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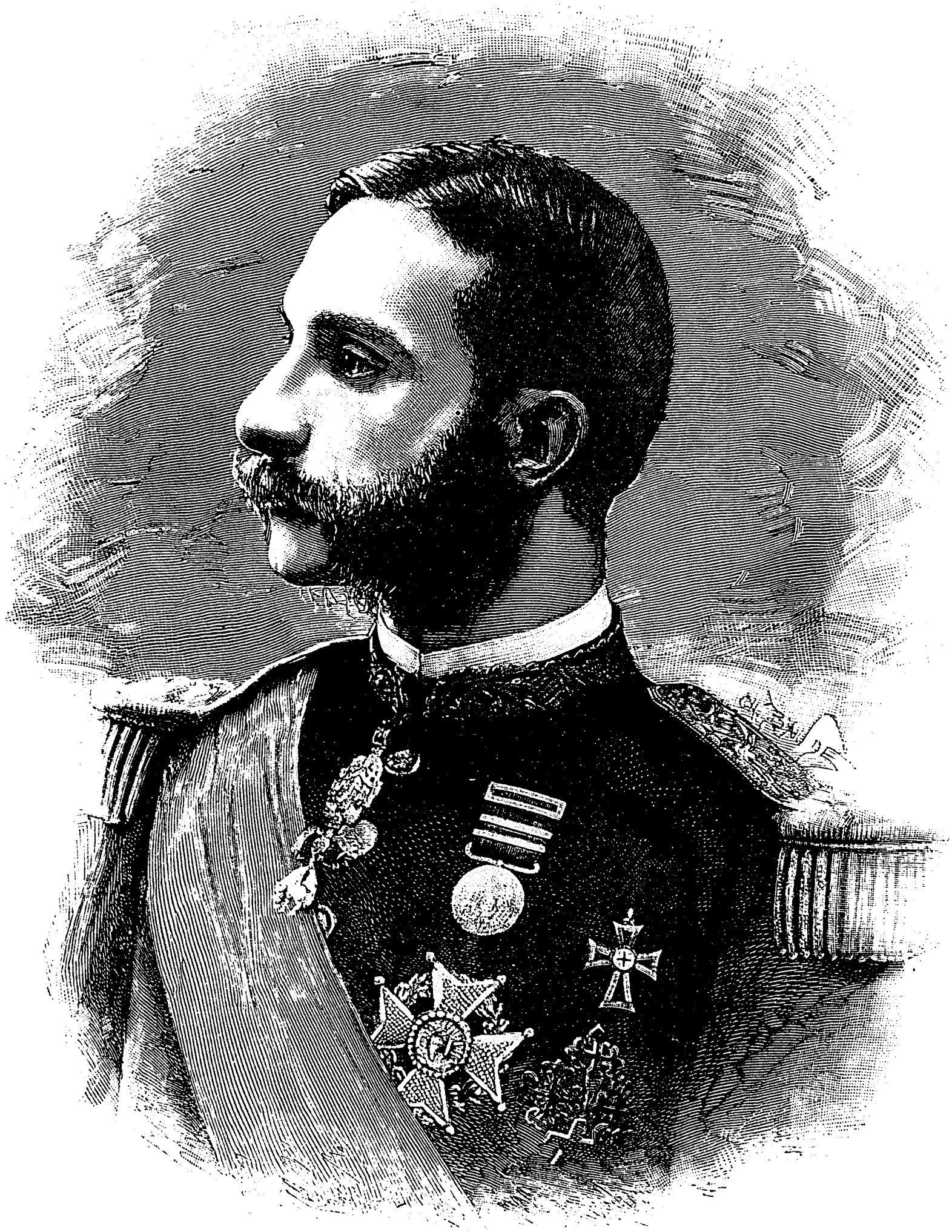
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 16.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1883.

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H. M. ALFONSO XII, KING OF SPAIN.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1882.				
Oct. 13th, 1883.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	81.0	59.0	70.0	Mon.	71.0	50.0	60.5
Tue.	81.0	59.0	70.0	Tue.	72.0	54.0	63.0
Wed.	82.0	62.0	72.0	Wed.	73.0	62.0	67.5
Thur.	82.0	62.0	72.0	Thur.	73.0	64.0	68.5
Fri.	78.0	61.0	69.5	Fri.	78.0	61.0	69.5
Sat.	76.0	60.0	68.0	Sat.	78.0	61.0	69.5
Sun.	79.0	65.0	72.0	Sun.	78.0	62.0	70.0

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 20, 1883.

THE WEEK.

THE Alfonso incident has passed off without the tragic ending which seemed imminent last week. Public opinion was general that France had done all that could reasonably be expected of her in the way of reparation for the insult of the Spanish King, and Spain was given to understand that it would be best to let the matter drop.

THE elections in the States of Ohio and Iowa have terminated in victories that counterbalance each other. The Democrats have carried the former State, and the Republicans the latter. The gain, on the whole, is with the Democrats who did not hold Ohio last year. The result of the elections, as bearing on the Presidential contest, next year, is not much to be depended upon.

LORD and Lady Lansdowne are on the sea, bearing toward Quebec, where they are expected to land on Saturday. The Ministers of the Crown will meet them at the ancient capital on Saturday, where His Lordship will be sworn in as Governor-General of Canada. We bid Lord and Lady Lansdowne a hearty welcome to our shores, and trust their stay amongst us may be fruitful and pleasant.

ON Thursday, a banquet will be given to Sir Hector Langevin by his friends and admirers in this city. The event is the spontaneous offer of a number of citizens, without distinction of race or politics, and the compliment to the Minister of Public Works is all the greater therefor. And the compliment is well deserved. Sir Hector Langevin is an able administrator, a zealous and enlightened public officer and a statesman of broad, liberal views.

BEFORE the appearance of the next number of the NEWS, the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise will have left our shores, and closed their official residence among us. We therefore take this occasion to bid them farewell and God-speed in their new career. The Marquis of Lorne has been a painstaking, conscientious Governor, the patron of art and literature, a friend to our philanthropic societies, and a zealous promoter of everything tending to the development of Canada. His administration will be associated with a term of unexampled prosperity, during which the country has made rapid strides. We wish his Lordship a long career of public usefulness, and shall always be glad to hear of his success.

THE REAL SOLUTION OF THE BOUNDARY TROUBLE.

(To the Editor of the World.)

SIR: I have observed that your journal, taking, as it usually does, a fair and independent course between the eccentricities of partyism, has stated some undeniable truths to the effect that the cause of Mr. Mowat with reference to the boundary award is the cause of Ontario—and the cause of a greater than Ontario—the cause of right.

Perhaps you will allow me space in your journal to supplement this, and an opportunity of endeavoring in my plain way to make what appears to me the commencement—the root—the cause, in fact, of all this trouble, and its possible remedy, a little more plain to your readers.

The mass of French-Canadians, as every one who has been among them is aware, are not a people who, if left alone, would be likely either to cherish an unreasoning animosity against their fellow provincialists of Ontario, or to use any exertions to hinder their advancement. They are a civil, a frank, and a friendly race, and far more likely, I am well persuaded, of their own unbiased natures, to rejoice at than to grieve over the prosperity of Ontario.

There is every reason in fact why this should be the case. The prosperity of Ontario is pre-eminently the prosperity and the security of Quebec. Every 10,000 additional inhabitants gained by Ontario means a possible regiment for the defence of the Province of Quebec. In the last fifty years Quebec has advanced greatly. It has not so advanced against the wishes of Ontario. Ontario recognizes the moral of the bundle of sticks and the mutual strength. She does not believe that Quebec has forgotten Lundy's Lane. Ontario will never cease to remember Chateauguay.

Take the commercial view. Since the union began the resources of Ontario have in no slight degree enriched the Province of Quebec, and have very greatly enriched the city of Montreal. If the energetic citizens of Ontario can populate the wastes round Rat Portage, it means so many more packages landed at Quebec, so many more articles manufactured in Montreal. If the progress of Ontario be unhindered and rapid, if her exchequer be full, the inhabitants of Quebec are well aware that the same prosperity aids to fill, broad and deep, the Dominion strong box at Ottawa.

So much the richer Ontario, so much the richer the Ottawa Government, and thence directly and often, and with no grudging hand, so much the richer Quebec.

The people of Quebec—the people themselves—were they conversant with the matter, could not fail to see this. But, unfortunately, it is not the people of Quebec with whom we have to do. The politicians stand between us and them. There are in the province of Quebec a sort of people corresponding in some respects to the least capable of our old family compact men. They are not rich men. They are not capable business men. They are not capable politicians. They are utter impossibilities as statesmen. But they choose politics, the natural refuge of the incompetent and the loud-voiced, as an easy trade. These men are ever busy descending before Quebec audiences on the possible aggressions of Ontario and the injury inevitable to the laws, customs, religion and prosperity of Quebec, should Ontario get the upper hand. The honest fact is, Ontario is very well inclined to protect all these, and has no wish whatever to injure them. But the whole capital of the politicians referred to lies in denying the facts. They pose as the champions of Quebec. They declare themselves the defenders of the faith—the language—the laws of the habitants. They go into Parliament, in fact, pledged to keep down Ontario, and, not having the abilities to distinguish themselves in any other way when there, they keep up the cry on which they came in, exercise pressure on the Government in that direction, and make capital with their constituents, not that they have assisted Quebec, but that they have hindered Ontario.

The true remedy is the circulation throughout Lower Canada, of the actual facts of the case. That there is not, on the part of Upper Canada, any desire to act unfairly towards Lower, their history should prove. Whatever could reasonably be done to make confederation profitable and agreeable to Nova Scotia, to New Brunswick, to Quebec, that Ontario has never grudged to do. Concerning laws, concerning customs, concerning religions, it is, and has always been the wish of the great majority of Ontario, that they should be left to the management of those who are affected by them. As for interference with Quebec local rights, Ontario has never in any instance proposed, still less effected it.

Ontario wishes heartily the advancement of Quebec. She has every reason to do so. If the great area of possible agricultural land now largely unworked and almost unknown, interspersing and outlying the more settled districts of Quebec, were yielding the returns proper cultivation ensures—if the great forests Quebec yet retains were judiciously managed with a view to continuous timber supply—if the great mechanical adaptability of the Lower Canadians, now unpatriotically poured out to benefit unsympathizing New England, were retained and employed at home—and all this is possible—Quebec would speedily treble her population and her influence. There is not one man in Ontario, save he be some paltry schismatic, trained in European bigotry, but would rejoice to see this. It may

come to pass, but if it will come it will be by the aid of Ontario. Among the Anglo-Saxon race the sweeping measures of development must inaugurate, or they will not find existence.

How shall we hasten the progress of these? It is in the power of the people of Quebec. Let them check with a sharp hand the attacks their politicians are making in their name, but I am sure never with their will, on the development of Ontario. Let them declare with, I need not say, the spirit of their ancestors, but with their own, which in time of need they have proved its equal, that to deny the ratification of an arbitration is unworthy of them, even were it against their enemies, but most unworthy as against their friends. What is it if the boundary of Ontario extend to the west? What is it if her population increase? The increase of territory, the increase of population form no menace to Quebec. The real danger to Quebec exists in the nature of her politicians, who force themselves to the front. If their present mistaken course unfortunately continue, if Ontario be induced to form the belief that Quebec is her enemy, that will indeed form a danger—a most serious danger to Quebec.

I would urge them—as one who wishes their development, their increase, their prosperity; as one who sees in them much to admire, much which the Anglo-Saxon race might wisely imitate—not to arouse in the leading section of their confederation a feeling of bitter hostility. Already their course has caused, among Ontario men, deep annoyance and deep regret.

Had not the people of Quebec better, while yet there is time, break loose from the schismatics and from the small politicians who would array them against their best friends? Would it not be more in accordance with their lineage, with the ideas of fairness and honor which we have been accustomed to associate with the French Canadian character, to say, "Our fellow-colonists of Ontario wish but their own; it is not fit that we hinder them in obtaining it?" Would not this be better than to allow their leaders to excite all through Ontario the feeling that a member of our partnership is hostile to our interests and cares only for her own? I would earnestly warn the people of Quebec that this is not a small affair, not a business which will stop with the adjustment of the boundary. It is a little fire which will kindle a great matter. It will set all Ontario considering whether they can not help themselves, and they will certainly find a way to do so.

The people of Quebec at this moment have allowed their politicians to bring them to a point where two roads diverge. They may, by following the dictates of their own natural good feeling, compel the leaders to cease the obstruction of Ontario progress—may make of Ontario the friend she is willing to be—and may secure their own advancement in population, in territory and in material interests. They may take the other road. They may continue to allow their leaders to attack Ontario. They may excite all through the upper Province that angry jealousy of which at many a point the smouldering embers are beginning to burst into a flame. They may make an enemy of the most powerful member of the confederation, and the most capable of turning other members of that confederation against them. They may leave themselves no resource but an alliance with the States—an alliance in which they could secure no terms to save their customs from change or their religion from insult.

Quebec has the choice of these two roads, I trust she will choose the former.

Toronto.

ANTHONES.

A PROTRUDING TOOTH:

BETWEEN SAAS AND SIMPLON.

BY H. SCHUTZ WILSON.

"Und immer wieder zog die Reihe der glänzenden Eisgebirge das Aug' und die Seele an sich. Man giebt da gern jede Präntension an Unendliche auf, da man nicht einmal mit dem Endlichen im Anschauen und Gedanken fertig werden kann. . . . Das Erhabene giebt der Seele die schöne Ruhe, sie wird ganz dadurch ausgefüllt, fühlt sich so gross als sie seyn kann." GOETHE.

It often happens to a mountaineer to be asked, by persons who love but do not know the high Alps, what the mountains are like, and how ascents are made. At such times, one wishes that the friends who ask so eagerly for descriptions could be put in possession of some magic glass, which would enable them to see you at work in climbing or resting upon a summit. Modern science has, however, done away with the mirror of the Eastern enchanter or the medieval magician. Such charming adjuncts to imaginative vision belong, indeed, to the fairy-land of grammar in which the naive youth of men and of mankind lives; nor can we hope that in our day any wise Cornelius will supply a glass which will show Geraldine to Surrey. Art can, nevertheless, still do somewhat, and literature now affords, perhaps, the best means of lending a magic glass to inquirers. It can seize ideal fact, and present a picture through words which shall have power to raise a tolerably vivid image in the minds of those who long for and who love high Alps, but who yet can never accomplish an actual ascent, or see the great mountains in their sacred and secret solitudes. So many persons now know something about high Alps, especially as seen from below, that a mountaineer may hope to take

them with him to the far-off lofty peak, and to present a word picture which, however imperfect, may yet aid imagination to realise something of the labour of the climb, and to conceive to some extent the glory attained as the result of labour.

On Monday, the 25th of August 1874, at three a.m. punctually, we were called by Melchior Andereg, and responded with the unwilling alacrity of practised mountaineers; men who detest all such unnaturally early rising, and yet are willing to get up at any hour in order to ascend a good mountain. After the well-known dreary breakfast by the dull flaring of long-wicked candles, we emerged from the hotel at Saas, in order to look about us while the guides were getting ready.

The morning was very still and rather warm, but was heavy with mist, though now and then the wan stony glare which indicated the coming of daybreak gleamed chillingly in the faint east, through the darkling shroud of departing night. The quiet white hotel looked deathlike in its sleep. The little brook before the house ran along with a sleepy murmur, while the great hills opposite and up the valley were but dimly suggested through darkness.

Lycetote, eager to set out, was moving restlessly about, while Marks and myself were content to gaze at the prospect until Melchior should give the order to start.

Soon the great guide appeared, followed by his brother, Peter Andereg, and we actually started at four a.m. Melchior thought well of our chances of a fine day, but came prepared with a large lantern, which he proposed to light so soon as we should have got clear of Saas.

Directly behind the hotel the ascent begins, and, in ten minutes, long grass slopes are traversed by gurgling water-courses. The grass was wet with heavy dew as we ascended the steep meadows, and Melchior soon lit his lantern for the guidance of his silent morning party.

We were bound for the Fletschhorn, or Task-peak; a tooth-like mountain, which rises sharply some 13,200 feet between Saas and the road of the Simplon, and which commands as Melchior assured us, a very distinctive and most magnificent view, as it is exceptionally well situated for a fine prospect over Italy. As we rose, we found the mist denser than it had been in the valley. In the still early morning it rested sluggishly upon the breast of the bare hill. The vapour rolling round King Melchior made of the guide's dark figure the amorphous phantom of a giant, and, when he pressed on ahead, he would have been swallowed up in the folds of the wet mist, but for the sullen glare of his guiding lantern. The morning suggested October among Highland hills, and this idea was strengthened as we began to thread our way between great pine-trees, each showing ghost-like through the damp gray cloud vapour. Leaving the slopes, we reached a rugged way, bordering a swiftly running stream. But for the mist it was now daylight, and Melchior here extinguished the lantern, hiding it in a block of rock, which he marked by a small cairn. Soon we saw a cluster of chalets perched high up on this steep slope, and learned that these were the Sennhütten of the Trift Alp. We passed rapidly between these cow shelters in the still early morning, and nodded to two human faces which regarded us, with surprised interest, from out a half-shut door.

A few wreaths of vapour still lingered lazily, but Melchior again announced contentedly a fine day. Grass and trees exist at an unusual altitude on this ascent, and just as they cease a noble prospect is got of the jagged Ross-bodenhorn, of our own stately Fletschhorn, and of the white Weissnies on the right of the great group. Then turn round, and a view is obtained across the valley of Saas, the huge Mischabel range rising up mistily behind. From this moment all is rapture. A glad day is opening in the royal Alps, and we feel no depression as we enter upon the desolate waste, and leap from one frozen rock boulder to another across the torrent which separates slope from moraine. Where the moraine terminates we halt for the second breakfast. By this time every one is thoroughly awake, and the talk, the laughter, and the jest begin. After breakfast, just one little pipe, and then we prepare for the real work of climbing. The mists have faded away, the sun darts out brilliantly, and a fresh keen wind begins. The sun is hot, but the air is cold. All the better, says Melchior, for the view. The wind is from the North, and the day will be unusually fine and clear. Hurrah!

From this point a very long steep rock arête runs in a wavy line up to the far top of our mountain. On either side of the arête is glacier. Sometimes the rocks sink down nearly to the snow; at other places the arête is high above the crevassed and upwards-sloping fields of whiteness. Occasionally the rocks are tolerably broad; but generally the long ridge is rather narrow. "The rocks look good, don't they, Melchior?" "Well, yes; pretty good," replies our guide; "but they get steeper as you get up, and the last slope is very steep. They are loose too, as you'll soon find. That which looks from here like snow is all ice round the top, so that I shall stick to the rocks all the way up as much as possible." Good, Melchior, as you like; and now for the long rock arête.

The rocks are very loose, as we soon find. Nearly every block rolls away under our feet, and we start half a dozen other large stones at every step. It is laborious work, and we toil on at it for a long time, until Melchior calls a momentary halt just under the final wall, which looks decidedly worse than anything which had

preceded it. Tilted upwards as it is, it looks bad, but not very long. "How long will that bit take us, Melchior?" "Eine gute Stunde, a long hour, Herr," responds Melchior, who never deceives as to distance. It strikes me, as we clamber up this last difficulty—which does take us a good hour—that the coming down will be worse than the ascent; but I keep this opinion to myself. We have a rough scramble, and see close by us the skimming sunlight, which glistens as we near the top. One more effort, and lo, at twelve o'clock, after eight hours' stiff work, we are on the summit of our peak. The top is small, and is of rock. There is just room for five, and two little hollows make a couple of pretty comfortable arm-chairs for those who do not mind their legs dangling over the dizzy edge.

The first feeling upon attaining a summit is one of deserved rest; the next one of eager ecstasy. Forgetting the long labour of eight hours, you fancy yourself a bird to have got up where you are. Above is the infinite sky, around and below is the wide glorious prospect, and beneath your feet the proud summit of a lofty Alpine peak. You dally with the wind and scorn the sun. The azure air of the immense blue sky-arch is golden with splendid sunlight, and the sun-beams are reflected dazzlingly from the enormous expanse of wide surrounding snow. The air is tremulous with keenest light; the bare blue sky, "stripped to its depths by the awakening north," is intensely clear and vivid in its hue, despite the force of colour which the heavens ever wear on the rare occasions on which we are uplifted closely to them. But the wind is strong and very cold. Bleak is our sun-smitten rock aerie. There is, however, comfort in this coldness, because without it the view would not be so perfect, especially over rarely-seen Italy.

We will take a good hour for repose and rapture, for champagne and for pipes. High peaks are difficult to reach, and their summits seldom attained. We look around, and our gaze is level only with those highest peaks which raise themselves far above the valley and the plain. Rarer still is a day so clear. "Finest prospect over Italy that I ever saw," says Melchior; and therefore we will linger, and recline, and gaze, and enjoy ourselves.

Close to us on our right is the pure-white bulk of our well-named friend, the Weissmies. The sun shines fiercely on the glistening mass of his cold snows. Just to the right of the near Weissmies, but far away behind him, is the Grand Paradis and the Graian group. Next comes the majestic cluster of great Monte Rosa; behind him, again, stand the Lyskamm and the range extending to the Breithorn. A mere point of the Matterhorn all but covers a suggestion of Mont Blanc; and the smooth Allalein slopes gently beside the rounded Alphubel. The Strahlhorn and the sharp Rymplischhorn are both visible; and then towers the superb range of the great Mischabel Horn and of the finely-outlined Balferin Horn. The eye next sweeps along the summits of the Weisshorn and of the Bruneggorn, and then passes over a series of brown aiguilles, until it rests on the whole magnificent range of the distant Oberland, including the seven-and-twenty famous mountains which extend between the Diablerets and the Galenstock. Next comes the Todti district and the Orteler group, with the Pizzo Bernina, the Piz Rosegg, and the Disgrazia. The Dolomites follow, with all the peaks of Tyrol, and then the eye exchanges sunbright snow for purple colour, and rests on Italy.

Even there it is cloudless, although a faint haze of heat and of aerial distance sleeps softly around the extreme remoteness. In Italy lake alternates with mountain, and the shining gleam of far broad waters lowers the jagged masses of the wavy hills. There is Lago Maggiore, there Lugano; those are the Apennines; that is the Gorge of Gondo, that Pallanza, and you can—yes, you can—see the white blocks of houses on Isola Bella. Italy seems to lie lower, to be more widely spread out, than Switzerland; but then Switzerland is seen only through its giant mountains. Of all the many glaciers that the view includes, the noble Aletsch is the greatest and the grandest. The ever sullen Bietschhorn is distinctive in his livery of dark stripes. You sit aloft in the centre, and have the mountains standing, nearer or farther from you, all around. Towards the south there is one steadfast roll of golden cumulus clouds. The prevailing tone of the prospect is white—the whiteness of immense tracts and almost countless mountains of snow; but, even apart from Italy, there is much colour in the prospect. The deep violet of the sky shines in some places upon dark ruddy rocks. Velvety purples and greens are strewn widely about. In other spots the sun pales the rocks into a faint light brown, which contrasts exquisitely with a pale delicate blue in the adjacent heavens. There is the Fee Alp and other green Alps; there are also threading torrents, and shadow-holding valley chasms. The mind resolves totality into detail, and the imagination restores detail to totality. When first you look from an Alpine peak you cannot analyse; the overpowering glory annihilates all faculty of distinguishing; but after you have gazed from many a summit you gain the power of seeing and of enjoying both in detail and in mass. And this is gain, not loss. It does not imply a diminution of enthusiasm; it means only that the mind has grown larger and therefore calmer, and can combine ecstasy with analysis.

While we were basking on the top, Melchior emitted a remark which, coming from such a

man, was very striking, and deserves record. He said suddenly, "And now, gentlemen, tell me frankly—is not such a day on such a mountain, with such a view, better than scrambling with difficulty and in danger, perhaps in bad weather, up the face of the Dent Blanche?—a thing merely difficult to do, which yields very little good even when successfully done."

Here was the first mountaineer of any day, a man who can with ease do anything, rebuking, with a question, those amateurs who rank the physical above the mental, who yearn after the barren reputation of having achieved mere difficulty, and who, as a just penal consequence, are led to overlook the highest and purest mental mountaineering joys. The remark was striking. May it have its due weight and influence?

But how, by a catalogue of peaks, aiguilles, ice or snow masses, raise in the mind of a reader an adequate image of the scene before us? it is impossible. I can only suggest the gigantic combination, seen from such a pointed altitude, of mass, form, colour, air; and can only essay to produce a reflected conception of the impression made upon me by the grandeur, glory, sublimity, of the rare revelation of such an Alpine prospect as stretches all around the delighted mountaineer who has attained and gazes from the small and towering peak of the nobly-placed Fletschhorn.

Imagination must piece-out my imperfect suggestion, and the reader who would try to see what I then saw must bring with him the eye of fancy and of faith.

Too soon the time for returning came. We had spent more than an hour upon the summit, and we quitted it with extreme unwillingness. A finer view there can hardly be, and a clearer day could never be hoped for. A summit is left so reluctantly because life affords so few opportunities of standing on ideal elevations. The thing is an allegory as well as a fact. The mind lingeringly quits a height from which it can overlook a world. One's whole nature is elevated, sublimed, when one is raised so high above the level of the ordinary years.

The first step of rock down which we had to come was decidedly troublesome, and needed care. We had, between the upper block of rock and the main arête, to cross along the face of a steepish slope of hard ice. Melchior ran up above us to the very edge of the sharp ice arête, and I can see now his dark figure standing out against the far-off blue of the sunny sky, as he held on firmly above our heads in order to hold us in case of a slip, while we, led by the skillful Lyvetête, cut steps and passed across the hard and slippery slope. The arête itself regained, we found that the descent of those rocks occupied as much time as the ascent, the stones being so terribly loose and insecure that foothold was precarious and tumbles frequent. The chill and shade of early afternoon spread over the desolate waste of the dreary bleak moraine, and the cold glacier torrent helped to make a welcome claret cup. Next came the soft sweet evening music of the dulcet cow-bells, and these bells in Switzerland announce the approach to the haunts of men as well as of cows. At the Trift Alp the cows had returned from the pastures to the huts, and we enjoyed the mountaineer's luxury of a bowl of fresh Swiss milk.

On the return from a mountain in the afternoon it often strikes one that the way which was traversed in the obscurity and enthusiasm of morning without thinking of labour, is very long; and as we came back from the Fletschhorn it seemed to us that we had passed over a great deal of ground that morning. In the dim, more than twilight, of the rugged path which wound through the gloomy pine-wood, we saw between the trunks and beneath the branches the low round moon, an orb of silver flame. We lost her as in darkness we reached the last grass slopes, down which we ran. We reached the old hotel; and then came a bath, a change, and a merry dinner at about eight p.m., which repast was brightened by the presence of ladies curious to hear about our delightful ascent of the Fletschhorn; the "protruding tooth," as its name implies, which rears itself so loftily on that most beautiful site between the Simplon and fair Saas.

We had had the finest weather experienced for any ascent during the month of August last. Only on the beautiful Col du Tour had we a day that could compare with the one on which we did the Fletschhorn. Fine days were very rare in the past year's August. On the Lake of Geneva I saw the singular spectacle of a really rough sea and of a sea-sick crowd of passengers on board the Bonivard. On other peaks we had dreadful weather, no views, great hardship, and greater danger.

On one occasion during the season I saw the rare and memorable spectacle of the unspeakably beautiful Alpengluth, or Alpine glow. The sun had set, the chill light of evening was just beginning to render cold and stern the whiteness of snow and the darkness of rocks, when I was descending a pass, walking and talking with Melchior Anderegg. Suddenly we both stopped. That magic mystery of colour-light glowed on the snow and flushed upon the rocks. The warm red-rose tint suffused air and light, and all things stood idealised in the unearthly witchery of fairy hues and tones. This phenomenon is only rarely seen, but when it does come it is one of the loveliest phases of Nature streaming love upon her Alps. It faded slowly out of earth and sky, and we resumed our walk with a blank sense of the cessation of an enchantment. It was as if ravishing music ceased, and left the dull air void and empty of charm. An illusion

died away, and rock-horn and snow-peak looked forlorn, heartless, repellent. "I think I have only once before seen the Alpengluth so beautiful as that," said Melchior thoughtfully. The great guide has a true susceptibility to the wonders of Nature and to the glories of his Alpine world. He sighed as the vision was withdrawn, and his mind avenged itself for its sense of loss by swinging onwards at a tremendous pace. We walked away from the spot with eyes bent upon the ground.

I saw too, last year, another splendid and distinctive sight, which lives vividly in my mountaineer's memory. I mean a solitary piece of rock-climbing by Melchior Anderegg, which for danger and difficulty, for courage and skill, has scarcely, I should think, ever been equalled, has certainly never been surpassed, by man. We started to cross from the Montanvert to Courmayeur by the newly-discovered Col des Hirondelles. At the top of the Lechaud glacier is a lofty and precipitous wall of smooth limestone rock, which has, however, one weak point, one couloir by which, if there be good snow in it, the summit of the hopeless-looking rock wall may be attained. When we arrived at the top of the glacier we found this couloir bare of snow, and we found further, to our dismay, that the huge bergschrand had so increased and widened, and had so fallen away from the rocks, that the attempt seemed to be impracticable. Melchior, after sweeping the whole range carefully with his eagle eye, pronounced the ascent impossible, and said that we must abandon the idea. I knew, from his tone, that this was so; but that irrepressibly ardent mountaineer, Lyvetête, could not readily consent to turn back from an expedition in fine weather, and he began to argue the question of possibility by other routes. It is probable that he dropped some incautious word which stung the *amour propre* of the first and greatest of Swiss guides. Melchior said positively, that to try an ascent by the one practicable couloir was wholly out of the question, and that he would not allow of any attempt.

"Now," added Melchior, "as you think that another route may be found, I will go alone and try. I won't have any one with me; wait. If the thing can be done at all, it must be by those smooth rock slabs to the left. I don't believe that it can be done; but I will show you whether it can or cannot. Unrope me, and wait here till I come back."

We were sitting on frozen snow, just on the narrow brink of the great bergschrand, and above a long steep slope of the same material, which descended from our seat to the glacier. How differently Melchior works when he is climbing alone! At what a pace he goes! I never before so fully realised his immense superiority to the best amateur mountaineer. No one—except one or two of the best guides—could have worked with him as he performed that daring, pique-stung feat. He disappeared somewhere into the huge schrand. He appeared next, climbing up a sheer straight-up wall of ice thinly covered by snow. It was so steep that he could not swing the axe; he could only peg the point in with his chest; yet up he went, and rapidly too. Beneath him was the terrible depth of the huge chasm of the giant bergschrand. After about a hundred feet of this work he got on to the smooth large slabs of limestone rock, which shelved sideways. I watched him with delight at his working, with dread of his danger. My pipe went out as I gazed with all my eyes. Even Peter Anderegg, his stolid brother, was anxious, and looked on with all the emotion of which he is capable.

Melchior proceeded, sometimes extended flat upon his face over sloping slabs with hardly a crack or a projection visible. He had got so far off that his recumbent slowly-moving figure had become very small. Presently we saw him stop, and grope about blindly with hands and feet. "He can't get farther," cried Peter, "and I only hope that he can get back." We saw that he just raised his head, and was looking carefully up and round him. Then he turned on his back, and descended a little way, with great difficulty, in that position. "A nasty place that," said Peter, in great excitement. "I am afraid that he can't get back." Here the brother freed himself from the rope, in order, if necessary, to try to help Melchior. We watched again, and I felt a terrible tension of the nerves as I saw a man in such a dangerous position. He moved very slowly, creeping on from point to point with out-stretched legs and hands, which clutched after every crack and fissure. He turned again upon his face, and seemed to move better. "He'll do it now," cried Peter. "He's safe now, I think." Gradually the small dark figure of a man got lower and lower. At last he returned to the snow, let himself down that very carefully, and again disappeared. In a moment he emerged close by us, and advanced coolly with his quiet firm step. "If any Herr likes to try that," said Melchior calmly, looking rather particularly at Lyvetête, "he must go alone; I won't go with him. There is one place at which I thought that I could neither get forward nor backward, and there are other places higher up that are probably as bad. No; no one will get up the Col des Hirondelles to-day, and the sooner you see that the better. But we can try the Aiguille Verte to-morrow, if you like."

Great Goethe says—and he is speaking, be it remembered, expressly of the Alps—that even a mean man, who is placed in immediate contact with great events, acquires thereby a certain nobility more than is native to him; that singular traces of very great occurrences remain permanently a part of the life of even such a man, who is never tired of relating his expe-

riences, and who has, in every sense, gained a treasure which enriches his whole life. And so it is, adds Goethe, with the man who has seen and has become intimate with such great wonders of Nature as the high Alps. If he desire to retain the impression made by them upon him, he must know how to connect it with the thoughts and feelings which have been germinated by it in him; he will then certainly have attained a stock of precious memories which which he can noble the flat level of everyday living, and will have spread through his whole life and being an added strain of higher flavour and feeling.

I had discovered the truth contained in this passage before I knew the passage itself. I can confirm its truth from experience. Age cannot wither, custom cannot stale, the glories of those sublime mountains, or the ideal images and impressions with which they ennoble our whole after lives.

MISCELLANY.

MAX O'RELL, the author of that clever sketch "John Bull et Son Isle," is said to be a French professor in an English school. Nine editions of his book have been issued.

THE wife of Lieutenant Greely, of the Arctic colony, is described as a very beautiful woman, tall, with fair, fresh complexion, black hair and blue eyes. She belongs to an old New England family.

THE ex-Khédive, Ismail Pacha, has just concluded the purchase of the Gheradeska palace, Florence, one of the finest in Italy, an enormous structure, with extensive outbuildings and spacious gardens. The price was about two hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

RALPH MODZESKA, son of the actress, who graduated last spring at the Ecole Polytechnique in Paris, is nineteen years old, strongly resembles his mother in features, and is a good pianist and billiard-player. His special study in civil engineering is roads and bridges.

IN 1878 a remarkable discovery of bones of the fossil monsters known as iguanodons was made in a coal mine of Belgium. Three years were occupied in removing the remains which are supposed to belong to twenty-three skeletons. One of the skeletons is now mounted in the animal's semi-erect position, and stands fourteen feet high, and extends over a horizontal floor space over twenty-three feet in length.

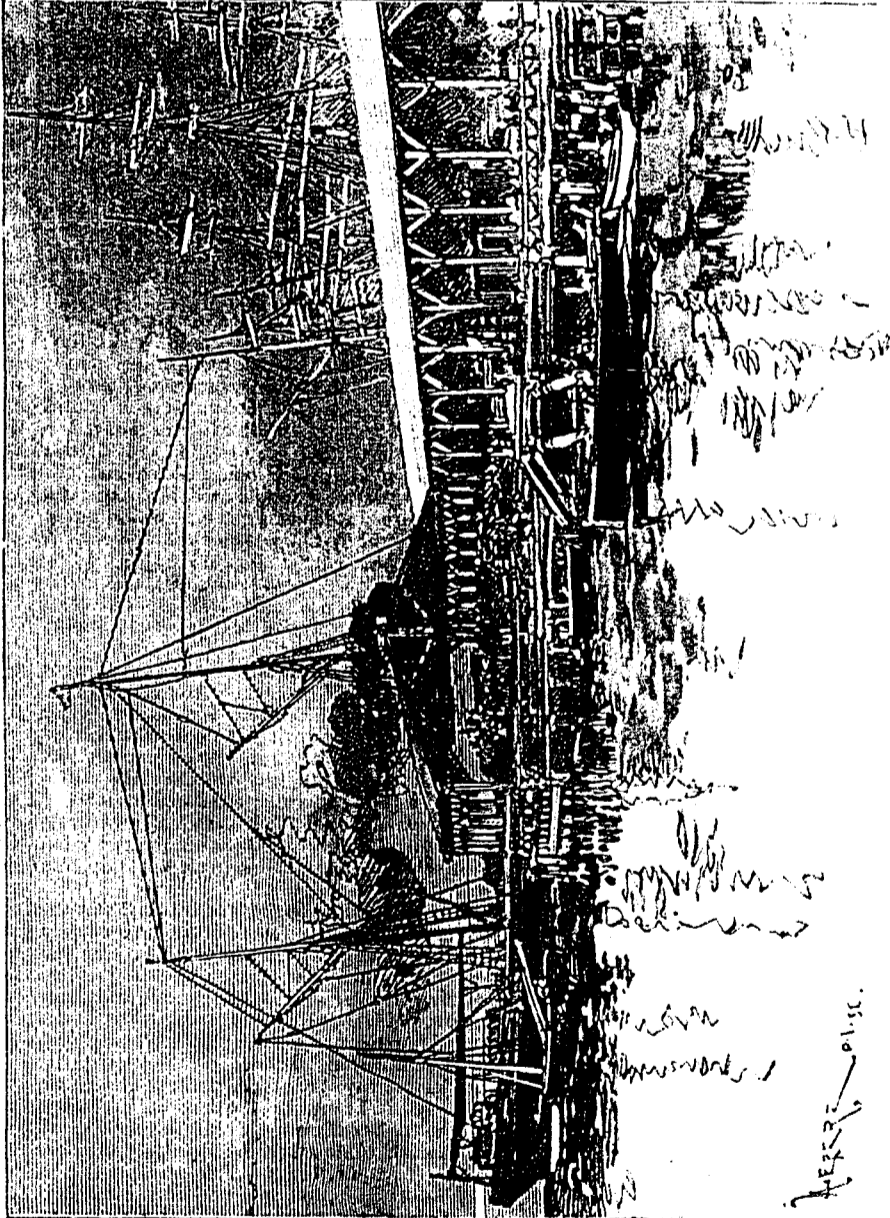
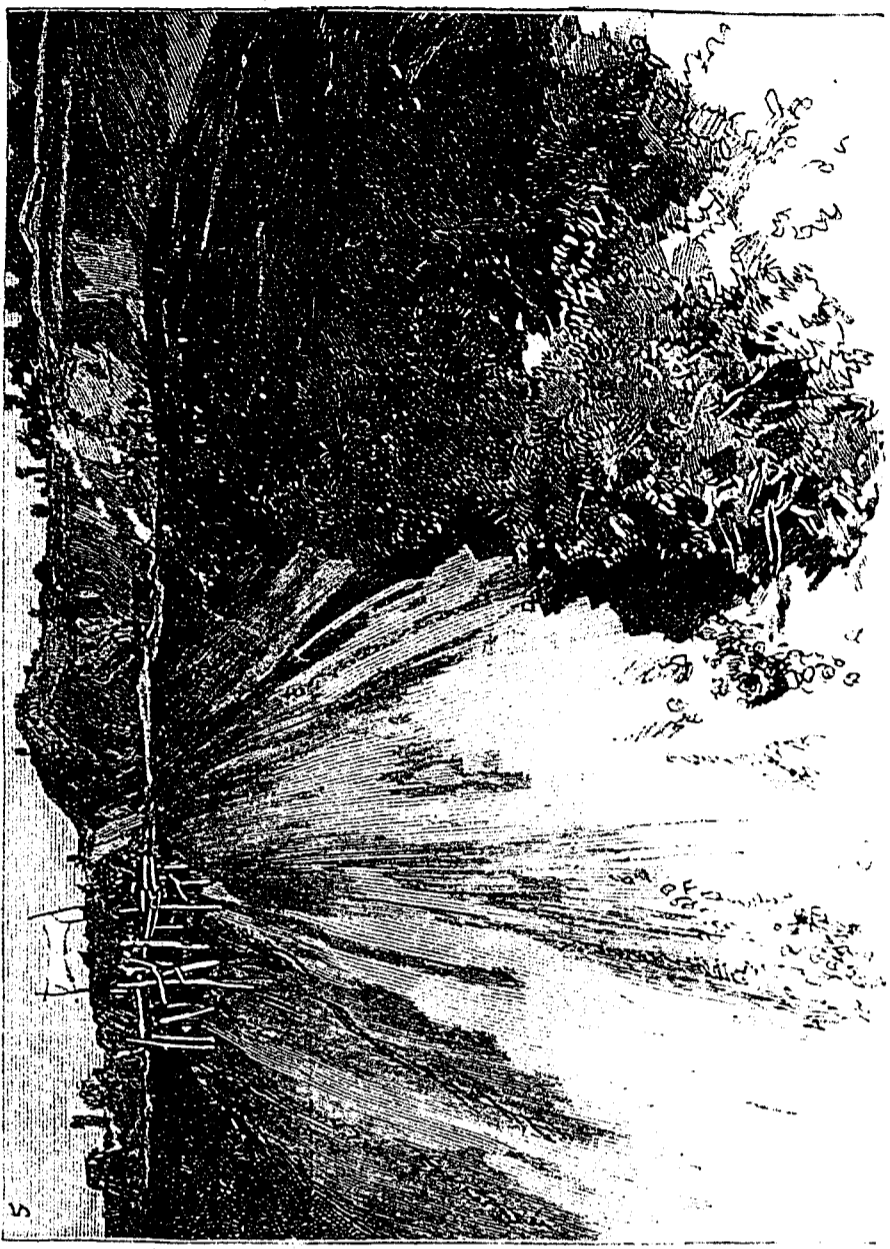
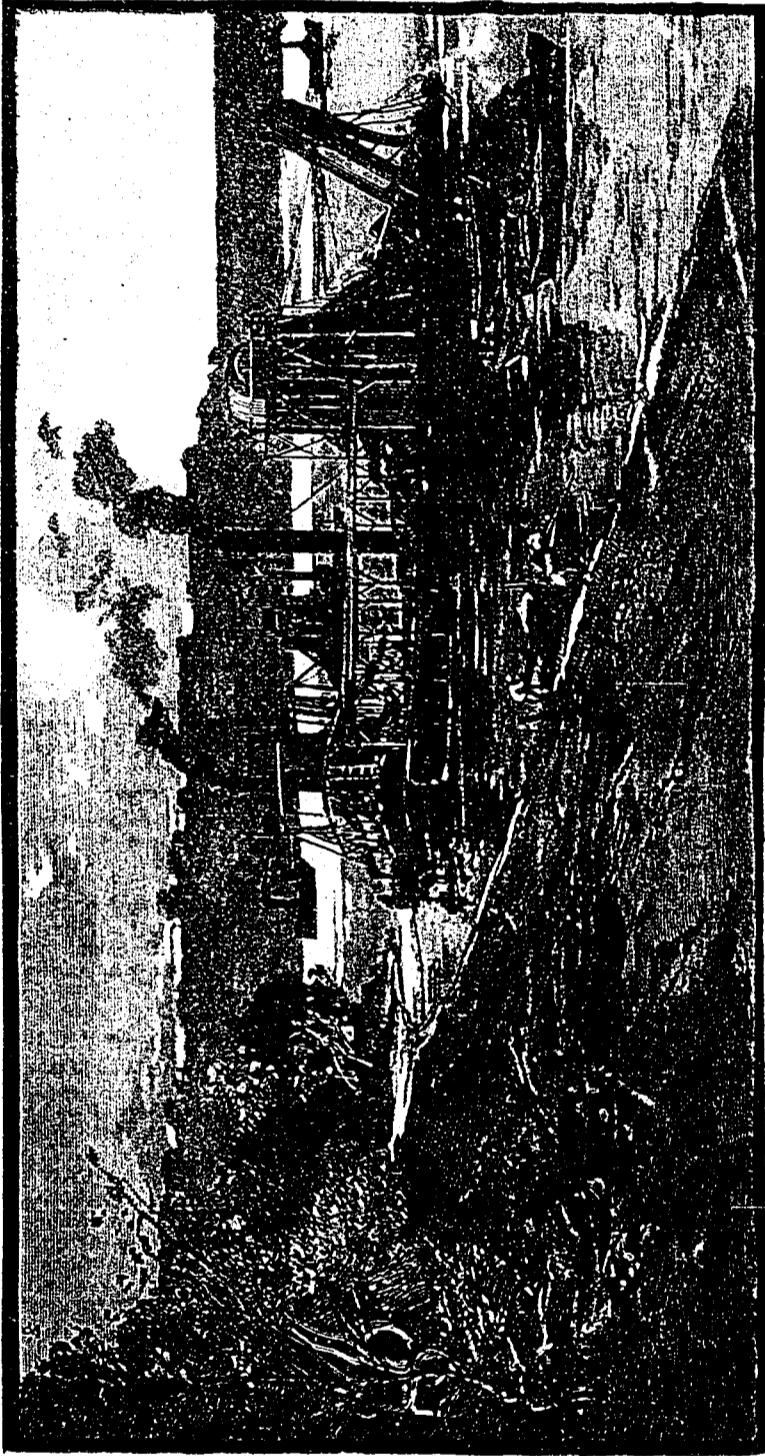
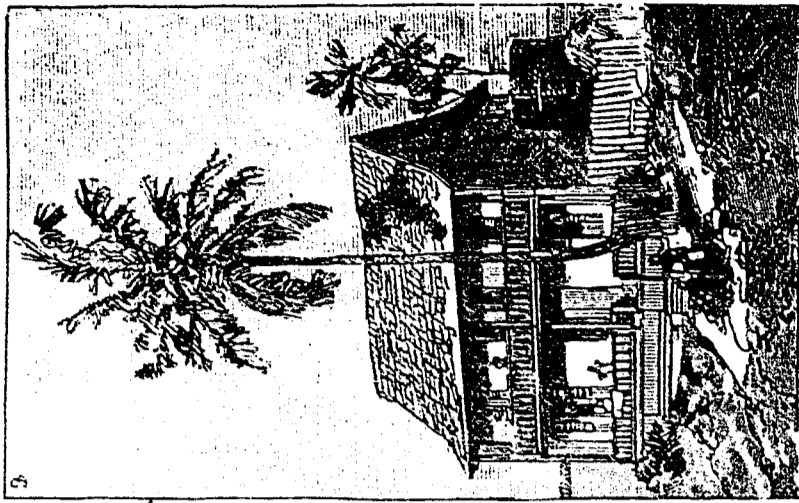
DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES recently said to a friend, "I have written much that I would willingly let die. The public have treated me beyond my deserts. It would be better if I should be found out in my lifetime. A life of Emerson engages my whole attention at present, and whatever light reminiscent effort I am capable of in intervals of time must be put forth for the *Atlantic*. I receive, every day, requests to write for this or that publication, but I must decline them all."

It is reported that a collection of eighty-eight drawings by the great painter, Greuze, has just been discovered in the library of the Academy of St. Petersburg. They appear to have been purchased by Count Strogonoff when he was president of the Academy of Fine Arts, and remained there seventy years completely forgotten. The Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch, who now occupies that post, has given from his private purse a sufficient sum to permit the illustrated journals to reproduce them by photography.

THERE is a story told of the late Professor Henry Smith, that when explaining some new discovery in the theory of numbers to his Oxford pupils he added the remark, "And the great beauty of the thing is that it cannot possibly ever be of the slightest practical use to anybody." Educators have begun to query if pupils other than Professor Smith's are not being laboriously drilled in many branches that "cannot possibly ever be of the slightest practical use," to the great detriment of health and brain power.

It is quite true, says a London letter, that Premier Gladstone is slovenly and cheap in his attire. His trousers are baggy at the knees, his coat is a bad fit, and his collars—well, you have probably heard enough about his collars. But fancy him in what is called a tourist suit—a cutaway coat and a light soft hat, shoes that show his white stockings, and cuffs that give full play to his large hands. But truly the Premier is a very remarkable man, and, barring the malice of his personal rivalry to Beaconsfield, an upright, conscientious minister no doubt, too impulsive perhaps, and given to sentiment, which is very well in an ordinary mortal, but sometimes leads Mr. Gladstone into political ambushes.

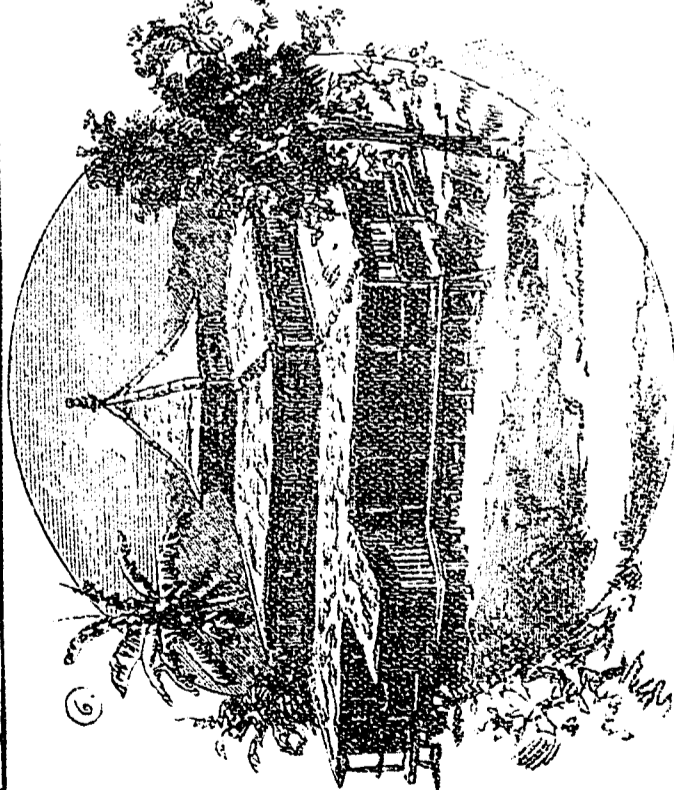
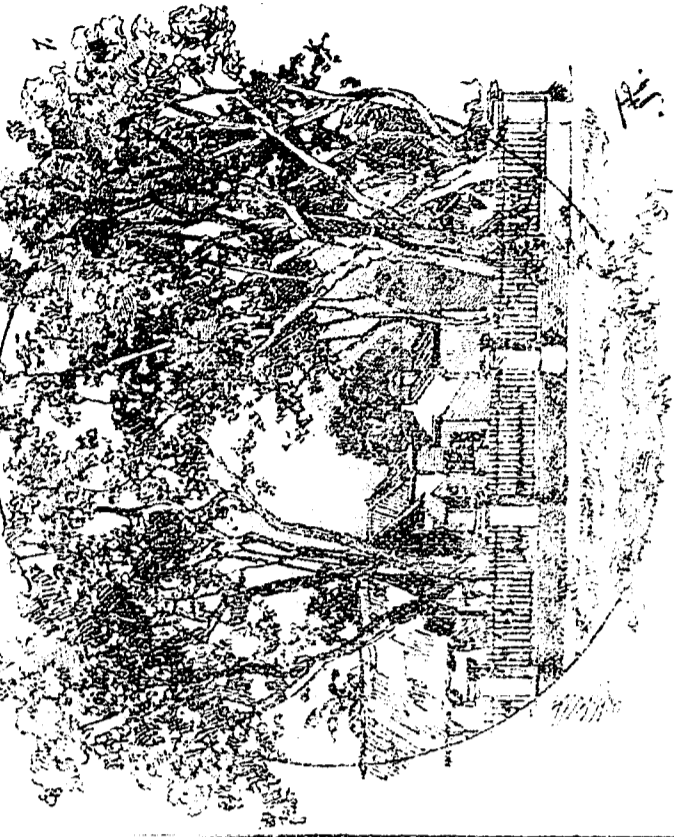
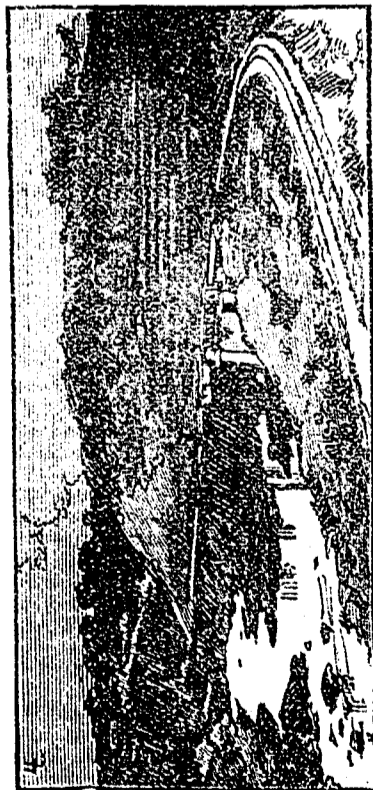
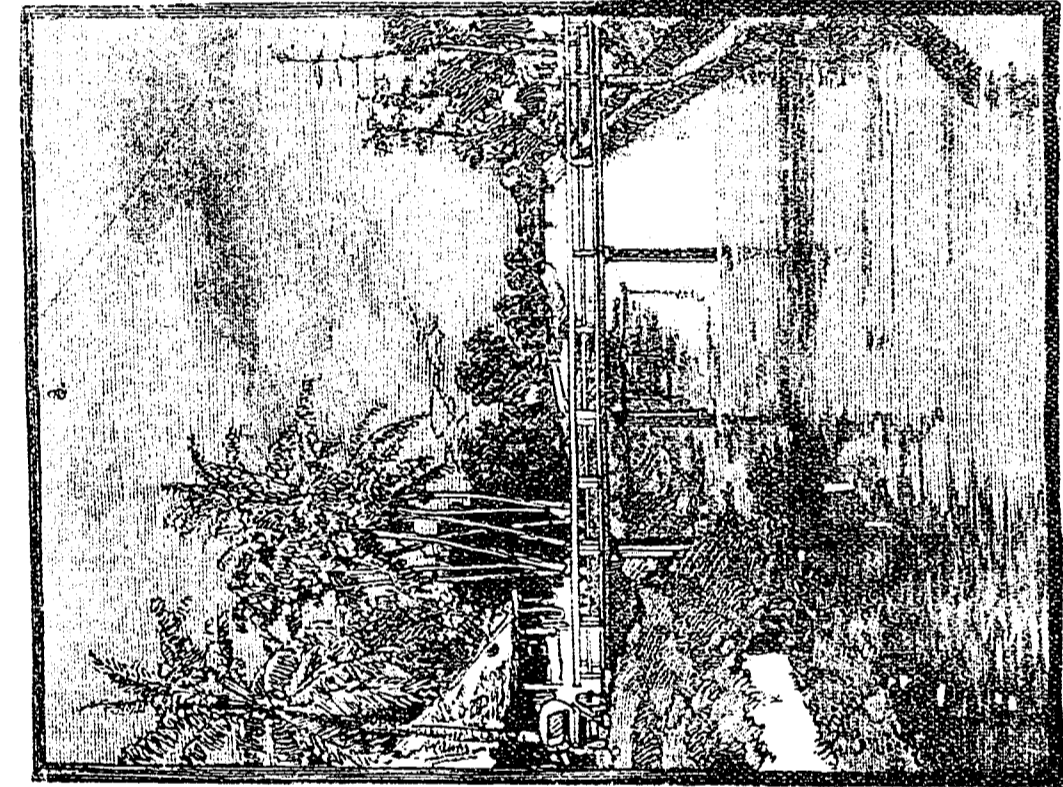
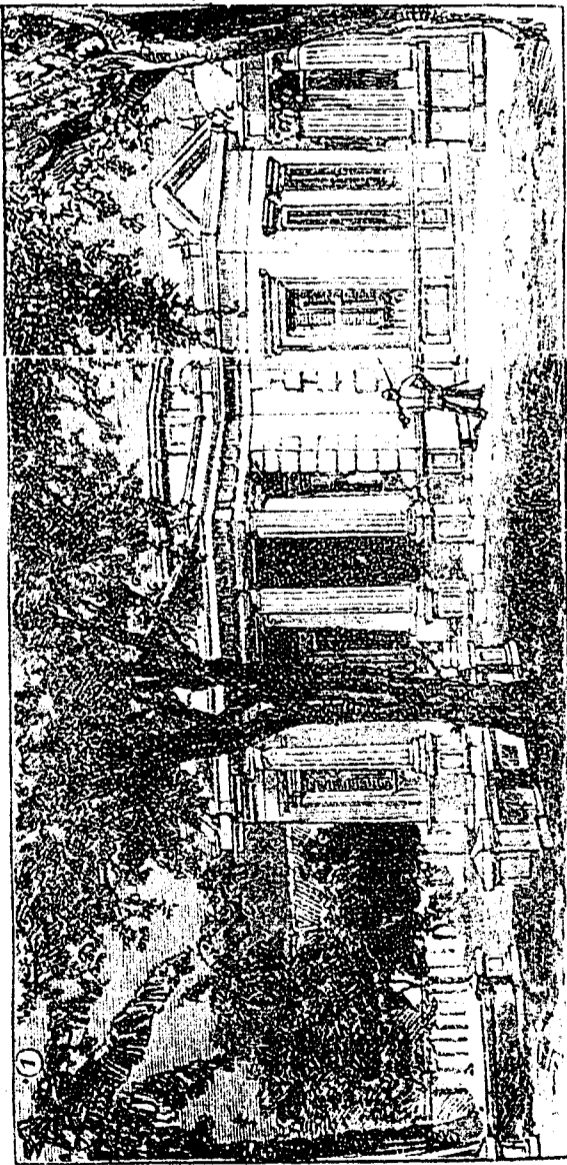
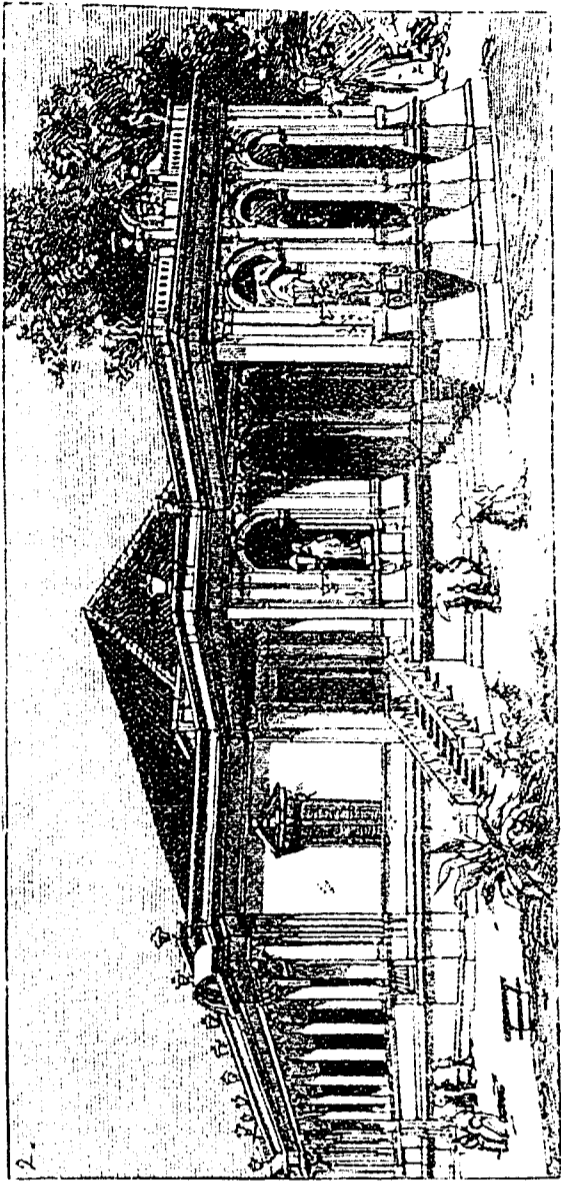
WHEN Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania, first entered her realm as princess she was struck by the pomp and lavish extravagance of dress that prevailed, and has ever since been energetically working against it, and in favor of simplicity, modesty and economy. For herself, she is fond of the plain costume of the Roumanian peasant girls, and habitually wears it at her summer home, among the Carpathians. Her manner of life, both there and at Bucharest, is unassuming. She rises early, often as four o'clock, even in midwinter, and, without disturbing any of the household, lights a lamp and sits down to work. Her rooms are richly adorned, in great part with her own handiwork, and she welcomes visitors in the most affable and unconventional manner. On state occasions, however, she bears herself with imperial dignity.



1. THE BASINS AT EMPERADOR. 2. ENTRANCE TO THE CANAL AT FOLK'S RIVER. 3. HOUSE OF EMPLOYEES AT COLON. 4. THE CANAL WHARVES AT COLON. 5. TERRACING AT UPPER CRISTO.

THE PANAMA INTEROCEANIC CANAL.

HERZL 1883



1.—Governor's Palace at St. Louis, near Batavia. 2.—Opera House, Batavia. 3.—Canal around Batavia. 4.—Railway across the Mountains. 5.—The River. 6.—Missions Church, Sumatra. 7.—The Warigin, Batavia Trees.

VIEWS OF JAVA.

out of hearing. "I don't want to be inquisitive, but no one will believe but that there was some concealed motive for what you said—you and Gordon such old friends, too; and if I am to act for you, don't you think that, for your sake, I ought to know it, so as to set you right in case of accidents?"

"I am afraid I can't tell you," I replied. "There is a motive, of course; but you must forgive me for using my own discretion about communicating it to any one."

Lane looked at me a moment in silence, and nothing more was said on the subject till we reached his quarters. There, about an hour afterward, De Lacy joined us. He and I had never been introduced to one another; but after a hurried glance round the room, to assure himself that there were no casual intruders, he walked towards me.

"Lieutenant Nolan, I believe?" I bowed affirmatively as I took his card. "I need hardly say, I presume, that I am here on the part of Mr. Gordon. This seems a sad business. Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing," I replied, briefly. "Gordon has not been very explicit; but he hinted that there were reasons. Surely you will explain?" he broke off abruptly.

"I will explain nothing. Capt. Lane acts for me."

"Then things must take their course," and he returned to Lane.

Their conference was long and earnest. I heard afterward that De Lacy tried again to bring about an understanding, and even admitted that he had been instructed to use every effort to induce me to apologize; but that Lane told him he was satisfied that it would be perfectly useless to endeavor to obtain any retraction or apology from me. At last De Lacy left, bowing ceremoniously to me as he quitted the room, and then Lane turned to me.

"It is settled for to-morrow morning at five o'clock, behind the Phœnician ruins on Corradino; pistols, of course. We had better have some dinner now, and that will give you an hour or two before you turn in to see after any business you want to attend to. I suppose you'll like a long night for the sake of steadying the hand, and you'll have to be up early."

"I have 'been out' several times since, but I don't think that I ever experienced the same feelings on the eve of a meeting that I did on this occasion. It was not only that it was my first duel, that all the sensations connected with it were novel; but I seemed to be impelled by perfectly savage ferocity, by a sheer animal lust for blood. I knew that Harry was a dead shot; but the possibility of his hitting me did not greatly affect my mind. The sole feeling of which I was conscious was one of intense delight that I was about to have an opportunity of avenging what I had induced myself to consider his maliciously false imputations upon Miss Corneswall.

I had but little to do in the way of preparation, and that little was soon done,—a letter to my mother, another to Rose, and a few lines to one or two old friends on the chance of the worst,—and then Lane and I drew our chairs up to the window, and smoked and talked until our watches warned us that, with the prospect of an early journey before us, we could no longer defer going to bed.

Lane awoke me in good time the next morning.

"I have given you till the last minute, Nolan. Edwards will be here directly with the calèche; I sent him for it some time ago. You'll find a cup of coffee in the next room; or would you prefer a nip of brandy—just a something to steady the nerves?"

Out through the Porta Reale, across Floriana parade-ground, round the Marsa, with scarcely a word spoken between us; and toward Burmolo, we left our calèche. A scramble over a low stone wall, a five minutes' walk through the young barley sprouting beneath our feet, and we reached the ground,—a small field encompassed with low walls of shapeless blocks of jagged, unhewn stone piled one on another. In one corner of it was a circle of upright single stones, commonly known as the Phœnician ruins—a sort of Stonehenge in miniature, and toward this we bent our way. There was no one behind them, and we were evidently first on the ground; so we sat down to await the arrival of our adversaries. It was one of those clear, glorious mornings that are so common in the Mediterranean in the early spring. Behind us, the slope of the ground, while it concealed us from observation from the ships in the harbor, also shut in the view in that direction; but in front of us the country stretched out for miles in a highly cultivated plain, till in the distance the rampart and towers of Citta Vecchia bounded the scene, and stood out, white with the early rays of the morning sun, above the purple-blue haze that toned down without obscuring the varying tints of the intervening valley. Every now and again the drone of some country cart, or the monotonous rumble of some peasant hastening to his daily toil, broke upon the silence; but beyond that all was still. Suddenly we heard the sound of falling stones, and looking round saw Gordon, De Lacy and some third person whom I did not know, vaulting the low wall that encompassed the field. On seeing us they stopped, and Lane rising and advancing a step or two toward them, he and De Lacy drew a little apart and I was left standing alone. Presently I saw the seconds measuring the ground, and then came to me and led me to my post, saying, as he put the cold butt of the pistol into my hand,—

"Gordon has brought a doctor with him. Mind and aim low." Then he added in a louder voice, "Gentlemen, are you both ready? Mr. De Lacy gives the words, one—two—three; at the last word you fire."

There we stood—Harry and I—in the brightening light, half facing one another, sombre and stern, each of us with his pistol in his hand, waiting for the word. How long this state of expectation lasted I can not say, not more than a few seconds, I suppose; but it sufficed to carry me back in thought many years, and to bring before me a vision of the old parsonage house and ivy-mantled church, the green fields and shady lanes, amongst which my childhood had been passed. At length De Lacy's voice recalled me to myself, as in clear, incisive tones he slowly uttered the words,—

"One—two—three."

The two reports rang out simultaneously, and, with a slight cry, Harry fell on his face on the ground. Then, forgetting all about Rose,—remembering only the old friendship between Gordon and myself,—I rushed forward in a paroxysm of remorse at my handiwork. But the seconds had anticipated me; and before I could cover the intervening ground, De Lacy was supporting Harry's head upon his knees. The doctor, too, was kneeling by him, examining the wound. The bullet had entered on the right side, where Harry had exposed it by raising his arm to fire, but the flow of blood was very slight. The surgeon, however, evidently thought it serious; for after a short examination he rose and shook his head sadly. Slight as the motion was, Harry's eye detected it, and he made a sign to the others to draw back. The seconds looked at one another for a moment, and then, in spite of the irregularity of the proceeding, they complied; and taking De Lacy's place, I bent down to catch the words as they fell from Harry's lips:

"Charlie, I'm afraid I'm done for this time. Don't reproach yourself, old fellow; it couldn't be helped. Of course we know what it was about, however little others may. I didn't want to do any on-harm," he went on almost plaintively, "or to violate any one's confidence; but I was in hopes that what I said to you yesterday would have led to your engagement being broken off; but as you have chosen to fight for her, I suppose it is on still. Charlie, you mustn't marry her; indeed you mustn't. Put your hand into my pocket, and you'll find a bundle of letters—that's it—that will tell you all about it."

Harry's voice had been growing weaker and weaker as he spoke, until the last few words were almost a whisper; so I made a sign to the others, and carefully, tenderly we carried him to his calèche and placed him in it. He was taken to De Lacy's rooms, where for weeks he hovered between life and death, and where I saw him frequently. A good constitution pulled him through at last, however, in spite of the doctors; and the *Spartiate* being then up the Adriatic, he did not rejoin her, but invalidated to England.

And the packet! When I had gone on board and could open it quietly in the seclusion of my own cabin, I found that it consisted of four letters. The first was from Harry to myself, and was merely to the effect that, having in view the possibility that the duel might be fatal to him, and thinking that I ought to be made aware of the truth, he had prepared this packet to furnish me with the evidence of it in case of his decease. Then came two other letters, addressed to him, and dated about two years back. I had little need to read them—the handwriting told me who the author was; but I read them through. They were both signed "Hester Douglas;" and their contents were such as to leave no doubt of the relation which the writer bore to Gordon at the time they were written. The blow had fallen. All Harry's imputations—all those suspicions that his words had suggested, but that I had never allowed myself to entertain—were true. There was no need of further evidence; but as if to render it complete, there was a fourth letter still unread, and I resolutely forced myself to read it. Even at that moment I found time to notice that it looked newer, less soiled than the others. It was dated "Strada Stretta, Malta, Feb. 2, 18—" (the day that I had introduced Harry to Miss Corneswall), and ran as follows:

"I knew it must come at last,—that we should meet again. But you will keep my secret won't you? O Harry, for the sake of the love you once bore me, spare me. He knows nothing, need never know anything. And I love him, Harry, and have put away the part with the old name. Why should you visit the sins of Hester Douglas upon—" ROSE CORSEWALL!"

When I had finished reading the letters, I could not at once decide on the next step. My brain was in a whirl, and for the time I seemed incapable of volition. At length, however, I determined to adopt a suggestion contained in Harry's note to myself, namely, that I should forward the letters to Miss Corneswall. I inclosed them, therefore, in an envelope, together with a few lines from myself, telling her the circumstances under which they came into my possession, and intimating that, all things considered, it would, in my opinion, be better that we should not meet again. From that day to this I have never seen Rose Corneswall; but some twelve months afterward I heard that she had become a Roman Catholic, and had entered a convent at Naples.

As for myself, I did not long remain on the station. The duel was a great deal talked about, and all sorts of reasons were assigned for it by popular rumor; and I was sick at heart, and not ambitious of notoriety. I wanted some place where I could see new faces and find new occu-

pation. So, within a month of the duel,—as soon, in fact, as Gordon was out of danger,—I applied to be superseded, and came home to England.

When I came to think coolly about it afterward, it did appear somewhat extraordinary that, considering Harry's renown as a shot, I should have come scathless out of the affair. I had not been home long, however, when I made a discovery that perhaps accounted for his bad shooting. He was then, and had been for some time previously, secretly engaged to my sister. The whole thing came out when he invalided to England, and they were married shortly after. I do not know whether Harry ever made a clean breast to his wife of what happened in Malta; but I am inclined to think that their second daughter, Rose (she is the mother of two children herself now), is not unlikely to benefit by the will of her crusty old bachelor uncle.

L. B. M.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Sept. 29.

A LARGE Italian pilgrimage to the Vatican is going to Rome at the end of this month.

A New volume by Emile Zola, entitled *Nais Micoulin*, is announced for publication early next month.

MR. BROADLEY, who defended Arabi Pasha on his trial at Cairo, has been appointed, by decree of President Grévy, Avocat Défenseur at the French Bar.

AN idea has struck a porcelain manufacturer—namely, ornamenting plates for desert with portraits of members of the family, a very charming way of perpetuating and preserving a likeness, if the cat is left out of the reckoning.

A YOUNG American lady, Miss Detchen, recently at a fête given in Paris, made a sensation as a reciter of a peculiar and original *genre*. She has a facile talent for imitating birds, and says she spent hours in the forests of America in listening to birds, and then reproducing their notes.

AMONGST the pictures exhibited by M. Meissonnier at the Triennial Salon figures the portrait of Mrs. J. W. Mackay, which was commenced over two years ago, and which is only just finished. Of course, so far as the execution goes, it is admirable. Mrs. Mackay is, however, a young, beautiful and refined woman, and is particularly remarkable for the small size and delicate proportions of her hands.

THE Burmese Ambassadors, whose singular appearance delights the Parisians, are still in Paris. Of evenings their silken gowns are to be seen in various places of amusement, and they seem to appreciate the character of the performances. As may be supposed, they run in a pack, and do not do their Paris sight-seeing singly. Their sojourn in the French capital will soon come to a close.

AN enterprising Chinaman has recently opened a restaurant in Paris, and is now endeavoring to educate the Western palate to appreciate the subtle excellences of rotten eggs and birds-nest soup. In order to prepare the former luxuries in their full perfection, fresh ducks' eggs are covered with a mixture of cinders, chalk, lye, soda, powdered liquorice root and oil, and are then left for several months until their yolks become first green and finally black. The darker the yolk the greater the delicacy.

THE waiters of Rome have been loudly protesting against the employment of female waiters in several of the cafés and beershops. They have published a protest which is being hawked about the streets. The Romans when they are wronged are terribly in earnest, and especially severe with ladies who compete in life with the Roman male. As a rule little can be said in praise of the Roman waiter; he is dirty, inattentive, and, if his tip does not come up to his ideas, frequently insolent.

A FRENCH medical journal has been amusing itself by prescribing for the ailments of illustrious people who have been long dead, but who, according to this authority, ought not to have died as early as they did. It seems that Molière could have been saved by a few grains of caffeine; Racine's neurosis would have yielded to bromide of potassium; while any modern doctor could have cured Napoleon of his biliousness, and altered the course of history by making the great Emperor live to a green old age.

AS soon as the National Salon is over the Palais de l'Industrie will be used for holding a baby show, organized by M. Hervé de Lorin, a gentleman who has a speciality as *impresario* of various sorts of exhibitions. The baby show is not to be for infants alone, but for children of all countries, from one to six years of age, dressed in their national costumes. Baby shows, frequent in America and England, are, we believe, a novelty in France, and probably the one in question will attract a certain amount of attention at the Palais de l'Industrie.

FRANÇOIS is an excellent servant, and always sits up for his master. On one occasion Viscount d'B., François's master, came home from his club at three o'clock in the morning. He found his faithful valet in his bedroom, reclining fast asleep on the sofa near the fire. Instead of waking him, he quietly undressed and got into bed. Ten minutes afterwards François awoke and exclaimed, "Past three o'clock, and the beast hasn't come in yet!" The Viscount raised his head, and said, in a very gentle voice, "You may go to bed, François; the beast has got back to its lair!"

THE foulest and most dangerous of the rookeries with which old Paris used to abound has only just disappeared. It was a small court known as the Cité du Tarn; and, although it practically consisted only of the two houses numbered 84 and 86, Rue de Meaux, and of additions to them, it gave shelter at one time to no less than 253 different families, comprising in all 1,750 persons. The Cité du Tarn, or as it was sometimes called, the Cité Gaud, maintained its evil reputation until the last; and, although it was a relic of an old and interesting phase of Paris life, no one regrets its demolition.

THERE is a story about to the effect that the Comte de Chambord's fatal stomach malady arose from Bantingism. He was in youth injured in such way by a fall from his horse that he never afterwards was capable of taking as much active exercise as was good for him. He made drives through his splendid park that he might shoot deer from his chariot. He had a good conscience and an excellent appetite. He grew enormously stout, and, having heard of Mr. Banting's system, he studied it first, and then practiced it rigidly, until he not only reduced his weight greatly, but enfeebled his stomach in a manner which led to chronic disease. Be fat and live rather than reduce your size, and life is the moral pointed; also don't try and be a king if you would be comfortable in mind as well as body.

AN Alpine accident befell a few days ago on Mont Chavel, in the Chablais, whither people from the Valais are in the habit of going at this time of the year to collect *g-n-tian*, from which they distill a sort of brandy. One of the gatherers, a man named Tobie Charvaz, who had taken a drop too much, missing his footing, rolled into a deep and almost inaccessible ravine, where, after two days, his body was found frightfully mangled. The unfortunate Tobie was thus in a double sense the victim of drink, for if he had not wanted to collect the material for making it he would never have gone on Mont Chavel at all, and if he had not been the worse for drink he would not have rolled down the ravine. His story would make a very efficient awful warning for teetotal lecturers.

SOME SUMMER FLOWERS.

The fragrance of the sweet-briar is the quality that endears it. We can scent the odors as we read the following lines from "Midsummer Night's Dream":

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grow
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."

But Shakespeare surpasses even this allusion to its fragrance in the simile, or shall we say hyperbole, contained in the following lines from "Cymbeline":

"Thou shalt not lack
The flowers that's like the face, pale primrose; nor
The azure harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath."

In the following lines of Shenstone we feel ourselves transported at once into the midst of the loveliest country scenes in spring:

"Come, gentle air, and while the thickets bloom
Convey the jasmine's breath divine;
Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
Nor spare the sweet-leaved eglantine."

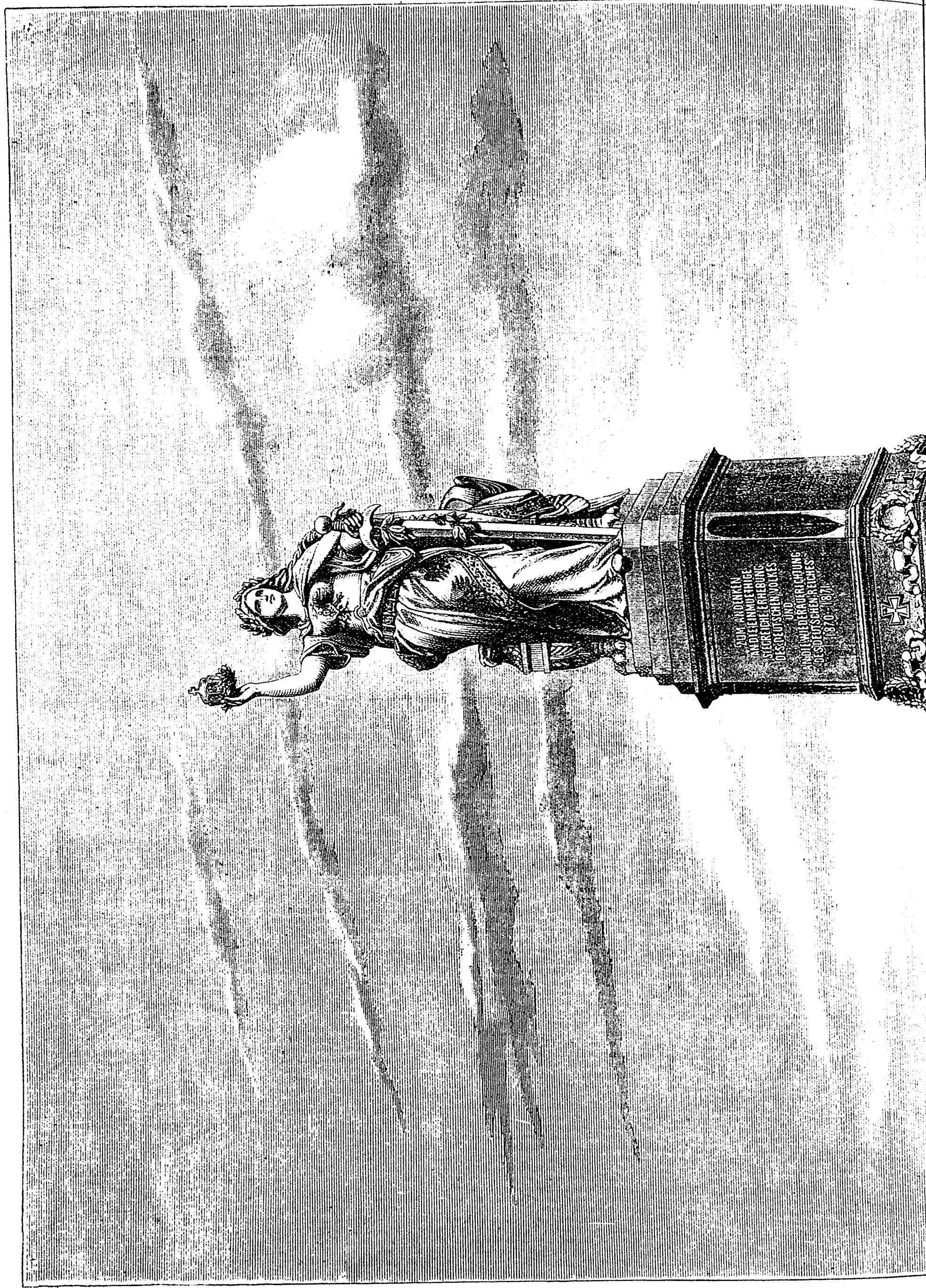
Keats refers to the "dew-sweet eglantine," and Cowper says:

"Grateful eglantine regales the smell."

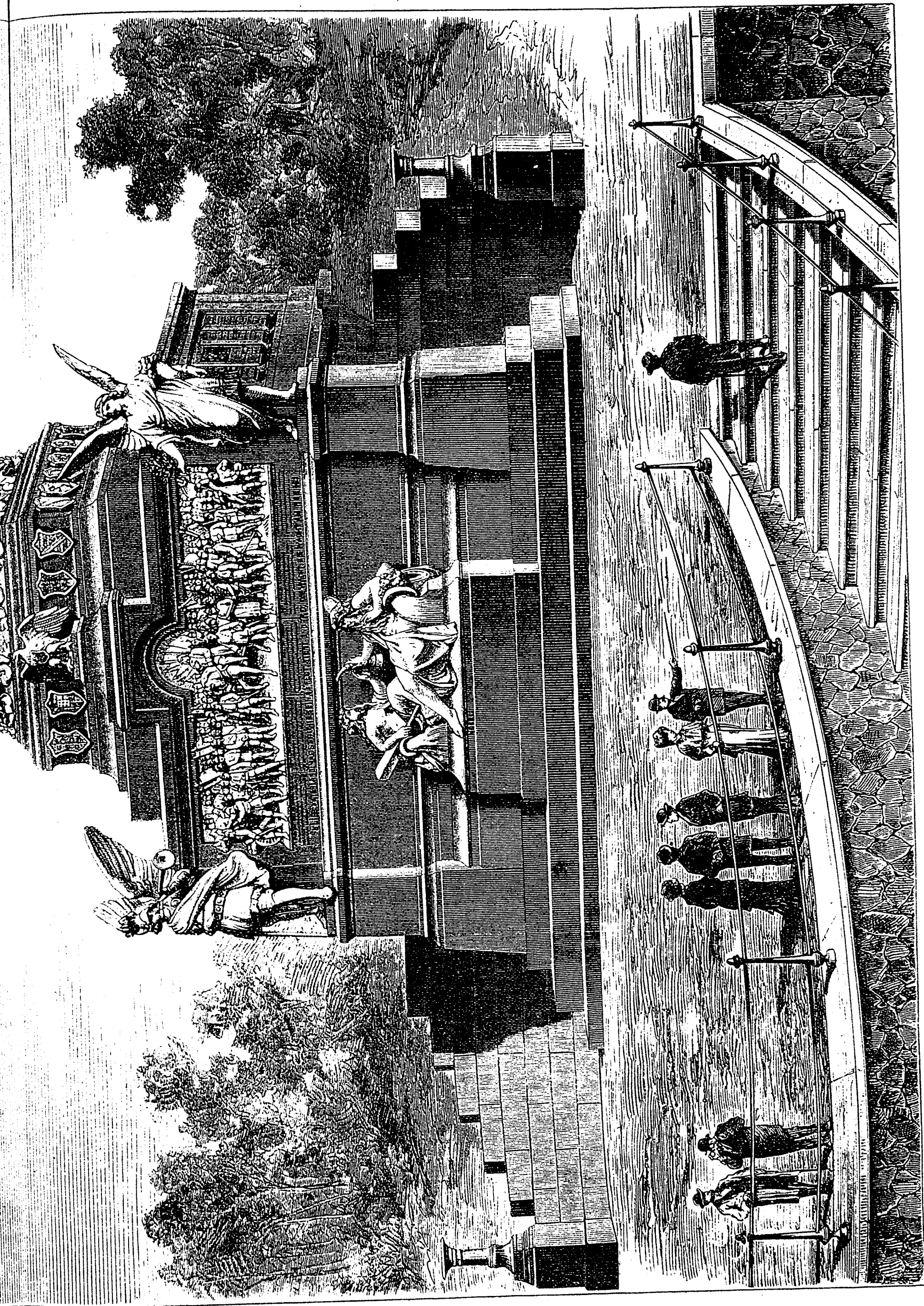
Scott, describing the scene in "The Trosachs' wildest nook," where James Fitz-James lost his steed, gives us the following lines, and perhaps, for their beauty, our reader may pardon us for quoting at more length than is really relevant:

"Boon nature, scattered free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child;
Here eglantine embathed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bowyer,
Fox-glove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain;
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath:
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent dung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky."

There is hardly an adult person living but is sometimes troubled with kidney difficulties, which is the most prolific and dangerous cause of all disease. There is no sort of need to have any form of kidney or urinary trouble if Hop Bitters is taken occasionally.



ZUM GEDENKEN
AN DIE WUNDERTHATIGE
STREIFLICHE ERHEBUNG
DES DEUTSCHEN VOLKES
UND
AN DIE WIEDERHERSTELLUNG
DES DEUTSCHEN REICHES
1870-1871



THE NATIONAL GERMANIA STATUE IN THE NIEDERWALD.

VILLANELLE.

Just to please my Bonnie Belle
With her welcome eyes of blue
Lo, I sing a villanelle.

List the merry music swell!
Haste, ye rhymes, in measure true
Just to please my Bonnie Belle.

Have a care to foot it well,
Tipping like a fairy crew;
Lo, I sing a villanelle.

Come from where the Pixies dwell,
Dance with sandals dipped in dew
Just to please my Bonnie Belle.

In her ear, the tiny shell,
Let my peerless passion sue;
Lo, I sing a villanelle.

Will she listen? Who can tell?
Does she love me? Would I know!
Just to please my Bonnie Belle
Lo, I sing a villanelle.

SAMUEL MINTON PECK.

SIX MONTHS OF BLISS.

A house-keeper is apt to regard those of her friends who, for any cause, are obliged to board, much as married women look at old maids. Whether it is because "misery loves company," or that they really believe in married bliss or house-keeping happiness, is hard to tell; yet women are notoriously match-makers, and as notoriously anxious to convert all their boarding friends into believing that house-keeping is full of delights and pleasures and devoid of any cares or worries. To be sure, servants are hard to manage sometimes, and a few minor troubles arise, but they are nothing in comparison with the discomforts and unpleasant experiences of life in a boarding-house. So I had come to believe, from what my friends had told me and from what I remembered of my mother's faultless house-keeping. I had known nothing of it all by experience, and I felt that if the time ever came when I should have a home of my own I should be perfectly able to manage it to perfection, and I often built air-castles, in which a lovely future home was a central and prominent figure. I had boarded for about ten years, and, like Noah's dove, had found no resting-place. Consequently one day I was lifted to the seventh grade of happiness when a dear little woman, a staunch friend and splendid house-keeper, ran in and said,—

"Oh, I'm going to Europe next week, for six months. Won't you come and live in our house while we are gone? You can then have a home of your own and will not be obliged to put up with so much discomfort and annoyance. Do say 'yes'; I should then leave home without a care on my mind."

I managed, however, to preserve my wifely dignity enough to ask delay till evening, in order to find out "his" opinion, though of course I had already decided, for my friend's house was large, handsome, near the park, furnished most elegantly, and with enough bric-a-brac and pictures to satisfy Oscar Wilde himself. So when my better-half (whom I will call Demosthenes, for short, and also because he is something of an orator, especially when anything vexes him,—on which occasions he rises to sublime heights and is truly eloquent, in fifteen languages, too!) came home, I told him of the good fortune which had come to us, for it seemed like something too good to be true, that we were actually to have a whole, big house to ourselves, and all the world-famous comforts of a home instead of one good-sized room in somebody else's house; that I could have just what I desired for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and at the hours I liked. My fancy ran riot at the marvels of good things that I was going to cook just as mother did before her dear, tireless hands were folded away in their first and last repose.

My friend went away and we moved our modest household goods into the big, brownstone house. I was happy. I surveyed everything with a new interest. It belonged to me now for six months, and I was mistress of a princely home. Demosthenes had accepted with the gentle remark that he "was afraid that it would cost us much more than our boarding had, what with servants, etc.," and I had answered sweetly that "he should see that it would not cost us half as much, and that, with the help of my washerwoman, I intended to do all the work." He looked at me a moment in astonishment, and simply said,—

"You!"

His air of mocking incredulity put me at once on my dignity, and I read him a long homily against servants,—their insolence, their untrustworthiness,—and told him that it was really child's play to do the work for two persons and a half,—meaning my little boy. I furthermore said that intelligence in house-keeping was more than seven eighths of the work, and I knew that I could do it, etc., etc. I think I convinced him then. Anyhow I didn't engage a servant, and all the help I wished was that of the woman who was to come once a week and scrub for me.

The house was in "apple-pie order," with the exception of the cellar, where my friends' servants had been wont to bury their dead, or, in other words, throw all the dirt, ashes, and broken dishes, until there was about three tons (forty-four barrelsful), when we had it finally taken away.

How I reveled in the immensity of the house that first week! I put Demosthenes in one large

room, with dressing-room, bath, and a half a dozen closets attached; and I took another to myself, with quite as many modern improvements. I gave my little boy, "Toots" by name, a handsome, large room for nursery and play-room. I had breakfast in the pretty little breakfast-room, and dinner in the dining-room. I sat in the front parlor evenings, and used only the back parlor mornings, and enjoyed the novel sensation of space for certainly a week. Then I began to think of burglars. What should I do all alone? I decided that I preferred Demosthenes, with all his eloquence, to being left alone; besides which, I concluded that it was not necessary to have those extra rooms to keep in order, for, to speak the truth, the dust did seem to sift and filter into that house as if by magic. The windows and doors were all right, and the walls were sound; yet dust was omnipresent. I swept and I dusted, and a last decided that I would close tightly several of the upstairs rooms, which I did not need. That was all right, until one day, when I had occasion to enter one, a dozen moths fluttered about, causing a speedy opening, dusting, peppering, and insect-powdering, according to the most approved methods, and only then I became aware of the fact that rooms must be attended to whether used or not.

I have said nothing of my culinary triumphs and failures. The triumphs would be easy to enumerate; the failures would require more space than you would be willing to allow. Still, as I bought my bread, used no pastry, and could make really good coffee, I managed with the aid of fruit, to get along. It is true that I began by ordering the amount of meat necessary for ten persons, but a very convenient beggar relieved me of the surplus. I kept it a profound secret, but I really believe I almost entirely supported three indigent families during those six months. They never left food untasted on their plates (they took it in baskets), they never looked askance at anything, but always "God blessed me," until I felt really grateful to them.

I would rise early and tell Demosthenes not to hurry himself, and I could generally get rid of all the remains and failures of the previous day before he was down-stairs, and by the time breakfast was ready, the parlors were in order and all the little odds and ends picked up, and when breakfast was over and Demosthenes sat back in his easy-chair for me to read the morning papers to him, he actually began to show signs of impatience when told that I could no longer spare time for that very intellectual amusement, that now I must wash up the breakfast things, and prepare the dinner, and make the beds, and dust, go to market, or that the ice box must be cleaned out, and—the rest was wasted on the desert air. Demosthenes was left grumbling to himself that, since we came into the house, we did not have a bit of comfort; that I must always be doing this or that, and he didn't see any reason why I could not leave those things and do them later. I tried to convince him that it would do to read the papers after dinner; but he would not see it so; and then I asked him what reason there was to hinder him from reading them himself; he could read; and that I didn't see why he needed to discuss all the news when he never agreed with me anyway; and I thought it real hateful and selfish of him anyhow. Here he gave me a look made up of sadness and reproach, put on his hat without a word, and went out.

I supposed I had gained a victory, for it was wrong of him to expect me to sit down cozily and read the little bits of news (and I always picked out the bits that interested us both, and he discussed them as he smoked his after-breakfast cigar); but somehow, I didn't feel like crying "Hurrah" over it, and the day was long and dreary, and the work dragged, for I kept sitting down and rehearsing mentally all that little story, and I would feel nearer like crying over it all than I liked to admit, for I am not a crying woman. But, you see, we never had quarreled. I determined, however, that I would try and arrange things so that I could have half an hour to read after breakfast; but after that morning he would put his hat on at once after he had eaten, and, kissing Toots and I, go directly out. I did cry after he went out, once or twice, but I did not give him the satisfaction of knowing it.

The work seemed to me to grow harder all the time; not because there was more to do, but because I carried a heavy heart about with me. We could not go out together any more. I had so much to do in the day-time that I was obliged to do my sewing in the evening. I seldom had time to look at the papers, and the splendid library of excellent books up-stairs never received more than longing glances. I had promised myself much pleasure from those books, and had pictured long, peaceful afternoons, wherein I should lie back in an easy-chair and revel in my favorite authors.

My little Toots grew fretful and unhappy. What to him was a big house if he had no one to keep him company? What to him were the treasures of Golconda, if his mother could not share them? He wanted to study his book, to write his copy; and he could not play soldier without a general, nor have a bit of fun. He hung about me until, at last, what with the work, the worry, and the sore heart I carried, I grew as petulant as he; and he often went crying up-stairs while I was laying the table, or washing dishes, or sweeping, or doing some other necessary work.

One day, when everything seemed strained to such a pitch that something *must* break, a young

lady friend came to visit me. She was fond of my little boy, and made much of him. She was bright, pretty, affectionate, and a fine musician, in fact, was studying for the grand opera; and the Chickering piano up in the back parlor, which had been voiceless since I came, now rang with glorious melody that rested me, charmed little Toots, and gave Demosthenes the deepest pleasure. Lizzie was in raptures about our delightful home. How charming, how delightful, how different from the pent-up Utica of a boarding-house! How happy I ought to be! Oh, would not I let her come and live with us? She would make no trouble at all. She did not care what she had to eat, if it was only home-like; and as she had to board (being away from home), she was so lonely, and wanted to be with friends; and would not I let her come, for a while, anyhow? I demurred at first, fearing that I could not fulfil the duties of a hostess, particularly when I thought of the expense, for I knew that I was already spending more money than it had cost us to board, and having all my labor for nothing. But she begged so hard, and insisted so delicately on paying her board, that I finally consented. Demosthenes agreed with me, and Toots was a happy boy again. I argued that it could not cost me any more than it had done, as three can have sufficient on what is provided for two. I gave her the room Demosthenes had used, and she became one of the family. All went well for a while; she was delighted with everything, and took Toots to the park and made him happy by unlimited sights of the roiling lions and chattering monkeys. Then in the afternoon, while I was getting dinner, and doing up the dishes afterward, and preparing for breakfast, etc., she would play and sing to Demosthenes, who seemed very well contented. I wasn't a bit jealous,—I knew I had brought it all upon myself—and yet I could not prevent two or three tears dropping off the end of my nose. I could not play on the piano; my hands were rough and red, and the joints stiff; and I fancied that Demosthenes imagined that they smelled of dish-water; for he did not kiss them any more, even when I brought him his lighted pipe.

One morning, we were all sitting around the breakfast-table. I don't know how it happened that I felt that I had the time to spare, when I knew that I ought to be at work; the front-parlor windows needed washing, the high front stoop was full of dust, the area and sidewalk all needed water, and my washerwoman had not come; but I could not go out-doors and do that. I drew the line right there! So while we were all sitting there, a Dutch woman who peddled vegetables came along, and I offered her her breakfast and a quarter of a dollar if she would "clean up" for me. She was willing, and sat down to her breakfast. When she was done, Demosthenes went and got the garden-hose from its nail and fixed it all right; so that by the time she got out into the area he was ready to turn on the water. The hose had a half-inch nozzle, and there was a very high pressure on. About an inch below the nozzle there was a hole in the hose as big as your thumb-nail. I heard him ask her if she was all ready; she replied "Yes," and he went up-stairs to dress for business; and I left the dining-room, which, like all dining-rooms in New York, was at the front of the house. I went into the kitchen, leaving Lizzie and Toots still at the table. Suddenly I heard a smothered scream from Toots and a wild yell from Lizzie, and I hurried back into the dining-room to find the table and floor flooded, and Toots wiping the water out of his eyes; while Lizzie rushed up-stairs to change her drenched dress. The Dutch woman was playing the hose on the parlor windows. She held it still with both hands, frightened, and only anxious to keep the furious stream from striking her, sublimely unconscious of the spiteful little stream pouring from the fatal hole and setting every movable thing in the dining-room afloat.

I dared not go to the open windows, and had to make quite a tour before I could get to the area door. When I had got there she had decided to go up on the front steps, the landing of which was about ten feet high. She began playing all down the front and on the tops of the parlor windows, when the gentleman next door on the left came out with his two little girls, dressed for a trip to Coney Island. The hole in the hose answered all purposes of a bath for all three, and they retired to the sacred sanctity of seclusion. In the mean time I had reached the area and called her to come down, but the rushing sound of the double cataract deafened her. A nice old gentleman started up our steps to tell her she was wanted. He went home, too, before going down town; and as she turned, she poured from the hole about a barrel of water into our right-hand neighbor's vestibule.

Finally she heard me call her and stooped over the stone balustrade to see what I wanted, still pointing the fatal muzzle straight in front of her. I opened my mouth to speak, and then I sat down on the dripping stone area to muse on the mutability of things, and try to think of some word a little more expressive than "darn" that would still be suitable for a lady to use. Then she turned her undivided attention and the full force of the nozzle on the front door. I got inside as best I could, leaving a trail of water behind me, and told Toots to go and call his papa quick to go and stop that lunatic. He called, and of course his papa had to run to the front door. He opened it, to take to his bosom as much water as could reach him before he got the door closed again, and he rushed down cellar to cut off the water, before any more damage

was done. She, having finished up there, and sent all the pedestrians to the other side of the street, came slowly down the steps, reaching the ground and turning just in time to strike our milkman a little above the pistol-pocket; and he, not having the fear of the Lord before his eyes, swore until I could fairly smell sulphur. All this while she was as innocent of all the damage she had done as Toots. Just as she got into the area, Demosthenes had reached the cellar. In his haste he forgot the pile of ashes, and fell full length upon them. When he arose, no one could find a fitting name for his appearance. He stopped off the water so suddenly that the foolish woman just stood there looking into the nozzle to see where it had gone to, when, as he wound up the hose, it spouted so suddenly and hit her in the eye, and she fell back against the railing, frightened nearly to death. It took me half a day to repair damages, and after that I depended upon friendly rainstorms to clean down those windows and things.

We had a garden at the back of the house, or rather a place for one, and we decided that the middle would look well with grass for Toots to play upon, and that we would have flowers all around the walls. So we got some grass-seed and planted it, and some flower seeds and planted them. Some of them were morning-glories, some pansies and mignonette, and others of various kinds. No grass ever made its appearance and no flower ever grew; but the whole yard was soon filled with a flourishing crop of rag-weed, the very raggedest kind too. Seeing that grass was not forthcoming, Demosthenes thought that rag-weed was better than nothing; so every night he watered that, with delightful patience. A few of the morning-glories did grow, and a sweet-potato also took root, and sent up long vines full of heart-shaped, shining leaves that covered the gray wall with rich color; but it was not long before the leaves began to grow scarce, and when we searched for the reason we found that every vine was nourishing whole families of caterpillars.

It was not long before little Toots began to call the back yard his managerie and it did not lack much of meriting the name, for he had preserve-jars full of grass-hoppers, katydids, potato-bugs, and beetles of several kinds, and more different colors and species of caterpillars than I ever was aware existed. Every little while I would find him laughing in glee over the vicious fighting of a couple of caterpillars; and it was really horrible to see how they would fight, taking each other by the neck, and bite, and writhe, and froth at the mouth. They were wicked things, but he felt just as grand as P. T. Barnum, with his "collection," as he called it. Often at night I would find his pockets full of defunct specimens.

When we despaired of the garden, we thought a couple of boxes of window-plants would be pretty. I obtained a box for each window, and we set to work to fill them with dirt. That had to be carried up two flights of stairs to the sitting-room, and it seemed as if we should never get them full. At last we succeeded; but lift them when full, neither of us could. So we felt that they were safe on the wide stone ledges, and began to look about for plants. Demosthenes met a Chinaman who was selling roots, which he gravely asserted would come out very good-looking. He bought two, also a paper containing several kinds of seeds, and planted them. There were hollyhocks; dwarf sunflowers, larkspur, and sweet-peas among them; and he certainly put a handfull in that box, besides a tea-cupful of flax-seed, the two roots, a Japanese lily bulb, and a few morning-glories. I asked why the flax-seed, and he answered that it had pretty flowers, when it blossomed.

I was determined to show more taste in the selection of the flowers in my box; so I went out and bought a calla bulb, four tuberoses, four gladioli, and several mignonette plants. Then, when he was out, I took his Japanese lily bulb and put it in the middle of my box, and put a red-skinned onion in its place. I also thought a fair exchange could be made by giving him an Irish potato in place of each root he had bought of the Chinaman. But our plants did not seem to grow, and when the rain came it was astonishing to see how the dirt in those boxes shrank in volume; in very shame, it seemed, for its poverty; so Demosthenes made midnight excursions to the street with a fire-shovel and a basket, and soon the plants began to look thrifty, and mine grew apace. But if mine grew apace, his certainly grew ten paces, for everything came up so fast, the flaxseed particularly, that it lifted the soil right out too. By the most persistent slaughter of the plants undesired, he reduced his garden to something like decent proportions. Then his potatoes began to push up pretty sprouts, and his onion to thrust forth its pointed lance. How proud he was of them, and how he did brag over my garden! I just bided my time. I did regret a little that I had not planted some geraniums, or something that would flower quickly; for all I had to show was the border of mignonette, the spikes of the gladioli, and the pointed leaves of the tuberoses and Japanese lilies. But they grew so slowly! Still, the time did come when my garden bloomed out into a rare sweetness of perfume and a richness of color that made me proud and him jealous. Then one fatal day there came a sudden storm. One puff of wind took both boxes as though they were but leaves of paper, and threw them into the middle of the street, where plants, flowers, and boxes lay unheeded, for fear and sorrow had taken possession of our palatial residence.

It was this way: Toots, I prided myself, was

a bright child, sensible beyond his years, and I used to write my marketing orders and let him carry them to our grocer, who lived just around the corner. I had sent him there, and he had, for the first time, found it pleasant to go off playing with some children than to come home. Then, all of a sudden, this terrible thunder-storm came on so quickly that it was dark in five minutes, at only two o'clock p.m. Demosthenes was out, Lizzie at Coney Island, there was no other key, and if I left the doors open to hunt him up, some one might get in and steal my friends' valuables (mine were as nothing now), while, if I shut the door, I could not get in; and what to do I did not know. The child was only three years old, and he had been gone an hour. I felt sure some one had stolen him; he was so pretty and bright; and I conjured up all the dreadful tales of stolen children I had ever heard, and just then the plants went, and the blinds flapped, and the thunder rolled, and just as the first big drops began to fall, home came Master Toots, and, in response to my frantic greeting, he said,—

"I think we're going to have rain."
From that day to this I never knew where he had been. Persuasion, questioning, even threats, could not force him to tell; and he shuts his little mouth tight with a resolute look whenever I ask him, though three years have passed since then.

Lizzie still remained with us, and I found that a young girl that will make no trouble can still make a great deal of work. She had the habit of tearing up paper and scattering it all over the carpets: of leaving her clothes exactly where she took them; and I always had to keep track of her gloves, fan, parasol, and purse, to cook up all sorts of little odds and ends of things to please her, and to get used to her habits of going to bed and getting up. One night she would go to bed at ten, and then I would be wakened out of my first sleep to hear her practice her scales and trills at all hours in the morning. Perhaps the next night she could not be induced to retire until one or two o'clock. Then, again, some days she would rise at five and walk in the park an hour, and come back so vexed because her breakfast was not ready that she would go to a neighboring baker's for it. Then, the next day, she would not stir out of her bed till twelve. Sometimes she would want a simple meal of boiled codfish, and potatoes with the skins on, or some other such thing, and this always at the moment that dinner was served; and, while preparing what she wanted, the rest of the dinner would grow cold and spoiled. And you never knew the minute she intended to practice her trills, and they would break into conversations or reveries, oddly sometimes, and vexatiously always. The Turks say that to know a person you must eat bread and salt with them. I found that out, and I grew not to like Lizzie so well as I had done. But now I was in an inferior position. I was no longer her social equal; she was a boarder and I nothing but the "missus." Oh, how I used to feel when she would put on her things and go out to have a good time, while I had to stay in that detestable kitchen and cook something for her to eat! But I had no cause to send her away. I often wished I had.

About this time little Toots began to grow languid and pale. He had no appetite, and every day complained of cold. At first I did not notice it: I was so busy; and his papa was away so much of the time during the day, so it escaped his watchful eyes, until one morning, just at daylight, the little fellow was taken very ill. The doctor came and said it was malaria, and though we declared everything in the way of drainage perfect, he insisted on an examination. He found the pipes all right. Then he insisted on visiting the cellar; and there the pile of ashes at once received his severest condemnation. They discovered, too, a leaking pipe, that was dealing destruction. We could not leave the house: we were in honor bound to stay until my friend came back; but Lizzie was detained by no such sentiment. She was sure that she was ill; she knew that she would get something that would injure her throat; and she thought she had better go home for a few weeks. I answered that I thought she had better; and so I was at liberty to take care of my poor little boy. He soon grew well, and when the offending cause was removed, and the whole house thoroughly disinfected, we were all better. The danger he had been in had caused the coolness to disappear between Demosthenes and I, and I am afraid I neglected my work a little; but I was far happier.

I used to be greatly annoyed by strange cats that would get into the house, jump upon the tables, and into the ice-box even, in spite of me; and the cockroaches in that splendid kitchen and elegant dining-room were awful! No amount of borax, Paris green, or anything else, except boiling water, had any effect on them. The upper rooms were infested with bugs, the cellar with fleas, and the whole house with mice. I tried my best to rid the house of these pests, but without avail, and gave up the battle.

One day, when Toots was better, I had to go down cellar for something, and there I discovered that one of the stray cats had a nestful of pretty little kittens. Live pets always have the hearts of children, and he was wild over the pretty little things, and I promised him that as soon as they were large enough he should have them all upstairs: one would not satisfy him. The next time I went down they were all gone. The old cat had hidden them inside the big furnace, and we could not get them; and we

never saw them much afterward; for, as they grew older, they became so wild that they would all scamper off and hide whenever we went down. At last the old cat weaned them, then deserted them entirely, and they could not eat. We put meat and milk in their reach, but they would not touch either. Then we found them dead one by one, until the last one lay dying. We caught that, and tried in every way to feed it, but uselessly; it died too. Poor little Toots nearly broke his heart crying over the starved little creature, and he sobbed out, "Was n't that old cat an un-human mother, mamma?"

The range was a splendid one; but one day it took a notion to smoke, and to save my life I could neither stop its smoking nor put out the fire, and we had five days of discomfort before the men had given me permission to clean up their "muss," after taking a bucket of soot from the flues. One day the smoke was so bad that the neighbors thought there was a fire. A big policeman came to the door and wanted to find out all about it. And then again, some days I would have a lovely fire, and perhaps the next day I would have to ruin myself in kindling to get sufficient fire for breakfast. But worst of all the vexations was that of running to the doors every time the bell rang. I would scarcely get to the top of the house before some one would ring, and ring so persistently that I would have to go down, fearing it was a friend, and there I would be politely asked to "help a poor man," or for "cold victuals," or if I "didn't want to buy a nice 'Lives of all the Saints' on instalments," or "if Mrs. Jones, Smith, or Robinson did n't live there"; and I would scarcely get one door closed before some one would ring at the other. I dared not send Toots, for it was not safe; and so, tired or not, busy or trying to rest, it was all the same, I had to go. Then, too, it was not conducive to a pleasant frame of mind to have a friend call when I had something in the oven or on the stove, or was getting dinner. I could not send them away, and I could not ask them into the kitchen, and so many a good dinner was spoiled, and I almost grew to hate my friends. I had once been noted for my exceeding neatness and good taste in dress. I defy any one to cook and keep house and be always in "company trim." My most eloquent, but, alas, not very wise, Demosthenes, once asked me, why I didn't dress for dinner any more. I let loose a flood of eloquence that must have been a convincing one, and asserted that all the stories about women who can keep a big house without help, cook three meals a day, and always be dressed for company and dressed for dinner were absolute falsehoods, and that, though I knew there were hundreds and hundreds of women who did more work in a day than I ever dreamed of, even they could n't do impossibilities.

But all things end, if you wait long enough, and the six months drew to a close. I was almost broken down with work, though trying to keep that fact from Demosthenes, who always wanted me to have a servant. I got a woman to come and clean the house from top to bottom, and make ready for my friend; and I had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the house shine with cleanliness and time to doctor my skinned knuckles when my friend came home and found everything in readiness, even to cheerful fires all over, for it was chilly now. And what do you suppose? Why, she wanted me to remain there while they went to California for the winter! I thanked her, but declined, and she was positively offended! Our half a year of housekeeping had nearly cost me my baby's life, my own health, and the love of my dear Demosthenes. I revel now in the most delightful laziness. I don't get up till I feel like it, if it is n't until noon. I can read, write, or go out; and I never shall care what I have to eat again, *never*, only so that I don't have to cook it myself.

OLIVE HARPER.

VARIETIES.

MISS KEDDIE, to whom the task of writing the "Life of the Queen" has been entrusted, is a Scotch lady, residing at Kensington. The work will be a companion volume to the "Life of the Prince Consort;" but as yet only partial progress has been made in the preliminary stages of the work, such as consulting authorities, classifying material, etc. Of this lady a London correspondent writes as follows: "Miss Keddie lives at Kensington with her surviving sister, and the days on which she is not at work in the British Museum she may be seen taking a quiet stroll under the trees of Kensington Gardens. A very picturesque figure is the old lady, with silver hair and bright, sparkling eyes—now, unfortunately, requiring the aid of glasses—and an oval face, with sharp, well-defined features. Once a week, for an hour or two in the afternoon, she is visible to friends; but no one intrudes on any other days or disturbs her as she walks."

SHORTLY before her death George Eliot made a tour through the midland counties of England, and on one occasion passed through one of those charmingly quaint and severely silent village churchyards, where time alone marks life and death so quietly and effectively. There a simple flag-stone bore the suggestive and mysterious single inscription: "The Unknown." This attracted "the great authoress." Making inquiries, she learned this was the spot where a cultured and disappointed woman lay at rest after living the life of an "unmarried wife," and being deserted by that very "humanity"

George Eliot had so much praised in seductive chapters. Living out the remnant of this worldly existence in a retired corner of a village, and unknown and uncared for, this fair and frail one breathed her last in a tiny room, leaving a written request that she should be buried in the neighboring churchyard, and that her only epitaph should be "The Unknown." A small sum of money was found to defray the funeral expenses, and put up the stone which gave "George Eliot" a serious view of life at home and abroad over and above "the humanities."

M. RENAN delivers his lectures in one of the smallest and most poorly furnished lecture rooms of the College de France. In size it is only thirty feet long by fifteen feet wide. The principal furniture consists of a long table laden with old Bibles, an enormous blackboard and a faded map; its sole ornaments are two busts—one of Aristotle, the other of Quintilian. The audience is surprisingly small, consisting mainly of elderly scholars, with here and there a clergyman, a rabbi or an occasional visitor. Renan appears punctually at the stroke of the clock. He is short and stout, his large head covered with long, thick gray hair, and his whole appearance suggesting a mild-mannered, easy-going curé. He begins his lectures in a quiet, almost indifferent sort of way, but soon warms up, and never fails to charm his hearers. In strong contrast with the indifference shown by the fashionable world of Paris to a man of M. Renan's importance, the lecture room of the popular philosopher Caro—the largest of the Sorbonne—is crowded with the élite of the Faubourg St. Germain, whose equipages block the street long before the beginning of the lectures.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Sept. 29.

THERE is every prospect of the Criterion Theatre being opened in December.

IT is said that Mr. Wyndham has been offered a premium of £6,000 for the site of his theatre in the Avenue.

AN association is being formed in London for the purpose of insuring articles sent through the parcels post.

MISS ANDERSON of the Lyceum honored the Dean of Westminster with her company at dinner the other evening.

THE idea is prevalent that Miss Fortescue was earning a fortune, and had made consequently a little financial sacrifice on her side. Her salary was only six guineas a week.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to return to England in the course of next month from the Continent. They will reside at Sandringham during the autumn.

THERE have been no less than four silver cradles given this year to the wives of mayors. It is a strange custom, and evidently encourages an increase of population.

AN extraordinary bit of sporting is to be done to-day in Epping Forest, namely, a "fungus hunt," at which the people of Essex are requested to assist in large numbers.

THE Duke of Beaufort is credited with contemplating authorship. His volume will be on sporting matters—"reminiscences" of good, pleasant and instructive things. These he will deal with deftly.

THE fashionable French paper *Le Sport*, is extremely wrathful at the endeavor to introduce bull-fights into France, and advises all its friends rather to cultivate ballooning. It is none the less anxious to get rid of them apparently, it is only the manner and method about which it is fastidious.

IN the general scattering of the Orleans princes which is taking place, now that the solemnities immediately following the Comte de Chambord's death have concluded, the popular and very English Duc d'Anmale has come to England, intending, it is said, to spend the autumn among his friends of the British nobility.

THE latest novelty in the male costume is a further development of that principle of economy which suggested no gloves should be worn. The new idea is to dispense with the waistcoat and have the trousers made somewhat higher. This, too, is for evening full-dress; but we hope that the leaving-off innovation will stop at this.

A Society for Universal Education intends to infuse into the minds of the suburban this winter, by means of evening instruction and lectures, some of the higher features of education. A number of eminent professors will undertake the work. It is a novel idea, and doubtless will be well patronized when ball, concert and private theatrical engagements do not interfere or call seductively in another direction.

THE appearance of Mr. Tennyson is a source of much satisfaction to his friends. It has been known for some time that the Poet-Laureate has not been in as good health as might have been wished, but his voyage on board the *Pembroke Castle* has set him up again, and it is the general hope that it may yet be many years before this song may be heard again.

THE British Association have now confirmed the general impression that Krao is a remarkably well-formed young female. Her figure is quite statuesque, and really was the envy of many of her visitors. They would on this point have willingly changed, and young men wanting hirsute adornment would have gladly taken to her other peculiarity. She could have pleased both—and been a true, if not the missing link.

IT is said that the peculiar and startling juxtaposition of the planets and the terrific convulsions of the fiery elements in the sun are the causes of all the disasters on sea and land this year. Indeed, we saw the manuscript of a long and remarkably ingenious article on this subject the other day. It was so learned and at the same time so interesting that the breath had to be held for over two minutes. It is the work of a very beautiful woman.

THERE is a story going the round which relates how a desiguing change of babies resulted in a poor woman's child becoming a lord, and a lordling a poor woman's babe and grown-up son. This is, however, a very old story, and refers not, as is supposed, to a living generation, but a past and gone one. The young nobleman died, and the spurious one agreed never to marry. He was, in all other respects, every inch a nobleman, and his name is amongst those who will always be revered. The nurse was evidently a very far-seeing and intelligent woman; if she had had more arrangements of this kind excellent results would have ensued.

LORD JERSEY, at Bicester, gave the Radicals a bit of his mind. He said that at the great Radical demonstration held at Newcastle almost all the speeches contained attacks upon the House of Lords—not for what they had done, but for what it was apprehended they would do to a Bill which had not reached the stage of appearing in the Queen's Speech. They might rest assured that the House of Lords would not mistake the braying of an ass for the voice of the people of England. It was their duty to obey the latter, and their privilege to disregard the former. When these gentlemen were inclined to indulge in abuse of the House of Lords he should like to know what the people thought of the way in which business was conducted in the House of Commons.

MR. W. E. FORSTER must have been greatly flattered by the courtesy of the Greek Government in sending a man-of-war to escort his vessel into port. At one time the right hon. gentleman made up his mind to go to India for the vacation, but the dread of the cholera deterred him; and, according to letters that have been received here by his friends, he in no way regrets making the Greek tour instead. Since Mr. Forster resigned the Chief Secretaryship he has been a different man. During the period of his office he dressed slovenly, looked wretched, and scarcely ever suited. Now he frequently appears in glossy black, and positively shining shoes, and stops in the lobby chatting and joking. At his own special desire, the police protection that was so long afforded him has been withdrawn.

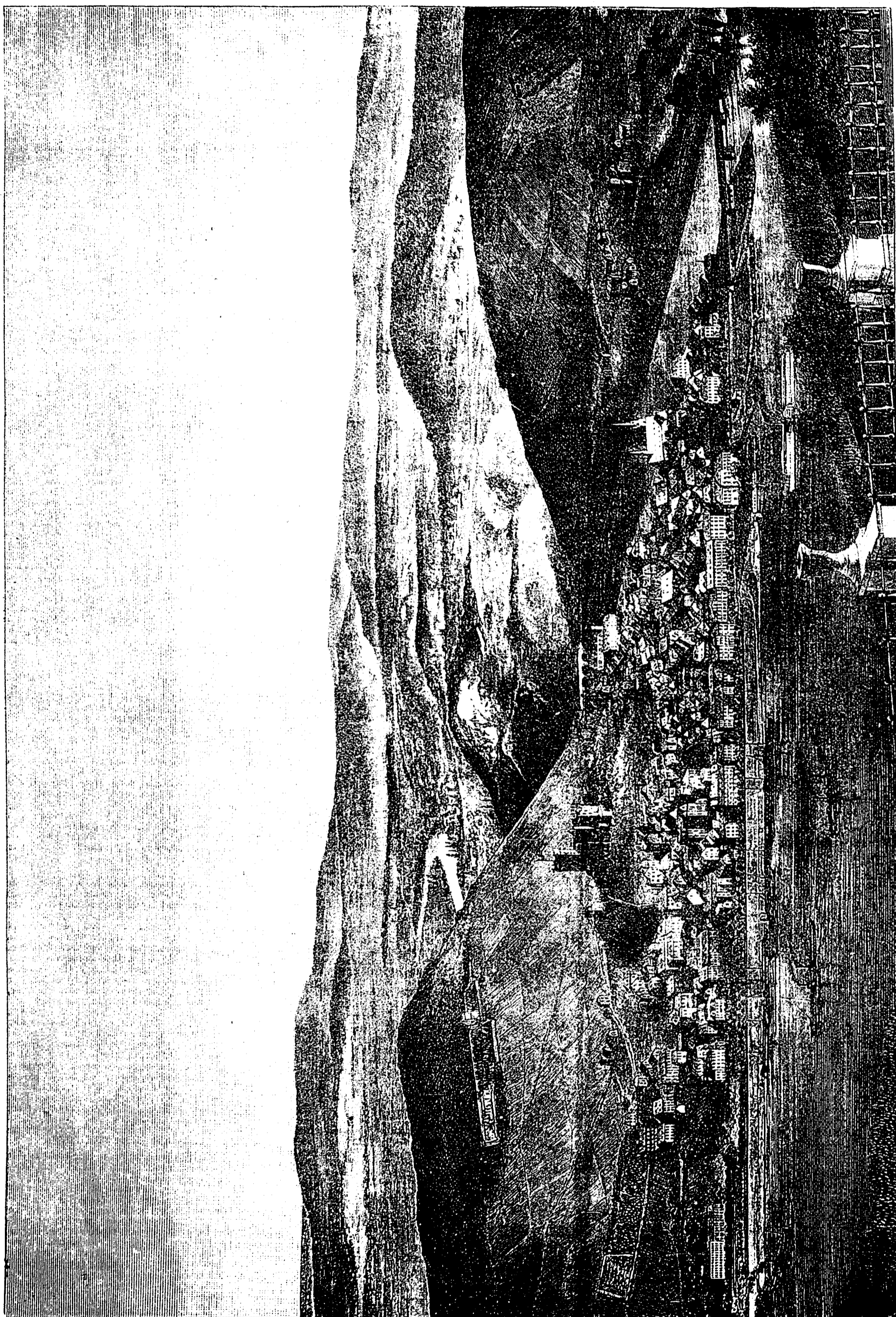
THE idea has been broached that the statue of the Duke of Wellington should be left where it is, opposite Apsley House, and that it is, after all, by no means objectionable in appearance at such a low altitude. The solid pedestal should not raise the statue higher than at present. Some say that it is an excellent idea, and there is a "striking aspect in a statue thus seen." It will certainly familiarize the youth of London with greatness, and they may, by the aid of a chair, get up and shake hands with the duke, and mount his metalsome steed and feel what glory is like. The statue looks quite rural too, embedded in green leaves of the surrounding trees. What is to be done with the grass-plots that have been made by the new roads? Surely they cannot be left as they are? In this floral age the natural suggestion would be to plant them with flowers, and we might also recommend an improvement in the lighting; let it be either electric or the handsomest and most blazing thing in gas, shining out of magnificent lamps on splendid tripods.

A VOICE FROM THE PRESS.

I take this opportunity to bear testimony to the efficacy of your "Hop Bitters." Expecting to find them nauseous and bitter and composed of bad whiskey, we were agreeably surprised at their mild taste, just like a cup of tea. A Mrs. Caesswell and a Mrs. Connor, friends, have likewise tried, and pronounce them the best medicine they have ever taken for building up strength and toning up the system. I was troubled with costiveness, headache and want of appetite. My ailments are now all gone. I have a yearly contract with a doctor to look after the health of myself and family, but I need him not now.

S. GILLILAND.

July 25, 1878. *People's Advocate*, Pittsburg, Pa.



PANORAMA FROM THE PLATFORM OF THE NATIONAL GERMANIA STATUE.



THE STATUES OF PEACE AND WAR ON THE PEDESTAL OF THE NATIONAL GERMANIA STATUE.

SONGS OF FAIR WEATHER.

The writer in Harper's who attacked the whole body of British poets for their neglect of all but the commonest varieties of birds, and their ignorance of their haunts and habits, could not well bring this charge against Mr. Thompson.

"The wind drew faintly from the south, Like breath blown from a sleeper's mouth; And down its current sailing low Came a lone heron, white as snow."

It is in his quality of sportsman and lover and knower of the woods that Mr. Thompson is at his strongest. He has escaped better than some more finished and ambitious American poets the overpowering influence of the great English models.

"When spring grows old, and sleepy winds, Set from the south with odors sweet, I see my love, in green cool groves, Speed down dark aisles on shining feet."

Mr. Thompson's versification is often careless, and shows either a defective ear or indifference to metrical beauty. There are frequent little roughnesses like this:

Faulty versification like this makes one feel that Mr. Thompson is unfamiliar with the principles of English verse, ill-defined as they are, or else will not condescend to observe them.

"She had a bow of yellow horn, Like the old moon at early morn, She had three arrows, strong and good, Steel set in feathered cornel wood."

But no poet with a delicate sense of the value of words would speak of Diana as "nude," but leave it as a technical term for painters and sculptors; nor would he speak of Psyche's "gracile limbs."

VARIETIES.

THE Princess Dolgorouki, morganatic widow of Alexander II., will spend the winter at St. Petersburg.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK has returned from Scotland and will at once begin his proposed Stratford-on-Avon story of Shakespeare's time.

WHEN Queen Christina was in St. Sebastian she wore a gray waterproof and large poke bonnet, plainly trimmed, that nearly concealed her face.

IT is stated that the Queen wishes to confer the star of the red cross on Miss Florence Nightingale, but the health of the Crimean heroine is so unsatisfactory that she cannot accept Her Majesty's invitation to receive the honor.

GREAT preparations are being made at Hamburg for the celebration of the second centenary of the birth of Handel, which occurs in 1855.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS, the novelist, is preparing a series of papers on the life and art of Gustave Doré, which will be published in the Art Journal, and illustrated by a number of reproductions from hitherto unpublished drawings which for some time have been in Miss Edwards' possession.

THERE is being manufactured at the Derby Crown Porcelain Works, a costly service of fine Derby China, intended as a gift from the working people of that town to Mr. Gladstone.

THE sixth Congress of Orientalists, which has just concluded its meeting at Leiden, has been a great success. The number of scholars who attended it was greater than at any previous gathering of the kind.

AN International Congress will be held at Rome this month to arrange for a common meridian, and a common time for railways and telegraphs.

THOMAS HUGHES is established in the Hughes cottage at Rugby, Tenn., and is enjoying the mountain air in its full perfection. He came from England, first, to see his venerable mother, who, at the age of eighty-six, is a pioneer in the wilderness, and secondly, to enjoy a rest from his judicial duties.

A LIFE-SIZE portrait of President Arthur, painted by Andrews, has been hung in the corridor of the White House. It is a remarkable likeness, and the execution is very fine, though some might pronounce it a little too ideal to be in good taste.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and paper to hand. Thanks. Solutions of Problem Nos. 43-44 correct.

About two years ago a chessplayer from Montreal during a short sojourn in Chicago made inquiries everywhere for a chess club. Anxious, however, as he was for a fight he sought in vain.

Lady chessplayers, we learn, are increasing in number, and we are glad to find it so, and lady problem composers, no doubt, are every day showing their ability to produce positions which will compete with any that may be found among the gems elaborated by the sterner sex.

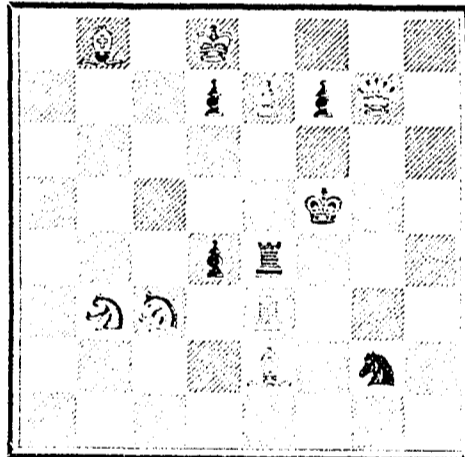
The first year of the Brooklyn Chess Chronicle has closed and we are pleased to see it stated that those who undertook its management are satisfied with the amount of patronage they have received.

A special general meeting of the City of London Chess Club will take place at Moutlet's Hotel, Newgate street, on Monday, October 1st.

PROBLEM NO. 45.

By J. B., of Bridport.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 45.

White. Black. 1 R to K3. 1 Any. 2 Mate acc.

GAME 590th.

Played at the International Tournament between Messrs. English and Bird.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE.—(Mr. English.) BLACK.—(Mr. Bird.) 1 P to K4. 1 P to Q B4. 2 Kt to K B3. 2 Kt to Q B3. 3 Kt to B3. 3 P to K Kt3 (a). 4 P to Q4. 4 P takes P. 5 Kt takes P. 5 R to Kt2. 6 B to K3. 6 Kt to B3. 7 B to K2. 7 P to Q3. 8 Castles. 8 B to Q2. 9 P to K R3. 9 R to B. 10 Q to Q2. 10 B takes Kt. 11 Kt takes Kt (b). 11 P to Q R3. 12 P to B3 (c). 12 P to Q R3. 13 Q R to Q. 13 Kt to R4. 14 B to B2. 14 Q to K4. 15 P to B2. 15 Kt takes B. 16 Q takes B. 16 Kt to B5. 17 K to R2. 17 Q to K Kt4. 18 P to K Kt3. 18 Kt to K3. 19 Q to Q2. 19 Q to K B4. 20 B to Q3. 20 Q to Kt3. 21 P to Kt3. 21 P to B4 (d). 22 B to B4. 22 P to Q Kt4. 23 B to B (e). 23 P to Kt2. 24 Kt to Q5 (f). 24 B takes Kt. 25 P takes B. 25 Kt to Kt2. 26 P to K R4. 26 P to K4. 27 P takes P on pass. 27 P takes P. 28 P to Q B4. 28 P takes P. 29 B takes P. 29 P to Q R4. 30 B to Q3 (g). 30 P to Q4. 31 Q to K (h). 31 Q to B6. 32 Q to K3. 32 Q to K B3. 33 P to B4. 33 R to B6. 34 R to K2. 34 K R to B. 35 Q to Kt6. 35 Q to Q. 36 Q to Q4. 36 Q to Q3.

37 Q to B6. 37 R to B8. 38 Q R to Q2. 38 Q to Kt3. 39 R to K B2. 39 R to K8. 40 K to Kt2. 40 Kt to R4. 41 Q to Kt5. 41 R to K6 (i). 42 R to B3. 42 R takes R. 43 K takes R. 43 Q to Kt8. 44 R to Q B2 (j). 44 Q to K8 ch. 45 K to K3. 45 P to Q5 ch. 46 K takes P. 46 Q to Kt8 ch. 47 K to K4. 47 Kt takes P ch. 48 K to B3. 48 Q to Q8 ch. 49 K to K3. 49 Kt to B8 ch. 50 K to Q4. 50 Q to R8 ch. 51 R to K4. 51 Q to K8 ch. 52 K to B3. 52 Kt to Q7 ch (k). 53 K to Kt2. 53 R to B. 54 Q to Kt3. 54 Q to K8. 55 P to R5 (l). 55 P to K4. 56 R P takes P. 56 Kt to B8. 57 Q to R3. 57 P to R4. 58 Q to K6 ch. 58 K to Kt2. 59 R to B7 ch. Resigns.

Notes by Dr. Zukertort.

- (a) Slightly premature: otherwise Black's treatment of the opening is of a very high order indeed. (b) Not to our taste, and clearly improving the adversary's game. (c) Weakening his Pawns on the King's side—compare Black's 13th move. (d) A pretty little manoeuvre, which weakens considerably the adverse position. (e) Taking the Knight would be better. (f) Leading to an exchange which is again in Black's favor. (g) K to Kt2 would be better. (h) The commencement of a series of manoeuvres in which Black all but outplays his opponent. (i) It is rather difficult to decide which would be Black's strongest continuation: he must in carrying his forces into the hostile camp be all the time ready to prevent any mischief arising from the entry of the White Queen. P to K4, we think, might have been played safely, and would have greatly assisted Black's attack. (j) A fine resource, which secures the draw. (k) Not satisfied with the draw, Black tries in vain to force the game, and pays finally the usual penalty. (l) A powerful rejoinder, which turns the tables.—Standard.



ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating weir and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal.

Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canal.

Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th day of November next, for the extension of the network and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the head or upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 3th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

A map, plans and specifications of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars, must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 28th Sept., 1883.

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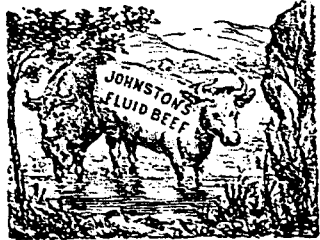
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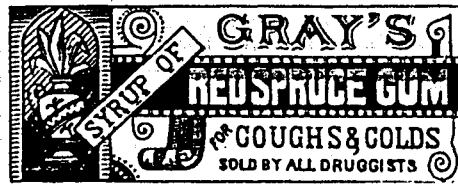
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