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Wholesale News

Vol. VIII.—No. 17.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1873.

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VICTOR EMANUEL II., KING OF ITALY.

THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY,	Oct. 26.—	<i>Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.</i> Quebec: SS. "Sarmatian" due from Liverpool.
MONDAY,	" 27.—	Capitulation of Metz, 1870. Montreal: Adjourned General Meeting of Shareholders of Shedden Co.
TUESDAY,	" 28.—	<i>St. Simon and St. Jude.</i>
WEDNESDAY,	" 29.—	John Keats born, 1798. Montreal: Second day Montreal Hunt Steeple Chase.
THURSDAY,	" 30.—	Quebec: SS. "Severn," (Temperley), for London.
FRIDAY,	" 31.—	<i>All Hallows Eve.</i> Halifax: SS. "Nestorian," due from Liverpool.
SATURDAY,	Nov. 1.—	<i>All Saints Day.</i> Quebec: SS. "Casplan," for Liverpool. " SS. "Texas," for Liverpool.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1873.

Our remarks upon the present political aspect of the country have during the last two weeks formed the subject of considerable comment in the daily press. The Opposition papers, led as usual by the *Globe*, endorse to a certain extent what we said upon the political outlook, and are especially careful to impress upon their readers' minds the idea that we are "a friend of Sir John's Ministry," "a steady supporter of the present Government," and so on. We desire to correct this statement. We are supporters of no particular Government and it is our intention to keep entirely aloof from all party strife. It is our aim to treat questions of public interest in a perfectly independent spirit, with an eye solely to the public weal. A journal of the class of the *News* would be entirely out of place were it pledged to support any party or individual, and we therefore may be counted neither as a supporter of the Ministry nor as forming a unit in the ranks of the Opposition. That our independence is an actual fact, is amply proved by the remarks of our contemporaries of both colours on the articles already mentioned. While the Opposition papers insist that we are a friend of the Ministry certain of the ministerial organs foolishly accuse us of having formed an alliance with the *Globe*. In other words, to the Ministerialists we are "Grit"; to the "Grits" we are Ministerialist. The truth lies between the two. We belong to neither party. Our mission is to keep away from the bickerings of both sides and to consider in an enlightened and unbiased spirit the questions of the day. We trust, then, that we shall hear no more of ourselves either as Government supporters or as having formed an "alliance" with the Opposition. *Apropos* of this story of the "alliance" a striking example of the truth of certain remarks we made last week on some peculiarities of Canadian journalism is given by the comments of an Eastern paper with which, we believe, the story originated. In our last issue we stated that "people are tired of having their political opinions dictated to them by prejudiced organs, whose inviolable rule is to find fault with everything suggested or carried out by their opponents, and invariably to lavish unbounded praise on the proposals and measures of their own supporters. It is a difficult thing in the present state of Canadian journalism for an unbiased reader to reach at the truth of a political question, so torn and rent is it by the struggle of rival factions. Little light is shed upon its bearings by the dissertations of rival organs, for these mainly consist of angry accusation and retort. There is but a small measure of argument to be found in the editorial columns of our leading dailies. They content themselves with brief assertion or contradiction as the case may be. They are loud in their protestations and denunciations, but the cry is out of all proportion to the wool. In their unseemly wrangling they remind one of country bumpkins belabouring each other with words, but afraid to come to the test, 'You're a liar?' cries one. 'You're another,' retorts the other. And there the matter ends." These observations had not yet appeared when our Eastern friend came out with a three quarter column that reads as though it had been expressly written to prove the truth of our assertions. The writer is evidently thoroughly angry at the so-called "alliance," and at the fact that our remarks on the situation had been extensively quoted and commented on. So he rushes into a slashing diatribe that was evidently calculated to overwhelm us. From the tone of the article one would suppose it to have been dictated by a spirit of personal animosity. Of argument there is absolutely none, but the writer makes up for absence of logic by indulging in unlimited invective and abuse. Indeed he shows himself possessed of a remarkable talent for calling names—a talent, however, which is of little use to, and little prized by respectable journalists. He abused the *News*, writers, artists, and everyone connected with it in a highly original and amusing style in which laboured efforts at wit and indignant vituperation struggle together for the mastery. He even drags in the names of outsiders—especially of a gentleman whose attainments are of the highest order, whose scholarship is unquestioned, and whose literary and artistic taste is the admiration of his friends and the despair of his enemies. But not a word of argument is there, from begin-

ning to end. Nor one-half pennyworth of logic to an intolerable deal of abuse. So is it only too often. We hardly expected such a very timely confirmation of our remarks, but we cannot but regret that our contemporary should have made himself such a glaring example of the truth of our statement.

THERE appears no reason to doubt that the election of Louis Riel to the House of Commons, for the County of Provencher, is a most untoward event which will add immeasurably to the already numerous and grave embarrassments of the Government. Sir John A. Macdonald had certainly enough to bear before this additional burden was laid upon his shoulders, and we fancy that none of Riel's enemies could more ardently desire the absence of that individual from Ottawa than the Premier himself. And it is not only the mere presence of the ex-Provisional President that is unwelcome, but the mission on which he is bent is likewise fraught with complications. Six weeks ago, Riel might have gone to Ottawa as the friend of the Government, the true successor of Sir George Cartier. Now he comes brandishing the tomahawk, like a Montaguais Chief on the war trail. He comes a fugitive from justice, denouncing what he brands as the duplicity and bad faith of the Government. When summoned, at the beginning of the month, to appear with Lepine, before the Court at Winnipeg, to answer for the death of Scott, he published a protest stating that the Government at Ottawa had promised, first to the delegates Ritchot, Scott and Black, and later, to Archbishop Taché, that there would be a general amnesty for all deeds committed during the insurrection; that relying upon this pledge, the people had retired quietly to their ordinary avocations and that he himself expected to be allowed to live in the peaceful enjoyment of his rights of citizenship. He then distinctly charges bad faith and breach of promise upon Sir John A. Macdonald and the Federal Government. It was with this protest, as a platform, that his name was presented to the electors of Provencher, and it was upon this issue that he was elected, by acclamation, to represent the constituency in Parliament. Now, what will the Government do with him? They cannot make proposals of compromise or conciliation, for the wrath of Ontario would rise once more into a fever. They cannot spurn nor brave him, for the French portion of Quebec, Conservative as well as Liberal, is in sympathy with him. The Ministerial journals in different parts of the Dominion, with a simultaneity which induces the suspicion of official inspiration, have recommended as the simplest and readiest solution of the problem, the promulgation of amnesty by the Imperial Government before Riel takes his seat. This would certainly settle the legal question of Riel's right to act as a representative in Parliament, by removing the disqualifications which an indictment for murder and a possible sentence for contumacy might entail. But we have serious doubts that it would allay popular feeling and thus relieve the perplexity of the Government. The Ontario Opposition would argue that the amnesty was wrenched from the Imperial authorities by Sir John for political purposes. The Quebec Opposition, while approving the act itself, would urge that it came too late, and was brought about not so much in the interests of the Metis, as for the personal behests of the Government. Certainly the whole of this wretched Red River business has been held too long in abeyance and if amnesty was to have been granted, more especially if amnesty had been promised, it should have been proclaimed long ago.

Beyond the danger to the Government, there is furthermore to be considered the danger to Riel himself in his coming to Ottawa. We shall not here give expression to our apprehensions, but rather trust that moderation and good sense will prevail and that the fair fame of Ontario will not be tarnished by any violence. Once in Ottawa, as member of Parliament, Riel is and should be under the protection of the Government. And this fact points to the probable necessity of hereafter making the city and district of Ottawa a separate or neutral ground, such as the District of Columbia, where the jurisdiction of the other Provinces may not extend.

It is a matter of congratulation that at length the Harbour Commissioners of Montreal have thoroughly awakened to the absolute necessity of improving the navigation of the St. Lawrence and enforcing safe conduct from the pilots. This year has been distinguished among many, by the frequency and seriousness of marine disasters, almost within sight of the towers of Notre Dame. Steamers have been stranded; collisions have taken place; the channel has been missed; proper lights and fog signals have been found wanting and the consequence has been that within less than a twelve-month the port of Montreal has acquired an unenviable notoriety among the shippers of the Clyde, the Thames and the Mersey. A gentleman well acquainted with both countries assured us only a few days ago that the merchants of Montreal had no idea of the harm which had been done to this port by the casualties of the past two seasons. Under the old Trinity House system, routine and ignorance kept everything back. Investigations were ordered on several important occasions, by the force of public opinion, but these inquiries were instituted long after the disasters occurred, and in the majority of cases, no report of proceedings was published. The newly constituted Board, representing the different interests of the commercial community, has inaugurated a happy change.

The investigation which it has just concluded, into the collision of the "Er! King" and "Cingaloso," was carried on with a thoroughness and knowledge of the subject which went directly to the very root of the accident, and the prompt decision which resulted in depriving the delinquent pilot of his branch will produce the happiest effects in forcing this class of public servants to perfect themselves in their profession. We trust the Harbour Commissioners will continue their good work and direct their attention to all the improvements which the rapidly growing trade of Montreal harbour imperatively requires.

It were useless criticizing or even calling attention to the oddities and anomalies which are constantly recurring in our Courts of Justice. When the outsider complains of them or even ventures to express his astonishment, he is generally answered by the men of the law that initiation is necessary to understand the mysteries of criminal procedure. Among lawyers themselves there has been of late a spirit of rampant criticism against the Bench of Judges, especially in the Province of Quebec, and no less a man than the Hon. Mr. Doria made a sweeping charge against that body at the last session of Parliament. His action was so far approved by the Profession that he was afterwards elected Batonnier. We have no disposition to enter to-day upon that vexed question, nor even to record any complaint against the judiciary, but we cannot allow the occasion of the last sitting of Queen's Bench in Montreal, to pass without animadverting on the queerness of some of the sentences delivered by the presiding Judge. A general character of leniency marked most of these sentences, which we take as a good sign and an apt application of the principle *finis legis potius emendatio*. But there were two sentences which, placed side by side, present an odd contrast. A poor fellow who had been found guilty of shop breaking was condemned to three years in the penitentiary. A gentleman found guilty of smuggling a considerable sum of money from a most deserving public charity, was condemned to only two years of penitentiary. It is not that we find the latter sentence too light, considering all the circumstances which were alleged in mitigation, but in comparison with it, will it not strike the average mind that the former sentence was too severe?

We learn from recently received English papers that at the very outset of the expedition which is about to bring the Ashantees to their senses a very serious mishap occurred which might have been attended with very serious results, but which, fortunately, led to nothing else than temporary inconvenience. It seems to be a characteristic of the Ministry at home that they can take nothing in hand without blundering over it. And certainly in this case they blundered sufficiently to excite the admiration of their most determined opponent. It appears that the ship in which Sir Garnet Wolseley and his staff were despatched to Madeira, en route for Sierra Leone and Cape Coast Castle had been hurriedly fitted up for service and when completed was totally unfit for occupation. In the first place the paint was barely dry when she started, and we are told that the whole lower part of the vessel was poisonous with the smell of the new paint. The vessel had open bulwarks and any more than ordinarily heavy breezes sent wave after wave over her. Of course in the slightest gale everything had to be closed up to prevent the water going below, and the result was that the inside of the vessel was almost uninhabitable from the close, unhealthy atmosphere, the smell of the paint, and the stench of the bilge-water of which a considerable quantity had accumulated during previous voyages. To crown the discomfort the vessel had been so badly caulked that the moment the deck became moist the water dripped through the boards into the berths below. Of course sickness was caused by the poisonous air in the cabins. Sir Garnet Wolseley himself was laid up for several days with the combined effects of the bilge-water and the paint. One of his officers had an attack of dysentery, brought on entirely by the paint, and nearly every one on board suffered from a kind of painter's colic. When it is taken into consideration that it was of the utmost importance that every member of the expedition should reach his destination in a state of perfect health in order to enable him to encounter the trials of an African climate, it is incomprehensible that so little care should have been expended in assuring not only comfort, but absolute safety, to the leaders of the expedition. It is to be hoped that this negligence is not to be looked upon as an indication of the importance which is attached to Sir Garnet Wolseley's services and to the arduous task he has undertaken.

We have received from Messrs. Dawson & Bros., Nast's Illustrated Almanac for 1874, published by Messrs. Harper & Bros. It contains a number of comic sketches and reading matter of a kind which we are surprised to see issued by a house of the standing of the Harpers. Both are extremely inferior in taste and in point, and cannot be taken as anything like fair specimens of what the artist and humourists are capable of turning out. As an advertisement it will doubtless attain its object.

THE FLANEUR

It is a moot question whether the wearing of deep mourning is proper or not. Some social reformers contend that sorrow should be carried in the heart, not flaunted before the gaze of the world. Others hold that the whole person, exterior as well as interior, should testify to its grief for the departed. I will not presume to pronounce upon the matter otherwise than by a little anecdote. Among my fellow passengers, the other day, in the street cars, was a young female who at once attracted my attention. Pardon me, I am not in the habit of looking at females in the cars or on the streets, but this particular female did attract my attention. To speak more precisely it was her costume that caught my eye. She was clad in the deepest mourning. Her dress, close fitting to a snowy neck, was of crepe. Her polonaise was also of crepe. Both these garments were of stylish fashion and costliest material. On the front of the dress there were about twenty-five buttons covered with crepe and the size of a silver dollar. Collar and cuffs were of daintiest cambric bordered with a black line. Breastpin, earrings, cuff-links, and long pendant neck-chain were of magnificent jet. The watch in the belt and the ring on the finger must have been of ebony, but I did not see them. The parasol was of dead silk trimmed with slight banderoles of crepe. And the hat! What shall I say of that? It too was of crepe, but ornamented with a black poppy, symbol of sleep; black myosotis leaves, emblems of pious remembrance, entwined in black *larmes*. And down overallswept the black veil extending to the knees. At first sight of all these trappings of woe, I own I felt impressed. There is nothing so pathetic to me as a widow, a young widow, I mean, in her weeds. With Jefferson Davis, I always feel like touching my hat to her. But after a while, this particular widow arose to step out. Shades of the departed: she wore a panier. I wonder if that also, was of crepe. She walked through the car on tip toe, with that *mouvement saccadé de la croupe* which Alphonse Karr has immortalized. My illusion was gone. All the ladies glanced at each other with that indescribable look which might be interpreted as dismay, but which was clearly something else. Several of the gentlemen laughed from their eyes. One old fellow beside me remarked:

"That young widow will be married before three months!"
 "Yes," I sighed, "but doesn't it beat all to make the insignia of mourning the instruments of coquetry?" O, woman, woman!

The coming of Louis Riel to Ottawa, as Member of Parliament!

If all the troubles which have of late been heaped on the head of the poor Ministry are fancied ones, trumped up by the opposition, this at least is real.

There is nothing so fatiguing as idleness.

It is Sunday. A lady finds her maid deeply engaged reading a book.

"As you are doing nothing, Janet, come and help me, please."
 "This is the Sabbath, mam."
 "You are right, I had forgotten."
 Janet plunges again into her book.
 The lady curious to know what pious work thus absorbed the attention of the good girl, inquired:
 "Is that the Bible you are reading, Janet?"
 "No, mam, it is my cookery book."

Clay, Member of Parliament for Hull, genial club man and king of whist, is dead. Inscription on a mural tablet in his honor:

Whist! The game is ended!

Montreal is resolved to distinguish herself among the cities of the Dominion by her appreciation of art. She taxes it. Steammen are so delighted that they are combining to let Montreal severely alone during the next winter.

Hutcheson is now Flour Inspector. He can still compromise matters and do a handsome thing besides. Let him make John Young his deputy.
 Fit for fat is fair play.

A pretty story about the Ville-Marie Lottery.

A poor servant girl, in Quebec, had an invincible longing—women have such invincible longings sometimes—to take a chance in the great lottery. But there was one objection. She had only two shillings to spare and the ticket was one dollar. Nothing daunted, however, she went to her *cure* and told him about it. The good pastor lent her three shillings. The ticket was bought. Months of anxious expectations ensued, but at length, the drawing took place and the girl's ticket drew a \$5,000 house on St. Denis street.
 The *cure* is safe for his three shillings.

Why don't those Returning Officers learn how to count?

A dispatch was flashed over the wire the other day that the Conservative candidate for South Huron had been elected by some fifty odd majority. Tremendous flourish of Ministerial trumpets. South Huron had been a Grit constituency. Now it was redeemed. A leading Ottawa paper had no less than eight different jubilant references to it in one issue. "God bless the honest men of Huron!" "Let the howling dervishes hang their heads in shame!" A day or two later a second dispatch came, contradicting the first, as usual. It was the Clear Grit that was elected at South Huron by a beggarly score or so.

Well, where is your Ministerial majority? Oh! Ah!..... it is a moral victory now! Let us have a drink.

Riding astride for ladies is again being agitated and this time by no less a person than Anna Dickinson. She proposes to ride thus through Central Park. The costume needed for the feat will be the usual walking suit, only a little longer at each side and a little shorter in front and behind, so that it will fall gracefully when the rider is in the saddle. It will not even be necessary to wear trousers, if a high-laced boot is worn, as in that case nothing more than an occasional and accidental glimpse of stocking would be visible. There will be ten thousand times ten thousand in Central Park to see Anna.

ALMAVIVA.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

LAW SUITS—SPECIAL.

I am a profound believer in the Law—the great fabric and bulwark of the English Constitution. You cannot define Law unless you take a condensed view and call it Justice, though I have heard it said that law is not always justice; but then you know the exception only proves the rule.

Now, after all, law suits are not the most enjoyable things in the world. Of course they have the usual fascination of the game of chance, but everybody who gambles knows what a tendency there is among the fraternity to make games short. "Loo" instantly supercedes *echre* when there is money staked, and *rouge et noir* supplants "loo" on the same principle; hence, as a mild species of gambling, law suits are not attractive, for they generally extend over years—long, dull, unsettled years, each term introducing new phases and bringing additional costs.

A quiet respectable man has dealings with some other man, not quite so quiet and respectable. The result is "credit." Now this credit is a dreadful thing. Having a man's obligation for money, and having the money itself, are vastly different things. A debtor may be honest, but he is, in these times, liable to fail. Well, our quiet respectable friend has his less quiet and respectable friend's obligation for a certain sum of money. It becomes due and is not paid. He goes to a lawyer with a carefully drawn up account and requests him to "sue it." It is a perfectly simple matter, easily disposed of. In a week or two the delinquent will be compelled to come up to the mark, and then everything will go quietly and peacefully on as before.

Ah, me! False hope. Little, little does our quiet and respectable friend know what is before him. He cannot see the end from the beginning.

A writ is made out ominously labelled "Briggs vs. Broggs." The defendant, on receipt of "summons" forthwith considers to himself the possibility of evading all payment. He has heard of such things being done, knows that the law is fruitful in quibbles, and attorneys as fruitful in expedients. He consequently steps into the office of his friend Farlie, of the firm of "Farlie & Faggs," and lays the matter before him, bringing out all the little quirks that he has been revolving in his mind. Mr. Farlie gravely examines his "Fisher's Digest," and "Chitty's," and Archbold's Practice," and after a few solemn enquiries he intimates that he is confident that the action is "defensible." First the writ is made out against "A. B. Broggs," as he has been doing business under that name. Mr. Farlie sees a point here, and draws up an elaborate affidavit setting forth that "I, Alexander Brigley Broggs, make oath and say that my name is Alexander Brigley Broggs; that I am known by the name of Alexander Brigley Broggs, and by that name only; that my name is not and never was A. B. Broggs, &c., &c." When Mr. Broggs comes to sign this affidavit he forgets the leading purport of the instrument, and accidentally signs as usual, "A. B. Broggs." This is rather awkward, and the poor clerk has to draw up another affidavit, to which Mr. B. is enjoined to "sign in full." This he does with some difficulty, as he has forgotten how to spell his Christian names, it has been so long since he wrote them.

This ingenious affidavit is placed on file and carried before a judge, and with a little manoeuvring is good for six months' delay. Poor Briggs all this while is wondering what is the matter, and thinks it rather strange that the thing is not brought to a conclusion; but his attorney assures him that it is "all right—only a little technicality which can easily be rectified." Alas! It is but the beginning of his trouble and mystery.

Four terms go by, at each of which "notice of trial" is served. Fees, \$1.50 each. Term fees are noted down \$1 each. Each term the case is enrolled on the docket, and is called over by the judge, "Briggs & Broggs." "For trial" is answered, and in all these four terms it is not yet reached. Witnesses are summoned regardless of expense, and hang round the court, like spirits of evil, during all these four terms. Each evening at four o'clock Mr. Markle, attorney for plaintiff, whispers to them in confidence to be sure and "be on hand the next morning at ten o'clock sharp." Each day Mr. Markle sends a note to Mr. Briggs by his clerk, not to fail to "be on hand next morning with all his witnesses," and each morning, at the sacrifice of pressing business, Mr. Briggs appears at the Court House and sits there patiently till he has Mr. Markle's opinion that it will not "be likely to come on to-day," and then, like an escaped bird, he goes back to his business. Each recurring term Mr. Briggs is called upon to pay a "retainer" to some counsel, together with some general expenses that "necessarily attend such matters." All this time he is anxious, and troubled, and perplexed, and sick, and disgusted. He proposes to "throw the thing up" altogether; but, first, his sense of justice will scarcely allow this; and, second, the costs have run on till they now exceed the original debt.

At last, at the fifth term, "Briggs & Broggs" comes on. There is a great array of counsel, a great amount of bullying and wrangling, very solemn and impressive appeals to the jury, very grave and awe-inspiring remarks from "His Lordship," who discovers certain intricate points, and draws some curious deductions that perfectly bewilder Mr. Briggs, and make him feel that he is involved in some serious matter that he little dreamed of. At length the jury retire, and, after a protracted consultation, return with a verdict for the plaintiff, and answer one of the questions which "His Lordship" propounded in the affirmative, and the other in the negative.

The counsel for the defendant, taking advantage of the negative answer, moves for and obtains a rule *nisi* to set aside the verdict. This has to be argued before the full bench. It is three terms before this cause "comes on," and another term before judgment of the "court" is delivered. This makes the rule "absolute," and grants a new trial. After a delay of three or four terms more, with the same programme as before, again "Briggs & Broggs" comes on. Nice points are evolved. Startling issues are brought up, and mysterious phases begin to appear. The jury are puzzled and panic-stricken. Poor Briggs begins to fancy that unconsciously he must be a scoundrel. Finally the jury, to make things as agreeable as possible, bring in a verdict for the plaintiff for \$1.00. This is followed by sundry motions and arguments, at the conclusion of which his lordship decides that "each party shall pay his own costs." Now, mark the result.

The original debt was \$75. So far so good. Mr. Briggs gets notice to attend the taxation of costs "as between attorney and client," and discovers this to foot up to the nice little

sum of \$247.25. He has already paid out about \$50 in fees, &c. His time and trouble has been equivalent to \$50 at the least calculation, and so he comes out of court \$347.25 out of pocket, but about \$500 better in experience. He generously "heaves in" the \$1 which the jury kindly gave him. He goes back to his business perfectly satisfied with his experience in matters of law. His relish is all gone. He relapses, as it were. Meanwhile Mr. Markle meets Mr. Farlie in the barristers' room, and they familiarly slap each other on the back. They are jolly, sociable fellows.

Mr. Briggs does not go to law again very soon. Whenever the subject comes up, he exclaims, "Bless my soul, the fellow that loses is the best off." He is never known to sue a man again in the Supreme Court. "Gad, I haven't the money to lose," is his ready excuse.

The above picture is not overdrawn; it is mildly painted. Scores of honourable men can testify to its literal truth. The fact is, I have been so hardy as sometimes to doubt if really, after all, law was justice in all cases. But I suppose this is the first step to rank infidelity, if not base disloyalty. I will not commit myself to anything rash.

There is an old man who every day walks the streets of our city who is a pitiable monument of the vexations of law suits. He deposited, some years ago, a claim for \$10,000 in the hands of a barrister. He soon became unfortunate in business, and lost all he was worth. He went to his attorney to claim his interest—in a mine, it was—of \$10,000. His legal friend repudiated. He instituted a "suit." It has been in progress for years, but has not yet even come to trial. It is so loaded with technicalities that even the respective attorneys are puzzled to know where they stand.

Meanwhile the unfortunate claimant wanders about unsettled, unhappy, distracted. He is in absolute poverty, while once he was in affluence. Youth has departed, and both mind and body are enfeebled. He tramps slowly through the streets, and among the hurrying crowd, supported by a staff, and every lineament of his face betokening disappointment, sorrow, anguish and despair. His whole existence is blighted, and he is only a miserable wreck. Still he waits and watches. A confused hope still remains, and still the robed gentlemen wrangle and quibble.

I have long had a strange interest in this poor victim of the cruel delay of the law—justice (?). The last time I saw him was in consultation with his attorney. In trembling, feeble tones he implored him to tell him what the prospects were. He got little encouragement. He then intimated his intention of committing suicide. Poor man! It is wicked, but perhaps the best thing he can do.

JOEL PHIPPS.

Scraps.

An Illinois farmer raises a new kind of cabbage, which is very valuable to cigar makers.

London policemen—9,000 men—patrol day and night 7,000 miles of street. The exact number of known offenders in London amounts to 75,203.

The London *Morning Post* says that during the last ten years 2,502,231 persons emigrated from Great Britain; of these, 765,165 were English, 876,410 were Irish, and 167,529 were Scotch.

The largest farm in England contains 3,000 acres, and is cultivated on the "four course" plan, 750 acres being given to wheat, 750 to barley and oats, 750 to seeds, beans and peas, and 750 to oats.

A singular circumstance happened on the recent voyage of the barque "Silver Cloud," from Great Britain to Sydney. While taking soundings one day the lead struck on a silver coin, which stuck to it and was brought up. The coin thus fished up is 150 years old, and is now in the possession of Mr. Emery of Sydney.

A new cholera preventive is suggested by a French newspaper, in the form of silk shirts. It says that the well-to-do Chinese protect themselves absolutely from the epidemic by wearing these garments, and it recommends the manufacture of a silk fabric for the purpose, which will be cheap enough for all to obtain.

About 8,000 begging-letters were received by the Shah during his recent visit to England. They have been packed in a large chest, and sent off to Persia, where his majesty means to deposit them in a museum. He was greatly flattered by having so many letters addressed to him, taking them as so many compliments.

The Rev. George Gillilan, of Dundee, recently made a little anecdote in the pulpit, a place of all others in which he would not do a thing of that sort intentionally. On the Sunday before the election, by a strange coincidence, the chapter which fell to be read in his church was the sixth of the Acts of the Apostles. Mr. Gillilan was an ardent supporter of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, and the gravity of the congregation was sorely taxed in the fifth verse, when the clergyman, in sonorous tones, read out, "And they chose Stephen."

Chicago is an extravagant place. There are no less than 400 billiard tables in that city, which earn an average of \$12 a day each, or \$1,800 a day, or \$28,800 a week. Each game of billiards will average, in addition to the cost of the game, an equal sum for liquor and as much more for cigars, making a weekly expenditure of wages, earnings, and profits of \$86,400. There are 2,500 saloons in the city, the average receipts of which are not less than \$50 each, or a weekly expenditure of \$125,000. Over \$200,000 a week in these indulgences! It is a good deal of outgo for a very small income of rational enjoyment. It is a pity that some of the Chicago philosophers do not take up the cue and strike for a reform.

A Vermont person, whose deceased mother was dug up a short time since in a petrified state, now proposes to turn an honest penny by exhibiting her. Here is a branch of industry which will at once commend itself to the thrifty mind. Nothing could be simpler than to take a wife or a child or two to the Yellowstone region; to plunge them in the petrifying springs until they should become case-hardened; and to then exhibit them to a curious public at twenty-five cents per head. Now that the Vermont person has set an example in this matter, we may expect to see an emigration of enterprising men, accompanied by their wives and their wives' mothers, to the petrifying region of the Yellowstone Park.

Some weeks since an African lion escaped from a travelling menagerie in Iowa, and has hitherto defied recapture. He roams the country quite at his ease, and no one seems to have the least desire to hunt him. There has, however, a good deal of ill-feeling arisen between the people of Iowa and those of Wisconsin in connection with this lion. So far, he has eaten nobody, and the Wisconsin people assert that it is because the average Iowa person is extremely undesirable, either in a raw or a cooked state. On the other hand, the Iowans express an earnest wish that the lion would walk across the border, gorge himself on a Wisconsin politician, and so perish miserably. As to their edibility, the Iowans intend to send to the Fiji Islands for experts to testify as to their fitness for even the most fastidious palate.



PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED AMERICAN HUMOURISTS.

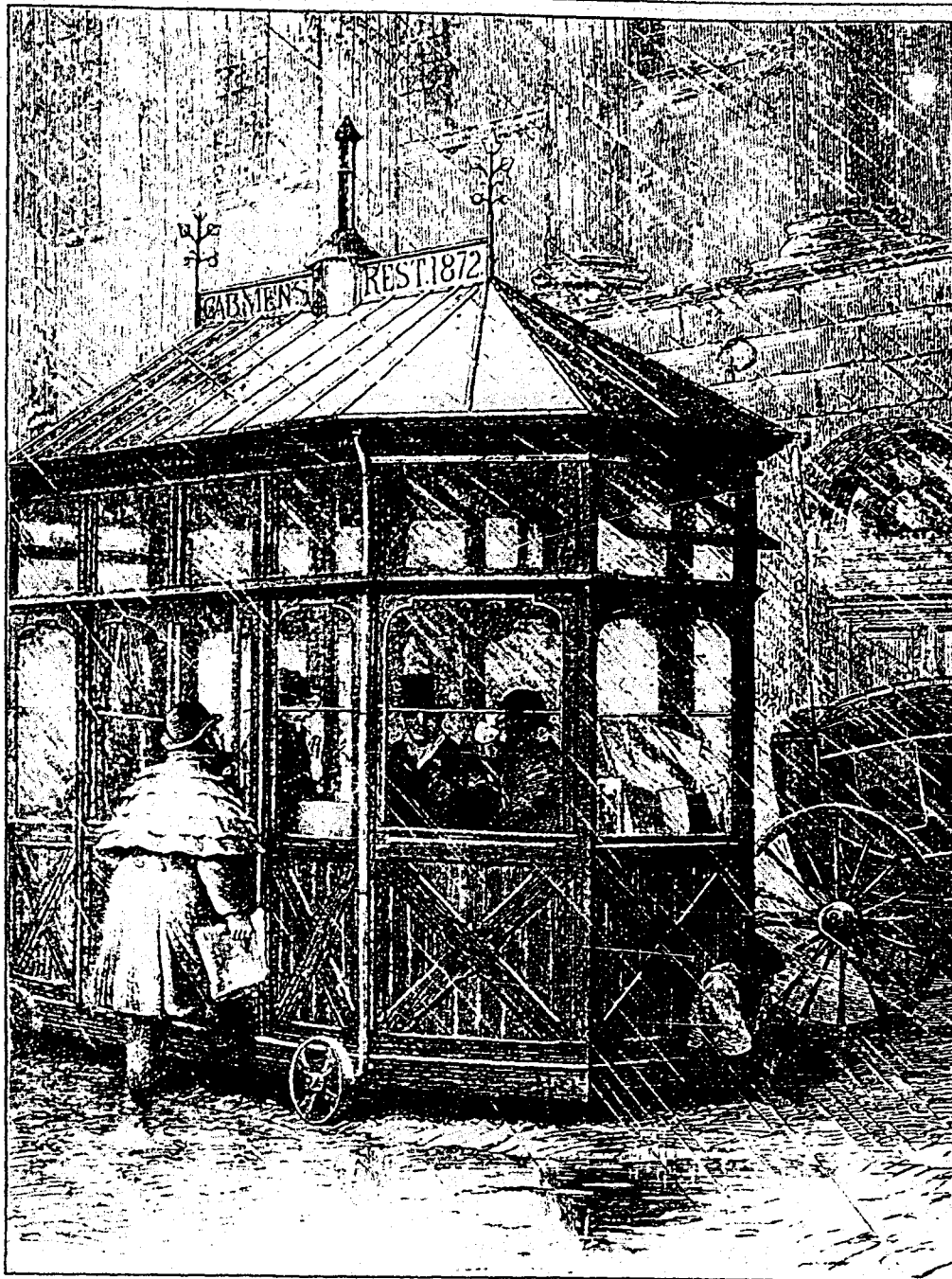
ROBUR.

An Essay on the Agonies of Thirst.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

I happened to be walking one afternoon along Bonny Street, Camdentown (so called, I apprehend, from its having once been the residence of the amiable, enlightened, and appreciative African monarch who made the immortal Close his Post Laureate), when the strange word Robur suddenly struck my pensive eye. This is an age of fine writing, and at first I felt inclined to think that Robur (the classical signification of the name is, of course, familiar to you, O my Spungius) must have been adopted by the police authorities of Camdentown as a fancy name for the local station-house. The languages of old Greece and Rome are, I can tell you, assiduously cultivated in the remote district of North-western London, where young Charles Dickens lived once upon a time, and where the marble effigy of Richard Cobden dominates the Hampstead road, and awes the omnibus conductors journeying toward the "Mother Redcap." Camdentown is full of excellent schools; and all the young ladies at Miss Bass's Middle-class Academy are versed, I believe, in the Greek Anthology, and always write their valentines in Latin hexameters. "Yes," I murmured, "Robur must certainly be an elegant equivalent for station-house. I have heard Indian officers speak of that place of du-rance as 'Chokee'; why not Robur?"

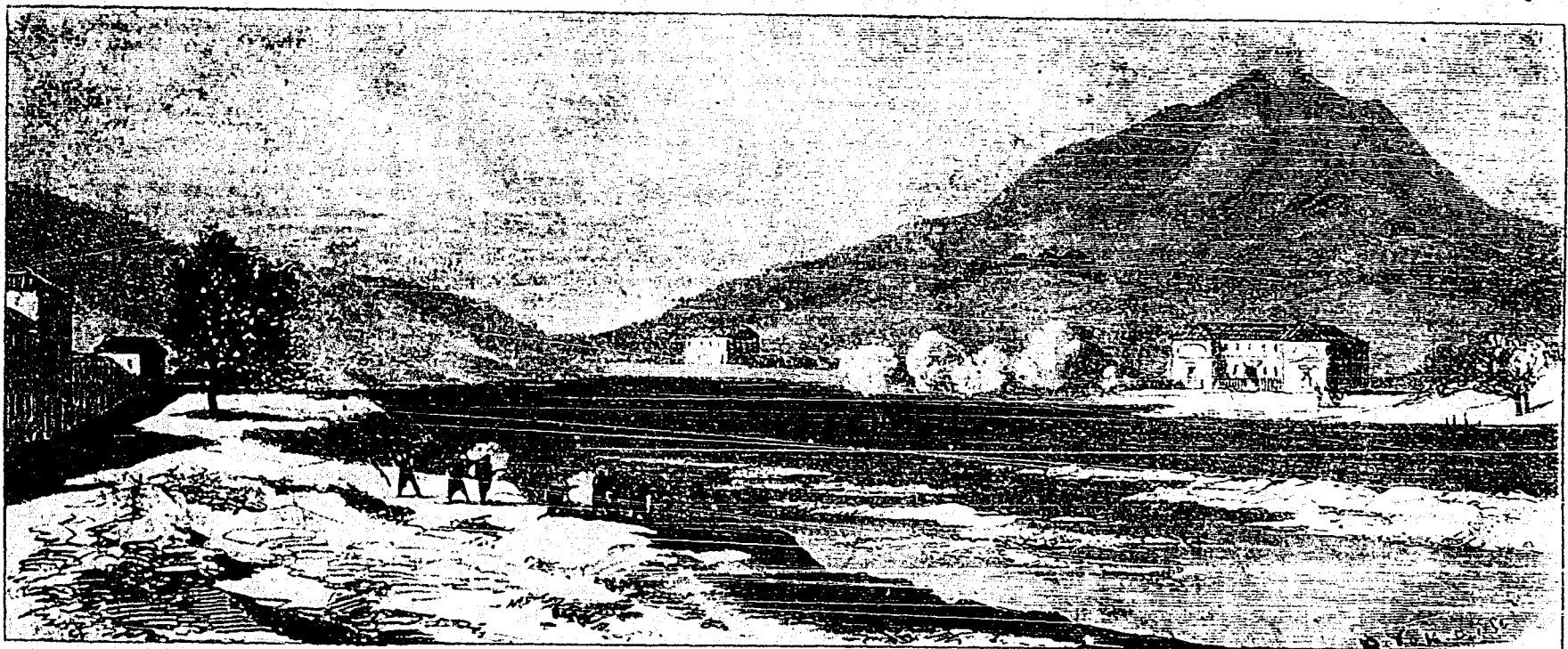
So I went home, and, as is my custom when I have stumbled against a word that tickles me, I read up Robur. The authorities on the subject are not very recondite, and are far from difficult of access. Robur, according to Lucretius, implies the idea of hardness and strength; and Pliny tells us that it is a very tough kind of oak; indeed, the germs of the wooden walls of England (now superseded by the floating kitchen-ranges and submarine coal-cellars termed iron-clads) were probably the *naves totæ factæ ex robore* of Julius Caesar. Virgil also gives to the oak the epithet of "robust;" and Cicero ("jolly old Cicero," as poor James Hannay used to call him; you died too soon, James, and the bookmakers are hungering to write your life, when, goodness knows, there is but little to write about in it, save to say that the nineteenth century saw no brighter, braver, and unhappier spirit)—Cicero, I repeat, hints that the Lacedæmonians were accustomed to



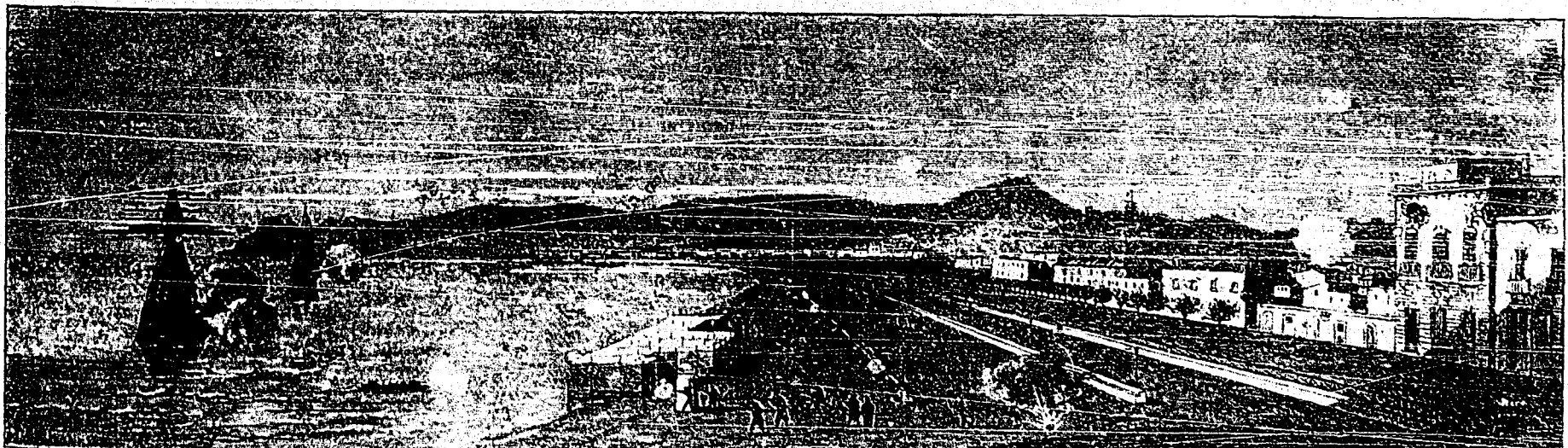
THE CABMAN'S REST, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

recline on benches of Robur the while they swallowed their black broth: a very nasty mess, I take it, not unlike *purée aux lentilles*. And again, our old friend Maro (burn our old friend Maro!) points unmistakably to the fact that the wooden horse before Troy was made from Robur. *Mais je n'y suis pas encore*. What has all this to do with the station-house? Ha! I have it. The lowest part of the Roman prison built by Servius Tullius, and sometimes called, after him, the Tullianum, was the Robur. He who was "in trouble" for a grave offence was styled *dignum carcere et robore*. A "drunk and disorderly," for example, or a young couple detected, in defiance of Mr. Ayrton's prohibition of "unauthorized games," in skipping in Victoria Park, or a gentleman who presumed to present himself at the entrance to the stalls at the Princess's Theatre without a wedding garment—that is to say, a black tail-coat and a white tie—would be clearly deserving of incarceration in the Robur. It was the *carcer inferior* mentioned by Livy and by Apuleius—the lowermost pit—a hole of circular shape (whence the last century "round-house," perchance) underneath the common prison lodging, where malefactors were herded together. But when a poor devil came to the Roborian stage, it was all up, or rather all down, with him. I have seen the real Robur in all its classic horror. In it, according to Catholic legends, St. Peter was immured, and the church at Rome built over the subterranean dungeon is thence called *San Pietro in carcere*. The existing Robur is more elliptical than circular, the roof is slightly convex, and the walls are formed of enormous blocks of unmortared masonry. In lieu of a window, there is a hole in the ceiling of this horrible cell; and through this hole the criminal was wont to be lowered, by means of a hook passed through his clothes, into the cell beneath. Now and again (so Sallust and Suetonius tell us, to say nothing of the *Acta Sanctorum*) the *carnifex* would descend into the Robur, in order to put the gentleman in "chokee" to the torture. Ultimately he would descend upon a more merciful errand—to strangle him, or to cut his head off. Then the *uncus* was brought into play again, for the purpose of hooking up the corpse and with a view to its exposition on the Gemonian steps. Those dear old classical times! What scholars and gentlemen they were, those ancient Romans, to be sure!

Naturally I felt quite proud at having completed this tour of antiquarian dis-



AFFAIRS IN SPAIN.—THE CARLISTS TAKING UP A POSITION BEFORE TOLOSA.



AFFAIRS IN SPAIN.—THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALMERIA.

covery, in the which, I may modestly admit, Dr. Wm. Smith, and Mr. Anthony Rich of the *Dictionary of Antiquities*, had been my most serviceable guides; and I was on the point of writing to *Notes and Queries* about the odd fancy which had seemingly led Colonel Henderson to sanction the use of the term "Robur" as a place for the temporary detention of accused persons in Bonny Street, Camdentown, when, to my horror, I became aware that the direction taken by my researches had been altogether erroneous; that I was on a totally wrong scent; that I should have derived far more profit from studying the advertisements in the newspapers and the placards at the railway stations than from poring over the pages of Dr. William Smith and Mr. Anthony Rich; and that Robur had nothing whatsoever to do with the *carcer inferior*, the *car-nificina*, and the Gemonian steps:—with fetters, scourges, agony, and misery; but that it was, on the contrary, a very jolly and convivial product, eminently conducive to the development of good-fellowship, and to the making merry within him of the heart of man: that it was Something to Drink, in fact.

By degrees the mysteries of Robur under its (to me) novel and bacchanalian aspect were unfolded, and I was put in the possession of the following facts: First, that Robur is the new Tea-Spirit, and that a distinguished physician and Member of the Royal Society pronounces Robur, on analysis, to be a cordial and tonic stimulant, holding in solution, in a very agreeable form, ingredients calculated to exhilarate the system without subsequent depression; and that, being pure, it must take a high position as a spirit for augmenting the vital forces and displacing many of the pernicious drinks that now flood the market, to the manifest injury of the public. Furthermore, I learnt (not without a feeling of awe and veneration) that Robur—not as a Body, but as a Spirit—had been set upon by Dr. Lankester, likewise an F.R.S., and that the eminent coroner (may he never sit upon me!) had pronounced Robur to be an agreeable *mélange* of alcohol, tannin, theine, sugar, and some ingredients of a tonic-flavouring nature. There was, according to Dr. Lankester, in the sample of Robur before him, nothing extenuated so far as the purity of the component parts was concerned, and nothing set down in malice, in the way of fusil oil. The coroner found Robur pleasant to the taste, and with the flavour and constituents of tea; and he had no doubt of its superiority, as a medical stimulant, to the common forms of brandy, whisky, gin, and rum. As regards the tannin in the Robur, that was to act as an astringent; a quality so frequently desirable to bibbers with weak stomachs, and the presence of which forms so wholesome an addition to port, burgundy, claret, and other red wines. The operation of the theine would be similar to that exercised by tea itself; while the volatile flavouring and tonic principles derived from tea not only—I am quoting Dr. Lankester, O my *Saturday Reviewer*—not only give their peculiar flavour to Robur, but act as veritable tonics and stimulants upon the nerves of the stomach and the system generally. The saline principles a small in quantity, and of a kind not to interfere in any way with the beneficial effect of Robur as an article of diet or of medical prescription, and the amount of sugar present is not sufficient to lead to fermentation. Robur is wholly destitute of acidity. Thus far Dr. Lankester; and the coroner is substantially confirmed by the testimony of Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall, author of *Food and its Adulterations*, who has likewise analyzed Robur, and found it to consist of grain spirit, combined with the constituents of tea. "The combination," observes Dr. Hassall, "is a remarkable one; and there can be no doubt but that the action is materially modified by the presence of the tannin and the theine of the tea." Tea in this connection seems to me to officiate pretty nearly as, according to Bishop Blomfield, an archdeacon discharged his duties, namely, "by performing archidiaconal functions."

Certainly, the scientific picture thus drawn of Robur is a very flattering one. I was enabled to realise a most vivid idea of the product as the only spirit free from fusil or essential oil, and containing a tonic stimulant in addition to alcohol. I need scarcely point out to scientific *bons vivants* that the flavouring matter in brandy and whisky is of a sedative and not of a stimulative nature, and that there is consequently an unpleasant reaction on the nerves when the effect of the alcohol has passed away. I have heard this reaction qualified as 'meagrimis,' as 'blue devils,' as 'horrors,' and as 'seediness,' and I am told (on the best authority) that the best corrective for such seediness is brandy and soda-water. Scotchmen prefer a hair of the dog which has bitten them, in the shape of a dram of whisky; swells stroll languidly into that famous druggist's shop in Piccadilly, and call for a 'pick me up.' People with headaches as bad, but whose means are exiguous, indulge in two pennyworth of sal-volatile with a little gentian and a dash of essence of ginger; but the Wise Man (who has made an ardent fool of himself on the previous evening) sticks to Soda and B. Has stuck to it hitherto, I should say. In future, if the warm recommendations of Drs. Lankester and Hassall produce a proper effect on the public mind, Soda and B. and all the druggist's condiments will be superseded, and the only recognised 'pick me up' will be Robur. But how will it be, it may be asked, if a rash toper gets tipsy on Robur over-night. Is he to tinkle more Robur in order to get sober, the next morning? The triumphant answer to this, as given by the gentlemen who manufacture the Tea-Spirit for the benefit of the public will be to the effect that, although it is possible to get 'tight' on Robur, it is nevertheless the only cup which really cheers, and which fails to give a headache in the morning.

I have been seeking for such a Cup for a very long time. For how many years shall I say? Forty-five? well, something like it. I must have been born, I think, in a state somewhat as adust as that of Gargantua, who, so soon as he saw the light, began to bawl out 'A boyre! à boyre!' signifying that he required something to drink; and Rabelais, with his customary minuteness, speedily tells us how many cows were presently allotted to the service of the robust infant. Ah, me! what a desideratum has it always been to me, this 'cordial and tonic stimulant,' so eloquently dwelt upon by Dr. James Tecvan, F.R.S., as 'holding in solution, and in a very agreeable form, ingredients calculated to exhilarate the system without subsequent depression!' Do you remember what Odid (jolly old Ovid!) says? '*Havstus aque mihi nectar erit.*' But I have never been able to find the nectar that I liked; I am a thirsty soul, and (purely for sweet science's sake) I have tried many fluids. Of wines more, perhaps, than are set down in the famous list at the 'Drei Mohren' at Augsburg;

* The 'Drei Mohren' (Three Moors) wine-list was published by Albert Smith, in a pamphlet he once wrote on the bad accommodation

or are catalogued with a memorable eulogy on the virtues of wine from the pen of Justus Liebig at their head, in the 'Wein-Karte' of the 'Quatre Saisons' at Munich. Of brandy-and-water sufficient perchance to float the Channel fleet. Start not at the assertion. Many a little makes a mickle. There are but a thousand drops in a bottle of brandy, and you may get through a good many hundreds of flasks even in the course of twenty years. Of beer—well, when I was young, I drank porter 'in the pewter,' because it was cheap, and because I liked it. I have had since, I suppose, my share of Bass, of Allsopp, of Guinness, and of Ind Coope. How many bottles of champagne have I ever emptied at a sitting? Well, how many quarts of Mumm, or Clicquot, or Pipers' Dry have you ever got through, my temperate friend? There is a detestable amount of hypocrisy prevalent in English society about the consumption of fermented liquors. It is no longer fashionable, nay, it has become a criminal offence, to get drunk in public. The poor, unfortunately, are generally bereft of the opportunity of becoming intoxicated in private; their sins against sobriety are usually most flagrantly displayed at the bars of taverns, or on the street pavement; and it is therefore imagined by simple-minded people and by the foreigners—and the delusion is fostered by native hypocrites—that the poor, or at all events the working-classes, in England have a monopoly of the shameful, the degrading, the brutalising, the body-and-soul-killing vice of drunkenness. Talk, however, to a shrewd medical man, and he will very soon—paraphrasing Charles Fox's advice to Napoleon—bid you 'get all that nonsense out of your head.' The doctor knows, better even than the servants know, better even than the nurse knows, how many bottles are kept snugly in cupboards or are secreted under pillows; how many ingenious but transparent fibs are told by interesting invalids about the causes of their ailments: the one simple predisposing cause being perfectly within the physician's ken—that Bottle, to wit, containing as it does ingredients calculated to exhilarate the system, but not, alas! capable of doing so without producing 'subsequent depression.'

The teetotalers are never tired of telling you that it is the 'moderate drinkers,' the people who would shudder at the bare imputation of taking 'a glass too much,' and who yet are taking little drops of something all day long, who, in the long run, do themselves the greatest amount of harm. How would it be, I wonder, if the moderate drinkers forswore that 'glass of sherry and a biscuit, my boy,' which are always so conveniently at hand in the cheffonier or in the official bureau—I have known them even to lie *perdu* in the cupboard of a vestry—and devoted themselves exclusively to Robur? Only run over the beneficial qualities of the Tea-Spirit on your fingers. One gentleman—an experienced diner out—tells me that he never feels comfortable after an extraordinarily luxurious banquet until he has taken a glass of Robur-and-water. The theine and the tannin, he says, assist digestion. How many thousands, nay, tens of thousands, of the public are there who are martyrs to indigestion! and would it not be a priceless boon to the dyspeptic if the virtues of Robur were universally acknowledged, and if the consumption thereof became as universally diffused?

I can't drink anything of a stimulating nature myself, but there must be plenty of people whose constitutions are yet sound, whose digestive organs are still unimpaired, and who are still enabled to enjoy a good dinner (ugh!) and a 'skiffin' of wine.' *Eheu!* To such I say, Try Robur, and if you like it say so. We want a new drink—at least people seem to be grumbling that the ordinary cooling or stimulating beverages are 'played out'; that the American cock-tails and corpse-revivers are heating and unwholesome; that bitter beer has seen its best days; that gin is low; that whisky is too exciting; that brandy is fatal to the liver; that rum is a spirit to be drunk only by Thames pilots and night cabmen; that port is a postern gate to the donjon of gout—and that, besides, there is no good port to be had for love or money; that sherry (when it is sherry, and not potato-spirit heightened with naphtha and flavoured with grape syrup) is fiery, heady, and full of acidity; that good claret is difficult to get, and that bad hock is poisonous. Try Robur, then, if only for a change. Remember that the word 'Robur' literally means 'strength'; let us hope that, taken in a right spirit, it will invigorate and sustain our poor humanity better than any other more familiar stimulant. —Belgravia.

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TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

They sat in silence, till the ticking of the Dutch clock became a painful sound to both. Then Mrs. Carford turned her sad eyes towards the open casement, beyond which the bright little flower garden smiled in the morning sun, bees humming, birds chirping, a look of happiness over all things. Dark beyond rose the yew hedge, and the tomb-stones, and to these the stranger's eyes wandered longingly. Oh, to rest till the end of earthly time amidst those cool shadows of cypress and yew, and to wake in a new world a new creature!

"You have a pretty garden," she said nervously, just to break the silence.

"Do you think it pretty? I almost hate it for being the same year after year. The same old hollyhocks, the same scarlet-runners, straggling all over the walks and climbing up the pear trees; the same roses, the same earwigs almost, I believe," said Sylvia impatiently. "At the Vicarage they are

and high prices of English hotels. This was about eighteen years ago; but the pamphlet might be very advantageously republished in 1873. I have stayed at the 'Drei Mohren' at Augsburg. Apart from the voluminous treasures of its cellar, it is but an indifferent hostelry; but it is interesting as having been formerly the palace of the famous Banker-Princes, the Fuggers of Augsburg. The Fuggers were the Medici of Germany; and the 'farmed' proceeds of the Papal indulgences, the sale of which, by the monk Tetzel, was one of the obscure causes of the Reformation.

always making improvements, ferneries and roses and wildernesses. But then they have plenty of money and can do anything."

"Do you think money alone can give happiness?" asked Mrs. Carford.

"Do you think anybody can be happy without it?" asked Sylvia.

"No, the sting of poverty goes deep, but I have seen misery that wealth could not lighten. It I could have my prayers granted for one I fondly loved, I should pray God to make her content with simple joys, happy in obscurity."

Sylvia was not listening. She was asking herself that unanswerable question: "When will she go?" This suspense was dreadful. Mary Peter or Alice Cooke might come in at any moment, and how was she to explain the presence of this shabby stranger?

She felt relieved when her father came down. He would arrange matters no doubt. He could be decisive enough on occasion.

He came into the room; gave Mrs. Carford a cool nod, and took his seat at the table. His daughter ministered to him, buttered his crisp toast, poured out his tea, laid the county newspaper by his plate.

"Thanks. You can go into the garden, Sylvia, while this lady and I talk. She may want my advice about—about proceeding with her journey."

Sylvia obeyed, nothing loth to escape the oppression of that atmosphere. She went from the garden to the church-yard, to that very spot where in yesterday's warm noontide she had parted from her lover. Here had he clasped her to his true heart; here made her swear eternal fidelity.

And should she not be faithful?

"I did not know there was so much trouble in the world yesterday," she thought wonderingly, for the time had seemed to her very much out of joint even yesterday. "I wasn't happy then, but I didn't know I had a wretched mother, whom I should be ashamed to own."

She threw herself upon the tomb where she had sat after yesterday's parting, and gave a gasping sob, and then a long dejected sigh.

A rustle of drapery sounded close to her, a little gloved hand was gently laid upon hers.

"I was just coming to see you, Miss Carew," said a sweet voice. "I know how sad you must feel about Edmund."

Sylvia sat bolt upright in a moment and faced the sympathiser. It was Miss Rochdale, who had been on her way to the school-house when Sylvia flung herself upon the tomb. She thought it a duty to comfort the girl in Edmund's absence, and that despairing self-abandonment had touched her heart.

"She must love him very dearly to grieve so deeply," she reflected. "Yet I thought her shallow and frivolous."

"Thank you, you're very good," faltered Sylvia nervously, thinking how best to prevent any encounter between Miss Rochdale and that fatal guest. "I'm sure I didn't think you'd trouble yourself about me."

"Isn't it natural that I should be interested in you?" asked Esther. "Edmund and I have been brought up together like brother and sister. How can I help being interested in—his—future wife?"

She said the words slowly, as if they were a little strange to her.

"I thought you were all against me," said Sylvia coldly.

"No one is against you now. Mrs. Stenden opposed the engagement at first, you were such a stranger to her, you know, but I believe she is reconciled to it now."

"Reconciled! When she means to disinherit her son?" cried Sylvia scornfully.

"Who can tell what she may do. As years go by she may grow to love you. How can she refuse you her affection if you are a good wife to her son?"

"And how are we to live till she relents?" asked Sylvia.

"Edmund will find a way to earn his own living. There is something noble in a man who marks out his own career, and I am sure Edmund is capable of winning success without any help from his father's fortune."

"What a noble scorn of money you rich people have," said Sylvia.

Esther did not like the girl's tone. Her grief had touched Miss Rochdale's kind heart, her cynicism repelled.

"I want to be your friend, if I can," she said gently. "When you and Edmund are married we shall be almost like sisters, for I always think of him as a brother."

"Very right and proper," thought Sylvia, yet she was not quick to respond to Miss Rochdale's kindness, or to believe in her sincerity. And she had chosen the most awkward time for her visit.

"I came to tell you that Edmund reached London safely," said Esther, as if he had gone to Kamschatka or Grand Cairo. "Auntie had a few lines from him this morning, written at the Waterloo Station. Short as the letter was, there was a line about you."

"Really," cried Sylvia, brightening, and favouring Miss Rochdale with the first smile she had bestowed upon her. "Dear Edmund," she murmured softly.

"Only one line—be kind to my Sylvia."

"His Sylvia. Yes I am his with all my heart," the girl answered, with a little gush of feeling. For a moment she forgot that her lover could give her only a life which must at least begin with man's vulgar struggle for daily bread. For a moment she forgot that dark vision of a possible future which the sight of Mrs. Carford had evoked.

"We have only known each other three short months, and yet we are all the world to each other," she said softly. "If anyone were to tell me Edmund was dead it would be the same as if they said the world had come to an end. My world would have perished. Strange, isn't it?"

"It is the great mystery of love," answered Esther calmly. "Now Edmund and I have lived together fourteen years without one thought of such love as you speak of."

"How could one fall in love with a person one saw every day?" exclaimed Sylvia. "Love must be the beginning of a new life, not the continuation of an old one. I never thought I cared for beautiful landscapes till one day papa took me to Fairlie on the moor, and I looked down from that great height upon a world I had never seen before, and felt a rapture that was like human love. I had heard people talk about the beauty of this place—but I knew it too well to see its prettiness."

"And we are to be friends, Sylvia?" asked Miss Rochdale, with winning sweetness.

"If you like," answered the other, somewhat indifferently.

"But I'm sure our house is hardly fit for you to come to, with those horrid noisy boys."

"But I like school-children, even if they are noisy. I may come sometimes, may not I, and keep you company for an hour or two when you are dull?"

"Sometimes—Oh, yes, certainly, if you like. I shall always be glad to see you," answered Sylvia, fondly hoping that Miss Rochdale would not want to go to the school-house to-day. That troublesome guest could hardly be gone yet, however decisive Mr. Carew might be.

"I won't ask you to come home with me this morning," she said, trying to seem unconcerned, "for school is just beginning. Hark, you can hear the boys shouting," as shrill peals pierced the still air; "but whenever you like to come, I'm sure I shall be well pleased."

"Then I will come once a week while Edmund is away; and I can bring you a new book now and then from the book club. I daresay you are fond of reading," added the young lady, with an unconscious air of superiority. She could only consider Sylvia a young person of lowly station, who might be, perhaps, a little in advance of other young women of the same degree.

"Yes," answered Sylvia, "books are about the only thing worth living for in such a place as this. I like German books best when I can get them. They set one thinking."

"Do you read German?" she asked.

"Yes, I taught myself French and German before I was fifteen. Papa helped me, of course, but not much."

"You deserve great praise," said Esther.

"I didn't do it for praise," answered Sylvia carelessly. "I only wanted to read the books I had read about in other books—Goethe—Schiller—Victor Hugo—and so on. I did not want to feel myself shut out of the world they have created."

Esther was surprised. She had been paraded at the slow academical pace through the grammars of the three chief continental tongues—had read Sylvio Pellico in Italian, a few mild German stories of the Marchen class, adapted to children of six. She could speak French with the nicest adherence to rule, and the Monkhampton accent, imparted by a Swiss-French governess; but as for reading Goethe or Schiller, save in such homoeopathic doses as are filtered through the pages of a "Select Reader," Miss Rochdale had never dreamed of such a thing.

She gave a little sigh that was almost envious, if so unselfish a soul could feel envy.

"What a companion this girl must be for Edmund," she thought, "and how stupid I must seem after her."

"I shall bring you some of Edmund's books," she said, kindly. "I'm sure he won't mind. And now good-bye. I came here directly after breakfast on purpose to tell you the good news of his safe arrival; but another time I shall come in the afternoon, when you're at leisure."

She squeezed Sylvia's hand and departed. The girl watched her as she walked along the narrow path.

How fresh and bright her pretty peach-coloured muslin dress looked, and the neat little black silk jacket and the linen collar, and broad cuffs with massive gold studs; and the dainty little brown straw hat with its graceful feather. Sylvia watched her with a sigh.

"When shall I ever be able to dress as well as that?" she thought. "Simple as those things are they must have cost ever so much money."

CHAPTER XVII.

"PART NOW, PART WELL, PART WIDE APART."

While Sylvia was in the churchyard, Mr. and Mrs. Carford, *alias* Carew, were coming to an amicable settlement in the school-house parlour.

"Now, my good soul," said the schoolmaster, as his wife sat opposite him, with downcast eyes, "I think you must see by this time exactly how matters stand, and that your evil genius could hardly have inspired you with a worse idea than that of coming to seek help from me. It would have been inhuman to turn you out of doors last night, so I gave you your daughter's bedroom. But, as your own good sense must show you, it wouldn't do for you to occupy it a second night. You don't want to confess your relationship to Sylvia. I appreciate the delicacy of a reserve which is only natural under the circumstances. When you left your child seventeen years ago you forfeited the right to call her daughter. Useless now to say, 'I am your mother.' She would answer in those awful words of the Gospel, 'I never knew you.'"

"True," cried the wanderer, with a convulsive sob.

"Such being the case, the sooner you leave this house and this neighbourhood the better. Out of my poverty—my entire income is less than a pound a week—I will give you a sovereign, enough to take you back and repay your landlady's loan. You will, at any rate, be no worse off than when you undertook this foolish journey."

"And no better. Oh, James," cried Mrs. Carford, piteously, "can you do nothing more for me? Let me stop here, and be your servant, your drudge without wages. I can sleep in a scullery. I shall cost you so little, and no one shall ever hear my lips betray the link between us."

"My good soul," said Mr. Carew, "be reasonable! I could as well afford to keep an elephant as a servant; and to set up a housekeeper would be to set every tongue in Hedingham wagging. People know that I have just enough to feed myself and my daughter. And as to being my drudge, and sleeping in my scullery, surely there is somebody in all the vast world of London who would take you as a drudge without wages. You needn't have come all the way to Hedingham in search of such a situation as that."

"I am not strong, James. I have been out charing, but people complained that I didn't do work enough, and that I set about it awkwardly. They found out that I was a broken down lady, and that went against me."

"Very sad," exclaimed Mr. Carew, with a sigh, half pity half impatience. "I see only one resource open to you."

"And what is that?" asked his wife, eagerly.

"An appeal to Mr. Mowbray. Let him give you some small pension, enough to keep you from starving."

"No, James," she answered, with dignity. "I shall never do that. Let the worst come I can starve. It is only six or seven days' pain, and—a paragraph in the newspapers."

She took up the sovereign which her husband had laid upon the table.

"I'm sorry to rob you of it, James. But you wouldn't like me to be seen wandering about here. This will take me back

to London—the great gulph which swallows up so many sorrows.

She had brought her bonnet and shawl down stairs with her knowing that her departure was near. She put them on with her feeble, faltering hands, and was ready to begin her journey.

"Good-bye, James," she said, stretching out her hand. He took it reluctantly, and there was no heartiness in his grasp.

"Say that you forgive me, James. We are both much nearer the grave than when I wronged you."

"It's easy to say forgive. Well, we were both sinners. I have no right to be hard. What was it tempted you to leave me?"

"His love," she answered. "He loved me as you had never done. If you could know how he bore with me in those sorrowful years, till my remorse wore out even his patience. I think he would have been true to the very end, even though he had grown weary. But I thank God for giving me strength to leave him—to tread the stony way of penitence. It has been made very hard to me; but I have never regretted that I choose it while life still seemed to smile."

"A false smile," said Mr. Carew. "Well, you were but a foolish child when I married you; and I might have been a better guardian. We have marred our lives, both of us. Good-bye."

Thus they parted, husband and wife, who had met again after seventeen years of severance. Like the memory of a dream seemed the past to both. So dim, so strange, so irrecoverable.

At the garden-gate Mrs. Carford met Sylvia.

"Are you going away?" asked the girl, looking at her curiously.

"Yes."

"For good."

The woman smiled at the mockery in the words.

"For ever," she answered. "There is no hole or corner for me in your father's house. I only asked for food and shelter, but he cannot give me even those."

"We are so poor," said Sylvia. "You'd hardly believe how poor; for we try to put a decent face upon things, and not seem such beggars as we are. I am sorry papa cannot do anything to help you."

"I am sorry too, my dear," replied the woman with a tender look. "I should like to live near you, even if it were in the nearest workhouse."

That touch of tenderness embarrassed Sylvia.

"I am very sorry for you," she repeated. "And if ever I am well off, which I don't suppose I ever shall be, I might be able to help you. Can you give me any address where I could write to if ever I had a little money to send you?"

"How good you are," cried Mrs. Carford. "Yes, there is my landlady, she is a kind soul, and would keep a letter for me, even if I were not with her, for heaven knows how long she may be able to give me the shelter of a room which I can seldom pay for two weeks running. See, dear young lady, here is the address."

She gave Sylvia an old envelope, on which was written "Mrs. Carford, care of Mrs. Wood, Bell-alley, Fetterlane."

"It isn't so much the chance of your helping me that I think of," she said, deeply moved, "as the kindness that put such a thing into your head. Good-bye, my dear. I am going out into a world which is very cruel to the poor and weak. It's hardly likely that you and I will ever meet again. Let me kiss you before I go."

Sylvia submitted to that kiss, returned it even; and with a blessing, spoken amidst sobs, her mother left her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PERRIAM PLACE.

Perriam Place had been built by a certain Godfrey Perriam in the days of Queen Anne, on the site where a previous Perriam Place had stood for centuries before—the Perriams being old in the land. When this new Perriam was built, Monkhampton returned its member; and the free and independent electors, to the number of seven-and-twenty, were as serfs and vassals to Sir Godfrey Perriam. He paid them for their allegiance—he, or the member he made them vote for—but none ever dreamed of voting against Sir Godfrey's nominee.

For a great many years the present red brick building had been called the New Place; but now age had mellowed its ruddy tones. The magnolias against the southern front stretched high and wide; the mansion had ripened like the fruit on the garden walls with the passage of years.

Perriam Place consisted of a handsome pedimented centre, and two massive wings. Sculptured garlands adorned the stone frieze—the same garlands were repeated, in little, over doors and windows. Before the house stretched a noble lawn, shaded on one side by a clump of cedars, on the other by a group of giant maples. On the left of the house lay the flower garden, a model of old-fashioned horticulture, unimproved by the Capability Browns of later years. On the right were the kitchen gardens, rich in commonplace vegetables, and boasting no dazzling range of orchard houses, pineries, and vineries—only an old hot-bed or two where the peasant gardeners grew cucumbers in the cucumber season. But the want of orchard-houses need be felt but little in a climate where green peas could be grown until November, and where monster plums and ruddy peaches ripened uncared for on the buttressed walls.

Perriam Place of to-day was exactly like the Perriam Place of a hundred years ago. Entering that cool, stone-paved hall, and surrounded by that old-fashioned furniture, you might have fancied that Time had grown no older than the date of yonder eight day clock, which bore its age upon its face, in quaint Roman numerals, like the title-page of an old book. It was a fundamental principle with the Perriams not to spend any money which they could honourably avoid spending. They were not miserly—or inhospitable—they lived as gentlemen should live—dispensed the orthodox benevolence of country gentlemen—kept a good table in dining parlour and servant's hall—rode good horses—but they never frittered away money. Art they ignored altogether. No canvas—save that of a family portrait, ever graced the walls of Perriam. A few mezzotint engravings—Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope, Garrick, the great Lord Chatham, and Dr. Johnson—graced the oak panelling in the breakfast parlour; and these prints were the newest in the house. Perriams succeeded their fathers, and followed one another along the trodden way to Letha, but no Perriam ever added to or improved the mansion. The things which had satisfied their forefathers satisfied them.

They were eminently conservatives—objected to new-fang-

led ways, took their after-dinner wine at a table whose broad expanse of mahogany reflected the ruby of the vintage, and avoided all superfluous expenditure of money. If the Perriam housekeeper, intent upon the glory of the house, ventured to hint at any change in the details of a banquet, to suggest that this or that was the fashion up in London, freezing was the reply of her lord.

"Fashion!" exclaimed Sir Aubrey. "What do I care about fashion. Do you suppose it matters to me what new-fangled trumpery is invented for parvenu stockbrokers and Manchester cotton lords. They can have no distinction except in wasting money. Let my table be laid as it was when Lord Bolingbroke visited my great grandfather."

Lord Bolingbroke always silenced the housekeeper. He was almost a living presence at Perriam. The best of the spare bedchambers was still called the Bolingbroke room.

Brilliant St. John had slept in it when new Perriam Place was only a year old. Heaven knows what schemes had filled the busy head that pressed yonder pillows. Years after he had returned to Perriam for a little while, a disappointed man, on whose once marvellous life now shone no light save that of woman's faithful love.

The furniture at Perriam was old, sombre, but handsome; the more modern portion was of the famous Chippendale school—perhaps the only original and artistic which England ever produced. The rich glow of the prevailing mahogany was relieved and set off by satinwood stringings. There were dainty Pembroke tables with reeded legs, sideboards with brass handles and claw and ball feet, capacious arm-chairs with lyre-shaped backs, carved by a chisel as correct and delicate in its lines as nature herself, whatnots of lightest build, yet firm as the Eddystone lighthouse—furniture which in its very simplicity had a grace unknown to the florid ornamentation and gilded pichpine of the sham Louis-Quatorze school. The draperies were of the same date as the chairs and tables, and had not been improved by time like the mellowing wood; Indian brocaded curtains, whose damask had once been vivid as the plumage of tropical birds, still adorned the drawing-room, and, although faded, looked handsomer than any modern fabric. Of ornament there was very little in that vast saloon with its seven long windows and deep bay overlooking the garden. Two monster vases of Worcester china, rich in purple and gold, surmounted a Florentine marble table between the windows in the bay, a table that had stood there in the days of Lord Bolingbroke. A second pair of jars, huge and oriental, graced the other end of the room, on either side the wide hearth. The tall marble chimney-piece, Athenian in design, bore no ornament save a clock and a pair of candelabra of bronze, mounted on pedestals of black marble, which coldly contrasted the veinless white of the slab that sustained them.

No modern frivolities crowded the vast saloon. No davenport, or dos-à-dos, or central ottoman marred its stern simplicity. No fernery or aquarium bespoke the tastes of some feminine occupant. No photographic album or stereoscope offered diversion to the idle visitor. The cell of a model prison could hardly have been less fruitful in diversion for the unthinking mind. The amateur of architecture might find something to admire in the three-foot deep cornice, with its variety of moulding and egg-and-dart border, but save in its architectural beauties, the room was barren of interest.

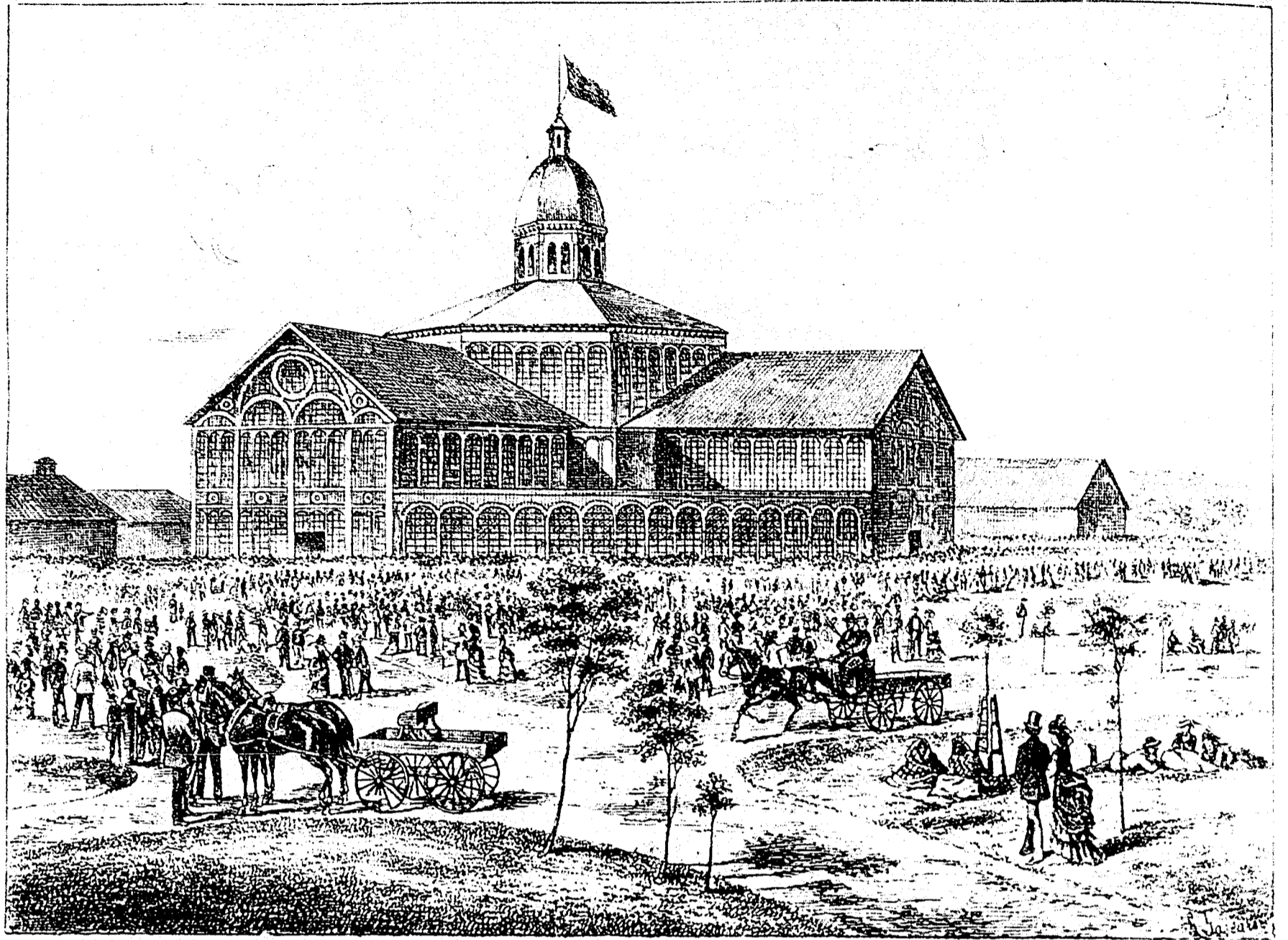
Yet to the thinker there was some charm in its very repose. The old-world look which told of days gone by, when the world was a century and a half younger. The present lord of Perriam was very proud of his drawing-room, or saloon, as the chamber was religiously entitled. Not for kingdoms would he have changed an object in that soberly furnished apartment. And by this wise conservatism he at once testified his reverence for his ancestors, and saved his own money.

"Photographic album!" he exclaimed, when some frivolous person suggested that he should adorn one of the Chippendale tables with that refuge of the mindless guest. "There were no photographic albums in the time of Bolingbroke, and society was a great deal more brilliant then than it is now. If people want to amuse themselves let them read Pope. There's a fine edition in yonder bookcase."

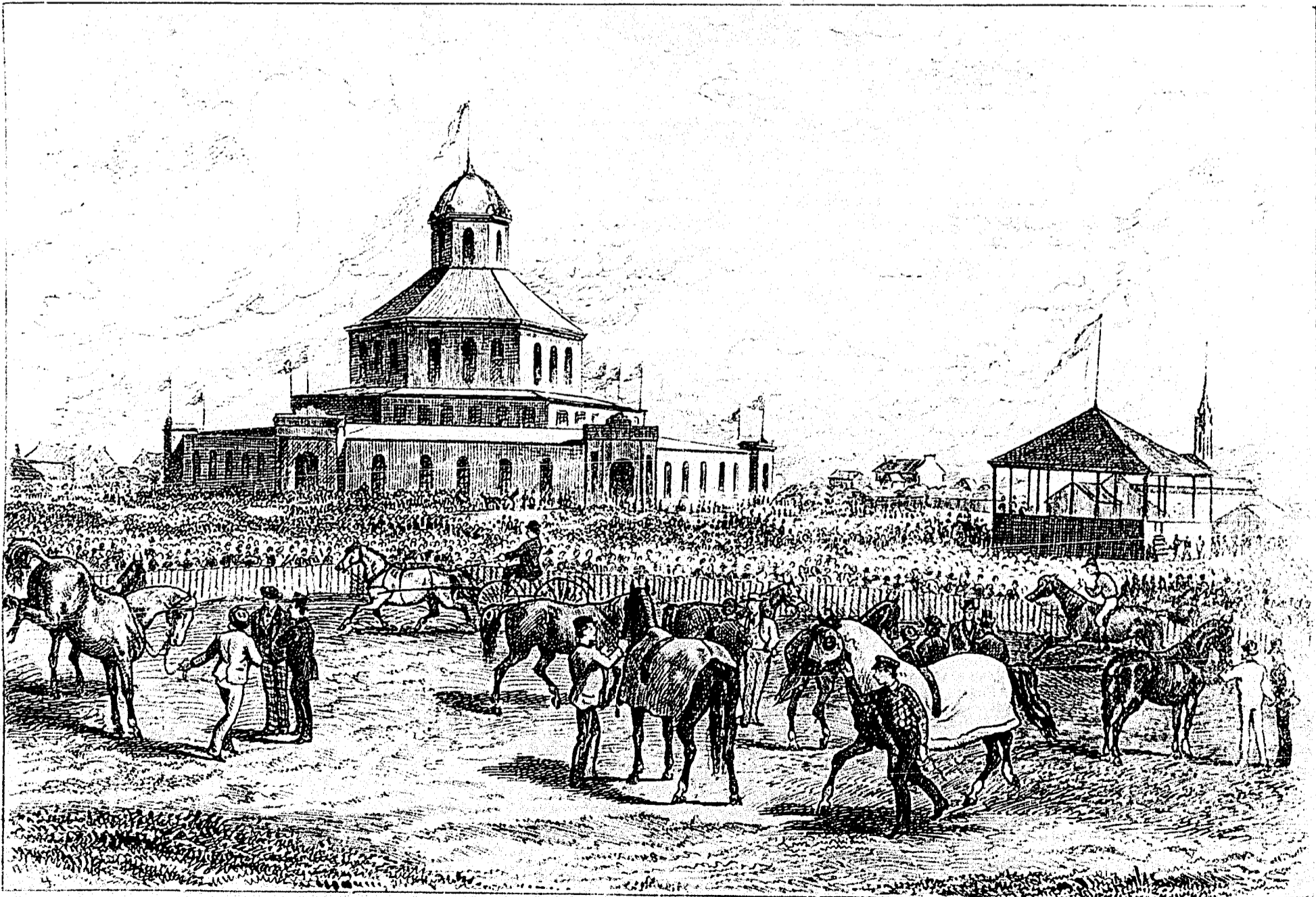
And the baronet pointed the finger of triumph at a dwarf bookcase defended by brass lattices which extended along one side of his saloon. Here neatly ranged were all those authors whose reputation increases daily among a generation by which they are for the most part unread—Pope, Prior, Gay, Swift, St. John, Addison, and Steele. Sir Aubrey forgot that the key of that treasury had been mislaid fifteen years ago, and that the books were dusted with a feather brush that went between those criss-crossed wires.

In the west front were Sir Aubrey's apartments—bedroom vast, gloomy, dressing-room larger than most modern bedrooms, study a mere closet; and at the southern end of the house, communicating, by a narrow passage, with the baronet's rooms, and overlooking the kitchen garden, were the apartments which had been occupied without change for the last thirty years by Sir Aubrey's brother, Mordred Perriam. The ancient Saxon name was almost Mr. Perriam's sole heritage from his ancient race, for the Perriam estates were strictly entailed, and, but for a stray two-hundred a year that came to him from the maternal side of the house, Mordred Perriam would have been dependent upon his brother for support. As it was, Mr. Perriam lived with his brother, and lived free of all expense. He spent the greater part of his own income upon his library, a heterogenous collection of second-hand books, bought hap-hazard of those provincial booksellers with whom Mr. Perriam kept up a never-ending correspondence. They were such volumes as Martin Scriblerus or Dominic Sampson might have rejoiced in, but which would hardly have provoked the envy of a modern collector. Brown leather bindings; ancient editions in which the least voluminous author generally ran into forty volumes; queer old ribbed paper, queer old type—no single set perfect. Authors whose names are only preserved in the Dunciad; authors whose brief span of popularity has left no record whatever. English obscurities, French obscurities, Roman obscurities, German obscurities, cumbered the book-worm's shelves, till to hunt for a genuine classic amidst that uncatalogued chaos was half-a-day's labour.

Mr. Perriam had begun many catalogues; struggling on with infinite toil, trotting to and fro between his desk and the shelves with meekest patience; but the catalogues always ended in muddle. He was always buying, and the supplementary catalogue which his latest purchases rendered necessary, bothered his somewhat feeble brains. His fly-leaves and addenda grew thicker than the original volume, and he abandoned his task in wild despair. After all he knew his books, and could have recited all their titles, though perhaps in many



HAMILTON, ONT.—THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.



LONDON, ONT.—THE HORSE RING AT THE PROVINCIAL FAIR.



THE KHIVAN EXPEDITION.—SURRENDER OF THE KHAN TO GENERAL KAUFFMANN.

cases unfamiliar with their contents. He used to imagine that he had a particular desire to read such and such an author till he got the author at home. But the volumes once snug on his shelves the desire seemed somehow appeased. When his learned friends talked of an author, Mr. Perriam used to say, "Ah! I've got him." He was too honest to say "I've read him."

The apartments devoted to Mr. Perriam were airy and spacious like all the rest of the house. But large as they were his books overran them. From floor to ceiling, under the windows, over the mantelpiece, wherever a shelf could be put, appeared those endless rows of brown-backed volumes, hardly brightened here and there by the faded crimson labels of some later editions. Mr. Perriam could not afford to be a connoisseur in bindings. No costly tooled calf, no perfumed Russia, gratified his sense of scent or feeling. But in his very poverty there lurked a blessing. He had taught himself to patch the old bindings, to stain, and sprinkle, and marble the dust blackened edges, and he was never more serenely content than when he sat before his worktable, and dabbed and fitted, and pasted and furbished the battered old volumes with the aid of a glue pot, a few scraps of calfskin, a little vermilion, a big pair of scissors, and inexhaustible patience. In his heart of hearts Mr. Perriam felt that could he begin life again he would wish to be a bookbinder.

Mr. Perriam's library overlooked the kitchen garden. It was a spacious room with a deep bay like that which at the other extremity of the house formed the end of the drawing-room. In the days when there were children at Perriam, this room had been the nursery. Immediately above it was Mr. Perriam's bed-chamber, and next to that a smallish dressing-room, which communicated, by means of a dark little passage, with Sir Aubrey's bedroom. The brothers were honestly attached to each other, different as were their habits, and liked to be within call of each other. Sir Aubrey's valet slept in his master's dressing-room; but Mr. Perriam had no body servant. That was a luxury, or an encumbrance which he persistently denied himself. Nor would his wardrobe have afforded either employment or perquisites for a valet. He never possessed but one suit of clothes, wore those garments nearly thread bare, and passed them on when done with to an underling in the garden; a deaf old man who wheeled a barrow of dead leaves all the autumn, and rolled the lawns and gravel walks when there were no leaves to fill his barrow. This old gardener used to prowl about the gardens looking like the wraith or double of Mr. Perriam. When there were visitors at the place, Mr. Perriam rarely showed himself. When Sir Aubrey had no guests the brothers dined together; but while the baronet was away Mr. Perriam always dined in his own den, and turned the leaves of some late acquisition as he ate his dinner. He was a slow reader, and had been three years poring over an old copy of Dante, and adding his poor old brains with the commentaries which obscured the text. If he took a walk it was in the kitchen garden. He liked those prim quadrangles of pot-herbs, the straight narrow walks, the espalier-bounded strawberry beds, the perfect order and quiet of the place, and above all he liked to know that no chance visitor at Perriam would surprise him there. He brought his books here on summer mornings, and paced the paths slowly, reading as he walked; or dosed over an open volume, in yonder summer-house before the fish pond, on sultry afternoons. He trotted up and down between the bare beds for his constitutional, in mid-winter. The kitchen garden was all he knew of the external world, and all he cared to know; so long as he could conduct all his transactions with booksellers, through the convenient medium of the post. So passed his harmless uneventful life, and if no man could say that Mordred Perriam had ever done him a service, assuredly none could charge him with a wrong.

CHAPTER XIX.

"LOVE, THOU ART LEADING ME FROM WINTRY COLD."

Sir Aubrey and his brother dined *à-la-carte* on the evening of that day on which Mrs. Carford left the brief shelter of the schoolhouse, to resume her place in life's endless procession. The dining-room at Perriam faced the north-west, and commanded a fine side view of the setting sun. One saw the glorious luminary sink to his rest without being inconvenienced by his expiring splendour.

It was eight o'clock, and that western glory was fading, but Sir Aubrey liked the twilight. It was at once soothing and economical, and the baronet did not forget how large a cheque he annually wrote for the Monkhampton tallow-chandler. People talked of the cheapness and brilliancy of gas, but Queen Anne herself could not have been more averse from that garish light, had it been suddenly introduced to her notice, than was Sir Aubrey. Gas at Perriam! Gas pipes to disfigure those old crystal chandeliers which took all the hues of a peacock's breast in the sunshine! "August shade of my great grandfather!" exclaimed Sir Aubrey, "What Goth can counsel such desecration?"

Sir Aubrey and his brother sat in the gloaming, and talked, or at least Mordred talked and Sir Aubrey made believe to listen. The book-worm's harmless babble about his last bargain with a Bristol bookseller did not demand much strain upon the listener's attention. Sir Aubrey gave a vaguely acquiescent murmur now and then, and that was enough.

Indeed, Sir Aubrey's mind had been wandering a little throughout the ceremony of dinner, and now he sat in a thoughtful attitude with his glass of claret not diminished, looking down into the shadowy gulfs of the polished mahogany table, as if to read the visions he beheld there.

It was not of his brother's newly-acquired twelve-volume edition of Chatterton that he thought; but of a fair young face he had seen last night in the garden of Hedingham school-house.

"Mordred," he exclaimed suddenly, "did you ever wonder why I have not married?"

"No," said Mr. Perriam, "I never wonder. But I should think the reason was clear enough to the meanest comprehension. You have never forgotten poor Guinivere."

"Forgotten her? no; and never shall forget her. Yet if, at my sober age, it were possible for a man to feel a romantic love—the love of a poet rather than a man of the world—do you think he ought to trample upon the flower because it has blossomed late?"

"Do you mean to say that you have fallen in love?" asked Mordred aghast.

"I have seen a face lovely enough to bewitch a saint or a hermit—to thaw the coldest heart that time ever froze. I don't admit that I'm in love. That would be too great a folly.

But I feel within me a faculty which I deemed I had long outlived—the capacity to fall in love."

Mordred Perriam put his hands to his head, and rubbed his scanty grey hair distractedly. He thought his brother was going mad.

"Poor Guinivere," he said feebly, as if the shade of that patrician lady were outraged by Sir Aubrey's folly. "If she could have lived to see this day."

"If she had lived I might have been the happy father of many children," answered Sir Perriam; "as it is the estate must go to Lancelot Perriam whenever you and I are laid beside our ancestors."

"That seems hard," said Mr. Perriam, who was able to appreciate this common-sense view of the question. "If you could find anybody now to replace Lady Guinivere—of the same rank—an alliance which you might be proud of."

Sir Aubrey sighed and was silent. His chief purpose in marriage ought to be to provide himself with an heir. How was he to confront that heir in after-life if he could not name his maternal grandfather—if for all genealogical purposes the child were on the maternal side grandfatherless.

He sighed again, and with increasing despondency.

"At my age, my dear Mordred, a man can hardly hope to marry a duke's daughter. I shall never meet a second Guinivere. Lord Bolingbroke's second wife was a French woman. He consulted his heart rather than his interest."

"Bolingbroke married the niece of Madame de Maintenon, and the widow of a marquis."

"True, but he married for love," said Sir Aubrey, impatiently. "Late in life a man should marry for love, if he is to marry at all. He has so short a span left him in which to be happy. At twenty a man can afford to consult his interest, and marry a woman he doesn't care for. A youth of domestic misery may be compensated by a middle age of worldly success. But at my age there is nothing left a man to wish for except happiness."

Mr. Perriam regarded his brother in helpless wonderment. Was this abstract philosophy—or the foolishness of an elderly egotist?

"I should have thought you were happy in your present position," said his brother, mildly. "You have Perriam for a country house, and your *entresol* in the Faubourg St. Honoré—snug, and not very expensive. When you are tired of Perriam you go to Paris. When you are tired of Paris, you return to Perriam. You have boots and slippers, and brushes and combs, and a dress suit at both places—no packing—no bustle—and your valet here is your cook and general servant there. What could be pleasanter, if one must move at all?"

"An empty life at best," said Sir Aubrey, "and monotonous. The fact of the matter is," he went on, in a business-like tone, "that for some years past I have felt it my duty to marry. If I have shrunk from that duty—preferring the repose and serenity of a bachelor's life—I have felt myself guilty of moral cowardice. It is hard that Perriam should descend to one who is all but a stranger."

"Horace Perriam—a starched prig in the War Office," said Mordred. "There is not such another kitchen garden in the west of England!" he added, with a sigh. "If you could find some one of suitable rank, I don't say a duke's daughter—but of suitable rank—some good old family—bearing arms which the Perriams need not blush to quarter with their own."

This was harping on a string which Mordred had been accustomed to hear twanged by his elder brother. He was surprised to find the Baronet indifferent, or even contemptuous, about the question of rank.

"As to family," he said, "the Perriams ought to be like the Bourbons—great enough to give rank to their children without aid from the mother. The sons of Louis Quatorze were all princes. My son will be Sir Aubrey Perriam by and by, and he could have been no more than Sir Aubrey Perriam if poor Guinivere had been his mother."

Mordred made haste to agree with his brother. He rarely disputed a point with any one, unless it were a purely literary question, such as the reason of Ovid's exile, or Tasso's madness, or the identity of the man in the iron mask, or the authorship of Junius's letters.

"You have seen some one, perhaps, whom you admire—some young lady belonging to one of our county families," said Mordred. He could not suppose that his brother's eye had fallen to any lower depth than the county families.

Sir Aubrey winced. He had been so bigoted a high priest in the temple of the family god, and the family god was Caste. How could he justify such sacrilege as would be involved in his admiration of a village schoolmaster's daughter?

"I have certainly seen some one I admire," he said, with a curious shyness, an almost juvenile shame in this late-born love. A young lady who is very pretty, very amiable, altogether worthy of admiration. A young lady whose affection might make any man proud and happy. But she is not of a particularly good family; or, if her father belongs to an old and respectable family, which is not impossible, since his name is a good one, he is reduced in circumstances and occupies a somewhat humble position."

"A curate, perhaps," suggested Mordred vaguely.

"No, he is not in the church."

"Good gracious," exclaimed Mordred, with an awed look,

"you don't mean to say that he is in trade?"

"No, he is not in trade."

Mr. Perriam breathed more freely.

"I am glad of that," he said. "I live so secluded from the world that it might seem unimportant to me, but I shouldn't like to think that any stigma of that kind could attach to us in future. The actual fact might be glossed over in 'Burke's Landed Gentry;' but people would remember it all the same."

"Never mind details, my dear Mordred," returned Sir Aubrey, "after all, what I have been talking about is perhaps but an idle dream."

"You ought to marry," said Mordred, thinking of his kitchen garden. He begrudged the heir the reversion of those neat walks, by the box-bordered beds where a narrow line of hardy flowers, stocks, sweet William, mignonette, or nasturtium screened the brocoli and onions that grew within the boundary. The dear old garden, with its red earthenware senkale pots peeping out of the greenery, and that delicious herby odour which sweetens the atmosphere of country kitchen gardens.

"Ah," said Sir Aubrey, with a sigh, "I shall never marry unless it is for love."

Mr. Perriam smiled approvingly across the wide shining table; but his soul was full of wonder. All human love, except his mild affection for Aubrey, had withered in his heart thirty years ago. Indeed, there had never been warmth enough

in that placid temperament to kindle the flame of love. Women he looked upon as a race apart, useful doubtless after their lower kind, but to be kept at the furthest possible distance by the Sage. Marriage Mr. Perriam regarded as a stern necessity for elder sons. The younger scions of a great race, more happy, could slip through life untried in the matrimonial furnace. That any one should cumber himself with a wife, save when compelled to that burden by the exigencies of a fine estate, seemed to Mr. Perriam almost incredible. A wife who would doubtless take odd volumes of his books, from their shelves, to mislay them, or meddle with his papers! He thanked Providence for having made him the cadet of the House.

"For love," repeated Aubrey to himself, "for love! How Mordred and all the world would laugh at my folly, if I dared indulge it. Love at fifty-seven years of age, and for a girl young enough to be my grand-daughter. It is too wild a folly. Yet if a true affection could be possible to a man of my age, it ought to be possible for me. I have not frittered away my stock of feeling upon passing fancies. My life has been free from the follies that waste the hearts of some men. Late as the day comes, I ought to be able to love truly, and to win a true heart, if I have but courage to seek for one. Shall I seek it where this new fancy draws me? Shall I trust the augury of eyes and lips that speak but of innocence and truth?"

The butler came to light the candles in the tall silver branches, of pseudo design.

(To be continued.)

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

STANZAS.

(From the German of Luise Heusch.)

Translated by John Roade.

I.

Oh! wherefore is my soul bowed down
With sorrow? Shadow grim, begone!
Who loth the flowers with beauty crown
Will not forget to clothe His son.

II.

Though I be lone and sad my mood,
Though room and table empty be,
My God who gives the birds their food—
He never will abandon me.

III.

Why then should trouble vex my soul
This side the grave? My Father's heart
Yearneth to me. And lo! the goal
Of all is Heaven and not the part.

IV.

There at the everlasting Throne
I shall behold my Saviour's face,
And, even as I know, be known,
Blooming in plenitude of grace.

V.

Then, courage, heart! and be content,
And heavenward direct thy flight;
If by God's will thy course be bent,
Whatever befalls thee must be right.

VI.

Only a moment and 'tis past,
This life-dream, hurried by the tomb,
And then, aside all burdens cast,
The spirit wins its endless home.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE MOORISH DOCTOR'S PARCHMENT.

In the chamber of a handsome *posada* sat Don José de Trias d'Alcantara, Doctor of Salamanca, hidalgo in his quality of Asturian, but possessing nothing in the world except the dress which he wore, twenty reals and a passable opinion of himself.

Although hardly more than twenty years of age he had made several attempts to attain opulence and he was returning to Leon with the hope of obtaining employment from Count Don Alonzo Mendos, who owned between Moro and Zamora a magnificent domain already visited by our doctor. Unfortunately the first questions he put the innkeeper informed him of the Count's death.

"Don Alonzo dead!" said he with stupefaction.

"And buried," added the innkeeper.

"The castle is then occupied by his heirs?"

"The sole heir was the nephew of the Count and he has given orders to the notary to sell the domain. I believe it will have a new proprietor to-morrow."

"I shall wait to offer him my services," thought José. And he returned to his room. There he found among other things some books and manuscripts said to have been left by an old Moorish doctor, years before. He amused himself thumbing the folios and then passed to the manuscripts. He read over several which contained nothing more than general instructions on the transmutation of metals, but finally he found in a leaden case a roll of parchment which attracted his attention. It comprised magic receipts for the accomplishment of certain prodigies, such as transformation, metamorphosis, and bilocation. Then he came upon this paragraph:

MEANS OF MAKING YOUR WILL SOVEREIGN LAW AND OF INSTANTANEOUS ACCOMPLISHMENT.

The young doctor started with joy.

"By the rood," he exclaimed, "if that means succeeds, I ask nothing more."

He read the recipe indicated in the manuscript and found nothing therein contrary to faith. It sufficed to obtain the promised gift, to pronounce a certain prayer, before falling asleep, and to drink the contents of a little phial hidden at the bottom of the leaden case.

José sought this phial, uncorked it, and saw that it contained a few drops of a black and odorous liquid. He hesitated a moment, read the paragraph again and noticed a postscript which had escaped him before.

The postscript read thus:

"Our weakness is a providential barrier opposed by Deity to our folly."

After reflecting a moment on these words, he bore the phial to his lips and pronounced the long formula which was prescribed. He had scarcely done so when his eyes closed and he fell asleep.

Don José knew not how long he had slept, when he saw the daylight streaming through his little window. He arose with

effort and remained some time in that state of semi-lucidity which precedes one's waking. Finally his ideas cleared up; the sight of the parchment and the phial reminded him of what had happened on the eve, but as he perceived no change in himself, nor about him, he thought that the recipe of the Moorish Doctor had been ineffectual.

"Well," said he, with a sigh, "it is another illusion!" As he spoke his eyes wandered to the ceiling where he had hung his clothes. He there saw his leather purse bursting with golden coin.

He advanced to seize the purse. He emptied it on his bed. There was no mistake. Those were really golden half crowns. The philter had produced its effect. At once he decided upon a second experiment. He desired that his garret should be transformed into a sumptuous chamber and his seedy clothes into a new costume of black velvet lined with satin. His wish was immediately fulfilled. He then demanded a grand breakfast, served by little negroes clad in scarlet. A royal table was suddenly spread before him and the little darkies came in with wines and chocolate. He continued thus testing his new power in a variety of forms. At length, sure that his wish had really become *Sovereign Law*, he rushed out of the inn in a paroxysm of delight.

On recovering his wits, he resolved to go forthwith and purchase the domain of Alonzo Mendos. He soon arrived in sight of the castle and entered upon an avenue which led directly to the park. Suddenly a sharp, imperious voice demanded of him why he was thus trespassing on private property. José saw before him a young man mounted on a beautiful Andalusian horse, and answered:

"There can be no trespass on a domain which has no master."

"How do you know it has none?" asked the cavalier.

"I was informed that the notary is instructed to sell it this very day."

"Then you come as a purchaser?"

"I do."

"And do you know how much is asked for it?"

"I intend to inquire presently."

"It is valued at four hundred thousand golden half crowns."

"It is worth more."

The young man burst out laughing.

"An opulent buyer," he exclaimed, "who travels very modestly for his fortune."

"I am in the habit of going on foot," answered José.

"Your Lordship would however be better on my alazan."

"Do you think so?"

"So much so that I am tempted to dismount and offer you my seat."

"It is easy to satisfy you," said the doctor. "I desire that you be on the ground."

At that moment the horse reared and threw his rider on the grass.

"You have frightened my horse," cried the cavalier, in a rage.

"I only helped to the accomplishment of your intentions," replied Don José, taking the bridle and preparing to mount.

The young man advanced with uplifted whip.

"Back! or I will lash your face," he cried in a rage.

The blood rose to Don José's forehead.

"The Senor forgets that he is speaking to an hidalgo," said he. "Let him remember that I wear a sword."

"Then use it," said the cavalier, unsheathing his.

No combat took place, but José desired that his adversary should feel a wound and fall to the ground. This happened.

José who was sure that the wound was slight, as he had so wished it, saluted his prostrate foe, vaulted into the saddle and started off, in a trot, for the village. He presented himself before the notary, less as a purchaser than as a master about to take possession of his property. Unfortunately the notary informed him that the Castle of Mendos was no longer for sale.

"Why so?" asked Don José profoundly disappointed.

"Because Don Henriquez, the nephew of the Count, has just inherited two fortunes and has therefore decided to retain Mendos."

"What? No matter what is offered for it?"

"No matter."

"You are certain?"

"He told me as much this morning."

"Where is he?"

"He has just gone to the Castle on horseback."

Don José understood that this was his unknown cavalier and said to himself.

"I ought to have wished his wound more grievous."

Then turning to the notary he inquired again about the property.

"The land pleases him," said the notary, "and it certainly has many advantages. First an admirable position."

"I know that."

"Woods, fields and gardens."

"I have seen them."

"Yes, but the interior. You should visit the apartments. There is first a gallery of pictures from our best masters."

"Pictures? I always adored them—though I prefer statues."

"The Castle is peopled with them."

"Is it possible?"

"To say nothing of the library."

"What? A library?"

"Of thirty thousand volumes."

Don José made a gesture of despair.

"And all these treasures will be lost!" he exclaimed.

The notary shrugged his shoulders.

Suddenly a loud tread was heard on the stair and a servant rushed into the room.

"What is the matter?" asked the notary.

"A misfortune! a great misfortune. Don Henriquez has been fighting."

"Well?"

"And he has been wounded."

"Dangerously?"

"No. But in pursuing his adversary who was escaping on his horse, he fell and hurt himself so that he swooned."

"And where is he now?"

"He was brought home, but as he passed through the courtyard a stone from a scaffolding fell on him, wounding him mortally."

Don José could not bear to hear more. A violent revolution took place in him. Everything around him disappeared, and he found himself on his mattress in the garret of the inn, in

face of the little window through which the faint sunlight gleamed.

He then understood all. All that he had taken for reality was only a dream. He then remembered the final words of the Moorish Doctor's parchment:

"Our weakness is a barrier opposed by Deity to our folly!"

Miscellaneous.

No More Hazing.

The students of Brown University have done a good thing. They have uttered a protest against hazing as a barbarity, and voted that the students may wear such hats and coats and carry such canes as they please. No more uniforms.

We are Passing Away

Genius loses a part of itself, as it were, by the death of a brilliant man in any profession or walk in life. This is well illustrated in the case of a Troy "supe," whose brain-wearing task it was to remove the chairs from the theatre stage. When Edwin Forrest's death was announced, he, with dramatic gesture and feeling, exclaimed, "Great God, another one of us gone!"

Milton's Tomb.

It is not generally known that John Milton's tomb is still intact in London, and that at the parish church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, the remains of the great poet, interred in 1673, lie with those of his father, buried in 1646. At the south-east end of the church an elaborate shrine, designated by Mr. E. Woodthorpe, has been erected over the original marble bust by Bacon, and the poet lies a short distance from it. The church is well worth a visit, and is the oldest but one in London, being built by Alford in 1090. It is of grand proportions.

Clay's Joke on Adams.

Henry Clay had a standing joke, which he never failed to perpetrate at John Quincy Adams's expense, when he caught his Massachusetts colleague in a congenial crowd. Adams was afflicted during his whole life with a disease of the lachrymal duct, which caused his eyes to be constantly watery. The two occupied the same apartment, and a rosy and buxom Swiss damsel attended the room. Clay's story was that, upon his attempting to snatch a kiss from his handsome chambermaid, he was bluffed off with, "Oh, Mr. Clay, you must not, for Mr. Adams a few minutes ago begged me with tears in his eyes, for a similar favour, and I refused him!"

In Proportion.

The whole human figure should be six times the length of the feet. Whether the form be slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty of proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. Height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

Follow the Example.

A certain mechanic found, at the age of twenty-one, that he possessed a fancy for books, cigars and liquor—extravagant tastes all. Well, he thought the matter over, and, knowing that he must be dependent on his skill for a home and education, he decided to lay out in books every year the sum which he estimated it would cost a moderate drinker for liquor. He also calculated what it would cost him for tobacco and cigars, for theatres and Sunday riding, and set apart that money in the same way. The result was, that in a few years he owned a library of several hundred volumes. In this library he has a row of shelves labelled Liquor, Tobacco, Theatres, Livery Stables, which are now filled with books bought with the money he would otherwise have appropriated for those purposes. Young men, this little story needs no comment—but think of it.

Signs of Winter.

The beavers and muskrats have begun their usual attempts to mislead us about the winter. Those mendacious animals still manage to retain the confidence of rural editors, and, whenever they begin early in the season to fix up their residences for winter, the editors at once decide that we are to have severely cold weather. Time and again have these wicked beavers and unprincipled muskrats prophesied cold weather, and been proved to be wilful falsifiers by the mildness of the following winter. With like frequency have they deluded people into the belief that a mild winter was at hand, when, in point of fact, the winter proved exceptionally cold. This fall they have begun unusually early to convince us that we are to have an Arctic winter; but we know them too well, and decline in any circumstances to put the slightest confidence in them.

A Lesson.

A New York cabman recently received a wholesome lesson. An English gentleman arrived at Jersey City, and drove with his baggage to a fashionable up-town hotel. "What have I to pay?" he inquired of the Jehu. "Just thirteen dollars," promptly replied that politician. Now, a custom prevails in London, pursuant to an act of Parliament, that in case of any dispute with a fare the cabman must drive to the nearest police court. The Englishman, reasoning by analogy, and, luckily in this case, told the man to drive to a police office. Arriving there, the gentleman stated his case, explaining that he was a stranger, and simply wished to pay what was right, according to the recognized tariff. The justice said to this moderate-minded cabman, "You will drive this gentleman to his hotel. Your fare will be altogether three dollars, but before you go you will have to pay one dollar and fifty cents for the expenses attending this most proper application." Let others follow this stranger's lead.

Education in Europe.

One of our German contemporaries gives the following statistics concerning the state of education in the principal European countries. Russia heads the list of illiterate persons with only 96 per cent. Poland then follows with 91 per cent., she being run very closely by Roumania, Spain, Portugal, and the late Papal States. Italy, Greece, and Hungarian-Austria come next. The South of Italy has but twenty-six in a hundred able to read and write. In Hungary, only a year ago, many a teacher might be found who could read but not write. England's uneducated are computed by our author at 50 per cent., and Belgium stands on a level with us (if not, indeed lower; vide last week's *Chronicle*). In the various departments of France the number of those who are unable to read and write fluctuate between 30 and 75 per cent. Among the better educated states are reckoned Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. In the latter countries only one in a thousand is reported as totally uneducated.

Profanity.

A wise proverb says: "Birds of a feather flock together." Now profane persons almost invariably consort with their kind

and that kind is generally to be seen in grog-shops and other places where the idle and dissolute like to congregate. Every sentence is interlarded with oaths and imprecations, horrible and degrading. The constant utterance of blasphemies hardens the heart and sears the conscience, rendering them fit for the reception of other depravities, until vice after vice, and sin after sin—each more vile than its predecessor—have been committed, and the way finally paved for a consummation in the lowest depths of wickedness. What would you think of a boy who, having the kindest of fathers, took pleasure in cursing and abusing that father, and in always provoking his anger instead of his love? Yet that is precisely the manner in which the profane swearer treats the most merciful God! Abstain, I pray you, from the slightest approach to profanity; for it is but the usher to a host of iniquities, while it destroys the grace of your conversation and the charm of your society.

Bird-Flowers.

In the middle of the space occupied by Brazil in the Vienna Exposition is a large standing case filled with stuffed birds of the brightest plumage, and flowers made of feathers in bouquets and wreaths of the richest colour conceivable. Here is a flower of seven petals, a bud or two, and leaves along a hanging stem. Alas! every petal, every bud and leaf is made of the breast of a gold-throated humming-bird. So brilliant, and yet so cruel, who could wear them with pleasure? One could as soon relish nightingales' tongues. There are many of the flowers made out of a variety of humming birds' nests. No material half so rich or so wonderful in colour could be found for this purpose. The gold, or green, or blue upon the breast of one of these tiny creatures is only a spot surrounded with a very dark colour; these are so shaped that each petal and leaf takes the bright spot and a border upon the edge of dark making a flower very rich, but not so very beautiful; indeed, not at all so when one thinks of the twelve or fifteen bright fairy birds that once glanced in the sunshine, and now represent a very unnatural flower.

From Bad to Worse.

Of Anna Deslons, a lady lately deceased, the French papers tell the following story. One day at the *Hôtel des Ventes*, she took a fancy to a landscape by Carat, which, as she happened to be in funds, she bought for 22,000 francs. Her friends told her the picture was not worth the money, and though not exactly of that opinion herself, she was frightened into selling it for 16,000 francs, with which she bought a diamond bracelet. Thereupon her acquaintances said she had been robbed, and that many of the supposed gems were but paste. That evening the bracelet was exchanged for a pair of earrings, at a loss of 3,000 francs. When returning from the jewellers she saw a miniature *chalet* in the window of a toyshop, and was forthwith overcome by a violent desire to take a trip to Switzerland. Eight days later, the earrings followed the bracelet, and with the 11,500 francs resulting from their sale, she purchased a *chalet* at Interlaken. A clock played the quadrille from *Orphée*. "Vive Paris!" the lady cried, "there is no place like Paris!" The *chalet* was sold for 5,000 francs, with which she purchased some bronzes, supposed to be antique, but worth some 300 francs, a price they fetched when sold at the *Hôtel des Ventes* fifteen months after.

Gesticulation in the Italian Assembly.

One characteristic Right and Left have in common; a copious use of gesticulation, namely, to enforce and illustrate their speech. No two deputies can chat together for five minutes without our seeing hands raised in the air with rapidly-moving fingers. Indeed, this play of eloquent hands is so universal all over the Chamber, that if you stopped your ears you might imagine yourself assisting at a séance of deaf mutes. The hands flutter and open, and shake themselves, and double themselves up, leaving only an upturned thumb sticking out argumentatively, and are clasped together, and separated, and raised, with open palm and widely-stretched-out fingers, or are flung out disdainfully with the back of the hand to the spectator, in wonderful variety and expressiveness of movement. I have heard this flexible pantomime admired by foreigners, and our insular comparative immobility objected to. Certainly one can hardly conceive the spectacle of the British House of Commons dappled all over with fluttering hands, like a flock of grotesque birds. But perhaps we may be reconciled to such loss of the picturesque and dramatic as is involved in this fact by remembering that one may express a great many emotions in pantomime, but very few thoughts.

The Influence of the Times.

Dr. William Howard Russell, the correspondent of the London *Times*, and of the New York *Times* at the Vienna Exposition, takes it upon himself, when occasion requires, to play the part of a ruler, acting, indeed, with as much power as a Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. At the surrender of Paris it became necessary that the *Times* should have a special train to carry the news to London in time for the morning paper. After trying the usual sources without success, Dr. Russell went to Baron Rothschild, who owns a large part of the stock of the Northern Railway, and demanded of him a train in the name of the London *Times*. He got it. Mr. Smalley, writing to the *Tribune*, says: "Its (The *Times*) correspondents hold a position apart. Doors fly open to them at which the representatives of other journals knock in vain. Dr. Russell's personal position is, from a variety of causes, such as no other correspondent is likely to attain, or to attain for a long time. He knows all the kings and princes and prime ministers in Europe who are worth knowing, and his acquaintance with them is old enough and familiar enough to give him a sure footing in the highest society. I need scarcely remind you that when the war of 1870 broke out, the privilege of accompanying the Prussian headquarters was granted to Dr. Russell, and refused to every other European correspondent. His acquaintance with the Crown Prince of Prussia and other magnates of that court may partly explain that signal favour, but there was something behind it." That something was the *Times*.

Pampered Puppies.

"Here in Paris," writes a correspondent, "it is quite common to see a mother dragging her almost infant child by the hand, weary and fretful, and carrying a dog in her arms, which she will occasionally stop to kiss, or dispose of so as to make it more comfortable. This trait is peculiar to no one class, but all seem to have a strong affection for the dog. To see a lady at her door or window without a lap-dog is almost a novelty, whilst many of them carry in their arms or lead them by a ribbon in the streets. The corners are posted with handbills of hospitals for dogs, where the best medical attendance can be had, and deg-medicines and dog soaps are placarded in all directions. On the boulevards, at night, the dealers in dogs are constantly perambulating with two or three pups in their arms, and ladies will stop and bargain for them on the public thoroughfare. They teach them all manner of tricks, and they are valued according to the education they have received and the intelligence they display. When they travel they take a nurse with them to attend to the wants and comfort of the dog, and these nurses can be seen in the public square airing and exercising the dogs, and leading them by ribbons. Some idea of the extent of this dog mania may be judged from the fact that the dog tax paid into the city treasury last year was 420,000 francs, or nearly \$100,000. The men, also, have their dogs, but not to such a great extent as females. They are mostly beautiful little animals, as white as snow, and are kept scrupulously clean, more



AUSTRIA.—THE HAUPT ALLEE OF THE PRATER, VIENNA



THE MAID OF HONOUR.—By W. Fyfe.

care being evidently bestowed on them in this respect than many of the children receive from their mothers."

The Duke of Brunswick's Pearls.

One Levy, a wealthy London jewel dealer, owned among a large number of most valuable pearls, a large pear-shaped drop of remarkable size and weight. But for a single flaw—a dark grayish ring that encircled it—it would have been exceedingly valuable. Levy had had frequent dealings with the late Duke of Brunswick, to whom he was in the habit of exhibiting whatever rare and beautiful gems he had purchased.

REVENGE.

What, at my feet: down from the lofty throne Whereon thou satest like a marble saint. Unmoved alike by th' wild passionate groan. Born of Despair, or the low breathed complaint Of sobbing Love.

It was not always so: but she did thrust Back my warm love, which, with coquetish grace. She ravished from me, gave me bitter scorn. Laughed at my plaint and when I lowly sued Smiled haughtily and left me all forlorn!

Toronto. C. W. A. DEBRICKSON.

Our Illustrations.

The recent visit of the King of Italy to Vienna and Berlin has given fresh interest to the person of Victor Emmanuel, a fine portrait of whom we present on our first page. This monarch was born March 14, 1820. He was carefully educated in science and military tactics, and married April, 1842, the Archduchess Adelaide of Austria, who died in 1855.

Our fourth page is graced with a group of medallions representing the most popular American humorists of the day. Of these Mark Twain, Bret Harte and Josh Billings are the most widely known, though Bailey, of the Dunbury News, is fast rivaling them in favour.

Birmingham has set an example of practical sympathy for cabmen. It is the cabmen's shelter, a movable room, on wheels, provided with means of supplying tea and coffee, papers and periodicals, and a stove for drying the wet clothes of the cabmen. Perhaps no class of men are more exposed to all weathers with less protection than cabmen.

The Carlists are visibly declining in strength and little has been heard of their movements of late. Their position before Tolosa and the bombardment of Almeria are, however, not devoid of a certain historic interest.

The great Central Fair at Hamilton proved an unequivocal success, as did also the Provincial Fair at London, Ont. On our fifth page there are sketches of both.

The distance of the scene of operations against Khiva has been the cause why illustrations of marking events there have been rather slowly forthcoming. Among the several scenes depicted, we have chosen that of the surrender of the Khan to General Kaufmann.

The Haupt Aliee of the Prater, at Vienna, is one of the finest promenades in Europe, rivaling the Unter den Linden of Berlin and the Elysees of Paris.

The Maid of Honour is Mary Hamilton, one of the four Maries who attended on Mary Queen of Scots. If the Queen's beauty surpassed that of her maids of honour, and particularly that of Mary Hamilton, the Queen must have been beautiful indeed. Still, there are grave historic doubts regarding the extreme loveliness of, as to almost everything relating to, Mary Queen of Scots. Certainly all the portraits of her, with any pretensions to authenticity, more or less represent her with a large nose and unsymmetrical features; and the inference is that, like some other reputed beauties, Mary Queen of Scots owed far more to a brilliant complexion and to fascination of expression than to correctness of proportion and form.

Strengthen the Digestive Organs by using Colby's Pills.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our "column."

ALPHA. Whitby.—Your Problem (marked No. 11) still seems to be unsoled, admitting of a "double" solution by—1. White, Kt. to B. 4th ch., for if Black play 1. Kt. takes Kt. as best, then follows—2. White, Q. to K. sq. ch. and mates in two more moves; and if Black play 1. K. to B. 4th. White may reply with 2. B. takes Kt. ch., 3. Q. to Q. 3rd, or R. 3rd, and mate next move. Thanks for the other Problems.

Correct solutions received: Of Problem No. 100 from C. S. B., Montreal; No. 101 from Alpha, Whitby; Nos. 101 and 102 and Enigma No. 31 from G. E. C., Montreal.

INTELLIGENCE.

The new "column" in FAVORITE promises to be a valuable addition to our Canadian chess literature. The first few numbers were devoted principally to "instructions" for beginners, with some neat specimens of two-move problems; and adepts will find the later selections increase in interest. The Record for September contains, with the usual excellent assortment of Problems, and miscellaneous items, several fine games played at the late Tourney in Vienna, and the continuation of Mr. Ernest Morphy's analysis of openings.

Another "skirmish" recently played in the Montreal Chess Club. Evans' Gambit.

- White.—Mr. J. Hall. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 3. B. to B. 4th 4. P. to Q. Kt. 4th 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd 6. Castles 7. P. to Q. 4th 8. P. to Q. 5th 9. Kt. takes K. P. 10. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 11. Q. to Q. B. 2nd 12. Kt. to Q. 4th 13. P. to K. B. 4th 14. P. to K. B. 5th 15. P. takes B. (b) 16. Kt. to K. 6th (c) 17. Kt. takes R. 18. Q. to Q. sq. (d) 19. K. to R. sq. 20. Kt. to Q. 2nd 21. Q. to K. B. 3rd (f) 22. Q. to K. 2nd 23. P. to K. R. 3rd (g) 24. K. to R. 2nd 25. B. to Q. R. 3rd 26. Kt. to Q. Kt. 3rd

Black announced mate in six moves as follows:— 26. Q. to K. 4th ch. 27. Q. takes P. ch. 28. Q. takes R. P. ch. 29. Kt. to K. Kt. 6th 30. Kt. to Kt. 5th dis. ch.

And mates next move; or, might have played—30. Q. to B. 5th ch., &c. (a) Answered by B. to Q. 3rd this would have lost a piece at once; but Black, in return, might have made sad havoc among the Pawns, &c.

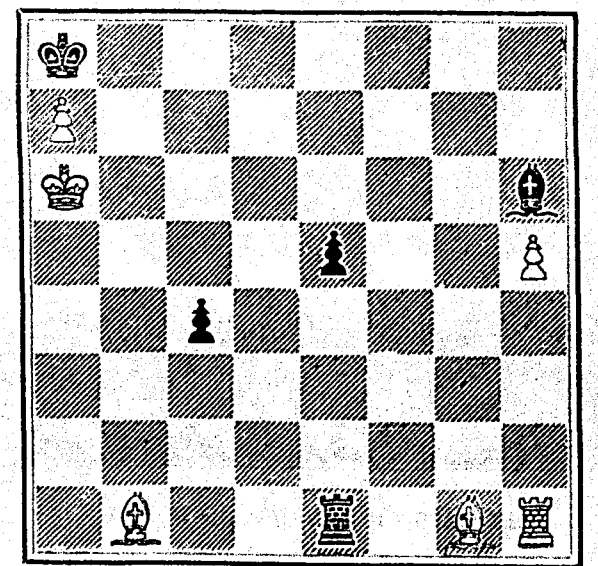
- White. 12. B. to Q. 3rd 13. B. takes Kt. 14. Q. takes B. Black. 12. Q. Kt. takes P. 13. B. takes B. 14. Kt. takes Q. B. P. (b) This is attended with danger, as it opens the Rook's file. (c) Premature, and compromises White, as it leaves open a formidable check for the Bishop at Kt. 3rd; much better to have simply played, instead, B. takes Kt. having gained a piece. (d) The Kt. cannot be captured now, or Black mates in two moves. (e) Correct and decisive; securing the safety of the Kt. and leaving White without any satisfactory defence. (f) Losing a piece. (g) White obviously cannot capture either Kt. (A) The right style for the Evans'; it—

- White. 24. Q. takes Kt. 25. Kt. in (best) 26. K. moves. Black. 24. Q. ch. 25. Kt. ch. 26. Kt. takes Kt. ch.

THE KNIGHT'S TOUR. (No. 2.)

Table with 8 columns (1-8) and 8 rows (1-8) containing chess notation for a knight's tour. Row 1: 1 thth, 2 oft, 3 tur, 4 ueo, 5 ega, 6 ght, 7 rre, 8 sol. Row 2: 9 naw, 10 veh, 11 isr, 12 hou, 13 nts, 14 fre, 15 rdt, 16 and. Row 3: 17 ast, 18 twi, 19 then, 20 sco, 21 fusa, 22 uti, 23 ion. Row 4: 25 ati, 26 rya, 27 eco, 28 ced, 29 hus, 30 thu, 31 ont, 32 hei. Row 5: 33 mon, 34 lec, 35 nse, 36 lla, 37 mak, 38 dso, 39 act, 40 oni. Row 6: 41 ndi, 42 wit, 43 oes, 44 war, 45 ien, 46 ndt, 47 fgr, 48 erp. Row 7: 49 eps, 50 dimo, 51 jed, 52 the, 53 50, 54 pit, 55 ssi, 56 eef. Row 8: 57 oer, 58 ose, 59 hth, 60 han, 61 ekl, 62 nam, 63 ris, 64 eat.

PROBLEM No. 103. By Mr. J. A. Russell, Toronto. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in four moves.

Music and the Drama.

Mr. Sullivan is revising his oratorio, "The Light of the World." H. J. Byron has produced another comedy, called "Sour Grapes."

Mr. Charles Mathews has made his reappearance at the London Gaiety.

Carlotta Patti has been singing in London at the Covent Garden concerts.

The Italian Opera house at Madrid has been opened with a powerful troupe.

"Richelleu," with Mr. Irving in the title role is making a sensation at the London Lyceum.

M. Ambrose Thomas is hard at work upon a new opera, to be produced at the Paris Opera this winter.

Offenbach has composed a new operetta for the Renaissance Theatre, Paris, entitled the Jolie Parfumeuse.

Fraulein Virginia Gungl, daughter of Herr Joseph Gungl has made her debut with success at Schwerin, as Agatha.

The celebrated comedy writer Herr Koderich Benedix died at Leipzig at noon on the 26th ult., after a protracted illness.

Offenbach's new operetta, "Pomme d'Api," has been brought out at the Renaissance, and is said to contain some charming airs.

Wachtel received the sum of £1,500 for his late one-month engagement in Berlin, this being the highest terms ever offered there.

A recent letter from Tiflis states that a Russian company have been playing Shakespeare's Hamlet to good houses and great applause.

Sir Julius Benedict is about to compose an opera for Carl Rosa's opera company, who are having a very successful campaign in Manchester.

The Abbé Listz has just put the finishing touch to a third oratorio, "St. Stanislas," and now intends compiling a new book of instruction for young pianists.

Lord Lytton's "Last of the Barons" has been dramatized, and is now being played in London under the title "The Last of His Race" or, Warwick the King Maker.

M. Gounod is engaged on a new oratorio, words and music by himself, the "Redemption." The French poem is completely finished, and has been translated into English.

The young violinist Mlle Vittoria de Bono has been very successful at Glasgow. This lady's performance of Paganini's "Adagio e Variazioni" on one string awoke great enthusiasm.

Madame Ponchar, a singer of some note, and the widow of the celebrated French tenor of that name, died in Paris on the 19th ult., in her eighty-first year; she retired from the lyce stage in 1836.

Herr Paul Lindau has just finished a new play, the plot of which is furnished by the life of modern society. The comedy is entitled "Diana," and will be brought out at the Berlin Hoftheater and the Vienna Stadttheater.

Last week at Rivière's concerts a new vocalist made her appearance with remarkable success—Mlle. Marini, a sister of Madame Sinico. Her "Robert, toi que j'aime" on the first occasion, and of "Deh vien, non tardar" on the second, were highly appreciated by the audience.

A Madrid correspondent writes that Signor Plave, the poet, who wrote the librettos for Signor Verdi of "Il Trovatore" and "Simone Boccanegra," took the stories from dramas by the modern Spanish poet, Don Antonio Garcia Gutierrez; the titles of the plays by the latter being "El Trovador" and "Simone Boccanagni."

The posthumous opera by Schubert is called "Des Teufels Lustschloss" ("The Devil's Country House"). The libretto is by Kotzebue, but it will be remodelled. The parts of the score were long missing, but have all been found, and every note of the original music is now perfect. The director, Herr Swobada, will produce the work in Vienna forthwith.

Mr. Maurice Strakosch opens the Italian opera season at Paris on the 7th of October. The artistes engaged are Mlles. Belval, de Belocca, Tagliana, and Donadio; Signori Brignoli, Buonfratelli, Villa, Barré, Zaccchini, and Fiorini. Mdlme. Adellina Patti also is expected to appear, previous to her going to Russia.

The "Ray Blas" of Signor Marchetti, and other works of the Italian composers of the time, will be performed. Among the new productions will be M. Sardou's "Patric"; "Blanca Orsini," by Petrella; "Il Re Nala," by Dall'Argine; "Cleopatra," by Morales; "I Litanti" and "Il Pastore Eterno," by Ponchelli; "Il Mercante di Venezia," by Piusotti; "Maria Antonietta" and "Blanca Capello," by Badiati; "Luigi XI.," by Fumigalli; "Demetrio," by Coppola; "Enrico IV.," by Fornari; "Pietro Micca," by Camerano; and others.

Courrier des Dames.

Fashion. A fashion writer says: "Imported cloth garments for the street consists of fancy coats and jackets, such as women might wear who were masquerading as men. They are in dark cloths in the prettiest shapes imaginable, the edges piped with peacock green or blue silk, mustard coloured silk, or some other striking shade, of which only the single line above the rim is permitted. But the tails or lappets, and the dear little vests and waistcoats, fastened with old silver or pearl buttons, are 'too killing'—as young ladies say—for anything, and suggest canes and neckties and manillas, and all the naughtiness which is supposed to be so fascinating."

Tennyson's Heroines in Masquerade. Tennyson's heroines wear very rich robes. At a fancy ball Elid's dress would be a very long and sweeping one, of a rich gold-embroidered material; the bodice cut square, very long and pointed, bordered with fur and gold, which is carried round the neck and down the centre of the front, in the form of a stomachier; the sleeves are long and hanging from the elbow; on the head is a jewelled coil or fillet, the hair hanging at the back in long plaits. Elaine has long gold hair flowing loosely, having a band of gold with pointed stars around the head; her rich robes are much jewelled in front; the bodice, which reaches to the hips, being very tight to the figure, and bordered with a jewelled band. The bodice comes almost to the throat, where it is cut square. At the top of the sleeves there is a kind of jewelled epaulette. Vivien's dress is a long plain robe, one end of which is thrown carelessly over one shoulder; her loose hair is also confined by a band of gold; the material of the dress should be rich and figured on a gray ground with no gold thread on it. Guinevere's is the most costly dress of all. Jewelled bands are introduced round the square-cut bodice, and the gold cap is also jewelled; the sleeves are tight at the lower part of the arm, but the upper part is slashed, and jewels introduced round the slashes, the sleeves being of a different colour from the bodice. In all these costumes the skirts are long and flowing, almost like a habit.

Wedding Extravagances. The real reason for the female infantile formerly so prevalent in India, and even yet not entirely suppressed, says a

writer in the *Queen*, is said to be the immense expenses attendant on the marriage of daughters. It is considered shameful for a woman to remain unmarried in India; and, on the other hand, wedding feasts cost so much that people are impoverished all their lives by what they spend at the marriage of a daughter. The question having arisen as to whether it is better to have no daughters, or to be ruined by their marriage, was decided against the existence of the daughters; and so in many tribes female infanticide became the rule without exception. In England we have not arrived quite at female infanticide; but we doubt not that parents of many daughters not unfrequently wish that the customs of the country among ourselves were not so exacting and expensive as to the matter of trousseaux and other things. Why should young women require such quantities of clothing, half of which can hardly be worn before it is out of fashion? Why is it imperative to have eight or nine bridesmaids, and why must they all receive lockets? Why must middle-class people strive after having as much display as if they were enormously rich? Why must everybody go away for a month or six weeks of banishment on pretence of a honeymoon? In a word, why do all people ape the fashions of those who are richer than themselves, without even having regard to whether these are sensible or not? We have heard it rumoured that the honeymoon banishment is gradually being shortened, and we are glad that this should be the case. What good might be done if a society of ladies could be formed who, during one season only, should steadily put down all extravagances connected with marriages! If the announcement of the wedding were followed by the statement "one bridesmaid" in the cases of half a dozen ladies of rank and fashion, what a change would be effected! The innovation is so daring that it would be certain to be effective. No wedding breakfast—think of the relief that would be to everybody, for no one really likes the dreary ceremony; and cake and wine handed round to the company would serve all absolutely needful occasions of speech-making. We leave the idea with our readers.

It is strange to find gambling defended as a religious duty. A writer in the *Jewish World*, replying to a correspondent who had charged the Jews of Mogador with that vice, says: "In all the wide world gambling is practised by the Jews at Purim, being considered as a period of pleasure, and in commemoration of the lot cast by Haman." The death is reported from Berlin of Clara Mundt, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of Louise Muhlbach. She died upon the 26th ult., from disease of the liver. She was born in the year 1814, at Neubrandenburgh, and leaves a work, upon which she was busily engaged, entitled, "Von Königgratz nach Chislehurst," in an unfinished state. At the beginning of the year, the inhabitants of Munich were gazing at the spectacle of a huge block of stone being drawn through their streets. This block has now been converted by their sculptor Halbig into a crucifix, 18 feet high. It is to be erected this autumn on the top of the mountain near Ammergau, where the miracle play was acted, and it is a gift from the King of Bavaria. There will be the usual group at the foot of the cross, and the whole work, including the pedestal, will be 40 feet high. The work is nearly complete. M. Guerin, who has been engaged for the French Government in researches in Palestine, has discovered what he believes to be the tomb of Joshua, the son of Nun. The tomb is situated at Tibneh, which he considers to be the ancient Timnath Serah, the heritage of Joshua. In the hill at this place there are many tombs, and this one has a vestibule, into which the light of day penetrates, supported by two columns, while the place is furnished with nearly 300 niches for lamps, and is soiled evidently from their use. This vestibule gives entrance to two chambers, one containing fifteen receptacles for coffins, and the other but one. In this latter one M. Guerin supposes the body of Joshua to have been deposited.

Fun.

Psychological novels is what the critics call those novels which are not logical in any other way. An Iowa clergyman who had a donation party lately, has beans enough to last thirty-seven years. "What's the use of trying to be honest?" asked a young man, the other day, of a friend. "Try it once to see," was the reply. "Spanish stew" is announced on the bill of fare of a fashionable up-town dining-room. A disagreeable man thinks that it must come from cat-alona. A gentleman having his hair cut, was asked by the garrulous operator: "How he would have it done." "If possible," replied the gentleman, "in silence." Daughter—"Well, to tell the truth, I do not think much of the close of the sermon." Father—"Probably you were thinking more of the clothes of the congregation." The precious school-boy who, quoting from a distinguished statesman, said he "knew no north nor south," was surprised to find himself put at the bottom of class in geography. A Connecticut editor avers that "there's an art, a genius like the poet's—born, not made," which produces fried potatoes as delicious as a fairy's dream. He does not give the recipe. No actor, according to the *Danbury News Man*, has yet been able to counterfeit that expression of joy which a man shows when discovering a ten-cent stamp in his paper of tobacco. A small sheet is issued in Baltimore called "The Baltimore Matrimonial Journal and Real Estate Advertiser." The association between these two interests is unexplained.—*Telegram*. A New Yorker advertised an umbrella which he had found, the other day, and a morning paper sent a reporter to interview him, and gives the public all the points about the extraordinary man. "Pretty bad underfoot," said one citizen to another, as they met in the street. "Yes, but it's fine overhead," replied the other. "True enough," said the first; "but then, very few are going that way."

News of the Week.

Art and Literature.

General Garibaldi has just published a book entitled "The Thousand," and giving an account of his expedition to Sicily. M. Emile Olivier is publishing in London a pamphlet relating all the circumstances leading up to the Franco-German war of 1870. We learn from the English papers that Mr. H. M. Stanley has gone to act as special correspondent for the *Times* at the Ashantee war. It is stated that the late Dr. Nélaton has left a number of memoranda on the occurrences of his day, of which he was a close observer. These his illness prevented him from arranging, but it is said they will ere long be published. A sale took place in Paris on the 20th inst., of a library collected in Berlin which comprised manuscripts of Humboldt, books from the library of Frederick the Great, and a considerable number of books containing annotations by Voltaire. Messrs. Blackwood & Sons will publish in the course of the autumn, a new poem, by Mr. Alfred Austin, entitled "Rome or Death," which is, in effect, a continuation of "Madonna's Child," and will form the third canto of "The Human Tragedy." Mr. G. W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has offered to bear the entire cost of the memorial window about to be placed in the chapel of Westminster Abbey in memory of George Herbert and William Cowper. His offer has been accepted. Messrs. Cassel, Petter, and Galpin will shortly publish *Notable Shipwrecks*, containing popularly told narratives of all the remarkable shipwrecks that have occurred from the wreck of the old "Royal George" to the loss of the "City of Washington" last July. The amount paid to the heirs of Mr. William H. Seward for copyright of the first six months of his "Travels Round the World" was \$11,461. The second six months began on the 1st of August, and the sale of the work continues as constant and as large as before. The *Gazette* says that at a recent sale in Paris a box of old papers was purchased for twenty francs, in which have been discovered autographs of Racine, Corneille, Condillac, d'Alembert, Alfred de Musset, Balzac, Molière, and many marshals of the first empire. Two new magazines are contemplated in England; one to be entitled the *Oriental*, which will treat of subjects of interest in connection with the East. The title of the other will be *The King of Arms*, and its primary object will be to combine fashionable with historical news. It is announced that M. Paul de Cassagne's coming work will be published under the title "Empire et Boyauté," and not under the title "L'Empire," as was intended. The Prince Imperial has sent to the author from Chislehurst, requesting that a copy of each part of the work might be sent to him before its publication. Dr. Schliemann, whose investigations in the Troad have lately caused so great an interest, is about to publish a record of his expedition and discoveries. The volume is to be illustrated with 216 photographs, and one or more of these will be devoted to the Trojan inscription, which is one of his most important discoveries.

THE DOMINION.—H. E. the Governor-General returned to Ottawa last week for the session, which was duly opened on Thursday. The elevation of Mr. Bellerose has been gazetted. It is rumoured that Mr. Dunscombe has been appointed Collector of Customs at the port of Montreal, and that Mr. R. S. M. Bouchette (the present Deputy Minister) will succeed Mr. Dunscombe in the Collectorship at Quebec. UNITED STATES.—President Grant has appointed the 27th as Thanksgiving Day. All the jurors in the Stokes trial have been empanelled, and last week Assistant District-Attorney Russell opened the case for the prosecution. A despatch from Washington says nothing new has been disclosed in the "Polaris" expedition. The evidence given regarding the separation from the crew on the ice does not materially differ from the statement made by the party examined last spring. GREAT BRITAIN.—John Bright has been re-elected member of Parliament. FRANCE.—M. Thiers gave a dinner to his political friends on Saturday. The delegates to the French Assembly are arriving in Paris, and numerous reports are in circulation respecting the course the different parties will take when the Assembly opens. The Assembly is called to meet not later than the 27th November. It is said that an agreement has been made between the Count de Chambord and the Monarchical parties in the Assembly. The following additional points of the programme to be proclaimed at the opening of the session are given: The eligibility of all persons to civil employment; universal suffrage; reasonable liberty of the press; and the tri-colour to be maintained as the flag of France. This last point, however, is open to mutual concessions. The Republicans are working with great activity and energy to counteract the designs of the Monarchists. Ex-President Thiers, in a conversation with friends yesterday, spoke confidently of the result. The Bazarine trial still continues. In justification of his course, the accused pleaded the existence of a revolutionary government at Paris and the helpless condition of his army. GERMANY.—A change in the Prussian Cabinet is rumoured, and it is not improbable that the Prince will resume his position as President of the Ministry of State in place of Von Roon. RUSSIA.—Much damage has been done in St. Petersburg and the surrounding country by the river Neva rising ten feet above its usual height. DENMARK.—The Folkething, having rejected the budget of the Ministry, has been dissolved by the King. SWITZERLAND.—Bishop Mermilod, from across the French frontier, has issued an interdict against three Curés recently chosen by the Old Catholics of this city, prohibiting their exercise of religious functions. The wife of Père Hyacinthe yesterday gave birth to a son. JAPAN.—Thirty-seven villages in the Province of Shausee have been swept away by the bursting of the banks of a river. SPAIN.—Admiral Lobos, commander of the Spanish fleet, has been removed from office for taking the squadron to Gibraltar without consulting his Government. The Minister of Marine has assumed command.

Reduction in Freight Rates.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY WILL continue to send out, daily, THROUGH CARS for CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL, and other Western points, at reduced rates from the winter tariff. Shippers can get full information by applying to Mr. BURNS, Agent G. T. R., Chaboulliez Square, or at the Office of the General Freight Agent. C. J. BRYDGES, MANAGING DIRECTOR. P. S. STEVENSON, General Freight Agent. 7-21 tf

Grand Trunk Railway

ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, 19th instant, an Accommodation Train for MONTREAL and Intermediate Stations will leave RICHMOND at 5.30 A.M., arriving at MONTREAL at 9.10 A.M. Returning, will leave MONTREAL at 5.15 P.M. arriving at Richmond at 9 P.M. C. J. Brydgos, MANAGING DIRECTOR. 7-21 tf

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DR. BESSEY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 8 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL. 7-23ax

CERTIFICATE FROM MR. ALFRED KNUCKLE, American House, St. Joseph Street.

DEAR SIR,—I was afflicted during the beginning of this winter with a most severe COLD, attended with incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, which reduced me so low that many persons supposed I could never recover. I tried a great many things, which were given me both by my doctors and friends; but did not receive any benefit from anything until I commenced using your "HOARHOOND AND CHERRY BALSAM," which seemed to give me relief immediately. I continued using it until I was completely cured, and now I believe I am as well as I ever was in my life. I would gladly recommend it to any person suffering from a similar complaint. Almost anybody who knows me can certify to the above. ALFRED KNUCKLE. MR. RICHMOND SPENCER, Chemist, corner of McGill and Notre Dame Streets.

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THE Commissioners appointed to construct the Intercolonial Railway give Public Notice that they are prepared to receive Tenders for the construction of a "Deep Water Terminus" at Father Point. Plans and Specifications may be seen at the Engineers' Offices in Ottawa and Rimouski, on and after the 20th day of November next. Tenders marked "Tenders for Harbour and Branch Line," will be received at the Commissioners' Office, Ottawa, up to six o'clock, p.m., of the 20th day of December next. A. WALSH, ED. H. CHANDLER, C. J. BRYDGES, A. W. MCLELAN, Commissioners. COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE, OTTAWA, } October 17th, 1873. } 8-17 af

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C. J. BRYDGE, Managing Director. Montreal, October 6, 1873. 7-15 2z



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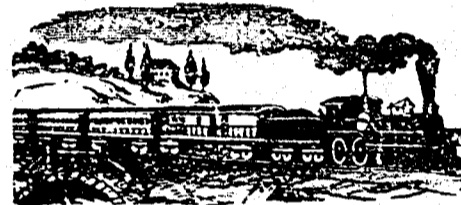
'Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a dispatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE.—See Lancet, 1st December 1864.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF P-RACY AND IMITATIONS. CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FROLMAN, was deliberately untrue, which he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See Times, 13th July, 1861. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words 'DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE' on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle. **SOLE MANUFACTURER:—J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 GREAT ROSSKILL STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON. 6-12f 2m**

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LEWIS CARVELL, General Superintendent. Railway Offices. MONCTON, N.B., May 1873. 7-2-1f

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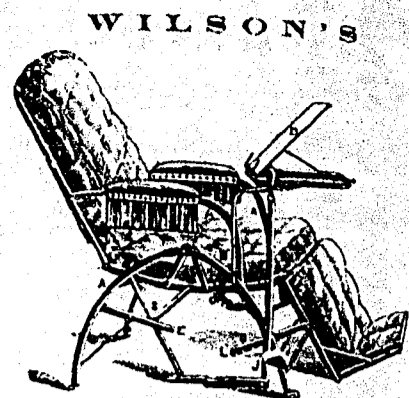
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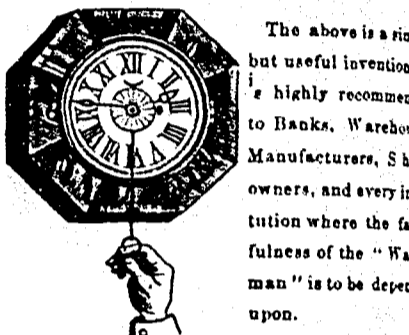
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