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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 6, 1878.

OUR EIGHTEENTH VOLUME.

With the present issue, we enter upon the first number of the eighteenth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. We take this opportunity to thank our friends for the encouragement which they have extended to us, and respectfully to solicit a renewal of that patronage. In a young country like ours, journals of the character of the NEWS require a support beyond that of any other papers, for the reason that they entail a double expenditure, one for the literary department, and another, and a heavier, for the artistic or illustrated branch. Not only is the NEWS the only illustrated paper in the Dominion, but it is really the only purely literary weekly. Excluding politics and every species of sectarian discussion, it addresses itself solely to the cultivated intellect of the country, and it is mainly from the friends of literature and art that it expects encouragement. We are fully aware that the paper is not all that it might be, but we can assure the public that our sole and constant endeavour is to keep it up to the standard which present circumstances allow. All the revenue which we get from it goes directly to its improvement, and if our circulation were doubled to-morrow, our readers would find that the paper would improve in proportion. We are always looking out for new points of interest wherewith to make the publication more attractive. One feature introduced in the past six months has been the pictorial illustration and literary description of the resources of the country, its manufactures, and the standing of its principal localities. We are pleased to know that our efforts in that direction have been well received. As the *Star* of this city has aptly put it—and we thank our contemporary for the compliment—it will not be the fault of the NEWS if every city, town and village of the country does not become known to every inhabitant of the Dominion. No other paper has ever attempted such a work, and no paper is in a condition to accomplish it.

One need only to take up a bound volume of the paper to realize the mass of otherwise inaccessible information—both pictorial and other—which it contains. We had a striking proof of this fact only a few days ago. A gentleman who had been away from Canada for two years was desirous of learning in brief all that had taken place during his absence. He obtained the volumes of the NEWS covering that period, and after spending the better part of one day in going over them, expressed his entire satisfaction at the result. Nearly every week we have letters or personal visitors asking to turn up some points of interest which appeared in the NEWS of such and such a date, and it is always gratifying to be able to afford the information. As in the past, so in the future, no effort will be left untried to make our paper worthy of the support of our friends; and in return we beg the latter to do their utmost towards assisting us in what may be truly termed a national undertaking.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SIGNOR NICOLINI.—Signor Nicolini, the popular tenor, was born in Boulogne-sur-Mer forty years ago. His proper name is Nichol, and in early life he received a very liberal education, which fact, combined with much polish of manner and genius in his craft, has rendered him a universal favourite. Signor Nicolini, having passed through the usual routine of study in his own country, where his unusual talent displayed itself conspicuously, finally determined upon residing in Italy, and devoting his habits to Italian opera. This determination he had no reason to regret. Such was the tide that led him on to success, and to the reward that attends it. His repertoire is varied and extensive, as will readily be perceived by the roles which he has enacted. The famous Covent Garden tenor opened the season of 1872 by assuming the character of *Fernando*, in Donizetti's opera "La Favorita." During that year he represented *Raoul di Nangis*, in Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots"; *Florestano*, in Beethoven's "Fidelio"; *Maurico*, in Verdi's "Il Trovatore"; *Il Duca*, in the "Rigoletto," by the same lively composer; *Carlo*, in Donizetti's "Linda di Chamouni"; *Faust*, in Gounod's "Faust e Margherita"; and *Perry*, in Gomez's "Il Guarany." The following season, again, we find our charming artist before an English public. On the opening night he essayed the role of *Vasco di Gama*, in Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine." Subsequently he exhibited his musical powers and excellent artistic skill by performing *Alfredo*, in Verdi's "La Traviata"; *Elvino*, in Bellini's "La Sonnambula"; *Masaniello*, in Auber's opera of the same name; and *Maurico*, in Verdi's "Il Trovatore." The opening night of the season of 1874, he represented *Ernani*, in Verdi's opera of that title; and afterwards sang as *Guglielmo*, in Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon"; and as *Roberto*, in Meyerbeer's "Roberto il Diavolo." The late operatic season of the Royal Italian Opera found Signor Nicolini in England once more. Among other pieces he appeared in "Il Trovatore" and "Aid," in which latter he essayed the character of *Radamés*.

SIGNOR ITALO CAMPANINI.—As an operatic artist of high renown in his special line, Signor Italo Campanini stands conspicuous. Born in Parma, in June, 1846, he is still a comparatively young man. The popular tenor made his professional debut, not in his own country, singular to say, but in Russia, and in the capital. His talent was quickly discovered and eulogized by the *impressario* of the Moscow Theatre. No sooner did Campanini's engagement terminate in Moscow than he set out for Madrid, where his talents were likewise recognized. After a short period he returned to his classic home, not for the immediate purpose of following his profession, but with a view to complete his musical studies under the then famous Signor Lamperti, of Milan. For eight consecutive months the industrious pupil continued under the direction of this able teacher, when he essayed to perform at Bologna in the opera of "Lohengrin." From thence, Campanini, flushed with success, proceeded to the "Eternal City," where his genius became more conspicuous than ever. Indeed, the fame he acquired was not simply confined to his native soil or the capitals where he had appeared. It spread into other countries. While at Rome he obtained the advantage of receiving an offer from the management of "Her Majesty's" to appear at the house for the ensuing season. Accordingly, on the 4th of May, 1872, ensuing, we find the gifted tenor essaying the role of *Genaro* in the performances of Rossini's "Lucrezia Borgia." The impression he created on the auspicious occasion was most marked, as was the brilliant reception he received in recognition of his powers. Signor Campanini is not a *tenore robusto*, who could play at his ease in the high words of harmony, but he is undoubtedly a good tenor. He sings well, and acts better. His career in foreign countries for the past few years has been such as to show that Campanini, whilst growing in years, is still increasing in efficiency and power. He possesses the laudable ambition of the true artist, who loves Art for her own sake, not so much because the cultivation of his powers bring him glory or gain. This extensively known and highly popular representative of the lyric drama has been absent from London for the last two seasons. This year he returns to London, where undoubtedly he made his name now six years since.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.—Both as a journalist and a writer of fiction, Mr. Sala has achieved not merely a high but a well-earned reputation. Few pens are more facile than his. No matter what theme he attempts, he renders the same interesting by the insinuating method he adopts, and the sham which he flings around it. Sometimes, it is true, we meet with a certain degree of discursiveness, which of itself forms an attraction that few men of letters could imitate with safety. Yet, what would prove hazardous for others to attempt, goes to form that peculiar "style" for which the worthy subject of this memoir is famous. Mr. Sala, who is the son of an Italian gentleman and an English vocalist of considerable reputation in her day, was born in London in 1828. Although educated for an artist, he considered his *forte* lay more in the direction of literature, which profession he eventually embraced. The result of this choice only shows the clearness of his judgment, even when but a young man. Sudden decisions of this sort are invariably attended with risk; for on the hazard of a die one's future may be blighted

and one's hopes frustrated for life. Mr. Sala's first literary efforts were attempted in "Household Words," a periodical started by the late Charles Dickens, the "Welcome Guest," the *Illustrated London News*, and the "Cornhill Magazine." These contributions became very acceptable to the general public, owing to the brightness of the style in which they were written. There was, to a certain extent, a dash of Dickens about Mr. Sala. He did not, however, exhibit the slightest sign of being a servile imitator. On the contrary he gave to those very social studies which the Great Novelist was wont to handle in so masterly a manner, a peculiarity and a piquancy all his own. In 1860 Mr. Sala established the periodical bearing the cognomen of "Temple Bar," and undertook its editorial direction. Therein he contributed two serials which at the period created a certain degree of sensation. These were entitled "The Seven Sons of Mammon," and "Captain Dangerous," which subsequently appeared in book form. In 1863, during the progress of the American civil war, Mr. Sala was commissioned to the United States as special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, which Journal he likewise represented in Algeria in 1864, and in France during the Great Exposition in 1867, and during the war of 1870. He further contributed stirring letters to the same organ of public opinion from some in the autumn of 1870, and from Madrid, Venice, and Morocco in 1875. For some time past Mr. Sala has resided in the metropolis, where he labours with his usual industry in the exercise of his journalist craft, and in writing entertaining articles for some leading periodicals. In addition to thousands of articles and sketches, Mr. Sala has written the subjoined works: "America in the Midst of War," "Two Kings and a Kaiser," "A Journey Due North: being Notes of a Residence in Russia in the summer of 1856," "Twice round the Clock; or, the Hours of the Day and Night in London," "The Baddington Peerage," "From Waterloo to the Peninsula," "Make Your Game: a Narrative of the Rhine," "Accepted Addresses," "Notes and Sketches of the Paris Exposition," "Rome and Venice," "Under the Sun: Essays mainly written in Hot Countries," "Breakfast in Bed," "After Breakfast; or, Pictures Done with a Quill," "Quite Alone," "A Trip to Barbary by a Roundabout Route," "A Dutch Picture with some Sketches in the Flemish Manner," "Ship Chandler, and other Tales," "How I Tamed Mrs. Cruiser," and "Cookery in its Historical Aspects," published as lately as 1875. Mr. Sala has likewise essayed the rôle of a dramatist, for in December, 1869, a burlesque of his entitled "Wat Tyler, M. P.," was produced at the Gaiety Theatre.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.—The eminent man of letters is the son of the late Venerable R. H. Froude, Archdeacon of Totness, Devonshire. He was born at Darlington Rectory, in the same town, April 23, 1818. After the usual preparatory training, he entered Oriel College, Oxford, in 1836, obtained his degree in 1840, and two years afterwards succeeded in obtaining the Chancellor's prize for the English essay, the subject of which was "Political Economy." Such was his progress, and the estimation in which he was held, that in 1852, he had the honour of being elected a Fellow of Exeter College. At the period of which we speak, the Tractarian, or High Church party, under the leadership of the Rev. J. H. Newman, had made considerable stir at Oxford, and obtained an enthusiastic coterie of adherents. Mr. Froude did not conceal his sympathy with the theological views that obtained—so much indeed, that he entertained the idea of taking holy orders, in order to advance the same. He went so far as to be ordained deacon in 1845; but he stopped here, not even taking such clerical duty as he was privileged to perform. Upon more mature deliberation he took farewell of theology, and devoted himself to literature, for which, unquestionably, he was best fitted, as the sequel shows. Mr. Froude's first literary efforts consisted of some biographies in "The Lives of English Saints," a work brought out by the Tractarian party. However, in the years 1847-50, he published a volume of stories, "The Shadows of the Clouds," and a speculative work entitled "The Nemesis of Faith," both of which were openly and severely condemned by the University authorities. The latter production created a sensation of no ordinary kind, which resulted in the author thereof resigning his fellowship. Still the persecution which Mr. Froude suffered on account of peculiar intellectual views only proved advantageous in the long run. With an energy of character that was so remarkable, he took a proud, independent stand, determined to make an honourable maintenance by his facile pen. The pages of the "Westminster Review" and of "Frazer's Magazine" were open to him, so that, for a period of three years, he contributed almost constantly to the latter, principally on historical subjects. An elaborate article on the "Book of Job," reprinted from the "Review" named, attracted no slight attention at this time. In March, 1869, Mr. Froude was installed Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews, on which memorable occasion he had conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws and Letters. Two or three years afterwards he was induced to make a journey to the United States, in which country he was most favorably received, and where he delivered a series of lectures on "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century." These lectures have since been published in three volumes. At the close of 1874, Mr. Froude re-

ceived an important mission from the Earl of Carnarvon, at that time Secretary of State for the Colonies. This was to visit the Cape of Good Hope, and institute inquiries respecting the Kaffir insurrection which had previously occurred. Having fulfilled his mission with satisfaction to himself and the Government who had entrusted him with so onerous a task, he returned to London in March, 1875. Besides the literary efforts already noticed, Mr. Froude has written a variety of works. These embrace "The History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada," a work in twelve volumes; a treatise on "Calvinism," and "Short Studies on Great Subjects." In his "History of England," the author endeavors to show that King Henry VIII. was a much better man than he had been represented, and that Queen Elizabeth was indebted for her high reputation as a sovereign principally to the statesmanlike abilities of her ministers. On Mary Queen of Scots Mr. Froude has been exceedingly severe, while his statements respecting this unfortunate Queen have given rise to sharp controversy.

THE FIRE AT THE SUBLIME PORTE.—The Imperial Palace of Government at Constantinople, as is well known, takes its name of "the Sublime Porte" from a huge gateway of marble, leading into the outer and the inner quadrangle, around which stand the official residences of the Sultan's Ministers, including the Grand Vizier. There were situated within the portals in question the Mint, the Infirmary, the Treasury, the Hall of Justice, and other edifices belonging to the old quarter of the Seraglio, such as the Church of St. Irene, built, it is said, by Constantine, and the meeting-place of the Second General Council, which the Turks have used as an arsenal. Some of these premises have been destroyed by the conflagration which broke out on the 23rd ult. at a very early hour of the morning. Of the principal range of buildings, only the wings at each extremity remain. Of these wings, one was the Grand Vizierate, the other the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The whole of the centre building which contained the Ministries of the Interior, of Justice, and of Public Instruction, the Council of State, the great Divan, with their numerous departments and offices, was consumed. This consisted of the basement, the ground floor, and two floors above. The fire broke out in the Bureau des Procès-Verbaux of the Council of State, occupying the centre of the upper floor; and, notwithstanding stone partition walls, swept rapidly along those interminable corridors which traversed the building from end to end. The origin of the fire is unknown, because all the apartments are put under the care of guardians an hour before sunset, when the functionaries leave. The building now destroyed was built thirty years ago, in the Grand Vizierate of Topal Izzet Pasha.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has accepted an invitation to become President of the Royal Colonial Institute, and the Duke of Manchester, in retiring from that office, has been appointed Vice-President and Chairman of Council.

THE Prime Minister is reported to have declared to some of the friends that there are two things he wishes to do before he retires into private life—first, to settle the Eastern question on a permanent basis; and second, to promote a general disarmament.

THE possibility of rendering the microphone useful for enabling deaf persons to hear ordinary conversation is now generally believed in by the leading medical and scientific men, and numerous experiments are being made with that object. Indeed, unless a man be born deaf, or has the organs of hearing entirely lost, there is hope.

It begins to look as though an earnest attempt is about to be made to construct a tunnel beneath the channel between England and France. The Channel Tunnel Company have agreed with the Municipality of Sangatte for the purchase of three hectares of land east of the village, and have also bought some land to the west at Bas Blanc Nez, where a shaft is expected to be sunk in a few days.

MR. SAMUEL BRANDRAM is the fashion just at present, and so are musical and dramatic *matinées* at private houses. Mr. Brandram's powers of memory are gigantic. He has ten of Shakespeare's plays off by heart, and on Friday recited "Midsummer Night's Dream" before a drawing-room audience in Park Crescent, Regent's Park—Miss Katherine Poyntz singing Mendelssohn's music very sweetly.

MESSRS. HANSARD's messengers had a heavy load to carry the other morning—Sir James Stephen's Criminal Code. It is the biggest Parliamentary Bill we have had since Mr. Bright's first attempt to codify the law relating to merchant seamen. It consists altogether of 238 pages. The index alone takes up eighteen pages, and the schedule thirty. The Bill itself is

divided into seven parts, which are sub-divided into forty-nine chapters, again sub-divided into 425 sections or clauses.

THE people of Paris are already making fun of us English travellers. With good reason, if what they say be true. According to them, Englishmen go about the boulevards with conversation-books in their hands and dictionaries in their pockets, and have no compunction in inveigling a polite Parisian into a conversation conducted by means of these artificial aids to a mutual understanding. The Parisian is too well mannered to protest or even to laugh; he does not like to say "Bon jour" and leave the Englishman to talk to his dictionary alone. But, nevertheless, he says in his journal (which these Englishmen never read) that it is too hard upon him to ask him to lose an hour while foreigners are using him for the purpose of learning his language.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

SUICIDE in Paris seems to be an increasing mania—almost an epidemic. Every day some poor, wretched creature, driven to despair by one of the two universal wants—money and love—takes the fatal leap into eternity. Now and then a case occurs in which there is no apparent motive, like that of the respectable chief engineer, Nouton, who was buried this week in Paris. The announcement of one suicide is often speedily followed by another, the thoughts of the unhappy being drawn to the subject and to the means of suddenly ending their sufferings.

A HINT worth remembering will be found in the subjoined reflections by one who knows Paris like a book:—What always makes me furious in fashionable French restaurants are the radishes, the pat of butter, and the half-dozen prawns that are placed upon the table by the waiter. These are charged in the bill about four francs. They are the snares for the unwary. If ever I ask a friend to dine with me in Paris, I do so long to beg him to order whatever he likes, provided that he does eat a radish or a prawn. Commit, my friends, what extravagancies you like, but never whilst at Paris toy with a radish or a prawn.

On the night after Sothorn's appearance, a most charming literary and artistic reunion was given in his honour by Edward Ledger, the popular editor and proprietor of the *Era* newspaper, at his charming house in Regent's-park. I don't think I was ever present at a better arranged party. The house, with its rare collection of old blue and white Nankin china, its armour, art decorations and curious theatrical relics, is in itself worth a visit, but when you fill the saloons with representatives of the highest aristocracy and the noblest art, when you find dukes, baronets, tragedians, comedians, painters, musicians, and singers all enjoying themselves, and contributing to the success of the evening, and when, finally, to this is added the nameless art and accomplished grace of a handsome and courteous hostess, then surely Sothorn was appropriately complimented, and the company was generally pleased.

A VERY successful experiment has been tried during the present month in Paris—that of driving in one team four of the famous Russian trotters, magnificent horses of great power, action and speed, rather a difficult task, even for the most experienced whip, on account of their bearing so heavily on the bit in their usual style of going. On Monday, as the drag of his Imperial Highness the Duke Nicholas, driven by Captain Patten-Saunders, passed down the Champs Elysées, the crowd assembled to witness the return from the Auteuil races, and largely augmented by that coming out of the Exhibition, got so enthusiastic at the appearance of this turbot out (added to by the elegance of the toilettes of the illustrious ladies who graced the roof), that they gave it a spontaneous ovation along the whole line.

THE fancy fair, or kermesse, held in the Tuileries Garden, by seventy ladies of high rank, remarkable for wealth and beauty, or both, has been the great fashionable event of the season. The admission was five francs, and the crowd immense. The weather was very fine. The attractions of the day included a theatre, which literally was a floral edifice, and on the boards of which the most popular buffo singers sang their liveliest airs. Judic, Theo, Peschard, Dupuis performed, and also the company of the Théâtre Français, in a theatre built of planks and canvas, according to the Hôtel de Bourgogne playhouse, in which Molière at the beginning of his career acted. Opposite the ladies' stalls there were wheels of fortune, Dutch tops, revolving wooden horses, and puppet-shows for children. The Princess Poniatowski sold drams at an American bar, dressed à la mode de Trianon. The Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, the Princess de Leon, and some other very fair and illustrious dames, retailed milk fresh from cows, which were installed in a rustic shed. A marchioness, dressed as a dairymaid, dealt in palmistry, and a professional fortune-teller divined the future with the help of cards. Gustave Doré, Protas, Detaille, and many other no less famous artists, contributed paintings for the raffle. M. Sardou sent a manuscript page of

his speech at the Academy, and the Princess Sagan, a porte-bouquet in gold and diamonds, worth four hundred pounds. The new summer fashion here shown for the first time is to affect the rusticity which was in vogue in the time of Marie Antoinette. The lady patronesses generally wore deep crimson and rose du roi. Madame MacMahon, whose sister and niece were ladies-in-waiting, wanted to pay the entrance fee, but the stewards who received her insisted on her not doing so. She had previously sent for the lottery a Sèvres vase. Mlle. MacMahon accompanied her mother. The attendance of exotic Royalty was numerous. A special pavilion was reserved for it and for the Presidential family.

THE GLEANER.

IT is estimated that American tourists will leave over \$20,000,000 in Europe this year.

MATTIA SALVATORE, a young priest, has drawn \$422,000 in a lottery at Naples, in Italy.

BRET HARTE left New York for Europe recently to assume the duties of the consulate to which he has been appointed.

RUMOURS are current that the Queen will pay a visit in state to Malta to inspect the Indian troops as Empress of India.

As many as 7,000 salmon are often taken at one haul of the seine in Alaska, some of them weighing from forty-five to one hundred pounds each.

MR. MALET, who has been appointed Secretary of the British Embassy at Constantinople, is said to be the coming man in the diplomatic service of Great Britain.

THE Emperor of Brazil is having a street-car built in New York City for his own use. It is handsome, and will be used to convey the emperor from his country house to his executive palace in Rio de Janeiro.

THE Prince of Wales was recently taken to task in Paris for the cordial manner with which he received Gambetta. The future king replied: "It was a part of the show."

THE Indian troops are in high spirits, and will be terribly chagrined if there is no war, or if they are disappointed in their expectation of seeing the queen and England.

AT the recent fishmonger's banquet in London, Mr. Gladstone declared the French and Italian cooks to be the best in the world, and hoped that the English would learn to imitate them, and stand out against the traditional bloody roast beef.

A PARTY of English engineers and mining managers are paying a visit to the coal fields of the North of France, their object being to examine the geological strata, and ascertain whether the coal bed is not the continuation of that in Somersetshire.

PLAY has become so high in the London clubs that it is asserted that at least £3,000,000 change hands over the card tables every season, and both honour and fortune slide down into the whirlpool of ruin. To the clubs can be traced the downfall of many of the young men of England.

WATERLOO bridge, one of the finest and most elegant bridges crossing the river Thames, has latterly become so insecure that it will have either to be repaired at an enormous cost or else pulled down. It was built soon after the celebrated battle, and opened with great ceremony by George IV.

WHEN Nobeling, the Socialist assassin, was at the University of Leipsic, he was known as an inoffensive, quiet and diligent student, often working late into the night. He relieved his studies by practising pistol-shooting, and once, for a whole fortnight, read the Bible. He is a thoroughly educated man.

THE Pope presided the other day over the Commission of Christian Archaeology, being the first time in 120 years that the Pope has filled the chair at a meeting of savans, and he ordered the excavation of the Catacombs of St. Petronilla at his own expense.

IMBEDDED in the wall of the palace of Assur-Bani-Pala at Nineveh, a round clay cylinder divided into ten compartments, and containing nearly 1,300 lines of fine inscription, has been found by Mr. Rassam. What the inscription means has yet to be determined.

THE recent growth of Paris is in remarkable contrast with former years. In the reign of Henry II., during the sixteenth century, it contained about 12,000 houses. About two hundred years later, in 1750, the number had only increased to 20,000. In 1817 there were but 26,751; in 1834, 29,000. In 1878, after a lapse of only forty-four years, there are 75,273.

THE memory of Luigi Farini, the Italian liberator, physician, conspirator, journalist, historian and statesman, has been honoured by the erection of a monument by the sculptor Pazzi at Ravenna. The King, the Senate, the Chamber of Deputies and one hundred public bodies were represented at the unveiling of the monument on the 9th inst. Signor Minghetti and Signor Caiola were the orators of the occasion.

DR. WILLARD, of the Chicago High School, declares that school-room walls, for the sake of pupils' eyes, should be tinted with a pinkish, greenish or bluish tinge, and the blackboards

should be green, brownish or drab in colour. He adds that it is a mistake to think that the board must be black to make the chalk mark distinct; and that though the relief and contrast to the eye may seem slight, it amounts to a great deal, taking day after day.

AFTER the wreck of the German ironclad, the "Grosser Kurfurst," the crew of a fishing-smack brought up two bodies of drowned sailors in their nets. The thrifty fishermen, being possessed of a fear lest they might have to bury the bodies themselves, let them sink again. When they reached the shore they were pleased to see that the German ambassador had offered a reward of \$10 for each corpse recovered.

THEY tell a funny story in Paris à propos of the high prices charged by cabmen this year to unsuspecting strangers. A fare of seemingly foreign aspect, and speaking with a strongly-marked foreign accent, hailed a carriage, and desired to be driven to the Trocadéro. The cabman observed, "Twenty francs, milord." "Aoh, yes!" the apparent Englishman ejaculated, but on arriving he dropped sham insularity, and, informing Jehu with the most perfect Parisian accent that he had mistaken his man, handed him the exact legal fare, and left him to his reflections.

THE revenue of the Dominion of Canada for 1878-9 is estimated at \$23,800,000, and the expenditure at \$300,000 less, exclusive of \$7,500,000 needed to meet the Dominion debentures falling due to England, and \$8,300,000 which is to be spent on the Pacific Railway and the enlargement of the Welland and Lachine canals. The debt of Canada is now \$160,000,000, or \$40 per head of the population.

IT is a curious fact that so many dwellings once the homes of poets should have been public houses at one time or another. Burns' native cottage was a house of this description; the house in which Moore was born was a whiskey-shop, and Shelley's house at Great Marlow a beer-shop. Even Coleridge's residence at Nether Stowey, the very house in which the poet composed his sweet "Ode to the Nightingale," became a beer-house. A house in which James Montgomery lived for forty years at Sheffield was a beer-shop; and the birth-place of Kirke White is now a house for retailing intoxicating beverages.

HEARTH AND HOME.

PRESENT DUTY.—Pleasant is it to entertain the picture of ourselves in some future scene, planning wisely, feeling nobly, and executing with the holy triumph of the will; but it is a different thing—not in the green avenues of the future, but in the hot dust of the present moment; not in the dramatic positions of the fancy, but in the plain prosaic now—to do the duty that waits and wants us. Without great effort was nothing worthy ever achieved; and he who is never conscious of any strong lift within the mind may know that he is a cumberer of the ground.

A PERFECT FRIEND.—What we want, or ought to want in a perfect friend is, above all, an ally for our best self—an ally against our own faults and weaknesses as well as against the world. If to this alliance can be added a sympathy so minute and flexible as to reflect our lightest emotion and to quiver with every passing ripple of apprehension, of fun or of regret, which crosses our minds, we are indeed singularly blessed. But life is not so rich that we can afford to reject or despise lower degrees of helpfulness. As we grow older we learn to welcome and to enjoy many a clumsy expression of goodwill at which inexperienced youth would chafe or wince, and amongst other things we discover the value of yesterday's sympathy.

THE PECUNIARY VALUE OF TASTE.—People in general have a very inadequate appreciation of the pecuniary value of taste. Taste measurably supplies a deficiency of means in almost everything. How often do we see a cheap but tastefully planned and arranged cottage excelling in attractiveness the spacious and costly but ill-contrived dwelling! The difference between taste and the want of it is strikingly manifest in the laying out of grounds and planting of trees and shrubs. It is also manifest in other ways. One person always appears well-dressed; another never; yet the one who is ill dressed may pay his tailor twice as much in a year as the other. So it is with the dress of women. One who does not understand the adaptation of style and colors may be loaded with costly garments and finery, and yet never appear well-dressed. To some persons taste in everything seems natural; but in all it admits of cultivation. And the cultivation of one's taste not only saves money, but is a source of much satisfaction and happiness.

PUNCTUALITY.—Punctuality is the soul of business, and yet it is astonishing how many people are unpunctual. It is not only a serious vice in itself, but the fruitful parent of numerous other vices, so that he who becomes its victim is soon involved in toils from which it is almost impossible to escape. It makes the merchant wasteful of time, saps the business reputation of the lawyer, and injures the prospects of the mechanic who might otherwise rise to fortune; in a word, there is not a profession nor station in life which is not liable to the canker of this destructive habit.

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bride-bit is a little thing, but we know its use and power: nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of a large building together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown, are all little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt; if it is a promise, redeem it; if it is a sovereign hand it over. You know not what important events may hang upon it. Keep your word sacred; keep it to the children—they will mark it sooner than anyone else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind little things.

TRUE CHEERFULNESS.—Along with humility we should cultivate cheerfulness. Humility has no connexion with pensive melancholy or timorous dejection. While the truly humble guard against the distraction of violent passions, they cherish a cheerful disposition of mind. There cannot, indeed, be genuine cheerfulness without the approbation of our heart. While, however, we pay a sacred regard to conscience, it must be enlightened and directed by reason and revelation. And happy are the individuals who can say, "Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that, in simplicity and godly sincerity, we have had our conversation in the world." An approving mind will contribute greatly to cheerfulness, and that equanimity which results from it, from trust in Providence, and from hope of a blessed immortality, is equally remote from sour dissatisfaction, desponding melancholy, and frivolous hilarity. It smooths our path and sweetens our cup, rendering duty easy, and affection light.

BURLESQUE.

FOOLING WITH A QUAKER.—He was a peaceable looking man, with a quiet-looking horse attached to an unattractive sleigh, with unostentatious bells. He wore a wide-rimmed hat and a shad-bellied coat, and he drove easily down the South-East hill, journeying from Bucks county to the land of Northampton. He was observed by a fellow of the species rough, whom much loafing made impudent, and who lifted up his yawn:

"S-a-a-y! hat, where are you going with that man!"

"Verily, I journeyed beyond the river, friend," mildly responded the Quaker, "and thither goeth my hat also."

"Hold up, and take a fellow along, can't you?" called out the man of wrath.

"Nay, friend, my business and inclination forbid it."

"I'll soon fix that," and the fool ran forward and jumped on the runner.

"Verily, friend, if thee insists upon getting into my vehicle I will help thee," and the man of peace reached out a right hand as resistless as an oyster-dredge. It caught the youth around his throat worse than a four-year old diphtheria, jerked him into the sleigh, and slammed him down among the straw, where he had got trampled on by a pair of No. 13 cowhides, until he thought he had got caught in a shower of pile-drivers. Finally he got a kick that lifted him clear over the side of the sleigh and ran his head into the bank by the roadside, where he dwindled down in a heap like a gum shoe discouraged by a street car, and murmured, as he rubbed his ensanguined nose in the snow:

"Who'n blazes'd a ever thought the cast-iron man'd gone around with steam up, disguised as a blamed old Quaker!"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT is said to be worth \$75,000.

It is said that should Aimee again visit America she will appear in English opera bouff.

JENNY LIND made \$1,000,000 in America, and Mr. Goldschmidt invested it so successfully that it has doubled itself.

HENRY J. BYRON has received a royalty of \$20,000 from the London Theatre, where his comedy, "Our Boys," has been running four years.

It is said that English audiences prefer dialogue and are quicker to discover its nice points than Americans who rather enjoy the excitement of action.

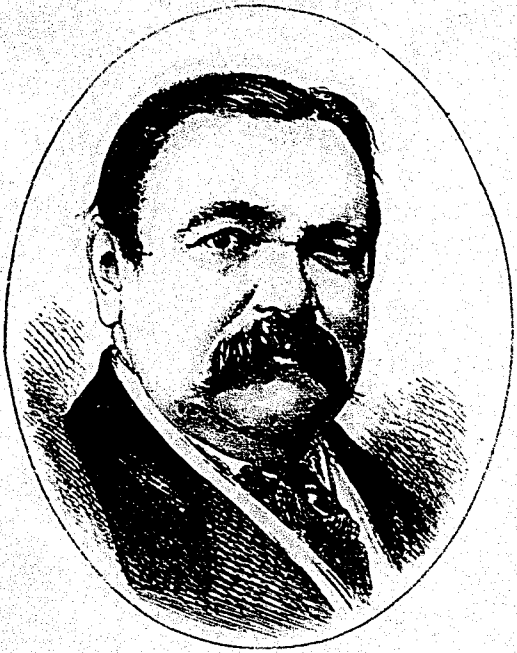
JOHN E. OWENS talks of starting on a professional tour of the world next spring, to last two years, which will conclude his public life. Mr. Owens will not have any farewells.

A Big Yankee from Maine on paying his bill in a London restaurant, was told that the sum put down didn't include the waiter. "Wal," he roared, "I didn't eat any waiter, did I?" He looked as though he could laugh, and there was no further discussion.

BISMARCK writes in a grand, square and upright style, cutting his letters across the corners, dotting his i's and omitting all flourishes. We regret that it would be a breach of confidence for us to print his last note, received this morning, announcing the results at which the European congress will arrive.

MISS THURSBY has had a very real success in London. The press speaks very warmly of her, and engagements are flowing in upon her rapidly. Immediately after the first Philharmonic concert, at which she sang, she was re-engaged for a second during the season, an unusual honour, as the same singer is very rarely engaged by the society for two concerts in the same season.

AN enthusiastic autograph hunter addressed a note to Verdi, asking the composer of "Il Trovatore" to favour him with a few lines for his autograph album, enclosing a twenty centesimi (four cent) postage stamp. He received the following reply from Verdi's secretary: "The Commandatore Verdi directs me to return your postage stamp."



GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.



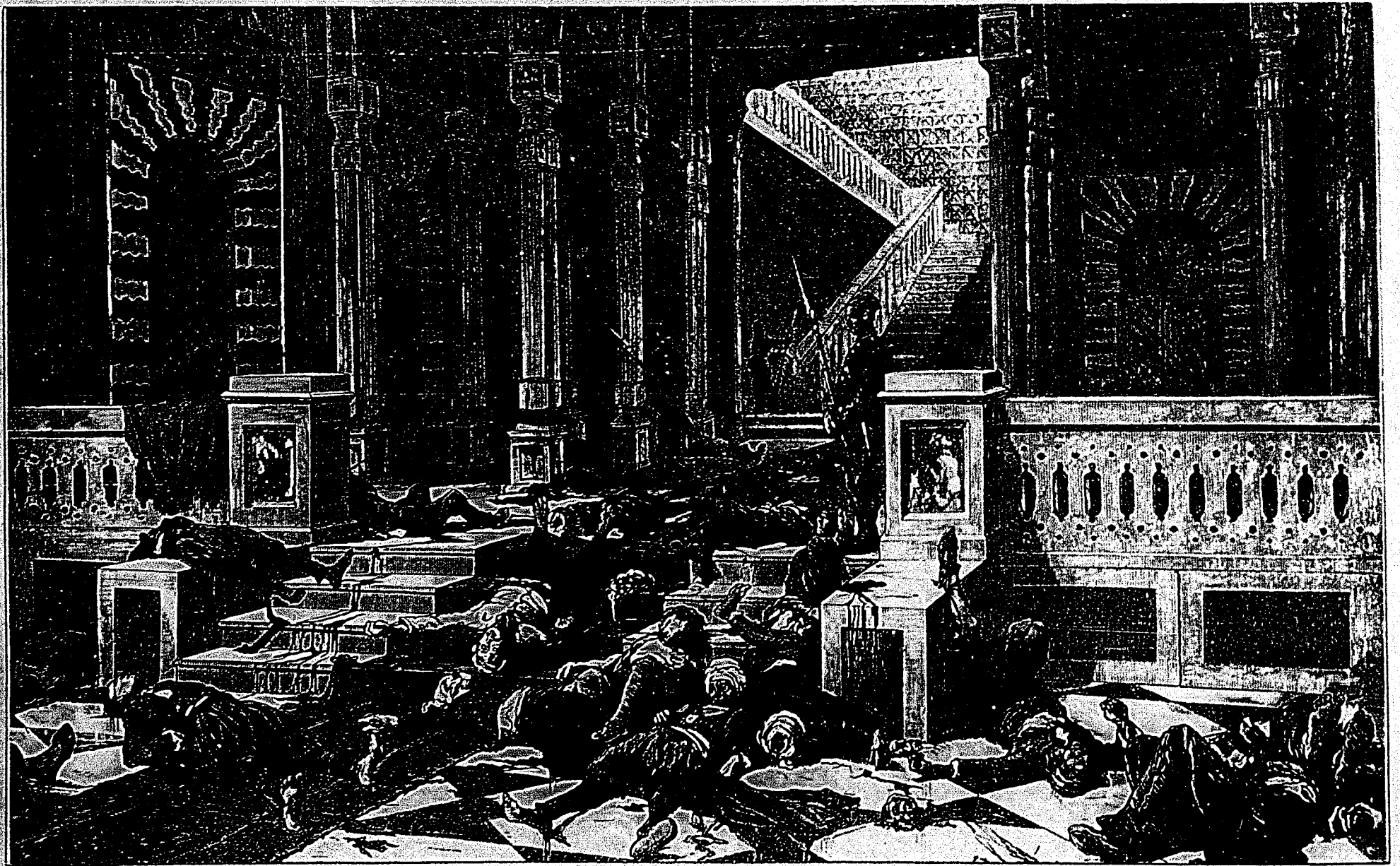
J. A. FROUDE.



SIGNOR NICOLINI.



SIGNOR CAMPANINI.



CONSTANTINOPLE.—BODIES OF ALI SUAVI AND ACCOMPLICES IN THE VESTIBULE OF TCHERAGAN PALACE, AFTER THE REVOLT OF 20TH MAY.

FOOT NOTES.

THE fashionable novel at the moment in Paris is Mme Angèle Dussand's *Jacques de Trevounes*.

A LITTLE hut represents Greenland at the Paris Exhibition thickly strewn and hung with furs, upon which are arranged panoplies of walrus' teeth and other Esquimaux attributes.

IT is stated here that Marshal Canrobert, shortly after seeing the death of his old comrade, Marshal Baraguey-d'Hilliers, in the papers, received his card by post—a card on which the expiring veteran had traced the brief farewell "P.P.C."

MR. Laroche Joubert has sworn to double the population of France, which he considers to be decreasing to an alarming extent. His *projet de loi* suggests the advisability of decreasing from the list of electors all Frenchmen between the ages of twenty-six and forty, until such times as they shall have taken unto themselves a wife.

A PARTY of English engineers and mining managers are paying a visit to the coalfields of the North of France, their object being to examine the geological strata, ascertain whether the coal-bed is not the continuation of that in Somersetshire, and study the mode of shaft-sinking, extraction, and pumping.

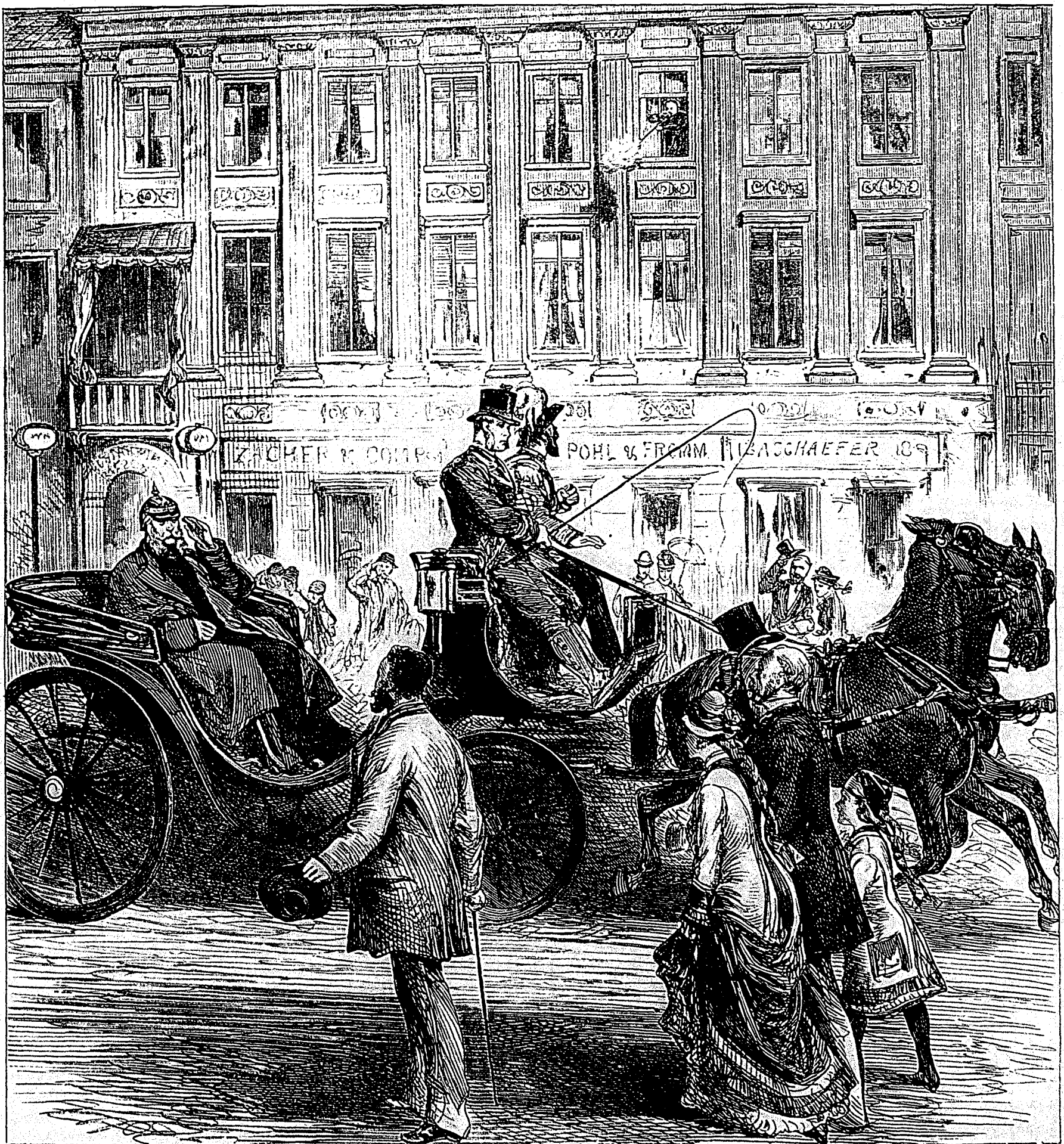
ROZE THE PRIMA DONNA. — Madame Marie Rôze, the *prima donna*, who last winter won all hearts by her sweet expressive voice, her spirited acting and frank, ingenuous manner, is not going to Europe after all, and instead she has



DR. NOBELING, THE ASSASSIN WHO ATTEMPTED THE LIFE OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

been induced to make a tour of the chief summer resorts giving at each a series of operatic concerts. Saratoga, Newport, Long Branch, Cape May, and Richfield Springs have already been named as places which will be thus favored. The dates of appearance have not yet been announced. Meantime Madame Rôze has volunteered to give a concert at Rochester for the benefit of Tom Karl, the tenor.

ITALIAN OPERA PROSPECTS.—The new directorate of the Academy of Music, of which Mr. August Belmont is president, have concluded an arrangement with Mr. Mapleson, Sr., of Her Majesty's Opera House, London, whereby the latter obtains a three years' lease of the Academy at a merely nominal rent, sufficient about to pay the ordinary expenses of lighting, heating and cleaning. Mr. Mapleson also receives the "lobby privileges," which include the sale of *librettos*, flowers and refreshments, hire of opera-glasses, and control of the hat and dressing-rooms—privileges never before extended to any operatic manager. Mr. Mapleson, on his part, has agreed to give two seasons of opera during each year of his engagement—one from the middle of October to the middle of December, the other from the middle of February to the middle of April, and to provide (using his own word in the cable despatch,) "a brilliant and complete operatic troupe." He has also conceded to the stockholders their customary right to seats during the season. The lovers of opera, therefore, thanks to the liberal action of the Academy directors, may look forward to a brilliant operatic season in the coming fall.



THE SECOND ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE GERMAN KAISER BY NOBELING.

CANADA.

Fair Canada! dear Canada!
The country of the free!
Not any kingdom on the earth
Would we exchange for thee.

Thy lordly woods, like giants old,
Thy rivers wide and free,
Flowing through country unsurpassed
Down to the boundless sea.

Thy lakes, upon whose bosom fair
Once toyed the bark canoe,
Now bear a navy of their own
Upon the waters blue.

Thy prairies broad, whose wondrous space
Might kingdoms well contain!
Extend a welcome to thy sons,
Who would a fortune gain!

Who can tell all the countless wealth
Reserved for honest toil?
We'll trust in thee, and take the gifts,
Richer than conqueror's spoil!

In summer-tide, not Italy
Can boast of skies more blue,
O'erarching fields of golden corn,
And flowers of every hue!

At harvest, in the teeming fields,
Is heard the reapers' lay;
In winter, with the dance and song,
The time is whiled away.

And glances soft, from gentle eyes,
Go through the heart in thrills,
As guided by the "steerer" bold,
We fly down frozen hills.

Then let our song be evermore
Turned to the sweetest strain,
And evermore be "Canada"
Heard in our proud refrain.

May love of thee, and loyalty,
In union close be seen;
God bless our noble Canada!
God save our gracious Queen!

E. L. M.

Montreal, 1878.

SIDNEY DANE.

Time—5 o'clock on a sultry September afternoon; the air is close and oppressive, the sky covered with clouds that threaten storm. Scene—the pleasant shady flower-scented drawing-room of a pretty old-fashioned house in a suburban road just outside the town of Leamington. The room has two occupants, one of whom—the middle-aged lady, presiding at a dainty little "6 o'clock tea" table—is the present writer, Miss Catherine Dane. The tall, dark-eyed girl in white, who stands at the open lawn window, is my niece Sidney, the motherless child of my brother Colonel Dane, now in India, but shortly expected home on sick leave.

"Don't you want any tea, Sidney?" Sidney is in a brown study, and I have to ask the question twice before she comes to the surface with a start.

"Tea! oh, is it ready?" she answered absently, and moving from the window, subsides into a chair near the table. "I was looking for the postman. He is late this afternoon."

"Do you expect a letter from India by the mail that is just in?"

"Yes; I daresay papa will write."
"We shall have him with us before Christmas I suppose?"

"I suppose so," she assented. Her tone was certainly not one of joyful anticipation, and the words were followed by a suppressed sigh. It pained but did not surprise me to hear it, for I had discovered long ago that Sidney dreaded her father's return, though for what reason I could not even conjecture. The girl was almost as much a stranger to me now as she had been six months before, when first I received her beneath my roof. My brother had written to me requesting me to take charge of her till he returned to England, as her health required immediate change of climate. I readily consented, but soon found it was no light responsibility I had accepted; I had neither power nor influence over the haughty headstrong girl, who knew no law but her own will, who accepted homage as a right, and repelled sympathy as an impertinence. In spite of her faults, however, I had learned to love my niece, and her waywardness and caprice only served to add compassion to my affection; for some instinct told me that they were but the outward signs of a deeper ill, a heart oppressed by some hidden trouble, and a nature at war with itself.

What could the trouble be? Anxiously I asked myself the question as, after that sigh, I watched her clouded face. But the beautiful face kept the secret and told me nothing.

A sound of carriage wheels approaching swiftly along the road caused Sidney to desist from her idle occupation of breaking a biscuit into fragments, and look towards the window. The next moment there swept into sight a pony carriage and pair containing three ladies, two young, and one (who was driving) very youthfully dressed—a gentleman, a handsome soldierly-looking man of 30, with bold, dark eyes, and a sweeping, tawny moustache. The ladies, catching sight of Sidney, kissed their hands to her effusively, and the gentleman raised his hat, as the carriage dashed by and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"Were those the Lightwoods?" I inquired, as she turned from the window, her cheeks flushed, her eyes unusually bright.

"Yes, they have been to the flower-show. Mrs. Lightwood has a rival exhibition in her bonnet. Did you notice it?"

"Her brother, Captain Forrester, is staying with them I see."

Sidney only nodded in reply as she handed me her cup to be replenished.

"How long are they likely to remain at Leamington?" I asked.

"I don't know I'm sure. Mrs. Lightwood took a house for three months, I believe; they have been here more than two already."

"Did you know them very intimately in India?"

"Well, yes, I used to visit them very often when they were living at Madras. The widow, Mrs. Lightwood, has always professed a great affection for me, though I fancy she— But that reminds me, Aunt Catherine," she broke off, leaving the sentence unfinished, "they are going to have a little dance to-night, and they have invited me."

"Again!" I exclaimed. "Do you know that you have been there no fewer than six times during the last fortnight?"

"What an accurate reckoning you have kept!" she returned laughingly. "Well, to-night will be the seventh time, for I am going—with your permission of course."

The last clause was so evidently pro forma that it would have been almost more gracious to have omitted it altogether.

"I wish Mrs. Lightwood would not keep up her 'little dances' to such a late, or rather early hour," I replied; "and I am sure Sidney, that so much waltzing is not good for you, with your weak heart."

"Particularly when my partner is Captain Forrester," she added, looking at me with a half smile. "You had better be candid, Aunt Catherine; you know it is not the dance, but the partner you object to."

"I object to both; the partner chiefly, perhaps."

"I wonder why?" drawled Sidney, lazily examining her fan.

I was provoked into answering plainly: "Because he is a bold, unprincipled, dangerous man. That is why, Sidney."

Tea finished, and she seemed about to make an angry answer; but thinking better of it, answered coldly, after a pause; "I daresay he is very much like other men; neither better nor worse."

"I should be very sorry to think my circle of acquaintance included many men of his stamp," I observed.

"Oh! I am sure it does not," she returned, with a little laugh; "you may be quite easy on that score, Aunt Catherine."

"And I should be still more sorry," I went on, ignoring her remark, "if I thought he could ever be more to you than a mere acquaintance. Heaven help you, Sidney, if you bestowed your heart on such a man!"

She shut her fan, and looked up with a sudden change of expression.

"Bestow my heart!" she echoed in a tone half angry, half scornful. "You talk as if hearts were 'bestowed' like prizes, as a reward for merit; as if love were a thing to be given or withheld, subject to the approval of parents or guardians. It does not occur to you that a woman's heart may be won in spite of her? that she may love against her will, against her judgment, against her duty?"

She stopped abruptly, and the colour rushed over her face.

"What rubbish we are talking!" she concluded with a shrug, as she rose and returned to her old post at the window. A few minutes afterward the front gate closed behind the postman, who advanced up the winding drive toward the house. Somewhat to my surprise—for she had her full share of the Anglo-Indian laziness—Sidney gave herself the trouble to go and meet him, took a letter from his hand, and returned slowly across the lawn, a tall, elegant figure, in trailing summer draperies, with a yellow rose in her dark hair.

"A letter for you, Aunt Cathie," she said, "with the Southampton post-mark. It—why—good heavens!"

The words died on her lips; she stood looking blankly at the letter in her hand.

"What is it?" I asked. "What is the matter?"

"It is papa's handwriting!" she answered, in a whisper of amazement.

"And the Southampton post-mark," I exclaimed, and hastily tore it open—Sidney looking over my shoulder as I read.

RADLEY'S HOTEL,
SOUTHAMPTON, September 6.

MY DEAR CATHERINE,—You will see from the heading of this, that I am already in England. I landed from the *Cheetah* last night, and I should have been with you to-day (Tuesday) but my old wound in the shoulder has broken out afresh, and will keep me prisoner here, the doctor says, for the next forty-eight hours at least, if not for several days. I have just learned that the Lightwoods are living in Leamington, and that Mrs. L.'s brother, that scamp, Fred Forrester, is with them. Sidney has never mentioned their names in her letters to me; but I have no doubt that in spite of my express prohibition, she has renewed the acquaintance which was broken off before she left India. I have now a stronger reason to object to the intimacy; and I trust to you, Catherine, to see that she does not set foot in their house, or hold any sort of communication with them, till I come. I reserve explanations until I see you. In the meantime, believe me,

Your affectionate brother,

FRANCIS DANE.

I folded the letter in silence, and looked at Sidney, who stood motionless, gazing straight before her.

"So for the last three months you have been deceiving both your father and me?" I said in a tone I had never used to her before. "You have concealed from him that these people were here, and from me that he had forbidden the acquaintance. I am disappointed in you, Sidney."

"Most people are when they know me well," she replied, with a faltering attempt to laugh; and leaning her elbow on the chimney-piece she let her forehead fall on her hand. Her back was toward me, but I could see her face in the glass, and there was a look of anxious trouble upon it that smote me with sudden pity.

"My child," I said, impulsively, putting my arm round her waist, "why will you not confide in me? You have some secret trouble; let me share it; you would surely find it a relief. Will you not trust me, Sidney?"

She glanced into my face, then looked down. Her lips trembled.

"I do trust you, Aunt Catherine," she answered, after a pause. "But—but I cannot tell you; it is impossible; you would not understand."

Before I could speak she disengaged herself from my arm, and continued in her usual tone: "I suppose I may write a note of excuse to Mrs. Lightwood? That does not come under the head of forbidden communication?"

"If you will allow me to read it before it goes."

"Oh, certainly." She seated herself at her desk, and took up the pen, but instead of beginning to write, she sat for full five minutes with her chin propped on her upturned palm, looking out before her with a face of intent and anxious thought.

"It is getting late, my dear," I reminded her at length; "you had better write at once. She started and pushed back her hair.

"Yes, I will do it at once," she said, and dipping the pen in the ink, hastily wrote a few lines, which she handed to me for inspection. I glanced over them and saw that she excused herself on the plea of a headache.

"Have you an envelope?" she asked, as I gave her back the note, "I can't find one." I left the room to fetch back my letter-case, which was in the dining-room. When I returned Sidney said hurriedly: "Oh, I am sorry to have troubled you, Aunt Catherine; I found one after all. There is the note," and she handed it to me sealed and addressed.

"For once the stereotyped excuse is not a fib, for my head does really ache distractingly," she added, passing her hands over her forehead. "I think there is thunder in the air. I will go and lie down for a time; I shall not care for my dinner, so please don't let me be disturbed. If I am better toward 7 o'clock I shall go and spend an hour at the 'Cottage.'"

"The Cottage," which was the residence of my cousin, Lady Hillyard, was the next house to mine, and the two gardens communicated by means of a door in an ivy-covered wall.

"Do so, my dear. Lady Hillyard is always glad to see you," I answered.

She paused a moment at the door, turning the knob in her hand; then coming suddenly back to my side she put her hands on my shoulders and looked into my face with an unwonted softness in her handsome dark eyes.

"Dearest, kindest, best of aunts, forgive your graceless niece," she said, with a tremulous smile; "forgive me, not only for deceiving you, but for caprice and ingratitude. Tell me that you love me a little in spite of it."

"My poor child, can you doubt it?" I exclaimed, much touched, stroking the braids of her glossy dark hair.

She lifted her face and kissed me once—twice, and I felt a tear on my cheek; the next moment she was gone, and I was left to my own meditations.

That they were not altogether pleasant ones may be imagined. The more I reflected on what had passed, and the oftener I read my brother's letter, the more anxious I grew.

He could have but one reason for objecting to her intercourse with the Lightwoods, and when I remembered that she had been in constant communication with them for the past three months, with almost daily opportunities of meeting "that scamp, Fred Forrester," I felt anything but comfortable.

I longed for my brother's arrival, and yet half dreaded it; fearing some outbreak of his fiery temper.

It was not wonderful that I had but little appetite for dinner that day.

My solitary meal was soon over, and I returned to the drawing-room and tried to occupy myself as usual, but found that I was too restless to settle anything.

The heat, instead of diminishing, seemed to increase as the evening advanced. There was a curious hush and stillness, like the stillness of dread, in the sultry air, broken only by the distant muttering of thunder, and the frightened twitter of a bird, hiding beneath the leaves from the coming storm.

Night "came down with a rush" (as in the tropics) an hour before its time, at 7 o'clock it was dark; so dark that, looking out through the open window as I sat alone in the drawing-room, I could not even trace the outline of the shrubby trees; all was a vague black void.

"Do, for goodness' sake, ma'am, shut the window," cried the old servant, Carter, when she came in with a cup of coffee; "the storm'll

be upon us in another minute, and it'll be no mistaken, it'll be the worst we've had this many a year."

The words were hardly out of her mouth, when the utter darkness was suddenly rent by an awful, blinding flash of lightning, which literally seemed to set the sky on fire, and, barely a moment after, the thunder crashed close above the roof, so close that I voluntarily crouched and put my hands to my head.

Carter screamed and clung to me. "Lor'a mercy! it's like the day o' judgment!" she panted.

"Shut all doors and windows," I said hastily. "I will go up stairs to Miss Dane."

"Better leave Miss Sidney to herself, ma'am, if you'll excuse me," Carter replied in her blunt way. "I went upstairs a minute ago to see if she was frightened, and would like me to sit with her, and she answered very short that she had seen much worse storms than this would be, and didn't want my company."

"Was she lying down?"

"I don't know, ma'am; spoke to her through the door."

The storm proved indeed the worst we had known for years. The sky was lit up almost incessantly by the red glare of the lightning, though none of the succeeding flashes were so awfully vivid as the first; the thunder pealed as if heaven's artillery had opened fire on the earth, and the rain came down like a cataract "sheer, and strong and loud." In little more than half an hour, it had spent its force. The thunder died away in the distance, and the rain abated. I threw the window open again, and admitted a stream of cool, delicious air; then, turning up the lamp, which I had lowered during the storm, I took up my work, and sat down on the sofa.

I had set the door open, so that I could see across the hall, half way up the stairs, and I kept glancing up from my work in the expectation of seeing Sidney descend, for it was now nearly 8 o'clock.

Within and without, the house was profoundly still, and the measured "tick-tack" of the old-fashioned clock on the stairs sounded unnaturally loud in the silence.

I felt lonely and unaccountably depressed, and began to wish impatiently that Sidney would come down and keep me company.

"It is too late now for her to go to Lady Hillyard's," I reflected, as the clock struck 8.

Even as the thought crossed my mind, looking toward the stairs, I saw her descending. She had changed her dress for a darker one, and wore a long black cashmere mantle, the hood of which was drawn over her head. Her face, in its dark frame, looked strangely white. She came noiselessly down stairs and across the hall; opposite the drawing-room door she paused and looked in at me, but did not speak.

"Surely you are not going to the Cottage to-night, Sidney?" I exclaimed. She made no reply, but passed out of sight.

Something in her looks and manner made me uneasy. Suddenly a thought struck me that caused me to start to my feet. "Suppose she was not going to Lady Hillyard's after all? Suppose—" I stayed for no more suppositions, but threw down my work and followed her. She had already quitted the house, leaving the front door partly open.

Going out into the verandah, I saw her walking rapidly down the side-path toward the door in the garden-wall. I called to her, but she kept on without heeding me. However, I felt reassured now that I knew she was really gone to the Cottage, and only wondered anxiously whether she had been so imprudent as to rush out of doors in her thin house shoes.

The rain had now entirely ceased, and the night was as calm as if no storm had ever troubled it, though the heavy rain-clouds had not yet dispersed, and the moon was climbing her way wearily through their dark masses. The breeze blew fresh and cool, bringing with it the rich moist scent of damp earth and grass. It was all so pleasant that I was tempted to linger a little out of doors. I threw a shawl over my head, and began to pace up and down the verandah.

About half an hour passed thus, and I was just about to turn indoors when I heard wheels approaching along the road. They stopped at my gate, and presently a hired fly appeared in the drive and drew up at the door; a tall figure, muffled in travelling wraps, alighted, and the next moment I was in my brother's arms, pouring out ejaculations of surprise and broken words of welcome. After a hasty embrace he released me, paid and dismissed the cabman, then followed me into the drawing-room.

"Where is Sidney?" was his first question, as he glanced round the room.

"She is spending the evening with Lady Hillyard; we did not expect you till to-morrow, we will send and fetch her."

"Wait a moment," he interposed, laying his hand on mine as I was about to ring the bell. "I want to have a little talk with you first. Sit down, Catherine."

He tossed his wraps on to the sofa and sank into a chair, running his fingers through his hair. "Handsome Dane," as he had been called, was handsome still, I thought, as I looked at him; but his face was worn and pale, and there was a look of haggard anxiety in his dark eyes.

"Francis, why did you come to-night? you were not fit to travel!" I said, involuntarily. He gave a short sigh.

"That is true enough, but I was in such a fever of anxiety that I could not wait until to-

morrow. After what I had heard I felt that Sidney would not be safe till I was at her side. About those Lightwoods," he went on abruptly; "how long have they been in Leamington?"

"They took a house here about three months ago," I replied.

"Three months! And he—that"—he seemed to have a difficulty in pronouncing the name—"that Forrester is with them? And Sidney has been visiting them? Good heavens!" He started up and began to pace about the room.

"How much do you know? what has she told you?" he asked suddenly.

"She has told me nothing. I only know from your letter that you object to the acquaintance—I conclude because you disapprove of Captain Forrester's attentions."

"Judge whether I have reason to disapprove of them," he returned, coming to stop opposite me. "The scoundrel is a married man."

For a moment I was too startled to speak. "Does Sidney know?" I asked. He shook his head.

"He has kept it so secret that his own sister does not know, I believe. I only learned it myself by chance a month ago. He has been married six years."

"When did Sidney first meet him?"

"About a year back, at his sister's house in Madras. He was in a regiment of native foot, and was over head and ears in debt, thanks to high play and fast living. Every one knew that he was on the lookout for 'a pretty fool with money,' to retrieve his fortunes, and the fool he selected was my daughter. He must have bewitched the girl, I think, for she has sense enough in other matters. Before I even suspected what was going on, he had induced her to engage herself to him, and had almost succeeded in persuading her into a clandestine marriage, knowing well that I should never give my consent."

"But he was married already!"

"Just so; but as I have told you, very few persons knew of that former marriage, and I presume he intended to purchase the silence of those who did with Sidney's money. He was aware that her mother's fortune was under her own control. Well, on discovering what was going on I was indignant, as you may think, and I resolved to send Sidney at once to you. I breathed more freely when I knew that the width of the Atlantic lay between her and Forrester. My security was of short duration, however, for a couple of months afterwards I learned that he had sold out and gone with his sister to England. At first I thought of writing to warn you against him, but on reflection I resolved to come instead. I got my leave at once, and sailed by the next ship—the *Cheetah*. On board, acting as valet to General Fenwick, was Forrester's old servant, a Frenchman named Delplanque, who had been his 'âme damnée' for years, and was in all his secrets. Forrester had borrowed money from him it seemed, not a large sum, but all the poor fellow's savings, and had given him the slip and gone off with it to England."

"Out of revenge Delplanque came to me and told me something that startled me—namely, that his late master was a married man. He had deserted his wife—a Frenchwoman—long before, and she was living with her own people. Delplanque had witnessed the marriage, but had agreed to hold his tongue 'for a consideration.' He added that M. le Capitaine boasted he should outwit me, and introduce my daughter to Mrs. Forrester. Imagine if you can what I felt on hearing that, and how my anxiety was increased when I accidentally learned at Southampton that the Lightwoods were living at Leamington. Well, thank heaven, I have arrived in time. And now, Kate, send for Sidney—or stay," he added, rising, "let us go and fetch her."

I threw on my shawl again, and we went out into the quiet night.

"Oh, the sweet English girl!" exclaimed my brother, lifting his forehead to the breeze. "How it takes me back into the long past, when we were all together in the dear old home. I had looked forward to having one like it some day, Kate."

"And so you will have, I hope, Frank."

"Who knows? I have learned the folly of making plans for the future."

We passed through the gate in the wall, and crossed the lawn and garden of the cottage, where the flowers were pouring out their fragrance into the night.

The servant who answered our summons at the bell, and who was too well trained to betray any surprise at our untimely visit, ushered us at once into the room where Lady Hillyard was sitting, her favourite little sanctum on the ground floor, looking out on the garden.

A shaded lamp stood on the table, which cast a soft but brilliant light on the books and papers, leaving in half obscurity the silvered hair and high-bred features of the mistress of the house, who was writing. One glance round the room showed me that she was alone.

She looked up as we entered, rose, and after peering doubtfully for a moment at my companion, came forward to him with both hands outstretched.

"Francis, my dear cousin, welcome home!"

He took her hands, but his reply was uttered mechanically, and as his wandered round the room I saw in them the same misgiving that had just struck chill to my own heart.

"Where is Sidney?" he asked, hoarsely. She withdrew her hands, and looked in surprise from his face to mine.

"I do not know," she answered; "she is not here; I have not seen her to-day."

"Lucy, Lucy," I cried, hardly knowing in my agitation what I said; "she must be here—she came here; I saw her go—"

"My dear," she answered gently, "Sidney is not here, she has not been here to-night. Compose yourself, and tell me what has happened."

"She said she should spend the evening with you. I saw her pass through the garden-door at about 8 o'clock, and she has not returned."

"Is the gate of your drive locked?" demanded Francis, turning to my cousin.

"No, not yet."

"That explains it: she came into your garden by one entrance, and left it by the other," he said, in a tone so unnaturally calm that I looked at him in wonder.

His face was white to the lips, and there was an expression upon the features that made them seem unfamiliar to me.

"Lucy," he continued, "you have a carriage, I think? Will you have it brought round at once, without a moment's delay?"

She glanced at me uneasily, but immediately assented, and left the room to give the order.

He stood with folded arms, looking down. I touched his shoulder.

"Frank, if we find them, you—you will not be harsh with Sidney?—promise me," I pleaded. "Poor child! her fault brings its own punishment."

"He looked at me gravely."

"I will not be harsh with Sidney, I promise you," he replied, "but I have a reckoning to settle elsewhere." He walked away from me to the hearth, and said not another word.

In ten minutes the carriage was ready. I sent a message to Carter that we would probably return late, and that she was to sit up for us herself; then my brother gave the coachman Mrs. Lightwood's address and we were soon whirling rapidly toward the town.

A quarter of an hour afterward we drew up at the Lightwood's door.

The "little dance" had already commenced; the rooms were brilliantly lighted and when we were admitted, the widow, in an elaborate demitoeilet of "feuille-morte" silk and amber lace, was fast sweeping across the hall, followed by her eldest daughter, Carrie. She was a tall, showy-looking woman of forty or thereabouts, with fine teeth, a made-up complexion, and a false smile.

Expecting to see another of her guests, she was coming forward to greet us with some stereotyped phrase of welcome, when, seeing who it was, she stopped short, her bland expression changing with ludicrous abruptness to one of very genuine consternation. Recovering herself, however, she extended her hand to my brother, saying sweetly as she ushered us into a sitting-room: "Colonel Dane in England! what a delightful surprise, and how good of you to drop in upon us directly you arrived. You have brought Sidney, I hope. Where is she?"

"Where is she?" he repeated sternly; "that is the question I am come to ask you." She drew back a step, her false smile fading, and, like myself, my brother evidently read in her conscious face the confirmation of his worst fears.

"It is as I thought," he muttered; "they are gone," and his head dropped upon his breast.

"They? Who do you mean?" she questioned, hardly.

"Oh, Mrs. Lightwood," I exclaimed, "you know very well that Francis means my niece, Sidney, and your brother."

"What—they have eloped? is it possible?" she said, coolly; "but pray, Miss Dane, why should you take it for granted that I know it? I assure you it is news to me. I am not in my brother's secrets."

"Not in all of them, I believe," interposed Francis; "you did not know, for instance, that he had been a married man for the last six years."

The change in her face was something to remember.

"Married!" she gasped. "Fred. married! Nonsense, I don't believe it."

He took from his pocket-book, and handed to her, a folded paper, the copy of the marriage certificate. She glanced over it, then sank into a chair, her cheeks blanched to the colour of the paper.

"Colonel Dane," she faltered, in a changed voice, "I solemnly swear that I was ignorant of this. Fred. took care not to let me know it. And to think that I have helped and encouraged him to—good heavens!"

The blood rushed over her face, dyeing it crimson to the temples, and she broke off abruptly, biting her lip.

"Undo, if you can, the mischief your help and encouragement has brought about, and tell me where I shall find my daughter," he retorted.

"I will tell you all I know. In the note I received from Sidney this afternoon there was an enclosure for Fred.—just a few hurried lines, telling him that you, Colonel Dane, were in England, and would be at Leamington to-morrow, and that she had made up her mind, at last, to consent to a runaway marriage. He was to take the next train to Birmingham, and wait for her at the station there; she would follow by the one that leaves here at 8.30, and they could go on to London by the express."

Francis glanced at his watch—a quarter to nine.

"Too late," he muttered, with a sound like a

groan; "they are on their way to London by this time, and once there—but I will follow them; if there is no train I will have a special."

And without bestowing another word or glance on Mrs. Lightwood he left the house. When we reached the station we found it silent and deserted. A porter who was lounging against the door of the booking office informed us, in answer to our inquiries respecting the Birmingham train, that the last "regular" had gone at 3.30, but that a "scursion" would pass through in half an hour and we could go on by that if we choose. It seemed to our impatience much more than half an hour before the lamps of the excursion train gleamed in the distance. Every compartment was crammed with noisy "Black country" folks and it was with some difficulty that we found seats in a second-class carriage—first-class there was none.

"It is odd, my companions whispered, bending toward me across the carriage; "when I took the tickets just now I made some inquiries of the clerk and he declared most positively that no young lady answering to Sidney's description booked to Birmingham by the last train. It is possible that Mrs. Lightwood has deceived us?"

I did not know what to think; it was all dark to me; dark as the wide vague scene through which we were musing.

As I sat looking out into the gloom, Sidney's face as I had seen it last, pale and grave and calm, rose before me with strange vividness, and would not be dismissed.

We did not exchange another word till, on emerging from a long tunnel, we found ourselves suddenly in the light and noise and bustle of the Birmingham station.

"Stay here while I make inquiries," Francis said, as the train slackened speed, and gilded down the platform. "If they have—What do you say?" He broke off, as I caught his arm with a sudden exclamation:

"Francis, look! There is Captain Forrester."

He stood alone, on the edge of the platform; his valise in his hand, his travelling rug over his arm, looking eagerly into every carriage as it passed. My brother did not wait for the train to stop before he leaped out, and as the others came hurrying up, still searching the carriages with a look of disappointment and perplexity, they met each other face to face. I saw Forrester start and recoil, but I saw no more then, for the train bore me on past them several yards.

When I alighted it was some moments before I could find them in the crowd. At length I saw them standing under a lamp, the light of which fell full upon their faces, my brother's white and stern, Forrester's excited and perplexed.

"But I assure you, Colonel Dane, that I have told you the truth," the latter was saying as I approached. "Your daughter is not with me, nor do I know where she is. She appointed to come by the 8.30 train; as she did not I concluded she had been prevented, and I waited, hoping she would arrive by this one."

"You had a note from her this evening; show it me," said Francis, abruptly, after a pause.

"It will confirm what I have told you," the other returned, as he produced and handed to him a half sheet of paper covered with hastily scrawled lines, which I read over my brother's shoulder:

Papa is in England, and will be at Leamington to-morrow. He is more than ever determined to part us. It seems I have made up my mind at last to consent to what you proposed—a clandestine marriage. Take the next train to Birmingham; I will follow by the one that leaves here at 8.30. We can go on to London, or where you will; I trust the rest to you. I gave you my heart long ago; now I place my honor in your hands. Yours ever,

"SIDNEY."

"God knows I would not have betrayed her," said Forrester, who had watched our faces as we read. "Before noon to-morrow, she would have been my wife, and—"

"Who would have been the witness to this marriage?" questioned my brother, looking him full in the face. "Delplanque's successor?"

He started, and reddened to the roots of his hair, more, as it seemed, with the sudden surprise than any other emotion.

"Delplanque is an infernal traitor," he muttered, looking down.

"Like master, like man," was the bitter retort.

"But if Sidney is not with you, where can she be?" I exclaimed anxiously: "she is not at home."

A vague dread of I knew not what was beginning to creep over me.

"Francis, let us go back at once; ask when the next train leaves," I urged.

"Allow me to ascertain for you," said Forrester. He hurried away, and returned in a few minutes with the information that the next train was the midnight express. After a slight hesitation, he turned to Francis and added: "I shall hold myself at your disposition, Colonel Dane, for the next week, should you require satisfaction. That is my London address."

He handed my brother a card, which the latter tore in two, and threw away without glancing at it.

"Gentlemen do not fight now, and if they did, no gentleman would fight you," he replied, with an emphasis which brought the blood to Forrester's cheeks. "If you had succeeded in your villainous scheme, I would have given you

a villain's chastisement; as it is, I only require you to keep out of my path for the future. Come, Kate," and drawing my hand through his arm, he move away.

The tender, luminous rose color of dawn was creeping over the eastern sky when we reached home once more.

In the pale, mysterious twilight, the house, with its closed shutters and drawn blinds, had a ghostly look—a look that made me shudder, reminding me of death. The door was opened by Carter.

"Where is Miss Sidney—has she returned?" was my hurried question.

"Miss Sidney, ma'am? I thought she was with you; no, she has not returned."

My brother and I looked at each other blankly.

"Perhaps she has left a letter," I suggested; "let us go up-stairs and look." I led the way to her bed-room. At the door I paused, and obeying an instinct I have never been able to account for, motioned to him to wait, and let me go in first. I entered, but had hardly crossed the threshold when I drew back with an inarticulate cry. The window was wide open, admitting the chill air and cold grave light of dawn; a small writing-table stood near it, on which still burnt a shaded lamp, and there, with her back to me, sat—Sidney. She was dressed as I saw her the night before; her hat and a small traveling-valise lay on a chair near her. Her letter-case was open before her, and she appeared to have fallen asleep in the act of writing, for her cheek rested on a half-finished letter and the pen was still in her fingers.

All this I saw at a glance as I stood on the threshold; a dreadful fear clutched at my heart, and seemed to turn me to stone.

"Sidney!"

There was no answer. I hurried to her side. The hand I touched was marble cold; on the fair face I turned to the light was the deep mysterious calm which is never seen on the features of the living. She was dead. Hours before, God's messenger had come for her, in fire from heaven, and without a moment's warning, she had been snatched out of life into eternity; snatched from the brink of ruin, from dishonor worse than death, from long heart-break and bitter shame and misery.

Even to us who loved her, it was not difficult to say "Heaven's will be done."

The unfinished letter was to her father, a few tear-stained lines, entreating his forgiveness for the step she was about to take. We ascertained to a moment the time of her death, for the works of her watch had been stopped by the fatal flash, and the hand pointed to 7.30. And now occurs the question which has haunted me ever since. If Sidney died at 7.30, who, or rather, what was the figure bearing her likeness which I beheld at 8 o'clock? I leave the reader to answer.

CUSTER'S FIELD GLASS.—About eighteen months ago, while Senator Christiancy, of Michigan, was in the South investigating the election frauds, he paid a visit to Gen. Wade Hampton, and the conversation drifted into war reminiscences. Among other military personages, General Hampton spoke of General Custer, and expressed his appreciation of the dead hero in the highest terms. Senator Christiancy replied that he was well acquainted with all of General Custer's family, having known him from childhood. Then General Hampton remarked that during the war, some of the soldiers of his command, at the battle of Brandywine, had captured a field glass belonging to General Custer and given it to him, and he (General Hampton) had used it during the last two years of the conflict. Senator Christiancy was asked if he thought Mrs. Custer would like to have the glass. The Senator said "Yes," and at once wrote to Mrs. Custer about the matter. She sent a letter to General Hampton, saying that she would doubly appreciate the relic because it had been the property of two brave men, and she added that her husband had been an admirer of General Hampton. The latter sent word that as soon as he could get the glass brought down from his mountain home he would forward it, and the historic glass is now on its way to Monroe, Mich., the home of Mrs. Custer, where she has a large collection of war souvenirs arranged in a cabinet.

HUMOROUS.

EVERY MAN may have his weak side, and that weak side may be his inability to stand around and see two dogs fight and not care which whips.

THE Rev. Jasper says that the moon is "a disquieted mass of opaque conflagrancy," and it seems as if he had really struck the right thing now.

THIS is just the kind of weather that puzzles a man as to the propriety of taking his umbrella. The propriety of taking somebody else's umbrella seems to be less puzzling.

A MAN was killed by a circular saw, and in his obituary notice it was stated that he was "a good citizen, an upright man and an ardent patriot, but of limited information with regard to circular saws."

A PEDESTRIAN wants to wager that he can walk five hundred miles under water in twenty-five days. The bet should be promptly taken; no opportunity to get a professional pedestrian five hundred miles under water should be allowed to pass.

"TRUE worth, like the rose, will blush at its own sweetness." Good. Could never understand before why our face was so red.

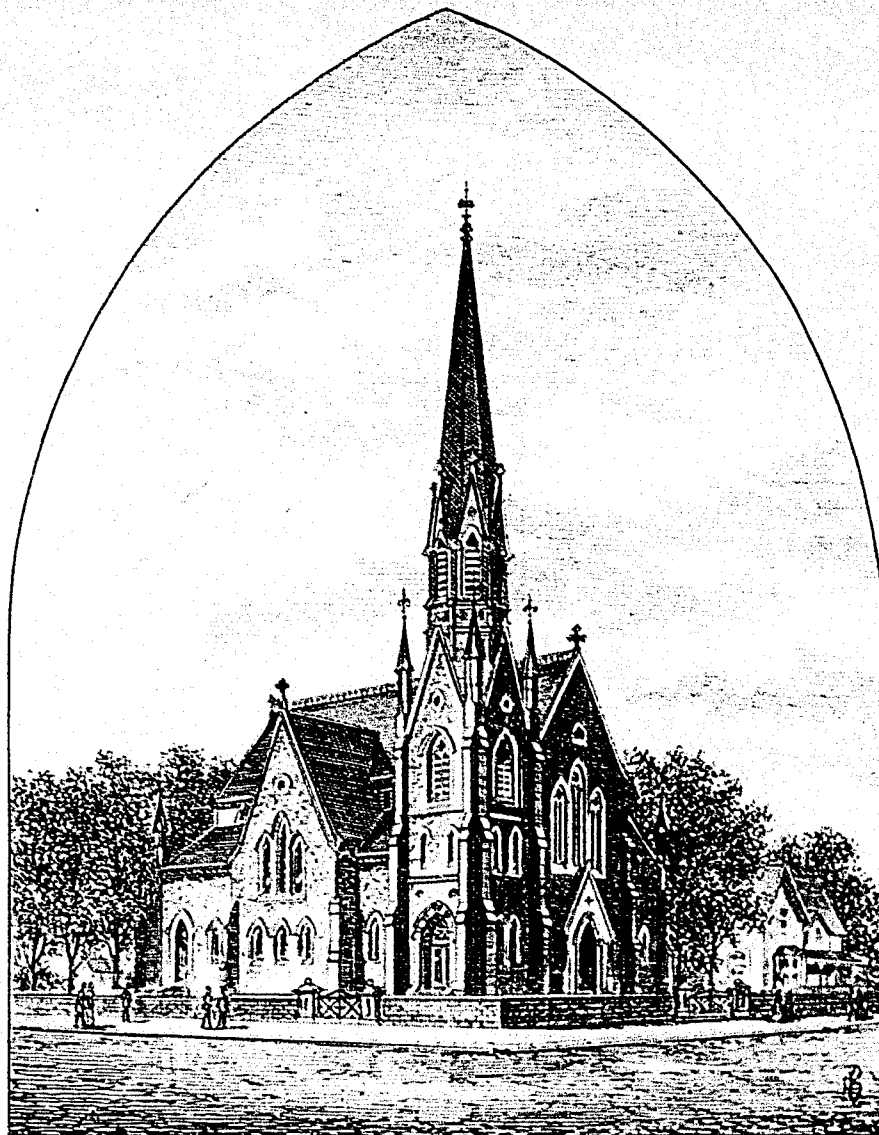
The doctor said the nervous man Will never have two creeds; For the former needs his patients, And the latter patience needs.

VARIETIES.

LITERARY COMPENSATION.—There is an item going the rounds of the papers to the effect that Robert Bonner paid Longfellow \$4,000—\$20 per line—for the poem "The Hanging of the Crane," which would be much the largest compensation ever received by a poet. I am informed that the sum thus set down is four times too large. One thousand dollars is what Mr. Longfellow received for this piece—or \$5 per line. It was originally offered to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and accepted, at a compensation of \$250. Then Mr. Bonner made the author an offer of a thousand dollars for a poem of this length for the *Ledger*; the publishers of the *Atlantic*, appreciating the circumstances, released it to the author. He received three hundred dollars in addition for the use of it for public reading purposes before it appeared in print. The *Cornhill Magazine's* compensation for Tennyson's "Tithonus" was \$7.50 per line, and the *Nineteenth Century* paid him \$12.50 per line for "The Revenge." Some of the best of Longfellow's earlier poems were sold to *Graham's Magazine* for small sums. Except the *Knickerbocker*, which did not pay much, and for which Longfellow did not write, there were then no other periodicals that paid for poetry. The *Boston Miscellany*, which Lowell edited, had the disposition to do this; but it did not live long, and had little means while in existence. From fifty to a hundred dollars used to be paid men of established reputation for poems for anniversary occasions, when the societies had the means. Dr. Holmes' longest poem "Urania—a Rhymed Lesson," was given before the Mercantile Literary Association of Boston. He was at first not inclined to write it, but was startled by the magnificent offer of two hundred dollars, and felt that he could not afford to neglect such an opportunity. It occupied nearly an hour in its delivery. Longfellow and Whittier have realized considerable sums from their poems in book form, making probably more than do their publishers. Longfellow's most profitable book was "Hiawatha," to which a controversy between publisher and critics gave an extraordinary sale on its first appearance. Whittier's "Snow-Bound" also sold largely, as did Longfellow's "The Hanging of the Crane," especially in a holiday edition. Tennyson received a very

handsome sum from his Boston publishers for his "Enoch Arden," and his books sell best of all in America, while it is said that Longfellow's have the largest popularity in England. The sale of Holmes' poems is considerably larger than that of Lowell's, but falls below the sales of Longfellow and Whittier.

LONGEVITY OF ENGLISH STATESMEN.—It is remarkable that most of the eminent English statesmen of the present and past generation have lived to be old men, and have remained in active public life up to the last. They enjoy vigorous health, and live, as Earl Russell did, long beyond the allotted three score and ten years. There is the Earl of Albemarle, who is now seventy-nine years old; the Duke of Somerset is seventy-four, the Duke of Devonshire is seventy, the Duke of Portland is seventy-eight, the Duke of Wellington is seventy-one, the Marquis of Hertford is seventy-seven, the Marquis of Cholmondeley is seventy-eight, the Marquis of Ailesbury is seventy-four, Earl Suffolk is seventy-four, Earl Shaftesbury is seventy-seven, Earl Stanhope is seventy-three, Earl Graham is seventy-nine, Earl Ashburnham is eighty-one, Earl Buckinghamshire is eighty-five, Earl Harwicke is seventy-nine, Earl Bathurst is eighty-eight, Earl Chichester is seventy-four, Earl Lonsdale is ninety-one, Earl Harrowshy is eighty, Earl St. Germans is the same age, Earl Howe is eighty-two, Earl Stadbroke is eighty-four, Earl Zetland is eighty-three, Earl Ellenborough is eighty-eight, Earl Cowley is seventy-four, Viscount Leinster is eighty-seven, Viscount Hill is seventy-eight, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe is ninety, Viscount Eversley is eighty-four, Viscount Halifax is seventy-eight, Lord de Ros is eighty-one, Lord Bessborough is eighty-eight, Lord Selkirk is seventy-nine, Lord Donner is eighty-eight, Lord Tynham is eighty, Lord Sondes is eighty-four, Lord Lovel is the same, Lord Grantley is eighty, Lord Gage is eighty-seven, Lord Clanbrassil is ninety, Lord Ravensworth is eighty-one, Lord Keyleigh is eighty-two, Lord Wigan is ninety-five, Lord Plunket is eighty-five, Lord Fingall is eighty-seven, Lord Kenlis is ninety-one, Lord Hamilton is eighty-five, and Lord Wolveston is eighty-one. Earl Beaconsfield is in his seventy-fourth year, Mr. Gladstone is four years younger, John Bright is only sixty-seven, and Earl Granville is but sixty-three.



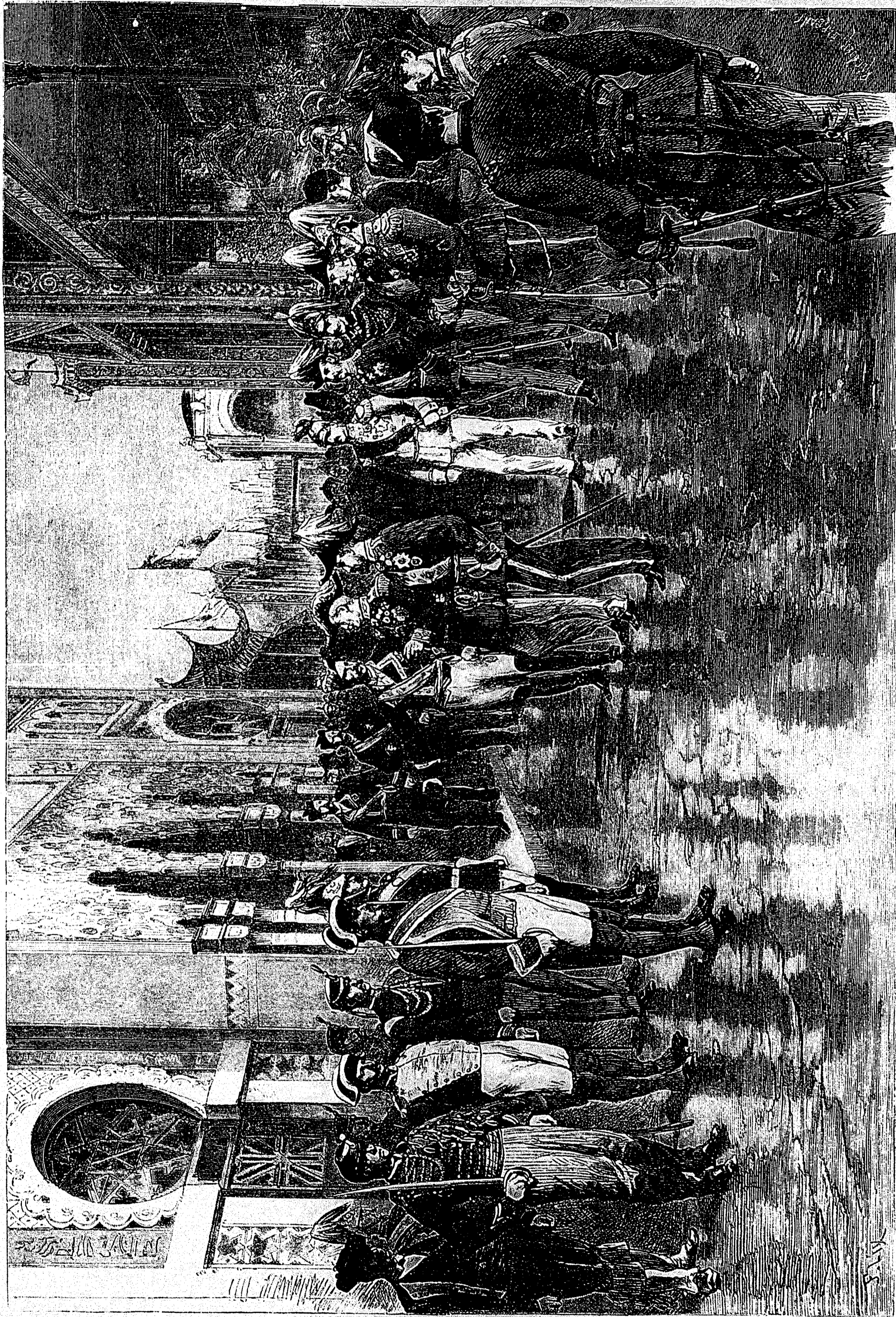
CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.—ST. JAMES' CHURCH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. LEWIS.



1. LIEUT.-COL. D. T. IRWIN, I.A., COMMANDANT S.G.—2. LIEUT.-COL. W. H. COTTON, C.A., COMM. "A" BATTERY.—3. CAPT. JAS. PETERS, C.A.—4. CAPT. J. F. WILSON, C.A.—5. LIEUT. C. W. DRURY, C.A.—6. MAJOR J. G. HOLMES, C.A., ADJUTANT S.G.

OFFICERS OF "A" BATTERY, KINGSTON.



PARIS.—MARSHAL MACMAHON RECEIVED BY THE GUARD OF THE SPANISH SECTION OF THE EXHIBITION.

LEGEND OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

(From the German.)

By Danube's castled stream there strayed
In centuries gone, at set of sun,
A knightly lover and the maid
Whose heart his noble deeds had won.

The wavelets rippled on the shore,
Unnoticed in their tranced walk,
Yet did their music evermore
Fill up the pauses in their talk.

The star-eyed Myosotis blue,
With modest grace bent o'er the wave,
To see that sweet perfection, new,
That Eve her liquid mirror gave.

The maiden leant the bright brink o'er,
And breathless cried, "O love, behold,
How yonder heavenly-tinted flower
Looks in the wave with eyes of gold!"

"Hope's hues upon its eyelids shine,
Bright beams reflected from this hour,
I would the blossom sweet were mine,
Of this blest scene the fairy dower."

In answer to her fervent speech,
"The flower is thine," he quick replied;
He snatched it by a sudden reach—
He fell into the treacherous tide.

The early shining star of love
Sank fainting in the amber west,
As night her sable vesture wove
Across the Danube's gleaming breast.

And on its banks poor Gretchen stood
With outstretched arms of white despair,
Gazing transfixed upon the flood—
Her star of love was sinking there.

In vain he struggled 'gainst the tide,
In vain he strove to reach the shore,
Where stood his love—his promised bride,
Fairer than e'er she seemed before.

That fateful flower so dearly bought,
He cast it to her on the bank,
Crying, "Dear love, forget-me-not!"
And 'neath the turgid billows sank!

Year after year beside the stream,
When spring-tide came, fair Gretchen sought
That gem-like flower, whose only name
To her was "Love, forget-me-not."

She heeded not the song of birds,
No blossoms else her eyes beguiled
Its blue lips breath'd those parting words,
Through its sweet eyes her dead love smiled.

And every year where he reposed,
That fateful flower, so dearly bought,
Its tender golden eyes unclosed,
And sweetly breath'd "Forget-me-not."

And all who heard the story told
The names that Science gave forgot,
So now where'er its buds unfold
'Tis named the Blue Forget-Me-Not.

Montreal.

FRANK OAKES ROSE.

FALL OF "LIBERTY HALL."

THE LEADERS IMPRISONED FOR LIE.

(Continued From Our Last.)

"Cheer up, old boy," said Swinton, "the paper said the young lady was not much hurt, and if she should turn out to be your angel of the Tyrol, why, you will be the happiest fellow in the community."

A little later in the day, Oswald presented himself once more at the hotel, and with a trembling voice inquired for the medical gentleman who had been in constant attendance upon the sufferers. The doctor informed him that with the exception of the terrible shock, the young lady was not otherwise injured. He then asked,

"Are you acquainted with the Obersteins, Mr. Oswald?"

"That is just what I want to find out, doctor. I think I have met them in Austria."

"There are many people of the same name, Mr. Oswald."

"That is very true; but I must see the lady. That will be impossible, at least for a day or two. She must have complete rest."

"Allow me to send in my card, doctor, for heaven's sake; I cannot endure the suspense."

"I will take in your card, Oswald, and if I can do so with safety, I will present it to her."

A few minutes later the doctor returned and beckoned Oswald to follow.

"Miss Oberstein recognizes your name, Mr. Oswald, but I beg of you do not cause her any emotion."

Before Oswald had time to reply, the young lady appeared at the door. In an instant, the recognition was mutual.

"Silva."

"Mr. Oswald."

A ray of happiness beamed in her eyes as she beheld his face.

"Silva" said he, as he pressed her hand to his lips, "to what miracle are we indebted for this meeting?"

"I don't know, Mr. Oswald, unless it is the dreadful accident which happened yesterday," said she. "Poor papa, he has suffered very much, but he is easier now, thanks to the kind doctor."

"And you, Silva, were you not injured?"

Before they had exchanged many words a voice was heard within calling "Silva!"

"Yes, papa," answered Silva, as she flew to his side.

"Who were you speaking to, dear?" asked her father.

"I was just speaking to an old friend, papa. He will be glad to see you when you get stronger."

"Who is it, Silva?"

"It is Mr. Oswald, papa. Don't you remember? We met him at Meran."

"Oswald; Frederick Oswald—Oh! yes; I remember. Tell him to come in, Silva."

A moment later, Silva conducted Oswald to her father's couch. Mr. Oberstein looked steadily at the young man, for a moment, then smiled as he held out his hand and said, "I am glad to see you, Mr. Oswald."

The young man took his hand and replied, "I trust you will soon be fully restored, Mr. Oberstein."

"How did you know that we were here, Mr. Oswald?"

"I read of the accident in the paper, last night," he replied, "and it struck me at the time that it might be you. I called again this morning. I had no idea that you were even in America."

"Well," continued Mr. Oberstein, "I had no idea of finding a friend here."

"Yes, but I had, papa," said Silva, as a blush diffused itself over her face. Then she looked as though she would cheerfully give the world if she could have withdrawn the remark. Oswald looked at her and smiled, but her father did not hear the remark and continued to say:

"We have a place a few miles down the river. We have resided there about a month, but Silva likes the place so much, I think we will make it our future home. You must come and see us."

Oswald thanked them for the kind invitation.

Then Mr. Oberstein asked, "Do you reside in this place?"

"Yes; I have lived here for four years and a half," replied Oswald.

Mr. Oberstein was too weak to converse very much, and Silva quietly told him the particulars of the accident.

The young man went away soon after, and promised to call in the afternoon—a promise which, it is almost needless to say, was faithfully fulfilled.

When the friends assembled in the "Hall" at luncheon, they were glad to find that Oswald was himself again. They questioned him in every conceivable way, but the only satisfaction they could gain was, the parties were those whom he had once met in the Tyrol.

When Oswald again presented himself at the Oberstein rooms, at the hotel, Silva was at the door to meet him. She looked as fresh as a rose bud, and, except that she complained of a pain about the shoulder, no one would have suspected that it was she who had experienced the terrible accident of only twenty-four hours ago.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, Silva," said Oswald.

"Thank you," she replied, as she looked into his face. "But please, do not talk of the sad affair any more. Papa is much better this afternoon."

"When did you leave Europe, Silva?"

"We returned to Boston."

"I suppose you travelled over the most of Europe, then?"

"Yes, we went everywhere. We were in Geneva, too."

"Indeed, how long is it since you were there?"

"I think we were in Geneva the following spring after we met you at Meran."

"Ah; I was away from there before that."

"Yes; your father told papa that you had gone to Canada."

"What? Are our fathers acquainted, Silva?"

"It would seem so."

They had walked along as they thus conversed and had now entered her father's apartment. As Silva had said, Mr. Oberstein was much better than he was in the morning. He seemed pleased to have Oswald to talk to. They talked about their accidental meeting at Meran and of the strange coincidence of their accidentally meeting again. Silva moved blithely about the room, and, with loving tenderness, appeared to anticipate her father's wishes. Oswald gazed upon her queenly figure in speechless admiration. He began to realize that she was no longer the little witching Silva who had rambled with him among the old mountains of the Tyrol. She was now a beautiful, charming woman. A coldness began to creep about his heart, and for the first time in his life, he began to feel his own insignificance.

Silva appeared to notice the shadow that was stealing over his face, and she asked playfully, "What in the world have you been doing, all these years, Mr. Oswald?"

"I am afraid I have been wasting my time, Miss Oberstein," he replied, with a sadness that appeared to be entirely uncalled for.

"You must be a prodigal indeed, then. Do you not remember? You told me you left Meran because you were only wasting your time there."

"Did I say that? I have wished a thousand times that I had stayed there."

Silva laughed as she looked up into his face. Then she said slowly, "It is a dear old place; but I, too, grew tired of it."

They talked of the old days until the hour arrived for Oswald to go. Mr. Oberstein had entrusted him with several business matters, which he desired to have attended to, and, as Silva had numerous little purchases to make, it was arranged that Oswald would accompany her on a shopping expedition, in the morning. He bade the kind friends adieu and returned to his quarters in a strangely pleased and perplexed mood.

That evening was the anniversary of the open-

ing of "Liberty Hall", but the fact had never once entered his mind during the day. The anticipation gave him no pleasure, and he almost wished that he could discover an excuse for being absent from the festival. When he reached the "Hall" he found his four friends brim full of mirthfulness. The prospect of a beautiful evening, as they termed it, elated them beyond description.

"Helo! Oswald; what's the matter? you have a face on you as long as a telegraph pole," exclaimed Swinton as he pushed a lounge into a corner, out of the way.

"It's a shame, Fred, to desert us in this way, when we have so much to do," said Wingate.

"Look at poor old Murphy there, he has been working away at the silver ware, until he has made the sideboard look like a jeweller's show case."

"Johnson!" shouted Travers, from the top of a step-ladder, "bring along those pictures."

"Look at that list, Oswald," said Swinton, as he handed him a paper with about a dozen names on it. "If there ain't the foolishlest lot of fellows that ever sat down to dinner, then my name is not Swinton."

"They are all good fellows, Swinton," said Oswald, in an absent sort of a way.

"I should think they were" continued Swinton. "I only hope that old Birkenwood, there, won't bore us to death with his stories of the Indian-Mutiny."

"Don't you think we had better order another basket of wine?" asked Travers, as he came in from an interview with Johnson, the butler.

"You always did have a keen eye for business," insinuated Swinton.

"Be sure there is plenty on hand, Travers," said Murphy, seriously.

And so, the friends chatted away as they busied themselves in preparing for the evening.

Oswald said but little, his mind was on a different subject. At seven o'clock the guests began to come in, and punctually at half-past seven, dinner was announced. It was indeed a glorious effort on the part of "Liberty Hall." The elegant dining-room was tastefully decorated, the repast was of the most *recherché* description, and, best of all, the party was in the most excellent humor. Oswald presided in an unnecessarily dignified manner, but the other four left loose the cords of restraint and the whole party was soon reveling in the most exquisite merriment.

At the proper time Oswald arose and said: "Gentlemen, the Queen."

That toast was right loyally responded to and then followed a multitude of volunteer toasts, all of which were replied to in a happy and humorous manner. At a late hour the party broke up and everybody acknowledged that it was the most enjoyable evening they had ever spent.

When the guests had all departed, the five friends gathered around the grate, in the sitting room, and as they smoked, they talked. Talked of the past, of the present, and of the future.

Another year of delightful social intercourse loomed up before them and "Liberty Hall" seemed more firmly established than ever.

Next day, at eleven, Oswald presented himself at the Oberstein quarters, and Silva was in readiness to receive him. After a few pleasant words with Mr. Oberstein, the two started out on the shopping expedition.

Silva was light-hearted and gay and the influence of her presence filled Oswald with *ecstasy*. When they had visited the various shops, and all their orders had been given, he still endeavored to persuade her that she wanted something else, in the hope that he might continue to enjoy her delightful company. She pointedly informed him that she had not come out with the intention of purchasing the whole city.

"That is because you have no idea what a beautiful city it is, Silva. Had you not better take a long walk around and see it?"

"Ramble around you mean, as we used to do at Meran?"

"Ah, those were happy days."

"Have you not had many days equally as happy, since?"

"No, not one, Silva."

"I am disappointed. I was in hopes that you would have said, at least one."

At any other time Oswald would have seen the point of the last remark, but now he was blind.

"I do not believe you know what happiness is, Mr. Oswald."

"I wish you would teach me, Silva."

"You have already been my pupil if I remember rightly."

"Was I not an obedient one?"

"I do not know about that, I am inclined to think you played truant."

"I was a fool then."

"That is an elegant compliment to your tutor, I must say," and then, turning to look in at a shop window she cried out joyfully, "O, what a lovely picture."

When Oswald had recovered himself a little, he remarked carelessly:

"O, yes, that is one of Murphy's."

"Murphy," she exclaimed, as her eyes fairly twinkled with merriment, "and who, pray, might Murphy be?"

"Ah! yes, I forgot to tell you. He is one of my dearest friends."

As they walked along she listened attentively while he told her of his friends, and of the delightful years which they had spent together. When he had finished she asked,

"Are your quarters called 'Liberty Hall'?"

They had already reached the hotel and Silva bounded up the stairs without waiting for a reply. As she entered her father's room, she cried

out "O! papa, we had a most delightful morning. Mr. Oswald has shown me much of the city and I am sure I will like it very much."

"I am glad to hear you say so, my child," said her father, tenderly, and then he thanked Oswald for the kindness which he had shown them.

A week later Mr. Oberstein was sufficiently strong to be removed to his own home and, of course, Oswald accompanied them. For weeks after he was a daily visitor at the house, and he was never so happy as when in the company of Silva.

III

A few months later, on a wet and disagreeable evening, four of the friends were lounging in their comfortable quarters and were pleasantly discussing the various scraps of gossip which had been picked up during the day. The evening papers had been looked over, the last number of *Punch* had become stale, and, as the hours wore on, they began to complain of the monotony of the evening.

"What can be keeping Oswald, do you suppose?" remarked Swinton, carelessly.

"You know very well what's keeping him," replied Wingate, suddenly arousing himself. "That little Tyrolean witch seems to have infatuated him."

"We miss him greatly. The 'Hall' is not complete without him," said Travers.

"What a charming girl that Miss Oberstein is," exclaimed Murphy. "Hers is no ordinary type of beauty. If I was not so well acquainted with Oswald I don't know that I would not envy him his luck. What a romantic experience they have had."

"O wonderfully romantic," said Swinton, half savagely. "No doubt it will end as all romances do."

"I am afraid she is destined to be the means of destroying our happiness" exclaimed Wingate sadly.

"What has she got to do with your happiness, I would like to know?" asked Travers.

"That's a fact, old boy. It strikes me that we are all giving ourselves considerable anxiety about something that does not concern us."

Oswald made his appearance soon after. He bounced in among the friends in the most playful manner. His face was beaming with gladness and his friends saw at a glance that something had occurred which made him unusually happy.

"Have some of your beloved relations passed away and left you a legacy?" asked Swinton.

"Some fool has entrusted him with a case for the Supreme Court, perhaps," suggested Wingate as he lit a cigar.

"What has happened, Oswald? Don't keep us in suspense."

"Congratulate me, fellows; I can't keep it; I am the happiest man in the world," exclaimed Oswald, and he emphasized the last remark with a vigorous slap on Murphy's shoulder. Murphy playfully objected to being made a target of. Swinton concurred with the artist in the opinion that he ought not to submit to such an indignity, and Travers and Wingate declared their objection to having their peace and harmony disturbed by Oswald's hilarity. A lively time ensued and the end of it was that Oswald was compelled to tell them that Silva Oberstein had consented to become his wife.

The wedding was a quiet, little affair, in compliance with Silva's wishes. They had but few acquaintances in the city, and Mr. Oberstein's long illness had prevented his daughter from increasing the number to any great extent. When Oswald's four warm-hearted friends had cause to know Miss Oberstein better, they were loud in their praise of her amiable and womanly qualities. They surprised the happy couple with a gift of a magnificent set of plate, and no bridegroom's bachelor friends were ever prouder of a fair young bride, than they were of the sweet girl who had honoured their favourite companion with her hand.

Wingate and Travers both followed Oswald's example, a few months later, and when the fourth anniversary of the opening of "Liberty Hall" came round but Swinton and Murphy were left to do the honours of the occasion.

These two continued to occupy the quarters, but the place had lost all its charm. And when Murphy began to expatiate on the interesting qualities of Mrs. Wingate's pretty sister, Swinton renewed his acquaintance with the fair young lady, referred to in the earlier part of this little history. A double wedding was the ultimate result, and then "Liberty Hall" was no more.

W. F. McMAHON.

Hamilton.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

Conceit causes more conversation than wit. If you want a first-class fitting Shirt, send for samples and cards for self-measurement to **Treble's**, 8 King street East, Hamilton. Six open back Shirts for \$9.00; open front, collar attached, six for \$10.00.

AD UXOREM.

AN ANNIVERSARY.

I.

Dear Love, the years have swiftly sped,
Since strong in love, we two were wed.

II.

If I had looked beyond the day
When our two ways became one way,
What weary tract of time and tears
Had seemed these overpast few years.
Now, looking back, past tears and time,
Labour and pleasure, prose and rhyme,
They seem but pleasant passing hours
Spent among books and babes and flowers.

III.

What magic touches thus the days,
What light makes brighter the darkest days,
What fairy causes flowers to spring
And babes to smile and birds to sing?
What makes the hardest labour light,
The desk by day, the lamp by night,
Inspires ambition, nurses hope,
And widens life's enlarging scope?
Thy love, thy faith, thy trust, thy truth,
That crown my manhood, blessed my youth,
These, these above, by Heaven blessed,
Have been the buckler for my breast,
My staff for strength, a light to guide,
My joy, my life, my hope, my pride,
The magic, fairy, what you will,
That blessed me and that blesses still.

IV.

Dear wife, my fancy ranging round
O'er many a scene of storied ground,
Has loved to find your wifely face,
Your human heart, your woman's grace,
In each new scene that came to view
By mountains brown or waters blue.

V.

By those glad waters of the Seine,
Like blade of steel on field of green,
That sweep by village, tower and town,
Beneath the eyes of maidens, brown
And sweet as any that the sun
In any land may shine upon—
My fancy painting torn and face,
And adding richest grace on eyes,
Has never failed to find your eyes
Beam on me with a glad surprise.

VI.

And never by the winding Rhine
Have I found sweeter eyes than thine,
Or woman's heart, or truer faith,
In any storied maid or swain
That lives on earth, in tale or song,
The Rhenish hills and vales among.
Not even her eyes and truthful heart,
From life and love foredoomed to part,
Who saw her warrior lover keep
His watch on lofty Rhinecland steep,
By day and night through months and years,
With too much of despair for tears,
She died within her convent walls;
Her face across the centuries calls
On poet hands the grave to deck,
Of Roland's love, of Roland's seek.

VII.

And not amid these colder climes,
Dull scenes and more prosaic times,
In town or village, far or near,
In dreams, or poets' fancies dear,
In prose or rhyme, in field or street,
Have I found woman half so sweet.

VIII.

Dear heart, dear wife, this day 'tis ours
By rite ordained of heavenly powers,
Ours to enjoy and to possess
By God's will, whom we praise and bless.
Our hearts are true, our babes are sweet,
Our labour gilds the bread we eat:
Our faith is fixed and cannot change,
Our fancies do not wildly range,
Our hopes are high, our feet are set
In ways that lead to Olivet,
High source of creed, and faith, and prayer
For men that are, are not, and that were;
Be always ours, the faith that binds,
The truth that trusts, the love that finds
Its own fulfilment, loving more,
And spending maketh large its store.

G.

Halifax.

Our readers will thank us for the publication of these sweet lines. And their pleasure will be enhanced on being told that the poet who wrote the verses is a Canadian.—Ed. C. I. NEWS.]

A Summer Week with a North-West Survey Party.

BY BARRY DANE.

Is it the desire of thine heart, my friend, to pay a visit to a survey camp in the North-West, and to know life? Lay down that facile pen of thine, which, for aught I know, may be annihilating a prime minister, advocating some patriotic scheme, or mayhap in mood more sentimental, dropping pearls of poetry upon the page before thee. Or it may be that thou art just laying from thy hand the ghastly shears with which thou hast purloined the last piquant joke of a contemporary.

Whatever be thine occupation, let it cease for one short hour, and come with me some fifteen hundred miles away, and I will give thee a week of camping life.

It is Monday morning, and we are all snoring (that is, all who indulge in that vicious habit) in our tents, which are pitched on a delightful point just above the rapids on the river. We have already passed all the monotony of following ox-carts over sky-bound prairie swamps, tugging exhausted oxen out of bog-holes, of crossing lakes in barges towed by infernal machines called Government Steam Tugs.

We have left the last trace of civilization behind us at the Hudson Bay Company's little Fort a few miles down the river. We have just begun to feel free. From this out we must be our own ox-carts, our own barges and steam

tugs, our own everything. We are beginning camp life in earnest.

We are fast asleep when the cheerful voice of the cook calls us to our feet, for breakfast is nearly ready.

Wait not to put on a bathing dress or any such modest article of apparel, jump up as thou art, and like a savage, if thou sayest it, emerge from the tent door and scamper down to the river bank for a morning plunge. O, it is glorious! huge! Come on, thou shivering son of a goose-quill, and don't stand there flirting with the virgin stream, with thy toes—leap in over head and heels in love with her at once.

Almost drowned! Then art thou well punished for thy stupidity. Why was thy mouth open? didst thou think this was an alcoholic stream? Let me tell thee that tea is the strongest beverage thou art allowed to tickle the internal economy with in this country.

Ah! where is thy acme of cleansing, thy Turkish bath, compared to this? where is it I would inquire?—not that I would lessen the pleasures of the "Hamman" where I so oft have thrown off toil and trouble and a superfluous pound or two of flesh.

But what have we for breakfast, Jimmy? Who's Jimmy? Why Jimmy is the "hash constructor," the "pot wollopper," the great appetite destroyer—yes, the cook.

"Bacon, beans, molasses, bread and tea." Wade in old steel-pen, here's a tin plate and cup, and a knife and fork. Help thyself. Where is thy Windsor Hotel now?

Come, pack up, boys, and get the canoes ready, must start by seven o'clock.

"Only three canoes for ten of us and two thousand pounds of baggage?" Why of course, didst thou think that the *Great Eastern* was lying at the dock to transport us to an Indian Reserve. Safe! Safe as a church. Four of us in each of the big ones, and two in the little fellow. Shove her off.

The wind does rise rather suddenly in these bays and lakes, but sit steadily and paddle along, these bark coffins can ride any sea, and buffet almost any breeze that rises here. O that's nothing, only a bucketful of water over thy knees, the sun will dry thee before evening.

I say, thou man at the wheel, if thou art anxious for us to swim the rest of the way, just intimate that such is thy desire and we will accommodate thee by getting out; but if not, pray keep her head up to those waves, and steer her for that little cove in the island ahead, it seems a good place for dinner.

Hungry, art thou? What's for dinner, Jimmy? "Bacon, beans, molasses, bread and tea." Sumptuous repast. O, what would this land do, how could it exist, without the hog? He is the muscle, the backbone, the marrow of every expedition that ever found its way into these wilds. Then let us respect the hog. Not the educated gentleman of the side-show, who points his flattened snout at the ace of spades with such unerring precision, and who lives upon gingerbread and sponge cake from the hand of every sixpenny visitor. Not to him give honour; but to the poor swill fed rooster, who, when chance affords, finds pleasure in ploughing up farmer Jones's fine potato patch or cabbage garden. He is the animal who is immolated upon the altar of necessity, and who gives his oleaginous flesh with many a heart-rending cry, to the furtherance of civilization in this wild land.

But what thinkest thou of our scenery here, now that thou hast time to look about thee? Thou art no longer a sceptic. Thou dost believe these are finer than thine eastern Thousand Islands?

Look at those clear stretches of water bounded by a fret work of trees and mossy rocks, every part of the horizon filled with islands lying one beyond another, intercepting every space with different tints and shades according to their distance from us. Is not this a perfect Paradise for the artist and pic-nicer? I had almost said excursionist; but alas! no. The excursionist is a being who would die of loneliness in this beautiful solitude. He is the man who buys a ticket for himself, family and baby-carriage to go to the Niagara Falls on Dominion Day. He revels in the unwholesome odour of a thousand breaths, mingled with the fumes of bad whiskey and tobacco smoke. He loves to lower his left shoulder and elbow his way through the steaming multitude. He makes a hearty meal of lukewarm lemonade and peanuts, and laughs loud at the incoherent jests of the tipsy fireman who is "running this train." Such is the average excursionist. He takes no note of the country through which he passes, and never looks at the thundering cataract he came to see.

He is, however, but a peg or two lower than the ordinary tourist, who with guide-book in hand, gapes open-mouthed at everything there-in mentioned, and exclaims:

"O how beautiful! wonderful!" &c., &c., but passes, very probably, the real beauties of the scene unnoticed.

However, my friend, we are neither artists nor pic-nicers, excursionists nor tourists. We are nothing but a survey party travelling in a country where there are no twenty-five cent guide-books to intimate what parts of the scenery to go into raptures about. So, guided by our own untutored tastes, we sit up and feast our eyes upon whatever we choose to admire, or lie down at the bottom of the canoe and smoke or sleep in peace, without the fear of being madly shaken up to gush over some tired, worn-out piece of nature.

Ah, my friend, those sunsets are common

here. Common enough to make an Italian jealous for the honour of his native skies. Grand and beautiful indeed. Something to defy the pen of a Ruskin, or the pencil of a Turner, that crimson sunset. See that peculiar mist, like the blue flame of excessive heat, that shoots out from the spot where the intensest brightness is, and dies away in the gold and purple clouds that cover the rest of the sky. The islands on one side glowing with the warm sunlight, and on the other, cool dark green, dotting the water like little edens. What vistas! what skies! what islands! what lakes! what dawns and what sunsets has this great land of the North-North-West Wind!

Ah, thou benighted wanderer from the warm fireside of civilization, thou may'st vociferate about thy parks and palaces, of waving corn-fields and tides of commerce, of the hum of industry, or of the pealing organs in thy sculptured churches; but all, all is artificial. What are thy hand-made parks and palaces to these uncultured edens and fantastic rocks? What thy waving cornfields and thy tides of commerce to these boundless prairies and rushing torrent rivers? or what thy hum of industry and the pealing organs in thy sculptured churches to the ceaseless murmur of the waves and trees, or the rolling thunder as it echoes from highland to highland,—rock temples not made with hands,—till from some distant pinnacle or unseen island it dies away in a whispered farewell.

But why do I thus prate in thine ear, dost thou not see with thine own eye and hear with thine own ear, and what poor babbling words of mine can lend a further beauty to the scene or help thee to understand its grandeur and immensity?

Draw her up high and dry, boys, and don't scrape the gum off; this is a good place to camp for the night, there's lots of dry wood and brush. We won't pitch tents, the weather is fine.

And now that our evening meal is done, draw closer to the camp fire and tell us what is going on in the lands of civilization. Tell us of the Eastern struggle. Has the Russian Bear swallowed up the follower of the Prophet, or has that Christmas dish again proved an unwholesome viand for the stomach of that aggrandizing monster? But come nearer home and tell us of our friends. Does "A" still in his leisure hours run his fingers over the ivory keys, weaving some sweet romance of sound; and does our friend "W" still wield the shears and pen to burst financial bubbles and chronicle the rise and fall of stocks? Does the attenuated "M" still wander listlessly into the sanctum to peruse the English papers and criticise the last new novel? What of the genial "R," does he still pray you "to pass with your best violence" the foaming pewter on a Saturday evening, and does he still call the "giant" to order when his speech outlasts the given period?

And what of the Nestor of the scene? Have his anecdotes still their ancient charm, and is he still the respected censor as of yore? Tell us of all these and many more that were wont together in the "Kuklos," from the deep-toned, witty tragedian, and quiet, earnest comedian, to the restless, smiling Ganemedes, whom Jove himself could scarce have told apart.

And now we must rest. How likest thou this bed of cedar boughs, and buffalo robe quilt? A cloudless, starry canopy above thee, and the music of lapping wavelets and swaying trees to lull thee to rest. Sleep on and dream of home.

Wake up! wake up! 'tis Tuesday morning and we must soon

"Push off and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows for my purpose holds."

To reach our final camp to-day and pitch
Our canvas houses on some sheltered shore,
And no morrow start our survey lines.—

I'll talk no more to thee in poetry, thou slug-gard. There—follow thy scattered blankets, take a tumble or a plunge, then have thy breakfast.

Two or three hours' paddling and we are almost at our destination, that sheltered cove about a mile ahead of us. So here we are at last and shall erect our little canvas town. Four tents. Staff tent, the men's, the cook's, and the provision tent. We are well provided.

Hold hard there, thou potent wielder of the quill, pray let some one whose actions will not endanger the limbs or lives of the party in general, and his own in particular, cut those tent poles.

Thou canst brandish this little hatchet and make gay pegs; but even then, have a care that thou dost not lop off thy left thumb or forefinger, or it will go hard with thee when thou wouldst propose a toast with thine ancient grace of manner, lifting thy glass daintily with thy left hand, and holding thy right hand so.

Now what thinkest thou of our canvas home with its carpet of elastic brush; is it not fit for a king? Now thou canst unpeack thy canvas trunk and bring forth thy precious Shakespeares and thy precious Tennysons, and we will wile away an hour till supper; thou with the unhappy Lear, or murder-stained Macbeth, or perhaps to chuckle over the logic of Launcelot Gobbo; whilst I will to the days to Arthur, and that other Launcelot, and listen to the quips of Dagonet, or hear the deep rich voice of Tristram singing to Isolt.

But it is tea time, and then another smoke and chat round the camp-fire before turning in for the night. And yet not for the night either, for I had almost forgotten that the chief must take an observation to-night. Ah, it is a

mysterious performance this catching of stars "upon the fly." If it should happen to be *Polaris* that is to undergo the operation, the first thing done is to find it. This being accomplished, one man points an instrument at the star and squints most horribly through it. Then he looks at his watch and squints again, while the other fellow holds a candle at the other end of the instrument to help to light up the star, or the intellect, or something. Then the fellow squinting tells the other fellow to move the candle round in all sorts of positions, so that the grease can fall well upon the glass of the instrument and well upon the other fellow's hand, and then generally ends by telling him he is an eternally perditioned fool because he can't hold a candle in twenty places at once, and keep the flame from flickering in a gale that would blow the *Great Eastern* out of the water.

That generally finishes the out-door part of the observation, and all retire to their tents, while the man who squinted takes out a book of tables, and with its assistance and a pencil, he spoils two or three sheets of paper making calculations. After a while he shuts the book and folds the papers, and says in a dubious voice, "All right." But I must off to hold the candle, so good night.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY.

BRYANT wrote in his old age a hand as neat as that of a writing master.

MISS "Little-Women" Alcott is said to be suffering from overwork.

MR. EMERSON is quoted as saying that he "had written nothing for several years"—his "work was done."

It is a singular coincidence that on the very day of Mr. Bryant's death, D. Appleton & Co. issued a new edition of his complete works.

THE gentleman who wrote the song "My Maryland, My Maryland," is now thirty-nine years old. His name is J. R. Randall, and he is one of the editors of the *Atlanta (Ga.) Chronicle*.

HERBERT SPENCER was given a free meal in Paris, and said the Exhibition surpassed his expectations and that Frenchmen understood his works better than Englishmen.

THURLOW WEED and William Cullen Bryant, two of the best known men in New York, did not know each other by sight. Such is the isolation in a big city of even a very great man.

EDMOND ABOUT has just a tinge of German blood. He is big chested, is growing gray and gets angry easily. He gives elegant family dinners, at which his daughters distribute roses.

YUNG WING, the Chinese mandarin who graduated at Yale in the class of 1854, has presented the library of the college with a most valuable collection of 1,300 Chinese classical, historical and poetical works.

CHARLES READE is a tall, slender, fine-looking man, with gray hair and a moustache, a broad forehead and peculiarly dilating blue eyes. He claims to have forgotten even the names of some of his early books.

VICTOR HUGO rivals the American George Francis in his love for children. He invites troops of them to his home, loads them with presents, romps with them and tells them stories, and the greatest difficulty he finds is to get them to leave.

N. P. WILLIS was the most foppish editor New York ever contained. He stood about five feet eight, was handsomely shaped, and always looked as though he had just stepped out of a handbox. His associate, George P. Morris, was a short dumpy, and could only be graceful when on horseback.

THE site of Thoreau's hut on the shore of Walden pond is now marked by a cairn begun several years ago by a western lady. So many pilgrims have added stones to the pile that it has grown very large. The Alcotts now live in the house at Concord which was occupied by Thoreau in his last days.

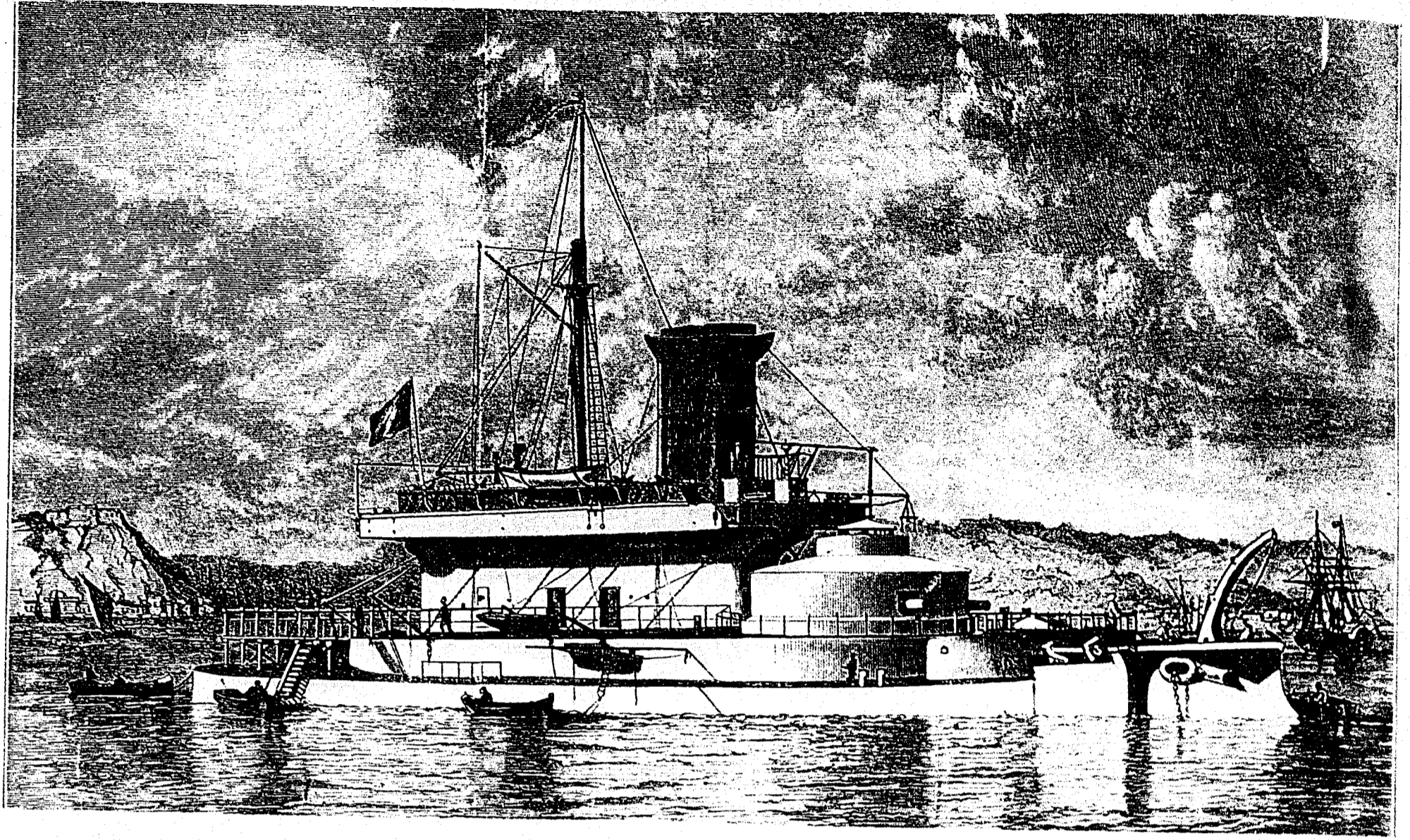
DICKEN'S popular prestige is said to have abated wonderfully since the publication of his life by Forster. At the Gad's Hill sale his "vacant phair," with some library knick-knacks, sold for £200; the same articles have just been sold and only brought £39. The copyright of the "Sketches by Boz" was just lapsed, and that of "Oliver Twist" has only a short period to run. Popular editions of these works are already being prepared by several publishers.

THE Poet of the Sierras is handled rather roughly by Mr. A. G. Biers. He says: "Mr. Miller never in his life wrote three consecutive lines without violating some eternal principle of taste or sense, but in his verse there is at least an occasional outburst of true genius that makes us regret his lack of the intellectual training without which the finest faculties are disobedient, the noblest natural gifts are in vain. His prose, on the other hand, seems the result of a fairly successful attempt at making the ideas of an oyster march with the rhythmical movement of an aching tooth."

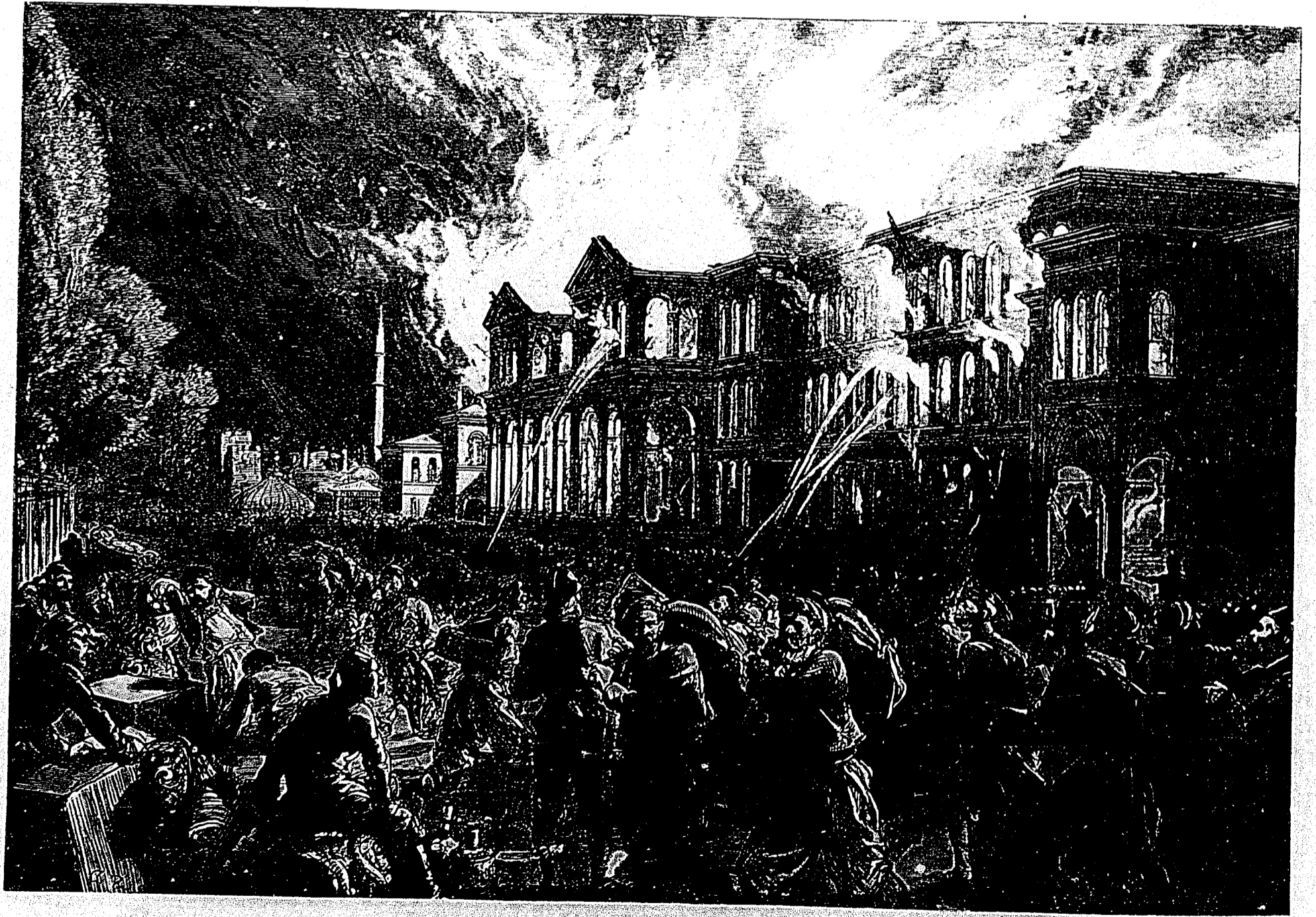
CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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FRENCH IRONCLAD COAST GUARD *TONNERRE*.



CONSTANTINOPLE.—FIRE AT THE SUBLIME PORTE.



WEBER'S OBERON. REZA IN HER BRIDAL ROBES.

THE EPIC OF THE LION.

Faithfully rendered from the French of M. Victor Hugo's "L'Art d'être Grandpère."

BY EDWIN ARNOLD, S.C.L.

A Lion in his jaws caught up a child—
Not harming it—and to the woodland wild
With secret streams and lairs, bore off his prey;
The beast, as one might cull a flower in May,
Had plucked this bud, not thinking wrong or right,
Mumbling its stalk, too proud or kind to bite—
A lion's way, roughly compassionate.
Yet truly dismal was the victim's fate;
Thrust in a cave that rumbled with each roar,
His food wild herbs, his bed the earthy floor,
He lived, half-dead with daily frightening.
It was a rosy boy, son of a king;
A ten-year lad with bright eyes shining wide,
And save this son his majesty beside
Had but one girl—two years of age—and so
The monarch suffered, being old, much woe,
His heir the monster's prey, while the whole land
In dread both of the beast and king did stand;
Sore terrified were all:—

By came a Knight
That road, who halted, asking "What's the fright?"
They told him, and he spurred straight for the den:

Oh, such a place! the sunlight entering in
Grew pale and crept, so grim a sight was shown
Where the gaunt Lion on the rock lay prone:
The wood, at this part thick of growth and wet,
Barred out the sky with black trunks closely set;
Forest and forest marched, wondrous well!
Great stones stood near, with ancient tales to tell—
Such as make moorlands weird in Brittany—
And at its edge a mountain you might see,
One of those iron walls which shut off heaven;
The Lion's den was a deep cavern driven
Into the granite ridge, fenced round with oaks;
Cities and caverns are discordant folks.
They bear each other grudges! this did wave
A leafy threat to trespasser—"Hence, knave!
Or meet my Lion!"

In the champion went,
The den had all the sombre sentiment
Which palaces display—deaths—murderings—
Terrors—you felt "here lives one of the kings";
Bones strewn round showed that this mighty lord
Denied himself nought which his wounds afford.
A rock-riff pierced by stroke of lightning gave
Such misty glimmer as a den need have:
What eagles might think dawn and owls the dusk
Makes day enough for kings of claw and tusk.
All else was regal, though! you understood
Why the majestic brute slept, as he should
On leaves, with no lace curtains to his bed;
And how his wine was blood—nay, or instead,
Spring-water lapped sans napkin, spoon, or cup,
Or lackeys:—

Being from spur to crest mailed up,
The champion enters:—

In the den he spies
Truly a Mighty One! Crowned to the eyes
With shaggy golden fell—the Beast!—It mused
With look infallible; for, if he chooses,
The master of a wood may play at Pope,
And this one had such claws, there was small hope,
To argue with him on a point of creed!
The Knight approached—yet not too fast, indeed;
His footfall changed, flouted his rose-red feather,
None the more notice took the beast of either,
Still in his own reflections plunged profound;
Theseus a-marching upon that black ground
Of Sisyphus, Ixion, and dire hell,
Saw such a scene, murk and implacable:
But duty whispered "Forward!" so the Knight
Drew out his sword: the Lion at that sight
Lifted his head in slow wise, grim to see;

The Knight said: "Greeting! monster brute! to thee!
In this foul hole thou hast a child in keeping—
I search its noisome nooks with glances sweeping
But spy him not. That child I must reclaim,
Friends are we if thou renderest up the same;
If not—I too am lion, thou wilt find;
The king his lost son in his arms shall bind;
While here thy wicked blood runs, smoking hot,
Before another dawn."

"I fancy not,"
Pensive the Lion said.
The Knight strode near,
Brandished his blade and cried: "Sire! have a care!"
The beast was seen to smile—ominous sight!
Never make lions smile! Then joined, they fight,
The man and monster, in most desperate duel!
Like warring giants, angry, huge, and cruel;
Like tigers crimsoning an Indian wood,
The man with steel, the beast with claws as good;
Fang against falcion, hide to mail, that lord
Hurled himself foaming on the flashing sword:
Stout though the Knight, the lion stronger was,
And tore that brave breast under its cuirass,
And striking blow on blow with ponderous paw,
Forced plate and rivet off, until you saw
Through all the armour's cracks the bright blood spirt,
As when clenched fingers make a mulberry squirt,
And piece by piece he stripped the iron sheath,
Helm, armlets, greaves—gnawed bare the bones beneath,
Beneath that hero, till he sprawled—alas!
Sneaking his shield, all blood, and mud, and mess;
Whereat the Lion feasted:—then it went
Back to its rocky couch and slept content.

Next came a hermit:
He found out the cave:
With girdle, gown, and cross—trembling and grave—
He entered. There that Knight lay, out of shape,
Mere pulp: the Lion waking up did gape,
Opened his yellow orbs, heard some one grope,
And—seeing the woolsen coat bound with a rope,
A black peaked cowl, and inside that man—
He finished yawning and to growl began:
"Then, with a voice like prison-gates which creak,
Roared, 'What would'st thou?'"

"My King."
"King?"
"May I speak?"
"Of whom?"
"The Prince."
"Is that what makes a King?"
The monk bowed reverence, "Majesty! I bring
A message—wherefore keep this child?"

"For that
Where'er it rains I've some one here to chat."
"Return him."
"Not so."
"What then wilt thou do?"
"Wouldst eat him?"
"Ay—if I have nought to chew!"
"Sire! think upon His Majesty in woe!"
"They killed my dam," the beast said, "long ago."

"Bethink thee, sire, a king implores a king."
"Nonsense—he talks—he's mad! when my notes ring
A Lion's heard!"

"His only boy!" "Well, well!"
He hath a daughter." "She's no heir."
"I dwell

Alone in this my home, mid wood and rock,
Thunder my music, and the lightning-shock
My lamp;—let this content him."

"Ah! show pity."
"What means that word? 'st' current in your city?"
"Lion, thou'dst wish to go to heaven—see here!
I offer thee indulgence, and, writ clear,
God's passport to His paradise!"

"Get forth,
Thou holy rogue," thundered the Beast in wrath:
The hermit disappeared.

III.

Thereat left free,
Full of a lion's vast serenity
He slept again, leaving still night to pass.
The moon rose, starting spectres on the grass,
Shrouding the marsh with mist, blotting the ways,
And melting the black woodland to grey maze;
No stir was seen below, above no motion
Save of the white stars trooping to the ocean;
And while the mole and cricket in the brake
Kept watch, the Lion's measured breath did make
Slow symphony that kept all creatures calm.

Sudden—loud cries and clamours! striking quail
Into the heart of the quiet, horn and shout
Causing the solemn woods to reel with rout,
And all the nymphs to tremble in their trees.
The uproars of a midnight chase are these
Which shakes the shades, the marsh, mountain and
stream,
And breaks the silence of their sombre dream.
The thickest fashed with many a lurid spark
Of torches-borne mid wild cries through the dark;
Hounds, nose to earth, ran yelping through the wood,
And armed groups, gathering in the alleys, stood.
Terrific was the noise that rolled before;
It seemed a squadron; nay, 'twas something more—
A whole battalion, sent by that sad king
With force of arms his little Prince to bring,
Together with the Lion's bleeding hide.

Which here was right or wrong? who can decide?
Have beasts or men most claim to live? God wots!
He is the unit, we the opher-dots.

Well warmed with meat and drink these soldiers were,
Good hearts they bore—and many a bow and spear;
Their number large, and by a captain led
Valiant, whilst some in foreign lands had bled,
And all were men approved and firm in fight;
The Lion heard their cries, affronting night,
For by this time his awful lids were lifted;
But from the rock his chin he never shifted,
And only his great tail wagged to and fro.

Meantime, outside the cavern, startled so,
Came close the uproar of the shouting crowd.
As round a web flies buzzing in a cloud,
Or hive bees swarming o'er a bear ensnared,
This hunter's legion buzzed, and swarmed, and flared.
In battle order all their ranks were set:
"Twas understood the Beast they came to get,
Fierce as a tiger's cunning—strong to seize—
Could munch up heroes as an ape cracks nuts;
Could with one glance make Joe's own bird look down;
Wherefore they laid him siege as to a town.
The pioneers with axes cleared the way,
The spearmen followed in a close array,
The archers held their arrows on the string;
Silence was bid, lest any chattering
Should mask the Lion's footprint in the wood;
The dogs—who know the moment when 'tis good
To hold their peace—went first, nose to the ground,
Giving no tongue; the torches all around
Hither and thither flickered, their long beams
Through sighing foliage sending ruddy gleams:
Such is the order a great hunt should have:
And soon between the trunks they spy the cave,
A black, dim-outlined hole, deep in the gloom.

Gaping, but blank and silent as the tomb,
Wide open to the night, as though it feared
As little all that clamour as it heard.
There a smoke where a fire smoulders, and a town,
Where men lay siege, rings tocsin up and down;
Nothing so here! therefore with vague dismay
Each stood, and grasp on bow or blade did lay,
Watching the solemn stillness of that chasm;
The dogs among themselves whimpered: a spasm
From the horror lurking in all voiceless places—
Worse than the rage of tempests—blanched all faces;
Yet they were there to find and fight this thing,
So they advance, each bush examining,
Dreading full sore the very prey they sought;
The pioneers held high the lamps they brought:
"There! that is it! the very mouth of the den!"
The trees all round it muttered, warning men:
Still they kept step and neared it—look you now,
Company's pleasant, and there were a thou—

Good Lord! all in a moment, there's its face!
Frightful!—They saw the Lion! Not one pace
Further stirred any man; the very trees
Grew blacker with his presence, and the breeze
Blew shudders into all hearts present there:
Yet, whether 'twas from valour or wild fear,
The archers drew—and arrow, bolt, and dart
Made target of the Beast. He, on his part—
As calm as Pelion in the rain or hail—
Bristled majestic from the nose to tail,
And shook full fifty missiles from his hide;
Yet any meaner brute had found beside
Enough still sticking fast to make him yell
Or fly; the blood was trickling down his fell,
But no heed took he, glaring steadfastly;
And all those men of war, amazed to be
Thus met by so stupendous might and pride,
Thought him no beast, but some god brutified.
The bounds, tail down, slunk back behind the spears;
And then the Lion, 'mid the silence, rears
His awful face, and over wood and marsh
Roared a vast roar, hoarse, vibrant, vengeful, harsh—
A rolling, raging peal of wrath, which spread
From the quaking earth to the echoing vault o'erhead,
Making the half-awakened thunder cry
"Who thunders there?" from its black bed of sky.

This ended all!—sheer horror cleared the coast:
As fogs are driven by the wind, that valorous host
Melted, dispersed to all the quarters four,
Clean panic-stricken by that monstrous roar;
Each with one impulse—leaders, rank and file,
Deeming it haunted ground, where Earth somewhere
Is wont to breed marvels of lawless might—
They scampered, mad, blind, reckless, wild with fright.
Then quoth the lion, "Woods and mountains! see,
A thousand men enslaved fear one Beast free!"

As lava to volcanoes, so a roar
Is to these creatures: and the eruption o'er
In heaven-shaking wrath, they mostly calm.
The gods themselves to lions yield the palm
For magnanimity. When Jove was king,
Hercules said, "Let's finish off the thing,
Not the Nemæan merely; every one
We'll strangle—all the lions." Whereupon
The lions yawned a "much obliged!" his way.

But this Beast, being whelped by night, not day—
Offering of glooms—was sterner; one of those
Who go down slowly when their storm's at close;
His anger had a savage ground-swell in it:
He loved to take his naps, too, to the minute,
And to be roused up thus with horn and hound—
To find an ambush spring—to be hemmed round—
Targetted—'twas an insult to his grove!
He paced towards the hill, climbed high above,
Lifted his voice, and, as the sowers sow
The seeds down wind, thus did that Lion throw
His message far enough the town to reach.

"King! your behaviour really passes speech!
Thus far no harm I've wrought to him your son;
But now I give you notice—when night's done
I will make entry at your city gate,
Bringing the Prince alive; and those who wait
To see him in my jaws—your lackey crew—
Shall see me eat him in your palace too!"

Quiet the night passed, while the streamlets bubbled,
And the clouds sailed across the vault untroubled.

Next morning this is what was viewed in town:

Dawn coming—people going—some adown
Praying, some crying, pallid cheeks, swift feet,
And a huge Lion stalking through the street.

IV.

The quaking townsmen in the cellars hid;
How make resistance? briefly, no one did;
The soldiers left their posts, the gates threw wide;
"Twas felt the Lion had upon his side
A majesty so god-like, such an air—
That den, too, was so dark and grim a lair—
It seemed scarce short of rash impiety
To cross its path as the fierce Beast went by.
So to the palace and its gilded dome
With stately steps unchallenged did he roam,
In many a spot where those vile darts scorched still,
As you may note an oak scored with the bill,
Yet nothing reeks that giant-trunk; so here
Paced this proud wounded Lion, free of fear,
While all the people held aloof in dread,
Seeing the scarlet jaws of that great head
Hold up the princely boy—as woe.

Is't true
Princes are flesh and blood? Ah, yes! and you
Had wept with sacred pity, seeing him
Swing in the Lion's mouth, body and limb:
The tender captive gripped by those grim fangs,
On either side the jaw helplessly hangs,
Deathlike, albeit he bore no wound of tooth,
And for the brute thus gagged it was, in sooth,
A grievous torture to wish to roar, yet be
Muzzled and dumb, so he walked savagely,
His rent heart blazing through his burning eyes,
While not one bow in stretched, nor arrow flies;
They dreaded, peradventure, lest some shaft
Shot with a trembling hand and faltering craft
Might miss the Beast and pierce the Prince—

So, still
As he had promised, roaring from his hill,
This lion, scorning town and townfolk sick
To view such terror, goes on straight and quick
To the King's house, hoping to meet there one
Who dares to speak with him: outside is none!
The door's ajar, and flaps with every blast;
He enters it—within those walls at last!
No man!

For, certes, though he raged and wept,
His Majesty, like all, close shelter kept,
Solicitous to live, holding his breath
Specially precious to the realm: now death
Is not thus viewed by honest beasts of prey,
And when the Lion found him fed away,
Ashamed to be so grand, man being so base,
He muttered to himself in that dark place
Where lions keep their thoughts: "This wretched King!
'Tis well, I'll eat his boy!" Then, wandering,
Lordly he traversed courts and corridors,
Paced beneath vaults of gold on shining floors,
Glanced at the throne deserted, stalked from hall
To hall—green, yellow, crimson—empty all!
Rich couches void, soft seats unoccupied!
And as he walked he looked from side to side
To find some pleasant nook for his repast,
Since appetite was come to munch at last
The princely morsel—Ah! what sight astounds
That grisly lounge?

In the palace-grounds
An alcove on a garden gives, and there
A tiny thing—forgot in the general fear,
Lulled in the flower-sweet dreams of infancy,
Bathed with soft sunlight falling brokenly
Through leaf and lattice—was that moment waking;
A little lovely maid, most adored and taking,
The Prince's sister; all alone—undressed—
She sat up singing: children sing so best.

A voice of joy, than silver lute-strings softer!
A mouth all rose-bud blossoming in laughter!
A baby-angel, hard at play! a dream
Of Bethlehem's cradle, or what nests would seem
If girls were hatched!—all these. Eyes, too, so blue
That sea and sky might own their sapphire new!
Neck bare, arms bare, pink legs and stomach bare!
Nought hid the roseate satin, save where
A little white-laced shift was fastened free;
She looked as fresh, singing thus peacefully,
As stars at twilight or as April's heaven;
A floweret—'you had said—divinely given,
To show on earth how God's own lilies grow;
Such was this beautiful baby-maid; and so
The Beast caught sight of her and stopped—

And then
Entered—the floor creaked as he stalked straight in.

Above the playthings by the little bed
The Lion put his shaggy massive head,
Dreadful with savage might and lordly scorn,
More dreadful with that princely prey so borne;
Which she, quick spying, "Brother! brother!" cried,
"Oh! my own brother!" and, unterrified—
Looking a living rose that made the place
Brighter and warmer with its fearless grace—
She gazed upon that monster of the wood,
Whose yellow balls not typhon had withstood,
And—well! who knows what thoughts these small heads
hold
She rose up in her cot—full height, and bold,
And shook her pink fist angrily at him.

Whereon—close to the little bed's white rim,
All dainty silk and laces—this huge brute
Set down her brother gently at her foot,
Just as a mother might, and said to her—
"Don't be put out, now! there he is, Dear!—there!"

Two sweet little girls sat upon the sidewalk
in front of the Post Office, one of them nursing
a large wax doll. Her companion asked in tones
of deep earnestness: "Does 'oo have much
trouble wif 'ooa baby?"—"Oh, doodness, yes,"
was the reply, "she ewies mos' all 'e time.
She's jes' cwied an' cwied ever since she was
born. I's jes' discouraged, an' I don't fink I'll
ever born any more."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

PATTERN women—The dressmakers.
SUITABLE dowry for a widow—Widower.
KISSING the bride in church has gone out of
fashion.

BAY windows are safe harbours at night for
little smacks.

"PERFECTLY mag." is the Boston girl's syn-
onym for awfully sweet.

THE woman who maketh a good pudding in
silence is better than she who maketh a tart
reply.

AN Aberdeen woman has applied to be ap-
pointed a constable, despairing of catching a
man in any other way.

ONE lady in the city boasts of hair eight feet
and one inch in diameter, and that she has refused
an offer of \$2,000 for it.

WOMEN above 50 cannot marry in Portugal.
The law is designed as a protection for aged and
innocent bachelors.

A MINNESOTA father who has five grown-up
daughters has sued the county. He claims that
his residence has been used as a court-house for
the past two years.

Mrs. Sarah M. Irish Henay, who is lecturing
in the West on "What is a Boy Worth?" esti-
mates the total cost of the raw article, near the
age of fifteen, at \$3,410.

THE name of Stewart will go down to poster-
ity, not as that of one of the New World's
millionaires, but as that of the man who
thought he could keep an old maids' hotel with-
out allowing cats in the rooms.

IN Scotland, hereafter, married women can
own their own earnings, and husbands are not
liable for debts contracted by their wives before
marriage, except as they have had property with
their wives.

OUR John, who likes geometry, has a very
pretty friend who dislikes compliments. So when
he calls her an angel he justifies himself by tel-
ling her 'tis only an axiom—a "self-evident
truth."

"My dear," said a husband, in startling
tones, after waking his wife in the night, "I
have swallowed a dose of strychnine." "Well,
then, do for goodness sake lie still, or it may
come up."

THE sun had sunk behind the western hills,
and the bright rays which streaked the horizon
had disappeared, when a lovely female, who had
been but six short weeks a wife, sat in a secluded
apartment with her husband. She slowly
moved her sylph-like form towards the partner
of her bosom, raised her delicate hand and *slapped*
his face.

ELIZA MAURY, daughter of Capt. M. F.
Maury, is at the head of a woman's movement
in Virginia to rescue the old Dominion from
disgrace by paying its debt. She proposes or-
ganizing and appointing an agent in every town
for the "Woman's fund for the liquidation of
the State debt." Country people are invited to
contribute a pound of butter or a dozen eggs, and
"town folk need not give quite as much as usual
for their best bonnet and dress."

A RUSSIAN lady in Paris wore at the Russian
Easter festival pink brocade embroidered with
silver flowers and a girdle studded with emer-
alds. Her necklace consisted of innumerable
rows of pearls, and her bracelets were so num-
erous that they reached the elbow. It is quite
common for Russian ladies to wear a dozen to
twenty bracelets at a time.

JOE HOOKER, at the reception of the Army of
the Potomac, occupied a big arm-chair, having
a beautiful little girl of seven on his knee, whom
he kissed repeatedly. One of the company re-
marked to the child: "You must remember
this. Ten or fifteen years hence you will be very
proud of having been kissed by Fighting Joe
Hooker." Whereupon the General wittily re-
torted: "I should not mind it, either, my dear,
if you were ten or 15 years older now."

A CAMPAIGN SLANDER.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce was a candidate for
State Senator, his political opponents published
a pretended analysis of his popular medicines,
hoping thereby to prejudice the people against
him. His election by an overwhelming majority
severely rebuked his traducers, who sought to
impair his business integrity. No notice would
have been taken of these campaign lies were it
not that some of his enemies (and every success-
ful business man has his full quota of envious
rivals) are republishing these bogus analyses.
Numerous and most absurd formulas have been
published, purporting to come from high
authority; and it is a significant fact that no two
have been at all alike—conclusively proving the
dishonesty of their authors.

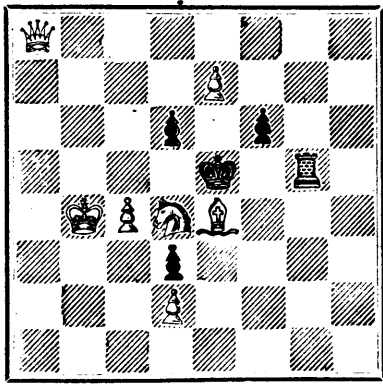
OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No.
180 received.
E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young
Players No. 177 received. Correct.
X., Montreal.—On the 20th of August next. Timely
notice will appear.

PROBLEM No. 180. By J. MENZIES. BLACK.



WHITE White to play and mate in three moves.

NOTES.

Concerning chess precocity America can boast of such geniuses as Masters Harry Boardman and Frank Norton, who are hardly yet in their teens.

A monastery in Brittany, France, has contributed a plain-looking mahogany table, with an inlaid draught or chess-board on the surface.

The Glasgow Weekly Herald has an interesting article entitled "The Paris Chess Congress," discussing the chances of success of the various aspirants for the honour of championship.

We are informed that Mr. Bird left England some weeks ago in order to be present at the Chess Congress to be held in connection with the Paris Exhibition.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

GAME 270TH.

(From the Westminster Papers.)

Played at the St. George's Chess Club between Herr Zukertort and the Rev. Professor Wayte.

- WHITE. (Herr Zukertort.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to K B 4 3. Kt to Q B 3 4. P to K B 4 5. Kt to K 5 6. P to Q 4 7. B to B 4 8. Kt to Q B 3 9. B takes B P 10. B takes R (ch) 11. B takes P 12. Q to Q 3 13. Castles H R (h) 14. B to Kt 5 15. Kt to Kt 5 16. Q to B 4 (ch) 17. R to B 7 18. Q to K B sq (d) 19. Kt takes Q B P 20. Q takes Kt 21. Kt takes R 22. R to K B sq (f) 23. Q to K 5 24. R to B 7 25. R to R sq 26. R to B 8 (ch) 27. Q takes B (ch) (h) 28. Q takes Q P (ch) 29. Q to Q 7 (ch) 30. Q to Q 6 (ch) 31. B to Q 2 32. Q to Q 3 33. Kt to B 7 34. Q to Kt 5 (ch) 35. B to B 4 36. Kt takes Q (i) 37. Kt to B 5 38. P to Kt 3 39. Kt to K 6 40. B to K 3 41. Kt to B 4 (ch) 42. B takes Kt 43. P to K 4 44. K to Kt 2 45. K to B sq 46. K to K 2

Drawn Game.

- (a) By way of variety, I suppose, and possibly enough somewhat tired of P to Q. (b) I feel quite certain that Castling on the Queen's side is preferable, my reason being that White has more freedom and safety while Black has a confined position and is reduced to being almost a spectator of his opponent's operations. (c) Q to Q 2 at once is far superior. (d) 18 Q takes Q, followed by 19 R takes B and 20 P to Q 5, seems sufficiently satisfactory. (e) Played with excellent judgment, and achieving the desired result of sustaining the least loss. (f) I favour 22 Q to Q 3 (g) Here Professor Wayte had a forced draw, an opportunity for not making use of which he ought to have suffered, e. g. 25 B takes Q, 26 R takes Q, whereupon Kt draws by perpetual check. (h) Here Zukertort makes a slip not to be expected from him of all men, for he overlooks a mate in two moves. It is also evident that Black had not seen this when he played 25 Q takes K P.

(i) The commencement of an end game, which apparently ought to and does not end in a draw.

CHESS IN THE UNITED STATES. GAME 271ST.

Played in the Far West between father and son (Mr. D. R. Norton and Master Frank), former yielding the odds of Q R.

- WHITE.—(D. P. N.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to B 4 4. P to Q Kt 4 5. Castles 6. P to B 3 7. P to Q 4 8. P to K 5 9. P takes P 10. P to Q 5 11. Q to B 2 12. Kt to K Kt 5 13. P to K R 4 14. P to K 6 15. P takes P 16. Kt to K B 6 17. Q to B 3 18. P takes R 19. B takes Q 20. B to R 6 21. Q to R 8 22. Q takes P 23. P to Kt 4 24. P to Kt 5 25. P to B 7 26. Kt to Q 2 27. Q to B 3 28. Kt takes Kt

White mates in two moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 179.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K R 2 2. Q to R 7 mate

There are other variations.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 177.

- WHITE. 1. R to Q B 2 2. R to K Kt 2 (dis. ch) 3. R to K Kt 5 mate

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 178.

- WHITE. K at K 2 R at K Kt 7 Kt at K Kt 6 Pawns at K 3 K 5 and Q B 6

White to play and mate in three moves.



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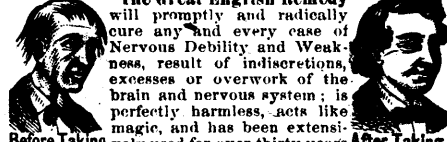
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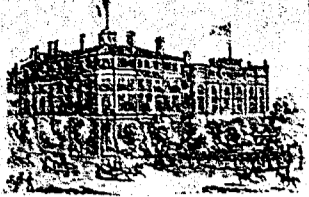
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