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Illustrated News

Vol. XXV.—No. 13.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 1st, 1882.

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



PARISINA.

FROM THE PICTURE BY PAUL BAUDRY.

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

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

March 26th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 40°	30°	35°	Mon.. 42°	34°	38°
Tue.. 24°	17°	20°	Tue.. 45°	33°	39°
Wed.. 34°	16°	25°	Wed.. 41°	32°	36°
Thur.. 38°	10°	24°	Thur.. 36°	24°	30°
Fri... 23°	10°	16°	Fri... 36°	24°	30°
Sat.... 26°	4°	15°	Sat... 36°	22°	29°
Sun.... 30°	8°	19°	Sun... 34°	20°	27°

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Parisina—The Attempt to Shoot the Queen—Sketches in Sorel and the Vicinity (double page)—Round the World with the Ceylon—Marmion's Defence—Not Quite Steady at Fire.

THE WEEK.—The Attempt on the Queen's Life—More Ireland—The Vocalic Laugh—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Doings at the Capital—Cur Illustrations—A Brace of Puns—News of the Week—Bonny Kate (illus.)—One Rainy Day—Little Carleton's Holiday—Story of an Old Bachelor—Musical and Dramatic—Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava—Some Parallels to the Furneaux Case—Humorous—Sliding Down Hill—Colonel vs. Governor General—Garrick and Preville—An Irish Fishing Yarn—Echoes from London—Music—Let the Children Sing—Ze Boaze—Echoes from Paris—Varieties—Beloved—The Leg (from the German)—Miscellaneous—Wonders of the Human Frame—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 1st, 1882.

THE WEEK.

A STATEMENT made by an eye-witness of the attempt upon Her Majesty's life at Windsor Railway Station differs somewhat from accounts previously given. He states that while the crowd awaited Her Majesty's arrival outside the station yard a suspicious-looking man was seen forcing his way in front of the Eton boys, who, as usual, occupied the foremost position, and while Her Majesty was being assisted into the carriage by JOHN BROWN, this man was seen to be fumbling in his pocket, and was unable to release his arm owing to the pressure of the Eton boys. Immediately on Her Majesty giving the order to start he withdrew his hand quietly from his side, and, placing it in his breast, quickly pushed himself further to the front. A moment had not elapsed ere he raised his hand on a level with the Queen's carriage, and it was then seen that he held a pistol. A sharp little Eton boy—his gaze on Her Majesty having been disturbed by the sudden jerk the man gave to his arm—when he saw the pistol uttered an alarming cry which instantly brought all eyes to bear on the man. Without hesitation three of the bigger Eton boys threw themselves on the would-be assassin, and, catching his arm, lowered the level of the pistol, which went off pointed towards the hind hoof of the near horse drawing the carriage, which at that time was about 11 yards distant. The bullet struck the stones of the yard, and ricocheted over the luggage waggon on to the railway line. It may now pretty safely be concluded that MACLEAN is insane. It has been ascertained that the accused had been confined in the Wells Lunatic Asylum, whence he was only discharged last September. Since then he has been a patient in the Weston-super-Mare Infirmary, and, judging from his manner while under examination, there can be little question as to his state of mind.

WE alluded some time ago to the proposed scheme for a breakwater to connect England with the Emerald Isle. But the new idea is a step in advance. Instead, says its speculative author, of one breakwater in the Channel, two might be formed, one from Holyhead to Dublin, another from Milford Haven to Wexford, and the intermediate sea might be pumped out in the same way that the Dutch pumped out Lake Haarlem, and are now about to do with the Zuyder Zee. The valley between Wales and Wicklow could

be sold in lots, the whole forming an area of seven thousand square miles, or nearly the size of Belgium. Supposing there were five million acres to sell at four pounds per acre, there would be a great opportunity for profit. Then the company would have the right of granting concessions for railways, which would bring in a large amount, and they would have a right of toll for overland traffic between England and Ireland. Possibly there would be also valuable royalties for coal, tin, or gold mines. Moreover, it is pointed out, that the climate would be so mild that numbers of London families, instead of going to Devonshire or the Continent, would certainly prefer St. George's Valley as a winter resort, being so easily accessible; and with a certain outlay a forest of Australian gum trees could be raised along the Irish or Welsh slopes to form a sanitarium like Arcachon for consumptive patients. The scheme may seem just at present somewhat Utopian, says the author of it, but that it is quite as practicable as the Channel Tunnel at Dover no one can doubt. It is stated that the depth of the Irish Sea nowhere reaches five hundred feet, and in some places the width is under forty miles. It is believed that a breakwater thirty feet wide and ten feet above high-water mark could be constructed at a cost not exceeding four hundred thousand pounds per mile.

In a little volume on the secrets of the Stock-Exchange and the Stage, *Coulisses de Bourse et de Théâtre*, there is one curious chapter in which a *chef de clique* explains with great plausibility five kinds of laughter which he and his subordinates employ in the exercise of their duties as professional applauders. These five laughs are based on the five vowels A E I O U, pronounced according to the French manner. The laugh in A is provoked in a witty trait Ah! Ah! Ah! How smart! How delicate! The laugh in E is the laugh provoked by some irresistible sally of wit: eh! eh! eh! Isn't it funny! The laugh in I is a laugh of sympathy, provoked by some amusing stupidity: ih! ih! ih! The laugh in O is that of frank gaiety: oh! oh! oh! awfully funny! The laugh in U is reserved for *mots à double entendre*, little more than an audible smile uh! uh! uh! not bad!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

On Friday last there passed away from amongst us one in whom many, who never saw him in the flesh, will mourn a true friend and a hearty sympathizer. The characteristic probably most noticeable in LONGFELLOW's poetry is its wide spread sympathy, appealing to its readers with a directness which few modern poets have attained. It is true that the delicacy and ornate refinement of his utterances have little in common with the rude, rough battle of life. His imagination sympathizes more with the correct and classical and refined than with the rugged and stern aspect which the world bears for many of its children. Still there is a soothing touch, a refining influence which seems to calm the angry passions and to plead for a hearing in tones too winning to be resisted. Thus it is, as we said, that his loss will be felt by many as that of some friend, known and loved, rather than that of some great genius, whom they needs must worship afar off.

The story of LONGFELLOW's life is singularly free from those outward commotions which have impressed themselves upon the genius of many a brother poet. His father was a jurist of some local celebrity, a graduate of Harvard, and in his latter days a member of Congress. His mother was a descendant of JOHN ALDEN, thus linking the descent of our poet and his great contemporary BRYANT. Henry's college life commenced at the early age of fourteen when he entered Bowdoin College, where he had for fellow students NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, G. B. CHEEVER and J. S. C. ABBOTT. He graduated in 1825, and his early proficiency in master-

ing foreign languages led to his selection for the Professorship of Modern Languages, for which he was enabled to fit himself by a course of travel and study abroad. His first attempts in the field of literature were translations, a branch of art requiring special faculties, and to which throughout life he devoted himself with unusual success. His translation of the "Coplas de Manrique" and several sonnets of Lope di Vega, which were prefaced with an essay on Spanish devotional poetry attracted some little attention, which was intensified by the later publication of *Outre-Mer*, itself of no great literary merit, but possessing at the time it was written all the charm of novelty. It is from 1836 that LONGFELLOW's literary life may be said to have commenced. In that year he began to reside at Cambridge, latterly in the now historic Craigie House. There amid duties he loved, friends devoted to him, and ample leisure for literary work, he lived a life to be envied, and died a happy, peaceful death. Apart from his poetry his universal benevolence and kindness of disposition won him numerous friends. Especially was he ever ready to help his less fortunate brethren. None could be a more indulgent critic or a more encouraging Mentor to the young aspirant who went to him for advice and help. Above all, be it said, he has died after a life spent in the endeavor to carry out his own principles of living, embodied in his Psalm of Life—

"Life is real and life is earnest"

Such was the burden of his daily song; and to him pre-eminently may we point, in words that have become household amongst us, and say—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Ottawa, March 25th, 1882.

Last Saturday, the Hon. Mr. Caron, Minister of Militia and Defence, took a large party to Kingston to inspect the Royal Military College. Some 150 members availed themselves of his invitation, together with a number of ladies, among whom were the Hon. Mme. Caron, Mme. Langevin, Mrs. Brooks, Mme. Mathieu, Mrs. Armstrong, Misses Colby (2), Miss Giroux, Baroness Grant de Longueuil, and Misses Lelièvre (2), of Quebec.

The party, although a Ministerial one, was not a "corkscrew" party. The excursionists, for the greater part, beguiled time with whist-playing.

The whole of Kingston turned out to welcome us, and we marched up to the City Hall, headed by the B Battery band, between two dense lines of spectators, the while feeling uncomfortably like a *Patience* company.

At the City Hall lunch was served up in excellent style, and the band discoursed national airs, "La Canadienne" doing duty for Canada. Of course the Mayor read an address, and of course the Minister and the Speaker made good replies. The Hon. Mr. Caron most felicitously alluded to "our" Princess, it being her birthday. The chair was taken by Mr. Kirkpatrick, M.P., our host.

Thence by the steamer *Pierrepoint* across to the College, where the unfortunate cadets had been kept standing at ease (!) awaiting us for a whole hour, and shivering from the blasts of a biting wind, in summer uniform.

The lads went through their infantry drill, bayonet exercise, and exhibition of gymnastics and fencing in a most creditable manner. A colonel of regulars might well be proud of them. The heavy ordnance shift was got through in 2 min. 50 sec. Cadet Lang, who commanded, was warmly congratulated by the Minister.

A quantity of gun-cotton was exploded on the ice, Venus coming to the aid of Mars in the person of Miss Colby, who pressed the key of the electric battery by means of which it was fired.

Visitors inspected the drawings of fortifications, etc., and the bedrooms. The latter are

all tastefully ornamented, the fair ones' portraits being naturally in great favor with the brave. It is to be hoped they will ever deserve them.

The return trip was accomplished without any incident worthy of special note. Altogether, it was a pleasant excursion, and visitors went home edified by what they had seen.

A paragraph of scraps: On Monday last, concert at the branch institution of Villa Maria in this city. Grand simultaneous banging of six pianos, all that could be got on the stage, followed by songs and a dramatic representation. The whole was well carried out.—This week, Lady F. Balfour "did" the Temporalities Committee.—Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill passed the Commons. Look out for all the horrors prophesied by clerical and other cranks.—Accident to a member of the press gallery. Was elected an Alderman of the City of Winnipeg. Dreadful!

On Tuesday, private theatricals in the Speaker's chambers. Madame Gélinas, Mlle. de Martigny, with Messrs. St. Louis and Cholette performed a musical comedieta entitled "Les Revenants Bretons." Songs by Mme. Christin and Aumond, and a piano solo by Mlle. de Martigny. Mme. F. X. Archambault, of Montreal, accompanied. Madame Boucher, the Speaker's sister, gracefully helped him in doing the honors.

"Old Soldiers" is the name of the second farce to be performed at Rideau Hall.

Major-General Luard has just been granted a three months' leave of absence, and will return in time to give friendly admonitions to officers of rural battalions, who are laboring under the delusion that they should be allowed to admonish him.

Miss Geneviève Ward's performances of "Forget-me-Not" were well attended. His Excellency was, owing to a cold, unavoidably absent on the second night, but he expressed his regrets through the "heir of all the Bagots," and the Vice-Regal box was occupied by Mr. and Lady Frances Balfour and the staff.

Nothing that pen of mine could write would add to the talented actress's laurels, whose perfect impersonation of the *Marquise de Mohrivar* holds her audiences enthralled. Ladies went into ecstasies over the Worth dresses worn by her, and to several, her features and truly Imperial carriage forcibly recalled the ex-Empress of the French. Miss Agnes Barnett's rendering of the rôle of *Alice Verney* was worthy of the occasion, and her support was valuable; the rest of the company was fairly good. Miss Ward's visits are unhappily for us few and far between, but we forget her not, and to us she is, like unto Sir Horace Welby, "Evergreen." *Au revoir*.

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the press to the effect that the Empress of Austria, the Prince of Wales and other notabilities are to come to Canada this year to take part in a great hunt projected by the Marquis of Lorne. It is a case of *O mihi, beate Martine*. The Fourth Estate and the public have to thank the fertile imagination of a Senator for this tit-bit of information.

He is said to be projecting a picnic, to which are to be invited George Francis Train, Dr. Mary Walker, Guiteau, Oscar Wilde and Talma.

Referring again to the private theatricals at Rideau Hall, the first performance is to be on Thursday, the 20th April.

The debate on the budget came to a close on Friday morning at four o'clock, to the great relief of all who were compelled to listen to it.

The Guards' "at home" this afternoon was a grand affair. Lady Frances Balfour was there, and made, I regret to say, her farewell public appearance amidst us. Col. Ross and the officers of the regiment ably did the honors. The decorations were of the usual military kind, the regimental flags presented by Lord Dufferin attracting much attention. Mr. Carter, the Canadian Godfrey, gave some excellent music.

Dancing was kept up with spirit for some three hours; lawn tennis found a few votaries. Refreshments were served in the military museum.

The afternoon was bright and sunny, the floor was well waxed, the officers were gallant, as ever; and the girls, well, they were eclipsed by a young married lady from the Prairie province, a prairie flower; she wore a rich, dark claret-colored velvet dress, and her stately presence and handsome, clear-cut profile called forth ad-

miration; an Ottawa belle, dressed in five shades of claret, with a huge bow of brocaded ribbon in front and another of plush ribbon behind, was much noticed. "She only needs blue to be a rainbow," was whispered close to me. There was yet another sweet thing in a *bleu de centre* dress scoloped; depending from each scolop was what looked like a golden apple.

The affair was a success and the "at home" of the season.

Mr. and Lady Frances Balfour leave for Niagara Falls on Monday; thence they will go to Halifax, whence they sail for England on the 1st April. Major-General Luard accompanies them.

Lady Frances will be missed in Ottawa, where she had endeared herself to all those with whom she has come into contact. *Bon voyage!*

THE ATTEMPT TO SHOOT THE QUEEN.

ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE SOVEREIGNS SINCE 1850, A LONG AND BLOODY RECORD.

A paper published at Berne has compiled a list of all the known attempts at assassination that have been made since 1850, under the heading "Recent Regicides," a term which, however expressive, is scarcely accurate, inasmuch as the compilation includes attempts on the lives of magistrates and tradesmen, as well as on the lives of princes and potentates. The first crime recorded in this register is the attempt made in May, 1850, by the Westphalian, Safelago, to shoot the King of Prussia to the cry of "Liberty for all." On June 28 of the same year, Robert Pate, a retired lieutenant of the Hussars, struck the Queen of England with a cane—an assault, certainly, but not an assault with intent to kill. In October, 1852, a conspiracy to blow up Louis Napoleon with an infernal machine containing 1,500 projectiles, was frustrated by the activity of the police. On February 17, 1853, the Emperor of Austria was stabbed in the back by a Hungarian shoemaker of the name of Libeny. On the 5th of July following, a second attempt was made on the life of Louis Napoleon on his way to the Opera Comique. On March 20, 1854, Ferdinand Charles III, Duke of Parma, was stabbed by an unknown hand. Part of the dagger remained in the wound which it inflicted, and the Duke died after twenty-three hours of terrible suffering. The murderer escaped. In 1855 the Italian, Pianori, shot twice at the French Emperor in the Tuileries garden. In March, 1856, a Spaniard of the name of Raymond Fuenes was arrested just as he was in the act of firing a pistol at his sovereign, and the execution of his murderous design prevented. On December 8 in the same year, Ferdinand II., King of the two Sicilies, was attacked at a review by one of his own soldiers, who wounded him with his bayonet. In 1857 the Italian conspirators, Tibaldi, Bartoletti, and Grelli arrived in Paris with the intention of murdering the Emperor, but fell into the hands of the police before their design could be carried into execution. On Jan. 14 of the following year, Orsini, Gomes, Pieri, and Rudio made their famous attempt to blow up the Emperor and Empress with bombshells on their way to the opera. Their Majesties escaped with some slight contusions, but more than 100 persons of their escort were killed and wounded. In December, 1862, another attempt on the life of Napoleon was made by a band of Italian assassins. The attempt failed, and the would-be murderers captured. The same year the then Queen of Greece was wounded by a pistol shot, fired by the student Dosios. On the 14th of April, 1865, President Lincoln was murdered in Ford's Theatre, at Washington, by the actor, Booth; and Secretary Seward dangerously wounded by an accomplice. A year later, almost to a day, the Emperor of Russia was shot at by a man of good position, of the name of Petrouik, in the garden of his palace at St. Petersburg. A peasant who stuck up Petrouik's pistol, and so turned the shot aside, and in all probability saved the Emperor's life, was rewarded with a title of nobility and the commission of a captain in the army. The month afterward, or, to be precise, in May, 1866, Eugene Cohen fired five shots at Bismarck, while the latter was walking Unter den Linden, in Berlin, one of which struck and slightly wounded the great Minister. On June 10, 1868, Prince Michael of Servia and a lady of his family were brutally murdered in the park of Topaider. In 1872 Bismarck's life was again attempted, this time by a man of the name of Kesterwelle; and in 1874, yet again, this time by Kallmann, at Kissengen. On August 6, 1875, the President of the Republic of Ecuador, Gabriel Garcia Moreno, was murdered in the Government House at Quito, and in April, 1877, a similar fate befell the President of the Republic of Paraguay. On May 11, 1878, the German Emperor was shot at by Hoedel; and on June 2, less than a month later, by Nobiling receiving on the latter occasion wounds by which his life was seriously endangered. Nobiling killed himself in prison, while Hoedel perished on the scaffold. On October 25 of the same year an attempt to assassinate the King of Spain was made by the Socialist, Moneas, who, taken red-handed, paid with his life the penalty of his crime. Less than a month thereafter, November 17, the life of King Humbert, of Italy, was

attempted by Passanante, whose sentence of death was commuted, at his Majesty's own instance, to one of perpetual imprisonment. As will be fresh in the memory of all, the Emperor of Russia had two narrow escapes from death at the hands of his Nihilist subjects, and his subsequent tragical end is the last of these tragical episodes recorded. The closing day of 1880 witnessed the attempt of Otero to shoot the King and Queen of Spain.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The head on the title-page is from a beautiful picture by Paul Baudry, deservedly recognized as a "Type of Beauty," in its own class.

The illustrations of Sorel, which we publish this week, will gain an increased interest from the opening of the Sorel Railroad, which will bring that town into greater prominence than heretofore. Later we intend to give a fuller description of this charming city, which is too late to appear in this number.

The sketches of life on board the *Ceylon*, now on its pleasure tour around the world, are continued in this number with a series of picturesque views in Cairo, Egypt.

The other illustrations will be found described under separate headings.

A BRACE OF PUNS.

Doctor Barton, warden of Merton College, was the oddity of his time. Of the puns belonging to Dr. Barton we believe the following is little known. As he was a man of very remarkable insensibility, people told him everything that happened.

A gentleman coming one day into his room told him that Dr. Vowel was dead.

"What," said he, "Vowel dead! Thank Heaven it is neither a nor I."

Dr. Everleigh, who, with his family, was some years ago at Weymouth, gave occasion to old Lee, the last punster of the old school, and the master of Balliol College, for more than half a century, to make his dying pun. Dr. Everleigh had recovered from some consumptive disorder by the use of egg diet, and had soon after married. Wetherall, the master of University College, went to Dr. Lee, then sick in bed, resolved to discharge a pun which he had made.

"Well, sir," said he, "Dr. Everleigh has been egged on to matrimony."

"Has he?" said he, "Why then I hope the yoke will set easy."

In a few hours afterwards Dr. Lee died.

A LIFE FOR AN OVERCOAT.

The *Daily Telegraph* says:—Among the charred debris of humanity that have been removed from the Ring Theatre very recently were the remains of Henry Samek, the chief of the *claque*, who, after displaying extraordinary gallantry in rescuing several persons from the galleries of the burning house, lost his life in a vain effort to save—his overcoat! His thorough knowledge of the ins and outs of the theatre enabled him to enter it again and again, each time with impunity and success, in his heroic purpose, while the conflagration was raging. He had just brought an insensible woman from one of the jubbies into the balcony overlooking the Hess Gasse, when he suddenly remembered that he had left his surtout hanging from a peg close to the exit from the third gallery, in which part of the house he had been seated when the fire broke out, and forthwith resolved to recover it. One of his subordinates entreated him to forego so perilous an enterprise, and even endeavored to keep him back by main force. But Samek, an extremely powerful man, shook him off, exclaiming, "Nothing can happen to me, for I know the house as well as my own pocket," and vanished into the smoke, never more to emerge thence alive. Thus perished the head purveyor of applause to the ill-fated Ring Theatre on the scene of his nightly labors. He died for a coat, it is true; but not until he had proved himself a hero in a better cause than that for which he threw away his life.

WONDERS OF THE HUMAN FRAME.

In the human body there are about 263 bones. The muscles are about 500 in number. The length of the alimentary canal is about 32 feet. The amount of blood in an adult averages 30 pounds or full one-fifth of the entire weight. The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats seventy times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, 36,792,000 times per year, 2,565,440,000 in three score and ten, and at each beat two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it, 175 ounces per minute, 656 pounds per hour, 7½ tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes. This little organ, by its ceaseless industry, pumps each day what is equal to lifting 122 tons one foot high, or one ton 122 feet high. The lungs will contain about one gallon of air, at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average 1,200 times per hour, inhale 600 gallons of air, or 24,000 per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches, an area very near equal to the floor of a room 12 feet square. The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds and eight ounces, of

a female two pounds and four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it, directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number, forming a "body guard" outnumbering by far the greatest army ever marshalled! The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The atmospheric pressure being about 14 pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds! Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain pipe one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long. Man is marvellously made.

MISCELLANY.

"You're a pretty smart fellow," sneered a lawyer to a witness the other day in court. "I'd return the compliment if I wasn't under oath," replied the witness, preparatory to being told "that's all."

"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," she said, "I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematical of my love for you—it has no beginning."

A SCOTCHMAN having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him, that he might help himself. The master said to him, "Sandy, you take a long time to your breakfast." "In troth, master," answered he, "a cheese of this size is nae sae soon eaten as ye may think."

A GENTLEMAN, while bathing at sea, saw his lawyer rise up at his side after a long dive. After exchanging salutations, says he, "By the way, how about Gunter? Have you taken out a warrant against him?" "He is in gaol," replied the lawyer, and dived again. The gentleman thought no more of it, but on getting his account he found: "To consultation at sea, and the incarceration of Gunter, six and eight-pence."

A GOOD STORY of the Viennese carnival is current in the Austrian capital. At a ball given by the Viennese Choral Society, which is always sure to be so thronged that it is the work of hours to reach the entrance, a member of a well-known financial house hit upon an original but successful mode of conveyance. He arranged with four bearers to carry him through the crowd on a hospital stretcher. Of course, the crowd made way; and great was their amazement when he threw off the covering and jumped out alive and hearty.

A TECTON was recently talking about forecasts in the smoking-room of a Cunard steamer. "Look here," said he, "I dell you vat it is, you petter don't dake no stock in dem weader breddictions. Dose beoble don't know nodding. They can't tell no petter as I can." "But, my dear sir," said a person present, "they foretold the storm which we have just encountered." "Vell, dat ish zo," replied the German contentedly: "but I dell you vat it is, dat shtorm would have come yust de same if it had not been breddicted."

In a lesson in parsing, the sentence, "Man courting in capacity of bliss," &c., the word "courting" came to a young miss of fourteen to parse. She commenced hesitatingly, but got along well enough until she was to tell what it agreed with. Here she stopped short. But as the teacher said, "Very well: what does courting agree with?" Ellen blushed and held down her head. "Ellen, don't you know what courting agrees with?" "Ye—ye—yes, ma'am." "Well, Ellen, why don't you parse that word?" Blushing still more and stammering, Ellen at last said, "It agrees with all the girls, ma'am."

A MINISTER with a rather "doid" complexion went into the shop of a barber, one of his parishioners, to be shaved. The barber was addicted to heavy bouts of drinking, after which his hand was, in consequence, unsteady at his work. In shaving the minister he inflicted a cut sufficiently deep to cover the lower part of his face with blood. The minister turned to the barber and said, in a tone of solemn solemnity, "You see, Thomas, what comes of taking too much drink." "Ay," replied Thomas, with the utmost composure, "it makes the skin very tender."

ONE of the most striking characteristics of woman is her cheerful perseverance in looking under the bed for a man. No man in his senses ever looks under the bed for a woman, but there are millions of women in this country who would find it quite impossible to sleep in any bed under which they had not previously searched for a concealed man. Experience is lost upon them. The average unmarried woman of forty years of age has usually looked under the bed at least 7,500 times, without ever finding the expected man, but she is not in the least discouraged by so long a course of failure; and it would be easy to find women of eighty or ninety years who nightly search for the man whom they have never found.

ORIGIN OF SANDWICHES.—To the memory of "Lord Sandwich" belong the name of that edible. Being, during his administration (as was very usual with him), at a gambling-house, he had, in the fascination of play, for more than

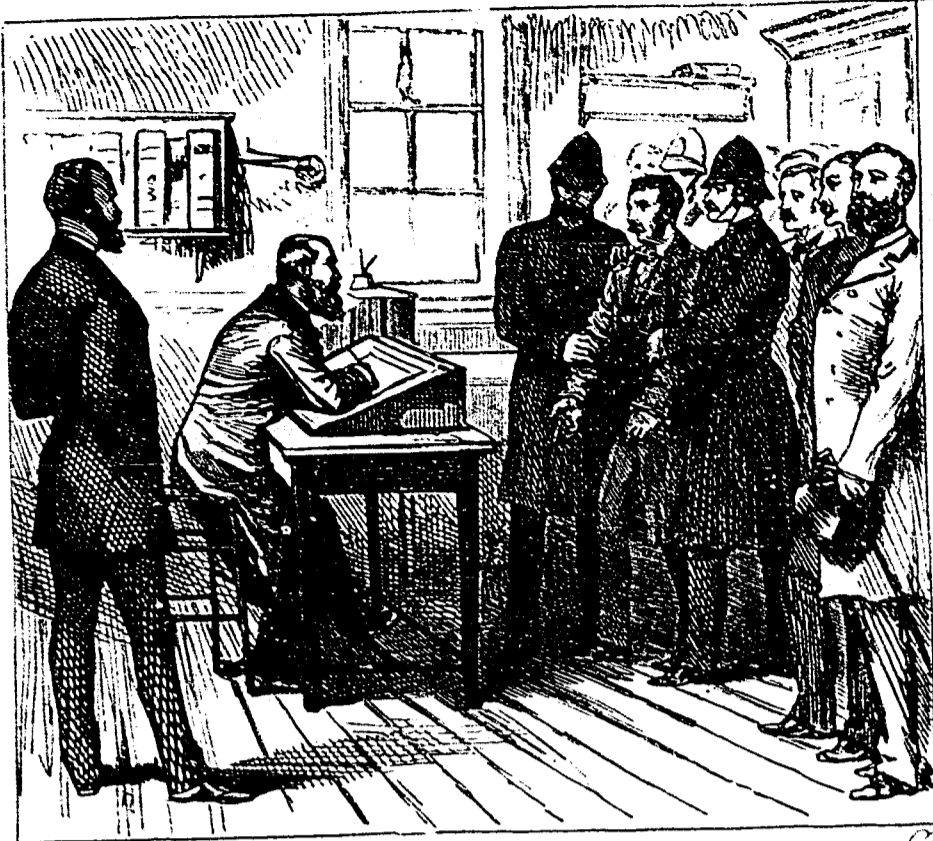
five-and-twenty hours forgotten fatigue and hunger, when suddenly feeling disposed to break his fast, though still riveted to the table, he called to bid some one bring anything that was to be had to eat, which happened to prove a slice of beef and two pieces of bread. Placing them together for the sake of expedition, he devoured them with the greatest relish. The most ecstatic encomiums published his discovery, and giving it his name, bequeathed it as a memento to his country, as one of the most important acts of his administration.

DIRECTIONS CONCERNING FAINTING.—Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity. The more persons there are about you, the more successful will be your fit. A friend's house, when there is a dinner or evening party going on, is far from a bad opportunity. Never faint more than once in the same evening, as there may be a falling-off in the sympathy on the second experiment. A woman should not only faint well, but be above suspicion. Be very careful, therefore, never to risk a faint unless you have some object in view—such as going out of town, or a new dress, or a box at the opera, or being taken to some *fête*, or any other little caprice which your husband may have obstinately refused you. In such cases, hysterics are sometimes justifiable.

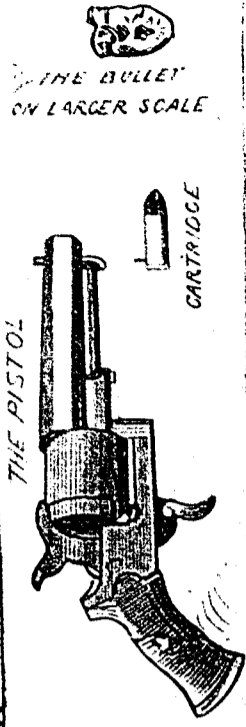
THE MISTRESS.—The best household mistress is the woman who has a practical knowledge of house-hold duties. A knowledge of cookery will enable her to point out to inefficient cooks the cause of mistakes and failure; and she should not only know how things should look and taste when sent to table, but be able to judge of and chose well every kind of provision. It will not be easy for cooks to impose on a lady who knows exactly how much of every ingredient is requisite for each dish, and who is able to estimate the quantity of food required daily for her household. It may not in all circumstances be necessary for a lady to exercise her knowledge in these matters, and if she has a cook who has proved herself trustworthy, she will do well to delegate large powers to her; but it is obvious that to judge the skill and honesty of her cook the lady must possess the knowledge indicated.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

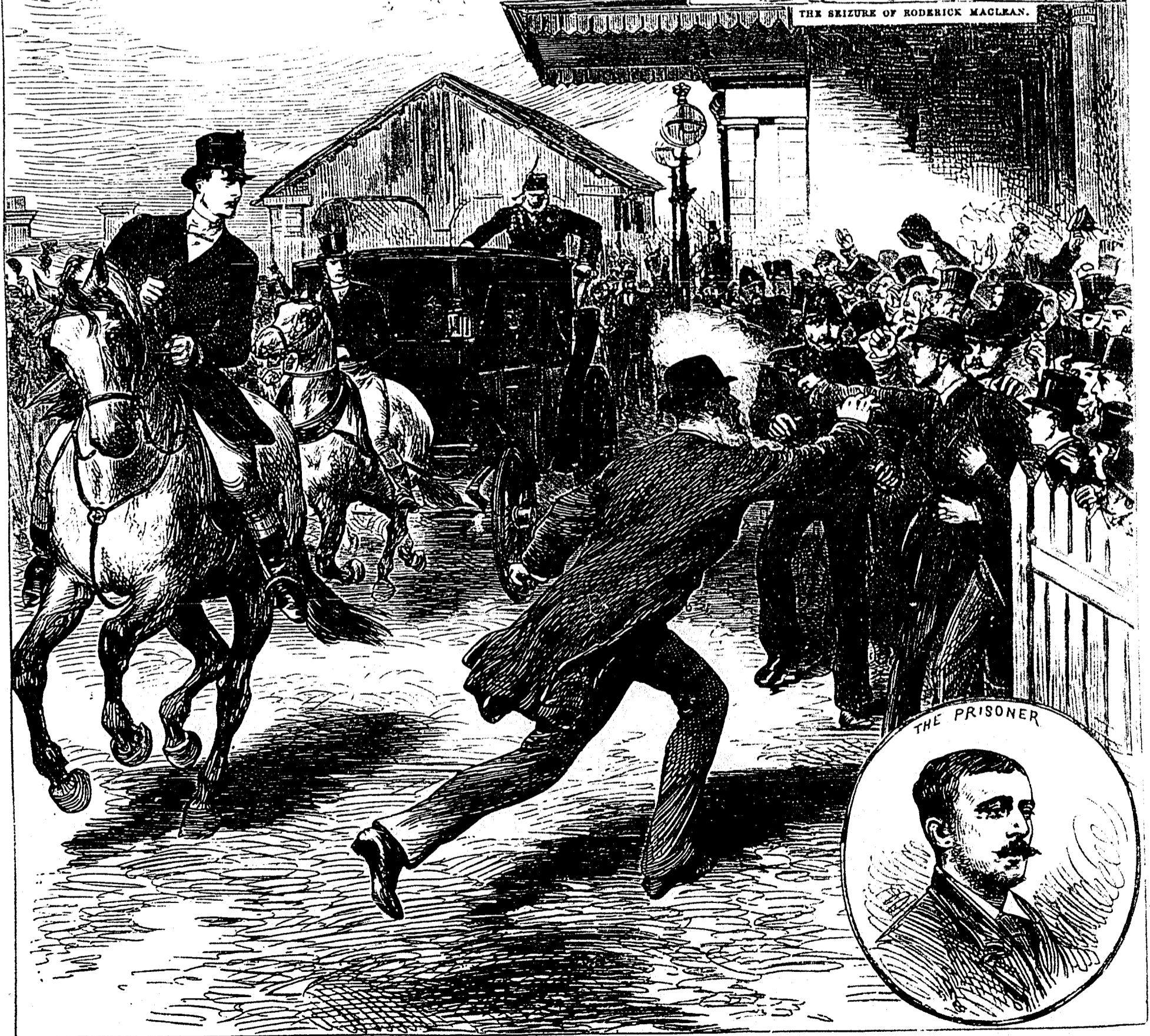
THE Antonelli will case is to be re-opened. CHIOS has been again visited by an earthquake. SIR A. T. GALT has returned to London from Paris. THE coronation of the Czar is fixed for August. AN outrageous kidnaping case has occurred in Switzerland. THE Government have released five suspects from Limerick jail. TORONTO University four-oared crew has accepted a challenge from Cornell. THE leaders of the Korean rebellion have been quartered. A FERRIBLE railroad accident has occurred near Bismarck, Dakota. MISS MACKAY, the American heiress, is to marry Don Philippe de Bourbon. THE Czar has spared the lives of the five Nihilists in whose behalf Victor Hugo pleaded. EIGHT hundred Jews were recently expelled from Moscow for not being provided with passports. THE shed at the Royal Albert dock in London was burned on Saturday week, it is supposed by Fenians. THE Greek Minister to London, M. Germain, has been recalled by the new Cabinet at Athens. A SHOEMAKER named Etienne Geuest was murdered on Saturday week in St. Sauveur, Quebec, by a gang of rowdies. THE vote for the demolition of the Tuileries was carried by a large majority of the French Chamber of Deputies. THE Pacific Mills at Lawrence, Mass., were shut down indefinitely last week. Operatives are to be brought from England. THE Marquis of Huntly, who surrendered on a charge of fraud, was released on bail, but re-arrested on two warrants on leaving the Court. A BERLIN despatch says Bismarck's resignation is again talked of, on account of the rejection of the tobacco bill by the Economic Council. AN influentially signed petition has been addressed to Messrs. Moody and Sank-y: asking them to spend a year in London in Evangelical work. COLONEL BURNABY, of Khiva fame, crossed the English Channel in a balloon, starting from Dover and landing some five miles south of Boulogne. THE motion for an additional annuity of £10,000 to Prince Leopold was carried in the Commons after the usual opposition by a vote of 387 to 42. A DESPATCH from St. John's, Nfld., says two steamers and nine sailing vessels, with crews numbering upwards of 1,200 men, are fast in the ice at the mouth of the harbor. A RATE collector named Franford has been dangerously shot while driving to church near Cloumel, and police sub-inspector Doherty was fatally shot in a street fight at Tobereurry.



THE PRISONER AT WINDSOR STATION.



THE SEIZURE OF RODERICK MACLEAN.



THE ATTEMPT TO SHOOT THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR STATION.

"BONNY KATE," A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY
CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

Mr. Proctor sits in his saddle as if transfixed—as he certainly is by amazement—until roused to action by the closing adjuration. Then he springs to the ground as quickly as if he had been shot himself.
"Good Heavens, Miss Kate!" he says, "is it you? I had no idea—"

and starts towards Lightfoot, who stands a few steps off. "Would it not be better to take him in the boat? We should lose less time."
"Of course it would be better," he answers quickly. "I forgot that you had the boat here. Where is it?"
"A few yards lower down. Break a direct path from here where he lies to the river, and I will bring the boat just there."



Her hat flies off and is picked up by Rex.

He breaks off abruptly, for, stooping down beside Tarleton, he sees, even in the dim light, that there is no time for words. With two energetic jerks he takes off his gloves, then throws open the coat, the vest, the blood-stained linen, until he comes to the wound—the first sight of which draws from him an exclamation of dismay, for he has been a soldier, and has seen men shot before. Putting one of his thumbs on the wound, he says, hurriedly:

"Give me your handkerchief. We must stop this bleeding at once. Fold it—fold it in two; now double it again; now give it here. Can you get my handkerchief out of my pocket? It is in the breast pocket on the left side—yes," as Kate, bending over him, puts her hand into the pocket indicated and draws forth a handkerchief. "Now double it for a bandage."

She is quick in obeying, and almost immediately has the bandage ready. Then Mr. Proctor, still holding with one hand the pad which he has placed over the wound, puts his other arm under Tarleton's shoulders and raises him slightly from the ground. It requires considerable muscular effort—for he is at the disadvantage of being on his knees, and has the use of only one arm for lifting—but he is a strong man, and has an able assistant. Kate comprehends what is to be done—and does it without the delay of a second; while Mr. Proctor, dull as he has proved himself in the character of a lover, displays in this emergency all the promptitude and energy of what he really is at bottom, a thoroughly sensible and kind-hearted man.

After the bandage has been tightly fastened around the wound, he looks at Kate and says:

"How did this occur? Who shot him?"
"I don't know," she answers. "I was on the river, rowing alone, when I heard the shot, and then I saw his horse dash by riderless, and then I heard the dog howl, and then I came and found him—so!"

"But when you came, did you see no one? Have you no idea who did it?"

"I did not look for any one," she replies. "I think I should hardly have seen any other person—even if he had been standing by him. That is, at first—afterward I looked for somebody because I needed help, but there was nobody to be seen then."

"It is very strange!" mutters Mr. Proctor. "However," he adds, "we are not so much concerned now about who shot him, as about what to do for him. It is fortunate I was delayed in Arlingford, and was so late in passing along the road. I was not going to Fairfields, but to Woodlands, so I should not have passed here at all if your voice had not called me. It reached me just in time—barely in time."

"Thank God!" she says, more fervently than ever she uttered the words before. "If we can save him—if we can only save him! What are you going to do now?"

"I am afraid I shall have to leave you with him while I go for help. I am sorry, but it can't be avoided, and Fairfields is only two miles away. I'll return as soon as Lightfoot can carry me there and back at his best speed."

"Stop!" cries Kate, as he rises to his feet

She turns and darts away, as she speaks—disappearing through the close growth which borders the stream. Before Mr. Proctor has finished making the path she directed, he hears the quick dip of her oars in the water, and the next instant she has pushed the boat close to the shore and sprung out again. The young man, who is breaking willows and alders to right and left, looks at her with half-unconscious wonder as she comes and begins to assist him. His idea of women, in connection with such an emergency as this, is an idea of helplessness and distress. He could have imagined a girl sobbing or fainting over the wounded form of the man she loved, but he could never, until this moment, have imagined her working for his safety with almost the strength and five times the quickness of a man. In the light of

mailed knight could have felt a purer chivalry of sentiment than is his at this moment toward the woman he has loved and failed to win. "Poor girl! poor girl!" he says to himself, and then aloud he says:

"That will do now, I think. With your assistance I can bring him to the boat, and then—"

He pauses, and she says: "Then what? I can row to Fairfields, while you ride there and have everything made ready."

"I am thinking that perhaps it would be better the other way," he says, hesitatingly. "Nearly two miles against the current will be very hard on you, while Lightfoot will carry you swiftly to Fairfields, and you can have everything made ready."

"Oh, I cannot—I cannot—I must go with him!" she cries. "What does the current matter! I am strong, oh, very strong! Don't say I must not do it!"

Unconsciously she clasps her hands, and her passionate, pathetic face looks at him through the dusk with an entreaty which touches his heart to its depths.

"You shall do what you please—exactly what you please," he answers. "But remember this—I am stronger than you, and I can, therefore, bring him within reach of help more quickly."

There is an instant's pause, but it is long enough for a sharp struggle with Kate. Then she says, "You are right—it is you who must take the boat. I will ride to Fairfields."

"You will be doing as much service in that way as in the other," says Mr. Proctor. "Now let us bring him and put him in the boat."

This they do together—bearing him as carefully as possible, and laying him down, with Kate's shawl as a pillow for his head. Night has fallen by this time, but the young moon is shining above the western hills, and pours a flood of faint radiance over the scene. By this light, Kate takes her last look at Tarleton's unconscious face—a face which she will carry photographed on her memory for many a long day. Then stepping back, she says to Mr. Proctor, "Go!"

He hesitates for a moment. "But you?" he says. "I must see you mounted—do you think you can ride on my saddle?"

"Don't stop to think of me!" she answers. "I can mount alone, and, if there were need, I could ride without any saddle. Go!"
This time he goes—pushing out into the stream, and bending so vigorously on the oars, that the boat seems to fly through the water.

"O my God," she cries, in agony too deep for tears, "save him, spare him, and do what Thou wilt with me! I am willing never to look on his face again—I am willing to resign every hope of happiness that life may hold for me—or, if life may purchase life, I am willing to die in his stead—if Thou wilt only save him! All



But he takes her hand and kisses it.

that I am, or have, I pour out before Thee as a sacrifice, only beseeching Thee to save him, to save him, to save him!"

The last words—full of a passion which transcends description—have hardly passed her lips, when she falls forward on her face, as if the death which she invoked had come upon her. But she is not dead—neither has she lost consciousness. She hardly knows what is the sensation which has prostrated her—she is only aware that a great and terrible pain, like a violent contraction of the heart, is mingled with a faintness which only escapes insensibility by a strong effort of the will. As one who struggles with a mortal foe, she fights the physical weakness which threatens to overwhelm the dauntless soul—and, so fighting, conquers. Presently the pain ceases, the heart, with a strange sense of labor, resumes its action, the awful sickness passes, the black mist clears away from before her eyes—she lifts her head and sees the hills, the sky, the faint moonlight, and delicate shadows. She has not gone into that dark, mysterious land which we call unconsciousness—she is still here in the familiar world, with something yet to do for the man she loves.

That thought brings her to her feet, and she goes to where Lightfoot is quietly and contentedly cropping grass by the road-side. What are the tragedy of hate and the drama of love, just enacted, to him? God pardon and pity us, that we are so often driven, through sheer stress of misery, to envy the soulless brutes that live in calm serenity around us! He suffers Kate to take his bridle, lead him to a stone, and mount. She is too good a horsewoman to let the masculine saddle inconvenience her; and when she is seated, she gives him a stroke which starts him



A dark object comes in sight on the stream.

this revelation, he reads all the secrets of Kate's heart, and realizes with an absolute certainty how entirely she has set that heart on the man who lies so piteously near death. The knowledge touches and lifts him out of himself completely. In the days of his somewhat clumsy wooing, Kate would have smiled if any one had ever called George Proctor "chivalric," but no

Kate turns, then, and, with Rex following her, goes back to the place where Tarleton was lying. For a minute she kneels again by the spot where his heart's blood was poured out on the ground, and lifts her clasped hands and anguished face to the sky, where the stars, like pitying angels' eyes, are shining down upon her.

on as fast a gallop as that which Tarleton followed on the morning of their first meeting.

As long as life and memory last, will she ever forget this ride! The spreading fields, the dark woods, the placid river—all fit past her like the features of some dream landscape. Her hat flies off, and is picked up by Rex, who follows at the top of his speed, carrying it in his mouth; her long, rich hair, shaken loose from all confinement, floats on the wind which her rapid motion creates, and so—a strange sight, indeed, were there any to see—she gallops on, faster and yet faster, until the gate of Fairfields is reached. A moment's pause to bend from the saddle and open it—then, at the same thundering pace, along the avenue to the door of the house. This, as usual, stands wide open, with

a flood of cheerful light pouring over the piazza. The rush of the advancing horse has been heard and several figures hurry out as she draws up.

"Who the deuce is riding like this?" asks Will's voice. "What!—by Jove!—Kate!"

"Yes, it is I, Will," answers Kate, from whose nerveless fingers the rein has dropped, and who is trembling like an aspen-leaf with spent excitement. "Come, take me down—and then go to the river to meet Mr. Proctor, who is bringing Mr. Tarleton in a boat. He has been shot."

"Who—Proctor?" asks Will in amazement, as he advances quickly and lifts the slender figure from the saddle.

"Oh, no—Mr. Tarleton," she answers. "I found him in the road, wounded and insensible. Don't stop to ask questions,—dear Will—go at once! Is uncle here?"

"Yes," answers Mr. Lawrence, advancing. "What is this!—Tarleton has been shot! How! By whom?"

Kate endeavors to say, "I do not know," but voice and strength and sight forsake her utterly, all at once. She puts her hand to her heart, and, with a gasp, falls fainting on the ground at Will's feet.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Go! be sure of my love—by that treason forgiven; Of my prayers—by the blessings they win thee from Heaven; Of my grief—(guess the length of the sword by the sheath's)— By the silence of life, more pathetic than death's! Go—be clear of that day!"

"Who could have shot him?"

This is the question which Mr. Lawrence asks Will, as they take their way down to the river, followed by three or four servants carrying a door which has been hastily lifted from its hinges—and it does not require much consideration for Will to answer:

"That fellow Pierce, I am convinced. I was always sure from the scoundrel's looks that he had black blood in him, and this is the revenge he takes on Tarleton. Well," shrugging his shoulders slightly, "the poor fellow seems marked out for ill-luck, so I suppose he might as well be shot to-night as to-morrow morning—he was to have met Vaughn at sunrise."

"I suspected as much," says Mr. Lawrence, gravely. "On that account, unless his wound is very serious, I can hardly regret that this has occurred. I don't expect you to agree with me, Will—my sentiments were different at your age—but it is better to be shot than to shoot another, better to be killed than to kill."

"I should say that depended entirely upon the relative value of the lives in question," replies Will, coolly. "But one thing is very certain—Vaughn will not be sorry for this."

Few more words are spoken between them, until they reach the river and pause on the bank to wait for the boat, which has not yet arrived—so fleetly had Lightfoot carried Kate. It is not a long waiting which is required of them, however. Before many minutes have elapsed, a dark object comes into sight on the stream—at first faintly discerned in the dim light, but soon resolving itself into the boat, with Mr. Proctor still rowing as vigorously as when he parted from Kate.

"Have you sent for a doctor?" is his first question. "I am afraid this poor fellow is done for—he is shot through the lungs."

"Yes, I despatched a messenger for Sanford at once," Will answers. "Here, boys, pull the boat higher on the bank, so that we can lift him carefully."

They lift out the form of the wounded and still unconscious man, and, having placed him with the utmost gentleness on the hastily arranged litter, bear him up the lawn to the house. Not until they have nearly reached this, does Mr. Proctor say to Will, with whom he is walking:

"Since you knew I was coming, Miss Kate must have arrived safely—I was very sorry to let her take such a ride alone."

"The ride was a trifle to Kate," Will answers. "She would have taken it for anybody—but I fear she took it more willingly for Tarleton than she would for any one else."

"I am sure of it," says Mr. Proctor in a low tone. "There is no doubt but that she loves him, as I always knew she could love—God bless her!"

"God help her!" says Will, who is not usually devout. "I am afraid it is a very bad business all round."

This is an opinion concurred in by every one under the roof of Fairfields that night—by Mrs. Lawrence, who does not fancy the *bouleversement* attendant upon having a desperately wounded man introduced into her household; by the doctor, who does not hesitate to say that he considers Tarleton's chances of recovery very slight; by Miss Vaughn, who is shaken out of her usual selfish calm by emotions of which she hardly imagined herself capable; by Janet and Miss Brooke, perhaps most of all, as they watch together over Kate, whose death-like swoon is of long duration. Despite all restorative measures, it is long before the dark lashes lift, the eyes open again to the wretchedness of life, and the breath comes through the pale lips with the sad sigh of returning consciousness.

She asks but one question—"Is he dead?" and when it is answered in the negative, says no more. In truth she seems strangely and utterly prostrated—by the nervous shock, the doctor, who is presently called in to look at her, says. On some high-strung organizations, an overwhelming blow has this effect. To Kate,

who suffers as she enjoys, with her whole heart and strength, pain means something which a duller nature can no more comprehend than the lowest forms of animal life can comprehend the keen sensations of the highest. Surely it is a sad and terrible gift, that of a soul capable of sounding the full gamut of passion, for

"Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure Thrill the deepest notes of woe."

and who needs to be told that woes are far more plentiful than pleasures along the path of life?

When Tarleton is restored to the consciousness of which the fall from his horse and the loss of blood together deprived him, he is able to answer the question of who shot him. It was Pierce, he states at once. "The instant I was shot, I turned and saw him. It was like a flash, you understand, for the next moment I was falling from my horse, and I knew no more; but there was no room for mistake. You must make my apologies about to-morrow morning, Will," he adds, mor- weakly. "Tell Vaughn that if I live, I will meet him when and where he pleases, as soon as I am able."

"I think you may be satisfied with your present condition, without sending any such blood-thirsty message," says Will. "I'll see Vaughn, however, you may depend on it."

In consequence of this promise, he rides early the next morning into Arlingford, and sees Mr. Vaughn, who has already heard of Tarleton's accident, and expresses regret for it—which regret is understood to mean that he could not have the pleasure of shooting him. No arrangement is made with regard to the future, for Will knows that Tarleton's life is hanging on a thread, and Mr. Vaughn himself has too thorough an appreciation of the benefit of being alive to desire to press the matter further than necessary toward a bloody conclusion.

Later in the day, this gentleman appears at Fairfields, and makes his adieu to the family. He finds Miss Vaughn feverishly anxious to be gone—feverishly anxious to escape from an atmosphere which, even to her epicureanism, is fraught with pain—and so the carriage is ordered, trunks are brought down, and, together with Randal, they take their departure. Miss Vaughn does not see Kate before going. Since she dropped senseless at Will's feet, no one has seen her except her aunt, her cousins, and Miss Brooke. When the carriage containing the people whose coming was destined to so greatly affect her life drives away, the girl whom they came to seek is lying in the heavy stupor produced by opiates, with circles under her closed eyes, and strange, new lines of suffering about her mouth.

So she lies, as day follows day—only rousing herself to beg that if Tarleton is dying they will tell her, so that she may go to him. There is no absolute illness, the doctor declares—at least, no illness that medicine can reach. If there is anything to do, she would rise up to do it—but there is nothing. She knows that they would not let her go to him even if she asked to do so, and why should she ask? She has no right to be by his side. That place is for the woman he loves, and he never loved her—she was only a plaything for sunny days, not a helpmate to sweeten with tender love any storm that God might send.

This is what she says to herself again and again, during the long hours that seem as if they would never end—hours in which the sunlight is, for her, blotted from the earth. She cannot eat, she does not sleep, except under the influence of narcotics; she simply lies in uncomplaining silence, consuming her soul with grief and suspense. "Kate," says Janet once, "were you engaged to him?" And Kate looks at her with eyes full of pain the other never forgets, and answers, "No!"

During these days Tarleton is hovering on the narrowest point of that narrow line which divides life and death. Despite the fact that his death-warrant has been read by every physician in or near Arlingford, he does not die. Men may be shot through the lungs and yet recover—though their recovery must, perforce, be long and tedious. Tarleton's promises to be this, but as soon as the physicians give hope of a favorable issue, he is, by his own urgent request, conveyed to Southdale. Kate is told nothing of the intended departure until after he is gone. She utters a low, bitter cry when she hears it—for it seems as if now, indeed, the last slender link between them was snapped—but, happily, she does not know with what yearning wistfulness Tarleton's eyes looked to the last for one glimpse of her—and looked in vain.

On the following day Miss Brooke announces that it is necessary for her to think of departure. She has only waited for a decisive result in Tarleton's case, and now that it is believed he will recover, she tells Mr. Lawrence that the sooner Kate is taken away the better.

"I am sure of it," he says, "and I cannot tell you how much I am indebted to you for taking her away just now. Though I have a regard for Frank Tarleton, nothing would induce me to consent to her marriage with him; and I am anxious for the unfortunate affair to be put as completely as possible out of my mind."

"I shall certainly do all in my power to accomplish that end," says Miss Brooke, emphatically—and then she betakes herself to Kate.

"I received a letter from Herbert this morning, my dear," she says, "and he is growing so impatient over my delay, that we must prepare for flight. Do you think you can be ready to start on—well, this is Tuesday, so we will say Thursday?"

Kate—who is a mere shadow of that blooming

girl who gave her last radiant smile to Tarleton on the Arlingford race-course—looks at her with surprise.

"Do you mean to take me with you?" she asks. "I—had almost forgotten it. But I should not think you would care for such a dull companion as I am now."

"We will change all that," says Miss Brooke, cheerily. "Trust me, you will not be dull long after I get you away."

"I fear you are mistaken," the girl answers simply, "but I will go with you, if you are kind enough to want me—and I shall try to make the best of everything."

This docility astonishes and delights Miss Brooke. She expected resistance, perhaps even refusal, and she announces the result to Mr. Lawrence with great satisfaction. That gentleman is fully as much gratified as herself.

"In fresh scenes and with fresh associations, my poor little girl will recover all that she has lost," he says. "No one dies of a heart- trouble."

This would seem at the present time scant comfort to the poor little girl of whom he speaks. It would be far easier to die, she thinks, than to summon resolution enough to rise and face the blank prospect of life. The grayness which settles over the world when the sun has gone is but a poor type of the dull color which existence wears as it stretches before her eyes. Yet she makes a brave fight with regret, and night and morning pours forth her whole soul in passionate prayer for strength to forget—just to forget.

Those around her feel that that they have hardly realized how much she has changed until they see the apathy with which she prepares for her journey. A few months ago the prospect now opening before her would have filled her wit mingled sadness and delight—sadness for leaving Fairfields, delight at going into the brilliant world which she has never seen. Now she seems to feel these things but little—the last, indeed, not at all—though when she goes with Mr. Lawrence on the evening before her departure, to bid farewell to the horses and dogs, this trying ceremony nearly upsets her composure. Her eyes are full of tears when she puts her arms round Diana's neck, and when she finally tears herself away from the fawning caresses of the devoted hounds. Then, as she takes her way back to the house, by her uncle's side, clinging to his arm, with the friendly twilight about her for a mantle, she summons courage to utter something which is on her mind.

"I could not go away feeling that I was keeping a secret from you," she says. "I must tell you something, and—and why I did not speak before—"

So the story is told—all save the part which Miss Vaughn bore in it. That Kate cannot bring herself to relate. It is not necessary, she thinks—it will throw a light on Tarleton's character and conduct which she feels sure her uncle could not forgive. And it is well that she refrains, for Mr. Lawrence's indignation is great enough without that addition.

"I hardly suspected Frank Tarleton of such a thing!" he says. "I thought that with all his faults he was a man of honor. I can never pardon him for daring to trifle with you, and draw you into a secret love-affair. Have you ended it?—are you sure you have ended it?"

"I am sure," answers Kate, with a bitter pang, as she remembers that passionate parting in the starlit garden. "Everything is ended between us."

"I am glad to hear it," says Mr. Lawrence. "It would have been my duty to end everything if you had not done so. Kate, I told you before that I could not consent for you to marry this man. I tell you so again, and more emphatically. Unless you choose to defy my wishes, you will not listen to another word of love from him."

"I shall not do that," answers Kate. "I could not repay all I owe to you by disregarding your wishes. If—if it killed me, I should do what you said."

"It will not kill you!" he replies, in a kind tone. "You have too much courage to pine for the sake of a man who is not worthy of you. My bonny Kate is made, I am sure, of better stuff than that."

His bonny Kate does not answer, but when they enter the house, and she goes to her room, she falls on her bed in a passion of sorrow. Oh, to see him! Oh, to hear his voice once—only once more! The iron walls of a hopeless separation are closing between them; and look where she will, there is no hope of escape. If she were free to act as she pleased, she would still say as she said when they parted, that all is ended; yet, notwithstanding this, her uncle's emphatic prohibition seems to set them farther apart, to make her understand afresh how entirely he has gone out of her life—gone, though her heart cries and sickens for him with a mighty and unutterable longing!

The next morning—her last morning at Fairfields—she rises early from a sleepless pillow, with her thoughts full of the parting which lies before her. It is not always true that

"In life's cup of parting, There is the bitterness who stay behind,"

for there is no sadder thing than exile from some spot to which the heart-strings cling, and as the moment of departure draws near and nearer, Kate feels already the hopeless desolation which will settle upon her when she has left behind all the familiar surroundings of her life—that happy life which ends to-day as entirely as if it was death, not absence, that lay before her. She does not realize this fact in its completeness, or her

heart would be still more heavy. It is only when we have grown older, and have fully mastered the sad knowledge that "nothing can be as it has been before," that time is relentless in its changes, and that human feelings alter as much as human lives, that we feel the keenest pang which lies in parting. "We will return," we cry, "next year, perhaps." But who can forecast next year! Say that we are unchanged, say that we return, shall we find the old sunshine on the spot, or in the tender eyes that grew moist over farewell! Who can tell! Therefore let us hoard the golden minutes of to-day, while they are with us, and count on no to-morrow—since to-morrow never comes as we have dreamed of it.

Tears are the order of the day at Fairfields. In all the household there is not a dry eye, and the children howl in chorus when the carriage drives up to the door, and they realize that Kate is really going from them. Kate herself feels spent with emotion, and she bids a speechless good-bye to all except Janet and Will, who are to accompany them to Arlingford.

There is still another farewell before her, for which she is not prepared. They have disembarked at the station, and are waiting for the train while Will buys the tickets, when a horseman rides up at full speed, dismounts quickly, and comes forward with his honest face—the face of Mr. Proctor—full of eagerness.

"I was afraid I would be too late to see you," he says, taking Kate's hand in his cordial grasp. "I knew you were to leave to-day, and I have come twenty-five miles since daylight to bid you good-bye."

"Have you?" she says; and grateful tears rush into the eyes that look more kindly on him than they ever looked before. "How good you are!—how good you always have been! I am very glad you came. I thought last night, when I was thinking of all my friends, that I should like to tell you good-bye—which, one is glad to remember, means 'God be with you.'"

The sweetness of her words, and still more of her voice, touch him beyond expression. Something like a mist comes over his sight, and he says, hurriedly:

"Will you walk down the platform with me! There are still five minutes before the train is due."

She turns without a word, and walks with him. One minute of the five passes before either can speak—Kate, because her heart is full to overflowing, Mr. Proctor because he hesitates how to begin. But the shortness of the opportunity warns him to utter quickly what he has to say, and, therefore, he begins abruptly:

"I told you the last time—the last time but one, I mean—when we were alone together, that I loved you, and I asked you to marry me. No—don't say a word! I understand now that it can never be, and I have only mentioned it again to tell you that I want you to think of me as your friend—your friend who would do anything to serve you. I am not a man to make professions which mean nothing—every one who knows me knows that—and you must believe that I mean exactly what I say when I tell you that if ever you want a friend, or need a service, you have only to call upon me, and I will go to the end of the world at your bidding. Will you remember this?"

"Oh, you are too kind!" says Kate, choking back her sobs. "How can I thank you?—how can I tell you how sorry I am for any pain I have cost you! If there was anything I could do to serve you, I would do it," she says, looking up with tender, liquid eyes. "But you see how it is—you would have nothing but love, and that, alas! I cannot give you."

"It is not your fault that you cannot," he says, gently. "How could I ever have expected you to love a common place fellow like me? But you will do me a great service if you will promise to remember that there is no effort I would not make to serve you."

"I will remember it," she says, holding out her hand to him. "I promise that if ever I need the service of a faithful friend, I will call upon you, and I shall be both proud and sorry to my dying day to have won the love of such a brave and generous heart as yours."

To his dying day George Proctor will carry the picture of her as she stands before him, uttering those words. He cannot speak, but he takes her hand and kisses it—careless what eyes may be upon him—and then they turn and go back to the others.

(To be continued.)

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.

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.

ONE RAINY DAY.

At Chamouni I woke one morn,
Hearing afar an Alpine horn
Upon some gladder to the North,
And thought, although it rained forlorn,
To saunter forth.

There, in the hall, outside a door,
Waiting their owners, on the floor,
I saw two shining pairs of shoes;
One pair was right—oh, may be, more—
The other, two.

I wondered who those gaiters wore
That such a look of courage bore;
They seemed alert and battle-scarred,
And all their heels were wounded sore
On mountain shard.

The lofty steps spurned the ground
As if up high Olympus bound;
The thickest soles were worn away;
The smooth and taper toes were round
And retrousé.

Sudden my envious thought essayed
To count the conquests they had made,
And all their pilgrimages view;
O'er glen and glacier, gorge and glade,
My fancy flew.

I saw them thread the Brunig Pass;
I saw them scale the Mer de Glace,
And Rilloberg, beyond Zermatt;
I saw them mount the mighty mass
Of Gornergrat.

I saw them climb Bernina's height;
I saw them bathe in Rig's right
And linger by the Grossglockner fall;
I saw them grope in Gondo's night,
And Maoster Thal.

I saw them find the Jungfrau's head,
And leap the Grindel gorges' head,
And bound o'er Col de Colson's ice,
And on Belle Tola's summit tread
The Edelweiss.

The vision shamed my listless mood,
Banished my inert lassitude,
And bred me with intent sublime,
I vowed when sunshine came I would
Go forth and climb!

With new ambition I arose,
The foot-gear scanned from heel to toe,
(One pair was right—the other, two),
And blessed the owners brave of those
Heroic shoes.

W. A. CROFFET, in *The Century*.

LITTLE CARROTSON'S HOLIDAY.

Mr. Cutbill was a busy lawyer, a bachelor, and not very fond of children, so that his married sister who lived in the country made a mistake when she wrote to beg that he would provide a day and an evening's amusement for little Carrotson, who was returning to Westminster school after his Christmas holidays. The boy was due at his tutor's house in Dean's-yard on a Wednesday; but Mr. Cutbill's sister suggested that if he came up to London on the Tuesday, her brother might make him spend an agreeable day, and take him to see a pantomime afterwards. Little Carrotson was not related in any way to Mr. Cutbill's sister, but he was the son of a friend of hers, and was said to be an intelligent boy well worth knowing.

Mr. Cutbill consented to entertain the youth, and little Carrotson accordingly arrived at the lawyer's private residence in Gower-street one January morning, towards half-past nine. It was raining hard, and Mr. Cutbill thought it would never do to take the boy out of doors in such weather. He would be getting wet feet, catch cold, and so forth; besides, the lawyer was absolutely obliged to go to his office for two or three hours; so as soon as Carrotson had been installed opposite a cup of coffee and a sausage, Mr. Cutbill said to him in a tone that was meant to be paternal, "Look here, James: can I trust you to be a good boy whilst I am out; I shall be back for luncheon, and then I'll take you to see the wax-works, and in the evening we'll go to Drury Lane. So, as you're going to have two treats to-day, I hope you'll keep out of mischief."

"Oh, certainly, if you wish it," said little Carrotson, eyeing the lawyer with some surprise.

"If you'll mind not to leave this room, and not to play with the fire, I'll see if I have any picture-books."

"Don't trouble yourself, sir, answered the boy, on whose chubby face there was a slight flush of offended dignity.

"There's a friend of mine who lives in the neighborhood, and I thought of going to hunt him up."

"A friend? Is he a boy, like yourself?"

"Well, he's fourteen."

It was so long since Mr. Cutbill had been a boy, that he had forgotten all the habits of the species and the manner of addressing them. In the red-headed, blue-eyed, merry-faced lad before him he saw only a mere child who wanted to go and splash about in the rain, perhaps to make mud-pies and be run over by cabs. "No, I must positively forbid that," he said. "You are under my charge to-day, and must do as I tell you. Think what your mamma would say if you were brought home on a stretcher." Then, suddenly, a happy thought occurred to Mr. Cutbill. Why should he not set the boy to do a little useful work by way of making the time pass? He had read somewhere that boys enjoy a half-holiday better than a whole one; so he darted out of the room and returned with his washing-book. "Look here, James; I'll see how you can do sums. Just go through this book, add up all the weekly accounts of the past

quarter, and then divide the total of the number of weeks so as to get at the average of my weekly expenditure. If you do all that correctly by the time I return, and without making any blots, I'll give you half-a-crown to spend at school."

Having said this, Mr. Cutbill retired, thinking he had hit upon an ingenious device for keeping his charge out of mischief. Little Carrotson's face was a picture.

Public-school boys have strong expressions for describing such men as Mr. Cutbill; they call them "howling snobs."

The egregious "check" of forbidding Carrotson "to play with the fire," and the utter villainy of compelling him to do sums in a house where he had come as a guest in holiday time, could only be matched by the impudent offer of half-a-crown to one who had no less than four sovereigns in his pocket. The whole thing was indeed so "rich," that after a brief spell of speechless indignation, Carrotson laughed. He took up the lawyer's "beastly" washing-book, and got through the work set him in half-an-hour, after which he added some supplementary averages of his own. He computed how many shirts Mr. Cutbill would wear in the course of a lifetime, supposing he lived to the age of seventy; and how much he would disburse in getting his socks washed during the same period, and so forth; but these calculations only amused him for another half-hour. Then he yawned, started out of the window, and was startled by the postman's double knock. What devil of vindictive mischief was it that made him whisper then: "By Jove, I'll just answer the old cad's letters for him!"

Little Carrotson slunk into the passage and found four letters in the box. He left one, in case a servant should come up and collect the delivery; but the other three he carried into the dining-room where he had been working. The breakfast things had not yet been removed, and there was some water in the slop-basin, by means of which the boy speedily ungunned the three envelopes. To say that he felt the slightest compunction at what he was doing would be incorrect; he thought only of having a lark, and paying out old Cutbill for his snobbery.

The first letter was a printed invitation to dine with a Peer; the second was a note from a lady who signed herself "Flora Higgins," and wrote thanking Mr. Cutbill for a legal opinion he had given her in a friendly way. She alluded several times to her daughter Rosa, who was so pleased to hear Mr. Cutbill's cold was better, and hoped so much Mr. Cutbill would look in soon to take a cup of tea, and hear her sing one of his favorite songs which she had been practising. The third letter was in a man's hand, and referred evidently to some difference that had arisen between Mr. Cutbill and the writer. The latter—one Brown—wrote, however, to say that he trusted Mr. Cutbill would frankly accept the explanations he had tendered, and that the painful misunderstanding between them would now cease.

It has been said that young Carrotson was an intelligent boy. He proved it by the calm deliberation with which he now went to work; for, having found a sample of Mr. Cutbill's handwriting in the adjoining study, to which he repaired on tip-toe, he applied himself during half-an-hour to imitating that writing, till he attained proficiency. He then indited the three following answers to the lawyer's correspondents, his face being as serious as a judge's whilst he wrote, though there was a suspicious twinkling in his eyes.

To the Peer he addressed himself thus:—

"My Lord,—It is very kind of you to invite me to dinner but I am afraid I cannot accept, because, since I last saw you, I have suddenly changed my political opinions, and think you are altogether wrong about everything. I shall be happy to make friends with you again if you will agree to think as I do; but, perhaps, being obstinate you won't like to do this.

"So no more at present from
Your Lordship's obedient servant,
Long Cutbill.

Next came Mrs. Higgins' turn:—

"My Dear Mrs. Higgins.—Your kind letter has pleased me so much, because of its allusions to dear Rosa. I am so fond of her, that I have been quite miserable from wondering all night whether she would marry me, and that must excuse the shakiness of my handwriting this morning. I am sure I should make a good husband if Rosa would promise to keep my washer-woman's account correctly balanced. I am very particular about this. Please think over the matter, and let me have an early favorable answer, which will oblige,—Your truly,
Long Cutbill.

"P.S.—Shouldn't I like to catch dear Rosa under the mistletoe!"

The gentleman who wanted to be reconciled to Mr. Cutbill came in for this kindly mis-sive:—

"My Dear Brown.—It was I who was in the wrong all through our quarrel, so please say nothing more in the matter. I have a vile temper, which I freely acknowledge, and if you had kicked me downstairs when we last met it would have served me right, though I might have objected at the time. Pray come to dine with me on Saturday evening at seven o'clock and we will have one of the best bottles of champagne out of my cellar. Don't trouble yourself to write and say you'll come, as I shall out of town to-morrow and next day, but will be back in time for our dinner, which shall be a rouser.—Ever your friend,
Long Cutbill."

Little Carrotson put the letters in envelopes, directed them, and stamped them with stamps of his own; after which, having hesitated a moment, he flung the three original letters into the fire. He thought at first of restoring them to their covers and laying them on the lawyer's table, but he concluded that the fun would be much greater if he simply suppressed them. He was seated by the fire, studying the police reports in *The Times*, and looking as innocent as possible, when Mr. Cutbill returned home towards one o'clock.

Now, if the lawyer had behaved "like a gentleman" for the rest of the day, little Carrotson might have had mercy on him. The boy was in doubt about posting the letters he had written, and kept them in his pocket like loaded weapons, ready for reprisals if Mr. Cutbill "checked" him any further. Unfortunately, the lawyer was a dull person, and committed blunder upon blunder in dealing with his small but sensitive guest. He took him to the Tussaud show, but opposite the wax effigy of William Rufus he asked him what date that monarch had ascended the throne! He refused to let little Carrotson go the Chamber of Horrors, saying it would excite him. He bade him admire the noble brow of Richard Cobden, and took a mean advantage of the occasion to bore him about Free Trade. Finally, he drew down on himself the contempt of Carrotson by misquoting Shakspeare as they were surveying Charles Kemble in the part of Hamlet: "That's Hamlet saying 'My kingdom for a horse,'" remarked the mendacious lawyer.

At Drury Lane in the evening it was worse. Little Carrotson derived some amusement from the pantomime, and almost relented in his revengeful purposes; but the miserable lawyer refused to stay for the harlequinade. He said that little boys ought not to be kept out of their beds after half-past ten. Little Carrotson silently ground his teeth, and from that moment Mr. Cutbill's punishment was decreed beyond hope of pardon. The three letters were posted in the pill-box of Dean's-yard on the following day, when the boy returned to school.

They were destined to have very remarkable effects on lawyer's future. In the first place, there came to him on the Friday morning a short, but sweet note from Mrs. Higgins:—

"My Dear Mr. Cutbill,—Your original and amusing way of proposing for dear Rosa's hand has made us both laugh, but my beloved child is quite alive to the honor which are conferring on her, and I can promise you that all the affection which you lavish upon her shall be amply repaid in kind. Please come at once; she is waiting for you.—Very faithfully yours,
Flora Higgins."

"What the deuce does this mean?" asked Mr. Cutbill with a blank look. He wrote at once for explanations, and then received a curt note, begging him to call at Mrs. Higgins'. That lady and her daughter imagined that the lawyer cherished the unchivalrous design of retracting his proposal, and thus they were determined to prevent. Mr. C. was confronted with his own handwriting. He vowed it was not his, but was driven at last to own that possibly he had written the letter in his sleep. He had heard of such things happening, and though he did not believe he was a somnambulist, he could not, of course, swear that such was not the case.

"But if you wrote the letter in your sleep, did it betray your unspoken thoughts?" was the clever Mrs. Higgins' next searching question. She smiled kindly as she said this, and Mr. Cutbill gave in. After all, why shouldn't he marry dear Rosa! He returned to Gower-street an engaged man; but by that time he had come to guess who was the culprit who had played him this trick, and he thought with indignation of the precocious depravity evinced by little Carrotson.

This was on the Saturday, and Mr. Cutbill had scarcely reached home when Brown his quondam friend, marched in with a beaming face. It should be said that this Brown had behaved very badly to Cutbill; but now there was emotion in his eyes as he advanced upon the lawyer and forcibly grasped his hand. "You have acted nobly in forgiving me Cutbill. . . . I shall never forget it. . . . No more generous letter than yours was ever penned; but enough; I've brought a good appetite with me."

"I don't in the least understand you," Mr. Cutbill was about to say, coldly, but he checked himself. Since Brown praised him for his generosity, it was as well to take credit for such a rare virtue. Brown had evidently come to dinner, and as the lawyer always dined well, his sudden arrival did not matter much. But over their wine, by-and-bye, when the two gentlemen had quite cemented their reconciliation, Mr. Cutbill thought it best to tell the truth, and avow that it was to a pestilent Westminster boy, named Carrotson, that he was indebted for the pleasure of having Brown to dine at his table. As if to corroborate this assertion, that very evening's post brought a letter from the lawyer's third correspondent, the Peer which ran thus:—

"My Dear Mr. Cutbill,—What on earth is the meaning of the enclosed note, which, I presume, is a forgery!—Your truly,
C."

A visit which Mr. Cutbill paid to Westminster School on the Monday night might have had distressing consequences for little Carrotson, but for Mrs. Higgins' interference. As it was, the lawyer only went for the purpose of asking how many letters Carrotson had thought proper to write in his name, and he smiled—rather a grim smile, though—in cautioning the boy against practical jokes for the future. Little Carrotson laid the lesson well to heart. He got many a

welcome reminder to this end from dear Rosa, who, after her marriage, became his firm ally, and often invited him to dine in Gower-street, where she gave him no washing bills to balance, but treated him like a man, and tipped him sovereigns, earning in response his unqualified opinion as to her being a "brick."

A STORY OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

There was a fine old bachelor once, who, having spent most of his life in the field of Mars, knew very little of the camp of Cupid. He was one of those rough-and-ready and honest spirits often met with in his gallant profession—innocent as an infant of almost everything save high integrity and indomitable bravery. He was fifty years old, and his toils nearly over, when Dan Cupid brought him acquainted with a widow Wadman, in whose eye he began to detect something that made him uneasy. During his service he had never seen anything worthy of notice in a woman's eye.

Well, the general had settled down into an amiable, gentlemanly old fellow, living alone, with comfortable wealth around him, and having little to do, save now and then to entertain an old comrade-in-arms, and, together, to fight their battles o'er again. But, alas! over this calm evening of the old general's day a deal of perplexity was doomed to fall, and he soon found himself in troubled water. He floundered about like a caged rat under a pump, and such another melancholy fish out of water never before swallowed the bait, hook and all, of the angling god of love. At length, however, the blunt honesty of his disposition rose uppermost amongst his conflicting plans, and his course was chosen. At school he once studied Othello's defence to recite at an exhibition, but made a great failure; and he now recollected there was something in the defence very much like what he wanted to say. He got the book, immediately clapped on his hat with a determined air, and posted off to the widow's, with Shakspeare under his arm.

"Madam!" said the general, opening his book, at the marked place, with the solemnity of a special pleader at the bar. "Madam—

"Rude am I in speech,
And little blessed with the set-phrases of peace.
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith
Fill now some nine moons waxed they have need
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore—"

Here the general closed the book, wiped his forehead, looked up at the ceiling, and said with a spasmodic jerk, "I want to get married."

The widow laughed for ten minutes by the watch before she could utter a syllable, and then she said, with tears of humor rolling down her good-natured cheeks—

"And who do you want to marry, general?"

"You," said he, flourishing his sword-arm in the air, and assuming a military attitude of defiance, as if he expected an assault from the widow immediately.

"Will you kill me if I marry you?" said the widow, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"No, madam," replied he, in a most serious and deprecating tone, as if to assure her that no such idea had entered his head.

"Well, then, I think I'll marry you," said the widow.

"Thank you, ma'am: but one thing I am bound to tell you of. I wear a wig.

The widow started, remained silent a moment, and then went into a longer, louder, and merrier laugh than she had indulged in before, at the end of which she drew herself nearer to the general, gravely laid her hand on his head, gently lifted his wig off, and laid it on the table. The general had never known fear in hot battle, but he now felt a most decisive inclination to run away. The widow laughed again, and the general was about to lay his hat on his denuded head and bolt, when the facetious lady placed her hand on his arm and detained him. She then deliberately raised her other hand to her own head, executed a rapid manoeuvre with her five fingers, pulled off her own head of fine glossy hair, and placing it upon the table by the side of the general's, remained seated, with ludicrous gravity, in front of her accepted lover, quite bald. As may be expected, the general now laughed along with the widow, and they soon grew so merry over the affair that the servant peeped through the keyhole at the noise and saw the old couple bobbing their bald pates at each other like a couple of Chinese mandarins. They were very shortly united.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MME. CARRENO has been quite ill in Iowa.

GADE'S "Crusaders" is to be given in Boston on April 4.

THE London College of Music may be considered a *fait accompli*.

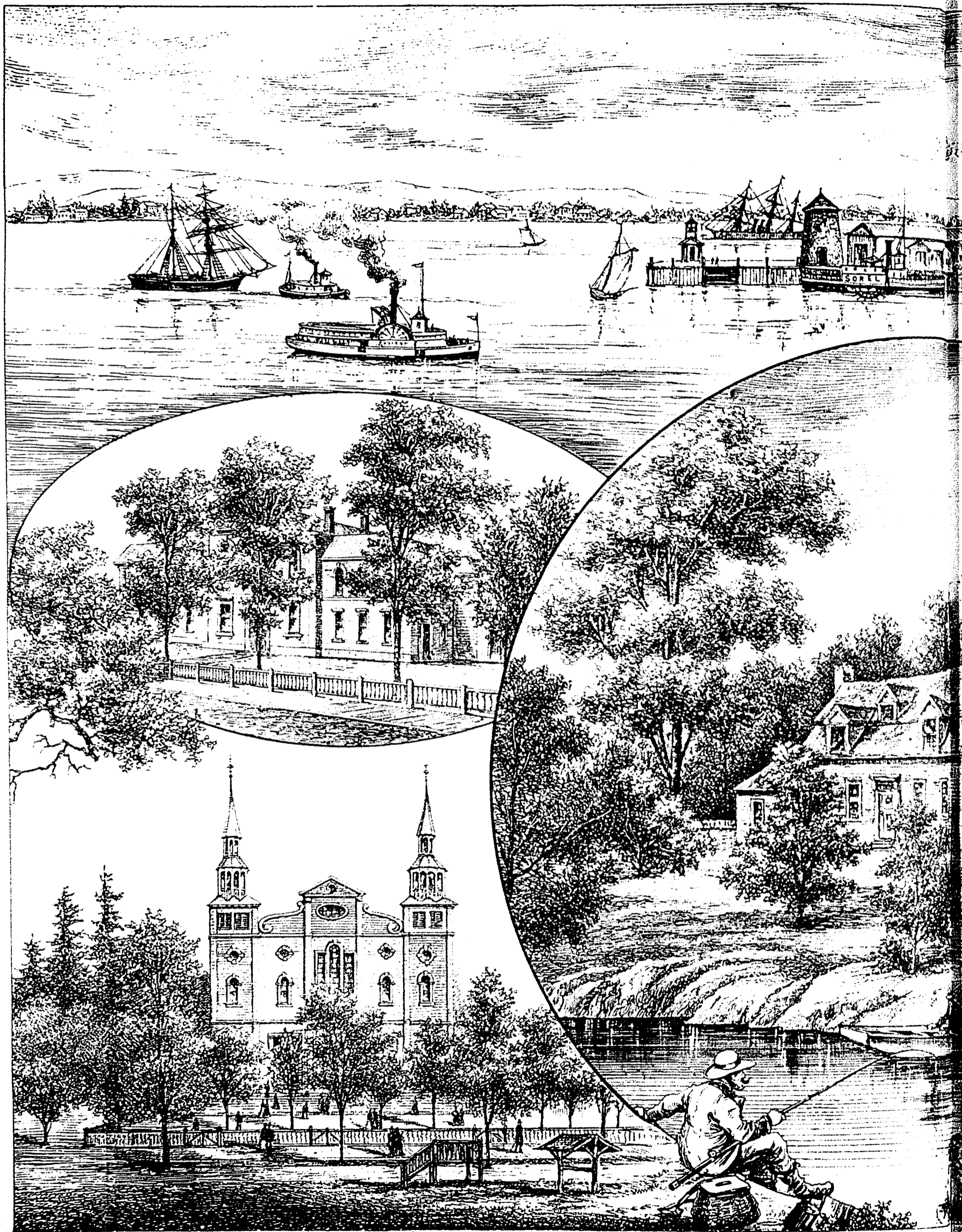
MADAME SCHUMANN made her expected *rentrée* in London a few weeks since.

THE latest thing in musical prodigies is Miss Dora Becker, violinist, aged eleven.

WILHELM has been touring in Australia and New Zealand, but without much financial success.

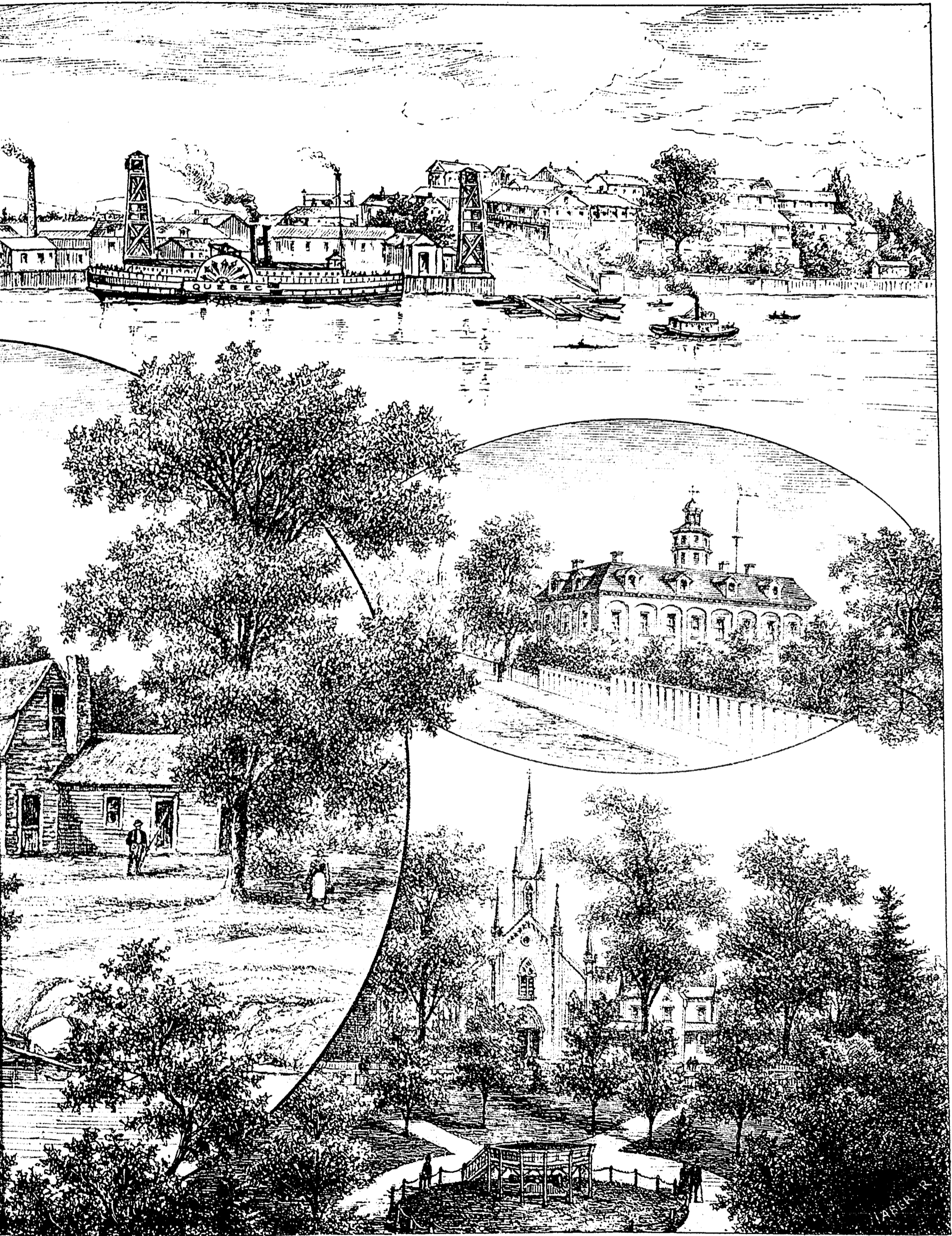
LEVY has made his *début* in Paris, at the Folies Bergères. He was warmly received. His wife or at least one of them, is studying for the operatic stage at the Conservatoire.

SAVE for a slight relapse, Sir Michael Costa has continually progressed toward convalescence, but the complete recovery of the famous London conductor will be a work of some time.



SKETCHES IN SORE

(SEE 18)



AND THE VICINITY.

105.)

SLIDING DOWN HILL.

When you and I were young, my boy,
And snow lay on the hill
How joyfully we stole from school.

How fresh these faces long ago—
The maidens' ah! how fair!
I seem to hear their merry laugh,
And see their waving hair.

They've beat upon the sea of life,
These hearts that once were light;
The eyes that beamed in sunny morn
Are looking for the night!

I hear a moaning in the trees,
The nights are sad and chill,
For Winter has been here again,
It slept upon our hill!

And other shouts now fill the morn,
That tell of fresher joys,
Of all the feelings that we felt
When you and I were boys.

We've clambered up the hill of life,
And now we've reached the top;
Our sleds are wearing out, my boy
'Tis almost time to stop!

COLONEL VS. GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

When Lord — was Governor-General of India, the 117th regiment (I give this cipher because such a regiment never was seen in Bengal, and I don't choose to give the real number) was quartered at Fort William. His lordship was a very good man, probably a very great man, but he was a sad tyrant, and sometimes was apt to fancy that instead of the representative of royalty he was royalty itself.

My Lord —, who, by-the-by, was a civilian, ordered a grand review. The troops were drawn out on the esplanade. The day was burning hot. The Governor-General could see, from his vice-regal mansion, that they were awaiting him.

“Am I not the representative of majesty?” said his lordship.

“I extremely regret, your Excellency, that I am compelled to decline complying with your order,” replied Colonel S.

“No, no, we are full. We have the four.”

“No, no—my friends are away, but are—”

“Grand dieu!” burst from Preville's lips as his friend passed through;

“No, no, we are full. We have the four.”

“No, no—my friends are away, but are—”

General. Each considered he had gained a triumph, and the 117th were marched down to Calcutta again, to prove before the world at large that Lord — was to receive a bow from a red and blue flag, yclept the king's colors.

“What's this! what's this!—eh?” exclaimed his lordship. “Is there no band?”

“Yes, my lord,” tremblingly replied Captain C., “the band of the 117th regiment.”

“And why?” inquired his lordship. “Do you mean to bandy words with me?”

“I'll have no buts,” interrupted the enraged nobleman. “Be off, sir, directly, and fetch your instruments. What could Colonel S. mean by sending the band here like a parcel of sticks? I don't want the men—I want the music.”

“What!” roared the irritated Governor-General. “It's not my fault, sir,” ejaculated the poor bandmaster.

“We shall not paint the anger of the great man or the joy of the officers at finding they had fully succeeded in conferring the ‘retort courteous’ on the proudest, the haughtiest man that ever landed in India.

GARRICK AND PREVILLE.

Preville occupied about the same position in public estimation in France that David Garrick occupied in England, but in no respect was he to be compared with the brilliant and versatile Englishman.

“Ho! Versailles!”

“Yes. Get in!”

“No, no, we are full. We have the four.”

“No, no—my friends are away, but are—”

“Grand dieu!” burst from Preville's lips as his friend passed through;

“No, no, we are full. We have the four.”

“No, no—my friends are away, but are—”

and the two actors got out, wondering what the poor driver would do when he reached the end of his journey.

A few nights afterwards, as Garrick came upon the stage in one of his favorite characters, a voice was heard in the pit—a voice as of one upon whom a great and sudden light had suddenly burst—

“Ah! My third passenger! Oho! Ah!”

It was that of the Versailles coachman.

AN IRISH FISHING YARN.

A correspondent of the Field who was helped in landing a good fish by a chance on looker, reports a poaching story told him by his timely assistant:—

“I used to fish on the sly when I thought the bailiff and peelers were out of the way. And one beautiful October afternoon, when a fresh west wind was bringing up the clouds over the sun, and the river was nicely run down after a fresh, just the right color, I ran down to the pool where you hooked the fish to day, and on the second cast was fast in a beauty.

“Well, well, why don't they play?” demanded his lordship.

“Well, as you've got me, I may as well kill the fish.”

“Well, sargent,” ses I, “'tis a pity that I am a few days over the time. Faith when I saw that fine fellow throwing himself in the hole above, I couldn't resist the temptation, and 'tis now that I am sorry for it.”

“Well, Misters Doolan,” ses he, “I'm mighty sorry too, but I must do my duty. The gentlemen were saying in court that I never looked after the river, and as the pathrol have seen you too, faith, I must summons you next court day.”

“Well, while we were talking the fish was pretty well done, so I slips off the gaff and works him in under the bank, reeling up fast. When I got him nice on his side, I makes a drive with the gaff, and just scrapes it along him, waking him up again—sending him up the river at 50 miles an hour.

“Holy murther!” cries the sargent, getting excited, “you'll lose him, you bluntherer. You had a good chance, and you missed him. Well, well, I thought you were some good before this.”

“Aisy, my friend,” ses I. “Don't fluster a man so.”

“Well, sir, to shorten the story, I knew I had a firm hold, and again I brought the fish to bank and missed him. Begor, sir, you should have seen the sargent's face. Faith he danced about like a madman, and, catching the gaff out of my hand, jumped into the wather and drove it well into the fish, lifting him then out on the bank, as if he was a pound weight. He was a powerful man.

“Well done, sargent!” cries I; and the pathrol sets up a howl of delight.

“Thirty pound, if an ounce,” ses he. “Weigh him.”

“No, no—my friends are away, but are—”

“No, no—my friends are away, but are—”

“No, no—my friends are away, but are—”

“No, no—my friends are away, but are—”

“No, no—my friends are away, but are—”

“No, no—my friends are away, but are—”

“No, no—my friends are away, but are—”

booked at the Lyceum as far in advance as the middle of May.

It is a gross libel on the Scotch to say that they cannot appreciate a joke. Mr. Gladstone, Prime Minister of England, has been nominated as a Candidate for the School Board of Mauchline at the approaching election.

Boxes of sweetmeats are daily reaching the Zoological Gardens addressed to Jumbo, but these are not given to the elephant, the keepers fearing that some tender-hearted Briton might endeavor to defraud Barnum of his bargain by giving the elephant poison concealed in the cakes. It is clear that, in London, human beings are at a discount.

The question of lighting the House of Commons with electricity is to be allowed to sleep for the session. Last year's attempt was not a success. Mr. Daniel Grant, who is supposed to represent the new illumination, has decided to wait until the Crystal Palace Exhibition and the experiments flowing from it have matured public opinion.

SOME of the leading Court dressmakers are trying to assist the Countess of Bective in her endeavors to introduce woollen goods of British manufacture. By exercising some taste, very successful costumes can be invented, such as the one worn by Mrs. Chandos Pole for travelling, on the day of her marriage, which won great admiration for its great caché.

A NEW plan for a fire-escape consists of a circular brick tower, inside of which is a spiral tube having a glazed inside surface. This tube opens through fire-proof doors into every storey of the building, next to which the tower is erected. The person wishing to escape enters the door and slides gradually down the spiral tunnel which is sufficiently inclined to propel the inmate without injuring him by too speedy a descent.

MR. STREET died three months too soon. He missed the sight which burst upon London this week of the full front view of the new Law Courts in all their glory. The judges will not enter into their new habitations until next year. When they do so, the next work will be that of destroying the Westminster Law Courts, which are now little more than sheds—an excrescence spoiling the symmetry of the Palace of Westminster and destroying the dignity of Westminster Hall.

GEOLOGISTS who are not retained for either scheme are gravely shaking their heads over the proposed Channel Tunnel. It seems that in the very centre of the Channel an old valley filled with gravel is believed to exist, cutting the chalk in two. If this is so the whole scheme becomes impossible, and an attempt to carry it out dangerous to the workmen. It is rumored, by the way, that Mr. Knowles, the editor of the Nineteenth Century, purposes getting up a protest against the Channel Tunnel, and that he hopes to get the signatures of many men of letters to it.

AN experienced theatrical critic has lately divulged what has been for some time an open secret. He shows how fond English actors are of changing their names, which one can understand in a woman, but not so easily in a man. Although ‘Henry Irving’ is making something like £30,000 a year, he does not acknowledge his own name, which is Henry Broderip. Miss Ellen Terry, it is known, is married to Mr. Charles Kelly, but as his name is Wardell, she is Mrs. Charles Wardell. All the Swanboroughs of the Strand are really Smiths; Hare and Kendal, of the St. James', are Fairs and Grimstone respectively. James and Thorne, of the Vaudeville, are Belasco and Mackay, while John Clayton, of the Court, is John Calthorpe. Truly ‘all is vanity.’

THE Bishop of Honolulu is coming to England for a cathedral. When the King of the Sandwich Islands was here, he forgot to tell the English people that his capital needed a modern edition of Westminster Abbey. Bishop Willis, who is a missionary bishop, and has been working for eleven years without a cathedral, is on his way home to rectify the omission. He wants £6,000 from English Churchmen; another £6,000 he will raise in the island. The stone is being hewn in England; much of it is ready to emigrate; and with £12,000 he expects to raise his edifice.

VERY considerable alterations have already been made, or are contemplated, at the Royal Academy. The sculpture gallery, which was a most hideous room, has been done away with, the windows blocked up, the light brought in by means of a skylight, and the space thus gained will for the future be devoted to oil paintings. Then, again, following the example—not to say the better taste—of our lively neighbors across the Channel, the sculpture for the future will be surrounded with flowers, as at the Salon, and, most important of all, the Academy are about to build a new water-color gallery, which will also contain prints and architectural drawings, and which, although it leads from one of the ordinary rooms, will be separated from the rest of the building.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

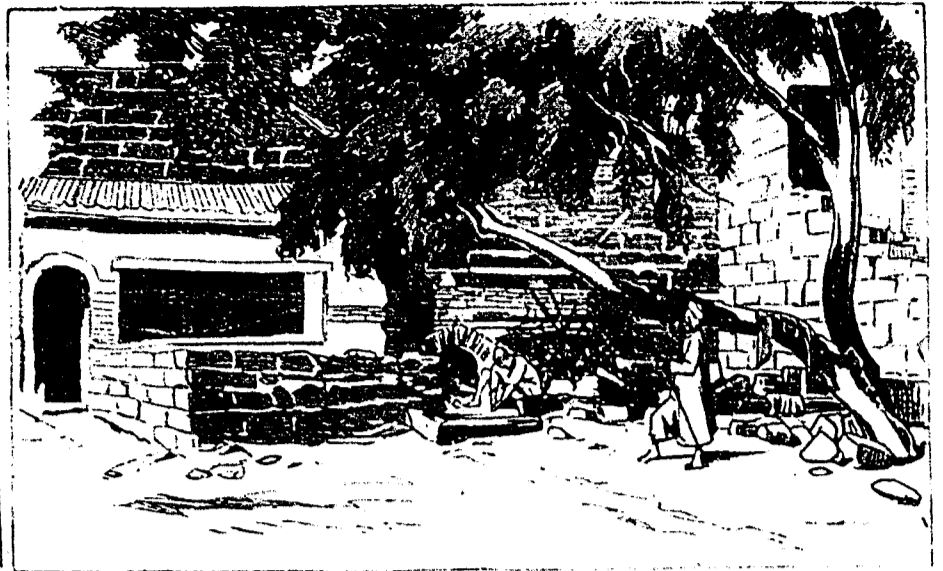
MORE troops are demanded for Ireland; the cause is not stated, but there is evidently a grave reason, or it would certainly not be allowed to be even breathed at such a moment.

CONSIDERABLY more than 2,000 telegrams of congratulation and anxious inquiry have been received by Her Majesty and the Royal Family since the infamous attempt on the life of the Queen.

It is said that the calves of Mr. Irving's legs as the young lover Romeo were especially designed by Mr. Alma Tadema. Seats are being



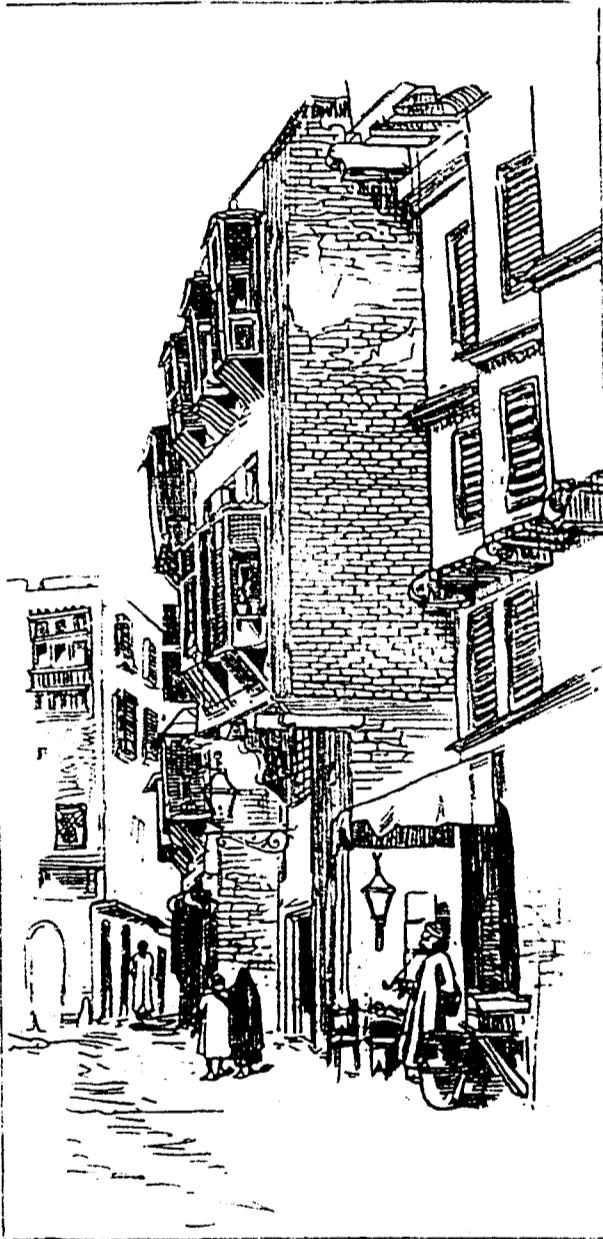
A MORNING RIDE



JOSEPH'S WELL



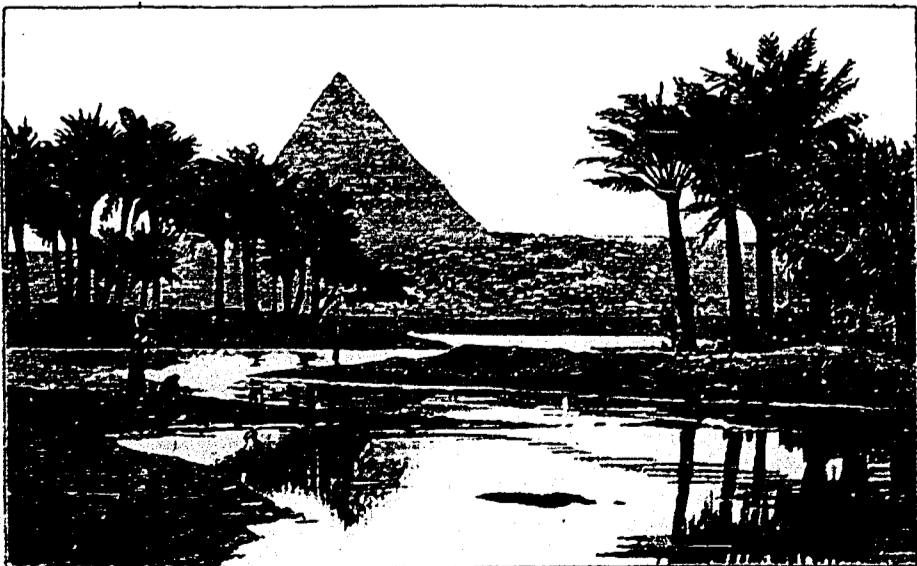
A WATER-CARRIER



A STREET



A SOLDIER ON GUARD



ONE OF THE PYRAMIDS.



TYPES OF THE NATIVES



"MARMION'S DEFIANCE TO DOUGLAS."—FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR JOHN GILBERT.

MARMION'S DEFIANCE TO DOUGLAS.

THIS spirited engraving illustrates the moment when, after his precipitate retreat from Tantallon Castle, Lord Marmion halted for an instant to hurl defiance at his foe, before meeting his fate at Flodden Field. To refresh the memory of our readers, we subjoin the stirring lines of the Wizard of the North, which gain a new and vital interest from the exquisite picture:

The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu:
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid,
Part we in friendship from your land,

And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, how'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone;
The band of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said;
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spar'd
To cleave the Douglas' head!

And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),
I tell thee, thou'rt defied:
And if thou said'st, I am not-peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth—"And darrest thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?

And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up draw-bridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho
Let the portcullis fall!"
Lord Marmion turn'd—well was his need—
And dash'd the rowels in his steed:
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the draw-bridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his hand,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

MUSIC.

Where does sweetest music linger?
In the voice of gifted singer,
In the throats of merle and throats and the nightingale's
soft lay.
In the streamlet's silver gushing
And the river's royal rushing,
Sweeping onward, ever onward to the ocean far away—

In the wind of Summer even,
When the stars are white in heaven
And the tremulous clear crystal of the moon is pure as
snow,
Through the green leaves lightly straying,
In the forest branches playing,
Swooping down with dewy kisses to the sleeping flows
below—

In the mighty organs swelling
Through the choruses and foresting
All the harmonies of angels and the ecstasies unknown,
In the stormy waters beating
On the wild shores and repeating
The sublimest chants of Nature in majestic monotone!

But the music that is purest,
And the notes the truest, sweetest,
Still enduring, never ceasing, deep, ecstatic, sweet and
strong,

The divine and human blending,
God and Nature comprehending,
Meet and mingle, shrined for ever, in the Poet's golden
song!

T. FERGUSON.

LET THE CHILDREN SING!

BY GRETCHEN.

One hears so much about "naturally" musical countries—such as Germany and Italy, for instance—that I feel tempted to say a few words on the subject myself, although perhaps my ideas may be no novelty to the majority of my readers.

To a certain extent some countries undoubtedly possess more "natural" music than others; but I am convinced that much of what is considered as "indigenous" music can be traced to cultivation. By cultivation, in this case, I mean that the constant association with music, the constant hearing and joining in harmonious sounds must gradually train a people to become musical unless they are singularly devoid of ear. Take one instance alone. Many, many years ago England was called an unmusical nation. Look at England now. Will anyone assert that music is unappreciated there? Where can we find another Henry Leslie's Choir? Where is there one equal of the celebrated Grenadier Guards Band? Where will you find the fine old classical masters listened to with more rapt attention? Let any one go to the famous "Monday Popular Concerts," pay his shilling and take his seat, surrounded often by rough laboring men and poorly clad washing women. Note the silence (except now and then a subdued murmur of delight) watch the faces—one whole attitude of attention and appreciation—and then say if England is unmusical! What has caused this? Cultivation. England is becoming—has, indeed, become—a naturally musical nation, and is known to possess not only musical appreciation of the highest order, but to possess also some of the finest voices in the world. I have cited England as one example, but I might also—if space allowed—speak at some length of the gradual musical development of Ireland, Scotland and Wales. I repeat that I consider this development as the work of cultivation, especially the cultivation of the rising youthful generation. The facilities offered for hearing (without large expense) the finest music and the large vocal classes held almost everywhere in the old country.

Now why should not this fair Dominion become "naturally" musical! I see no reason against it. Make music a part of education as common as reading and writing, and you will have a musical people. I now take the title of this paper "Let the Children Sing." I would have children's classes all over the country. People talk of straining children's voices. There is no need for straining any more than when they are speaking. There are now plenty of good teachers in this country, and they may achieve a great work by training up the little one to sing as naturally as they speak. Of course I know that music forms a part of the public school education, and this is a great advantage (if properly taught). There are many children, however, who do not attend the public schools, and thus a large number get no class teaching at all so few children's vocal classes being held. Still whether children have or have not the advantage of outside musical teaching is not the only point upon which I would dwell, but upon the home singing which should form as it were a part of every household as far as possible. Of course there are many homes where this is not possible. Perhaps the parents know nothing of music, or are so placed that they have no time to spare even for the slightest recreation. I do not, therefore, address myself to persons so placed, but to those who have the knowledge and the time to further this good cause, but who do not seem to think about it as seriously as needs. Anyone with a fair knowledge of music yet without being either a fine player or a cultivated singer, can do wonders with our little folks. See how quickly children pick up the dear old nursery songs or any simple hymn tune! A little child may be unable to sing a tune alone partly through timidity and partly because the musical ear is not thoroughly formed, but there are few children who cannot sing with others, and one or two good leading voices will help the rest wonderfully.

Every facility is now at hand for teaching our very tiniest tots. The charming nursery rhymes, set to music, and other easy part-songs—all perfect boons to lovers of music—can be had everywhere, and at a price within the reach of every one. I lately came across a most delightful and useful little book, "The Children's Choral Book" (Boosey's Edition, obtainable through Wm. Pond, the New York music publisher). This book has a short preface by the editor—Rev. C. S. Bere—telling of how the little German children take their song-books to school just as naturally as they take their spellers and copy-books. What wonder that Germany is musical when the little folks are thus encouraged to sing!

Now, I am going to suggest a plan by which mothers, who are musical, could greatly assist children who have no advantages in music at their own houses. Why not form a little class with your own children and their young friends? I believe that most children would hail this plan as both novel and pleasing. They might have, too, a sort of little concert or rehearsal once a month—or at any convenient interval—with a good game and a big tea thrown in, if you like. How would that do for a children's party? Then how nice it would be, at a Christmas Tree—that special delight of the youngsters—to have some simple Christmas song sung by the youthful voices just as the tree is exposed to view, radiant in its gorgeous dress of pretty presents! At a picnic, too, the little class could sing a sweet song or two under the trees. I know that something of this sort is sometimes done at Sunday-school festivals and other public gatherings, but does anyone ever think of it in a private home?

Never mind how simple the music, so long as there is music. I would have everything sung in unison until the children were accustomed to singing together in *tune* and *time*. Then gradually a few would be found capable of taking an easy second, and from that the young class would very soon be able to sing simple three-part songs.

Before, however, attempting any harmonizing of the voices, children should be accustomed to hearing some one sing the lower part whilst they sing the melody, otherwise they might be put out of tune at the first attempt amongst themselves. I have tested this by taking different parts whilst my own little ones were singing in unison some nursery songs, &c. The first time I struck in with the alto, my eldest boy cried, "Mother, mother, you're singing wrong!" I explained matters, and have now accustomed them to hearing any portion of the harmony added to their melody, without putting them out of tune.

I am afraid that some of my readers will think I am writing a music lesson, and telling a great many things which everyone knows, but I often come across people who *know* a great deal, but who do not bring their knowledge into practice; and it happens to be the practice that we want in this case. Once let a few really musical people set to work, and it will not be found a very difficult task to gradually train children until their musical faculties are quickened and their tastes refined. And thus, when they eventually hear good music, they will do it with an appreciation and an enjoyment utterly foreign to those with whom music has been a sealed book the best part of their lives.

We must be prepared for disappointments. I know people who have lived all their lives amongst musicians, and who are yet utterly unmusical, just as, on the other hand, one meets with those who have scarcely heard a note and yet can appreciate the very best music; we must take the rule, not the exceptions, and I repeat what I said at the commencement of this paper, viz., that what is generally considered as "indigenous" music is largely due to cultivation, commenced by accustoming young people to hear, and join in, sweet sounds. All over Canada, then, "Let the children sing!"

ZE BOAXE.

This is the simple story. It was at the Court Theatre, in the Duchy of Lagerbeerheim, that the celebrated tenor, Franz von Dickerkopf, was nightly entrancing the audience. The opera was quite new. One of its chief sensations was the fight in the last act between the tenor, and a big bear, the tenor saving the heroine and her father from the clutches of the brute, and felling it to the earth with one blow. The curtain fell nightly on the tableau of the victorious tenor standing over the slain bear. The part of the bear was played by a super—one Karl Schmidt—who, in the day time, was employed at the principal hotel in the town. Amongst other seasonable visitors to Lagerbeerheim was a stalwart English tourist, middle-aged, somewhat taciturn, and possessed of ample means. He patronized the opera nightly. One day he entered into brief conversation with Karl at the hotel, and Karl somehow managed to bring in his own pet topic, the opera. He asked the Englishman's opinion of the new piece.

"It is very good, but the bear does not please me."

Karl explained that he himself played the bear.

"What did his performance lack?"

The Englishman declined to state the grounds of his disapproval, but turned suddenly and offered Karl ten thalers if he (Karl) would allow him (the Englishman) to take his place as the bear for one night. Ten thalers were a fortune to Karl. He consented. Next night the

Englishman, smuggled into the theatre, dressed in Karl's room, and stood ready on the stage in the last act. The heroine and her father were cowering before him. The tenor approached. His silvery voice rang through the house. He saw the danger of his beloved. He flew to the rescue. He dealt the master blow of the German fist that was to annihilate his ursine foe. To his surprise the bear dodged the blow and replied with one, two, three, after the approved Jim Mace style. The tenor staggered back, but renewed the attack, hitting out in the most ineffective mode of boxing practised in Germany, and entreating the bear, *sotto voce*, to fall. It was no use. The bear plugged first the silvery-voiced tenor, and then the old father, who came to his rescue, and finally the curtain descended to the reversed tableau of the triumphant bear standing astride the prostrate body of the silvery-voiced, who had all the wind knocked out of him for that night. Karl Schmidt understood the Englishman's little objection.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

NECKLACES of Coptic coins are fashionable novelties in jewellery.

THE Empress of Austria occupies the rooms at the Bristol Hotel which the Prince of Wales usually retains. It is given out that Her Majesty will pass a few days in Paris. There is gaiety enough to attract, of that sort, however, which does not inconvenience itself much about Lent.

THE Commission which has been sitting with regard to the crown jewels has decided that the renowned diamond, the Regent, shall not be sold, neither are the Mazarin jewels to be sold. The whole are valued at twenty-two millions; the gems that will be sold are estimated to be worth from eight to nine millions.

SUCH truly magnificent arrangements are being made for the grand ball to be given after Easter by Madame Bamberger, in her hotel in the Avenue of the Champs-Élysées, that it is expected to be the success of the season. She was equally fortunate last year in pleasing the fashionable world, and leaving a happy remembrance of her kindness, taste, and lavishness.

THE French Meteorological Association intends to celebrate the centenary of the invention of balloons by the brothers Montgolfier next year by an exhibition in Paris, and by balloon ascents from Lyons, Dijon, Calais, and Annonay, the starting points of early balloon voyages. The exhibition is intended to embrace every natural and artificial means for flight, and all sciences are invited to co-operate.

MME. DROUYN DE L'HUYS, who was one of the most fashionable ladies at the Imperial Court, is about to sell her residence in the Rue François Ier. It was in this magnificent hotel that the wife of the former Minister of Foreign Affairs was compelled, on her return from Biarritz, to remove—so runs the story—a part of the staircase to get up the enormous boxes containing her toilettes.

Mlle. Ida Corani, a young and highly-gifted prima donna, having already earned a brilliant reputation in Italian operatic circles, is at present in Paris adding fresh laurels to her fame in our musical salons. We trust that the rumors that Miss Ida Corani is in treaty with one of our lyric theatres is correct, in which case we anticipate for her as great success in Paris as she has already achieved in Italy and London.

RHEIMS, EPERNAY, and other wine producing centres in the champagne country are up in arms because the Austrian Government proposes to raise the duty on sparkling wines of French origin from 1fr. to 2½fr. per bottle. The Minister of Commerce has taken the matter up, and promises to do all in his power to maintain the *status quo*. The unanimity with which French manufacturers regard any increase in home duties at once abandons them when it is a question of placing their wares at a disadvantage abroad.

A WORKMAN the other morning repairing one of the roofs of the Central Markets of Paris fell from a height of 100 feet. Happily he alighted on a quantity of butter, into which he was thoroughly immersed, and the fall being thus broken, he scrambled out of his soft bed safe and sound, to the satisfaction of the bystanders. The butter woman had fainted from sheer fright; but when she came to herself, her first words were instinctively expressive of her sense of self-interest. "Come here, my little man," she said to the individual, "let me scrape you, lest you take away with you too much of my butter."

THERE has been a good deal of talk recently about the *début* of a young Russian lady, Mlle. Feyghine, at the Comédie-Française. This is the second time the house of Molière has opened its doors to subjects of the Czar. Years ago, Mme. Louise-Fusil, who was a long time an actress in Russia, adopted an orphan girl and directed her artistic education. The girl was named Nadège. Brought to Paris by her protectress, she made her *début* at the Comédie-Française, but obtained little success, in spite of the interest excited by the story of her life,

which was narrated here and there before she appeared on the stage, just as has been done for Mlle. Feyghine with no better success. Nadège became known under the title of the "Orpheline de Wilna."

A YOUNG clerk of a French merchant recently received an invitation to a masked ball at his employer's, and was the envy of his comrades. It was considered a mark of very great favor, and was looked upon as a sign that he would soon be offered a place in the firm itself. Resolved to do all he could to make the occasion a success, he spent a good deal of time and considerable money in devising and making his masquerade costume, which, after long deliberation, he resolved should be that of a monkey. Then he spent a week learning a number of tricks—grinning, clambering on the chimney, springing over the bed, balancing himself on the back of a chair. The evening came. He rang the bell, flung his overcoat into the servant's arms and with a grin and chatter turned a somersault under the chandelier. The gentlemen stood stupefied, the ladies screamed. His mask prevented him from seeing much, but the noise encouraged him to bound over a sofa and throw down a cabinet of old china. At this moment a hand seized him, tore off his mask and the voice of his employer asked him what he meant by this disgraceful conduct. Before he could explain he was hustled out of the house, learning by one glimpse that the rest of the company was in evening dress. The next day he was sent for and entered the office with trembling knees. "I had the pleasure of a visit from you last evening," said the gentleman. "Yes, sir—that is—!" "No excuses," said the other, "no excuses—I have raised your salary. I noticed you were overlooked for promotion last year. Good morning; shut the door after you." His employer had made an early investigation into the matter, and found that the other clerks had hoaxed the young man by sending him a bogus invitation.

VARIETIES.

ONE Sunday, in August last Naples had a *fête* of an extraordinary character. Tradition says that on the 31st of August, in some year a long time ago, a number of the inhabitants of Santa Lucia who had been captured by corsairs were saved by the interposition of a "local" Madonna. However that may be, the denizens of Santa Lucia on the last Sunday in August assemble on the border of the sea. They wear garments made of paper decorated with all kinds of fireworks; some carry umbrellas decorated in the same way, and others carry on their heads baskets of fruits surrounded with fireworks. On the tolling of the bell of the neighboring church, there is a general explosion, men and women are ready to throw pitchers of water over the zealous devotees, the baskets of fruit are upset, and a regular scramble takes place. Again the church bell sounds, and hundred of persons, either clothed or nude, throw themselves into the sea, doing so time after time. Among these crowds are the aged, the young, and women. "We have seen the infirm," says a witness, "who have risen from their beds throw themselves into the sea." The firm persuasion is that, as the former inhabitants of Santa Lucia were liberated by the sea from certain death, the water at Santa Lucia can, on that day, heal every species of infirmity. "We can verify only one miracle," says the *Roma*, "and that is that, notwithstanding there was a large crowd, a continual explosion of fireworks, and though hundreds threw themselves into the sea, no accident took place."

NOT SUCH FOOLS.—Mr. Gilbert the dramatist once heard that his *Trial by Jury*, renamed and slightly altered, was being given at a certain hall; and not liking to be swindled, he called upon the manager. The author opened proceedings by inquiring whether the hall was not let for amateur theatricals sometimes. It was certainly, any evening, if not already engaged, and the manager inquired what his visitor proposed to play. "Well, there's a piece called *Trial by Jury*. I was thinking of that," the visitor replied. "And a very good piece too," the manager kindly assured him; "sure to take." "I know who could play the principal parts very well," Mr. Gilbert said, "but I was doubtful about the chorus. Could you help me in this, do you think?" "I think I could—in fact I'm sure of it; you need not trouble about a chorus that knows the music," the manager replied. "Thank you; you are very kind," Mr. Gilbert gently answered; "but," he continued, "by the way, are there not some charges—fees—of some kind to be paid for the right of playing pieces of this sort? I fancy I have heard something to that effect." Then the manager grew very confidential indeed. He looked shy. He even winked; and he said, "Never your mind about that. I don't. Why, we play the very piece you're talking about every night; only we don't call it *Trial by Jury*. We ain't such fools. Gilbert and Sullivan don't know anything about it, and ain't likely to. You leave it to me, and you'll be all right!" It was now Mr. Gilbert's turn, and he quietly replied, "I think you've made a slight mistake in my name. I am Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and I had heard that you were good enough to play my piece without mentioning it; so I came to see." Mr. Gilbert declares that the man shrank visibly. For a huge creature six feet high he seemed to descend to the dimensions of a child in petticoats; but Mr. Gilbert mercifully spared him for the sake of the fun he had afforded.



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Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1882.

Trains will run as follows:

Table with columns: MIXED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows list train routes and times between locations like Hochelaga, Ottawa, Quebec, and Joliette.

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