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Whitbread's News

Vol. XXIII.—No. 22.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881.

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The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., 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 HERN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

May 22nd, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 56°	45°	50° 5'	Mon.. 65°	52°	48° 5'
Tues.. 52°	44°	48°	Tues.. 70°	54°	62°
Wed.. 60°	47°	53° 5'	Wed.. 68°	48°	58°
Thur.. 68°	45°	56° 5'	Thur.. 75°	45°	60°
Fri... 74°	55°	63° 5'	Fri... 75°	55°	65°
Sat... 56°	48°	53°	Sat... 73°	59°	66°
Sun... 64°	45°	53° 5'	Sun... 70°	45°	57° 5'

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MISCELLANEOUS.—Toronto and its Industries—Review and Criticism—News of the Week—Sonnet—The Professor's Darling—Humorous—Musical and Dramatic—Tested—Hilda's Experiment—Echoes from Paris Varieties—Echoes from London—Hearth and Home—Felicissima—Who Lost Waterloo—Spring—Miscellany—Our Illustrations—Correspondence—Herbert Spencer—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 28th, 1881.

THE WEEK.

ON the day on which this number is published we celebrate the sixty-second anniversary of the birth of our beloved Queen. Amidst diversity of opinion upon political subjects, amidst party strife and religious discussion, it is a relief to turn to the one subject upon which all true Canadians alike, Annexationists and Home Rulers (if we may use the term), Liberal and Conservative, Grit and Tory, are at one. If there is one national feature of which we should be truly proud, one characteristic of the retention of which we should be severely jealous, it is our loyalty; our love for that lady, who by her personal virtues, no less than her just and upright Government has earned a name second to none amongst British rulers. We have no wish to do more in this place than express our own loyalty and the hope that we may celebrate yet many such anniversaries during the life time of our Queen. It is pleasant to be able, also to wish a pleasant holiday to all our friends. With a singular fitness the date of our universal holiday coincides with the opening of Spring, and though during the past week the prospects of holidaymakers have been anything but cheerful, we cannot but feel confident that Phœbus Apollon will see the propriety of being present on this auspicious occasion, and that Mr. Vennor will take such steps as will ensure us against east winds and other disagreeable meteorological conditions on the 24th.

A SUDDEN, and, so far as our information goes, at present unexplained accident resulted some days since in the sudden extinction of the electric lights in the City of London over the whole area worked by the BRUSH system. The engines were at work for a considerable time after the lamps had gone out, and the men were apparently unaware of anything unusual having happened. Every effort was made to remedy the defect, and for the moment the light was restored in all its original brilliancy, but only to go out again. Fortunately the old gas lamps have not yet been removed, and steps were taken for their relighting, but up till half-past one in the morning several of the principal thoroughfares, notably Blackfriars Bridge, were left in total darkness. The light, we believe, has since been restored in all its former brilliancy, but unless some satisfactory reason is given

for the occurrence, and a guarantee of the non-recurrence of what might have been a very serious calamity, it is to be feared that the confidence of the public in the infallibility of the system will be shaken. No amount of good lighting could compensate in the eyes of London for the possibility of being suddenly left at the mercy of the criminal classes who would not be slow to reap a harvest out of the plunging of the city in darkness even for a few hours. But there seems no reason to expect any such danger, and of course the present experiment is precisely intended to gauge the risks as well as the advantages of electric lighting.

THE somewhat demonstrative proceedings of the Salvation Army, to the progress of whose march Heavenwards we have before alluded, appear to have grieved the spirit of a certain correspondent of the London *Globe*. This gentleman having taken his seat in a railway carriage occupied by a detachment of the host, was unwise enough to protest against the warlike strains with which they disturbed the repose of his journey. The only result appears to have been that the army changed its tune, and on the inspiration of the moment adapted a somewhat personal refrain to the air of "So early in the morning." The words of this hymn, which were given with due emphasis and much spirit, possessed at least the merit simplicity combined with point, which however failed to excite the admiration of the gentleman to whom they were addressed.

Oh he's going to the Devil (*ter*)
As fast as ever he can.

There appears to be no escape from annoyance of this kind, or redress for its infliction; and we hardly think that the cause of the Salvation Army will be materially advanced by such behaviour on the part of its recruits. Meanwhile another danger seems to have been added to the already serious risks of railway travelling. He who has escaped mutilation or ill-usage at the hands of the irreligious rough, and reached his destination without being thrust out of doors or his coat torn from his back, is still exposed to the tender mercies of the religious enthusiasts, who seem determined that those who will persist in taking the downward road shall not at least be without that musical accompaniment to their march Devil-wards which they themselves find of such material assistance to their progress in the opposite direction.

A correspondent writes *à propos* of the disinfectant question, which we discussed last week, condemning the indiscriminate use of "Carbolic Acid Soap" a commonly offered and extensively advertised article. Used in a proper way, Carbolic Acid Soap is of considerable value for disinfecting purposes, and may be occasionally used with advantage even upon the skin, but we are grateful to our correspondent for pointing out the dangers connected with its common use as a toilet article, for which purpose unscrupulous dealers do not hesitate to recommend it. So employed it induces a more or less severe form of blood poisoning into the system, and is not only not beneficial but distinctly harmful. From soap to water is an easy transition, and the advent of Spring, which seems to have at last come to stay, brings us to the consideration of the pros and cons of bathing. In this connection our Mentor warns us of the danger to our hearing faculties attendant upon a sudden plunge into cold water. The avoidance of any risk is simple enough, in the employment of a small pledget of cotton wool to stop the ears. This may be moistened at will with olive oil, and can be removed after the first plunge is taken. These advisory remarks do not, of course, apply to those who approach the water with caution, and enter it one foot at a time. Such bold bathers may be safely trusted to run no greater risk than that of catching cold.

TORONTO—THE QUEEN CITY OF THE WEST.

In our Christmas number we issued a supplement illustrative of Montreal, with the principal business houses of that city. With the present number is presented a quadruple sheet containing views of the various industries of Toronto, with a bird's eye view of the city itself, which makes apart from the paper an attractive sheet, and one which will interest all dwellers in the Dominion, as well as the inhabitants of the Queen City herself.

Toronto, the capital of Ontario, and one of the most flourishing and populous cities in the Dominion of Canada, is situated on a gently-sloping plain on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, 333 miles west-south-west of Montreal, 500 miles from Quebec, 38 miles from the mouth of the Niagara River, and 500 miles from New York. It is in latitude 43° 49' 4" north, and longitude 79° 71' 5" west, or five hours, seventeen minutes and twenty seconds slower time than at Greenwich, England. A handsome bay forms the southern front or boundary of the city, and is entered by a narrow opening at the western end about half a mile in width, and is separated from the lake by a semi-circular island, running for about three miles in front of the city, enclosing a beautiful basin, about a mile and a half in diameter, forming a safe and well sheltered harbour, capable of containing a large number of vessels.

Though not picturesque, the situation of the city is very pleasing and agreeable, and peculiarly favorable to commerce, comfort and health. The site is somewhat low, but rises gently from the water's edge, the observatory, about a mile distant from the lake, being 108 feet above the water level, and Bloor street, two miles distant, being over 140 feet above the level of the lake. The city generally is built of white brick of a soft and pleasing tint, but very freely intermingled with structures of stone, iron and granite. Its streets are spacious, well laid out, regularly built and cross each other at right angles, some almost running parallel with the Bay, and intersected with others which have a north and south direction, inclining slightly to the west, the whole forming nearly a parallelogram. The principal streets running east and west in the denser portions of the city are Front, Wellington, King, Richmond, Adelaide and Queen streets, and the cross streets, running north from the Bay, are Yonge, Church, Jarvis, Bay, York and Simcoe streets. The two main thoroughfares of the city are King and Yonge streets, which divide it into four large sections. King street runs from the eastern limits of the city to the western portion, where it is blocked by the Crystal Palace grounds, a distance of over four miles. It is sixty-six feet wide, and well built up with substantial brick and stone buildings, some of them equal to any on the American continent. Some of them, for variety and value of stock, elegant show rooms, fittings, &c., and external appearance, rival those of Regent street, London, England.

Yonge street runs from the Bay almost due north to Holland Landing, Lake Simcoe, a distance of over thirty miles. The lower portion of the street from the Bay to King street is composed almost exclusively of warehouses, banks, &c., while above King street, to the northern limits of the city (a distance of over two miles) it is almost an unbroken line of retail shops of every description, and is perhaps the busiest business street in the city. It is the great leading thoroughfare of the north, giving to the farmers, on the rich lands lying between the two lakes, direct access to the chief shipping point of Ontario. Front and Wellington streets are mainly built up with wholesale houses of every description. Queen street is the main artery of the city from the western districts, and for upwards of three miles is closely built up with stores and private dwellings. Many of the streets occupied by the private dwellings of the merchants and the business men of the city present a very pleasing and attractive appearance. Such streets as Jarvis, Sherbourne, Church, Simcoe, Wilton Crescent, Gerrard, Carlton, Wellesley, and others, being mainly built up with fine blocks or detached villas, and in almost every instance they are fronted or surrounded with garden lots carefully cultivated and protected from the street thoroughfare by ornamental railings of iron or wood. Outside of these is a wide sidewalk, along which runs a strip of grass plot from six to twelve feet wide, protected from the roadway by posts, with suspended chains, being placed at equal distances along the length of the street. This arrangement, with the shade trees planted along the sidewalks, gives to many of the streets of the city a "boulevard" appearance, and affords a pleasant promenade to visitors and residents during the summer months.

Many of the private dwellings of the citizens are quite palatial in their outward aspect and their interior structure. The warehouses, financial institutions, and public buildings are of remarkably substantial workmanship, and many of them exceedingly beautiful in architectural design. In fact, few, if any, cities on the American continent can boast of finer buildings devoted to business purposes than Toronto, who is justly proud of the distinction.

But the special pride and glory of Toronto is in her churches and educational institutions, for, compared with cities of similar age and population, she stands acknowledging no rival. She boasts of eighty churches, many of them, such as St. James's Episcopal Cathedral, Metropolitan Methodist Church, new St. Andrew's Presby-

terian Church, Jarvis street Baptist Church and St. Michael's Roman Catholic Cathedral, are magnificent specimens of church architecture, and monuments of Christian munificence. In her educational establishments Toronto stands second to none on this side of the Atlantic, the University College buildings being one of the finest and most imposing specimens of massive Norman architecture in America, and the Normal School buildings and grounds being one of the most attractive spots in the city. The assessed value of the churches, religious and educational institutions of the city is over five millions of dollars.

Numerous charitable and religious institutions are also to be found in all parts of the city. It is the seat of law and Provincial Government, and the head-quarters of the Educational Department of Ontario. The principal buildings in connection with these departments are handsome structures, the internal finish and arrangements of Osgoode Hall, especially, being remarkably fine. It is also the headquarters of the principal financial institutions of the Province. The head offices of eight banks, with an aggregate capital of \$15,000,000, and having eighty-one branches (in the Province and United States) are situated here, and there are also six branches of banks having head offices in other cities. Ten insurance companies (eight fire and marine and two life) have their head offices here, some of them transacting a very extensive business in the United States. Eleven building and investment societies, with an aggregate capital of \$5,000,000, and having over \$10,000,000 assets, also have their homes in Toronto. The total capital of the local banks, insurance companies, building and loan societies exceeds \$25,000,000.

The manufacturing interests of the city are varied. Several extensive iron and stove foundries, engineering establishments, car building works, piano and organ factories, paper mills, carriage factories, soap works, boot and shoe factories, breweries, spice mills, a woollen mill, the largest cabinet factory in the Dominion, and the largest distillery in the world, are situated here. Toronto is rapidly becoming the literary metropolis of the Dominion: over forty newspapers and periodicals are published within its limits, namely, five daily and fifteen weekly, the rest monthly, semi-monthly, or quarterly, its daily press circulating throughout the entire Dominion, and exerting considerable influence in the political, commercial and social community. Some of the largest and most enterprising publishers on the continent carry on their business in Toronto.

Five lines of railways run into the city, connecting with all places of importance on the American continent, and other lines are now in process of construction. First class passenger steamers also run during the season to all the principal points on the lake and ports on the St. Lawrence River. At present Toronto has within its limits 359 public streets, containing about 240 miles of sidewalks, upwards of 14,000 private and public buildings, with a population of over 75,000 souls. The ratable assessments of the city property for the present year amount to over \$70,000,000.

Though young in years, Toronto is vigorous in its growth, extending its borders on all sides, and rapidly undergoing a transformation which is fast placing it in the foremost rank of cities noted for their wealth and beauty. New streets, with larger, handsomer, and more costly buildings, are rapidly springing up; stone and granite structures are replacing those of frame and brick; and evidences of improvement in new buildings, streets, roadways and parks, are seen in all directions. New parks are being laid out, streets are being converted into boulevards, so that with each successive season Toronto is becoming more and more worthy of its royal and proud designation of Queen City of the West.

We must not omit to say that the photographs from which our engravings of the buildings were taken were furnished by Hunter & Co., of King street, Toronto.

The supplement sheet, as well as that for Montreal issued with our last Christmas number, was projected and arranged by Mr. J. H. Gould.

No. 1.—WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING.

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY'S new Offices, corner of Wellington and Scott streets, were completed last year. The building is of Connecticut brown stone with Nova Scotia granite columns. This company was incorporated in 1851 and it has now the largest business of any Canadian company, its income for the year 1880 being \$1,301,734.59.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY, 20 Wellington street, East. Hon. Henry Starnes, Chairman; G. F. C. Smith, Resident Secretary; Joseph B. Reed, agent for Toronto and vicinity. This wealthy company was organized in 1836, and has done business in Canada since 1851. The invested funds of the institution amount to \$30,000,000, of which \$200,000 are invested in Canada, the largest amount placed in this country by any foreign Insurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE OF SOVEREIGN FIRE INS. CO., 16 Wellington street. Capital \$600,000; Deposit with Government \$124,711.52. Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, M.P., President; G. Banks, Asst. Manager.

MAY 28, 1881.

No. 2.—CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, 46 King street, West, J. D. Henderson, Agent. This Company having been established in 1847, its long experience and large resources enable it to offer every advantage to assurers. The Capital and Funds amount to over \$5,000,000; the sums assured are \$24,000,000; the annual income is about \$350,000. The profits divided in November, 1880 were in cash \$745,000. New business for year ending 30th April, 1881, over \$4,000,000.

No. 3.—LYMAN BROTHERS & CO.

LYMAN BROTHERS & Co., Manufacturing Chemists and Wholesale Druggist, Front Street, East. This is one of the oldest business houses in the City, and in the manufacture of nitrate of silver, sulphur, and ether, they stand far beyond all rivals, as was proved by their display at the Centennial Exhibition.

No. 4.—WILLIAMS, LEVIAN & HAMBURGER.

WILLIAMS, LEVIAN & HAMBURGER, Importers and Jobbers of Fancy Dry Goods, Hosiery, Embroideries, Buttons, &c., 37 Yonge street, Montreal House, 182 St. James street, and New York Branch, 58 Walker street.

No. 5.—BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

THE BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION'S BUILDING is situated on the corner Toronto and Court streets, and occupies one of the best business positions in the city, Larratt W. Smith, D.C.L., President; John Kerr, Esq., Vice-President; David Galbraith, Esq., Manager. The Association was incorporated in 1870, and has a capital of \$750,000. This fine building is principally occupied by the Association, its officers and solicitors. It covers a space of 52 feet on Toronto street, by 100 in depth on Court street, and contains all the latest modern improvements and is in every respect a modern business building.

No. 6.—GILLESPIE, MEAD & CO.

GILLESPIE, MEAD & Co., Fur Manufacturers, 28 and 30 Wellington street West. This firm pays special attention to fur garments of the finest quality, South Sea Seal, Sables and Dolman, fur-lined Circulars and Dolmans, and all kinds of Seal and fine Mink goods; also buyers, dealers and shippers of Raw Skins, Gloves, Mitts, Moccasins, and manufacturers of all kinds of Plush Caps, all manufactured on the premises, employing upwards of 100 work people in their factory.

No. 7.—H. A. NELSON & SONS; WM. J. MCMASTER, MCCLUNG & CO.; AND CALDICOTT, BURTON & CO.

H. A. NELSON & SONS, wholesale importers of Toys, Fancy Goods, Smallwares, and manufacturers of Brooms, Brushes, Woodenware, etc., 56 and 58 Front street, West, Toronto, and 59 to 69 St. Peter street, Montreal. This is the largest and oldest house in the above lines in the Dominion, having been established in 1840.

WM. J. MCMASTER, MCCLUNG & Co., wholesale importers of British and Foreign Dry Goods, offer a larger and more complete stock of Canadian Flannels, Blankets, Tweeds and Cotton Goods, and of American Ducks, Denims, Sheetings, Pillow Cottons, etc., than any other house in the Province of Ontario. Warehouse 54 Front street, West.

CALDECOTT, BURTON & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods Importers, 52 Front street West. This firm commenced business here in 1879, and are doing a large and rapidly increasing business in Canadian, European and English Dry Goods; are also agents for the celebrated spool firm of Jas. Chadwick & Bro., Bolton, and Bonnard & Morison's French Kid Gloves, Paris.

No. 8.—GLOVER HARRISON.

GLOVER HARRISON, China Hall, Importer of China, Glass and Earthenware, Plated and Fancy Goods, Table Cutlery, Bust and Parian Marble Statuary, Bohemian Vases, &c., 49 King street East.

No. 9.—PATERSON BROTHERS.

PATERSON BROTHERS, importers of Millinery, Straw Goods, Velvets, Ribbons and Fancy Dry Goods, 58 and 60 Wellington street. Also 23 St. Helen street, Montreal.

No. 10.—ROBERT SIMPSON.

R. SIMPSON, direct importer of British and Foreign Dry Goods, 176 Yonge street.

No. 11.—IRON BLOCK.

NORTROP & LYMAN, Wholesale Dealers and Manufacturers of Patent Medicines, 21 Front street, West.

TORONTO NOTION HOUSE CO'Y., Dealers in Sewing and Machine Silks, Button-Hole Twists, Embroideries, Hosiery, etc., European and American Clothiers' Dress and Fancy Buttons, American Jewellery, etc. This House recently established and having three Travellers covering the entire Province of Ontario and part of the Province of Quebec.

W. H. BLEASDELL & Co., 25 Front street West, direct importers of Fancy Goods. This firm is rapidly developing its business facilities and will soon be one of the first houses of the Dominion in their particular line.

FLETT, LOWNDES & Co., late L.B. Goodworth & Co., 27 Front street West, Manufacturers and Importers of Sewing and Machine Silks. This firm are the sole Patentees and Manufacturers of the Silkaline, only perfect substitute for sewing machine silk, specially adapted for the Clothing and Tailoring Trade.

No. 12.—CHARLES WILSON.

CHARLES WILSON, manufacturer of Ginger Ale, Soda Water and Aerated Beverages, 481 Sherbourne street. Prize medals have been awarded this firm at the Centennial and Sydney Exhibitions for Ginger Ale and Aerated Waters.

No. 13.—VIEW OF TORONTO FROM THE BAY.

No. 14.—H. R. STEVENS AND T. EATON & CO.

CANADIAN BRANCH LABORATORY AND OFFICE OF H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass., Manufacturer and Proprietor of Vegetine and Familine, 40 Scott street. Vegetine, the great family medicine and blood purifier so extensively known throughout the United States, Canada, and the entire American Continent, and now being introduced into all foreign countries.

T. EATON & Co., wholesale Dry Goods Importers, 42 Scott street.

No. 15.—MARSHALL'S BUILDINGS.

W. WHARIN & Co., Watches, Clocks, Jewellery and Silverware, 47 King street West.

ROBERT MARSHALL, Bookseller and Stationer, 49 King street West.

J. F. MUIR & Co., Hats, Furs, &c., 51 King street West. This firm was established in 1868, and has already gained notoriety for their well selected stock of Hats, Caps, Seal Caps, Ladies' Seal Sets, fur-lined Dolmans and Circulars. Ladies or gentlemen wanting their own material made up can be accommodated.

No. 16.—FORBES, ROBERTS & CO.; D. MCCALL & CO.; AND S. FRENKEL.

FORBES, ROBERTS & Co., Importers of Gents' Furnishings and Tailors' Trimmings, Wholesale, 58 Yonge street. This firm was established in the Spring of the present year, and is the first wholesale house of Toronto in this department.

D. MCCALL & Co., Wholesale Importers of Millinery, Mantles and Fancy Dry Goods, 51 Yonge street. This firm has an extensive business through the Province of Ontario and the North-West, as well as Quebec and the Lower Provinces. D. McCall, sen., the oldest and most popular millinery man in Canada, having established no fewer prominent firms than Thomas May & Co., Alexander & Reid, McKinnor, Proctor & Co., and the present firm.

S. FRENKEL, Wholesale Jeweller, 55 and 57 Yonge street. This house, established in 1871, is carrying the most extensive stock in the Dominion of American and English jewellery, spectacles, eye glasses and opera glasses; a large variety of Swiss watches, silk and ribbon vest chains, and making a specialty of all kinds of plated jewellery, having the largest stock carried by any house in the Dominion, and is the only house in Canada in this business who do not send out travellers.

No. 17.—A. A. ALLAN & CO.

A. A. ALLAN & Co., manufacturer of Furs and Robes, and wholesale dealers in Hats, Caps, Gloves and Straw Goods; 82 Wellington street West.

No. 18.—W. A. MURRAY & CO.

W. A. MURRAY & Co., Importers of Dry Goods, Cloths and Clothing, 17 to 27 King street, East Toronto. This firm has been established upwards of quarter of a century, and are now having the highest extensive retail Dry Goods business in the Dominion; making a specialty of Silks, Mantles, Costumes, Shawls, Millinery, Dress-making, real Laces, Kid Gloves, Family Mourning, Staple and House Furnishing Goods, and a large Order Tailoring Department. The senior Mr. W. A. Murray having crossed the Atlantic upwards of a hundred times for the purchasing of Foreign Goods.

No. 19.—COPP, CLARK & CO., AND CANADA PAPER COMPANY.

COPP, CLARK & Co., Wholesale Stationers, Booksellers, Printers, Lithographers and Bookbinders, Blank Book Manufacturers and Engravers, and Manufacturers of Leather Goods, 9 Front street West. Manufactory 67 and 69 Colborne street.

CANADA PAPER COMPANY, Paper Makers and Wholesale Stationers, 11 Front street, West, and 374 to 378 St. Paul street, Montreal. Mills at Windsor and also Sherbrooke Mills, P. Q.

No. 20.—R. S. WILLIAMS.

The piano manufactory of R. S. WILLIAMS & SON of Toronto is said to be the largest of the kind in Canada. The main building fronting on Hayer street runs back to Gerrard street, where the lumber yard is situated. The principal factory, of red brick, five stories high, is the place where all the finishing and setting up of the parts of the pianos is done, while in the western addition, a building of two stories high, with a mansard roof, the machinery is placed, and here also the case-making is done and the various parts which go to make up the complete piano, are turned out. The factory is run almost entirely on the American plan; practical piano

makers from New York being at the head of each department of the works. The capacity of this factory is three pianos per day, and arrangements are being made to increase this output. The pianos of this firm stand high in the estimation of the musical public, and find ready sale from Halifax to Winnipeg, a proof that under the protection of the N.P. this Canadian industry is receiving and will receive the encouragement it deserves. Office and showrooms, 148 Yonge street.

No. 21.—J. M. TREBLE.

J. M. TREBLE, Shirt Maker and Gents' Furnishings. Treble's perfect fitting shirts with reinforced bosoms are known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This house has also an extensive assortment of Gents' Furnishings, Hosiery, Gloves, etc., and a separate department for Ladies' Underwear, Baby Linen, Hosiery, Gloves and Fancy Wool Goods.

No. 22.—STARR KIDNEY PAD CO.

STARR KIDNEY PAD CO., office and manufactory, 81 King street, West.

No. 23.—NORMAN.

NORMAN'S ELECTRIC BELT INSTITUTION AND ELECTRO-CURATIVE APPLIANCES MANUFACTORY Queen street, East.

No. 24.—HUNTER, ROSE & CO.

HUNTER, ROSE & Co., Printers, Bookbinders, Publishers, Paper Rulers, Blank Book manufacturers, Electrotypers and Stereotypers, 23 and 25 Wellington street. Publishers and proprietors of the *Canadian Monthly*.

No. 25.—THE TORONTO BREWING AND MALTING COMPANY.

We take pleasure in giving a view of the extensive premises of the TORONTO BREWING AND MALTING COMPANY. The buildings were constructed several years ago by the late John A. Aldwell, who was the founder of the business, and from whose estate the premises were purchased by the present company in 1875. There are two large malt houses having thirteen furnaces and eight kilns, yielding a product of 180,000 bushels malt per season. In point of equipment and capacity these are the largest and most complete malt houses in the Dominion. Beneath the malt houses there is extensive cellarage, which is utilized to the fullest extent to accommodate the large trade in Ale and Porter the company is now doing. The massive buildings with wings, storerooms and dwellings is composed of white brick, and forms nearly an entire block, bounded by Simcoe, William and Anderson streets. The reputation this concern gained when belonging to and under the management of the late Mr. John Aldwell for producing first-class Malt, Ale and Porter, has been fully maintained by the present company, which is preparing to make extensive additions to the brewing department to accommodate their increased trade. About fifty men and fourteen horses, besides hired teams, are continually employed, thus constituting one of the largest manufacturing interests of Toronto. The President of the company is Mr. J. N. Black, and the Secretary Mr. James E. Millett.

No. 26.—SAMPSON, KENNEDY & GEMMEL.

The well-known Wholesale Dry Goods House of SAMPSON, KENNEDY & GEMMEL, 44 Scott and 19 Colborne streets.

No. 27.—LIVINGSTON, JOHNSTON & CO.

LIVINGSTON, JOHNSTON & Co., Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in Men's Youths and Boys Ready Made Clothing, 44 Bay street.

No. 28.—CANADA PERMANENT BUILDINGS.

CANADA PERMANENT LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY, Toronto street, J. Herbert Mason, Manager. This Company has a capital of \$2,000,000; and a Reserve Fund of \$6,850,000.

PHOENIX FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY, Toronto street, Lewis Moffatt & Co., Agents. This Company was established in 1782 and the Canada Agency in 1804, having transacted business in Canada much longer than any other office, and its reputation for stability and liberality is well established not only in the Dominion but throughout the world. The losses paid since the establishment of the Company have exceeded twelve million sterling.

LANCASHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Canada Permanent Buildings, Toronto street, S. C. Duncan-Clarke Agent.

No. 29.—UNION LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY'S BUILDING.

UNION LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY, 28 and 30 Toronto street, W. Maclean, Manager. This Association of whose new building we have pleasure in presenting an illustration, has reached its sixteenth year, having been incorporated in 1865 under the name of the Union Permanent Building and Savings Society. Owing to the rapid growth of the Society's business and the extended character of its financial transactions, it was decided in 1876 by legislative enactment to change its name to the one it now bears. According to the last report the profits of the business for the past year have enabled the Directors to pay two half yearly dividends at the rate of 10 per cent per annum. In February of the present year the Company's stand-

ing was as follows:—Capital authorized \$1,000,000; capital paid up, \$492,000; deposits and debentures \$587,000; reserve fund, \$110,000 total assets, \$1,167,000.

UNION FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Head office, 28 and 30 Toronto street. Hon. J. C. Aikins, Minister of Inland Revenue, President; A. T. McCord, Jr., Manager. The Government deposit of this Company is the largest of any Ontario Company.

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA OF THE LONDON GUARANTEE AND ACCIDENT COMPANY, Capital, £250,000 sterling. 28 and 30 Toronto street. A. T. McCord, Manager; W. Harvey Lee, Secretary.

SCARTH, COCHRAN & Co., agents for the North British Canadian Investment Company, (Limited), and the Scottish Ontario and Manitoba Land Company.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

THE JUNE MAGAZINES.—Lovers of light reading will find plenty to interest them in this month's *Scribner*. There is the opening installment of several pages of "A Fearful Responsibility," W. D. Howells (the "fearful responsibility" being an American girl); "A Rainy Day with Uncle Remus,"—five new fables told in his inimitable style, by Joel Chandler Harris; the second instalment of George W. Cable's "Madame Delphine," which is full of action; "Fritz," a bright history of a pet bird; "Along the North Shore of Long Island," describing a canoeing trip by Charles H. Farnham, with charming illustrations by Vanderhoof and Langren; a description of lobster-fishing and lobster-canning, contributed by W. H. Bishop, with illustrations by J. C. Beard and Burns; a travel article by Miss Gordon Cumming, giving account of a visit to "The Largest Extinct Volcano" in the world, with an illustration of the crater. Among the heavier articles are the continuation of Col. Waring's "Sanitary Condition of New York," biographical sketches of Lord Beaconsfield and the French artist Bastien Lepage and a description of the Westminster play.

In the *North American Review* for June we have an article by the Hon. Hugh McCulloch on "Our Future Fiscal Policy," treating of the problems of refunding, the remonetization of silver and the restoration of the United States to their just rank among the maritime nations of the world. George B. Loring writes of "The Patrician Element in American Society," that portion of the people, whatever their lineage, who are engaged in developing the mental, moral and material wealth of the republic. Dorman B. Eaton makes a spirited defense of civil service reform; Prof. W. G. Sumner states very clearly the argument for free ships; Frederick Douglass writes of "The Color Line"; Desiré Charney, of "The Ruins of Central America"; Dr. Austin Flint discusses the benefits of vaccination; J. M. Mason asserts the lawful power of the Government to regulate railway charges; and finally, Prof. E. S. Morse sets forth the evidence of the existence of man upon this continent in prehistoric times.

Lippincott's Magazine for June opens with a well illustrated article on "The Lower St. Lawrence and the Saguenay," which is full of fine touches in the way of description, and will be especially interesting to our readers. The third chapter of Dr. Oswald's "Zoological Curiosities" treats amusingly of "our four-handed relatives," and has some capital illustrations. "Among the Cowboys," by Louis C. Bradford, is an excellent sketch of the life of the Texan herdsman and of the career of King and other great cattle-owners. Mr. Dorman B. Eaton discusses the subject of "Tenure of Office." Rowland Connor writes critically but genially of the "Moral Reformers" who blossom out annually at Boston during "anniversary week." "An American Salon in Rome," by C. R. Corson, introduces Miss Brewster and her circle, regarding whom Miss Tinker's new novel, "By the Tiber," has just been playing the interest of a good many readers. There are several capital short stories and sketches in the number. "What Sooz'n Did," by Margaret Borthwick Wright, "A Russian Petruchio," by Vera Lapoukhina, "His Brother Philip," by Frank Lewes, "Taking the Train," etc. The poetry is by Maurice Thompson and Louise Chandler Moulton. The editorial departments are well sustained, and the varied character of the number is popular and entertaining.

The June number of *St. Nicholas* has specially attractive contents. There is a story of a fresket, by Sarah J. Pritchard, illustrated by a striking frontispiece; and a very lively tale of novel incidents, entitled "Pease-Porridge Cold." "In Nature's Wonderland" is very well illustrated, and describes interesting adventures in the American tropics. "The Treasure-box of Literature" presents an extract from a poem by James Lowell, President Lincoln's world-famed Gettysburg speech, and Judge Finch's poem, "The Blue and the Gray." A timely feature of the number is a collection of capital tableaux-vivants, by G. B. Brettell, called "The Giant Picture-book," which can be presented by young students at the close of the school term. The two serial stories, with capital illustrations and lively dialogue, are full of good sense and boy-spirit.

THE latest additions to the Franklin Square Library are our old friend "Robinson Crusoe," and "Beside the River," by Catherine S. Macquoid.

THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO TUNIS.

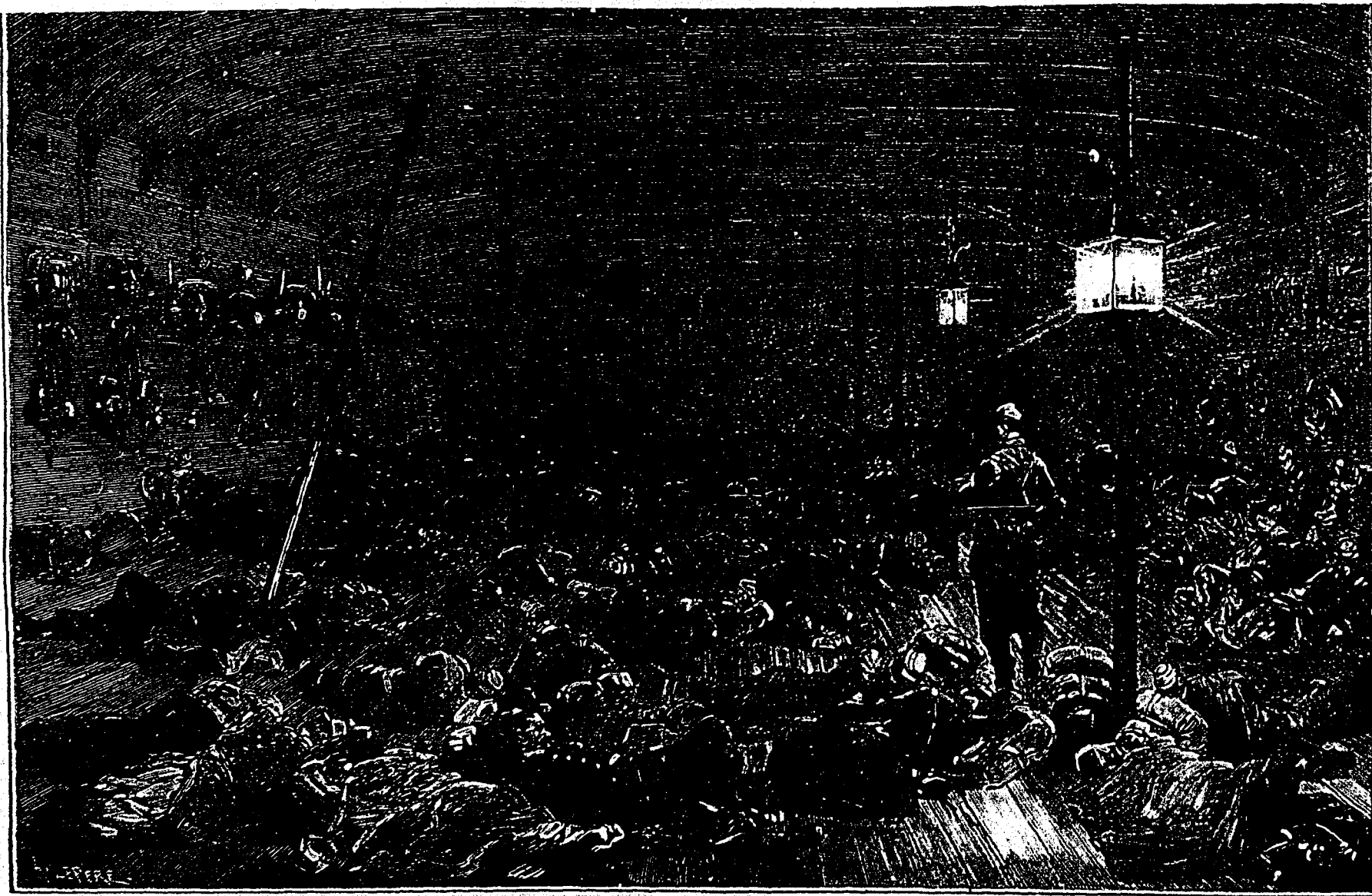
Our readers have probably been made acquainted with the chief events of the Expedition against Tunis, which France has so recently brought to a conclusion by treaty with the Bey. We have been unable with the means at our command to present a continuous history of the expedition, but we have endeavoured in the sketches previously presented to our readers to give some idea of Tunis and its surroundings, which may help them in some measure to appreciate the account of the expedition and its results. This week we publish also some drawings from the talented pencil of M. Dick, the correspondent of the *Monde Illustré*, who has accompanied the expedition throughout. The principal drawing is a study of two Kroumirs of a distinctive type. The



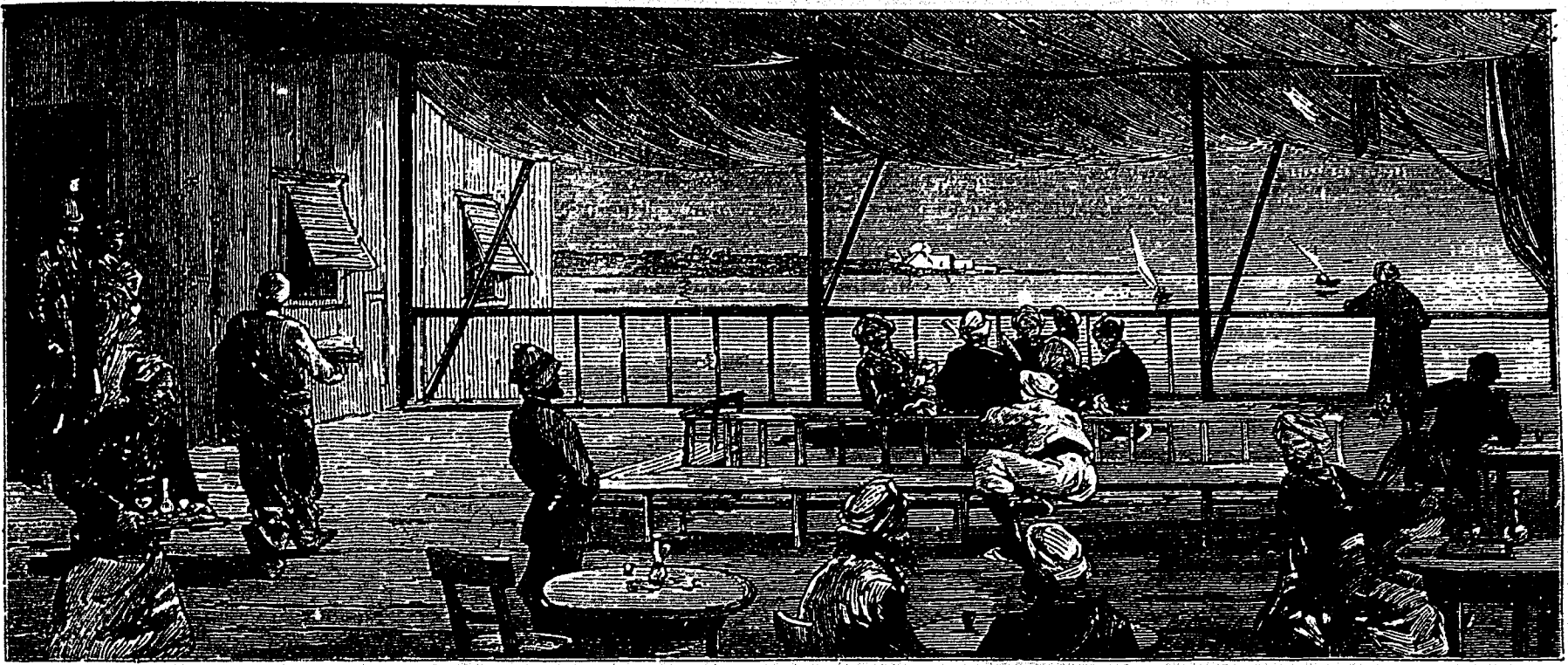
TYPES OF KROUMIRS.

Ville de Bone and *Moise*, on the latter of which General Vincendon took his passage. The *Abd el Kader* and the *Ville d'Oran*, belonging to the *Compagnie Transatlantique*, had been chartered also for the purposes of transportation, and moored opposite the offices of that company, early on the morning of the 13th commenced to take on board cannons, gun-carriages and commissariat, as well as the baggage of the troops. At midday General Babinet, the Commandant of the 15th Army Corps, visited the steamers and gave his orders for the embarkment of the troops. The first soldiers stepped on board at half-past one p.m. One battalion of the 15th, one of the 17th, and one of the 86th were installed on the *Abd el Kader*, which weighed anchor at 3.35, with 66 officers, 1,292 men and 10 horses. The *Ville d'Oran* carried the 22nd

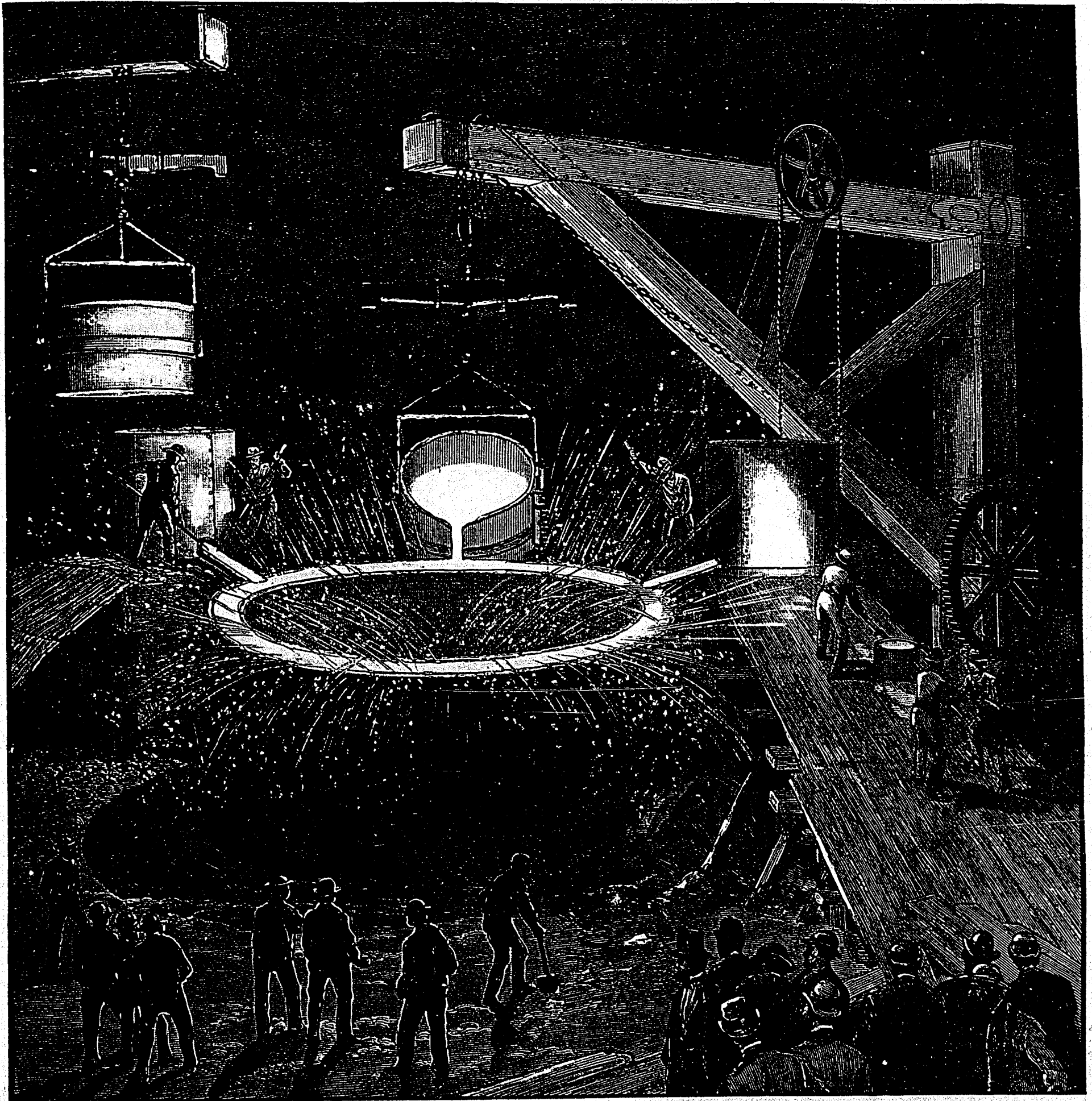
incidents represented in our other engravings were taken on the voyage from Marseilles to Calle, one representing the *Ville d'Oran* by night. The embarkation was commenced at Marseilles on the 13th of April, and, after some difficulties in the handling of the horses belonging to the detachment, a service which was new to those engaged in it, all were got in regular order on board the vessels, *Calera*, and 3rd of the line, and steamed out at about 4 p.m., carrying on board an effective force of 1,048 men.



THE TUNISIAN EXPEDITION.—SLEEPING ACCOMODATIONS ON BOARD THE *VILLE D'ORAN*.



THE TUNISIAN EXPEDITION AN ALGERIAN CAFE.



CASTING THE MONSTER STEAMSHIP CYLINDER AT THE MORGAN IRON WORKS, NEW YORK.

SONNET.

THE SHADOWY PAST.

As the eye wanders down the dark arch'd nave
Of some cathedral, sternly carved and grim,
And sees the tapered spires, with incense dim,
Believe in light the ponderous walls and grave;
Unnoticed and deserted are they, save
For some faint, wandering soul, flid to the brim
With quietness, who murmurs there a hymn—
So roves the mind o'er obsequious years that pave
The vaulted temple of the shadowy past.
Then, at some hushed, unseen confessional,
Veiled Memory lingers, breathing penitence:
And the bowed heart, in beauteous grieving cast
Before the altar of lost love, feels all
As gathered power swayed to one mournful sense.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

The Professor's Darling.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XIX.

SLEEP IN PEACE.

The Count could not understand that Lotty should not have left a single line for him, not even one little word of farewell.

She had not time, Madame Berg told him; but that did not satisfy him.

He paused in his quick walk up and down the room; and turning the telegram, which Madame had picked up after Lotty's departure, over in his hand, read it for the truth time at least; but derived from it no comfort, no consolation.

Lotty had vowed that very morning that she would not leave until she did so with the assurance that she was soon to return, not to Albert, but as his wife. And she had gone away in a moment, without giving one thought to the man from whom, rather than be parted, she had said that she would consent never again to see her own kith and kin.

"English girls are very strange, Cousin Lily," he said, bitterly. "And I loved her so well! What am I to do?"

"Sit down, Heinrich, and try to be quiet. I cannot speak while you walk about in such agitation. Sit down here, and listen to me."

He gloomily seated himself in the arm-chair to which she had pointed, and crushed the fatal telegram in his hand, then tore it into pieces, which he scattered over the floor.

"I shall never see her again," he said; "and I'll never trust another woman. After all that she said, to go without leaving one word for me! I cannot understand it—on my solemn word I cannot! I'll never ask her to come back—never!"

"Heinrich, I am afraid you do not know your own heart yet," said Madame, quietly.

"What do you mean?" cried the Count, indignantly. "I know it only too well. I know that she has broken it. No, that's nonsense; hearts don't break—men's hearts, at any rate. Do you really take her part, and think that I have no right to feel hurt and slighted?"

"None whatever. She was taken so completely by surprise that she had no idea what she was doing. She is a very impulsive girl, and followed the first promptings of her heart. Her brother did not even come within the hall door; he waited outside ten minutes while fresh horses were being put to the carriage. I could not ask him to remain, not knowing what dreadful trouble was awaiting him at home. Lotty had no alternative but to go with him. Consider, for one moment, Heinrich! She has told you about Elma over and over again. A faithful dumb child, who scarcely seems to belong to this lower world, whose very affliction makes her dearer to Lotty than all the rest. Would you have kept Lotty here while her family are in trouble, and need her help and presence?"

"She never thought of me at all."

"She forgot you for the moment, I own. And was it to be wondered at? Do as you like; I have no right to dictate to you as I would to one of my own boys if he acted foolishly; but I cannot think that you will cherish ill-feeling towards Lotty. If you do, Colonel Hunter will have an easier task in opposing your marriage than he at present believes."

"Will he really hold out against it, do you think?" asked the Count, anxiously, his thoughts, for the instant, diverted to another, but scarcely a more congenial, channel.

"No; I don't think he will, when he sees that Lotty is decided. Most likely he thinks that it is but a girlish fancy; and when he finds that it is something more than that, his prejudices will give way. He is too kind a father to desire to make his children miserable."

"But she has forgotten me already," sighed Heinrich, returning to the old strain. "I wonder if she will remember my existence once to-night?"

"Possibly not," answered Madame, coolly. "Elma is her sister, and will occupy the paramount place in Lotty's thoughts. But if you think on that account she has forgotten, or that she loves you less fondly than before, you know nothing of a woman's heart."

"Do you think that anything serious can have happened to Elma?" he asked, anxiously.

"I fear the worst; she is such a strange child. I am going to England to-morrow for a few days until this uncertainty is cleared up. I cannot be happy here while my friends are in such trouble. I shall take Lotty's boxes to her,

for she has left everything behind—did not even change her slippers. She had on a cloak when she came down to the door, and took up one of the hats lying on the hall-table, and was gone before I had clearly comprehended what she was doing. Gordon was very excited, but he used no words to persuade her. He never imagined that she would act otherwise than she did. She is too unselfish, too true and loyal to those whom she loves, to take her own feelings into consideration."

"I might have been entitled to a little," observed the Count, gloomily.

Madame sprang to her feet with an angry gesture, saying, "Heinrich, how unreasonable and selfish you are to-night! They say that a man in love is never quite sane. Go home and conquer your disappointment, and love Lotty all the better for giving up her own feelings and inclinations, and going home at once to share in what, for all we know, may be a heavy family sorrow. Good night; I have several household affairs to arrange, as I am going off rather suddenly. Come and see me to-morrow, and I will carry your messages to Lotty; we shall quarrel if we talk any longer just now."

The Count went out into the darkness, and crossed the park to his own gloomy tower. He had left it two hours before, brave and happy, to meet the "English brother"; he re-entered it crestfallen and disappointed, and at war with his better nature, for in his inmost heart he acknowledged that Lotty had done well, but his self-pride was touched that she could forget him even for a moment.

He did not remain long in the house—it was cheerless and desolate, so different from what it had been in the morning, when Lotty was flitting gaily through the rooms. He went out again, and paced backwards and forwards in the garden until the pale light of the stars was merged in the rosy beams of the setting sun.

Then he came to a sudden resolution.

He could not live in a state of uncertainty regarding Lotty; it would drive him half distracted. In Elma's fate he felt almost as keen an interest as she did. Why should he not also go to England?

He could be of no use to her—he would not even see her; his appearance at such a time would, he knew, be, with Mrs. Hunter, an unpardonable offence; but he would be near her, and when affairs resumed their ordinary course, would go and see her father and plead his cause. Why should he not cross over with Madame Berg?

He felt happier when he had come to this decision, and going back to the house straightway set about packing a small portmanteau. That accomplished, he wrote a few business notes, and then, dressed as he was, laid down on his bed to snatch an hour's sleep before starting on his journey.

If Madame Berg was astonished when he presented himself as her escort she did not show it. She took it as a natural result.

"There is a very good hotel in the village, the 'Cunrie Arms,'" she said; "there is no reason why you shouldn't live quietly there for a few days. I don't know about letting Lotty know, however; I shall be better able to judge of that when I see her. I trust by this time poor Elma has been found, and that she is well. In that case you can call at the Chase whenever you like; perhaps it is best that you should come with me, and await in England the course of events."

Herr von Berg expressed warmly his approval of the plan, said it was exactly what he would have done twenty years ago himself, and wished them both a pleasant journey and a speedy return.

So they started off, travelling almost in Lotty and Gordon's footsteps.

When Lotty and Gordon, after a hurried journey, arrived at the little country station, they found Bill and Tom, who had both been hastily summoned home, waiting for them. One glance at the two lads confirmed their worst fears; there was no good news—no trace of the lost child had been discovered.

"How did it all happen?" asked Gordon.

"Begin at the beginning and tell us everything."

"There is scarcely anything to tell," answered Bill. "Mamma had gone out driving; Alice, as you know, was in London with papa. Mamma asked Elma to go with her, but she declined because she was busy working in her own little garden. She was using the striped wheelbarrow that you, Lotty, painted for her, to wheel away dead leaves and rubbish. She often amused herself in that way for hours. The servants were all in the house as usual, and the gardeners were going about, but no one seems to have taken any notice of her movements."

"Mamma was detained longer than she had expected, and it was quite dark before her return."

"Her first question was: 'Where is Elma?' One servant said that she was in the drawing-room, another in the nursery, and another thought she was in the library; and so on."

"For a little while mamma was quite unconcerned, expecting her to appear every instant; but, at last, old Holmes came, and told her that Elma was evidently not in the house."

"It was immediately searched from basement to garret, and the gardens and grounds were hunted over. All the lanterns in the house and in the village were brought out, and the men went over and over the woods and the park, but without discovering a trace of her."

"Mamma telegraphed first for me, being unwilling to frighten papa unless there was an ac-

tual necessity for it. I took a special train, and got here before morning. The whole countryside was searching for her by that time. I sent at once for papa, for I saw that it was serious."

"Has the lake in the park been dragged?"

"Yes, twice; but it can be done again, if you like."

"Could she have gone for a walk and strayed on to the moors, and perished with cold? Do you know what she wore?"

"In the garden she had on a white serge dress, and an ermine jacket and hat. Mamma remembers saying to her that she ought to have put on something more suitable for gardening—that she was making her dress quite black."

"She couldn't possibly have been stolen, could she?"

"No; I think not. There are no gipsies or vagrants in the neighbourhood."

"What do you think about it, Bill? I am not capable of forming an idea."

"I don't know what to think. I thought of the monastery the first thing, and—"

"Confound that old hole!" interrupted Gordon; "I will level it with the ground, and fill up the foundations before I am a month older."

"I have searched it through and through myself," continued Bill; "so has Tom, and a lot of the village men, but she isn't there."

"Are you sure that you have looked into all the old dungeons?"

"Every one of them. I thought that she might have wandered there and fallen—there are so many steps and holes in the old place—but but every crack and corner has been explored with torches."

"What is to be done?" asked Gordon, leaning heavily upon his brother's arm, for he was faint from travelling and want of sleep.

"I don't know. How tired Lotty looks! Had we not better go home? The carriage is waiting."

They had stood talking in the station, and a little sympathizing crowd had gathered at a respectful distance. An old man approached them, hat in hand, as they turned to leave, and asked,

"Any news yet, Master Bill?"

"None," answered Bill.

"The lads don't know where else to search," continued the man; "will you direct them?"

"Tell them to go over the same ground again, and search the woods thoroughly around the monastery."

"How is mamma?" asked Lotty, when they were seated in the carriage.

"Pretty well. She blames herself for not having insisted on Elma going with her. She was the last one who saw the poor child. She says if she had taken Elma with her, it would not have happened."

"Surely the servants are to blame?"

"No, I think not. No one ever looked particularly after Elma. You know how she disliked being watched. She spent a good deal of her time quite alone."

"Papa is here, of course?"

"Yes; he and Alice are both at home. He has wandered about the place night and day since he came, till he is completely knocked up."

"Have you advertised in the local paper and offered a reward?" asked Gordon, eagerly.

"Oh, yes; we have offered a thousand pounds reward for the slightest information regarding her. Not that any such incentive was needed; no one in the county, man or woman, would take the money if they found her to-morrow, but we thought it as well to offer it."

"Everything seems to have been done, and all to no end," said Gordon. "I must search myself. Alive or dead, she must be found."

The very shadow of death seemed to hang over the usually gay and cheerful house. When they entered it, Alice came to meet them, looking like a ghost.

"I am so glad that you are here, Lotty," she said, and then burst into tears. "I almost thought that you would not come after sending that telegram, and it would have broken mother's heart."

"What telegram?" asked Lotty, looking at her in amazement. "I sent no telegram, but came with Gordon at once."

If the Count had heard her, his hopes would have gone down to zero.

"Oh, I remember now!" she added quickly. "That was sent before I knew that—" Her lips refused to finish the sentence. "Where is my mother?"

"In her own sitting-room. You had better go up at once; she is waiting for you."

Mrs. Hunter was calm and collected under the prolonged misery which she was enduring.

"My poor child!" she exclaimed, when she saw Lotty's weary, jaded appearance; "this rapid journey has half killed you. Gordon should have had some pity for you!"

"So he had; but I made him hurry on. I was in an agony to get home. Mamma, is she dead?"

For an instant, Mrs. Hunter did not speak. She folded Lotty closely in her arms, as if, once more having got her, she would never let her go again.

"Is she dead?" repeated Lotty.

"Yes," answered her mother, quietly.

"How do you know? What makes you think so?"

"I can scarcely tell. I believe that we know dreadful truths intuitively. I cannot get the monastery out of my head! She had such a fancy for going there lately, and thought a great deal about the old legend connected with it."

"I told it to her! I wish that I had bitten off my tongue first! What a wretch I was to

ever tell her such stuff! It will burden my soul all my life!"

"Hush, dear! You must not say such things. I have no foundation for my fears—quite the reverse. The place has been well searched; but I cannot think of it without shuddering. I am a little nervous these last three days, but shall feel better now that you and Gordon are safe at home."

She took off Lotty's dusty travelling things, then bringing her a dressing-gown, tried to persuade her to lie down and rest, but Lotty would not listen to the suggestion.

She went away by herself to Elma's room. There was a fire burning cheerily in the grate, and all her things were scattered about as she had left them.

A book lay in a low chair. Lotty picked it up. It was "Alice in Wonderland." A little gold paper knife with a coral handle fell from between the leaves. Lotty had sent the book to her from Wirstadt.

A scrap of crewel work, sadly drawn and botched, lay on the table; beside it a tiny silver thimble. Her miniature stew pan was on the fender; she had been attempting some new experiment in cookery that last morning.

Lotty looked at these things reverently, scarcely daring to touch one of them. Would the little dumb sister ever come back to claim her toys and treasures?

Her dainty little slippers lay on the floor where she had kicked them off, and on the window-sill was a fancy box half full of chocolate creams.

Everything was so natural and real that Lotty's hopes began to revive. Surely it was all a dream? Elma would come in directly. She was only out playing in the park.

Lotty went into her little sister's bedroom, and the first thing she saw was the scarlet dress in which Gordon had been painting Elma when Stannie and herself had arrived from Scotland.

Was the picture finished yet? she wondered. She went down-stairs and along the corridor to Gordon's studio. She knocked at the door, and receiving no answer, turned the handle and went in.

On an easel, finished and framed, stood the portrait—Elma's very self. No R.A. in England could have portrayed her more faithfully than her brother had done.

It seemed to be the living, breathing child; her cherry lips were parted in a smile, and her eyes looked searchingly at Lotty, just as they used to do when she was waiting for an answer to one of her incomprehensible questions.

On her lap lay the little slate; one of her white hands grasped a pencil, the other hung down by her side. The crown of pines seemed freshly gathered from their "earthy bed," and with the dewdrops still upon their velvet leaves, rested lightly on her rough hair.

Elma's hair was never smooth five minutes after she had escaped from the trying operations of brush and comb.

Lotty stood gazing at the picture so long that Alice came at last in search of her.

"Do you like it?" Alice asked, standing beside Lotty.

"Like it! If Gordon never lifts a brush again I'll not blame him; he has painted one perfect picture, and that's enough for any man."

The gong summoning them to dinner sounded through the house while Lotty was speaking.

"Oh, Alice, how can anyone think of dinner at such a time? Are you going down? I would rather be alone here for a little while. Tell them I don't want any dinner."

Alice quietly lighted the gas-stove, for the room was cold, and went away echoing Lotty's words in her heart.

"How can anyone think of dinner at such a time?"

Come what may, the machinery of custom and regularity goes on the same. Dinners are cooked and spread before us when our hearts are breaking, and we make believe to eat them.

Darkness settled over the Chase, and one by one the searchers and the county police, whose members were energetically exerting themselves, came dropping in with some tale. They stood in little groups in the hall and in the library, talking and consulting earnestly over their next course of action.

All were glad that the young Squire had returned, for Colonel Hunter was of no use so far as advising them went, and Will could think of nothing new.

Gordon, however, when appealed to, could only shake his head, and say, "Do as you like, my friends. I can't advise you. Do as you think best; but she must be found. Have you dragged the lake again, and the river?"

"Yes," answered the men; "that has been done."

"Well, go to supper now, and we shall see what to-morrow brings us."

No one slept that night in Cunrie Chase, unless it may have been the servants, though they shared in the universal anxiety, and a kind of subtle terror had diffused itself among them. In their number were two or three who were ignorant and superstitious, and who had hinted vaguely that the dumb child had been spirited away by superhuman agency.

Country folk are ready believers in the supernatural, and the whisper spread, and the maids, instead of going quietly to bed in their own rooms, all huddled into the house-keeper's parlour, and spoke to one another in hushed voices, and told ghost stories which would have caused stouter hearts than theirs to quake.

Once more, with the first dawn of morning, the searchers, accompanied by the three brothers, scattered themselves half over the country.

In the evening Gordon told them that the men were beginning to say that they might as well give it up, for the little lass was certainly neither on the earth nor under the water.

Mrs. Hunter grew very pale, and left the room, followed by Lotty.

Some one rang the door-bell, and was admitted; but that was too frequent an occurrence just then to attract any notice. No one even looked round when the library door opened, until Madame Berg stood beside them.

She was carrying a small bag, and had evidently walked from the station.

"How good of you to come!" cried Colonel Hunter, springing from his chair to meet her.

"You never were more welcome. Why have you walked up? You should have telegraphed from London, and some of the boys would have met you. Carrying your bag, too! Madame, I am so sorry!"

"I did not carry it," she answered. "A friend came over with me, and after securing rooms at the hotel, walked to the door with me."

"Oh, indeed! We are still in great trouble here, Madame."

"They told me at the station. Is it not a very strange disappearance?"

"Very, indeed!" said Gordon.

Madame looked at him, leaning wearily and dispirited against the mantel-piece, and longing to say a word of comfort, but she could not; so, after a few commonplace remarks, she went up to Mrs. Hunter's room.

Lotty was there, and when the first greetings were over, Madame said to her, "I have brought your boxes, dear."

"Thank you! Are they all well at Altborg?"

"All quite well."

"Did you explain everything to Heinrich?"

"Everything; and he quite understood."

"I knew he would. I thought afterwards that I should have written, but when I left I could think of nothing but Elma."

Her mother looked keenly at her as she spoke, but made no remark.

It was the first time that the Count's name had been mentioned; and Lotty, having assured herself that he understood the existing state of things, seemed to dismiss him for the present from her mind.

We know that the friend who had accompanied Madame to the door of Cumrie Chase was the Count von Geoler.

He stood in the moonlight after she had left him, and looked on Lotty's home in honest admiration; but it never struck him to contrast its magnificence with his own old ruined tower.

It was not her inheritance; it would be the English brother's. It was very fair to view, standing in its wide park; but his own few poor acres, which had come to him rescued by the sword from the spoiler's hand, were better in his sight than all her father's possessions, and she would think no worse of the old place because her earlier years had been passed among more luxurious surroundings.

His journey had evidently had a soothing effect upon the Count's mind; for Lotty's conduct, which he had been so hasty in condemning, now appeared to him the most praiseworthy proceeding possible under the circumstances, and he deeply and sincerely regretted every unkind word and unjust thought which he had uttered or cherished regarding her in the first moment of wounded vanity.

He felt as if he were trespassing by lingering even a moment on the terrace in front of the house; so casting a last look upon the casket which held his jewel, he hurried down the avenue, and back to the "Cumrie Arms."

There were several strangers in the coffee-room when he entered it to order his supper, and all were talking of the one event with which the country-side was ringing—Elma's disappearance. The landlord coming in joined in the conversation; and knowing that the Count was a stranger, related to him the excitement of the last few days.

They then commenced to talk over the family generally; and never did any household command greater respect and love, of which the universal sympathy in the present instance was a convincing proof.

There was not a father in the county who was not doing his best to trace the lost child; and many a mother's heart ached strangely as she tucked her own rosy darlings safely in their cribs at night, when she thought of that other mother sitting weeping for the child whose silent presence had gone so far to complete the harmony of her life.

Flattering in the extreme though all the comments on the family were, the Count grew mournfully uncomfortable as he listened to them. He felt like an eavesdropper; so, despatching his supper as hastily as he could, he retired to his own apartment.

Accustomed to early rising at home, he was down-stairs next morning, before anyone else in the establishment seemed to be stirring; so, undoing the various fastenings of the door himself, he strode down the yard, and out on to the highway.

"How beautiful and fresh is an English morning!" he thought, as he gazed on the peaceful scene of still life spread out before him.

Picturesque cottages, half smothered during the summer months in roses and Virginia creeper which latter gleamed red and orange now; rich meadow lands, sweeping miles to the west, with belts of woodland breaking the monotony at intervals; and to the east, the stately mansion-house and the park.

He would not walk in that direction, though greatly tempted to do so; he might meet some of the family, and did not care to risk it; so he turned resolutely in the opposite direction.

How far he had walked he did not know, when, tempted by the beauty of the woods, which contained some specimens of trees unfamiliar to him, he jumped a small hedge, and was soon engaged in a deep arborescent study, gathering a leaf here and there, and comparing it mentally with similar ones in his own far distant woods, calculating the age of the oaks, and noting their giant circumference.

A bend in the path brought him suddenly in full view of the monastery; he had unconsciously walked directly towards it from the village.

He was a bit of an antiquarian, and the place, therefore, interested him. So he entered the arched doorway, and proceeded to examine the monastery leisurely; descending finally to the cellars, where he disturbed innumerable slimy creatures, who ran nimbly away from the faint light produced by the matches which he struck.

"A frightful place," he said aloud, as he emerged into open space again. "I am glad, however, that I have seen it. Ugh! such a sluggish stream—it cannot be an outlet of the sparkling little river which runs through the village. I wonder where it goes to?"

Having nothing else to do, and breakfast being an indifferent matter to him, he sauntered lazily along its bank.

The pathway became lost at last to tall rank grass, and a covert of underwood seriously impeded his progress, but with a perseverance which he was scarcely aware of at the time, he laboured on, parting the obstruction right and left with his strong hands. He seemed to be nearing its source, for a little ahead the stream appeared to lose itself in a kind of quagmire, and the water could scarcely be seen through the reeds and sedges which covered its surface.

The trees were thicker there than behind him, and formed a canopy of almost twilight gloom above his head. The frogs croaked dismally among the water-flats, and the wind began to rise and pipe a weird tune among the dried leaves, causing them to fall from their branches in hundreds. A few large drops of rain began to fall slowly and deliberately, as if presaging a severe storm at no distant time.

The Count stood still for an instant, buttoned his great coat closer around him, and decided to retrace his steps as quickly as possible, having no desire to be drenched, and really no interest in discovering the source of the stream.

He turned sharply round, a host of flying leaves dashing against his face as he did so, while the wind shrieked loud and shrill. Against his will, the Count shuddered as he listened, and once more glanced at the green surface of the torpid water.

Something showed white and strange beneath the tangled bed of flags—something which could not possibly belong to that foul mass.

His curiosity was aroused, and, forgetting that wet feet and moist garments were very unpleasant things, he plunged knee-deep amongst the aquatic herbage, which, yielding to his pressure, hissed, and crackled, and shot the water up into his visage in a shower of little jets.

The spongy footing seemed giving way beneath him; already he was up to his waist in water, but was still determined to reach and grasp the white object in the middle. One more desperate bound, and the reeds trembled and bent their heads; the water was creeping up well-nigh to his shoulders, but with the danger his courage rose. Another plunge amid the tangled mass, and his arm parted the broad-leaved flags, which sheltered something caught and cradled securely amongst their thousand stems.

He knew what it was before he saw it. His clothes were water-logged, and weighed him down like lead, and action was difficult, but thanks to his free and easy out-door life, he had the strength of a Hercules.

He grasped the object firmly, and struggled back to the bank, only a yard and a half at furthest, but very difficult. When, after a hard struggle, he reached solid ground, he sank upon his knees, and looked at that which he had brought to shore.

Her eyes were closed, and the cherry lips were pale. The delicate bloom had been washed from the rounded cheek, and the long black hair was matted and full of green leaves. But he knew that he was gazing on all that remained of Lotty's lost and best-beloved sister.

The curse was gone from the monastery and stream, for a stainless life had been sacrificed at last.

Carefully raising her in his arms, he plodded on through the tangled brushwood, and at length gained the highway.

The rain was coming down heavily now, and the wind blew full in his face, that and the rain so blinding him, that he, having no familiar landmarks to guide him, could scarcely find his way.

But instinct, or something akin to it, led him straight to the terraced front of Cumrie Chase.

The hall-door stood open, and he entered without ringing or knocking, crossed the broad hall, leaving a watery trail behind him on the marble pavement, opened the dining-room door, and glanced in. It was empty. Turning to the right, he opened another, that was the library, and all the family, and with them Madame Berg, were assembled there.

He walked to an empty couch, and laid his burden down; then removed the dripping hat from her head and laid it aside, pulled off the saturated ermine jacket, and folded her hands above her stilled heart. Then, rising up, he left the room again, uttering not a single word.

It never will be known how Elma came to her early death. Conjectures and surmises were worse than useless; so, when the first wild burst of passionate grief was over, those who loved her put them aside for ever.

No one saw—no one can tell. The world is full of mysteries, and hers is buried with her.

CHAPTER XX.

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND.

Taking advantage of a writer's prerogative to make years go by in a flash, we shall skip two before we resume our acquaintance with our old friends.

Lotty Hunter is now the Countess von Geoler, and rarely revisits her early home. Her father's objection to her foreign suit, fell to the ground when he shook hands with the Count beside Elma's newly-made grave.

Had he hinted at opposing it, the Count and Lotty would have found warm champions in the latter's three brothers, who voted Heinrich a real good fellow the first time they ever spoke to him.

It was on the afternoon of the day when he carried all that was mortal of Elma in his arms through the rain.

When the first surprise of his unexpected appearance had subsided, the three young Hunters walked to the village inn, and inquired for the Count von Geoler.

On being shown into the room where he was sitting, Gordon made the first advances by greeting him not as a mere acquaintance, nor even as a friend, but as something nearer and closer—as a brother. And Bill and Tom were not likely to lag behind.

Had the four been sons of one mother, a warmer, firmer bond of union could scarcely have existed between them than that which now unites them.

But it was not to the dilapidated old tower that the Count brought home his wife—a quieter, more thoughtful wife, perhaps, than he had expected the high-spirited girl would make him, and a nobler, better woman, who had felt the furnace fires of sorrow and stood their purifying test.

He had declared that he would have none of her "English money;" but Colonel Hunter took the matter into his own hands, backed by Gordon, who went over himself and inspected the place, and finally the Count gave in; and, after a few months, saw with a satisfaction that he did not care to conceal, his old house rising from the dust into stately beauty.

Then a magician, in the form of a London upholsterer, was sent over, who waved his wand over the empty rooms, transforming them into bowers of elegance and comfort.

The garden next underwent a transformation, and so successful was the united taste of Gordon and the Count, that Lotty, when she came, failed to recognize even the original site.

All these changes, of course, required an increased income to maintain them; so instead of leaving her to inherit after his decease, Colonel Hunter handed over Lotty's portion to her—twenty-five thousand pounds—upon her wedding-day.

He had soon to do the same to Alice, who married a young barrister in London, a poor but rising man, who will one day make his mark in the great world. Alice still writes poetry, and affects literary circles.

Bill has been a year in the East. He is the head of a scientific exploring party, whose proceedings are as much of a mystification to Lotty as ever.

Tom sailed about a month ago for India with his regiment. It was a sore trial to his family when the last day came, and they had to let him go so far away for an unknown number of years.

But for one sustaining circumstance, Lotty declared that her heart would have broken,—his regiment was a Scotch one, and, better still, a kilted one; so his legs, which had increased in proportion with his strength and years, would be seen to the best possible advantage; even when he attained to the dignity and importance of a general, those members would be seen, and, of course, only to be admired.

"It quite reconciles me to your not having gone into the Church, Tom!" exclaimed the Countess, when she saw him arrayed in all his panoply of war. "A little walnut juice on your knees, and you would then be perfection! Those tartans are as fiery as a blacksmith's forge at night!"

Gordon alone of all the six is the only one left at home, and he is stationary.

His father and mother live mostly in London, and Eily Blennerhasset is nearly always with them.

Gordon will never have the studio in Rome now, in which he once purposed to paint such soul-touching pictures. When Elma went, he

laid away his brushes and palette, and they have never seen the light since.

So many recollections of the little lost sister came crowding up whenever he entered his studio, that to paint again would have been impossible. Other duties fortunately claimed his attention.

He is a universal favourite in the county; and many a matron with a bevy of fair daughters tries to entangle him in her coils; but he has shown no preference in any direction.

He is still æsthetic in his tastes; but in a wider, truer sense than when we saw him first in his costly suit of sage green velvet. He still wears velvet sometimes, but his golden hair no longer hangs terrier-like over his brow. He encourages art, particularly native art, in all its details. Expensive pictures, carved furniture, bronzes, and *bric-a-brac* of every description, find a ready purchaser in Mr. Gordon Hunter.

He has razed the old monastery to the ground as he threatened, and filled up the vaults and cellars, and the stones are scattered to all points of the compass. The stream he has left untouched in its dark, sullen flow; he could not interfere with Nature's handiwork he said; with the crumbling ruins he could do as he pleased.

Life in St. Breeda goes on just the same. The actors sometimes vanish behind the scenes to appear no more; but their places are quickly filled, and the drama proceeds. Professor Neil is ageing prematurely and rapidly. His hair is as silvery before he has reached middle age as was his father's at seventy-five.

He has never seen Stannie since he bid her good-bye in the railway station that summer morning more than two years ago. The first year that she was abroad, he went during his holidays to America to attend a series of archaeological meetings in which he felt little or no interest. But he enjoyed the change of scene and society, and returned to St. Breeda in capital spirits.

(To be continued.)

HUMOROUS.

ONE fool at a time in a house is quite enough, but be very careful that that one is not yourself.

A MAN never wants to laugh when a fly lights on his nose, but he is greatly tickled.

"ANYTHING to please the child," as the nurse said when she let the baby crawl out of the nursery window.

A YOUNG lady asks if we can throw any light upon kissing. We don't want it—the thing is done just as well in the dark.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—Tommy (to his sister, who had just kissed her sweetheart): "Oh, kiss me too, Janet!" Janet (conscious of mamma's approaching footsteps): "Don't say 'Kiss me two,' Tommy. Say 'Kiss me twice!'"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE London papers don't altogether approve of McCullough, who is playing there.

MIDLE MARIE ROZE is positively to appear at Her Majesty's Theatre this season.

RUBENSTEIN is expected in London in June to rehearse his "Il Demonio" at Covent Garden.

SALVINI gave last week a farewell dinner at Martinelli's, New York, to the members of his company.

HER and Madame Henschel (late Miss Lillian Bayley) are expected to arrive in London from New York next month.

THE charming Midlle. Zaré Thalberg was married on the 14th inst. to the Marquis de la Patrelle Pulce Doria.

DANIEL FROHAM, the theatrical manager, leaves for England next month in the interest of the Madison Square Theatre, where he will begin operations late in August.

IN the elementary schools of England and Scotland, Hullah's system of music teaching obtains in 60; the old notation, with movable "Do," in 676; tonic sol-fa in 3,987; while in 23,117 schools children are taught only by ear.

MANY suffer from supposed Organic disease of the Heart, when the trouble is only an irregularity in the circulation of the vital fluids, which Burdock Blood Bitters will promptly remedy. Trial bottles 10 cents.

THE superior and uniform quality of the mustards, spices, &c., prepared by Bourgeau, Heron & Lifiton, of Montreal, has largely extended their trade through the Dominion, and the handsome appearance of their packages make them specially attractive to the consumer, and a credit to the business ability of the firm.

THE WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

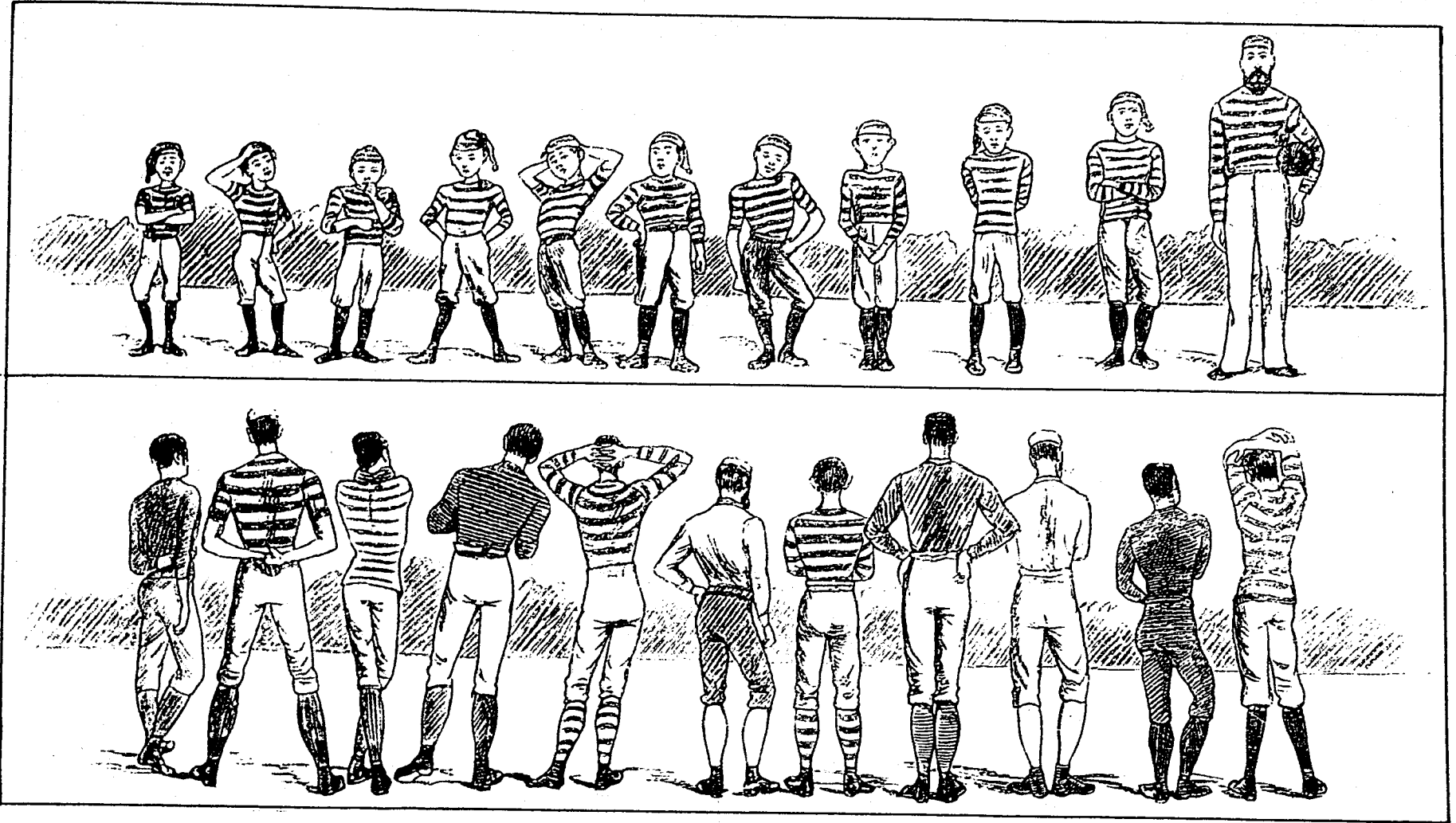
The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.

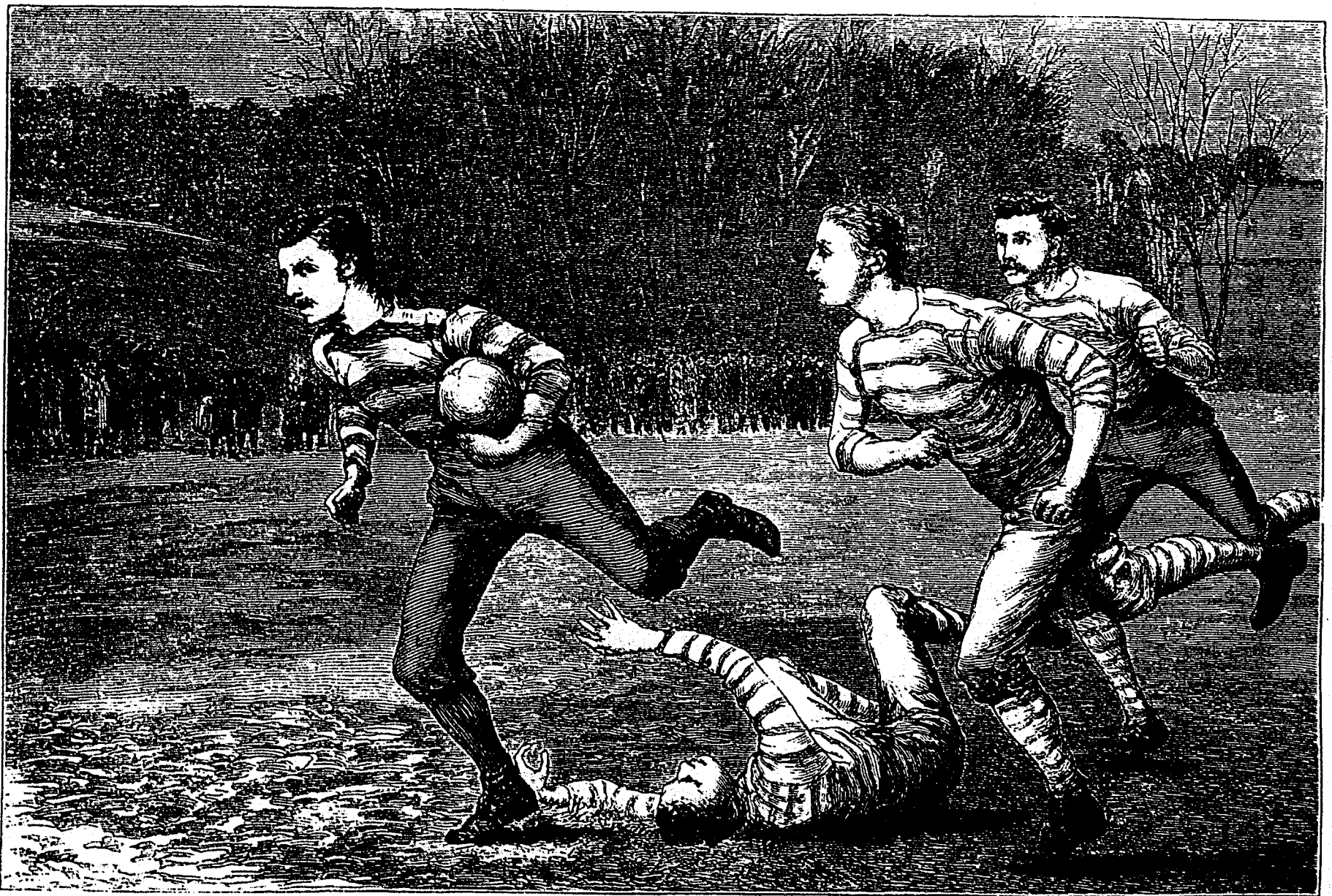
THE brand of Wm. Clark, of Montreal, on the canned meats and provisions of various kinds offered in our market, has been sufficient guarantee of their excellence to bring these goods largely into favour with the community in general.



"FAREWELL! REMEMBER ME."—By F. WALKER.—(SEE PAGE 339.)



BOYS VERSUS MEN.—THE RIVAL TEAMS.



RUNNING WITH THE BALL.
FOOTBALL SKETCHES.

[Written for the NEWS.]

TESTED.

PART I.

Sister Agnes, pale and fair,
In the chapel kneeling;
Thro' the shadows of her hair,
Dying sunbeams stealing;
Whilst high up the belfry stair
Solemn bells are pealing.

Clasp'd the white hands on her breast
As if pain allaying;
Looks the calm of perfect rest
Her impassion'd praying;
"Lord, yet waiting for thy test,"
Her low voice is saying.

"I have pass'd my early youth,
I am weary-hearted;
Dreams of loveliness and truth
With the truth have parted;
Of these eyes in bitter ruth
With salt tears have smarted.

Yet in broken faith I wait
For the Heavenly dawning,
Coming early, yea, or late,
With a cloudy morning,
For my soul can vanquish fate
That dark phantom scorning.

Vanquish death itself, and fear,
By the life immortal,
Who can dread Lord to draw near
To Heaven's shining portal?
Weep to leave behind them here
Garments of the mortal?

"Lift me from my low estate
To eternal height;
From the sins that thou dost hate,
Keep me by thy might;
Give, in any blinding strait,
Spiritual sight.

For the world, though full of woe,
Sorrow without measure,
Gathers all the dross below
Wherein to take pleasure,
Vainly thro' its paths I go—
Seeking Heavenly treasure.

Yet I faint the Cross would bear,
As the Christ before;
Walk the thorny way, and dread,
That His footsteps wore;
That, at last, His voice I hear
At Death's gloomy door.

Wherefore thro' the coming night
Just as thro' the day,
Keep me in thy holy sight
That my spirit may
Wake from darkness into light,
Test me, Lord, I pray."

Sister Agnes, pale and calm,
Rising from her knees,
A far the victorious palm
In a vision sees:
Whilst the choir's holy psalm
Floats upon the breeze,
(To be continued.)

HILDA'S EXPERIMENT.

It was a tempestuous night in November. The carved Dutch clock in Judge Harrison's study had just struck nine. Judge Harrison himself, an austere-looking, silver-haired man, sat upright in his chair gazing coldly at his guest.

"Well," said Dr. Hooper, pulling on his gloves, "of course it isn't for me or any one else to interfere in family matters. But your grandchild is left totally unprovided for, sir."

"I cannot help that," said the Judge, frigidly. "Eight years ago I offered to support the child, and the father too, if he would only consent to leave that outlandish foreign wife of his. He married her against my will; he clung to her against my will. Let him abide by his decision."

"It is only natural, Judge, that a man should cleave unto his wife," urged the doctor.

"It is only natural, then, that a man should provide for the child of that wife, Dr. Hooper. At all events, I shall assume no further responsibility."

"But, Judge Harrison, you are a rich man!" "Granted—but, as I made my money myself, I feel that I have a right to spend it to suit myself."

"Hilda is a fine girl," pleaded Dr. Hooper. "No doubt, no doubt; but you will pardon me if I feel no great anxiety to see the child of the German singing woman who stole my son's heart away from me."

Dr. Hooper hesitated. "Judge," he said at last, in a tone of appealing earnestness, "you have another granddaughter."

"I have. My daughter's child, Marian Lennox, makes her home with me."

"And yet you would deny a similar home to Hilda Harrison?"

Judge Harrison's shaggy white brows met in a straight, frowning line. "Doctor," said he, "you will fail to make the distinction between a dutiful child, and one who has been undutiful."

"Let me see Miss Lennox," said Dr. Hooper. "Let me interest her in the fact of this desolate, unknown cousin. She has a woman's heart in her bosom. I am sure I can move her!"

Judge Harrison smiled coldly as he touched a small gilded call bell which stood on the table beside him.

"Send Miss Marian here," said he to a servant, and the man noiselessly obeyed.

In another minute a tall, princess-like girl stood in the room—a girl with hair of pale gold, deep blue eyes, like azure stars, and a dress of soft blue silk, that fell in picturesque folds about her, and trailed noiselessly over the carpet as she walked.

"Marian," said the Judge. "This is Dr. Hooper. He has come here to plead the cause of your Uncle Severn's daughter Hilda. Severn deliberately disobeyed me at first in marrying Hildergarde Boehmer—he rejected the offer I afterwards made of taking the child home, if he would but leave the siren who had blighted all his life. Now he is dead, and has left his child unprovided for. I say, as he has sowed, so let his child reap. What do you say?"

"I think grandpapa is quite right," said Marian, in a soft, sweet voice. "Grandpapa is always right!"

"Then you have no word to speak for this lonely little orphan?" cried out Dr. Hooper, deeply indignant. Marian laid her ringed hand upon that of her grandfather and nestled close to him.

"I always defer my judgment to that of grandpapa," said she—and Judge Harrison, passing his arm around the girl's waist, looked with ill-concealed triumph at the luckless special pleader.

Dr. Hooper bowed, spoke his adieux and departed.

When he returned to his own humble residence, a dark-eyed girl met him at the door.

"Have you seen him, doctor—my grandfather?" she cried eagerly.

Dr. Hooper nodded.

"It's of no use, though," said he. "The old man has a heart like granite; and the girl, your cousin, is of cast iron."

"He will not take me?"

"No."

Hilda Harrison set her lips together.

"Well," said she, "then I must manage to provide for myself."

"No hurry, lass; no hurry," said the kindly little doctor. "Go tell the wife to bring me a cup of hot coffee before I start out again."

"Hilda," he said, presently, as he sat toasting his feet before the fire, with his wife knitting opposite, and Judge Harrison's granddaughter leaning against the window and looking out into the stormy darkness, "What are you going to do?"

"I don't think I quite know, doctor."

"You are sixteen?"

"Sixteen and a half, sir."

"And you cannot teach?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir!" Hilda shook her head decidedly. "I had no chance for much education, travelling about as I did."

"Nor sew?"

"Not well enough to adopt it for a profession."

"Then, for all I can see, there is nothing left but to go into domestic service."

"I would take a place to-morrow, doctor, if I could get a good home and decent wages," said Hilda, quickly.

"Good," said Dr. Hooper. "That is the right spirit, child! I don't fear but what you'll make your way, in one direction or another. But I think I can see something a little more promising ahead for you than that."

"What is it, doctor?"

"I noticed the way that you took care of your poor father, Hilda, in his last illness. I thought then that you would make a good nurse—I think so now. There is an opening in St. Francescan's Hospital. A good home and a dollar a day."

"As a nurse, doctor?"

"As a nurse."

"And I should see you sometimes?"

"Frequently—twice a week at least."

Hilda pondered a second or two, and then came forward with glittering eyes and red lips apart.

"Doctor," said she, "I will try it."

And so Clement Harrison's granddaughter donned the little muslin cap, print dress, and white ruffled apron of the St. Francescan corps of nurses, and set diligently to work earning her own living.

A year passed by, and Dr. Wallace sent word that a nurse was wanted for a small-pox case in the city. The Sister Superior of the St. Francescans looked dubiously at her women.

"Who will go?" said she—and Hilda Harrison stepped forward.

"I will," said she. "I have no fears of the contagion, and I want to add to my experience."

So little Hilda packed her bag and went.

The house-keeper of the great Fifth avenue palace was wringing her hands, half terrified out of her senses; the other servants had taken precipitate leave.

"And Miss Lennox went this morning," said she. "I should think she might have stayed."

"Who is Miss Lennox?" questioned innocent Hilda.

"The old gentleman's granddaughter, that he has brought up and petted like a cosset lamb," said Mrs. Hurst. "Oh, the ingratitude of some folks. And if Judge Harrison dies—"

Hilda looked up quickly from the bottles of carbolic acid she was unpacking.

"Is this Judge Harrison's house?" said she.

"Why, of course it is," answered Mrs. Hurst.

"Didn't you know?"

"No, I did not know," Hilda said. "But of course it makes no difference whose house it is."

"Who are you?" Judge Harrison asked, hoarsely, as the light foot crossed the threshold.

"I am the nurse from St. Francescan's. They call me Hilda."

"Hilda, what?"

"Never mind my other name," said the young girl, with a gentle authority that had come to her from months of practice at weary sick beds.

They call me Hilda; and you are not to talk and excite yourself."

"Do you know you are running a great risk?"

"It is my business to run risks."

Three weeks elapsed. The old man, weakened indeed, and sadly disfigured, was able once more to sit up in his easy chair; and Hilda, who had watched over him with a vigilance and tenderness which he fully appreciated, was arranging fresh flowers in a vase on the table.

"Hilda," said he, slowly, "where has my granddaughter Marian been all this time?"

"She went away, sir, when you were taken ill. She was afraid of the disease."

"And she left me?"

"And left you, sir."

"There was gratitude!" he muttered hoarsely.

"And when is she coming back?"

Hilda laid down her roses, and looked with pathetic, feeling eyes at him.

"She will not come back at all, sir," she answered. "We dared not tell you before, but—but her flight was in vain. She died of small-pox last week."

The old man turned away with a smothered groan.

"Hilda," said he, "you will stay with me? You will not leave me alone? Nay, do not speak. I know who you are. I recognized your name when you first came. You have looked at me with your father's eyes many a time since. Hilda, I think God has sent you to me."

"Oh, Grandpapa!" And Hilda knelt weeping beside his chair, scarcely able to believe that his loving arms were around her neck; his tears dropped on her brow. "Oh, dear, dear Grandpapa! I have so longed for some one to love—for some one to love me!"

And good little Dr. Hooper was well satisfied with the result of Hilda's experiment of earning her own living.

"Heaven manages these things better than we do," thought he, as he remembered his attempt at softening Judge Harrison's flinty heart more than a year before.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Chinese Ambassador at Paris, Marquis Tseng, has presented the French Ministry of Fine Arts with an interesting collection of musical instruments. The most remarkable one is a kind of lyre, with four strings, called *Biva*, on which Mandarins only are allowed to play. The Emperor of China is an excellent *Biva* virtuoso, and never lets pass an occasion of showing his skill.

AN interesting relic is offered to the competition of amateurs at the present moment. The most curious object of the Jefferson-Davis collection is to be sold, the buckle belonging to the belt of the late Emperor Maximilian, for which Jefferson-Davis is said to have given \$450. It is of Mexican manufacture and ornamented with a profusion of diamonds.

PRINCESS PIERRE BONAPARTE is about to retire from the pomps and vanities of the world, and enter the convent of the Ladies of the Holy Trinity. This step will not astonish anyone, for the lady has lived a most secluded life since the marriage of her son with Mlle. Marie Blanc, and she has not seen her husband, Prince Pierre, who is still seriously ill at Versailles, for some time.

At the funeral service celebrated for the late Czar in the church of the Rue Daru, a young man, wrapped in the cloak of the uniform of the Russian reserve forces, made his appearance, and insisted on his being allowed to enter the edifice. This young man was Marais, who personates Michel Strogoff, the courier of the Czar, at the Châtelet theatre, and who presumably has got so deep into the rôle committed to his charge, that he now considers himself a Russian subject!

THE ingenuity and dexterity for which the Parisian workman is renowned are not always exerted to the accomplishment of an honest purpose, in proof of which a few words may be accorded to the latest discovered fraud by the police. Since some time past the authorities had been informed that many of the gold watch chains fabricated for exportation were hollow, this result being obtained by stretching the small quantity of precious ore which entered into the composition of these chains so large and valuable in appearance, upon a copper wire, which was afterwards dissolved by the use of an acid having no effect upon the gold. It is, of course, comprehensible that such chains could be fabricated at very small expense, though they presented the appearance of great magnificence and costliness. The inventor of this ingenious fraud had driven this little trade for quite a time, when his industry was interrupted in an untoward way—namely by the advent on the scene of the police, who, being of a practical and matter-of-fact turn of mind, could not properly appreciate the ingenuity and creative powers of the said inventor, who is now lodged at the expense of the State, and no doubt laying in his active brain the base of some other invention equally skillful.

RHEUMATISM is greatly dependent on a vitiated condition of the fluids, and may be eliminated from the system by cleansing the Blood and regulating the Kidneys. Burdock Blood Bitters will do this most effectually. Trial bottles 10 cents.

VARIETIES.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA's style is happily illustrated by an elegant extract from a recent St. Petersburg letter on its hotels. Having to say that there a man could "live like a fighting-cock," Mr. Sala remarked, "as for your living, it will be as good as that traditionally said to be enjoyed by one of those pugnacious feather bipeds of the gallinaceous order, which, by act of Parliament, are no longer suffered to fight."

DAVIE LOCH a Peebles carrier, was reputed to be rather light of wits, but at the same time was not without a sense of his worldly interests. His mother, finding her end approaching, addressed her son in the presence of a number of the neighbours. "The house will be Davie's, of course: an' the furniture, too." "Eh, hear her!" quoth Davie, "sensible to the last." "The lyin' siller," exclaimed his mother—"Eh, yes, how clear she is about everything!" "The lyin' siller is to be divided between Jess and Mary"—"Steek the bed-door, steek the bed-doors," interposed Davie; "she's raving noo!" And the old dying woman was shut up accordingly.

A ROMANCE IN COURT.—A Patterson, N. J., despatch says: A romantic case came up before Judge Dixon, in the Supreme Court Chambers, Some time ago, John P. Clifford, of Yonkers, N. Y., became engaged to Miss Ellen McKilvey, of this city. Miss McKilvey afterwards began to lose her sight, and about six months ago she became totally blind. On Monday they were married by the Rev. Father Hens, in the Church of St. Boniface. Mrs. Clifford's parents announced to the bridegroom that they did not intend to let their daughter leave their house, as they loved her too well to part with her. Mr. Clifford had fitted up a home for her in Yonkers, and made everything comfortable for her reception. He argued with the old people, but they would not listen to him. Then he applied to Counsellor D. B. English, who got out a writ of habeas corpus against the bride's parents, requiring them to produce Mrs. Clifford in court, before Judge Dickson, this morning. The parents told the Judge that their only claim to keep their daughter was founded on their great love for her, which had only been increased by her misfortune. Judge Dixon said that a husband's claim is regarded first in law, and as Mrs. Clifford said that, while she loved her father and mother dearly, her duty and her fondest love called her to go with her husband, he awarded the custody of the young woman to the bridegroom. The old people thereupon kissed their daughter and son-in-law, and all went away apparently contented. Oculists say that Mrs. Clifford's sight will probably be restored.

BELL RINGING BY STEAM.—Railroad men are just now greatly interested in a novel appliance to locomotives, whereby the heretofore laborious task of ringing the bell at crossings, and while approaching towns and villages, which has devolved upon the firemen, to the manifest neglect, in many instances, of his other duties, will be automatically performed by steam power easily regulated and controlled. The not infrequent loss of life hereabouts, as well as through the Western country, where grade crossings are, as a rule, unprotected, has set railroad men to thinking, as in the majority of cases verdicts against the roads employing the careless fireman have been recovered. It seems strange that so simple an application of steam, of which there is always a surplus in locomotive boilers, should not have, ere this, been made. The device consists merely of a small cylinder containing a revolving piston, connected directly with the bell yoke by means of a shaft. The motion is regulated by a valve and cut off, so adjusted that by a slight movement, it is thrown off the centre, and instantly set in motion. The bell then rings continuously until checked by a similar slight movement. It is in constant readiness for use, steam being on continually after the firing of the engine, and is thus instantaneously available in cases where it is desirable to give warning. The device is easily applied to locomotives, of whatever make. There are districts in the West through which for miles the fireman are required by law to ring their bell continuously, and, at the same time, are obliged to keep their fires up to the required standard. So valuable does this invention appear to practical railroad men that its adoption by the leading roads in the country has followed an inspection of its working, which has been tested successively on the Boston and Albany roads during the past few months.—Boston Herald

At the approach of spring great attention should be given to purify the system engorged with foul humours during the winter. Burdock Blood Bitters is Nature's own purifying and regulating tonic. Sample bottles 10 cents.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.

FELICISSIMA.

Her hands hold all earth's rarest gifts: the best is folded in the now eternal rest. Her lips have pressed the chalice of all bliss; They smile forever, touched by death's calm kiss.

ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

DOLLY'S DOINGS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

Pineville had a young minister for almost the first time in its experience as a village, and there appeared to be some danger that the Rev. Frank Grantlake would be spoiled.

An old-fashioned, spreading house opened its hospitable arms to receive him immediately on his arrival, and two motherly women, spinsters though they were, ministered faithfully to his bodily needs.

The Rev. Frank was much given to long, solitary walks, popularly supposed to be conducive to the thinking-out of sermons; and returning from one of these tramps, he was quite surprised by the phenomenon of a strange young lady standing on the door step.

Mr. Grantlake was quite certain that he had seen all the young ladies of Pineville by this time; but the girl in question was evidently waiting for some one, and her mischievous eyes roved about taking in the various points of the house and grounds, apparently wondering if anything of interest could be found there.

She was not a beauty by any means, and looked not a bit

Too good For human nature's daily food.

but she was graceful and dainty from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. Brown hair and eyes, round features, and a flickering color were her prominent characteristics; but her figure was charming, slender and graceful as a lily, and the feet, encased in fairy slippers with great steel buckles, might have belonged to Cinderella.

She was evidently quite unconscious of observation, for, changing her attitude, she raised the folded sun-umbrella that had been swinging from one hand, and poised it back across her shoulders in a way that was suggestive of a familiar acquaintance with gymnastic exercises; and Mr. Grantlake was just wondering what she would do next when the tall figure of Miss Lulu Winters emerged from the front door and bore off the pretty figure through the gate and down the road until it was lost to sight.

He understood it all now: this was Lulu's friend, Miss Blake, whom she had expected from the city, and she had been waiting outside while Miss Lulu despatched some errand within doors. It was quite surprising how many errands the young women of Pineville had with the Misses Talcott since the establishment of Mr. Grantlake in their domicile as a boarder.

He was really very young for his post, having just been ordained, and so strong a contrast to old Mr. Peabody, now on the retired list, that it seemed like the dying old year making way for the infant new one. Mr. Grantlake was certainly very nice in himself, and quite deserving of a reasonable amount of appreciation; he was conscientious, too, and truly desirous to do his duty; but, with all this, he was human and young. Everyone smiled on him; his rooms at the Misses Talcott's were delightfully comfortable, and ornamented, of course, in due time with the inevitable string of slippers, somewhat suggestive of the Indian warrior's belt of scalps; and all sorts of subdued festivities were constantly got-up in his honour. Picnics, tea-drinkings, excursions to the lake, were the order of the day that summer, and Lulu Winters rejoiced that her city friend, Dolly Blake would get the cream of what Pineville had to offer on her long-promised visit.

Nearly every country girl has some city friend—some one who sends her patterns, and writes to her of the latest fashions, and gives her an occasional week or two of city life; and Miss Blake supplied this need for Lulu Winters. They had met at boarding-school five years ago; and Lulu, whom people usually described by saying that she knew on which side her bread was buttered, had clung so closely to Dolly Blake, whom she declared to be absolutely perfect, that Miss Blake felt in duty

bound to return some of this redundant affection. So the girls drifted into intimacy, and every winter Lulu spent a delightful fortnight in the city.

But it was two years now since Dolly had favoured Pineville with her presence, and her friend was particularly anxious for her society this summer. She honestly believed that she could make her visit more enjoyable than ever before; and, besides, she wished to show her that she was not entirely dependent upon New York for gentlemanly admirers, for certainly Mr. Grantlake—

Well, people did very unanimously assign him to Miss Lulu: one reason, perhaps, being that she seemed resolved to appropriate him, and another that she was a wonderfully clear-headed, capable girl, who was pronounced to be admirably calculated for a minister's wife. Such a housekeeper as she was! She took to it as naturally as a duck does to water; and her pies, and cake, and bread were beyond criticism. Every one recognized her contributions at a picnic, and she was complimented on all sides.

Mr. Grantlake found the Winters mansion a very pleasant visiting-place. Mrs. Winters was a kind, motherly woman, and Mr. Winters a very unobtrusive host, while Miss Lulu was always cheerful and entertaining. It seemed quite like home to him, and he had a habit of dropping in very often.

When he appeared, then, on the evening of the day when he first spied Miss Dolly, his visit was taken as a matter of course, and that young lady was agreeably surprised to find a man worth talking to in Pineville. She really was a dear little thing, this Dolly Blake, and not nearly so artificial, in spite of her city training, as her country friend, Miss Winters.

Lulu had been quite disappointed that Dolly did not bring her best things, as she wanted to make a show with her; but that damsel had the good taste to prefer simplicity in the country, and a certain chintz dress, a white ground with rosebuds thickly scattered over it—which, by the way, she wore when Mr. Grantlake first saw her—had been purchased because it looked as though it had been designed purposely for her to wear at Pineville.

Lulu could not but admit to herself that it was most objectionably becoming to the wearer, while she herself never would have been presentable in it. For Miss Winters was not pretty, and she knew it; but she prided herself on being stylish.

Dolly was a great trial to her, in this respect, on that memorable visit. She absolutely refused to remember that she was the daughter of Judge Blake, of Madison Avenue, and entered into the most rural amusements with all the zest of a born rustic. She rode on loads of hay, she drove the cows, she fed the poultry; and she and Mr. Grantlake looked guilty enough when they were discovered one afternoon, in the orchard, pelting each other with daisy-balls in lieu of cowslips. Somebody had twined a wreath of daisies around the little hat that Dolly wore, making it more bewitching than ever.

"I thought," said Miss Lulu rather severely, "that you always devoted Saturday afternoon, Mr. Grantlake, to revising your sermon? At least, you told me so last Saturday when some of us contemplated a trip to the strawberry-field." "N. B.—Miss Blake had not arrived on the Saturday in question."

"Oh! well," was the easy reply, "an orchard is a particularly suggestive place for a sermon, you know, and I was meditating deeply when I suddenly discovered Miss Dolly over there among the daisies."

Lulu Winters did not like the look of things, though she gave her friend credit for nothing deeper than a flirtation; but she could not speak her thoughts, and policy required her to be polite and cordial to the offenders.

On Monday they all went on a picnic; quite a reinforcement of beaux had been imported from a neighbouring town, and it promised to be a brilliant affair.

Dolly was flitting about here and there and everywhere, the gayest of the gay; every one took to her, and she did everything that was to be done with the prettiest grace imaginable.

"Not stuck up a bit" was the general verdict on Lulu Winters' city friend; and the bright little damsel was wonderfully at home among the simple country folk. Little did she dream what an eventful day it was to prove for her.

Dolly had a queer feeling, however, that she could not account for—a presentiment of some coming evil that wouldn't be shaken off. After a while she turned off by herself into a quiet path; and there, just before her, leaning against a tree, stood Mr. Grantlake, wrapped in deep thought, while close beside him, rearing its ugly head through the underwood, and unperceived by its intended victim, was a huge rattlesnake!

The girl's heart almost stopped beating. There was not a moment to lose, but speaking might be fatal; so, seizing a stone, with trembling hand but a well-directed aim she crushed the reptile's head and saved a life that had become very precious to her. Her gymnastic training had stood her in good stead; but the moment for action once past, her cheek grew white, her eyes closed, and the little head would have found a resting-place on the ground had it not been suddenly snatched to the bosom of the young minister.

He was fully awake now, and realized it all, almost sobbing over the dearest little girl in the world, who lay insensible in his arms. A soft, kittenish little thing he had thought her, very bright and lovable; but so much character and courage was an entirely new development. Ten-

derly removing her hat, he chafed the cold hands—such little hands for such a deed!—and presently a sigh broke from her lips and a fluttering colour came into the pale cheeks. She smiled, as her eyes opened and she saw that Mr. Grantlake was safe.

"I am so glad!" she whispered. "Promise me," he whispered in reply, "that you will accept the devotion of the life you have saved. It is only fair, Dolly, for you were the cause of my danger; I was thinking of you, wondering if I could dare to ask you, reared in luxury as you have been, to become the wife of a poor young minister, and hence I did not see the approach of my enemy. I am sure now that, whether I dare to risk my fate or not, I cannot live without you."

Dolly still smiled, but the fluttering colour had become steady; and she did not resent the passionate kiss that emphasized these words, nor many others that followed.

When stern duty, after a somewhat prolonged absence, finally dragged them almost by the hair of their heads back to the scene of festivity and the close questions of Miss Winters Dolly gave a rather lame account of being frightened by a snake and meeting Mr. Grantlake, and the minister himself was decidedly confused.

It was not long before Lulu knew the worst, and wisely had it out by herself in the privacy of her own room. Then she smiled sweetly on Dolly and congratulated her, and took her revenge, that winter, in marrying Mrs. Blake's rich bachelor brother, from whom Dolly had expectations.

But what did Dolly care for expectations!

WHO LOST WATERLOO?

BY JOHN C. ROPEN.

In a sense the harsh expressions of Chesney and others about the utter state of ignorance in which the emperor was as to the strategy of his enemies, that he did not take at all into consideration the possibility of the march of the whole Prussian army from Wavre to join Wellington, and so on, are true. They are true so far as this; that Napoleon, having intrusted the whole duty of finding out about the Prussians—where they were, and whether they were going to unite with the English or not—to Grouchy, and having given him a competent force and plenty of cavalry and an express warning as to the danger of the union of their army with the English, had considered that he had done all that was needful; and undoubtedly he was taken by surprise when the blow came. But they are not true in the sense that Napoleon was throughout blind to the possibility of this junction of the allied armies, and took no measures to prevent it. If an experienced sea captain, on approaching a dangerous coast, intrusts the deck to one of his officers, to whom he gives a sufficient number of men, and whom he warns to beware of the dangers arising from the force of certain currents, and then goes below, he is undoubtedly taken by surprise when the ship runs ashore. In his berth, asleep, he certainly did not foresee the catastrophe. His principal, if not his only fault was in his choice of the officer to whom he intrusted the deck. As to his knowledge of the perils of that part of the voyage, that cannot be questioned.

So with Napoleon. His throwing the entire responsibility of taking care of the Prussians on Marshal Grouchy was his chief fault, for Grouchy was not able to sustain such a burden. Davoust, whom he might have had, and ought to have had, in Grouchy's place would have successfully carried out his ideas. And while I fully admit the emperor's dilatoriness on the morning of the 17th, by which the concentration of the Prussians army at Wavre was assured, which in fact made it impossible for Grouchy, or for Davoust even, to prevent this concentration; and while I also fully admit the negligence of the emperor in leaving Grouchy so long without any instructions, except the warnings of the possibly intended junction of the allied armies contained in the Bertrand letter, yet I cannot agree with those, who like Chesney, say that "the notion that Grouchy is responsible for the Waterloo defeat must be dismissed by those who choose to weigh the evidence, from the domain of authentic history to the limbo of national figments." The responsibility must be divided between the emperor and his lieutenant. Charging upon Napoleon, as we must, the faults above specified, it must yet not be forgotten that had Grouchy intelligently carried out the emperor's instructions contained in the Bertrand letter he might have been in a position to defeat, or at least to hinder, the junction of the allied armies.

It is hardly to be questioned that, if Grouchy had moved at four o'clock in the morning by way of Mousty, and had put himself in communication with the main army, his forces would have stopped the Prussian advance, and allowed the emperor the use of his whole army against the duke's forces, which were inferior in numbers and composition. Instead of being obliged to detach 16,000 infantry against the Prussians, Napoleon could have used them against the English, and from what we know of the condition of Wellington's army in the latter part of the afternoon the result would have been a decided victory for Napoleon. If, on the other hand, Grouchy had, even as late as mid-day, changed his plan, and, following the advice of Gerard, had marched to join the emperor, he would certainly have averted the catastrophe, even if he had arrived too late to insure a victory for his side.—Atlantic Monthly.

SPRING.

BY EDITH THOMAS.

There is a telegraphy in the air nowadays hourly, momentary, messages flying between the busy rural genii. These messages may be "taken off" at any station along the route where there is a practiced operator, an intelligent and sympathetic ear. One hears of the mysterious trysts kept between botany and zoölogy,—of plants waking up by alarm-clocks, and of birds travelling by midnight express, on receipt of expected despatches from headquarters. I occasionally hear Flora and Fauna exchanging the compliments of the season, and such pleasant gossip as naturally results from their near neighbourly relations:—

Fauna.—I have just sent a minnow up the creek.

Flora.—I've been blossoming out a pussy willow there by the bank.

[And after an interval:]

Fauna.—I venture a bluebird.

Flora.—Good. I'll risk a blue violet in the south meadow.

[And still later:]

Fauna.—If you listen, this evening, you will hear a frog in the marsh.

Flora.—To-morrow I shall send you a basket of cowslips.

Fauna.—Thanks. I am just starting out a hive of bees. Would you like them to scatter pollen?

There is no cessation of this correspondence throughout the season. The mutual consent and joint plannings of the two friendly goddesses are everywhere observable. It is to be noticed that for every bird that becomes whist and moping, after the height of summer is passed, some plant will be found putting on sackcloth and ashes, and absenting itself from Flora's court for the rest of the year.—June Atlantic.

MISCELLANY.

—A SECRET is like silence—you cannot talk about it; it is like money—when once you know there is any concealed it is half-discovered. "My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

DURING the last twenty-five years, according to the records of the Prussian Herald's Office, there has been created but one duke,—the Duke of Ujest. Four counts were made princes, including Bismarck, already promoted from the rank of baron, and thirty-two counts were created, including Moltke, Roon and Wrangel. Ninety-eight barons were made, and three hundred and forty-three persons were empowered to use the noble "von." Few civilians have been distinguished since the war of 1866, but among them is Leopold von Ranke. Karl August, of Weimar, made Goethe a "von" against his will; in 1859, two of the poet's grand-sons, not satisfied with this distinction and their ancestor's fame, had themselves made barons.

TREASURE TROVE.—In the course of the excavations necessary for the reconstruction of the baths at Dürkheim, in the Palatinate, the workmen have come upon an enormous iron chest containing the celebrated treasure of the Abbey of Limburg, which disappeared after the siege of the Abbey in 1504. The treasure is supposed to have been put in safety by the Abbot out of fear of an attack. It is composed of a large number of vases and other objects of gold and silver, of precious stones, and a host of coins of the 15th century. There are also a number of articles of worship, dating from the commencement of the Abbey, which was constructed by Conrad the Salic, and his wife, Queen Gisela, and opened in 1030. By the law of the Palatinate, half the treasure goes to the State and half to the French company which has the working of the baths.

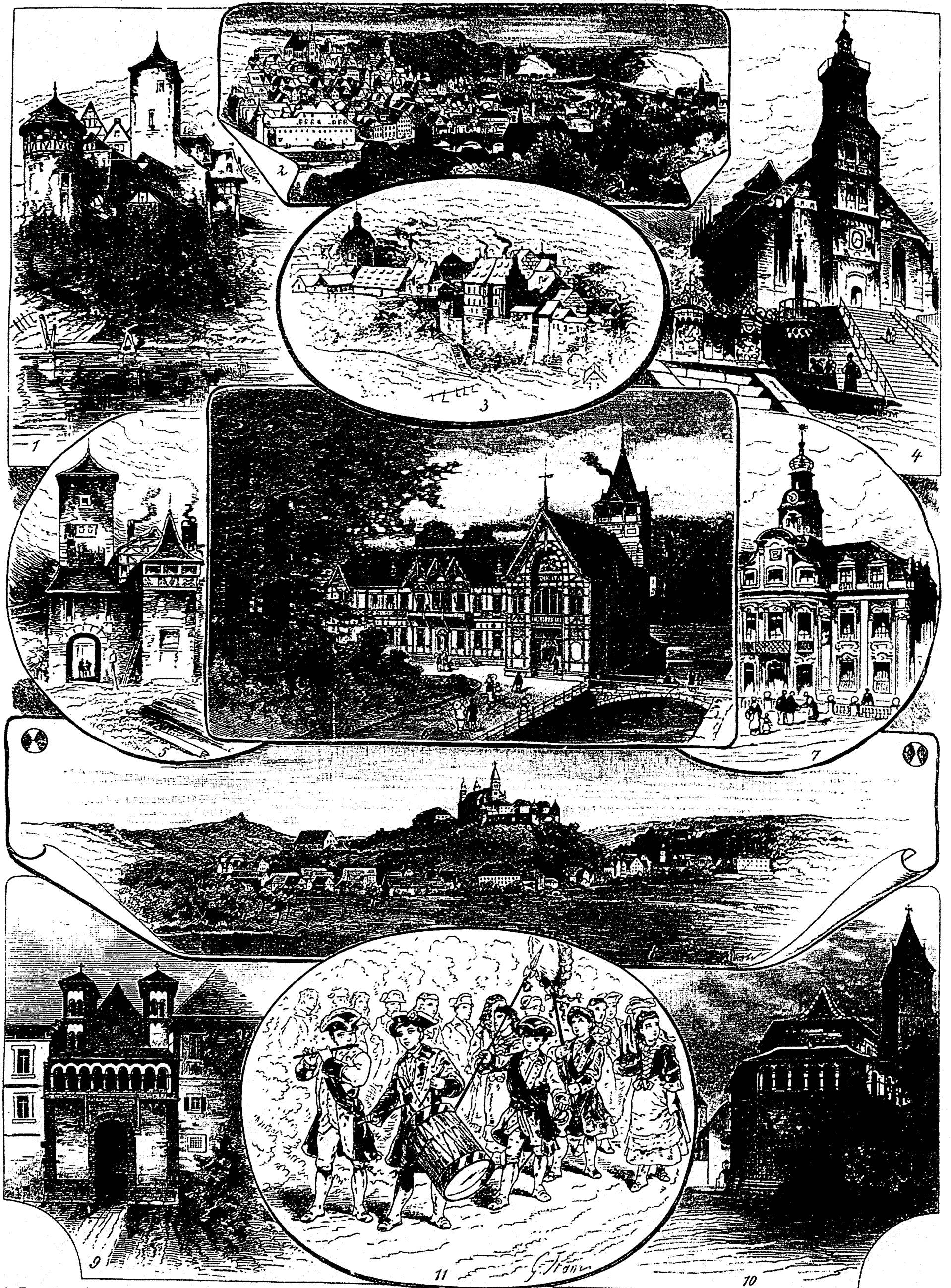
MATRIMONIAL MIXEL.—We have seldom read a case of greater connubial involvement, personally, than the following, which Colonel Forney publishes, growing out of a case of bigamy that recently came before a court at Plymouth. Thrown into tabular form, the facts are as follows:

WM. COX

was charged with intermarrying..... Rosina Knight his first wife..... Caroline Drake being alive. It was proved that..... William Cox had married..... Caroline Drake but, as she was the wife of..... Geo. Merrifield he left her, and married..... Rosina Knight. On learning this..... Caroline Drake (whose husband..... Geo. Merrifield, had since been married to..... another woman) instituted proceedings against..... William Cox. But it was proved that before..... Geo. Merrifield married..... Caroline Drake he had..... another wife living. His marriage with..... Caroline Drake was therefore illegal, and..... William Cox felt himself at liberty to marry..... Caroline Drake. But it was also proved that..... Caroline Drake had a husband when marrying..... William Cox. His marriage with..... Caroline Drake was therefore illegal, and..... Rosina Knight became the lawful wife of..... William Cox. The bench accordingly ordered..... Geo. Merrifield and..... Caroline Drake to be prosecuted, and discharged..... William Cox.

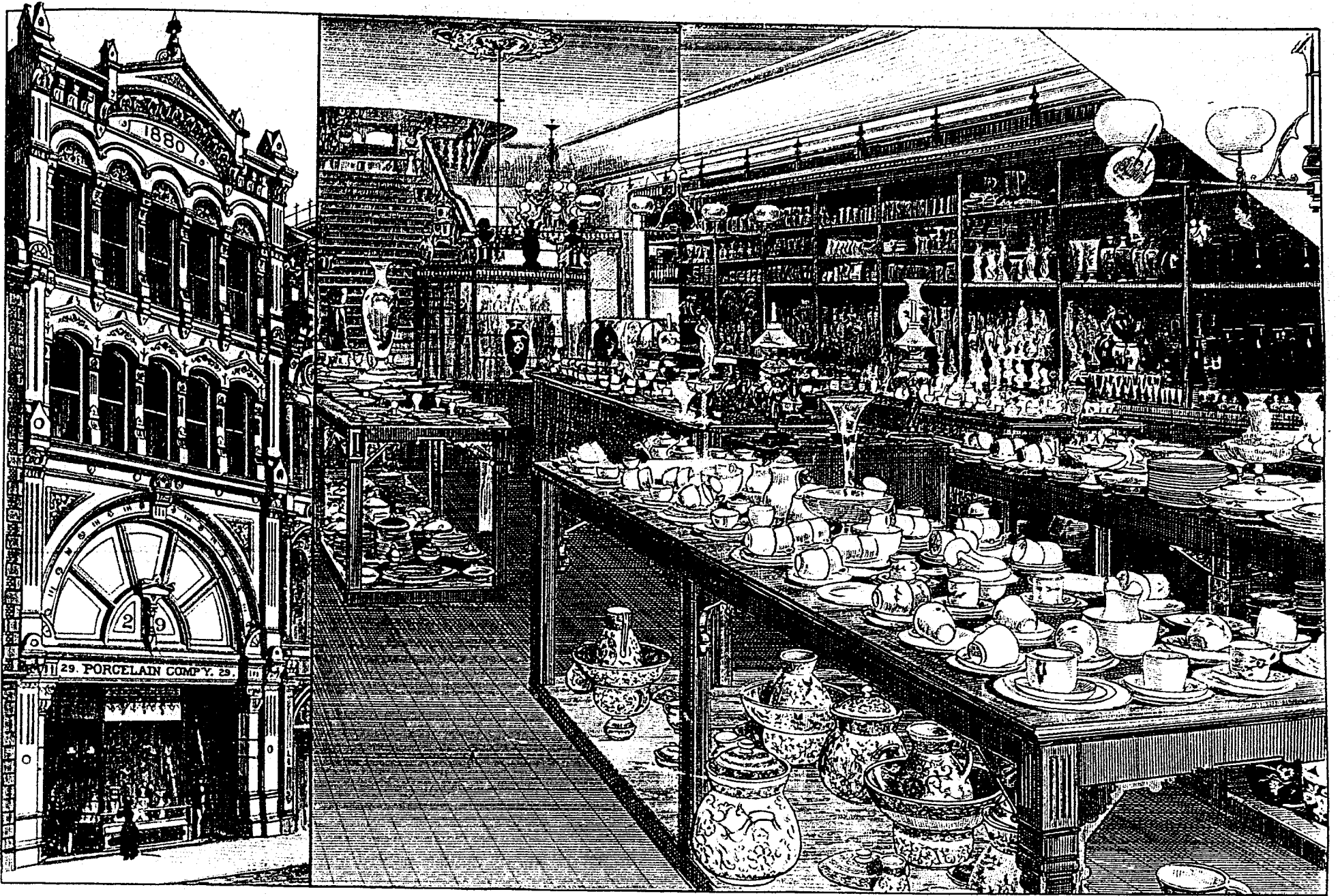
ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.



1. THE APPROACH TO THE VILLAGE.—2. HALL.—3. VELLBURG.—4. S. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.—5. VILLAGE GATE.—6. MINERAL BATH.—7. TOWN-HALL.—8. KOMBURG NEAR HALL.—9. GATE OF KOMBURG.—10. BAPTISTRY IN KOMBURG.—11. THE FEANT OF "BRETZELN" AT HALL.

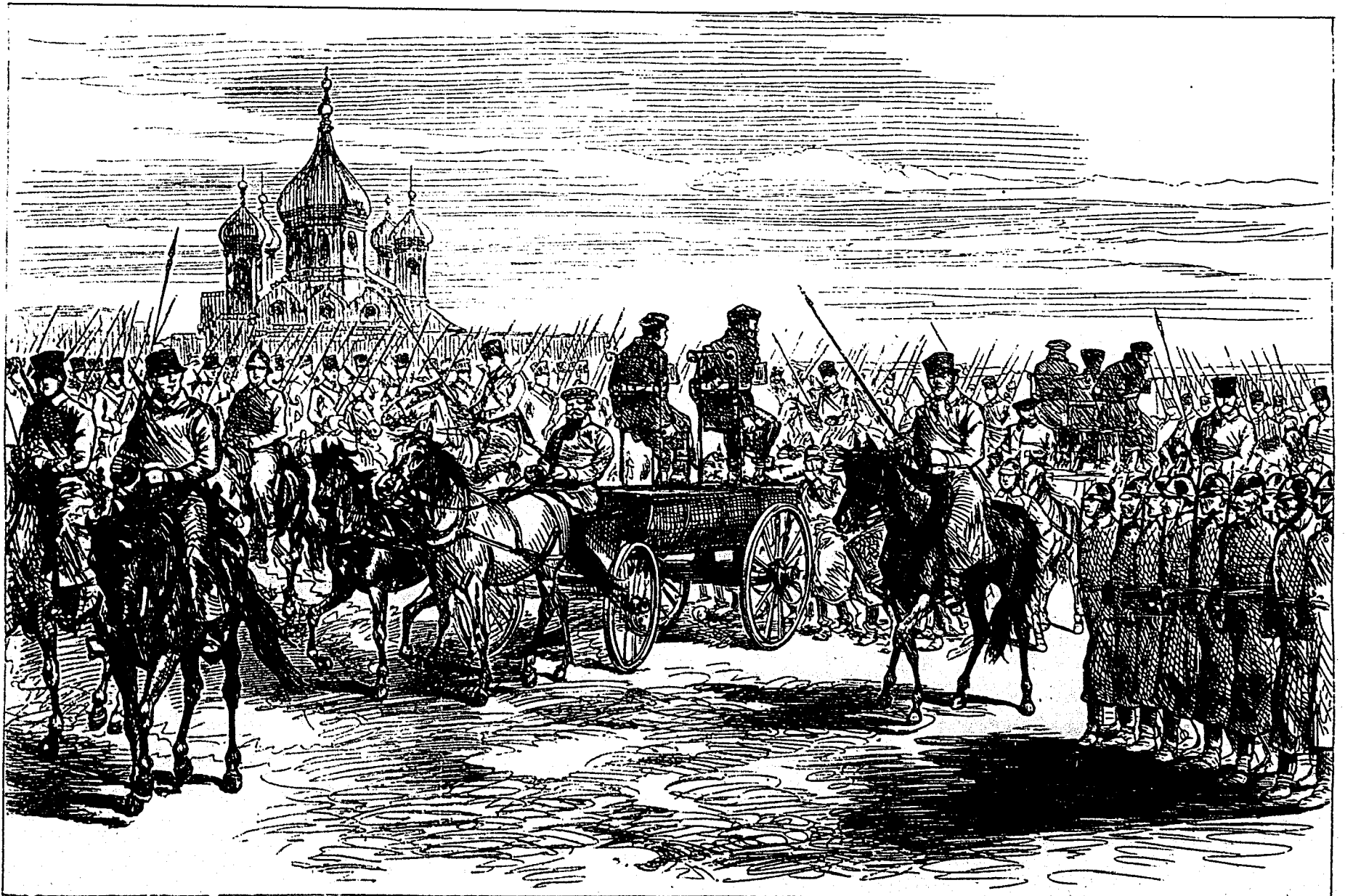
THE VILLAGE OF HALL IN SWABIA.



EXTERIOR VIEW.

INTERIOR VIEW

THE PORCELAIN COMPANY, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO



THE EXECUTION OF THE NIHILISTS IN ST. PETERSBURG.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE picture which we give upon our front page this week is one of the six pictures purchased by the Rhine Art Association on the occasion of their jubilee, and presented to different German towns.

A MONSTER CYLINDER.—There was cast at the Morgan Iron Works, in this city the other day, what is said to be the largest steam cylinder ever cast.

At one o'clock, John Roach, who personally supervised the casting, gave the order to begin the pouring. The molten metal was turned into the mould from the two tanks on either side, and at the same time the two crane ladles were swung over, and from all four a white stream of liquid metal began to flow into the matrix.

The cylinder is intended for a new iron side-wheel steamer building for the Old Colony Steamboat Co, for Long Island Sound.

"FAREWELL, REMEMBER ME!"—The antiquated style of dress, the short-skirted gown of flowered brocade, a scarf about the shoulders, and a shape of hat worn by the young lady in Mr. F. Walker's drawing, must fix the date of this pathetic scene about the end of the last century.

FOOTBALL players are probably the only portion of the community to whom the present weather does not seem unseasonable. Like Jack Spratt and his wife, while some like summer and some swear by the snow and ice, the football player revels in "that sweet calm which is just between," and the only time he is supremely happy is when it is too warm for the snow and too cold for anything else.

or association the sport is a manly one for which Canadians should be well suited in every respect except climate, which shortens the time for playing, and prevents such long seasons as are needed to produce first-class play.

THE ancient capital town of Hall dates back into the uncertainty of traditional ages. Whether Palas or Capellatium to which Julian the Apostle in A. D. 359 marched at the request of the Alemanni, and which saw the battle of the Alemanni and Burgundians over the salt springs, is to be identified with Hall or with Kissingen is a matter over which antiquarians yet dispute.

THE last scene in the tragedy of the Czar assassination took place on Friday the 15th April, about nine o'clock, when five of the six criminals convicted of participation in the crime paid the penalty of their act on the scaffold. Our illustration represents the prisoners on their way to execution.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S PHILOSOPHY ANALYSED.

A full meeting of the Victoria Philosophical Institute of England took place on the 2nd of May at its House, 7, Adelphi Terrace, London, when a paper upon "Philosophy as advocated by Mr. Herbert Spencer," was read by Mr. W. Ground. The aim of the paper was to show that the philosophy in question is not illogical, but that the "analysis" is in direct contradiction to the "synthesis."

HERE MAX MARIA VON WEBER, eldest surviving son of the composer of Der Freischutz, died in Berlin on the 19th inst., aged 59. He was a scientific telegraphist and railway expert, and possessed some literary talent.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

AN attempt to arrest Midhat Pasha has proved unsuccessful.

THERE is said to be danger of a rupture between France and Turkey.

THE anti-Jewish movement is spreading through Austria-Hungary.

QUEEN Victoria has invested the King of Sweden with the Order of the Garter.

THE first copies of the revised edition of the New Testament were issued on the 20th.

SENATORS Conkling and Platt have sent in their resignations as United States Senators.

EVICTON riots are reported from Killarney, where the populace were dispersed at the point of the bayonet.

THE revolutionary party in Russia have issued a manifesto accepting the war forced upon them by the Government.

GENERAL Ignatieff is to succeed General Melnikoff as Chief of the Russian Police Department.

THE scrutiny de liste bill was carried in the French Chamber of Deputies recently by a majority of eight votes.

THE early commencement of the construction of an underground railway in New York is spoken of.

AN attempt, similar to those at Liverpool and Chester, has been made to blow up the police barracks at Hereford with a torpedo. Very little damage resulted.

SIR Charles Dilke has formally announced in the House that negotiations for a new commercial treaty between England and France would be opened on Thursday next.

A ST. Petersburg cable says it is rumoured that an attempt has been made to murder the Czar. Six more arrests of revolutionists have been made, and affairs in Russia are said to be growing worse.

MR. HAYWELL has taken the Haymarket Theatre for a short season, commencing in September next. Mrs. Scott Siddons will then appear at that house.

WARNINGS.—Lung disease and rheumatism are perhaps the most obstinate maladies with which medical skill does battle. The latter, if less dangerous, is the most inveterate of the two. Both make their approaches gradually and are heralded by symptoms which ought to warn the sufferer of the approach.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Papers and letter to hand. Thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 37.

The contents of the May number of the British Chess Magazine bear evidence of being very carefully selected and put together. The end games may well be called useful, as they are positions likely to occur in practical play, and on this account we recommend them strongly to young players who are anxious to improve their knowledge of chess.

Capt. Mackenzie is at present engaged at St. Louis in playing against twelve amateurs of that city, to each of whom he gives the odds of the Knight. Play began on Thursday the 12th inst., at the rooms of the St. Louis Chess Club.

The games of the match lately played between Mr. Blackburne and Mr. Gunsberg are to be published shortly. Fourteen games contested by two first-class players, annotated by Mr. W. N. Potter, and issued in a very cheap form, will assuredly find their way into the hands of all who value good specimens of chess skill.

GERMANY.—Schools of chess are, as we anticipated, rapidly increasing in the Fatherland. Hitherto they have generally been connected with already existing clubs; but at Hamburg, during the winter, a new society, entitled the Stagie Club, has been established, setting itself the task of teaching the game to those who know nothing of it, as well as of promoting the improvement of those who only know a little.

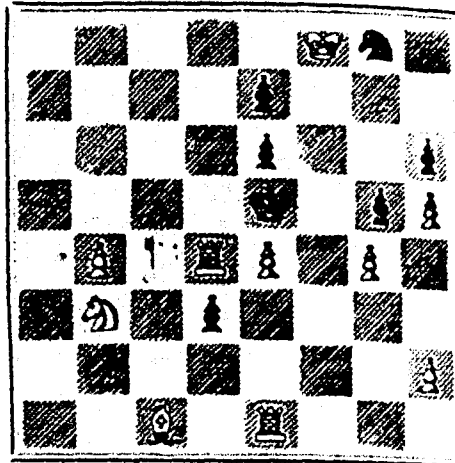
A new club, numbering 28 members, has also been founded at Offenbach, near Frankfurt, with a chess school in connection with it.—The British Chess Magazine.

An exciting contest lately took place at the Divan, in which Messrs. Steel and Blackburne consulted together against Messrs. Hoffer and Zukertort. The match consisted of two games, of which the first was won by the Englishmen, and the second by their opponents. Mr. Steel provided prizes for winners and losers.—Dramatic Times.

PROBLEM No. 330.

By F. C. Collins.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 457TH.

THE CHESS MATCH AT ST. LOUIS.

(From the Globe-Democrat.)

Tenth game in the match between Messrs. Just and Mackenzie.

Irregular Opening.

White.—(Mr. Mackenzie.) Black.—(Mr. Just.)

- 1. P to Q 4 1. P to K B 4
2. P to K Kt 3 2. P to K 3
3. B to Kt 2 3. P to Q 4
4. P to Q B 4 4. P to Q B 4
5. P to Q Kt 3 5. Kt to B 3
6. P to K 3 6. Kt to R 3
7. Kt to K 2 7. B to K 2
8. Castles 8. Castles
9. B to Kt 2 9. P to Q Kt 3
10. Kt to Q 2 10. Kt to K 5
11. Kt takes K 11. B P takes K
12. P to B 3 12. P takes P
13. B takes P 13. B to Kt 4
14. Q to Q 4 14. Kt to B 2
15. B to Kt 2 15. B to Q R 3
16. R takes R ch. 16. Q takes B
17. R to K B sq 17. Q to Kt 5 ch.
18. B to Q B 3 sq 18. P takes P
19. B takes Q 19. P takes Q
20. Kt to B 4 20. Kt to Q 4
21. B to Q 2 21. B takes K
22. Kt P takes B 22. P to K Kt 4
23. R to B sq 23. R to Q B sq
24. K to B 2 24. K to B 2
25. P to K 4 25. Kt to B 3
26. P to K R 3 26. K to K 2
27. K to K 3 27. P to B 4
28. P takes P 28. P takes P
29. R takes P ch. 29. R takes R
30. B to Kt 4 30. Kt to Q 2
31. Kt to Q 4 31. P to Q 7
32. B to K B 3 32. P to Q sq ch.
33. B takes Q 33. K to Q 3
34. B to K B 3 34. K to B 3
35. B takes R 35. Kt takes B
36. P to B 5 36. K P takes P
37. P takes P ch. 37. K to Q 3
38. P takes P 38. Kt takes P ch.
39. K to K 3 39. K to K 4
40. B to K 4 40. P to R 2
41. P to K R 4 41. Kt to B 5
42. B to R 8 42. Kt to Kt 3
43. P to R 5 43. Kt to B 5
44. P to R 4 44. Kt takes P
45. P to Kt 4 45. Kt to B 5
46. P to Kt 5 46. B to B sq
47. P to R 5 47. Kt to Q 4 ch.
48. K to Q 3 48. B to Q 2
49. P to Kt 6 49. Kt takes P
50. P takes Kt 50. P takes K
51. B to B 3 51. K to B 5
52. B to Q sq 52. B to Kt 5
53. B to R 4 53. P to R 4
54. K to Q 4 54. P to R 5
Resigns

NOTES.

- (a) B to Q R 3 would, we think, have been preferable.
(b) A stronger move in appearance than in reality, though Black gains a Pawn for the moment, yet White by proper play, should recover his loss and remain with the better position.
(c) His best reply, we believe.
(d) A faulty combination, which loses a piece and the game; B K B wins the Pawn back, and, in our opinion, leaves White with the better game.
(e) Very finely played; this timely sacrifice altogether upsets White's plans, and enables Mr. Just to come out of the skirmish with a piece ahead and a tolerably easy game before him.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 328

- 1. Q to Q Kt sq 1. K takes P
2. P to B 5 2. K to K 5
3. P to Q B 5 mate

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 329.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 4 1. R to K 3
2. B to K 4 (ch) 2. R takes B
3. B mates.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 37.

- White. Black.
K at K sq K at Q 5
Q at Kt 5 Pawn at
Kt at Q Kt sq Q B 4 and 5
Pawn at Q R 2

White to play and mate in two moves.

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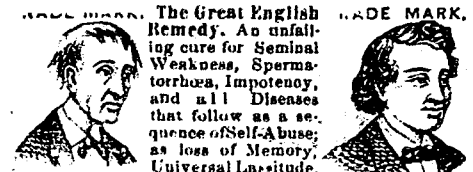
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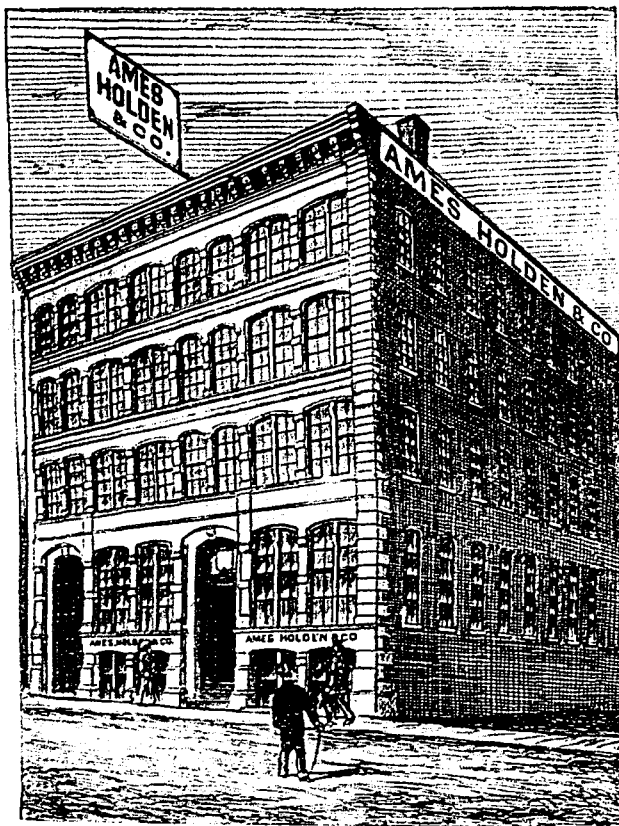
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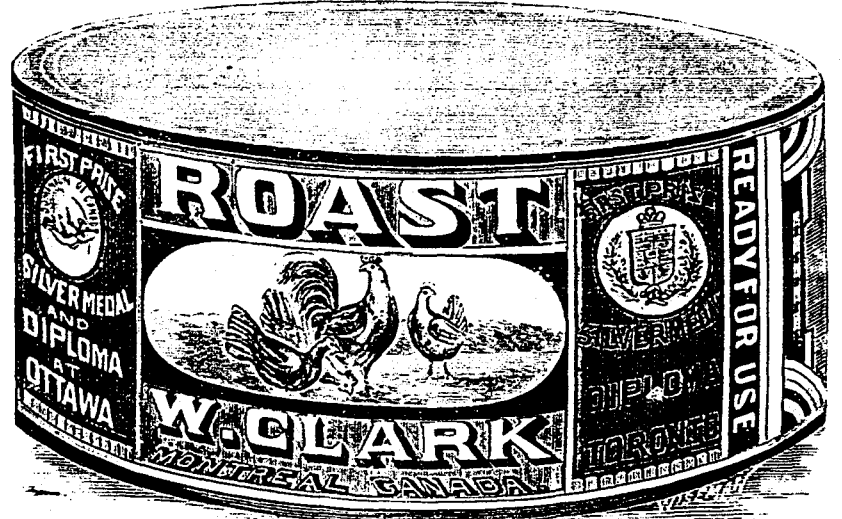
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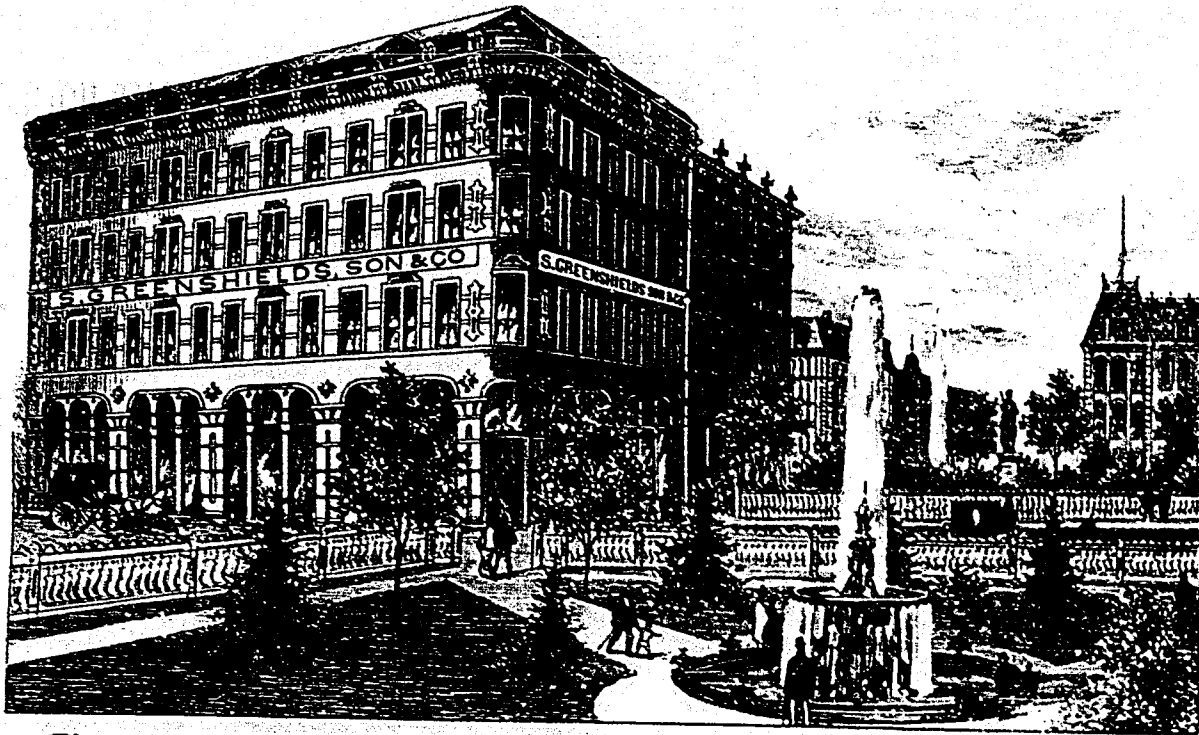


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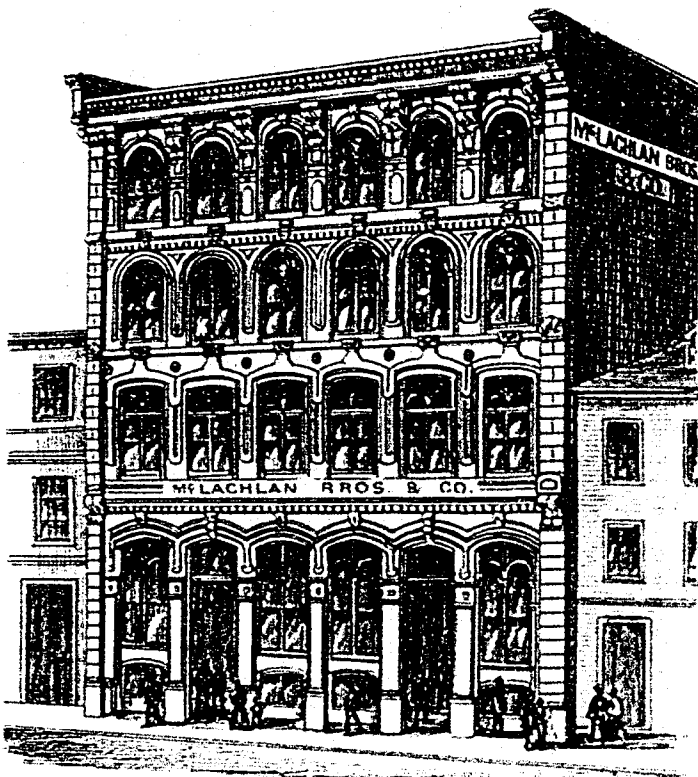
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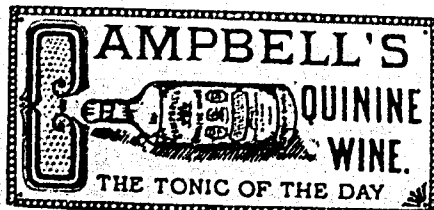
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