of all that is rare and excellent in their art, and a national headquarters for connoisseurs in fine silver ware. The furniture on the Pilgrim was made to order by Doe, Hunnewell & Co., of Boston, from special designs. In the main saloon are several hundred chairs of beautiful carved mahogany, upholstered in deep red French mohair plush, specially imported for this use; one hundred low, easy chairs for ladies, and a large number of sofas and seats around the masts. The furniture of the social hall, of the ladies' cabin, and of the quarter-deck, is all similar in style and material to that of the main saloon. In the bridal rooms are handsome black walnut bedsteads, and in seven of the rooms they are of an elegant folding pattern, so that when closed, the room presents the appearance of a richly-furnished parlor, with long pier mirrors. All the other apartments of the steamer are furnished in equal taste and comfort by Messrs. Doe, Hunnewell & Co., who also supplied the curtains, portières and drapery. The joiner work—that is to say, the interior wood finishing of the Pilgrim—was done by William Rowland, the largest house of this kind in the country, whose work may be found in all the steamers of the Old Dominion Ocean Steamship (Savannah), Mallory and Pacific Mail Lines; and, in short, in nearly all of the coastwise steamers now plying from New York and the North Atlantic ports. H. C. & J. H. Calkin, of this city, the plumbers, painters and decorators of the Pilgrim, brought to this task the experience of thirty years, during which they have fitted up nearly all the coastwise steamers, including the Ward (Havana) and Pacific Mail Lines. Steam heat is carried into every stateroom, and the plumbing includes all the latest improvements of the best private dwellings. Messrs. Calkin also supplied the life-rafts of the Pilgrim, similar to those which, under the new steamship law, they are now furnishing most of the foreign trans-Atlantic

steamers. G. & R. Hutson, of this city, who did all the painting and frescoing of the Pilgrim, performed similar services for her well-known elder sisters of the Fall River Line, the Bristol and the Providence, all of the Iron Steamboats and white's Rockaway excursion fleet, and also for the City of Richmond, which, decorated by the Messrs. Hutchin with special splendor, now plies on the bay route between New York and Long Branch. The same firm are now painting and frescoing the new Tremont, of the Boston and Portland Line. All the metallic packing used on board the Pilgrim comes from L. Katzenstein & Co., of this city, and is similar to that supplied by the same firm for the Pacific Mail, the latest Cunarders, the City of Rome, the Normandie, the North German and Hamburg lines, and adopted by the principal steamship companies of Europe. The twelve lifeboats of the Pilgrim which are the largest ever constructed for an inland steamer, are all of the Lewis H. Raymond patent, and fitted with his automatic plug, that is never missing when needed. Mr. Raymond's lifeboats are in use in all of the American coastwise steamers, and also on many of those crossing the Atlantic under foreign flags. David Kahnweilers's "Neversink" cork life-preservers, over which over a quarter of a million are in use in all parts of the world, have also been supplied to the Pilgrim. Survivors from the San Francisco, the City of Houston, the Seavanhaka, and many other ill-fated steamers, give testimony to the value of Kahnweilers's life-preserver, which are now in use in nearly all the first-class passenger steamers in all parts of the world. The firm also makes a specially of swimming and bathing jackets, which may be worn under the ordinary bathing suits, and are extremely valuable in teaching ladies and children how to swim. The Pilgrim is steered by steam, and is under the most perfect control. The windlasses, capstans, and all the other appliances of the steering gear, were supplied by the American Ship Windlass Company, of Providence, R.I., the sole manufacturers of machinery of this kind.

PERSONAL.

MISS HOWARD, the American physician in China, now treating the wife of the great Viceroy, is besieged by many ladies of wealthy families, "who would rather die than be treated by a foreign male physician."

CARDINAL MANNING is still in very delicate health. Suppressed gout is a treacherous malady, and in the Cardinal's case the anxiety of his friends is naturally increased by the fact that his eldest brother, the late Mr. Charles Manning, succumbed to this disease.

TURNER'S well-known house in Queen Anne street has been recently rebuilt and decorated with a commemorative tablet that is said to be the best tablet of the kind thus far designed in London. Besides the dates of Turner's birth and death, a portrait of him appears on the tablet.

OSCAR WILDE seems to be played out as an aesthetic apostle. He worked the art dodge in this country for all it was worth, and has abandoned it. He surprised his friends at a recent London reception given to Mr. Whistler, the artist, by appearing as an ordinary individual, dressed in a commonplace suit and shorn of his beautiful locks.

It is a favorite amusement of some artists to jot down on a piece of paper a number of dots, and challenge each other to make a picture by connecting them with lines. Curiously enough, this is the method used by the South African Bushmen in the drawings with which they used to adorn their caves when still untouched by European influences.

ABOUT 45,000 school-children in Germany have had their eyes examined, and one-half of them were found to be short-sighted. In some schools the proportion of disaffected eyes was from 70 to 80 per cent. The evil is attributed to badly lighted schoolrooms, poor desks, excess of study and too little exercise.

THE Suez Canal (according to a correspondent of the London Times) is fast becoming a source of disease. The numerous settlements that have grown up along its banks have allowed their sewage pipes to run into the canal, and owing to this fact, the stench is sometimes intolerable and many diseases are prevalent.

THE line of breastworks, which in 1864 was thrown up around Raleigh, N.C., is in large part obliterated, but in some places, for hundreds of yards, the nearly perfect line yet stands. Grass grows luxuriantly, and keeps the earth in shape. In one or two places cannon lie rusting in the grass. Much of the line, which was continuous, runs through cultivated land, and can only be discovered by a red band on the lighter soil.

St. Hugh's, the new Carthusian monastery just opened in England, near the Partridge Green Station, on the Brighton "pleasure line," is the largest Carthusian monastery in existence, covering nine acres and a half of ground, and measuring half a mile in circumference. It is the only Carthusian monastery in England. It lies within its own grounds, the Order having acquired the free freehold of about 600 acres.

THE contractors who are cutting the canal through the Isthmus of Corinth are confident that the work will be completed within four

years. The canal will be just four miles long and of the same dimensions as that of Suez—namely, 72 feet wide and 26 feet deep throughout at low water. Vessels from the Adriatic ports will save 185 miles and those from the Mediterranean 95 miles by passing through the canal, besides avoiding the dangerous coast around Cape Matapan.

ANTHONY K. HENDERSON, who recently died in Erie, Pa., bequeathed his fortune of between \$200,000 to \$250,000, after some small personal bequests are deducted to the towns of New Castle, Pa., and Cleveland, O., for the establishment and maintenance in each of an industrial home for poor boys, in which they may be taught the trades and given a sufficient education for the ordinary requirements of business life.

It is reported that the Prince of Wales has expressed a desire that the honor of knighthood should be conferred upon Henry Irving, and that the fact should be announced at the Irving banquet on the Fourth of July, at which the Prince is to be present. The Queen is not disposed to confer this dignity on an actor, and it is not yet certain that Mr. Irving will ever become "Sir Henry." The honor has never been bestowed upon an actor, but Irving's popularity and the Prince of Wales's friendship are likely to turn the scale in his favor.

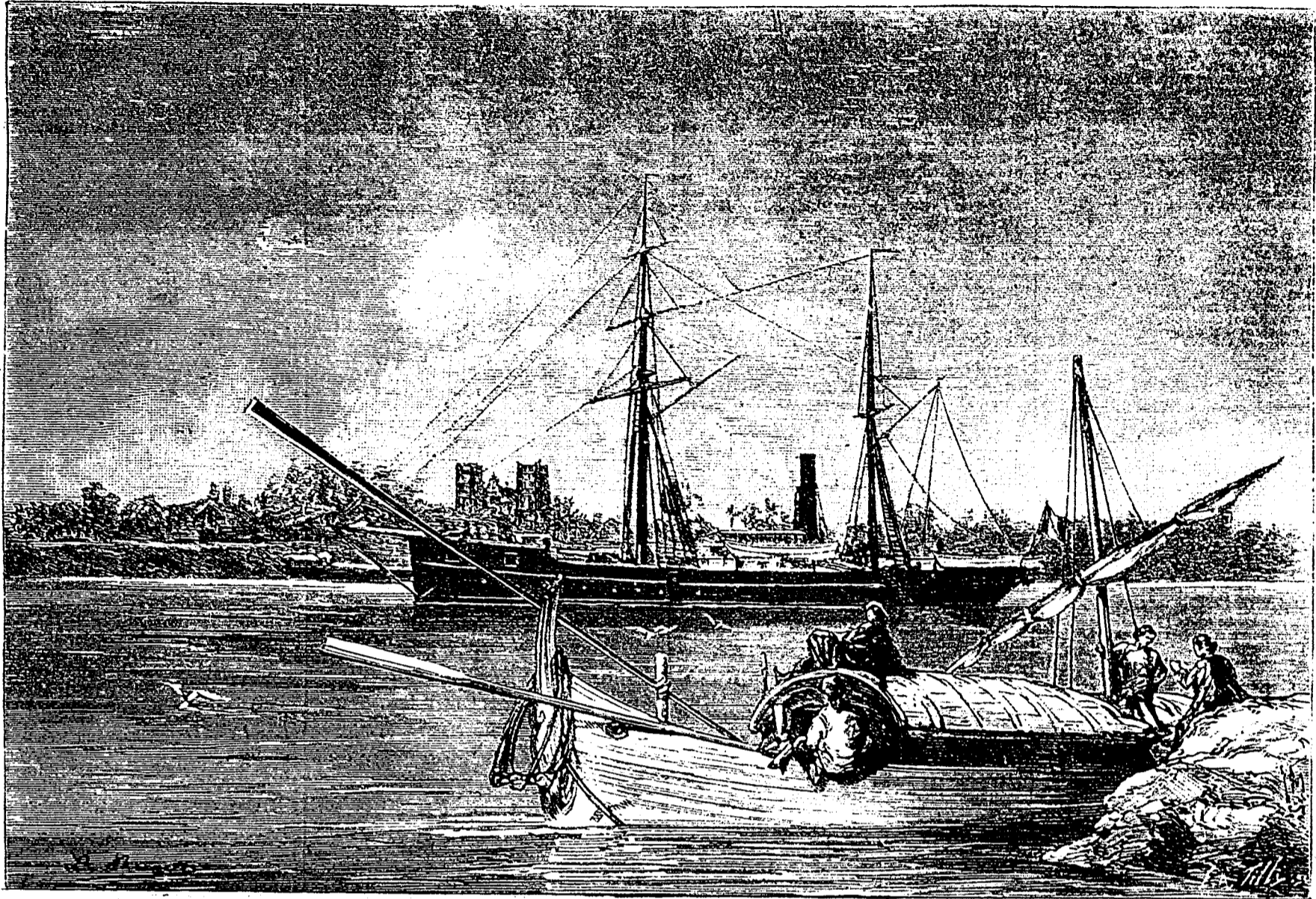
FOOT NOTES.

A LONDON paper claims that young Englishwomen of the middle and upper ranks are physically stronger than their counterparts in any other European country, or in the United States. Well-bred American girls are famous for an elegant and refined type of loveliness; French ladies are the best dressed in the world; the youthful frauleins of Germany have the finest heads of hair; the Spanish girls the brightest eyes to be found anywhere; and in Venice and Florence may be seen, to this day, direct descendants of those old-world blonde beauties still fresh and fair upon the canvas of Titian. When, however, all is said that courtesy to the foreigner demands, young English ladies remain stouter of limb, clearer of complexion, and altogether more hearty than others elsewhere. Plain food, sound sleep, suitable clothing, exercise in the open air, and the plentiful application of soap and water, are the hygienic open secrets for the preservation of health in the human being; and the use of those aids, helped by a climate favorable to physical development and personal beauty, have made young English women what they are at their best.

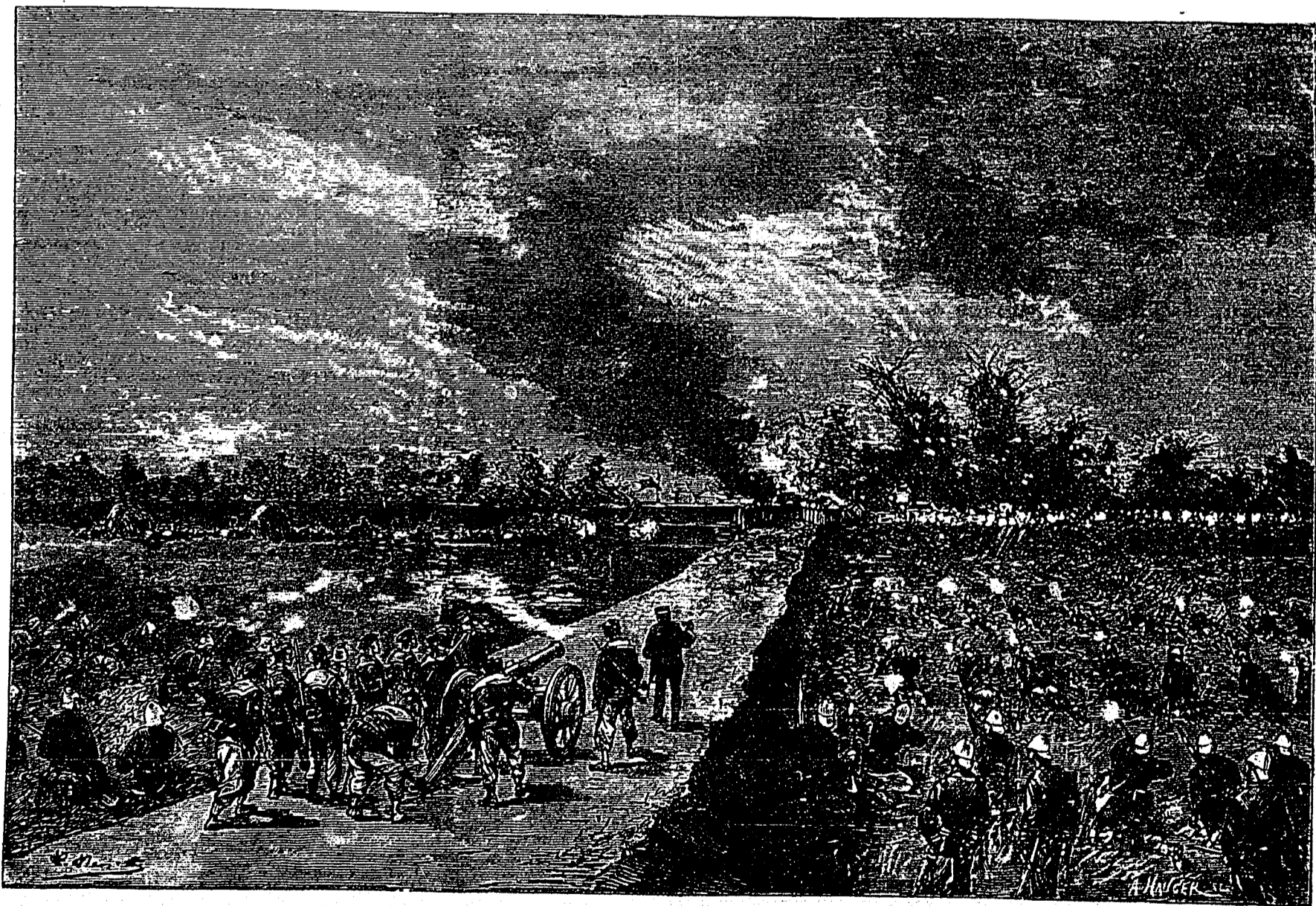
THE DIVIDED SKIRT.—In spite of all the complaints about the caprices and absurdities of fashion, there has been during the last thirty or forty years a gradual movement as regards women's dress towards common-sense principles. There was a time—it does not seem so very long ago—when there were no hats, only bonnets; when there were no natty jackets and overcoats, but only cumbersome cloaks; when Balmorals were unknown, and alternated between sandal shoes (elegant, but ineffective against mud) and clumsy snow boots or clattering pattens. All these improvements, be it observed, are imitated from masculine attire. The reason is obvious. Here and there one may see a silly "masher" strangling his throat in a "Marwood" collar, but, as a rule, men insist that their dress shall fit easily and comfortably. At the same time, we willingly admit, with "A Woman" in Thursday's Times that the male dress which is suitable for ordinary purposes needs some modification when hard exercise is to be undertaken. Still, the mass of men are so dressed that they feel no discomfort from their clothes, and consequently when women seek to escape from the thralldom of milliners, they take to studying the toilettes of their fathers, their uncles, and their brothers. The divided skirt is the last and the boldest move in this direction. Not bold enough, however, to please some ladies. "Why this feeble compromise?" they say. "Let us have trousers, or else continue to worship the petticoat of our unemancipated days." Trying a thing is far better than talking about it, and the ladies of Mr. Proctor's family (the well-known scientific writer) find that now they have adopted the divided skirt they need no stays. This is an important and noteworthy fact. For ourselves, we are old-fashioned enough to hope that the flowing robe may never be given up. Time out of mind it has been woman's distinctive apparel. And if it is made reasonably short (like a peasant's dress on the stage), and reasonably loose, it is not necessarily an uncomfortable garment. What ladies, we suspect, are really revolting against are the painfully tight skirts of the last few years.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y. E-O-W



THE TONQUIN EXPEDITION.—THE GUNBOAT *FANFAN* BEFORE KESA, THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP'S RESIDENCE.



THE TONQUIN EXPEDITION.—THE VILLAGE OF GIA-KOUCK, TAKEN 28TH MAY, 1883.

THE LATE MR. N. S. WHITNEY.

Another of Montreal's worthies, the esteemed and widely-beloved gentleman, whose portrait we have given on another page, has at last gone over to the majority at the comparatively early age of 62 years.

Mr. Whitney was born at Frelighsburgh, on the 2nd December, 1820, and came to Montreal at an early age. Later on he entered into the wholesale dry goods business, and consequently into the leather business, in which he continued until his death. Mr. Whitney was always identified with measures of progress. In his office was held the first meeting of the Montreal Telegraph Co. at its organization. He was always foremost in promoting or taking part in the promotion of works of utility, benevolence and religion. He was largely instrumental in forming the Horticultural Society of which he was latterly President; was a life governor of the Hospital, not in name only, but in deeds and activity, as the annual reports have testified. Was a Trustee of the Mount Royal Cemetery; A devoted adherent of the Church of England. He was for many years a lay delegate to the Synod; a member of the Executive Committee, and a governor of the Diocesan College.

Mr. Whitney came of the good old United Empire loyalist stock and showed himself a worthy descendant by serving in both winters of the Rebellion although not of the age required by law. In politics he was always a staunch liberal. He was several times invited to come forward as a candidate for his native country, but always declined. It was while visiting his country residence, "The Hills," where he had a large stock farm, at Frelighsburgh, that he caught cold, resulting in his death. Respected by all alike for his loving and excellent qualities he will long be missed and his death leaves a blank in a large circle which will not soon be filled up.

VARIETIES.

The Bishop of Gibraltar writes to the London Times a strange letter about Monte Carlo, the great gambling place. There was a scheme on foot for the erection of an English church at this headquarters of bad morals. The Bishop says that the place contains the very scum of all Europe, and that its morals are so bad that there is no use of trying to plant a church there. Therefore he declines to give his sanction to the proposed enterprise. In this the good Bishop takes curious ground. It is generally held by promulgators of the Gospel that the worse a community is the greater is the reason for planting a church there. If the Bishop of Gibraltar is



THE LATE N. S. WHITNEY.

disposed to give over the frequenters of Monte Carlo to Satan, without making an effort for conversion, there may be a field for the labors of the Salvation Army. The Salvationists are never discouraged by finding an extraordinary amount of wickedness among the people they try to convert, but rather regard it as a stimulus to spirited endeavor in their behalf.

A Lost Art.—Either the language of courtship has deplorably fallen off since the days of our grandfathers, or our novelists have lost the art of reporting it. There is an instructive scene in the *The Wild Irish Girl*, a romance by Miss Owenson (afterward Lady Morgan), which our grandmothers, before their marriage, read with emotions proper in society at the beginning of this century—a scene that can profitably be studied:

"It is a sweet hour," said Glorvina, softly sighing.

"It is a *boudoirizing* hour," said I.

"It is a golden one for a poetic heart," she added.

"Or an enamored one," I returned. "It is the hour in which the soul best knows herself; when every low-thoughted care is excluded, and the pensive pleasures take possession of the dissolving heart."

'Ces douces lumières,
Ces sombres clartés,
Sont les jours de la volupté.'

And what was the *voluptas* of Epicurus but those refined and eloquent enjoyments which must derive their spirit from virtue and from health, from a vivid fancy, susceptible feelings, and a cultivated mind, and which are never so fully tasted as in this sweet season of the day? Then the influence of the sentiment is buoyant over passion; the soul, alive to the sublimest impression, expands in the region of pure and elevated meditation; the passions, slumbering in the soft repose of nature, leave the heart free to the reception of the purest, warmest, tenderest sentiments, when all is delicious melancholy or pensive softness, when every vulgar wish is hushed, and a rapture, an indefinable rapture, swells with sweet vibration on every nerve."

At this point what would the modern girl have said? She would have said, "Oh, Henry, hire a hall!" Not so the charming Glorvina:

"It is thus I have felt," said the all-impas-sioned Glorvina, clasping her hands, and fixing her humid eyes on mine; "thus in the dearth of all *kindred* feeling have I felt. But never—oh, till now, never—" And she abruptly paused, and drooped her head on the back of my chair, over which my hand rested, and felt the soft pressure on her glowing cheek, while her balmy sigh breathed its odor on my lip.



THE TONQUIN EXPEDITION.—BATTLE BETWEEN BAC-NIGUE, ON THE 29TH MARCH, 1883.

THE CORNER.

The seat in the corner—
What comfort we see
In that type of affection,
Where love bends the knee,
Where the prayers of our childhood
We learned to repeat,
And the lips of a mother
Made holiness sweet.

The name of a corner
Has something still dear,
That tells us of pleasures
Ne'er bought with a tear:
Of loved ones remembered,
Of faces once gay
They have fled like a dream,
Like a vision away.

Our letters, full often,
Kind sayings abound;
But still in the corner
The kindest is found.
We look to the postscript,
And there written small,
We find in the corner
Words dearer than all.

Our heart receives many
We love with good will,
But who gets the corner
Is loved the best still:
For the heart bathes in corner,
And dear is the one
Who remains its possessor,
Till life's love is gone.

CHARLES MACKAY.

UNCLE GEORGE'S WILL.

1.

"But, mamma, it is impossible!"

"But, Mollie, it is not only possible, but it is a fact!"

"Mamma, I don't believe it!"

"Very well, then look at your uncle's letter yourself," and Lady Mary Houghton tossed a closely-written letter across the breakfast table to her daughter.

Mollie picked up the letter gingerly with the tips of her fingers.

"It won't bite," said her mother irritably.

"I don't feel at all sure about that, mamma. If it were Uncle Edward himself, it would."

"Nonsense!"

Mollie, with a deep frown upon her pretty white forehead, began to read.

"I am glad poor Uncle George has left something to Meta and Agnes," she said. "At least there is some good in his will."

"Five thousand to each of my married daughters," said Lady Mary complacently.

"Yes, it will gratify your brothers-in-law; and I am sure Meta will want it, if she goes on having two babies regularly every year."

"If they are all as pretty as the last four, I wish she might have three a year," said Mollie lightly. "I never saw such a set of little ducks."

"Of course you like them, you have none of the trouble and responsibility, you little goose."

"Not to speak of the natural affinity between ducks and geese," said Mollie gravely—her poor little face becoming more and more disconsolate.

"And five thousand to you, mamma, that is nice! and I see nothing about me. You were hoaxing after all, mamma dear, I am so thankful."

"Mollie, when you have a little more experience, you will know that the residue is always at the end."

"Oh, but if it is only the residue—" she cried hopefully.

"Only the residue! but that is the bulk!"

"Oh dear!" cried Mollie. "I thought the residue meant the fag end, and the bulk the spacious middle, and—"

"You are incorrigible!" said Lady Mary, drawing her chair from the breakfast table, and warming her feet by the fire. "Come and sit by the fires and if I can, I will explain it all to you. The residue of your uncle's fortune amounts to two hundred thousand pounds, and this is left to you absolutely, but on one condition—"

"And that condition is the impossible thing that I can't believe."

"And that condition is," went on Lady Mary, without taking the smallest notice of the interruption, "that you marry your cousin Stephen Charles Algernon Houghton."

"Was there ever such a man!" cried Mollie.

"And if you refuse to marry him, or marry any one else, then all this money is to go to a nasty hospital. I never heard of such a thing!" cried Lady Mary in a burst of indignation.

"It is the most abominable, dreadful, wicked and intolerable will that ever was made," said Mollie. "And oh! to think that poor dear, good Uncle George should have imagined such iniquity."

"Granted that it is all you say, Mollie!" said her mother severely, "remember that you have got to do it."

"Mamma!" cried Mollie, in a tone of such amazed horror that Lady Mary in spite of herself could not help laughing.

"Oh Mollie, Mollie, of course you must—don't you see it? You can't ruin this poor young man's prospects—you can't condemn him to beggary. I must appeal to your better side."

"No, no, no!" cried Mollie, shutting her ears with her fingers. "I won't have my better side appealed to! Yes, I will though," very suddenly. "Of course my better side is all for the hospital—of course I could not think of thwarting uncle George's philanthropic intentions, certainly not! I am not so bad as that, mamma."

"You are silly this morning," said Lady Mary, "and are taken by surprise also, so I will make allowances for your silliness. Hospital indeed! I never did approve of pauperizing the people and—"

"Good morning, mamma," cried two bright young voices, and the two married daughters came in together.

"Aggie wanted to go to Marshall and Snelgrove's, and I wanted to take her, so I picked her up in Brook street, and we have come in on the way to hear if you have heard from Uncle Edward."

"Yes," said her mother. "I have. Ring the bell, Mollie, for more coffee. What will you have, dear?"

"I should like something—I am awfully hungry," said Meta, undoing her fur hat. "I breakfasted at half-past seven with Tom, who has gone into Hertfordshire for a shoot. Is that muffin quick, Mollie. But how late you are! What time did you go to bed?"

"Nine o'clock," said Mollie absently. "There is nowhere to go now, so we went to bed. Mamma and I are always late in the morning when we go to bed early."

"Oh, do be quiet," said Agnes. "You do chatter so; and I am dying to know about the will."

"He has left you girls—"

"What? Quick, mamma!"

"Five thousand."

"Oh!" Meta jumped up, and executed an animated pas-soul in the middle of the room.

"He is an intense old brick!" she cried.

"He isn't," said Mollie mournfully.

"He is, you minx. I shall send Tom a telegram, I think, very carefully worded."

"It is very nice," said Aggie, more sedately.

"Go on, mamma."

"He leaves the big silver dinner-service, and all the Houghtonleigh plate to your brother Charles. It will be very useful to him at Marchlands. Five thousand to me."

"And nothing to the Indian cousin?" asked Meta. "Every one said that he was sure to have the bulk."

Lady Mary glanced at Mollie, who gave a little bound in her chair.

"You talk about what you do not understand, Meta," she said, flushing scarlet. "A will is like a merino sheep—all its value is in its tail."

"What does the child mean? Go on, mamma."

"The residue of the property is left to Mollie on one condition."

"Oh!" cried both again, "my dear Mollie! how magnificent! How much!"

"Two hundred thousand."

"And Mollie is to have it all?"

"Not a sixpence," said Mollie dolefully. "It is a snare and a delusion, a mirage which no earthly traveller can reach, an apple of Sodom which turns to ashes at our lips. It is all left to found a hospital!"

"Mollie," said her mother indignantly, "I did not bring you up to tell positive black fibs."

"A lie that is half the truth, is ever the worst of lies," said Mollie, unable to resist the quotation.

"Oh, how you chatter!" said Agnes. "Do tell us the whole thing, mamma, and don't let Mollie interrupt every moment."

"Be quiet, Mollie! The money is left to her, on condition that she marries the Indian cousin, Stephen Houghton, and if she does not marry him it is all to go to found a hospital."

"So Mollie is provided with a fortune and a husband without the trouble of waiting for either," said Meta, pouring out some coffee. "I congratulate you, Mollie."

"I won't be congratulated! There is nothing to congratulate me about."

"My dear little child," said Aggie soothingly.

"Don't say things now that you will be sorry for afterwards. You would not do such an immoral thing as deprive Stephen of his patrimony."

"I should do worse if I were to consent to marry the creature without—without—"

"Without what?" said her mother coldly.

"She means love, mamma," said Meta. "With an utter disregard for the fact that love is an exploded idea, and that nothing is of the smallest consequence except an adequate settlement."

"And a virtuous esteem," put in Aggie.

"Don't be childish, Mollie; you have that already for the worthy Stephen, and there is always a chance that such a beginning may ripen into a warmer sentiment."

"Certainly, Mollie," said Meta, whose young husband had fallen in love with her at first sight, and stoutly maintained that she had done likewise. Their love affairs had been highly satisfactory.

"Well, what is to be done?" said Agnes.

"There is always a next move to everything; what is it to be?"

"I really have not had a moment in which to think," said Lady Mary ruefully. "What with Molly's high-flown nonsense, and your talk, my dear girl, I have not been able to collect my thoughts; and there is a letter from your Aunt I have not even opened yet."

"Ah, that is sure to contain some suggestion of value," cried Meta. "Open it at once, mamma, and let us hear it. Aunt Jennie is always the cleverest of the whole lot."

Lady Mary opened the letter, and her three daughters gathered all round to read it over her shoulder, Meta holding a corner of it to bring it more within the vision of her rather short-sighted eyes. They read as follows:

"My Dear Mary,—Now there must be no nonsense about this matter. I cannot hear two words about it. Of course I can't have poor dear Johnnie's son denuded of his own lawful property for the sake of any romantic trash a silly chit may take into her head."

"How you catch it, Poll!" said Meta.

"Sh—go on."

"Please to impress this at once upon Mollie. I expect her cousin here on Tuesday the eighteenth of next month; he will spend some time with me, and matters shall then be finally arranged as to fitting times and seasons."

"I dare say!" said Mollie indignantly.

"Hush—sh!"

"So, dear Mary, pack up Miss Mollie at once, without any unnecessary delay. You can go and stay with Charles at Marchlands, it will do you all good; and I will undertake Mollie's affairs. She does not leave this house until she has made up her mind to be a reasonable woman. As to love, I do not think any daughter of yours could be so irrational as for one moment to consider it worthy of consideration when a plain duty is involved."

"Oh, yes, I see my duty," said Mollie with a gasp. "There is such a want of hospitals, and this one—"

"My dear Mollie, what on earth do you mean?"

"I won't go to Aunt Jennie's."

"Yes, you will," said her mother.

"Oh, yes, darling, of course you will," said her sisters.

"But I am not going."

"Mamma," said Meta, "we are going to Marshall and Snelgrove's. Do you want anything for Mollie for this visit? Has she got anything in the world to wear?"

"I have got all my season gowns."

"All London, and smelling of smoke. Oh, please, mamma," cried Meta, "let me get her one or two really killing gets-up. Nothing is worn now but tailor-made, and she has got such a nice round, soft little figure."

"Very well, only you must let me have some little choice in the matter. I should like her to look her best."

"Naturally," said Aggie significantly.

"But I won't look my best, if you mean that—that—"

"Yes, that—that!—Come Poll, be reasonable, and I will make you a real duck."

"Turkey twill quilted elder-down, so fitted for an æsthetic figure like mine," said Mollie hysterically.

"The brougham is at the door, my lady."

"There, I must not keep the horses waiting. Quick, Mollie, get your hat."

Mollie ran up stairs.

Lady Mary began giving hurried directions, and had not finished before she reappeared.

"Cloth, Meta, mind, and made to fit thoroughly, and moderate buttons—yours were too large; and patterns for the evening."

"All right, mamma. Come, Aggie, Marshall is selling off, and I mean to buy half the shop at half price."

II.

"Prit-ty, prit-ty Polly Hopkings,
How do you do-o?—How do you do-o?"

"Ready, Poll! How much longer do you mean to keep a fellow waiting?"

"Mamma, said Mollie, "There is Tom down stairs shrieking for me already, and I wanted to say so many things about—"

"Mollie!" from below.

"You must not keep him waiting, dear, when he is ready to take you to the station. I really think you have said all that there can be to say. If you only knew how tired I am of hearing you say the same thing over and over again."

"But, mamma," cried Mollie, trying very hard to suppress her tears, "I won't do it, mamma, you know."

"Mollie!"

She stamped her little foot.

"My dear little girl, you will lose the train. Give my best love to Aunt Jane, and tell her to write to me at Marchlands."

"Oh, mamma, I—"

"Nonsense, child, you have got three weeks to enjoy Aunt Jennie before Stephen comes, so think no more about it."

"I shall come back on the seventeenth, mamma, that is quite decided."

"Mollie! ten-forty!"

"My dear, do go."

"Good-bye, mamma, till the seventeenth. I shall go to Marchlands if you are not here."

But Tom would wait no longer, he dashed up the stairs five steps at a time.

"You'll be late for the train, you perverse young person, you! Now do you come."

With one hasty kiss Mollie ran down stairs.

Meta was waiting to take her to the station with the four children in the carriage. Tom jumped into a hansom and they were off.

"You look charming, my dear, quite charming!" said her sister. "If only Stephen—"

"Oh, Mettie," cried Mollie in an agony. "If you knew how like pins and needles, mustard and peppercorns, his horrid name is to me, you would forbear."

"I forbear," she answered laughing. "Here we are at Paddington, and Tom gesticulating frantically."

"Bell rung! quick, quick!"

They had to run up the platform, as fast as it was possible to run, to the carriage where Mollie's anxious maid was leaning out of the window, white with suspense.

The train was just starting. Mollie put out her pretty head.

"Good-bye, Tom; tell Meta I won't—wou't—"

"Refuse!" shouted Tom. "That is right, dear! that's right!" waving his hand—and Mollie was borne off with a horrible doubt in her mind as to whether he had only pretended to hear wrong or not.

However, she settled down in her corner of the carriage with one of the immortal "Chronicles of Carlingford" to read, and was very uncomfortable.

At one o'clock hunger overpowered prudence, which would have suggested a later hour for luncheon, and Mollie ate all her sandwiches.

She regretted this when five o'clock tea-time came and passed—but regrets were useless. Not until seven o'clock did she reach her destination, and even then there were twenty minutes of warm brougham and fur rug between her and Lady Jane's house, Holiwell.

All things come to an end. Just as they were arriving her maid suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, I beg your pardon, miss, but Sir Thomas gave me this for you, and I quite forgot it."

"This" was an ornamented box of French bonbons. Mollie was touched, and said, "Dear old Tom!" under her breath, and wished she had had them sooner—they might have helped to fill up the gap at five o'clock, and now it was nearly dinner-time.

The carriage drew up, a hospitable light streamed from the hall door, and in two seconds Mollie found herself in the arms of her aunt in front of a fire large enough to roast an ox whole.

"My dear child," said Aunt Jane, kissing her again and again, "I am so glad to see you, and you are looking so pretty!"

It was a very proper boudoir in which they met, the paper Morris' darkest sage-green, the chimney-piece painted to match; the whole room full of screens, many embroidered sunflowers, many scanty-leaved irises.

A large sofa was drawn up near the fire, on which lay Lady Jane's only daughter, Gwendoline, the owner of the boudoir, and alas! an invalid. Had she been bright with health she would have been a very pretty woman; as she was, there was something very sweet in the delicate face.

"How are you, Cousin Gwendoline," said Mollie, stooping to kiss her cousin affectionately. "I do so hope that you are better."

"I am very well for me," was the cheery answer. "Are you cold, Mollie? Mamma, bring her close to the fire."

"Oh no, thank you," said Mollie, who, coming in from the frosty air, was stilling. "I am as warm as a toast indeed."

"How nice to be quite warm in such weather!" said Gwendoline with a little shiver.

It was too late for tea, so Mollie was taken up to her room to dress and rest before dinner, and there Aunt Jane could say nothing to her, because her maid was getting out her things as quickly as she could, so Mollie felt thankful that the evil moment was put off.

"Did you hear whether anybody was staying here, Burton?" she asked, as soon as the door had closed upon her aunt.

"Yes, miss; your grandmamma is here—no ladies but her ladyship—and Captain Houghton."

"Oh!" said Mollie. She wondered who Captain Houghton was, then suddenly remembered with a horrible qualm that some one had once said that Stephen was a captain.

"Impossible," she said to herself, half-rising from her chair. Her aunt would never be guilty of such a piece of treachery as that! Her cheeks burned so much at the very idea that she wondered how she should ever get them cool for dinner.

Meanwhile an odd conversation was going on in the drawing-room down stairs. Gwendoline in her long pale gown, her wraps of elaborate crewel-work had been carried up stairs; and Lady Jane in a most comfortable and becoming peignoir of crimson plush, had taken her place on the sofa. In front of her, standing with his back to the fire, stood a very tall and very handsome specimen of the Houghton family. Lady Jane found herself in a somewhat embarrassing position. It had never even entered her head that the most natural thing in the world would occur, namely, that her favorite nephew, on hearing of his uncle's will, would immediately run down to Holiwell to talk it over with her. He had arrived without warning that afternoon.

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie," she said, "I little thought you were so utterly destitute of common sense."

"My dear aunt, I can't for the life of me see what common sense has got to do with it. I am not going to sell myself for money."

"But you see, there is the poor child to consider; one must not be selfish, my dear boy."

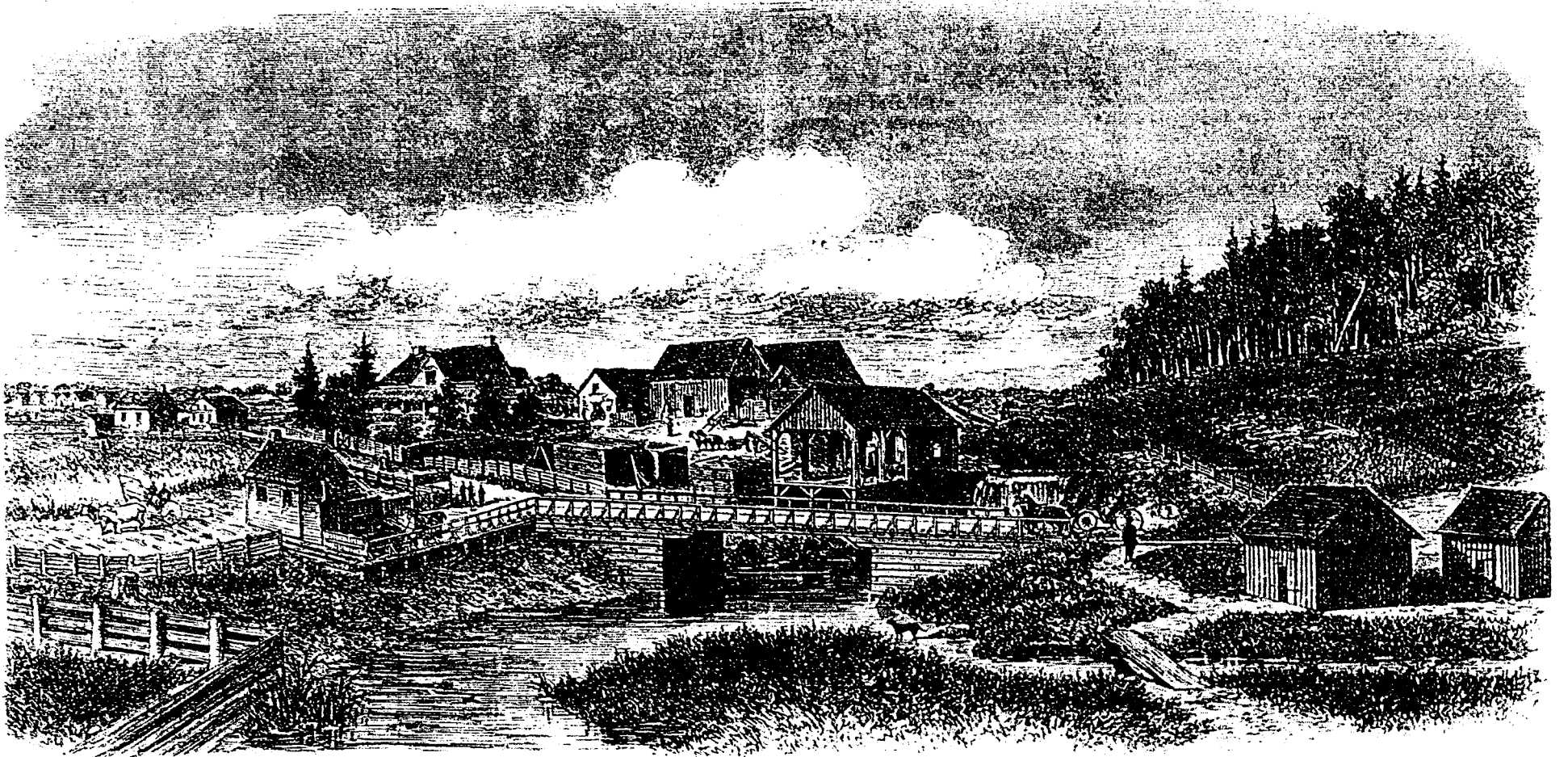
"I understand that she has already some small fortune," he said hastily. "And if, as you say, she is so pretty, she is quite sure to marry."

"Two hundred a year," said his aunt. "It has sufficed hitherto for her clothes. Oh, yes, I dare say she will marry, because she is more than pretty; she is quite lovely. I think she is far the prettiest of my sister's daughters, and they are all handsome. Meta and Agnes both married the very moment they came out, and extremely well, too."

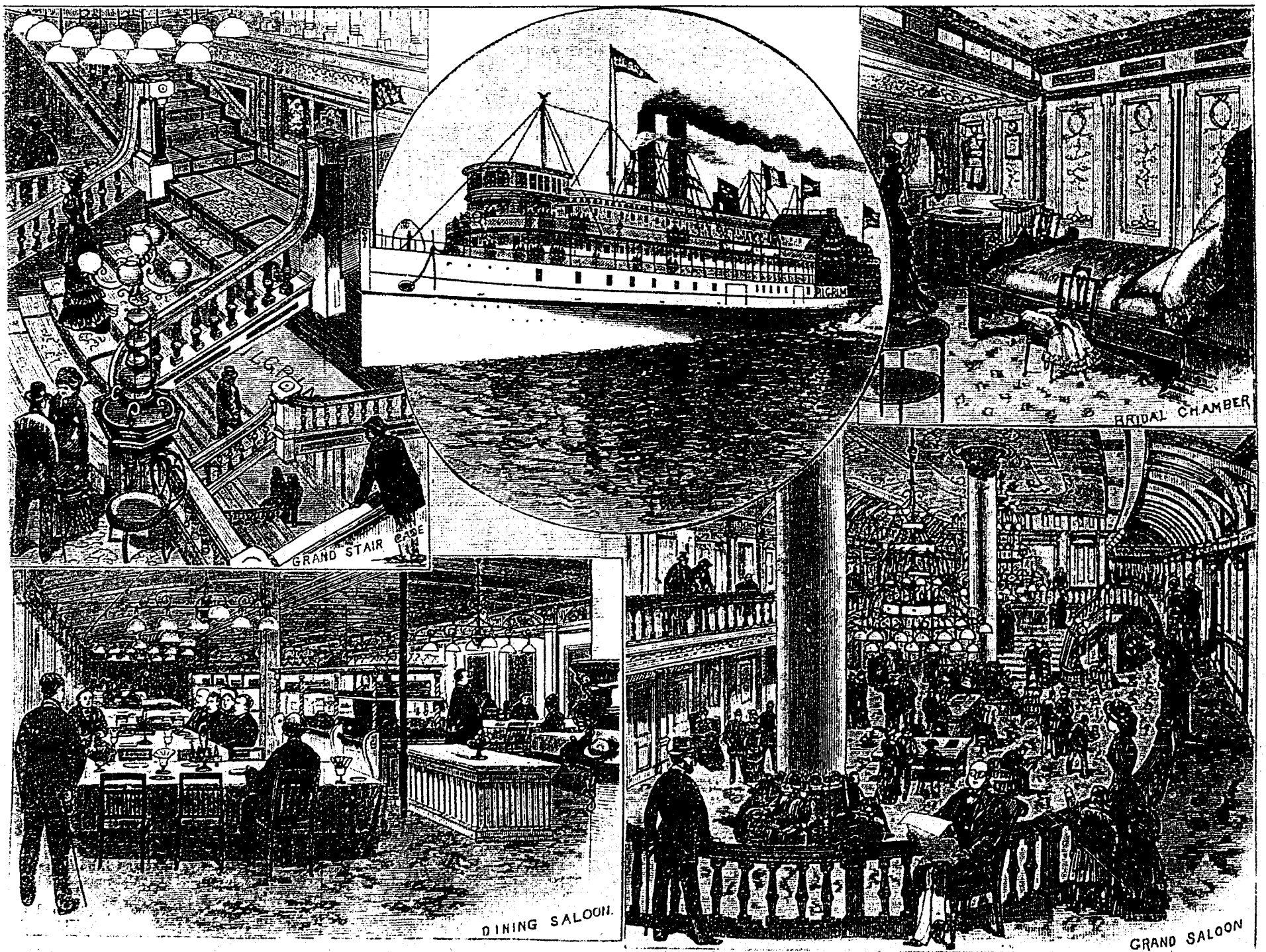
"How many are there?"

"Five altogether, Charles—Agnes, Meta, Amelia, Mollie and Algy."

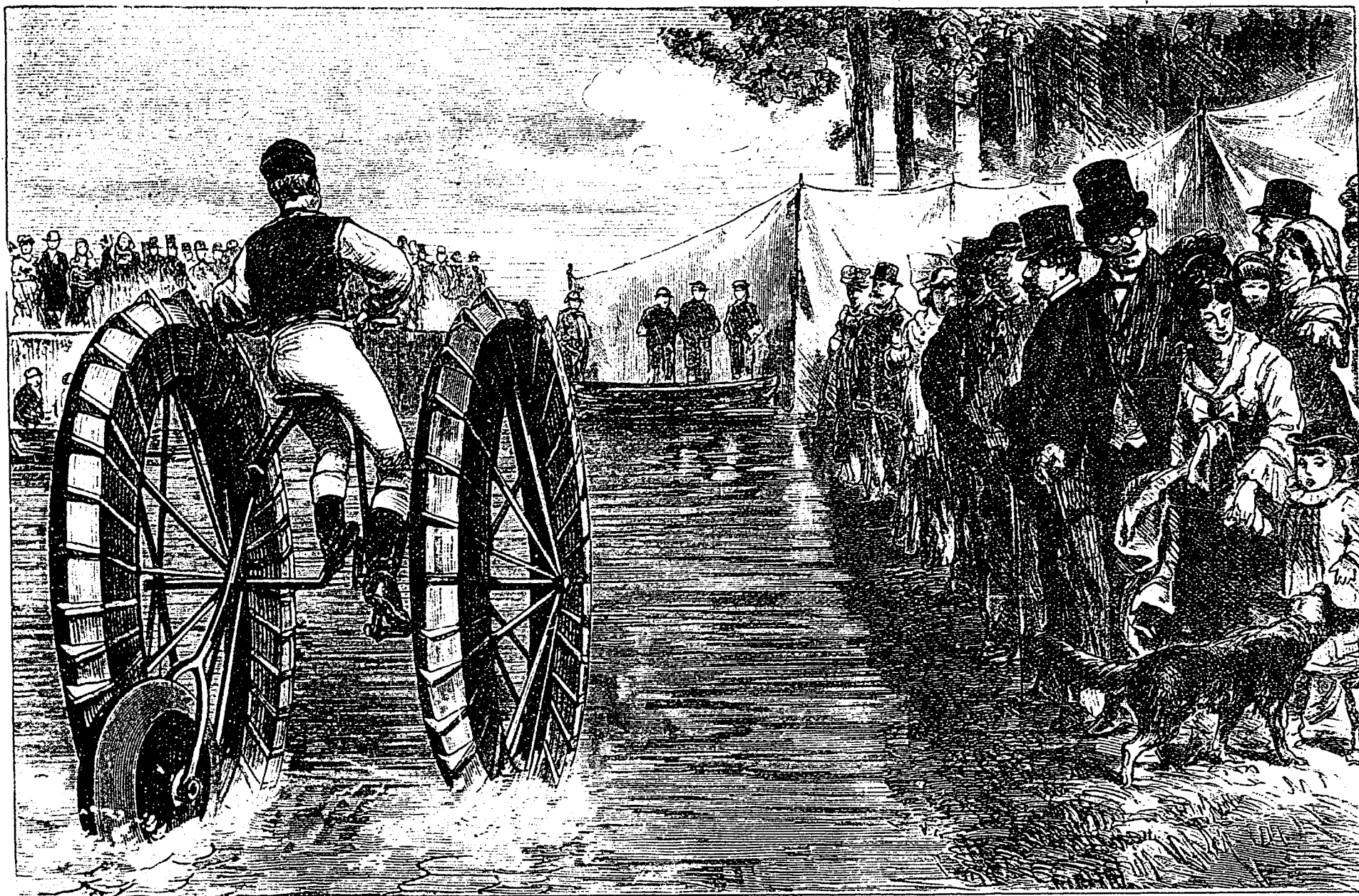
"That makes six," said he suspiciously.



A FARM IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS OF QUEBEC.



PROGRESS OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.—INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE NEW STEAMSHIP *PILGRIM*, THE FLAGSHIP OF THE FALL RIVER LINE.



COOMAN'S VELOCIPEDE ON WATER.—FROM A DRAWING BY L. ELLIOTT



A QUIET MOMENT FOR A CHAT —FROM A PAINTING BY RAUPP.

THE SHADOW.

In a bleak land and desolate,
Beyond the earth somewhere,
Went wandering through Death's dark gate,
A soul into the air.

And still, as on and on it fled,
A waste, wild region through,
Behind there fell the steady tread
Of one that did pursue.

At last it paused, and looked about,
And then it was aware
A hideous wretch stood in its track,
Deformed and cowering there.

"And who art thou?" she shrieked, with fright,
That thou dost my steps pursue?
Go hide thy shapeless shape from sight,
Nor thus pollute my view!

The foul form answered him: "Always
Along thy path I flee,
I'm thine own actions. Night and day
Still must I follow thee!"

CINDERELLA.

Revelwood Junction was an out-of-the-way place some distance inland. The station boasted but one waiting-room, the dingy aspect of which was partially concealed by the dust thickly encrusted on the small window-panes. The wooden benches were innocent of backs or cushions, and the floor looked as if it had never been scoured. A child dressed in shabby black garments was its sole occupant. She was seated behind the door, intently reading, with a good-sized carpet-bag beside her. The brim of her black straw hat almost touched her book, in which she was too deeply interested to heed the trains which passed noisily outside, or even one which stopped, and from which several passengers alighted.

There was considerable bustle as the porters deposited the luggage on the platform, while from one of the first-class carriages a pale, fair-haired youth was assisted to descend. It was a work of pain and difficulty, although he was almost carried by his companion, a tall man in a gray travelling suit, whose resolute features wore an expression of anxious solicitude as he assisted the invalid into the waiting-room. Then the porter entered with rugs and shawls, which were spread upon the hard bench for the youth to recline upon.

"There—now you are more comfortable," said the man in the gray suit, when this was accomplished. "We shall have to wait here some hours—I wish you had allowed me to telegraph for a special. You can have a special every day if you like, dear old boy—you haven't realized your position yet, nor what an important member of society you have become."

"Hardly yet," was the reply to the halfling words. "When is the next train?"

"At eight. You'll be awfully tired, old fellow; you had no business to travel to-day, and I was an ass to let you do it."

"Nonsense, Bertie; you know I would have come."

"I wish we had something higher for you to rest against."

As he spoke, he looked helplessly round the room, and spied the little figure behind the door. Her soft dark eyes were watching him. As soon as he stopped speaking, she advanced shyly.

"If you don't mind having it," she said, in a timid, hesitating tone, "I think my bag would make a nice pillow."

"Thanks—just the thing!" he said, springing up. "Do you stay here long?"

"My train comes in a few minutes before eight o'clock," she answered.

"I am much obliged to you," said the invalid, as the little maiden stood near, anxiously regarding him.

She glanced shyly from under her dark lashes, smiled, and then returned quietly to her seat. "I say, Lyon, shall you mind if I go away for a short time?"

"Not at all."

"I want to find something for you—for us, I mean, to eat. You are sure you won't mind?"

"No, certainly not; I shall manage all right."

"Well, I shan't be long—good-bye for the present."

He had been gone about ten minutes, when the girl, looking up, saw the young man endeavoring to reach a paper on the table. Running across, she placed it in his hands, and took up a position close by.

"Thank you. It is a shame to disturb you when you are so interested in that pretty book. May I ask what it is?"

"It is the story of Cinderella. Have you read it?"

"Yes, a long time ago. I am afraid I have forgotten it now."

"I could never forget it. But perhaps you have many books, and can read when you like. I have lessons to do; I can read very seldom"—looking up wistfully.

"You are small to study so hard," he remarked.

"I am past fourteen," answered the little lady, gravely.

"Fourteen! You are a little thing for fourteen! I thought you were about twelve," said the young man, surprised.

She did not look over-pleased, so he discreetly changed the subject.

"When I enter Parliament, I shall make a law that little girls shall do lessons only when they like."

"I wish you were in Parliament now"—with a sigh.

"So do I, by George!" he muttered, disconsolately, adding, "Should you like to be that personage—Cinderella?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered, laughing gayly. "How nice it would be to have a fairy godmother, and go to a real ball, and dance with a prince! But I don't know any princes"—snaking her head—"so it could never happen."

"We don't know that. Didn't Cinderella have rather hard lines before the godmother arrived?"

"Yes, she was very unhappy."

"Then you are Cinderella now; and I shall call you so. Can you guess mine?"

"I think so," she answered. "It is Mr. Lyon."

"Exactly—it is Mr. Lyon," he said, laughing.

"Well, Mr. Lyon, how are you?" cried a voice in the door-way.

"Bertie! Back so soon?"

"I don't know what you call soon," returned the other, putting a bottle of wine on the table. "I have been away more than an hour. Not a shop could I find, and I positively came to the conclusion that the inhabitants subsisted on grass and gravel. Three hours more! How shall we get through them?" he added, hiding a yawn.

"What do little girls do when they are dull, Cinderella?"

"I don't know," she answered, doubtfully.

"I think they tell each other stories."

"Suppose you tell us one," he suggested.

"If I tell you a story will you tell me one in return?" she asked, appealing to Bertie.

"That's only fair," he answered. "It's a bargain."

With many comical interruptions from the young men which made them all laugh, she managed to tell her story, and then promptly demanded one in return. Bertie looked puzzled. The promise was a rash one, for stories were clearly not in his line.

"I don't know any fairy tales," he said, at length. "Will any other kind do, Cinderella?"

"Yes," she replied, "I love to hear of noble deeds and brave men."

"Then I can tell you one story—a true one," he said, with a change of tone which made her look into his face wonderingly. "I suppose I must begin with the orthodox 'Once upon a time; so here goes.'"

"Once upon a time there were two brothers, or, to be more exact, half-brothers, who lived with their widowed mother in a small sea-coast town in Normandy. One brother was considerably older than the other; he was also his mother's favorite, and contrived to have things pretty much his own way. He chose to become a soldier, and, upon joining his regiment, his mother made over to him nearly all the small income she possessed. The younger brother obtained employment as a clerk, and on his slender salary he and his mother contrived to live. This state of things continued until the elder was summoned home by the tidings of his mother's illness. Stories of his gay, reckless life had reached her ears, and anxiety, combined with privation, had brought her to the brink of the grave. His mother recovered; but, from various causes, a coldness sprang up between the brothers. The younger warmly remonstrated with the other concerning his selfish folly. The idea of his younger brother, whose opinion he held in contempt, tutoring him with regard to his duty fired his indignation; the result was a quarrel more serious than they had ever had before.

"It was at this juncture that the younger brother received intelligence of his uncle's death and his own accession to a noble title and vast fortune. I am ashamed to say that the tidings increased every feeling of animosity and anger in the elder's heart. He left the house in a fit of passion, and swore never again to speak to his brother. The younger one knew well that the pride, which had always been his brother's bane, would forever prevent his seeking reconciliation now; so, like the foolish, generous fellow that he was, he resolved to leave no means untried to effect one. He followed him to the beach, and learned there that he had gone out with a fisherman in a small boat, intending to sail round the point.

"The wind was rising, and the sky looked threatening. He perceived little groups of fishermen looking seaward, and questioning each other as to who were out in the boats. After wandering anxiously up and down the beach for some time, he perceived a boat making its way to the shore. In it was the fisherman whom his brother had sailed with that afternoon. The fisherman informed him that the boat had been upset near the point, and the young gentleman dashed against the rocks and severely cut; but he had managed to clamber upon a projecting ledge, and had bidden him—'Joe—hasten to the shore for assistance."

"Lyon delayed not a moment. Having provided himself with a thick coil of rope, he and the fisherman rowed across the now stormy sea. The point was a sharp rock rising from the water, surrounded by numerous low crags, most of which were covered when the tide was high. Under the most favorable auspices it was impossible for a boat to go very near, for the channels were too narrow to admit its ingress. As soon as they approached close enough, Lyon fastened the rope round his waist and swam toward the point. It was the act of a madman. Twenty times he was dashed against the sharp crags,

which lacerated his limbs; but he struggled on. A vivid flash of lightning showed him his brother's form extended motionless on a projecting ledge. Clambering up the steep side, he discovered that he had fainted from loss of blood. He looked about for some projection to which he might fasten the rope that he carried, but found none. The ledge he stood on had no projecting angles, and the rock behind rose up almost perpendicularly. He signalled to Joe to come to his assistance. This the fisherman accomplished with the help of the rope, having anchored the boat between two crags.

"You must get him home immediately, Joe," he said, as the man reached the ledge. "He is bleeding to death fast. Don't delay, man, for heaven's sake!"

"No, no," replied the young man. "I could not swim that again to-night. I have given my leg an awkward twist. Leave me here; you can return when the gale is over."

"Delay was useless; their only chance lay in the lull lasting long enough for Joe to gain the boat. He took the half-unconscious man, while Lyon held the rope, and managed to reach the boat in safety.

"As the fisherman had predicted, the storm increased in fury. No boat could be put out that night, nor a greater part of the next day. When at last a rescue party reached the point, they found the poor young fellow, as they thought, dead. He was not dead—thank heaven—"

Here the young man's voice faltered, and he stopped abruptly.

"It was you!" cried the girl, looking at Lyon with eyes overflowing with tears. "How brave you were!"

"I could tell you that story differently, Cinderella," Lyon answered, "and show you how greatly he has transcended a noble nature."

She hardly listened to his words. Laying her hand upon his arm, she said softly—

"I shall always love to think of that story—I shall never forget it." At that moment her train came hissing in, and she held out her hand. "Good-bye, Mr. Lyon; I hope you will soon be quite well."

In another moment the train was gone. The young men's followed almost immediately; and it was not until they were fairly on their journey that they recollected that the carpet-bag the girl had lent them had been forgotten. She had gone away without it, and the porter had placed it in the carriage with their luggage. As it had no address, and was secured only by a strap, they opened it, to ascertain, if possible, the owner's name. A shabby black dress, a pair of worn little slippers, a pair of soiled gloves, and a change of linen much the worse for wear—that was all it contained. There was no name, no address of any kind.

Poor little Cinderella!

The Wynnes belonged to that unhappy class of society whose means are inadequate to their pretensions. Colonel Wynne was a good kind-hearted man, whose greatest fault was that he allowed himself to be ruled by his wife against his better judgment. The old man was miserable beneath the load of his sham magnificence, for he saw the shadow of debt growing darker as the months passed on, while he had yet lacked resolution to put an end to so unpleasant a state of affairs.

There were points on which his wife had been forced to yield; and one of these was the adoption of his orphan niece Dolores, the only child of his brother Arthur, who had died in Belgium rather more than two years before. The Colonel resolved that Dolores should come, and held his ground against all arguments, and even taunts, as to the extra expense the step would entail, which his wife brought to bear upon the question. The Colonel for once stoutly maintained his position. Dolores was young, he said, and her dress at least need not be expensive. Her cousins' clothes would do for her, with alterations, as well as other things they did not need. So, with such an understanding, Dolores came. Her tall consins' old dresses were short-ned for her, and their half-worn boots, with a good piece of wadding stuffed into the toes, did duty on her feet. The gloves were almost impracticable, and the long fingers a real trial; but even this was overcome by dint of sundry clever contrivances. Fortunately Dolores' wardrobe did not constitute her chief happiness. With a story-book in her hand, and seated on her favorite old sofa in the schoolroom, she could defy all the loose boots and long-fingered gloves in the world; or she could trail her shabby robes across the schoolroom boards, and with imagination's magic wand transform them into richest velvet decked with the jewels of Aladdin's cave.

The Colonel smoked his pipe here in the evenings, and chatted with Dolores. She never tired of his stories, and loved to fill his pipe with her deft little fingers. She too had her little histories to relate of the time when she and her father had lived in Belgium. She told him how very poor they were, and how glad she was when she learned to make lace, as it enabled her to procure many comforts for her father. To all of which the Colonel listened with never-failing interest, nodding his approval between the puffs of smoke.

"Could you earn much, Dolly?" he asked, when the recital was finished.

"Not much—only a few pence every day; but it was something."

The drawing-room was a large, well-furnished apartment, or rather had been well furnished, for the furniture was worn in many places, and although the rents and frays in the handsome

brocade were skillfully concealed, it was evident to a casual observer that it had seen its best days. Near to a window which commanded a good view of the street a young lady was seated, working at an embroidery frame. She was richly dressed in dark silk, and wore a handsome chain round her neck; her golden hair was arranged in close plaits round her small, well-shaped head.

As a carriage drove up and a knock resounded through the house, she rose and went to the window, displaying in the movement a tall, well-formed figure and graceful bearing, which, together with her fine though somewhat haughty features, betrayed unmistakably the aristocrat. She was Colonel Wynne's eldest daughter. The footman entered and announced Mrs. Featherstone. Miss Wynne greeted her visitor cordially.

"How good of you to come to me so early! I am all alone. Mamma and Annie have gone out shopping. I detest shopping, and declined to accompany them."

"I am fortunate in finding you at home," answered Mrs. Featherstone, in a languid voice, opening her fan; "I am going into the country, to Casterton, on Saturday."

"So soon!" cried Miss Wynne, surprised. "I thought it was quite settled you were to leave next week?"

"So it was; but my brother writes to say I must be there sooner. Men are so wretchedly helpless, my dear, when there is anything on hand; and these races always entail a round of gayety. I have come to-day to beg a great favor of Dolores, my dear Matilda. I tore that lace shawl of mine yesterday, and I positively don't know how to get it repaired by Saturday. I am in a state of absolute despair, for I set my heart on wearing it at the races. I am really ashamed to ask; but do you think that Dolores would mind doing it for me? She repaired your mother's so cleverly, much better than these professional menders."

"She can do it quite well," said Matilda Wynne; "but she is not always obliging. You can ask her, however"—ringing as she spoke.

"Send Miss Dolores here," she said to the servant who entered.

In a few minutes the door opened, and a slight figure dressed in black appeared on the threshold. It was that of the girl who, two years before, had waited so long in the company of two young men at Revelwood Junction. In some respects her face was much altered; the happy childish expression was gone, giving place to a shrinking hesitation; but the large brown eyes were soft and gentle as ever. She was very fair to look upon, but a subtle change had passed over her; she was no longer a child. She came forward, a nervous embarrassment in her manner, as though uncertain of her reception. In her timid greeting a degree of awkwardness was also manifest.

"Mrs. Featherstone wishes you to mend a lace shawl for her," said her cousin. "Could you do it this week?"

"Is it much torn?" she asked, timidly.

"Will you kindly ring, Matilda? I brought it with me in the carriage, in order to lose no time."

The shawl was brought in and a formidable rent displayed. Dolores looked at it in dismay.

"It will take a long time to do; the lace is very fine."

"My dear child, I must positively have it by Friday, for I am going into the country on Saturday. You will do it, like a dear, good girl, won't you?"

"Indeed—indeed I can't," said Dolores, hurriedly, almost tearfully, as she remembered her uncle's promise to take her to Epson. "No one could, unless they worked from morning to night."

"I am sorry to have troubled you then," said Mrs. Featherstone, stillly. "I had no idea you would have found it so troublesome a task."

Matilda Wynne looked extremely annoyed, and remarked that Dolores could always find time for reading, and that it was only when she was required to do a kind action that time was her excuse.

"If you had ever made lace so fine as that, you would know how long it takes," said Dolores, her eyes filling with tears.

"I know nothing of lace-making, it is true," said Mrs. Featherstone, with an offended air, rising as she spoke, "and therefore am no judge of the time it takes to repair a comparatively small rent."

She was not a bad-hearted woman, but her disappointment inclined her to be unjust. As soon as the door closed behind her, Matilda Wynne's anger broke out.

"I never knew any one so ill-natured; I believe you do these things on purpose, Dolores."

"What things?" asked Dolores, bewildered by her cousin's anger.

"What things!" repeated Matilda, scornfully. "As though you did not understand. How can you pretend ignorance, when you know perfectly well that Annie and I are dying to go to the Casterton ball, and that we depended on Mrs. Featherstone for our invitations? She is too angry now, thanks to you, to take any trouble about it."

"I did not know," Dolores answered, indignantly. "You never told me."

"You did know," rejoined the other, angrily. "And it all comes to this—if you don't do that horrid shawl, we shan't go to Casterton;" and Matilda Wynne left the room abruptly.

Dolores was hurt and angry at her cousin's injustice, and little disposed to give up the happy visit she had looked forward to so long. There was a struggle in her mind, which lasted, how-

ever, till she was finally prevailed upon to mend the shawl.

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ever only a few minutes, and then Dolores bravely resolved to make her little sacrifice. She ran up-stairs, and, speedily donning her bonnet and mantle, walked across the square to Mrs. Featherstone's residence.

The lady had just returned; she looked surprised as Dolores entered.

"I came to say," began Dolores, crimsoning as she spoke, "that I will do my very best to finish the shawl. I am afraid I can't promise it in time; but I will try to get it done."

"Does it really take so long?" said Mrs. Featherstone, good-naturedly. "I wish I could give you more time. You seemed to think it quite impossible a little while ago."

The blush deepened on Dolores' cheek.

"I did think so, because uncle promised to take me into the country this week. I—I—have thought since I could go some other time."

"You are a dear little thing!" said Mrs. Featherstone, warmly. "I must try to make up for your disappointment. Oh, I have thought of a plan! Would you like to go down with me to Casterton? It would give you plenty of time to finish the shawl; and you are such a quiet little thing, I am sure you could amuse yourself at the Manor."

"I should very much like to go," answered Dolores, her face brightening.

"You see," continued Mrs. Featherstone, meditatively, "your aunt and cousins will be coming down in a week or so, and you could easily return with them. In the meantime my little niece Maudie will be delighted to have a companion."

"Dolores' happy thanks touched the selfish woman, who was taking her to Casterton principally to gratify her own vanity.

"You forget, my dear, the obligation is on my side. We must not, however, conclude you are going until we obtain your aunt's consent."

Dolores walked home a happy girl, for she little doubted Mrs. Featherstone's power of winning her aunt's approval for her proposed trip.

Dolores accompanied Mrs. Featherstone to Casterton upon one condition—she was not to join in any of the gaieties. A series of balls, picnics and other amusements was to take place during the races; these were to be succeeded by others on the return of the young Earl of Casterton, whose coming of age, it was expected, would be celebrated with unusual *clat*. Mrs. Wynne declared she could make no additions to Dolores' wardrobe, and strictly enjoined the young girl to keep out of sight of the guests at the Manor, and spend her time chiefly in the nursery with Maud—which she did.

The shawl being duly finished for the great lady, Dolores' time was entirely at her own disposal, and she determined to spend the rest of the day with little Maudie in Casterton woods—for every one was away at the races, and the Manor was very solitary. Nurse having made up a basket of sandwiches and other eatables dear to Maudie's heart, the two girls set out for the woods.

"I wonder," remarked Maudie, "if we shall meet Lady Blanche; she is very often in the woods."

"Lady Blanche! Who is she?"

"Lady Blanche Casterton, to be sure, the young Earl's mother," answered Maud, tossing back her curls, and raising a pair of arch gray eyes to the other's face. "She is a great friend of mine. Oh, dear, yes!" continued Maud, with an air of superiority. "I am a great favorite at the Castle. I remember the wicked old lord very well. My mamma was alive then."

"Who was he?" inquired Dolores.

"Why, old Lord Casterton! Have you not heard of him? He was a dreadful miser," said Maud, with solemn emphasis.

"Was he?"

"Yes," answered Maud. "He was very wicked, and would not allow his nephew, the present Earl, to have even a penny. Nurse told me so. But he is dead, and his nephew has it all now. I am so glad, for Lord Casterton is nice; he brought me a box of boudons from Paris for my birthday—I was nine last birthday, you know. He is not a miser—with emphasis."

"I should like to live in the Castle," said Dolores, as they paused to look at the beautifully-kept grounds. "How lovely those trees are! And the deer, what gentle creatures! Yes, it is nice to be rich"—with a sigh.

"Oh, yes, I dare say," said Maud, impatiently. "But do let us get on. I see that park every day, you know, and I am tired of it. Do let us go to the woods."

The woods reached, Maud and Dolores spent the long, happy hours roaming beneath the wide-spreading trees, or searching for ferns, or chasing butterflies, or gathering wild flowers. No picnic dainty could have been more enjoyed than nurse's sandwiches, eaten beside a clear, running brook, under the shade of a willow. The two girls were returning home, laden with spoils, when they passed a pony-chaise, driven by a lady. Maud ran toward it.

"Lady Blanche! Lady Blanche!"

The chaise stopped.

"What a wild little girl!" said Lady Blanche, laughing, as she stooped to kiss the heated little face. "What is it, dear?"

"I have brought you a fern," panted Maud—"the very kind you wanted. See!" giving her one of a rare species from her basket.

"Thank you, dear. Won't you introduce me to your friend?"—smiling at Dolores's shy blushing face.

"Miss Dolores Wynne," said Maud, in her sedatest manner—"Lady Blanche Casterton."

"You must be Arthur Wynne's daughter,"

remarked Lady Blanche, presently, after some conversation had passed between them. "It must be so, the resemblance is so striking. I knew your father well," she continued, on hearing Dolores' reply. "He was one of the dear friends of my youth. It is many years since I saw him; I am afraid to say how many" with a charming smile. "It is only when we count them that we know how fast the years can fly. You must come and see me, dear—Maud will bring you; and I hope to see you both soon."

After more conversation, they parted, and the girls returned home.

A few days later Lady Blanche called at the Manor, and considerably astonished Mrs. Featherstone by her warm admiration of "little Dolores."

"Oh, yes," answered Mrs. Featherstone, with indifference, "she seems nice in some respects; but she is excessively childish, and rather silly, I think. Her aunt was in despair over her want of common-sense when she first came to her; but she is considerably improved since then. Living abroad has a tendency to—"

"To keep her simple and unassuming in many respects," supplied Lady Blanche, "I agree with you that it is often the case; but I cannot see that it applies particularly to Miss Wynne. In what respect do you find her silly?"

"In many ways," was the reply. "For instance, when she first arrived, she actually lost her luggage—unpardonable stupidity for a girl of her age! It appears she was simple enough to lend her carpet-bag to some men at the station, who doubtless stole it."

"Were no inquiries made?" asked Lady Blanche, smiling.

"Of course; but some injudicious friend had given her a book of fairy-tales on the morning of her departure, and I dare say she thought of nothing else; at all events she could not remember the name of the station where the bag had been left. There was also some confusion with regard to her train; she was carried in a wrong direction, and reached home quite ill from fatigue and fright, very late at night. You may imagine how angry Mrs. Wynne was—for they are notoriously poor; and you may be sure little Dolores did not hear the last of that adventure for a long time."

Lady Blanche said very little more about Dolores; but a few days later there arrived a special invitation for her to the Casterton ball. Mrs. Featherstone put it aside to await Mrs. Wynne's arrival and decision.

Dolores and Maud spent many pleasant afternoons at the Castle. Lady Blanche was charmed with Miss Wynne, whose gentle nature expanded beneath affection as a rose beneath the warm rays of a summer sun. With Lady Blanche and Maud she was another creature, as sweet, gay, and joyous as a bird set free from the cage against the bars of which it had wildly beaten its wings. Only too soon the week passed away, and with it many of Dolores' pleasures.

Mrs. Wynne and her daughters arrived at the Manor, and her walks were prohibited; but worst of all was her refusal to allow Dolores to accept the invitation to the Casterton ball. It was of no use going to the expense of a third dress—which, moreover, Mrs. Wynne declared, it was impossible to get made in time, even were she inclined to countenance such needless extravagance. The matter thus settled, there was nothing for it but for Dolores to bear her disappointment as best she could. Maud's indignation knew no bounds, and when Dolores refused to listen to the expressions of her anger against Mrs. Wynne, she took her troubles to the Castle, and confided in Lady Blanche, whose sympathy Maud knew would be entirely with Dolores.

"Your uncle is coming down, and he will make her let you go," said Maud, hopefully, when all else failed.

Dolores shook her head.

"It would be of no use, for I have no dress."

The eventful night came round at length. Dolores' clever little fingers were in request everywhere. Matilda Wynne was seated before the glass; the maid was dressing her hair.

"Dolly," implored Annie, "it is half-past nine; do come and uncurl my hair. I shall never be dressed, for Matilda's hair takes ages to do."

Dolores put down the flowers she was arranging and came to her cousin's assistance. Deftly she released the long glossy curls, so like her own, from the papers, and proceeded to arrange them in a simple style which well became Annie Wynne's piquant beauty.

"You are a dear," said Annie, surveying herself in the glass when the operation was concluded, "and I do wish you were coming with us. Are you not awfully disappointed? You dress hair so nicely, Dolly; you shall always do mine when I go out."

"You would not enjoy the ball if you did come," put in Matilda, viewing her profile with the aid of a hand-glass. "You can't dance, and a ball is stupid for wallflowers."

"I can dance," Dolores replied, quickly. "I used to dance in the Linden Gardens, before papa died."

"We don't have that kind of dancing here," said Matilda, carelessly. "Do make haste with those flowers; they'll never be ready."

They were dressed at last; and, with their soft white cloaks on their arms, they descended. A few minutes later they were driving to Casterton Castle.

Dolores stood at the window of the dressing-room watching the departing carriage till the faint twinkling lights were out of sight, and then sat down in an easy chair close to the fireplace.

She felt very solitary. A few tears stole down her cheeks in spite of her resolution to be happy. It was of no use thinking of her disappointment, however; so, bravely wiping away the drops that glistened on her lashes, she drew her cloak round her, and, tucking up her feet Turkish fashion, opened her favorite book of fairy tales.

"It is just like Cinderella," she murmured, with a wistful smile through her tears; "only the fairies never come to me. I wish I could go to-night—I wish I had a kind godmother."

A knock at the door disturbed her fancies. Maudie's nurse entered.

"A parcel for you, Miss Dolores."

"A parcel for me?" cried Dolores, springing to her feet, her eyes opening wide with amazement as—wonder of wonders!—they rested on her own long-lost carpet-bag.

There was no mistake; she recognized it at once. She remembered its contents perfectly—the shabby dress, the worn shoes, the old gloves. Where could it have been hidden all this time?

"It's to be opened immediately," said nurse, with a peculiarly conscious smile.

The leather straps were soon unfastened, and Dolores took out the loveliest ball-dress she had ever seen. She stared in stupefied amazement at the glistening folds of whitesatin, half hidden beneath costly lace.

"There is some mistake—this is not for me!"

"It is for you, sure enough," replied nurse, with the same merry smile, which would have told a more suspicious observer that the surprise she manifested was not genuine. "And there's more to come, miss."

There was more. A complete suit of delicate linen, little white gloves, silk stockings, a charming fan, and a lace handkerchief—nothing had been forgotten. At the bottom of all lay a folded paper, containing these words—

"At the touch of the fairy's wand Cinderella's old clothes underwent a marvellous transformation. Obedient to her godmother's command, she arrayed herself for the ball."

Did anything so delightfully bewildering ever happen before?

"If you please, miss, the carriage is waiting to take you to the ball," said nurse, assisting Dolores in her toilet.

"Am I asleep or awake? Is it a real carriage, do you think, nurse, or will it turn into a pumpkin?"

"'umpkin! Lor," commented nurse, "it ain't no pumpkin; it's a carriage, sure enough. Let me do your hair, miss—it's late."

The brown curls required little arrangement. The silk stockings were on, when—

"I have no shoes!" cried Dolores. "I can't—I can't go in these old ones."

"I'll look again in the bag," said nurse.

She found them in the pocket by themselves—the daintiest of satin shoes—and they fitted beautifully. Dolores kissed them in a rapture of delight.

"My dear fairy godmother, how dearly I love you!"

Her toilet was speedily completed. The glass reflected a lovely vision as she stood before it while nurse fastened a bunch of drooping rose buds in her hair.

It all seemed like a delicious dream, and she did not quite wake to its reality until Lady Blanche met her in the hall of the Castle.

"You have not been long, dear," she said, kissing Dolores' glowing face.

"Did you expect me? Did you send me these things?" asked Dolores.

Lady Blanche laughed.

"Your father never told you that I was your godmother. Confess that I am as good as Cinderella's."

Dolores' reply was unintelligible between her kisses.

"I have another surprise for you, child. Lyon, come here."

A fair-haired young man came forward. Was it really the Lyon she had seen at Kevelwood Junction? The doubt lasted only a moment; it was dispelled as soon as he spoke.

"Let me introduce my son. Lord Casterton—Miss Dolores Wynne."

"So you are really Cinderella!"

"Yes," she answered, laughing; "and you—" She blushed.

"I am the prince to-night," he said, merrily, "so you must let me have the pleasure of the next dance."

"Tell me when the clock strikes twelve, for I must run away then," she said, as they entered the drawing-room.

A TREASURED SORROW.

I had a sorrow,
I cast it away,
And sought a joy
In its stead to stay.

I found it not;
But a longing pain
Bade me turn, content,
To my sorrow again.

Old loves clung round it,
And memories sweet;
White were its wings,
Though bleeding its feet.

No more forsaken,
No more to part,
I treasure my sorrow
A joy in my heart.

MISCELLANY.

In the Tewksbury controversy, Governor Butler made some impression the other day by publishing comparative figures showing a large increase in expenditures since 1862. Mrs. Leonard, to whose high competence as an authority we have heretofore alluded, has now shown that Butler's statistics are entirely fallacious, the comparison being made between what are virtually two different institutions. Since 1862, a reorganization of the State institutions has occurred, making Tewksbury what it is at present—a great hospital for the sick, insane and helpless poor. The young and healthy were sent to Moulton, the vicious and most able-bodied to Bridgewater, and the sick and broken-down were gathered at Tewksbury, together with a large number of chronic insane. In 1862, one nurse sufficed for all the inmates, while at present nineteen are inadequate for the needs of the unfortunates who are there cared for. This change in the character of the inmates, coupled with the increase in the cost of many of the things essential to the running of the institution, accounts for the increase in the annual outlay. Butler was doubtless quite familiar with the case, but he thought his figures would make an impression upon those who did not know the facts.

POLITICAL HONORS IN CHINA. In order to secure even the first-fruits of political emolument, a mode of procedure diametrically opposite to that which obtains in most nations, and especially in the United States, is required. Instead of money or its equivalent in "backers" and "heelers," *braia* is there required, and an exceedingly well-balanced and disciplined brain at that. In no other nation upon the earth are political honors based upon scientific attainments in all branches of study as they are in China, wherein are illustrated the true principles by which talent and wisdom are honored and rewarded, literature, science, morals, and philosophy encouraged, and a nation's happiness and prosperity secured.

The avenues to station and power are open alike to all. There are no distinctions save those of education: none relative to nationality, color, or previous condition of servitude. All are alike free to seek, and, if competent, to obtain, positions of honor, from that of petty magistrate of a village to Grand Imperial Secretary—an office second only to that of Emperor.

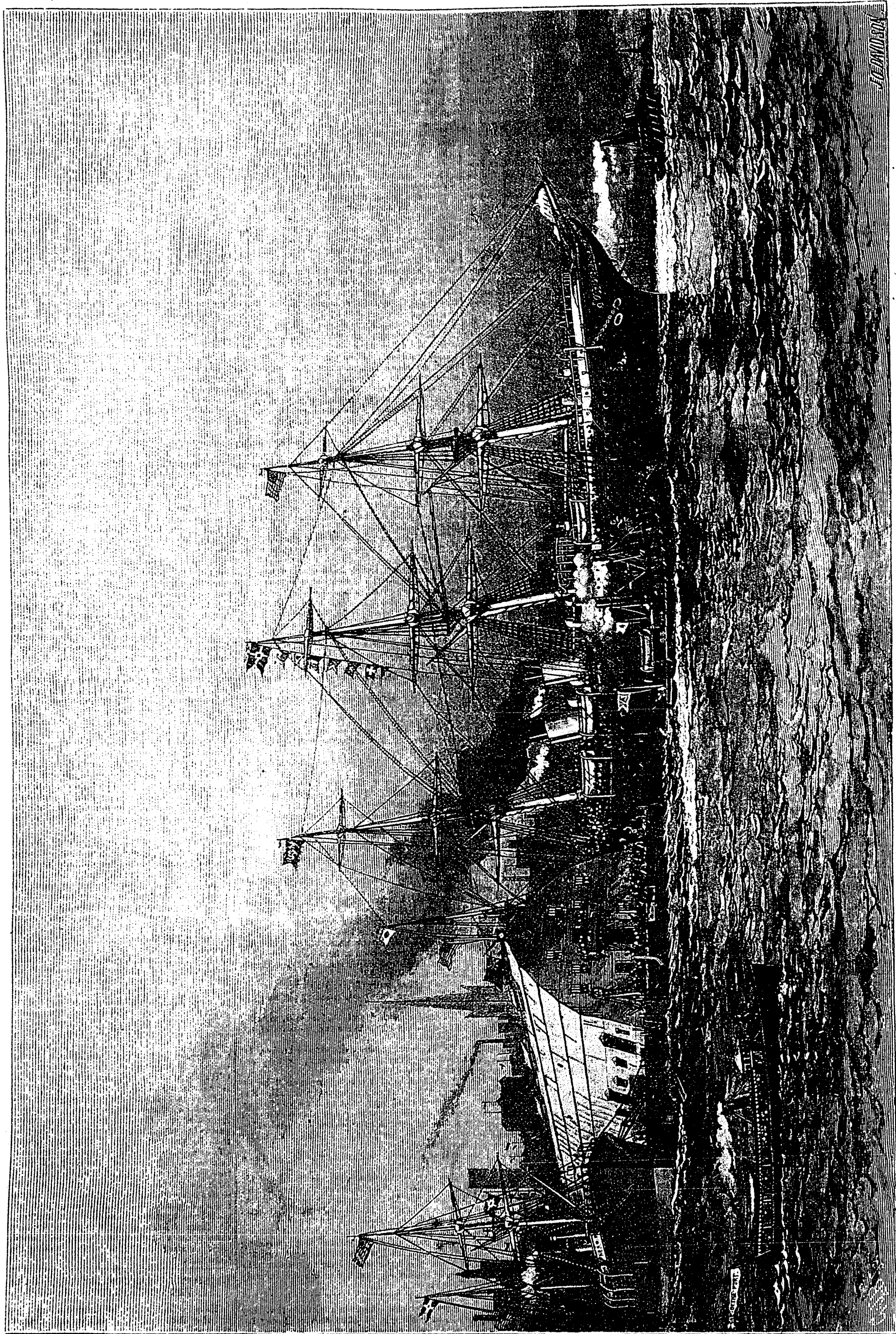
Few there are, it is true, who possess the fortitude to undergo the necessary educational training consequent to, and upon which depends, his sole hope of success. Of his studies there is no end. To diligence he must add patience, and to patience continuity, else will he fail to secure the coveted prize.

—The action of the pope toward the Irish agitation has no doubt been more or less suggested by a portion of the Roman Catholic laity in Ireland as well as in England. The Catholics of rank and influence in the former country are not numerous, but they are very influential, and include a number of persons who have long been exceedingly opposed to the attitude of that section of the clergy which finds its most prominent representative in Archbishop Croke. The representation of such men as Lords Kenmare, O'Hagan, Emyl and Granard—the latter two are seceders from Protestantism,—who were the intimate political allies of the late Cardinal Cullen, and regular residents in Ireland, always eager to promote there the interests of the Vatican, could not fail to have considerable influence with the Pope. Add to this the fact that the latter naturally views in Mr. Gladstone the statesman who has struck the last shackles off the Roman Catholic, who has given to Ireland its first Catholic chancellor in the person of Lord O'Hagan, and who, if he has not made a Catholic viceroy of Ireland, has sent one to India. In addition to this, the Pope himself long since pointed out that there is scarce a country in Europe where a Catholic can in every respect pursue his way of life subject to less interference than in England, which at this very moment affords an asylum and livelihood to thousands of men and women driven by the French Republic from their native France. Naturally, when the Irish brought their war into England and began to dynamite public edifices there, the English Catholics joined in a warm remonstrance with their Irish brethren; and in representations of the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Bute, and other persons of character, station and wealth, went to strengthen that of the leading Irish Catholics.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY DISEASES.

Have no fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great pulled up pretended cure.

PETER COOPER'S children announce that they will add to his gift of \$100,000 for Cooper Institute an additional \$100,000 for the same object.



STEAMER DAY IN NEW YORK.—THE GRAND SUMMER RUSH FOR EUROPE.



WASSA PASHA, NEW GOVERNOR OF LEBANON.



RUSTEM-PASHA, EX-GOVERNOR OF LEBANON.



PRENK BIB DODA, GOVERNMENT CANDIDATE OF LEBANON.

WEARING AWA'.

The following exquisite lyric, depicting Burn's affection for Jessie Lewars in his last illness has recently been found in Kilmarnock. It is anonymous, but is believed by competent critics to have been written by Motherwill, who cherished an almost idolatrous admiration for the great Scottish bard:—

The sun lies clasped in amber clouds,
Half-hidden in the sea;
And o'er the sands the flowing tide
Comes racing merrily.
The hawthorn hedge is white with bloom,
The wind is soft and low;
And sad and still you watch by me,
Your hand clasped in my own.

Oh! let the curtain hide, Jessie,
And raise my head a wee,
And let the bonnie setting sun
Gilt in on you and me.
The world looks fair and bright, Jessie,
Near loving hearts like you;
But puritith's blast sifts summer love,
And makes leaf friendships few.

Oh! Jessie, in the dreary night,
I clasp my burning hands
Upon those throbbing sleepless lids,
O'er eyes like glowing brands,
And wonder in my weary brain,
If, haply, when I'm dead
My old boon friends for love of me
Will give my bairnies bread.

Oh! did the poor not help the poor,
Each in their simple way,
With humble gift, and kindly word,
God pity them I say;
For many a man who clasped my hand,
With pledges o'er the bowl,
When the wine halo passed away,
Proved like a niggard soul.

Oh! blessed thought midst our despair,
There is a promise made,
That in the day the rough wind blows,
The east wind shall be stayed,
A few short years, and those I love
Will come again to me.
In that bright realm without a sun,
That land without a sea.

Oh! wilt thou gang o' nights, Jessie,
To my forsaken hearth,
And be as thou hast been to me,
The truest friend on earth?
Sae sweetly in your linnet voice,
You'll sing my weans to rest,
While Jean will lay her weary head
Upon your loving breast.

Oh! what is fame: its wrath of rays
Cools not the fevered brow,
Will tell his name in coming days,
Who whistled at the plough,
And wrote a simple song or two,
For happier hearts to sing,
Among the shining sheaves of corn,
Or round the household ring.

Yet would I prize the bubble fame,
If but mine artless lays
Bore thy sweet deed and lovingness
For future time to praise.
True souls! I bless the poet's skill,
Which won a friend like thee,
Whose tender love 'twixt Home and Heaven
Is with me constantly.

THE FROG INDUSTRY.

STORY OF A TRAINED FROG—ITS
ACHIEVEMENTS.

The bush of June evening in a quiet hamlet in Orange County. On one side a circle of wooded hills. On the other a sloping stretch of meadow, with cattle feeding over its fragrant acreage. Then a border of marsh, with the sparks of a million fireflies flashing amid its rank growths of flag and water-weeds. Beyond, a shallow pond, dotted with marshy islands, mirroring a firmament of myriad stars, and lit here and yonder by the weird glare of a dozen fishermen's "jacks."

"Did ye come up to go a froggin'?" Cause if ye did ye've struck the proper time. They're jist a gittin' theirsel's more than in tune, an' the boys begun to shed their red flannel fur bait a week ago, an' they ain't a jack nor a spear in the place but a gittin' in the poetist kind o' work on 'em."

"Jug-o'-r-u-u-u-m! jug-o'-r-u-u-u-m!"
"K-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! k-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!"

In mellow basso profundo, harsh baritone and rasping tenor robusto came the chorus up from among the lights and marshes. I had not dropped down in the quiet hamlet to "go a-froggin'"; but, although I was entirely ignorant of the mysteries of the sport, the sounds and surroundings made the speech of the tall native—leaning against the bar of the country store, with his hickory overalls stuffed in cowhide boots, and ancient straw hat tilted back on a head of scraggy yellow hair—entirely intelligible without further interpretation. It was evident that "froggin'" was not only the pastime of the populace, large and small, but one of the main props upon which the financial interests of the community rested. The daily bread of more than one honest yeoman, I learned, depended on the sureness with which he launched his spear against the acrobatic denizen of the marshy pond; and upon the illisiveness of his red flannel lure, and the deftness with which he cast it, hung his hopes for a requisite supply of apple jack and "terbacker."

"Yes sir-ee!" said my friend of the hickory overalls. "The season has opened bang up, an' they ain't only ketchin' 'em by the busbel, but they're bringin' in some o' the whoppinest whoppers z ever jumped a bog. Sile Morton got his flannel inter one yisterday ez weighed three poun', dressed, an' a Yorker ez was a spookin' round here give him twelve shillin' fur it."

Then my friend, in language picturesque and earnest, and with here and there a statement

rather pregnant with the suspicion that it should be taken, like a frog's leg, juicy from the broiler, *cum grano salis*, regaled me with a history of the frog catching industry of the locality. It had its beginning there in a peculiar manner. Some years ago, a well-known citizen of New York visited the place in search of a Summer home for his family among the dairy farms. One day he brought to the tavern from the pond half-a-dozen large frogs which he had shot while rowing about. To the amazement and disgust of the landlord and his good wife, he ordered them broiled for his supper! The landlady refused, point blank to soil her savory iron with the "nasty things," and it was not until the gentleman himself prepared the snowy saddles of the frogs, and offered a handsome "tip" to her, that she cooked the delicacy, under his direction, and served them for him. When the visitor left he engaged a native to catch and ship him a dozen frogs a day for the entire season. Friends of his in the city in turn sent orders for frogs, and the demand for them grew so rapidly that in time dealers sent for them by the hundred, until it required all the able bodied men and boys in the vicinity fishing and spearing day and night, to supply the demand. Now it is no uncommon thing for bushels of frogs' legs to be forwarded to the city from this small pond daily. They return twenty five cents a pound to the fishermen. Scores of men and boys through the borders of the pond every day, equipped with a stout rod and line, to which is attached an ordinary cat fish hook, baited with a piece of red flannel. The frogs, perched solemnly on the margin of the water, or on the bogs, are cautiously approached. The red flannel is lowered slowly in front of them from a position behind them, if possible. When it reaches their line of vision they snap it viciously. It is rare that one is not hooked if he once snaps. To hand him in and bag him is then a trilling matter.

Night fishing is attended with the best returns. Two men enter a boat—flat bottomed and generally leaky—one carries a long handled spear, with three barbed "tines." The other pushed the boat slowly along the shore. In the bow of the boat is a jack containing a brilliant light, or a strong kerosene torch. The frogs are out in herds, and their constant croaking guides the fishermen to them. Expert frog hunters can pick out the larger sized frogs by the tone of their voices. The light is thrown upon them, and it is but the work of a second to thrust the spear through their bodies. When the frogs are brought in from the pond, the hind quarters are separated from the bodies and skinned. This separating and skinning is dexterously performed. The legs are then neatly packed in boxes, with layers of moist, fresh grass, and are ready for market.

"Some fellers is a good deal smarter at froggin' than others," said my garrulous friend of the hickory overalls. "Mebbe 'y' might think it ain't no trick to slap a spear inter a frog, but I'm a tellin' 'y' that 'y've got to learn it the same ez 'y' do shootin'. The frogs 'round here is poety cute, they've ben hunted so long; an' a feller ez goes arter 'em 'll find that he haia't a-trackin' no mud turtles. I s'pose the best feller that ever slud a frog spear on this pond was Jack Mosher. He could tell the weight of a frog within half an ounce by just hearing him sing. I see him wunst after an ole socker over on the fur side o' the marsh. The frog sot in a bunch o' flags, more'n twenty foot from the highest pint that Jack could get to him with the boat. We throw'd the light onto the spot, but he were hid so we couldn't see him. We could see the flags shake ez if they war blow'd by the wind every time the frog'd tune up."

"Hol' the light ez high ez 'y' kin'," says Jack.

"I riz the torch 'bout ten foot in the air, an' it throw'd a bully light all 'round. Jack picked up a stone they war in the boat an' toss'd it behind the bunch o' flags. I see a white thing like a flash in the air, an' Jack slung the spear. It fell in the water clean on t'other side. We rowed 'round an' got it. The frog was spittin' on it ez nice ez if 'y'd put it on with yer hand. Jack had ketch'd him on the fly."

"No. We never eat none o' the darn things. I'd ez leave chaw a black shake," said my friend.

Just then a party of frog hunters came in from their night's work, and between exhilarating "nips" of the favorite tippie of the neighborhood, reminiscences of remarkable exploits in their peculiar sport followed fast on one another. The veteran who had entertained me during the evening capped the climax with a little recollection of his own.

"Them ez think that frogs ain't about ez cute an' insec' ez paddles," said he, "is a fishin' without no flannel. I tell 'y' that they know a heap, an' 'I kin prove it to 'y' by telling a curious circumstance ez wunst happened down in Jersey when I was froggin' in the swamps thar, long 'fore I come up here to larn you fellers a lot yer didn't know. The swamp whar I fished down thar war a big un, an' you couldn't do nothin' 'long the edges, ez twa'n't possible fur to git a boat inter it. I used to set nights and grit my teeth a listenin' to the great big fellers a bellerin' off in the swamp, jist ez if they war a sassin' me 'cause I couldn't git no way nigh 'em. I laid awake many a night tryin' to hatch up some trick ez would fetch some on 'em out, but nothin' 'd work. One day I ketch'd a tadpole ez was jist puttin' on the finshin' tetches ez would make it a frog, an' I says to myself, durned if I don't take it hum an' see if I can't raise it. I put it in the spring an' petted of it

ev'ry day, an' ez it grow'd it got to knowin' of me, an' it was so darn tame an' cute that I fou' out I could larn it tricks. I larned it to turn summerbots an' to hop along on its hind legs, carryin' a little flag under one of its fore legs like a sojer, an' to do lots o' other things. I grow'd to be the biggest frog I ever see, an' I know'd more than some men.

"He understood ev'rythin' I said, an' used to go with me down to the swamp, hoppin' 'longside 'o me like a young kangaroo. He'd set an' watch me sling my flannel under the noses of the swamp frogs, an' open his mouth clean from one shoulder to t'other when I'd haul 'em in a ki-kin', jist ez if he wor laughin' at the fun. When them big fellers that I couldn't git at would sass me, an' I'd euss an' swear at 'em, my frog 'd git jist ez mad ez I did an' the noises he'd make tryin' to swar, too, was 'nough to make a mule laugh.

"One day the frogs out in the swamp had ben more aggeravatin' thun ever, an' me and my trained frog had made things blue around thar, in the afternoon, Job—that was the name I give my frog—seemed to me to be keepin' up a ter'ble thinkin' 'bout suthin'. All of a sudden I see him makin' for the woodshed. I allus kep' a lot o' lines an' hooks, with flannel all on 'em, hangin' on the back of an old chair in the woodshed. Job went a-pilin' in the shed, an' poety soon out he come. He had one o' them lines wound round him jist below the forelegs, leavin' 'bout a foot o' it, with the hook an' flannel ca it, streamin' to one side. I thort he had picked up a new trick, an' so he had, fur he went a whizzin' 'long to'ards that swamp ez if he'd ben a big injin-rubber ball shot out o' a cannon. He went kersouse inter the swamp, an' thinks says I, Job has gone to jine his relations, sure. 'Bout fifteen minutes arterw'ds, though, I happened to look down to'ards the swamp, an' thar I see my frog a-makin' fur hum, an' a draggin' another one arter him, dur'n nigh ez big ez he was. T'other one had the flannel hook in his jaw. Then the hull bizness struck me squar in the conk. Job had made up his mind that he wa'n't a-goin' to have them frogs out in the swamp a-sassin' us any longer, an' so he had jist rigged himself up a hook an' line, swum out to the place whar I nor nobody else couldn't git, an' had flirted that flannel under the noses of them frogs, hooked one, an' fotched him in. He brought in twenty nine frogs that afternoon 'fore he rested, an' they weighed ez much ez two poun' apiece. So when any one says that there ain't no sense in a frog, jist—"

The story was more than the other natives could stand, and before my friend of the overalls could draw the moral for it, they were beating a retreat from the bar-room, as if they were afraid the house might be struck by lightning or something.

ED. H. MOTT.

MUNKACSY.

Michael Munkacsy has no right to complain of the world. It has been very good to him. Universal suffrage has proclaimed a man of genius—in doing which it judged aright. Gentle and simple, the artist and untroubled visitor to pictorial exhibitions take equal delight in his works. His faculties are well poised, and of such a rich order as to place him on a level with the great thinkers as well as with the most illustrious artists of the century. He is not so much self-made, as a result of struggling generations. If fortune had not favoured his attempts to rise, he must have been, however obscure and poverty-stricken, truly great. He got to the top of his profession while young. Although he climbed from the lowest rung of the social ladder, he did not find the ascent painfully arduous. It was natural for him to face hardship and to combat it, and he had a robust frame and elasticity. Munkacsy is a Hun, with, it may be, Tsiganes and Slav crosses. He is tall, and his bones and muscles are of powerful construction. Plebeian descent is shown in the thick rebellious hair and strong beard. Men who labor in the fields are less prone to baldness than those who live to amuse themselves or who work more with their brains than with their hands. Munkacsy's eyes are twinkling and good-natured, and help the tongue, which is often embarrassed when French is spoken, to express the thoughts and feelings of the artist. He rattles his r's and speaks from his chest and throat. In the presence of strangers his eye is furtive and searching. His manner is simple. If near a dog, he is sure to stroke it down. All the gorgeous furniture that surrounds him in his palace in the Avenue de Villiers should not be regarded as a sign of ostentation. He bought it merely because he liked it, and can afford to indulge in his tastes. Madame Munkacsy is very rich; she fell in love with the painter, and made him an offer of her hand and fortune. The Hungarian artist is her second husband. In summer he resides in a chateau that she brought him not far from Metz.

Munkacsy is very gray for a man of his years, not being yet forty. And is his native town. In his childhood, many events happened in his family of a nature to stir and stimulate his intellect and imagination. An epidemic swept off his father and mother. Although only four years old when they died, he remembers how they were carried away, and their funeral. An aunt took compassion on the child, and undertook to rear him. As she was thrifty, and was reputed to have saved money, her cottage was broken into at night, and she was murdered by the burglars. Michael, the nephew, was then

adopted by an uncle. But this protector was torn away from his home by Austrian soldiers in 1849, and shot as a rebel. He was in sympathy with Kossuth and Gorge, but had not himself ever made war against the Kaiser. As Munkacsy was strong and intelligent, he found at the age of nine employment in a carpenter's workshop, and there learned how to make trunks. To tempt poor people to buy them, he used to cover them with paintings of his own design. A strong taste was thus developed in him for pictorial art. To be able to improve his mind and learn how to draw correctly, he went to Pesth. There he worked by day at his trade, and at night attended a mechanics' free school. A thirst for knowledge and a desire to see more of the world prompted him to remove to Vienna. What he saw in that Metropolis decided his fate. His vocation became too strong to be resisted. Sundays were entirely devoted to the education of the eye and intellect, and the week was divided into days when task-work jobs were got through, and others when his sole occupation was sketching in museums and reading in a public library. French was one of the things he studied. He had a notion that he would succeed better in Paris than he would elsewhere. But there was no way of reaching it, except by tramping along from village to village and town to town. When he failed to procure work, he got country innkeepers to lodge and board him in return for portraits he engaged to do of them and their families. From an early age he utilized his pencil in a similar way. There is a tailor at Arad whose house is decorated with pictures done by Munkacsy in return for suits of clothes.

Munich did not please the young Hungarian genius. He disliked its pseudo-Greek architecture. Nor did the Royal collection of pictures awaken his enthusiasm. The quaint old German towns were more congenial to his taste. At Dusseldorf he came to understand that the best school for an artist is not in museums, but in the streets, market-places and fields. He learned that it was best to trust to his own inspiration, and to paint things just as they impressed him. "Condemned to Death" was painted at Dusseldorf. It was sent to Paris, and without difficulty admitted to the salon of 1869.

It was done from recollections of a scene witnessed in infancy. The Princess Metternich, who is very impulsive and fond of her Hungarian compatriots, blew the trumpet for the young exhibitor. The public were fascinated by the strong expression given, without tragical attitudes or contortion, to speechless, unutterable woe. The apparent decency of the convict suggested a doubt as to his guilt, and rendered his position harrowing to the spectator. Munkacsy had been familiar from his cradle with that undemonstrative tragedy which haunts the poor quarters of towns and cities. For some years after he won a name, he only depicted the sufferings of the class in which he was born.

Munkacsy has been eleven years a regular artist when he obtained a medal of honor at the Universal Exhibition of 1878 for "Milton's Daughters" and the "Conscripts." "Christ before Pilate" is his masterpiece. The painter *est entré dans la peau* of the different characters whom he represents. By an effort of the imagination he thought and felt as they each might have done at the state trial that took place more than eighteen hundred years ago at Jerusalem. The faces well answer to the supposed moral and mental conditions of the divers actors before the high court of justice in which Pontius Pilate sat. Munkacsy entirely evolved this painting out of his own consciousness. It is a work of pure reason, imagination and technical skill. The apparent ease comes from a great amount of thought and that felicity which Lord Bacon speaks of. Munkacsy could feel his head growing gray when he was engaged in the composition of this painting. As a rule, things done with labor are good—things done from inspiration are super-excellent.

Munkacsy resides in a house built by himself. It is a vast, solid, rich, and of, in many respects, fanciful exterior. The Hungarian eye likes showy magnificence. Twisted columns of oblong wood, of the Italian sixteenth century style, are brought into the architecture. Their outlines are defined with gilding. The pipes that carry rain from the roof end in open-mouthed and fantastic animals, painted and enamelled. Fire-places are made to consume whole trees. They bear a resemblance to those in the great hall of Pierrefontaine Castle. Everywhere there is the flush of brilliant, but harmonious color. One sees it in the windows—painted, no doubt, by Oudinot; in the Magyar flags; in the Japanese and Chinese vases, tapestries, bright embroidered cushions, chairs, tablecloths, and in the door curtains and Persian carpets. Some of the portieres are composed of showy vestments made for Italian priests in the time of the De Medici. The embroideries on these sacerdotal garments were cut out from them and reapplied on new stuffs. Although his studio in the Avenue de Villiers is seventeen yards long, it is too small for Munkacsy. He has turned it into a salon, and works in the Rue de La Rochefoucauld. At the end there is a gallery for musicians. A fête in this noble apartment reminds one of Veronese's "Marriage of Cana" in the Louvre.

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THE MOTTO IN A WEDDING RING

A lover gave the wedding ring
Into the goldsmith's hand.
"Grave me," he said, "a tender thought
Within this golden band."

The wedding-bells rang gladly put,
The husband said "O wife!
Together we will share the grief,
The happiness of life:

"Twas she that lifted now his hand
(O love! that this should be),
Then on it placed the golden band,
And whispered tenderly:

"And when death joins we never more
Shall know an aching heart:
The bridal of that better love,
Death has no power to part.

So up the hill and down the hill,
Through fifty changing years,
They shared each other's happiness,
They dried each other's tears.

But one sad day she stood alone
Beside his narrow bed:
She drew the ring from off her hand
And to the goldsmith said:

"Now grave four words for me:
'Till death us join." He took
The precious golden band once more,
With solemn, wistful look.

-Harper's Weekly.

FRENCH FOR COCKNEYS.

There is a sixpenny book sold in London and
entitled:—"Don't go without it! The Eng-
lishman's Interpreter and Paris Guide, contain-
ing all you need to say or see in visiting Paris
and its environs." As to the things you need
to see, it is much like any other commonplace
guide-book. By far the greater part of it, how-
ever, is that which you need to say. This will
be found, on even a first perusal, to throw a
flood of light on the mysteries of Anglo-French
pronunciation. A more careful analysis will
show that it also deserves the study of experts
in phonetics, as affording a curious reflex illus-
tration of the manner in which the sounds of
the English language are presented and repre-
sented to the Cockney ear and in current Cock-
ney speech.

At the head of the vocabulary stands this
warning: "To secure with accuracy the cor-
rect French pronunciation, care must be taken
to give as far as possible the full English sound
of each letter in the "Pronounced column."
There can, therefore, be no mistake about it;
we are in the presence of a serious undertaking
to render French pronunciation by "full Eng-
lish sounds." And there is a promising begin-
ning: "Apportey moah; donney moah; le
day-jeunay; deu tay; deu cassay; den shoko-
lart." We may already note that our transliter-
ator—evidently a Cockney of the purest water
—has no conception of the value of the letter r
save as modifying a preceding vowel. But we
shall presently get much finer examples of this.
Coming to the details of breakfast, we were in-
structed to ask for "deu paking blohng" or
"un pettey paking," or, if we want something
more substantial, "day zeuf fray" or "deu
zjambohng." Observe in the rendering of des
œufs, what thought the master has taken that
we shall not disregard our lisasons: we thank
him for his pains, or, in his own beautiful
phrase a few lines lower down, "Zje voo suee
zoblejay," or, as it is elsewhere writ, "sweez
oblejay;" it would seem that l'un et l'autre se
dit ou se disent. The French j seems to give
him trouble; sometimes it is represented as
here, by zj, sometimes by zj, as in "deu fro-
marze," sometimes by j simply. It did not
occur to the master's mind that the French
sound of j is in truth quite familiar in our own
language. If you really want an Englishman
to give it correctly, the only needful instruction
is to sound it like s in "pleasure," or, if one
must have a phonetic symbol, zh is evidently
the right one. Many French sounds are diffi-
cult, including several of which few foreigners
ever discover the real difficulty; but this one
ought to go as smoothly in an English mouth
as oil—the oil of "un salard," as we are here
taught to call it.

The meats and drinks that go to furnishing a
dinner lead us to more ambitious ventures. We
should like to see the face of the French waiter
of whom a goose should be demanded under the
name of "eune woad," or a pigeon as "eun
pæzgoon." "She-vreal" and "poahshou" have
a sort of Red Indian aspect. "Shi ko re," on
the other hand, is unmistakable the Chinese;
and still more Chinese, if possible, is the look of
"Qwohang" (going). For "shooder broesel"
("choux de Bruxelles") we can find no prototype,
except perhaps in debased Romany. The
French name of walnut is represented with
startling simplicity by the name of the patri-

arch Noah. The master excels himself, how-
ever, under the head of "Familiar Words and
Sentences." Here we find a marvellous triplet
of formulas for expressing belief and knowledge
as thus: "Zjontond, jehcrow, zjay vu." Are
we thirsty? We display the Cockney doctrine
of the inutility of r in its full perfection by
saying, "Donnay moah ah boah." Do we ad-
mire the weather? "Eel say ho tohng." Do
we deplore its fickleness? "Le tohng zay tan-
constohn." Does a cold wind blow? (as it
commonly does when the poor Briton goes
abroad in search of spring), "Eel say tun vohng
froyr." Does a beautiful morning succeed the
storm? "La mat-tea-nay eh bell." Here we
meet a new and astonishing device—the doubl-
ing of consonants in order to mark to the untu-
ored British eye the separation of syllables. It
is still better executed in the grotesquely Eng-
lish-looking version of "Cabinet d'histoire natu-
relle"—"Cab-been-nay dis-twar nah-tu-rel."
Before this we could not have positively said
that an Englishman, following the master's
directions in blind faith, might not enable a
Frenchman to say or to think, "I do partly un-
derstand thy meaning." But we think it safe
to affirm that an Englishman who said mat-tea-
nay for matinee, or still more, cab-been-nay for
cabinet, would be absolutely unintelligible.
But hold! Perhaps we do injustice to the
master. Who knows that he attaches any more
value to doubled consonant sounds than to the
letter r? Peradventure a bookcase is for him a
boo-case, and a sheep-pen distinguishable only
by a shade of vowel sound from shipping.

After this it seems a light thing to travel in
the "shaymang" (or "shermang") "der fare,"
whether "pray-miare class" in the "trains
sexpray," or in the "say-cond" or "troysiam
class." By the way, the French do not say
trains exprès, but use the English word express;
and, moreover, the really express trains on
French lines are now called rapides. The
phrase suggests an imaginary conversation be-
tween a tourist and a station master when
French politics have got a little more advanced,
which must be of this kind:—Tourist: "Moah
voulay allay ar l'arree par ler train expray."
Chef de gare:—"De trains exprès, monsieur,
on ne connaît pas ça; depuis que nous sommes
en république sociale, il n'y a que des trains
fortuits." It seems quite natural to go to the
tay-art when we have spent the afternoon in
the Bvor der Boo long, and admired M. Fal-
guière's new model on the Ark der treeonph der
la twall. On the whole, we think this little
book a perilous gift for simple youth. It were
better to accept frankly the services of "linter-
prète" (l'interprète), or use the method of a
certain bilingual "English bill of the fare" to
be seen in Parisian houses of entertainment
where gentlemen and ladies innocent of French
are entreated to "point out to the waiter, with-
out speaking" the number denoting in the cata-
logue, "whatever may be the things desired,"
and "you will have it."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

The following statement was published in Turf,
Field and Farm on the 22nd ult.
"We do not think it advisable at present to at-
tempt making up a detailed score of the results, as
we consider many of the reports unreliable. We hope,
however, to be able next week to present a full, com-
plete and correct record of both rounds."
On the 23rd ult., the final record did not appear, so
we may safely conclude that at that time no reliable
information had crossed the Atlantic. We hope to be
able to give full particulars next week.

We may add that Mr. Steinitz furnishes news of the
Tournament to the Chess Column of Turf, Field and
Farm.

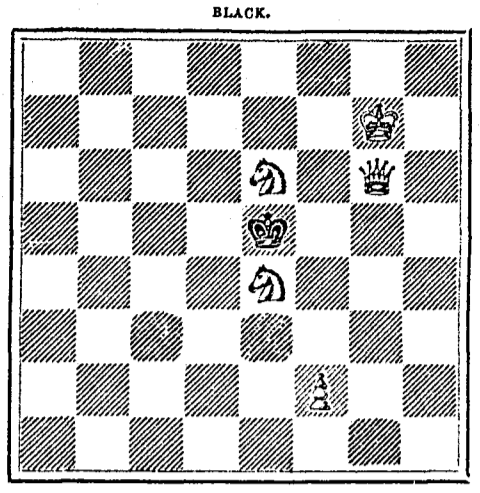
Annexed will be found a table of the games ended
in the Cincinnati "Commercial" Correspondence
Tourney to June 11th, 1888.

The contestants in this match, many of whom have
been fought in previous tourneys of a similar nature, are
to be found in different parts of the United States and
Canada. They have, however, one object in
common which is to score as many games individually
as they possibly can. We congratulate Mr. Foster,
the Conductor, on the success of his enterprise.

Games ended in Cincinnati "Commercial Gazette"
Correspondence Tourney to June 11th, 1888.

Table with columns for Player, Opponent, and Score. Lists names like Botvinn, Anderson, and scores such as 25, 26, 27, etc.

PROBLEM No. 40. By R. Schwarz.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 438. In this problem there should be a White Kt at White's K B 5.

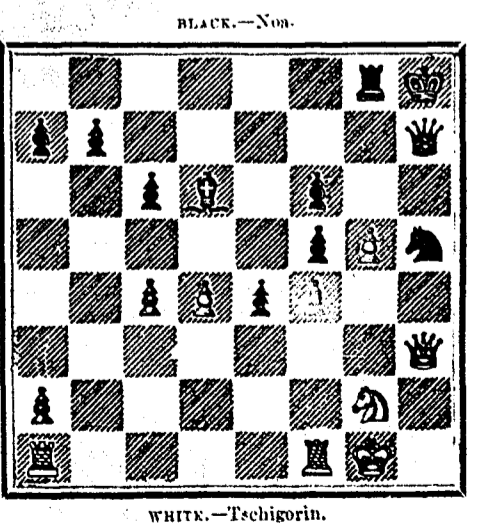
White. 1 Q to QR 6. 2 B to K B 4. 3 Q mates.

Black. 1 K takes Kt. 2 K takes B.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY. (French Defence.)

- White.-(M. Tchigorin.) 1 P to K 4. 2 P to Q 4. 3 Kt to Q B 3. 4 P takes P. 5 Kt to B 3. 6 B to Q 3. 7 Castles. 8 B to K Kt 5. 9 Q to Q 2. 10 Kt to K sq. 11 P to R 4 (a). 12 P to K R 3. 13 B takes B. 14 Q to Q 3. 15 B to R 6. 16 B takes R. 17 Q to K 3. 18 Kt takes Kt (d). 19 P to K Kt 3. 20 P to B 3. 21 Kt to Kt 2. 22 Kt to R 4. 23 P to Kt 4. 24 K to R sq. 25 Kt to Kt 2 (c). 26 P to Kt 5 (f). 27 P to B 4 (g). 28 P to K R 4. 29 Q to K R 3. 30 R P takes P. 31 K to Kt sq. 32 K to B 2 (h). 33 Q to K 3. 34 K to K 2. 35 P to B 5. 36 Kt takes Kt. 37 K to K sq. 38 R takes B. 39 R to B 2. 40 K to K 2. 41 Q takes Q. 42 R to K B sq. 43 K to R sq. 44 B takes R. 45 K to K 2. Resigns.

- (a) Threatening to win the bishop with 12, P to K R 3. (b) The only square for the bishop. 12... B to K 3 would be followed by 13. P to Kt 4. &c. (c) Black is compelled to give up the exchange on account of 16. Kt takes Kt, and 17. Q to Kt 3. &c. (d) 18. Kt to Q 3 seems preferable. (e) White dare not take the pawn with the knight on account of the following continuation:— White. 25 Kt takes P. 26 P takes Kt. 27 R to K Kt sq. 28 R takes R ch. 29 Q to Kt sq ch. 30 Q to Kt 3. 31 Q to B 3. 32 Q takes P. 33 R to Kt sq. Black. 25 Kt takes Kt. 26 Q to R 5. 27 B takes P. 28 K takes R. 29 K to B sq. 30 P to K 6. 31 P to K 7. 32 Q takes P ch. 33 R to K 6 ch and wins. (f) White is compelled to advance this Pawn, although it lets the knight into play. (g) Perhaps it would have been more judicious now to escape with the king: the advance in the text is no use. (h) Position after Black's 31st move.



(h) If 31. P takes P, then Blackries=plp t. B 5. (i) It was quite safe, and wins equally if 32... Kt takes P. Black remained with three past pawns after the exchange of queens.—From the Field.

A MOUNTAIN EDITOR-ARTIST.—Mr. Jesse A. Graves, editor of the Mountain Echo, at Delaware Water Gap, has returned from New York, where he has been passing the winter, to his editorial sanctum in the Delaware Highlands. Mr. Graves, beside his editorial duties, has a taste and fancy for art; in fact, he has ability for it. He has a studio and photograph gallery on the brow of a hill midway between the Water Gap House and the Kittatinny House, where are produced some good specimens of his skill and judgment in the combined use of chemicals and the camera. He has a sort of an al fresco sanctum and studio, with broad space and unusual facilities for editorial writing and for the taking of out-door views. One minute Mr. Graves, pen in hand, will be "knocking off," as he calls it, an editorial for his Mountain Echo, and the next minute he will be out on the grass in his shirt sleeves, with the editorial pen behind his ear, focusing his camera for a group of mountain tourists. And this editor-artist does excellent work in both branches of labor. Jesse Graves is a character—an honest, natural, genial gentleman. Any one who visits the Water Gap without visiting him makes a sad mistake.

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