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Illustrated News

Vol. XXV.—No. 19.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1882.

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WITH THE LUMBERERS OF THE UPPER OTTAWA.
—INTERIOR OF A SHANTY.—FROM A DRAWING BY REV. C. A. PARADIS.

TEMPERATURE

May 7th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 58°	38°	48°	Mon.. 70°	41°	57° 5'
Tues.. 49°	33°	42°	Tues.. 63°	40°	51° 5'
Wed.. 56°	32°	44°	Wed.. 60°	45°	52° 5'
Thur.. 56°	44°	50°	Thur.. 63°	39°	51°
Fri.. 50°	31°	40°	Fri.. 64°	45°	54°
Sat.. 54°	34°	44°	Sat.. 62°	46°	54°
Sun.. 56°	34°	45°	Sun.. 50°	34°	42°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 13, 1882.

THE WEEK.

MR. TENNYSON'S new song has been much criticized on account of its supposed anti-temperance teachings, but no one seems to have noticed an absurdity which is latent in the proposal itself to join hands and drink. Somebody once described one of TENNYSON'S poems as "prose in an awful tangle," and a correspondent, *apropos* of the National Song, points out that the protest on the part of the Good Templars was perfectly unnecessary. "How," he asks, "can men drink anything holding hands all round? Even the cannie Scotch keep 'Auld Lang Syne' till the last, when, as a rule, every drop of liquor has been consumed!"

It is reported by a correspondent of the *Lanterne*, from Avignon, that at the gate of a cemetery near that town the parents of a child certified to have died of croup insisted on having the coffin opened to have a last look. The child was found breathing, and is expected to be saved. The story is probably not in the least true, but that is of small consequence to any one except the child and its relatives. The general and deep-seated horror which exists on this ghastly subject can feed itself as well on fictions as on facts. That such a thing as premature burial is possible even in the remotest degree is enough, and any scrap of wild evidence which seems to confirm the possibility is grasped at as eagerly as a testimony to immortality might be. It is vain to assure the alarmists that their instructions as to the disposal of their mortal remains will be attended to, so as to ensure extinction of life. That is the very root and substance of their doubt. If they could attend to the matter themselves their minds would be easy, but the everyday injunction, "if you want a thing done, do it yourself," casts hideous uncertainty over the promises of soothing friends. It is not in the power of every one to attach heavy pecuniary penalties to disregard of his wishes, or rewards to their performance; and besides there exist public rules which must not be outraged. The by no means unfrequent occurrence of cataleptic fits, in which people are conscious but absolutely incapable of giving sign of life, keeps up the dreadful apprehension of waking in the confinement of a narrow coffin to die again the most agonising of deaths. That this is a thing practically impossible, owing to the deficiency of the air necessary to life, is a detail. The horror of the thought swallows up the improbability of it. The plan of certain savages who bury their dead in hollow trees assumes to persons afflicted with these nervous apprehensions an aspect almost agreeable. It invests death with a sort of sylvan charm. The basket coffins, which were exhibited some years ago in the grounds of a ducal town-house, were cheering and pretty objects; but they were not so poetic as the hollow tree.

THE NEWS FROM IRELAND.

On Sunday last the world was startled with the news that the new Secretary for Ireland, Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH, and Mr. BURKE, the Under Secretary, had been murdered in Phoenix Park within sight of the Vice-Royal Lodge, and it is even reported under the very eyes of the Viceroy himself. Just as the new programme of the Government had been announced, and all parties as it were had sat down to await the trial of a policy of conciliation instead of force, the temporary peace was rudely broken in upon by this terrible news.

So terrible it is at once in its aspect as a brutal act of murder, or considered as we must consider it in relation to the future of the Irish question. With the prick of the assassin's dagger the bubble of the conciliatory programme has burst. The hopes of Ireland have been thrown back full twenty years by the brutal interference of her enemies—for worse enemies she has none than those, whoever they may be, by whom the blow was struck. That the Home Rule party recognize this is clear at once. It would seem even as though the deed were purposely committed to destroy the *rapprochement* which Mr. GLADSTONE'S new policy was about to create. Were it in truth the act of professional agitators, frightened at the idea of a speedy settlement of the difficulties between England and Ireland, and determined to keep up the ill blood at whatever cost, it could not have been more directly planned to suit that end.

With all their faults the present Government have been earnestly and honestly struggling with the so-called Irish Question. The withdrawal of FORSTER, whose real cause of failure was that he had made himself unpopular and that it was felt that Ireland must be governed in future by a popular leader; the mention of Lord DUFFERIN'S name as a possible Viceroy, and the appointment of an amiable nobody as Secretary, in order to leave the real government in the hands of the Viceroy; all these things pointed to a new and most friendly policy, a policy from which the National party had everything to hope, little to fear.

And now the chance is gone. What good could ever have been hoped from the murder of Mr. BURKE, still less of Lord CAVENDISH, who however we fancy had no part in the original scheme of murder, it is impossible to conceive from even a fanatic's point of view. As an act of personal vengeance it was singularly ill-timed; as a move in the game of rebellion it was the falsest move ever made on any board. By those alone can it be viewed with satisfaction who like vultures fatten on the corpses of the slain, and who have their place alone where evil deeds and foul rebellion are hatched. They and the Evil Spirit who is their master, may well gloat over the destruction of Ireland's future, and the revival of the buried hatred that must spring up afresh.

As to the immediate effect of the murder, it will probably, in Ireland at all events, strengthen the hands of the Government. They have tried a generous course and they have been met with foul ingratitude. For the moment the reaction will doubtless be in favor of a return to the coercion policy, nay more of an energetic attempt to stamp out the lawless spirit which makes such deeds possible, and to provide adequate machinery for the instant execution of the law's vengeance on those who do such things. Well will it be for Ireland if her wrongs be not forgotten amidst the outcry of indignation which must arise. Well will it be if a Government be found strong enough and wise enough to say, "Murder and outrage shall be stamped out, but Ireland's future must be settled independently of the deeds of her children."

LORD CARLINGFORD temporarily takes the Presidency of the Council in the Imperial Cabinet.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.

Of all the powers which men and women need for their permanent well-being there is, perhaps, no one more universally essential than that which enables them to do what is for any reason unpleasant. In the natural reaction against Puritanical sternness of discipline and condemnation of pleasure there is some danger of overlooking this necessity. While it is true that happiness is the best soil for virtue, it is also true that the virtue which can flourish in no other soil is unworthy of its name. Indeed, even a true idea of the highest happiness itself always implies the frequent sweeping away of present gratification that interferes with nobler aims. Those who cannot do this firmly, willingly, and continuously, will never be of much value either to themselves or to others. We often make rough divisions of men into the educated and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the famous and the unknown, but a division more marked than any other might be made between the strong and the weak in this respect. We meet them both in every walk of life. Their birth or education, or general surroundings may be the same, but a sharp line divides those who govern their inclinations from those whose inclinations govern them. On the one side we see strength, accomplishment and value; on the other, weakness, spasmodic and ill-directed effort, and inefficiency. Two youths, for instance, may have equal intellectual ability and advantages; one makes the most of them one by one, putting forth his energy alike on the studies that he prefers and on those that are distasteful; the other devotes his time mainly to such branches as please his taste. Now the difference between them as they enter life will not be chiefly in the kind or amount of their knowledge, or even the degree of their mental power, but in the strength of will and character they have laid up. The one has learned the lesson of patient effort, the other has not; the one is able to put forth whatever of his powers are needed, the other can only put forth such as are in coincidence with his inclination; the one will be felt as a living force in the community, the other will fail to leave an impression. Two children are alike lymphatic in their dispositions, but one is taught by wise parents to arouse himself, is trained to labor and study and play actively and at proper seasons, however disagreeable the effort may be; the other is allowed to indulge his love of ease until exertion of any kind becomes well nigh impossible. The future lives of these children will in all probability show, on the one hand, the development of strength and value; on the other, a gradual enfeeblement of natural power. This difference is seen in all life's occupations, and reveals the secret of much of the success or the failure that attends them. In every case the thoroughly successful man, that is, he whose labor is of real value to the community, has formed the habit of doing what is before him, unhesitatingly and manfully, quite independently of whether he likes it or not. He has chosen his work, and takes it just as it comes; if it chance to be agreeable, so much the better; but if not, his energies do not swerve. His question is, not "how much shall I enjoy doing this piece of work, or carrying out this new plan in my business?" but "is this work necessary?" "is this plan wise?" If so, no question of like or dislike comes in to interfere. But he who suffers his personal predilection to govern his plans, and postpones or shrinks from such parts of his labor as involve self-denial lacks the main element of success. So in home and social life, we all need the power of doing promptly and energetically hard and disagreeable things—things that interfere with our ease and comfort, that baulk our desires, that trouble our sensibilities, that are hostile to our tastes. That such things are often needful, wise and best, is admitted by all, but the strength of character that can do them quietly but firmly is not so universal. The intellectual power to *discover* the best path or the right course is far more commonly possessed than the practical power to *follow* it. Yet no man or woman ever rose to full moral stature without it. It has often been noted with surprise how many of our eminent men have risen from a youth of the most limited intellectual advantages. As a general thing, however, their lives, when studied closely, will reveal that in some way, from their youth up, this power of hearty, energetic effort, apart from any consideration of pleasures, has been exercised. It may have been in the hard labor and restraints which poverty has enforced, or in the strict discipline and wise guidance of honorable parents, or in the early responsibilities which circumstances placed upon them. Whatever be its source, they have thoroughly learned to control their wishes, to conquer their passions, to put their heart and soul into whatever comes to them as the best thing, without pausing to consider whether it would yield them pleasure or pain. In this lies one grand secret of their present eminence. It is a key which unlocks many doors. How then shall we acquire this invaluable power, and how shall we cultivate it in the young? Like all other faculties it grows with exercise. Each time we actually perform what is disagreeable because it is the wise or the right thing to do, we are a little stronger to do the same again. Yet it does not follow that there is anything specially meritorious in choosing what is disagreeable for its own sake, still less in compelling the young to do so. Asceticism is as far removed from right principle as weak indulgence. There is no need for seeking difficulties or making artificial occasions for self-sacrifice. Enough

if we take hold of those that life itself presents, one by one as they occur, and dispose of each as our intelligence and moral sense suggest. Thus may we, without any harsh or unnatural means, accumulate this power, which lies at the very foundation of our value to society and our own highest welfare.

WHAT A LIBEL TO SAY SO!

"The Cambridge Examiners report that the ladies do not manifest much exactitude of information, but are inclined to be discursive upon a question instead of exhaustive."
Examiner: State, in round numbers, the population of London.
Lady: O, millions.
Examiner: A little more precisely.
Lady: Well, one can't say precisely, because I don't know what you call London. Some persons would estimate only the civilized parts of it, the West End, you know, and others would throw in that horrid city, where I never go without being frightened out of my life of being run over by those dreadful vans, which ought to be put down, or at least made to go in the night, or when no respectable people are about. It is quite dreadful the way they crush against a brougham, as mamma and I found when we were going down to the Crystal Palace the other day, and we thought that we would go through the city that we might get some turtle at Birch's for papa, who has got it into his head that none is good except what comes from there, though we had some from Gunter's that quite satisfied our guests last Christmas-day, and indeed Colonel Capsicum, who has been in the East Indies, and ought to know what turtles are—of course I know they come from the West Indies, but anybody who has travelled understands these things, especially military men, who are obliged to make such good use of their eyes, and I have heard that some of the cleverest sketches in the *Illustrated News* are sent home by officers, which is a great credit to them, and Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Cardwell ought to be ashamed of themselves for imputing any want of information to the officers of our army, which may not be so large as that of France and Prussia, because we do not care to pay so much taxes, and goodness knows papa makes fuss enough about what he has to pay, and declares that we shall have a revolution, which would be the most shocking thing in the world, for though the dear Queen is not well enough to be about much, and the Prince of Wales, who is a gentleman, may not care to put himself forward in a prominent manner, we are none of us Republicans, and a pretty state of things Republicanism has brought France to, and they had much better have kept to the dear old Emperor, who might have had his faults, but who knew how to keep the French people in order, though of all the restless, monkeyish—
Examiner: I regret to be unable to connect all these details with the question I had the honor to propose.
Lady: Oh, you are a bother! [Pases.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

PRINCESS MARIE of Wurtemberg, is dead.
A FATAL colliery explosion is reported near Leeds.
FIVE suspects have been set free unconditionally from Naas jail.
A DESTRUCTIVE gale visited the English coast on Saturday.
A FIRE at Aberdeen, Scotland, on Saturday, did £100,000 worth of damage. Three lives were lost.
THE cost of the proposed inland sea to the South of Algeria and Tunis is calculated at \$15,000,000.
PARNELL does not intend to visit America. He says there is no thought of reviving the Land League.
SUSPECTS in Naas jail burned an effigy of Mr. Forster in spite of the Governor's threat to call in the military.
MR. CHAMBERLAIN has accepted the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland.
THREE Tralee Lady Land Leaguers have been sent down for six months in default of bail.
THE Jewish exodus from Russia is causing great confusion in the foreign corn trade there, they having it almost entirely in their hands.
EARL SPENCER'S appointment as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is said to be provisional only, pending the arrival of Lord Dufferin.
THE ex-Empress Eugenie was robbed on the way from her hotel to the railway station at Lyons.
PARNELL, Dillon and O'Kelly have been released from Kilmainham jail. They are to be in London on Friday.
EIGHTEEN persons have been arrested in connection with the discovery of a mine under the Royal Pavilion in Moscow.
THE steamship *Alaska* has arrived at Queens-town, making the passage in 6 days, 21 hours, said to be the fastest on record.
THIRTEEN persons have been discovered by the authorities in a crowded tenement in New York, suffering from typhus, typhoid and spotted fevers.
A DESPATCH from Engineer Melville received at Washington, dated from the *Lena Delta*, March 24th, says De Long and party were found dead.

MARRIED YOUNG.

Beautiful youth and noble maid,
Wedded you go your walks together.
He it a day of sun or shade
Happiness makes you changeless weather.
Often I meet you as I stroll
Diogenes-like through some promenade.
Ye are the kind to move the soul!
It was for you the world was made!
Knights devotion! grandeur of heart!
Tune ye your life to a strain high-strung.
Love is a painter who knows his art:
Look on his victims while ye are young.
The days move by, and the senseless crowd
Grasp for their selfish lesser joys.
Married too late, great love is proud
And grudges his pleasures to go for boys.
On a heart stuffed full of the commonplace
He will not press his stores divine
They are for those of a higher race
Set apart by a nature fine.
Remember but one thing, youth and maid!
Thou, and your love shall never die;
Each one the other point and aid
Up to the highest you know of high.

BERMUDA.

II.

Some further views and sketches taken in Bermuda will be found on page 292. The central picture shows a noble grove of palms (charitably mis-called "cabbage") which were brought here from Jamaica sixty years ago, and are now consequently in a green old age.

The oranges and figs of Bermuda, of which specimens may be seen in the principal museums, are very tempting, but the supply for the use of the vulgar comes from New York--when it comes at all. It is a common notion that onions constitute the chief product of this island. It has also been currently reported that the production of cats was something uncommon, but this is all a mistake; in reality the principal crop is glass beer bottles, which bestrew every field, every hillock, and lie in clusters under every hedge-row. Whether they dropped up from beneath of their own accord, or were laid down by the natives as manure, is still uncertain, but the latter conjecture seems the most probable. At all events, they follow the Vincentian rule, and are to be found "everywhere, at all times and by all" -- bristling with inhospitable points on the tops of walls, lurking in symmetrical groups under every sofa and bedstead, striving with pigs and poultry for the occupancy of every sty and cock-loft, and, broken, but still unconquered, constituting the pavement of every bathing place. Now here is a chance for some enterprising Yankee to make his fortune in a week without the risks of Wall Street or California. Let him charter a five thousand ton steamer, take her to Bermuda, and offer three cents a dozen for beer bottles. In three days his ship would be loaded to the gunwale, three or four more would suffice to take his cargo to New York, where it might readily be disposed of at five hundred per cent. profit.

All winter through, brilliantly-colored flowers blossom in the hedges. Olanders gem the roadsides in pink and crimson patches, and blue convolvul cover the ruggedness of the stone heaps with a mantle of beauty. The number of ruined houses is prodigious every darkey who reaches man's estate borrows a saw and saws himself out a house, designing it with great nicety to last fifty years. By that time his children have erected cabins for themselves, and the old man and his old shanty crumble away and disappear together. Prickly pears and almittoes grow wild, but the invariable answer to the question whether they are fit for food is, "Some eats them and some don't" -- the latter are evidently level-headed.

A colored man once advised us to taste the fruit of the papaw tree, which looked rather nice. We did so, and have regretted it ever since. We didn't swear at all -- we were too well bred, but we came as near it as the time when we tried to carve the under-done goose for a party of hungry ladies at a picnic. Observing our discomfiture, the black scoundrel, who had recommended the dose the very minute before, now seemed to think he saw a joke, for he leered most facetiously, and said, "Some gives them to children for the worms."

The negroes are very highly educated, and sometimes exhibit remarkable sagacity. An old grizzly-bearded fellow once took us out boating. At first he tried to keep quiet for fear of frightening the fish, but kept muttering to himself: he was evidently wrestling with some weighty thought. At last he couldn't stand it any longer, and he spake and said:

"There's a wonderful power o' Methodists lives down our way, and the amount o' tea their ole people drinks is a caution. One ole lady I use to meet in society a good deal was a scarer and no mistake. I guess her folks had to keep the big copper kettle a bilin' putty near all the time" (having indicated his accent, we continue the narrative in English). "She drank more tea every day and constantly wanted it hotter, until at last they gave it to her boiling off the fire, and even then she would drink it off without the least inconvenience. At last she died, and her friends got her analyzed, when it was found that the tannic acid contained in the tea had converted the whole mucus membrane of the throat and coats of the stomach into leather." This story may be true, but we don't believe a word of it. The tea they used to give us wouldn't have tanned anybody.

The spongy walls of a Bermuda church hold about four tons of water after a shower of rain, and at such times the atmosphere of the interior can be better imagined than described. All the natives have colds; it isn't respectable to be without one. A man without a cold in the head is suspected of being an atheist, who stays at home on Sundays.

A County Down regiment is at present quartered at Prospect, the military camp. Most of them look as if they had been taken too soon from their mothers, and the inhumanity here shown by the Government is only equalled by the fine irony of the official regulation which prescribes that neither officers nor men shall wear beards. The regimental barber is kept closely at work, but he uses a microscope.

Between here and the Dockyard, a close but generous competition is maintained in picnicking, private theatricals, and other military duties, but without any decided advantage on either side.

Over at the Dockyard is to be seen the largest floating dock in the world, looking very much like a gigantic sewing machine shuttle; it will lift the greatest ship in the British navy high and dry out of the water for repairs, and it has even been said it is large enough to hold all the beer bottles in the place; but this is saying a good deal. One must draw the line somewhere and make allowances for poetic exaggeration.

A great point of attraction is Fairyland, a romantic island-sprinkled bay, only to be entered by a narrow and tortuous channel, and much haunted by somewhat substantial sylphs in ulsters and Tamoshanters. Difficult as is the entrance, it is a good deal harder to get out again, especially by moonlight, and, in fact, it is dangerous ground or water in more ways than one. Opposite the entrance to this enchanted region, a military outpost frowns on a little rocky island, constructed with great skill so as to protect the harbor against an enemy descending from the clouds. A single officer, exiled here for his sins, for two whole weeks at a time wears the narrow pavement with his unhappy steps, chained to his solitary rock like Prometheus, or Tantalus, or somebody, he is compelled to linger within sight of innocent pleasures which he must not share, while his haughty blood boils under the unaccustomed indignity of having to appear in the uniform of his country. On entering the harbor a picturesque object attracts the attention -- this is a very long, low shed, in which two or three companies of oxen are drawn up in military order, but with their tails presented to the enemy, an arrangement hardly soldier-like. These are brought here in sailing ships, and are kept and stalled for the sustenance of the troops and inhabitants; if a contrary wind should cut off the supply for any length of time, those who don't like outens and arrowroot would be liable to suffer from famine.

Here we must stop, ere the reader's patience becomes exhausted, and only pause for a glance into the turtle ponds cut into the solid rock and filled with great monsters, big enough to take a ride on. Looking into the cool depths at these slimy brutes ("reptiles," we think, is the proper word), one sees nothing very romantic, but out of what unpromising materials will the genius of poetry extract her food? Who has not heard that

Love is but an empty sound,
The modern fair one's jest,
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest!

T. H. C.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Last week we presented to our readers a view of the exterior of one of the lumbering shanties on the Upper Ottawa, furnished us by the Rev. C. A. Paradis, the energetic and faithful missionary priest. This week our front page displays the interior of one of these homes of the lumberers. In the centre is the huge fireplace on which burn whole logs twelve feet long, the smoke escaping through a huge aperture in the roof, the most primitive and yet the most effective form of chimney, for no smoke is to be found in the interior of the hut. Around sit the lumberers taking their ease after a hard day's work in the woods, while if we could lift the lid of one of those enormous kettles, a fragrant odor of bouillon would revive our appetite, if indeed at the close of a day in the open air, appetite needs any artificial stimulus.

THE Hanlan-Trickett boat-race was perhaps the most signal exhibition of the champion's absolute superiority to all rivals that he has yet given. From the start he rowed fairly away from his antagonist, and after finishing many lengths ahead, he turned his boat and rowed back to meet Trickett, turning again and passing the post ahead for the second time. Hanlan's day is by no means over yet.

THE object of the Deacon's visit is by no means far to seek, and we should betray a secret were we to publish it abroad. Nevertheless the lady appears fairly well to understand what is to come, and the intelligent reader will not be far behind in guessing.

LAST week we published a portrait of the late Archbishop Hannan with the promise that this week we would give some sketches of his funeral, a promise which we now fulfil. For the full account of the late prelate's life and works we refer our readers to the last number of this journal.

SPRING-TIME. -- Youth and Spring -- with youthful love at that tender season of the genial year -- seem in perfect harmony amidst the rustic scenery of the agreeable picture. The birches are putting forth their fresh leaflets of the brightest verdure, answering the gentle call of Nature to renew the glories of her Summer foliage, while the May-blossoms have already begun to adorn the neighboring hedge; where this happy young couple are seen loitering on the plank-bridge over a moorland stream, looking down upon the clear water that bathes the roots of trees and fragments of hard rock, but thinking only of one another, and with thoughts which are exceedingly sweet. The girl has filled her hat with Spring flowers; and now she finds it a convenient by-play to cast them one by one into the stream, pretending to watch them as they float down, or as they are stopped by the stones; but she is really listening, with her full heart and mind, to the earnest speech of her lover, and she means to give him an answer in her own good time. There is a certain air of decision, tempered with self-respecting reserve, in the countenance of this young lady, which seems to promise that she will not tease him and waste his confidence by any sort of coquetry or feminine finesse. Such is one of the ordinary processes of Nature in Spring-time; and we sincerely hope that both these young persons will find it the prelude to a life of continued and increasing happiness in their mutual affection.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

THE terrific fire in Park Row, N.Y., on the 21st of January last wiped out the offices, together with the great library and picture gallery of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, and since then the paper has occupied temporary quarters at 26 Vesey street. The journal, however, has been issued with the greatest promptness, and the quality of the matter seems to have improved. The courage with which the publishers faced adversity has been warmly commended, and the circulation is larger than ever. New and handsome offices have been secured in the *Times* Building, 39 and 41 Park Row, for the *Turf, Field and Farm*; and as every member of the staff feels at home in that locality, we may look for him to do good work, and we may expect to see the paper made even better than it is, if such a thing is possible.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE number of pictures sent to the Academy this year is quite without parallel. The average is 6,000 canvases, but it is said that 7,000 were sent in.

EFFORTS are being made to have a grand exhibition of English textile fabrics. The idea is the issue of the movement in favour of English woolen materials and English made silks.

IS the event of sufficient funds being subscribed in Liverpool for the proposed new Royal College of Music in London, the promoters have agreed that local scholarships may be established.

WE are assured by those who are behind the scenes that the slender Sara was much beloved by some of our golden youths -- who are golden only as far as moving in gilded saloons goes. She was much wooed, but not won, though many cherished golden hopes, that is hopes of gold, on account of her exceeding kindness to them and her great familiarity -- but that is Sara's manner to man, pretty nearly always, and it has made her the host of friends and admirers she will always be able to boast of among the strong sex, though they must hope no more.

THE coming exhibition of pictures at the Royal Academy is again to have a popular battle scene, painted by Mrs. Butler. It is the deadly episode of "Laing's Neck," and it is said by those who have seen it to be a fine and powerful production. Mrs. Butler rather went back in reputation last year with her "Charge of the Scots' Greys," which, though it had many points of power and vigor, was unequal as a whole. The Royal Academy promises to be a better Exhibition than it was last Summer, when it was, comparatively speaking, commonplace.

AT a dinner given in a certain little literary and dramatic club a fortnight ago, to a distinguished military officer -- a member -- who has been specially promoted for bravery on the field, one of the party, a well-known dramatist, brought down the house in the course of the evening by singing "Vilkins and his Dinah" in French. Later on a certain eminent O.C. was called upon for a song. He, after some persuasion, complied, and gave "Vilkins and his Dinah" in Greek! Not so bad that by way of an impromptu!

A CORRESPONDENT calls attention to an interesting fact worth noting that during the last day or two a demand has arisen at the florists in London, at least in every part of the West-end, for what are called "Beaconsfield button-holes" -- that is, small bunches of primroses, for

wearing on the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death on the 19th inst. It will be remembered that the primrose was his favorite flower. This spontaneous expression of popular sentiment is, so far, altogether apart from party feeling, any exhibition of which, on such an occasion, would, indeed, be a desecration of Lord Beaconsfield's memory.

MADAME NILSSON-ROUSAUD intends to return to the stage for three years in order to repair the breaches recently made in her fortune. She leaves Paris for London, where she is to create an oratorio, inspired by Delaroché's celebrated picture, *The Martyr*. She will remain in England two months, singing only at concerts. While she is in mourning Mme. Nilsson will not appear on the operatic stage. Next January she intends to go to Russia, and the following year she will visit Sweden. After this three years' campaign Mme. Nilsson proposes to settle down quietly at Paris and to live like a *bourgeois*.

WHEN the announcement first appeared that it was proposed to establish a cemetery for the interment of domestic pets, most persons treated the matter as a joke. We have before us, however, the prospectus of "The Zoological Necropolis Association, Limited," established to supply a burial place for "pet animals, dogs, cats, and little birds." The capital consists of £10,000, in 5,000 shares of £2 each, and amongst the patrons of the movement are the Countess of Portsmouth, La Marquise de Vinchiatturo, Hon. Miss Molesworth, and Viscount Molesworth. Tombstones may be erected to the memory of departed pets, and the promoters have no doubt about the commercial success of their venture.

WE have not yet heard the last of Temple Bar. It will reappear still under the patronage of the Corporation. When it was pulled down to make way for the Griffin there was a kind of understanding that, like a leading attraction at a popular theatre, it was only withdrawn. The stones of it were all labelled, and carefully put aside, and it was within the resources of modern architecture to re-construct it and set it up for the public to look at. The public, as a rule, are fond of what they are accustomed to -- how else would they tolerate a four-wheel cab? -- and it would be a kind of comfort to see old Temple Bar anywhere where it might not be greatly in the way. It has a Doctor Johnson flavor about it, and really appears to be much older than it is. It would have been a satisfaction to meet it suddenly in some unexpected scene, like a familiar quotation in a Shakespearian play. But this, it seems, is not to be. The City Architect has been otherwise instructed. He is going to make designs for an obelisk, and the obelisk will be built out of the Temple Bar stones and statues. If Temple Bar could be used as a gateway into one of the parks, it might be made useful. Could it not be utilized at some spot where the alterations are to take place to lessen the obstruction to traffic at Hyde Park Corner?

A STORY about Mr. Gladstone is being told which freshly illustrates his restless desire to see and know everything, however remote it might be from his customary fields of labor. When the *Corsican Brothers* was revived at the Lyceum Theatre the Premier went to see it, and between the acts he went behind the stage under the guidance of the manager. He was all over the place, looking into everything, inquiring into everything, and quite as eager as if he were about to bring in a bill for the reform of the stage, or to disestablish the prompter. "Did you ever see an audience from the front?" Mr. Irving asked. "No," said the Premier, and his eyes glistened at this discovery of something he had never yet seen. "Well, the best way to see it is to go in as a super." "Thank you," said Mr. Gladstone, laughing, "but I fancy I am too well known even to mingle with impunity in one of your crowds." "But it can be done without danger of discovery," said Mr. Irving, "in the next scene, which is the carnival scene; there is a private box on the stage in which we generally have two or three supers in evening dress. Now, if you will sit there I don't suppose anybody will recognize you." The Premier jumped at the idea, took his seat in the box, and when the curtain rose the right hon. gentleman -- one of the 200 supers -- looked upon the crowded pit and stalls and boxes. In his time Mr. Gladstone has played many parts; but this was the first occasion in which he, or indeed any other English Premier, filled the part of a super.

BOYLE ROCHE once said in the Irish Parliament, "Mr. Speaker, I would give the half of the Constitution -- nay, the whole of it -- to preserve the remainder."

AN advertisement reads: "Wanted -- A young man to be partly outdoor and partly behind the counter; and the *Clerical Leader* asks, 'What will be the result when the door slams?'"

WANTED, at once, Nos. 2 and 23, Vol. xxiii., of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. 25c. each will be paid for clean copies of either of the above.

THE NEW BISHOP OF ALGOMA.

Throughout Canada the greatest satisfaction has been felt in the choice which the Provincial Synod have made of Bishop Fauquier's successor. One of the best proofs of this, if proof were needed, is to be found in the fact that his selection has solved in a great measure the difficulty which had been felt, of providing the necessary funds for the support of the Bishopric. The knowledge that the office will be occupied by Dr. Sullivan has already, as our readers will have seen by the reports in the daily papers, removed all hesitation from the minds of the several dioceses to contribute worthily to the support of Algoma. Of the importance of the charge to which Dr. Sullivan has been called no one can doubt. The *Gazette* in speaking of the Bishopric of Algoma says:—

"Let any one take the map of the Dominion and find that vast waste region which is there set down as the District of Algoma, stretching away round the northern shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, and he will have some notion of the labor involved in the spiritual oversight of such a diocese. It includes communities as remote from each other as those of Muskoka and Thunder Bay. The great Manitoulin Island alone is more extensive than many European Kingdoms. The area under the charge of a single missionary is over 2,000 square miles. It is no uncommon thing for a settler to walk fifteen or twenty miles to hear the service of the church, and if the diocese had not been organized, administered and served by faithful men, the great bulk of the people would be wholly destitute of the ordinances of their religion. That, during the nine years of its existence it has been of ineffable benefit and solace to hundreds of souls, men, women and children, who must otherwise have been out of reach of the means of grace, and that



REV. ED. SULLIVAN, D.D., BISHOP ELECT OF ALGOMA.

it has brought many Indians, otherwise abandoned to idolatry, within the pale of Christian civilization—surely these facts alone justify its maintenance as a diocese. As the first born of the Canadian Church, moreover, until it has attained strength enough to be self-supporting, it has claims on the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada scarcely inferior to those which each diocese acknowledges towards its proper missions."

Nevertheless the sacrifice which Dr. Sullivan was called upon to make is no small one, and his readiness to accept the nomination has settled definitely the fate of the missionary bishopric which was indeed at Bishop Fauquier's death trembling in the scale.

What is Algoma's gain is Montreal's loss. More than half of Dr. Sullivan's career as a clergyman has been spent in this city, in connection with St. George's Church. Ordained by the late Bishop Cronyn in 1859, he passed the early years of his ministry in the Diocese of Huron, at no great distance from London. Upon the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Leach, and the succession to the Rectory of St. George's of the Rev. Dr. (now Bishop) Bond, he first came to Montreal as assistant minister of that church. After fulfilling the duties of that position for eight years, he accepted a pressing invitation to take charge of Trinity Church, Chicago, where he was to return nine years later as Dr. Bond's successor in the rectory. He now goes, still in the prime of life, to undertake the higher and most responsible duties of a chief pastor in the Church, and that, as he has acquitted himself with faithfulness and diligence in the pastorate, he will prove himself equally worthy of the higher office to which, with such pleasing unanimity, he has been called, all who know him must have the fullest conviction.



THE DEACON'S VISIT.—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.

"BONNY KATE,"

A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"The offender's sorrow leads but weak relief
To him who bears the strong offence's cross."

Despite Fenwick's generous intercession in Kate's behalf, it is impossible for Miss Brooke to extend anything like cordial forgiveness to that culprit. Indeed she would be a remarkable person were she able to do so, since a woman can much sooner forgive a wrong done to herself than she can forgive another woman for rejecting her son, or any man who takes the place of son in her affection. Apart from the natura

It does not take her long to decide that she will write to Janet—Janet, who will understand and sympathize, and break the news to the rest—and she sits down, draws pen and ink toward her, and has written the date at the top of her page, when the door opens and Susan enters with a card.

Kate has no doubt whose name that bit of pasteboard bears, and her heart rises like mercury exposed to the sun—only to sink, like the same substance when visited by a cold blast, when she looks at it and reads: "Randal Lawrence."



He sinks into a chair, and covers his face with his hands.

resentment, Miss Brooke's disappointment is so keen that she cannot be patient or reasonable with Kate. She is so fond of the girl that this very fondness turns to bitterness against her. "But for her mad and selfish folly, we might be so happy!" she thinks—and to surrender all the bright dreams of the future which she has been weaving, costs her no slight pang.

This is very evident to Kate, and pains her deeply. It is no sacrifice to put away wealth and ease for Tarleton's sake, but it is very hard to inflict disappointment on those to whom she is so much attached, and who have been so kind and generous to her.

"I cannot remain here—that is very certain," she says to herself, after an interview with Miss Brooke, which is constrained and painful on both sides. "I must go back to Fairfield's until—until Frank is ready to take me. What will they all think, I wonder! What will uncle say? But, though they may blame me about this, I know they will be glad to see me, and I—O how glad I shall be to see them!"

The mere fancy of such a thing lights her face up brilliantly, and her mouth dimples into its softest smile as she opens her writing desk and takes out Janet's last letter. "Janet, at least, will not be sorry," she says, with a laugh—for on one page of her epistle this is what Janet says:

"It is reported in Arlingford—you know how such things get about on the wings of gossip—that you are engaged to Mr. Fenwick. Of course I know that you are not engaged, or you would have told us of it, but I can imagine exactly how matters stand. He is in love with you, you like him very much, and Miss Brooke is straining every nerve to make it a match. Well, if you are certain enough of your own heart to marry him, do so in Heaven's name, and nobody in the world would be gladder to know that you are happy than I—but, if you are not certain of your heart, O Kate, take care! I cannot help giving this warning, though I know that the right and proper thing to say under the circumstances would be, 'Put the past behind you and do the best you can with your life, trusting that your heart will come out all right after a while.' Acting on this philosophy, multitudes of women marry men for whom they care little or nothing, and, as far as one can judge, are happy enough. But I should hate to see you make such a compromise. I dare not say anything more—I fear I have said too much now. I hope I have not done any harm. Madame de Staël says: 'You must marry the man who loves you the best—but I think that is poor advice.'

Kate laughs again, and kisses the letter as if it was Janet herself. "Yes, it is poor advice, my dear," she says. "One must marry the man whom one loves the best—as I must do."

"What can possibly have brought him here?" she thinks. "Has he followed Miss Vaughn?—or has he come from Mr. Vaughn about that duel?"

The last thought makes her rise to her feet with alacrity. If that be so, and if there is any appeal which can move Randal to act as peace-maker, she is prepared to make such an appeal. She goes down-stairs quickly, enters the drawing-room, and is shaking hands with the young man, who advances to meet her, before she observes how strangely haggard he looks. Then she says:

"Have you been ill, Randal! You are not looking so well as when I saw you last."

"I have not been ill," he answers, "but worried and harassed—by Jove, Kate, you look well!"

"So every one tells me," says Kate.

Then they sit down, and in the course of the conversation during the next few minutes—conversation which follows the beaten track of inquiries answered and reciprocated—Kate becomes aware of a change in Randal, at once more subtle and more deep than the change in his appearance. What are the signs of it she can hardly tell farther than that the air of self-assertion and the condescending patronage against which she has often rebelled are conspicuously absent, and there is an effort underlying his manner, a wandering of his attention, both of which strike her forcibly. What can it mean! While she is asking herself this question, her cousin leaves the commonplaces which they have been talking, and says, abruptly:

"You must be surprised to see me, Kate. Don't you wonder what has brought me here?"

"I was just wondering," answered Kate, with her accustomed frankness, "for I know, of course, that you did not come to see me."

"There you are mistaken," he says. "I came for no other reason than to see you. I have not seen any one else—I shall not see any one else. If you cannot help me, Kate, there is no help for me on earth."

"What do you want me to do for you?" she asks, startled and amazed. That Randal, the sublimely patronizing man of the world, should appeal to her for aid of any kind seems incredible and absurd. Again she thinks of Miss Vaughn. It must be—it can only be—that he wishes her to plead his cause with that hard-hearted syren; and yet how strangely unlike Randal is such a desire.

While she considers this, and reflects how she can best express her conviction of the uselessness of anything of the kind, Randal rises and walks to one of the windows, then turns and comes back—his face paler than it has been, his eyes full of an expression which Kate has never seen in them before. A sense that something terrible

has befallen him—something far worse than any love-trouble—comes over the girl. She rises quickly, and lays her hand on his arm.

"Tell me what is the matter," she says. "I will do anything that I can for you—surely you know that."

"But you don't know what it is that I have come to ask of you!" he says. "You can't imagine what I have to tell you. Kate, you know how high we Lawrences have always held our heads, you know how proud my father is of his stainless name. Well, it will not be stainless much longer! Unless I can raise twelve thousand dollars within three days, I am ruined and disgraced."

"Randal!"

Kate can say no more—but her face adds everything which is to be added, as the dilated eyes gaze at him with incredulous horror.

"Yes," her cousin goes on recklessly, "and the disgrace will fall on those who are innocent, while the person who should suffer is the woman who threw my heart away as you might throw away a worn-out glove. I knew that she would never marry any but a rich man, and I was determined to win riches in order to win her, so I have been speculating deeply with money which I had no right to touch—until this is the end."

He sinks into a chair, and covers his face with his hands, while Kate stands beside him as if transfixed. What can she say! She can hardly realize that she is not in a dreadful nightmare, from which she will wake to cry: "Thank God, it was a dream." But it is no dream. The sunlight streams into the room, the notes dance up and down in it, the clock ticks with painful distinctness, she feels her pulses beating with a sickening rush, she sees Randal lift his face—and she knows that it is true.

"Why don't you say something?" he asks, sharply. "Don't you understand—I never meant to do it. Have you no pity for the most wretched man on earth!"

"I am thinking of one who will be more wretched when he hears this," she says, slowly. "O my uncle, my dear, dear uncle!"

She lifts her arms, as if in appeal against the bitterness of fate, then lays them on the low mantel, and buries her face upon them.

A minute passes in silence. It seems an age to Randal, whom this silent reproach cuts more keenly than any spoken words could do, and at last he rises and walks up to her.

"I don't ask anything of you for my sake, Kate," he says. "I know you have never cared for me—I know you have never had any reason to care for me—but for my father's sake will you help me?"

She raises her face—almost as pale now as his own—and looks at him with steady, tearless eyes.

"For his sake—to spare him this terrible blow, this great anguish—there is nothing under heaven that I would not do," she says. "But, in all the wide world, who is there more powerless to help you than I? You say you must have money, and I have not a dollar which is not given to me."

"But there are those who would give if you asked," he says hoarsely. "I have heard that you were engaged to Fenwick. Surely he—"

dearly from this dark cloud of ruin and disgrace. If she had yesterday spoken the words which would have made her Fenwick's promised wife, she could now go to him with implicit confidence in his generosity, and say, "Do this for me!"



After Randal's departure she goes to her room and puts on her hat.

but since she did not speak those words, since, instead, she is pledged to marry a man as powerless as herself to help others, what remains for her to do?

"Let me think," she says, in a stifled voice. "Let me think! That of which you speak, is impossible; but if there is any way—any way which is honorable, no matter what suffering it may cost—to serve you, and to spare them, I will do it."

"Whatever is done, must be done quickly to be of service," he says. "Mr. Elliott has been in the West Indies for some time, but he will be back in three days, and then—"

No need to say what then. Kate has heard often of Mr. Elliott—the distant cousin who took Randal into his business house—of how sternly just, how inflexibly upright, he is. To base a single hope on him would be folly—this she knows, even if Randal's face did not express as much. Everything is dark before her, yet her nerves are strung like steel with the realization that all depends on her. She thinks of Fairfield's, of the simple, generous lives led therein—of her uncle, of Will, of the girls—and she cries to Heaven in the depths of her soul that she will count no sacrifice, flinch from no suffering, to spare them.

But where does the road to serve them lie! She turns and walks down the long, rich room, with her hands clasped so tightly that the fingers leave their prints on the soft, white flesh, while



"You have a right to make your own terms."

She stops him by a gesture, and her face grows paler still, for she sees now on what hope he has been counting.

"I am not engaged to Mr. Fenwick," she says, "and I never shall be. There is nobody—nobody in the world—of whom I could not sooner ask such a favor as this, than of him."

Silence again—a silence of blank, utter disappointment on one side, of keenest suffering on the other. As a flash of lightning brings out with vivid distinctness every feature of a landscape, so Kate sees clearly the position in which she stands. On her—on her alone—rests the hope of shielding those whom she loves most

she asks again, and yet again, "How is it to be done?"

Such agonized questions are often asked, to which no answer comes—but an answer does come here. Suddenly Kate stops, like one thrilled by the shock of a sudden thought, and gazes at nothing more remarkable than a low, deep, easy chair. But this chair, though empty now, is filled with a visionary presence. In imagination she sees Mr. Ashton in it, as she saw him last night, and her heart almost stands still, as she says to herself, "I will go to him!"

Randal, who remains motionless where she left him, is fairly startled by her face when she

returns to him—for it is the face of one who has made up her mind to walk over burning ploughshares, even though they be sevenfold heated.

"I have thought of something to do," she says, "a way in which I will try to help you. I may fail—I cannot tell—do not hope, but if you know how to pray, pray for me. Now go, and come back to-morrow morning—as early as you like."

Even the selfish nature before her is roused by the white resolution of her face to an instinctive fear.

"Kate," he says, "what are you going to do? I do not want you to—make any sacrifice for me. I am worthless and useless in the world—better let me go and blow out my brains."

"If we only made sacrifices for those who deserve them, there would not be much merit in them," she says, with a wan smile. "But I do not think of you only—I think of those who deserve everything from me. Go—and do not blow out your brains. I may have good news for you to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"If this long, fearful strife
Was but the work of hours,
What would be years of life?
Why did a cruel Heaven
For such great suffering call?
And why—oh, still more cruel!
Must her own words do all?"

Kate gives herself no time to waver in her resolution. There is no one whose advice she can ask, there is no one whose sympathy she can claim. She must depend on her own judgment, and do in her own strength all that is to be done. After Randal's departure she goes to her room and puts on her hat, looking with a sense of strangeness at the pale, set face which the mirror gives back, and wondering again if it is not all a hideous dream, from which she will presently awake. "Can it be possible that I, Kate Lawrence, am going to ask Mr. Ashton for money?" she says to herself. A day—nay, even an hour before—such a thing would have seemed to her beyond the wildest range of possibility. No personal need which humanity knows would induce her to make such an appeal for herself—but there are many of us who have done for others what we would have walked through a furnace sooner than have done for ourselves. To Kate it seems that life can never hold a more bitter cup to her lips than this which she must drain to-day; but, bitter though it be, she does not falter. "I have often said that there is not anything I would not do for them," she thinks, "and now the time has come to prove that I meant what I said."

She leaves the house without seeing any one—for Fenwick has gone out, and Miss Brooke is nursing her disappointment in the seclusion of her own apartment—and takes her way to the hotel where Mr. Ashton is staying. It is a considerable walk, but she wishes that it could be lengthened ten times when at last she finds herself at her destination, and a servant has taken her card. Fortunately the parlor into which she is shown is empty, and she sits down, saying to her sick, faint heart: "Courage!—it will be over soon!"

There is scant comfort, however, in such a thought as this. We can suffer—ah, what can we not suffer, even in the space of a minute! The fable of the eastern prince who lived a long life in the moment of plunging his head under water is but an allegory of a truth which most of us have experienced. "We live in feelings, not in figures on a dial," and a minute, which is long enough to send a soul into eternity, is long enough, also, to break a heart or ruin a life.

Her time of waiting—which in reality is not long—seems to Kate interminable, yet she would not abridge it by an instant, if she could, and words are altogether inadequate to express her sensations when Mr. Ashton finally enters the room, and she knows that her hour is come.

"This is a very unexpected pleasure, my dear Kate," he says, with the courtesy which, like winter sunshine, has no warmth in it. "I had not expected to see you again before my departure, since I leave to-night."

"I am glad I am not too late to find you," says Kate, struggling with an overmastering temptation to say anything—a dozen conventional falsehoods occur to her—except the truth, to account for her presence. But conscious of her own weakness, and conscious, also, that Miss Vaughn or her mother may come in at any moment, she plunges headlong into her subject, in order to bar the door of retreat on herself.

"I have come," Uncle Ashton," she says, "on what you may think a very singular errand—to ask my first favor of you."

"Indeed!" says Mr. Ashton. This beginning does not so much startle as its directness amuses him. What the favor is, he has not the remotest idea, nor does he care; but he has been pleased from the first with Kate, and he is pleased now. Kate, who has gone through life winning hearts on all sides, has never tested her power of attraction so thoroughly as on this animated iceberg. To say that she has won his heart would be incorrect—since it is exceedingly doubtful whether he has a heart to win; but she has won his admiration and pleased his taste, and beyond that point it is not possible for any one to go.

"I shall be happy to serve you if it is in my power to do so," says the man of the world, courteously yet cautiously, as he looks with approval at the fair face and the fearless eye.

"It is in your power if you will," says Kate. "O Uncle Ashton, do you not like to be generous!—do you not want to do good? It seems to me that one would only care for money—a great deal of money—in order to help and benefit others."

"It seems so to you, does it?" says Mr. Ashton, with a dry smile. He has not anticipated a demand on his purse, and he stiffens a little as is the usual wont of human nature when called upon to exercise benevolence. "Allow me to remark that you do not know a great deal about the matter," he goes on. "But—though I make no pretensions to philanthropy—I rarely refuse to give, in measure, to charitable undertakings, and I presume it is something of the kind in which you are interested."

"Yes, it is certainly charitable," says Kate, drawing a deep breath. The word cuts her like a whip as she utters it, for she thinks of those at Fairfields, who have always held their heads so high in honest pride—and now she is asking charity for them! How can she do it? For one moment—the last—she feels as if she cannot, let the alternative be what it may; but then strength comes to her "that equals her desire," she looks at Mr. Ashton with a light of resolution in her eyes.

"It is not for any charitable undertaking," she says, more like a princess than a suppliant, "it is for myself that I have come to ask your bounty. Uncle Ashton, will you give me twelve thousand dollars?"

If she had lifted her parasol and knocked Mr. Ashton down, she could not have amazed him more utterly than by this request, unequalled, it seems to him, for audacity and coolness. He is noted among all who know him for retaining self-possession and the power of speech in all emergencies, but for once the latter absolutely fails him. He gazes at Kate, like one who cannot trust the evidence of his ears, and ejaculates: "What!"

"Twelve thousand dollars," says the girl, with a flush rising into her hitherto pale cheeks. "It seems a large sum to me, but it is not a large sum to you; is it? Every one says that you are very rich. I never thought of your riches before, but now I hope, oh, I hope very much, that you will do this for me!"

"I am not a Rothschild by any means, young lady," says Mr. Ashton, recovering somewhat from his amazement, or at least from the effects of his amazement. "Twelve thousand dollars is not a *bagatelle*, even to me; and you will allow me to ask you what you want with it."

"That I cannot tell you," says Kate, clasping her hands tightly together; "but I want it. Oh, want is a poor word! I would pour out my blood, I would sell myself into slavery, to get it—and you are my only hope! Uncle Ashton, will you give it to me?—not because I am your niece—I make no claim on that ground—but because I am a human creature in need and pain!"

"A great many human creatures are in need and pain, whom I feel no obligation to help," replies Mr. Ashton, coolly. "It would be better to base your claim on the ground of being my niece. And this fact gives me a right to inquire into the need of which you speak. It strikes me"—here his keen glance takes in every detail of her appearance—"that you do not look like one who stands in need of pecuniary assistance—unless, indeed, you are in debt."

"I in debt!" says Kate. "I would sooner suffer anything than owe a farthing which I could not pay. For myself, I need nothing; I have the kindest, the most generous friends in the world; but for others—"

"Ah, now we come to it!" says Mr. Ashton, as he pauses abruptly. "So it is not for yourself, but for others, that you want twelve thousand dollars? My dear niece, however willing I might be to oblige you, do you not think that it is asking a little too much to expect me to give such a sum in the dark to some unknown person or persons?"

"But I ask you to give it to me," says Kate, imploringly. "Surely it is my affair to whom I choose to give it! Oh, Uncle Ashton you ought to know that only the most terrible necessity would make me come to you with such a request! Is there nothing I can say, is there nothing I can do, to move you?"

Passionate eyes, passionate voice, passionate quivering lips—Mr. Ashton reads them all as he might read the open pages of a book, and says to himself: "She wants it for her lover; no woman would plead so for any one else."

Acting on this opinion, he says aloud, in his most caustic tone: "You leave me no alternative but to say that I am not too dull to guess for whom you are willing to do so much. Miss Vaughn told me this morning that you had rejected Fenwick in order to engage yourself to that reckless spendthrift, Frank Tarleton. Confess that it is for him you want the money."

He sends his arrow home triumphantly, as one who, confident in his own sagacity, expects to see shame and confusion follow. But it is neither shame nor confusion which flashes upon him from Kate's eloquent countenance. Her face blossoms into color like an opening rose, her eyes expand with a full-orb glow such as he has never seen in them before, and she lifts her head as proudly as a queen.

"So that is all you know of me, or of him!" she says. "Do you think I would come to you, or to any other man upon earth, to ask such a favor for Frank Tarleton? Ah, how little you know! how little you know! He would go into beggary, and I would follow him, before he would permit, or I would wrong him by doing

such a thing! No; you may rest satisfied, if you give me this money, that not a dollar of it will ever, directly or indirectly, pass into his possession."

"Humph!" says Mr. Ashton, completely baffled and at sea in his conjectures. It might be very readily possible to doubt the assertions of some people, but he is wise enough to recognize the fact that Kate's are not to be doubted. Consequently he is puzzled as well as baffled. What can he think of a girl who passionately declares that she is ready to make any sacrifice to obtain a sum of money which she does not want for herself or for her lover? The puzzle begins to interest the man who has not had a great deal to interest him in his life, who knows exceedingly little of the unselfish side of human nature, and has hitherto been decidedly incredulous of the existence of such a side. There is a minute's silence, while he debates with himself whether or not he shall make an experiment—a rather costly experiment, it is true, but one which may repay him in the end. Kate is aware that her fate is trembling in the balance, but she does not utter a word further, and, after some time, it is Mr. Ashton who speaks:

"The matter stands in this way, then: You wish me to give you twelve thousand dollars for the benefit of some person to me unknown, and you are willing to pledge yourself—did I not so understand you?—to do in return anything that I may require?"

Though the girl hardly expected this Shylock-like construction of her words, she does not flinch. The proud, delicate face looks at him calmly, the eyes are as brave and steady as ever.

"Yes," she answers; "you understand right. Nothing which is honorable is too heavy a price to pay for this which I need. I pledge myself to do whatever you require, if you will give it to me."

He looks at her curiously, deciding as he looks that the experiment is worth making. He will test her thoroughly—as thoroughly as a woman can be tested—and, if she stands the test, he will acknowledge (to himself) that women are sometimes made for other uses, and capable of higher ends, than he has hitherto imagined.

"I will do you two favors, then, my dear," he says, calmly, "though you will probably not thank me for the second. I will write you a cheque for twelve thousand dollars, and make no inquiry with regard to your disposition of the money, if you will agree to resign your engagement, or love-affair, or whatever it may be called, with Tarleton, and accompany me when I go to Europe."

Dead silence for a minute. Then the girl looks at him, and says in a voice utterly unlike her own: "Do you mean it?—do you really mean it?"

"I mean it, emphatically," he answers. "You are going to wreck your life as your mother wrecked hers before you; and, though I failed to save her, I find, oddly enough, that I should like to save you. There is no need to speak"—as her lips unclose—"I know all that you would say; I have heard the sentiments of an infatuated passion before. If you choose to ruin your life, go and do it—we will shake hands and say farewell here and now; but, if you want the assistance for which you have asked me, I can only give it on the condition that you resign Tarleton and come with me."

No need to ask again if he really means this ultimatum. Kate reads his face as a criminal might read the face of a judge who has power to doom or reprieve, and sees in every line that this decision is final. The supreme hour of her life has come. She is face to face with a necessity of choice such as the bravest might shrink from, and with which few souls, even in this hard and cruel world, are confronted.

For a moment she sits motionless—stunned by the magnitude of the renunciation demanded of her—then she rises and walks away, as she walked away from Randal, to ask herself what she could do to avert disgrace from those she loves. Now it is a sterner question which fate puts before her. In her hands lie the means to save them—but at what a price! She must place on the altar of sacrifice all that gives value to the barren husk of existence; she must put away the love which only a little while ago came back to gladden her heart; she must say farewell to the life which stretches before her like a dream of paradise—a life lighted by hope and blessed by love; above all, she must inflict pain and disappointment on the man who has been true to her through absence and alienation. Is she strong enough for this? Does not the yearning heart, the passionate human nature, cry out: "It is too much!—too much!"

Yes, they cry out with exceeding bitterness—with an appeal which words can as little embody as art can paint the tumult of Nature's fiercest tempest—but the soul rises up and says: "If it must be done, I can do it." That there is no other alternative, she sees plainly. Before her she seems to see Tarleton, with outstretched arms and eager eyes, as she saw him last. If she goes to him, there will be no one in the world to cry shame upon her—but what are all the voices in the world to the voice within one's self? Can love, and tenderness, and happy days, ever sweeten the thought that she, who might have averted, instead, suffered disgrace to fall upon the heads of her tried and faithful friends?

The struggle is short, as we measure time, but it is sharp and bitter as death—as death which comes to tear away the happy, not as death which comes to release the sorrowful.

And, indeed, the comparison is very poor, for one does not inflict death upon one's self, nor do we clearly know what follows after—but in her own hand Kate holds the knife which must cut away the better part of her, and she knows, well she knows, what will follow, what weary days when she will be sick of the sun, what nights of sleepless misery. In all the dreary aftertime, she can never think: "I did not know how terrible it would be! I did not fairly count the cost!"—for she realizes the future as clearly now as she will realize it when it becomes the present, and she counts the cost to the uttermost fraction.

Mr. Ashton, who has been watching her with the calm curiosity with which a scientist would watch the agonies of an animal undergoing vivisection, is, despite himself, almost moved to compassion by the suffering written on every line of the rigid young face, which presently turns to look into his.

"You have a right to make your own terms," she says, "and I accept them. Give me the cheque, and I will do all that you require."

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

HER Royal Highness the Countess de Paris has quite recovered from her recent confinement.

THE Russian colony has received an accession, the most agreeable to the Paris world fashion, in the arrival of the Princess Troubetzkof and Princess Alexandra.

THE Parisian actors have opened a clubhouse, intended to imitate the London Garrick, at 34, Rue de Provence. It is called "Le Cercle des Artistes Dramatiques."

M. DE TRIGOFF, the theatrical critic, writes of the marriage of Sara Bernhardt—"She has lived a wandering, lonely life, but there will in future be no *désert de Sarah*."

It is no longer considered in good taste in Paris to have costly toys or knick-knacks as favours for the cotillon. Flowers, knots of ribbons, rosettes of crêpe and tinsel, and such intrinsically worthless objects, are alone employed.

At the last winter reception of the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, fashion seized the occasion of Lent to display the effect of a surplus of diamonds on the black costume necessary for the penitential time. It was a beautiful sight to see the blaze of gems, and yet strange to think we were indebted for the effect to a religious motive.

It is not true, as reported in some of the English papers, that the highest French military officers think the doubts of the English officers are ill-founded with regard to the proposed tunnel. On the contrary, a French general of great renown, candidly admits to his English friends that he should be dead against the making of the tunnel were he an Englishman.

ANOTHER trouble about the use of a name! M. Rantzau, a resident of Fleusburg (Holstein), is on his way to Paris to have his name at once taken off the notice-boards of the Comédie Française. He threatens M. Perrin, the manager, and the authors, MM. Eckmann and Chatrian, with legal proceedings if they refuse to comply with the request.

THE examination of the late census shows that France, despite her dismemberment, the loss of two provinces, still possesses 37,321,000 souls, but each quinquennial muster brings up the deplorable fact that the increase of the population is gradually decreasing. At the present ratio the diminution must soon begin, unless some change should come over the spirit of a people who feel themselves bound to adopt the principles of Malthus.

A FRENCH paper rather sourly tells Sara, in the midst of her honeymoon, that all the world knows that the marriages of the French in a foreign country are not valid in France, therefore Madame Damalas is advised that she would do well when she is in Paris to rearrange her marriage according to French requirements. The reply to this unkind comment is that Madame Damalas is a Dutch woman and her husband a Greek, and they need not therefore conform to French martial law, and both Holland and Greece are satisfied with a marriage legally performed in England.

COUNT BEUST, the Austrian Ambassador, went the other day to the residence of the Minister of Justice. Just as he had reached the door of that great official's cabinet the Count met the wife of the minister, and of course made her a very respectful bow. Eyeing him askance, Madame Cazot asked him what he wanted. "I wish to speak with the Minister, Madame." At that Madame Cazot half opened the door of the cabinet and called out, "Here, Jules, a man wants to speak to you." Poor Count! The blow in his face and the overthrow of his diplomatic placidity may be imagined at hearing himself called "a man." The explanation was an awkward one on all sides.

LIFE MAY BE HAPPY.

Call this not life
A scene of misery, or a vale of tears;
God made it life
With blessings, and his goodness eye appears.

He made us so
That happiness we seek, and can obtain;
And this we know,
The truthful seeker never seeks in vain.

Choose virtue's ways:
Live in the bonds of brotherhood and love;
Then shall thy days
Being spent in worthy actions, happy prove.

Life's purpose set—
Duty to God and man alike being done—
Forth from the shore
Death's friendly bark conducts to realms unknown.

And as we here
Find that God's laws are merciful and just;
There, without fear,
We his unerring wisdom firmly trust.

JESSE JAMES.

III.

THE TRAIN ROBBERY.

The men who had fought their way through a legion of detectives many times, started back in absolute dismay as the dark beauty of the backwoods, with flashing, determined eye and resolute face boldly confronted the would-be murderers of Wardell, the detective.

Jesse James had turned a shade paler, an angry oath broke from Bob Younger's lips, while Bucher, with lowering brow, edged his way through the crowd to where the dauntless girl stood.

James, his revolver dropped to his side, had turned to his men.

"Around the front way," he ordered, in a quick undertone. "Head him off before he reaches the road."

"Drop that pistol," ordered Bucher to the girl.

"I will not."

The landlord's flaming features told how wild was the pent-up anger in his breast.

"It will be better for you if you do," he muttered menacingly. "No darter of mine shall help these infernal detectives to get away."

The girl regarded him fixedly.

"You are a villain, Jacob Bucher," fell deliberately, calmly, from her lips: "a cold-blooded villain to betray a guest."

"Hear her!" cried Bucher. "This to her old father."

"You are not my father."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of the tavern-keeper it could scarcely have amazed him more than did these words. Unexpected, startling, they seemed also to impress Cole Younger, who uttered an excited ejaculation in an undertone and glanced in some alarm at Bucher.

"Ye deny yer parents, ongrateful girl?"

"You are not my parents. O, you can deceive me no longer, Jacob Bucher. I have learned the secret you and your associates hope to profit by."

She had kept the revolver in her hand, commanding the narrow passage-way through which the detective had escaped. Intent upon affording him time and opportunity to escape, and keeping the bandits at bay, she had anticipated no secret foe. She was not aware that her liberty was menaced until a stealthy form creeping behind her from the kitchen grasped the revolver and pinioned her hand with a powerful grasp.

It was the woman she called mother, Mrs. Bucher, the tavern-keeper's wife. Her coarse face beamed triumphantly down into that of her pretended daughter's as she roughly dragged her after her.

"I'll fix the gal," she cried vindictively. "I'll teach her if she'll disown her nat'ral parents and befriend the white-livered detectives when her husband that is to be stands in peril of being hung." And she glanced significantly at Cole Younger.

"What does she know—how comes she to suspect that she is not your daughter?" inquired Younger in a low undertone of Bucher.

"I dunno."

"Well, you've made a pretty kettle of fish of it. I won't feel safe until she's married to me. Remember, Bucher, there's a fortune for both of us if we carry out our plans."

"Then why don't you marry her?" inquired the tavern-keeper testily.

"When?"

"Now."

"Here?"

"Yes. I kin send for a parson and hev the knot tied at once."

"That suits me," replied Younger, heartily.

"But it don't me," interrupted James, unceremoniously.

"Why not?" asked both men in a breath.

"Because we've got work to do."

"To-night?"

"Yes. If the men capture that infernal detective we must be off by midnight. If not we'll simply have to undo the work we've settled on."

"Very well, Bucher, keep the girl locked up until we get this little job off our hands, and we'll settle her case."

James had turned to Bob Younger.

"That detective," he said. "It will bother us a little if he escapes."

"How?"

"He overheard our conversation."

"About the train robbery?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Well, it's plain that he'll make his way to the nearest station and alarm the road. When we get to the junction we'll find a band of vigilants there."

Both men were anxious for the return of the bandits who had started in pursuit of the detective. Their faces wore an eager expression of suspense as they heard them returning, and hastened to the yard.

"What luck, Jones," inquired James of the foremost of the men.

"He's settled, Captain."

"Dead?"

"Dead as a herring."

"Where is he?"

"Floating down the river, food for the fishes."

An exclamation of satisfaction escaped the outlaw's lips.

"Good!" he cried exultantly.

"You see," explained Jones, "we drove him close to the creek and he jumped for it. Just as he was reaching the opposite shore I fired. He sunk like a dead weight, done for."

"You think he could not have escaped?"

"Impossible."

James turned to Younger, "The railroad scheme," he said.

"It comes off to-night?" inquired the other.

"Certainly."

"When shall we start?"

"As agreed, at midnight."

Three hours later eight men, superbly mounted, drove away from the backwoods tavern in an easterly direction.

They halted after proceeding a few rods, as a form came flying from the tavern, wildly gesticulating and shouting to them to stop.

It was Bucher, excited, pale and breathless. James reined up his steed.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"The gal."

"What of her?"

"She has escaped."

"She won't run far," laconically remarked the outlaw.

But Cole Younger, somewhat perturbed, approached Bucher.

"She's gone, you say?" he asked.

"Yes. My wife locked her in the garret. Just now she found the window open, a sheet torn in strips hanging from it, and the gal gone. Can't ye follow her?"

"No," spoke James, peremptorily, "if Cole can't run his love affairs without bothering our plans, he'd better get to farming."

"I'll search for her when we return," said Younger. "You don't think she'd give us away, Bucher?" he supplemented, anxiously.

"Taint likely. She's found out she ain't my darter, and has got tired of this backwoods life."

The cavalcade moved on. The drive was a clear ten leagues stretch, mainly through timber, and it was towards early dawn that they reached that section of the track where they proposed to put their nefarious project to wreck and pillage a train, into execution.

Ten miles north was the junction, south, for twenty miles there was no station. At the point where they had stopped, the express train would come dashing around a sharp curve, if on time, within half an hour.

"To work, boys," ordered James, as they dismounted from their steeds.

It was evident from their actions that the plan they were about to execute had been projected and provided for during the preceding day. From a thicket they procured two large, broad iron clamps, with an adjustable centre-piece, adaptable to the gauge of the road. These they proceeded to fasten firmly to the rails, and then securing several pieces of heavy timber, wedged the latter in an upright position between the two clamps.

A dozen or more logs and railroad ties were piled carefully on this barricade, and several heavy rocks placed on top of the heap forming a formidable barrier to the expected train.

Within ten minutes after their arrival the bandits, working with rare system and rapidity, had perfected the initial step in their desperate undertaking.

"Is all ready?" inquired James.

"All ready, captain," sang out one of the men.

"Very well. Four of you mount the horses and divide, two on each side of the track. When the crash comes hold the men in the train. If any one runs for it shoot them. The rest of us will take the inside of the train. Don't hesitate to shoot for keeps, if in danger."

The outlaws looked to their revolvers, as in the distance they heard the long shrill whistle of the engine announcing its approach to the curve.

James had walked to a position commanding a view of the track.

The next moment the distant headlight of the engine revealed to the bandits the outline of their leader's form watching the train.

He, like the others, had placed a mask on his face covering the upper portion of his features. Through the eye-holes his glance was keen and penetrating as the watchful glare of the ferret.

In excited expectation the band awaited the denouement of their desperate scheme. They saw the engine near at hand; their leader ready

to spring amid the wreck as soon as the barricade was reached.

And then they started, and a unanimous ejaculation of dismay and surprise broke from their lips.

For there, plainly visible, in the radius of light shed forth by the headlight of the advancing locomotive, was the form of a man.

He was dashing down the slight incline leading to the track. Hatless, pale, his hair disordered, his manner that of wild excitement, he held in his hand a white handkerchief which he waved frantically as he sprang towards the track.

His purpose was apparent to the outlaws at a glance—to signal the engine and warn the engineer ere he turned the curve, around which awaited the fated train, destruction, disaster and death.

IV.
TOO LATE.

The man who recked not that he risked his life in his frantic endeavors to save life and property, was Wardell, the detective. The events which led to his singular appearance at a critical juncture in the plans of the outlaws, were exciting and strange, and deserve the retrospect their recital involves.

When in the Bucher tavern he had found a friendly protector and auxiliary to escape in the charming backwoods maiden, known as Lillian Bucher, he had not been slow to avail himself of her command.

"Escape!" she had said, and as he saw the bandits shrink back from her extended revolver, he comprehended at once that she realized what she was undertaking, and that by remaining and sharing her peril he would only complicate matters.

He therefore darted through the narrow hallway and out of the kitchen door, almost overturning the startled Mrs. Bucher in his wild flight.

Indecided which way to go, and knowing that he would soon be pursued, he did not take the road, but struck off towards a belt of timber in the near distance, hoping to gain a temporary hiding place before being discovered by his enemies.

He was regretful that he had not hurried to the front of the tavern and mounted one of the horses of the bandits, but kept on at a rapid gait, bent upon eluding his pursuers in the forest if possible.

He had almost reached the belt of timber when a shot whizzed close to his head, and loud shouts behind him told him that the chase on the part of the bandits had commenced. A quick glance directed towards the tavern revealed to his startled gaze the forms of several men hastening on his trail.

Dashing into the woods, he did not pause in his flight. He had been discovered, and to hide would be to court death, for the woods were small in extent and surrounded by the outlaws. His place of concealment would doubtless be soon discovered.

"I'll run for it," he determined, and his feet traversed the green sward at a rapid gait.

He paused momentarily dismayed as he found that the timber terminated at the edge of a river, broad and swift-rolling. He had no alternative save to turn and face his pursuers and fight them boldly, or to gain the opposite side of the stream. He decided on the latter course, and resolutely plunging into the chilling water, began to swim across the stream.

The current at mid-river was strong, and he-breasted it with difficulty. His heart beat hopefully as he saw the willow-lined bank of the river near at hand, and was about to catch at the overhanging branches and swing himself ashore when a shot struck the water near where he was.

A quick thought flashed into his mind, and was as rapidly placed in execution. As his eye discerned the copse-lined banks of the river, he determined to risk an experiment. An expert swimmer, feigning to be shot, he dodged down under the water and struck out for the shore.

As his head again came above the surface of the stream, he observed with satisfaction that he had reached a spot where the dense branches of the interlaced willows formed a thick shield between himself and the view of his pursuers. He remained perfectly quiet, his feet touching the pebbly bottom of the river, and watched his enemies as they regarded the spot where he had disappeared.

"He is done for," he heard one of them say. "Certain," assented a companion: "come, let us get back to the tavern."

A sigh of relief broke from Wardell's lips as his pursuers retraced their way to the inn, but he remained in the water for some time until certain that he was safe to clamber to land.

Seated on the banks of the river, his mind was busy as he enjoyed a breathing spell after his exciting adventure.

"What shall I do," he mused. "These men meditate a terrible crime, involving a possible large loss of life. Now that I am out of the way, they will not hesitate to put these plans into execution. Forreston is the nearest town, but the railway does not come near there, and besides the James boys have many friends there. The Rock Island road is sheer thirty miles across the country, and ten miles more if I hope to reach a station. The outlaws start at midnight. With several hours start of them, why can I not anticipate them and save the train. I will try it at all events."

He arose to his feet and with an emotion of gratitude towards the plucky backwoods girl who had saved his life at the risk of her own, traversed the stream for some distance, forded it at a shallow spot, and struck off towards the east at a keen run.

Thirty miles, with possibly less than six hours to gain the railroad. He was confident that he could accomplish the feat, and he did not relax his energies as he kept up a steady run over the prairie and through the timber. Once a large track of swamp land necessitated a circuitous course of many miles and involved a loss of over an hour's precious time, but he kept on resolutely, and wearied and breathless as he was, resolved to devote every energy to reaching the road in time.

He had avoided the highways which he crossed, for unfamiliar as he was with the country, he knew not but that he might run directly upon the bandits. It was towards morning when he came very nearly being discovered by the men he sought to avoid. He was about to cross a road, preparatory to again pursuing his journey through the woods, when he dodged behind a tree just as a band of horsemen came into view a few rods down the road.

"The James boys," murmured Wardell. They were riding along leisurely, evidently to rest their horses. The detective listened eagerly, as they passed him. His vigilance and caution were rewarded by a valued discovery, for as they passed him, he heard one of the bandits ask,

"How much farther is the railroad?"

"Two miles," was the reply. "We have a full hour yet."

When they had ridden on, the detective accelerated his footsteps to gain the track in time to hasten south and warn the train.

He became confused in his journey through the forest, and fervently wished he had taken the road despite the risk. As he gained an opening in the timber, he was startled as he heard in the near distance a whistle.

"Too late!" he groaned, despairingly, "it is the express train."

He did not see the outlaws a short distance to his left, did not even observe the silent figure of Jesse James near at hand. As he discovered the roadway of the track a hundred yards distant, he started on a keen run towards the spot, his fluttering handkerchief in his hand.

At that moment, just as he reached the side of the track, the giant monster of iron and steam dashed around the curve at a tremendous rate of speed.

He waved the handkerchief frantically and shouted loudly to the engineer.

Movement and voice failed to attract the attention of the latter any more than was Wardell conscious that James had fired a wild shot at him.

On, on thundered the train, the detective choked by the clouds of dust, deafened by the roar of the fast-whirling wheels.

Then a crash, an awful series of shrieks of pain and alarm, then as the fast-rushing cars were abruptly stopped, piled in indiscriminate confusion by the side of the track, a flying timber struck the brave detective and felled him insensible to the ground.

The only persons present who preserved a calm composure throughout the entire affair were the outlaws.

Those of the passengers who were not stunned or injured were terrified, as, in addition to the hissing of the steam and the cries of their companions, a volley of pistol shots rattled into the wrecked cars.

Jesse James had boarded the palace car, his brother Frank at the other end.

With leveled revolver he approached the frightened passengers. The car had been derailed, but was not otherwise injured.

"Shut out your money and valuables," he ordered, "or Jesse James will leave the memento of a bullet in your carcasses."

The mention of that terrible name had its due effect. Watches, jewelry, pocketbooks fished from behind pillows and from pockets were hastily thrown into the bag carried by the outlaw, while his companions ransacked the remainder of the train.

The engineer and conductor dared not move. Covered by the revolvers of the outside band, they were powerless to resist.

With a mocking laugh, James called his men around him, after they had railed the cars.

"Nearly seventy thousand dollars," he said, "a good haul. Ha!"

He had discovered the detective's body lying by the side of the track.

Stooping over, he deliberately placed the muzzle of his revolver against his forehead.

"I'll finish his bold career," he vaunted.

"Spare your powder, he's dead already," said Frank James.

"They're firing from the train."

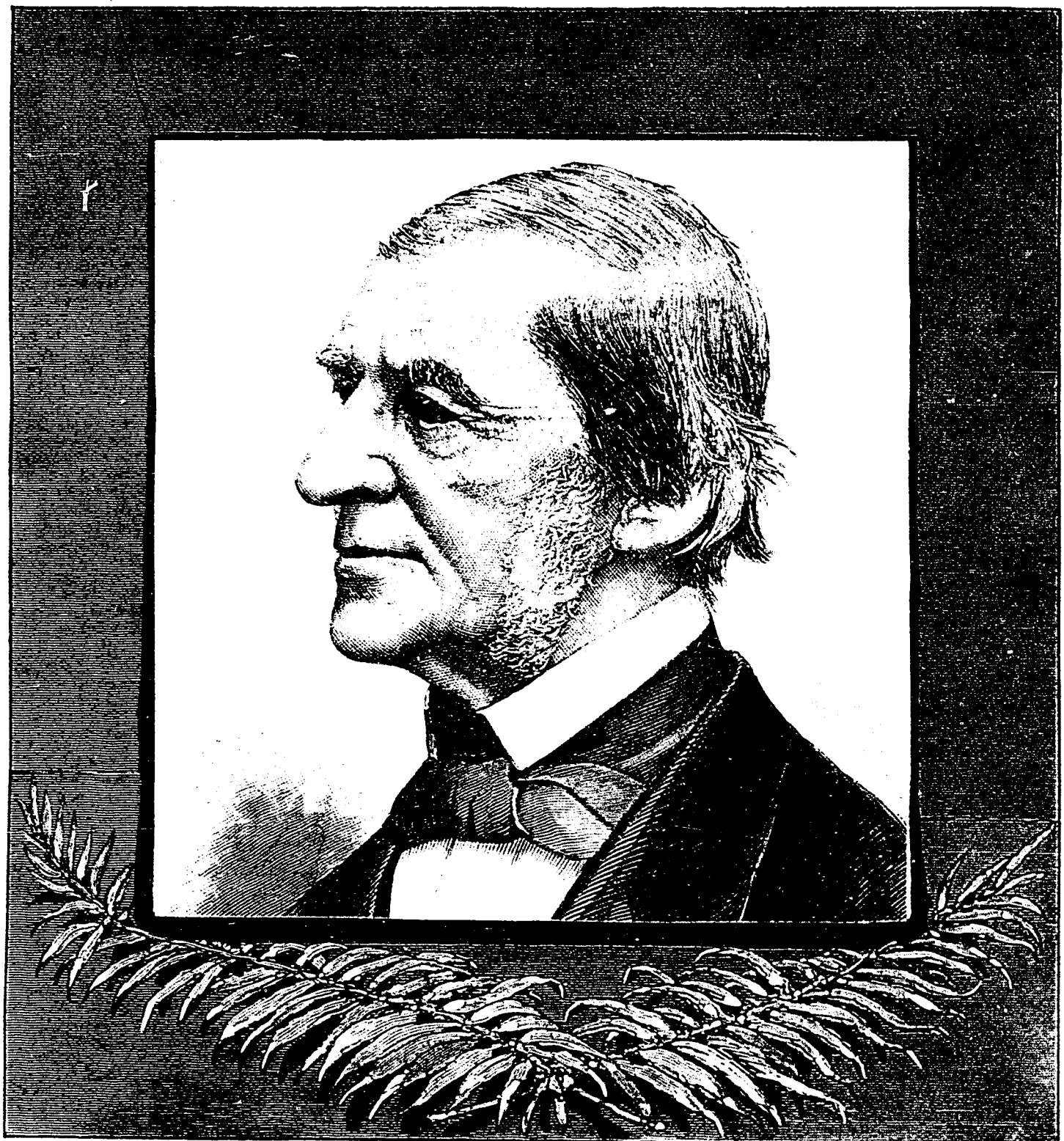
The outlaw turned, and ordering his men to follow his example, directed a volley of bullets to silence the weak fusilade.

A minute later the bandits mounted their horses and rode rapidly back towards the forest.

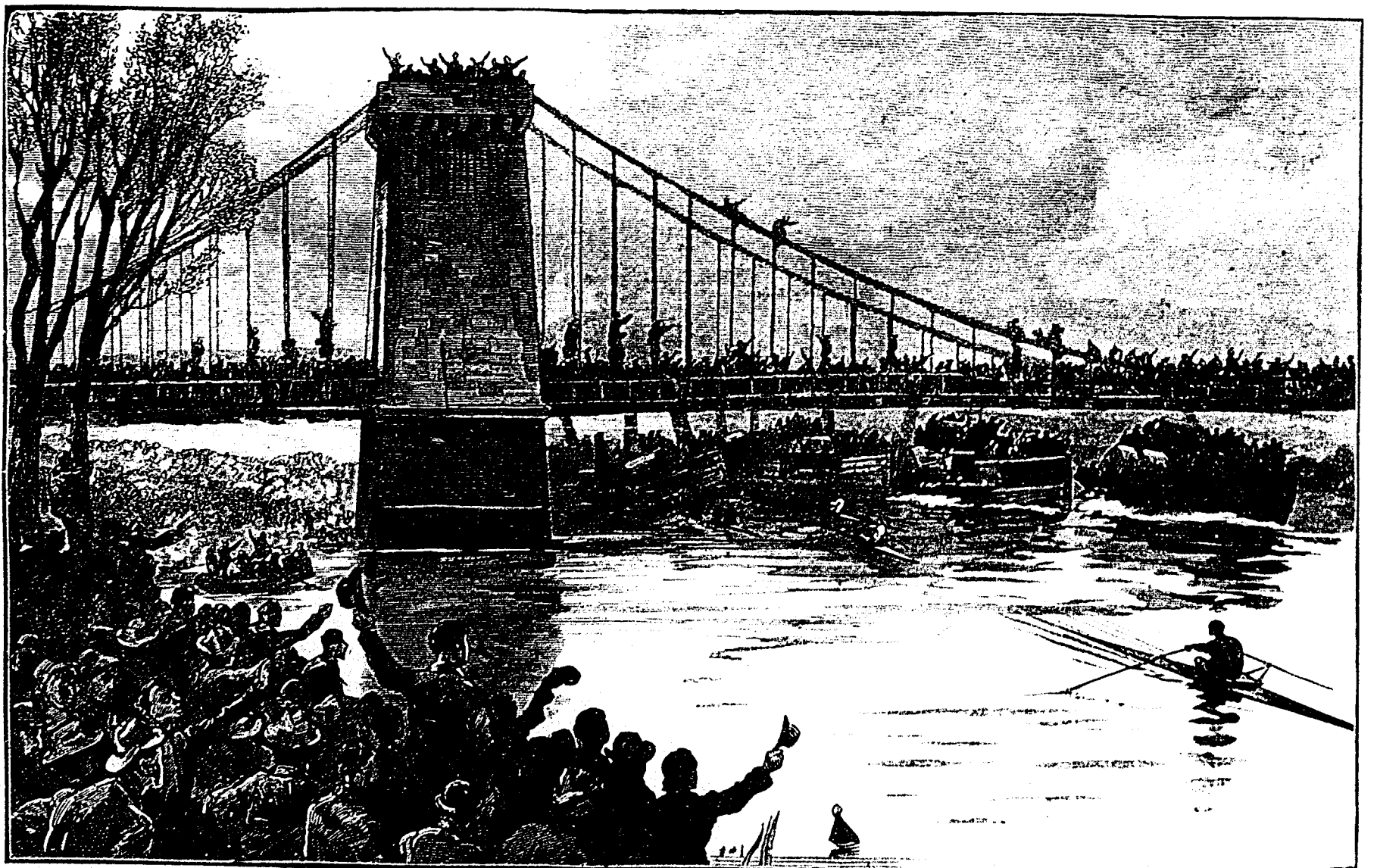
And an hour later Wardell, the detective, still confused and badly bruised by his accident, staggered from the spot to a neighboring tree to rest his weary frame.

Vanquished, he was not despairing, for as he sank upon the green sward he murmured, "My turn will come, and then let Jesse James and all his murderous band beware!"

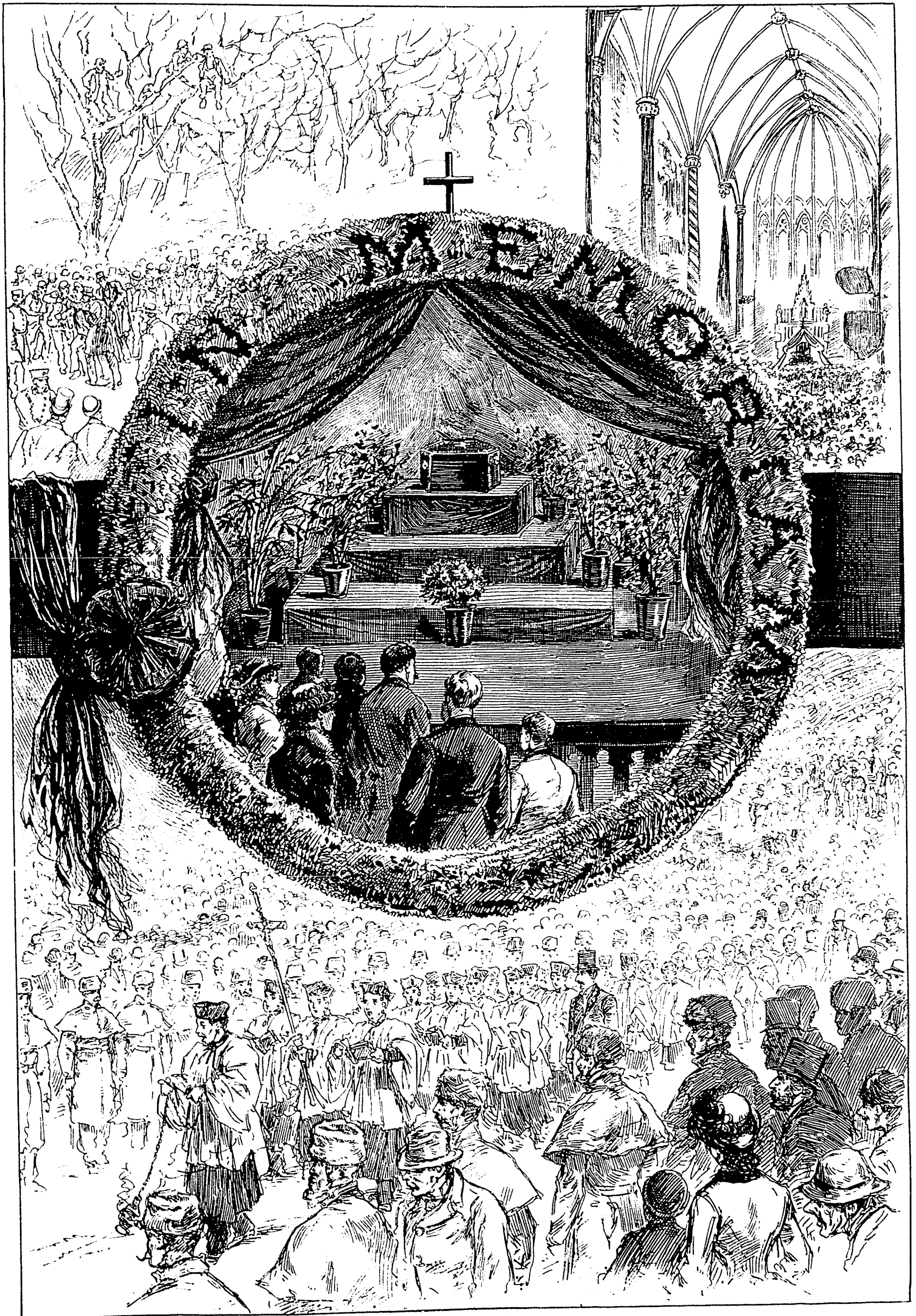
(To be continued.)



THE LATE RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



HANLAN DEFEATING TRICKETT IN THE RACE FOR THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.



HALIFAX, N.S.—INCIDENTS OF THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP HANNAN.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. J. HENDERSON.

WINTRY WINDS.

BY SYDNEY GREY.

The wintry winds are up and away;
Ploughing a path o'er the stormy sea,
They clothe the rock in a cloud of spray,
They make the staggering ships their prey,
With the howl of a fury they seem to say,
Who so mighty as we!

The wintry winds are having their will
Out on the desolate country side;
Along the valley, across the hill,
And through the wood, when the night is chill,
Come a rush and a roar and a warning shrill—
Room for the storm to ride!

The wintry wind is wandering by,
Here in the heart of the city ways;
The rich may gaily its power defy,
The poor, slack, at its mercy lie,
And the wind, while it echoes their patient sigh,
Laughs at the pranks it plays.

The wintry winds may whistle and shriek,
Holding their mischiefs from One above;
Let Spring but waken and softly speak,
Right soon will tempest and gale grow weak,
Like a tumult of anger—a frenzied freak,
Conquered at last by love!

ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

BY GEORGE R. PARRISH.

"ACCIDENT.—An extra freight train on the B. & C. R. R. was wrecked, last night, by a broken bridge, just beyond Carlyle. A son of the Hon. Carlton Ballou was on the train; but fortunately escaped injury. A brakeman by the name of Marshall was the only person killed."

It was only a short despatch cast into one corner of the morning paper amid a score or two of others, but it interested me, for I knew the whole brave story so well, and I felt in my heart almost a hatred for the writer, who had done such injustice to a noble life and overlooked so grand a deed.

I was only the night telegraph operator at Carlyle—not a very exalted position, perhaps, but yet one of considerable responsibility and trust. From seven in the evening until the same hour in the morning I held in the hollow of my hand the life of almost every man passing over our division of the road.

I remember one night, when I was sitting alone in my little cramped-up office and listening, from mere force of habit, to the varied messages as they went clinking by to the other stations on the road. The last train for several hours—the freight-accommodation from Brighton—had been in for some time, and I had nothing to disturb me but my thoughts.

"Well, Billy, how's No. 5?" a voice suddenly asked, as the outside door was pushed ajar.

"One hour late," I replied, hastily, and then, looking up, I saw Tom Marshall, a brakeman on the last freight, filling up the doorway. "Come inside and have a chair, Tom," I added, as I recognized the face of my questioner.

"Only for a moment, to-night," he answered me, as he sat down at my invitation, his lantern resting between his feet on the floor. "I have a call to make this evening, and must wash up a little first."

"Where away to-night, Tom—not up on the hill again surely?"

He nodded his head in the affirmative, his eyes fixed upon my table where the instrument was ticking away.

"Of course it's none of my business, my boy; but it seems to me you go to the great white house too often of late. Ballou might object, and 'tis said they're engaged, you know," and I looked up at his strong Saxon face from where I lay stretched on a bench by the wall.

"I think they're mistaken about that, Billy, but Ballou has more opportunities than I can enjoy," he replied, very slowly. "I only get in here two nights a week, you know, but I do the best I can."

"Then it is serious, Tom?" I asked, for I liked this broad-shouldered, fair-haired fellow, brakeman though he was.

"I'm afraid it is with me, Billy," he replied, his eyes gazing steadfastly at the lantern between his feet. "But, good-night; I must go; will see you again as I come in." And the heavy door closed behind him.

As I sat there alone in the office after he had gone, I thought of all these things—thought them over and over again. I had known Tom for two years, and I liked the boy. I knew, or thought I knew Kate Carr, up in the big white house on the hill. A proud girl enough in her way—proud of her father's riches, her own beauty, and the dozen suitors who had knelt at her feet. Ever since Tom first sought her society I wondered at his welcome. It seemed so strange a thing to me that one so proud of her position, so thoroughly a slave of society as Kate Carr appeared to be, should so openly encourage the attentions of a mere freight brakeman—a man of whose family connections we knew nothing, and whose only wealth was his monthly pay. Still Tom was a young and good-looking fellow enough, and, perhaps, after all, she was a little vain at having so handsome a suitor, even though so poor, to add to her lengthy string of victims. I never could believe that she had the heart to return his great honest love, and be willing, in exchange, to sacrifice all her hopes and pride for his sake; and then, besides, rumor had it that George Ballou, the son of a rich banker of a neighboring town had already gained her promise, and, from many little things which had come under my notice, I began to believe that ru-

mor for once was right. And Tom loved her, and I thought it over all night when I was not busy, and wondered in my own heart how it could end.

Tom never came back to the depot that night, though I looked for him, and his train left eastward while I was taking my breakfast at the only hotel the place afforded, and I caught but a glimpse of him as they swung round the curve. I afterwards heard the whole story from his lips, but I can tell it best for myself. From his car he passed up the long hill to where the lights of the Carr mansion were twinkling among the trees, determined to learn his fate from Kate's own lips that very night. The parlor windows were dark when he ascended the stone steps and rang the bell, and the servant who answered it, recognizing his face, told him he would find Miss Kate in the garden. In the moonlight, dreaming the ever new dream of love, he passed with quick step down the gravelled path by the well-trimmed flower-beds to where the Summer-house, thickly shaded by clinging vines, stood at the further end. This was her favorite resting-place, and many a pleasant hour came flooding his mind, passed there with her—his idol, his queen. As he approached now, he was surprised to hear, borne on the still night air, the tone of voices in earnest conversation. In all Tom's nature there was nothing cowardly, nothing base; but his own name, spoken in a man's deep voice, caused him to halt almost without knowing he did so.

"I naturally supposed from all I saw and heard that you cared for Marshall?"

It was almost a question, and the silent listener outside in the moonlight bent forward to catch the low tones of the reply.

"Oh, George, how could you? Why, he's nothing but a freight-brakeman! What would papa say if he heard that?"

It was the soft, tender voice of Kate.

"And you truly only cared for me, darling?"

"I only loved you, George."

That was all; and the strong man that listened, whose only crime was poverty, turned back quietly in the darkness—turned back through the low hedge and out into the moonlit road, with pale face and heavy heart. He had loved her with all the giant strength of his strong, manly nature—he never knew how much before, as he did now, alone in his misery, his suffering, and those cold, heartless, stinging words, "He's only a freight-brakeman," ringing in his ears with every heavy step he took. He was poor, was nothing but a brakeman, had neither wealth nor lineage of which to boast; but, after all, he was a man, and like one he suffered his loss—suffered through the long, still night, patiently and silently.

As the long summer days faded into the shorter ones of early fall, and his train passed back and forth by the station on its daily trips, I watched Tom, and, knowing so much as I did, I could read his sufferings, though he tried so bravely to hide it all and appear outwardly as cheerful and light-hearted as ever. Poor Tom! the blow was a hard one struck by her little hand, and the strong man bent beneath it, whether he would or no.

It was nearly winter when the end finally came, and that ending was indeed terrible.

For several weeks heavy storms had been raging along the entire line of the road, and many fears were expressed by railway officials about the safety of the road-bed between Carlyle and Farmersville, the next station east. All along these few miles there were heavy grades and numerous small bridges and culverts already loosened by previous storms. That night when I went on duty it was raining hard—a cold, bitter rain, half-sleet, blown here and there in gusts of heavy wind. The night itself was intensely black from swiftly-scudding clouds, broken now and then by vivid glares of forked lightning that seemed almost to tear them in twain. My instruments were almost unmanageable owing to the electricity in the air, but about midnight a message came through in jerks from the Division Superintendent at Balton:

"Opr., Carlyle.
Send Bond with extra east, to report track at Farmersville for No. 2. Move cautiously."
"W. B. C."

Bond was Tom's conductor, and I handed the order to him immediately. An engine was ready at hand, and they soon had the short train of ten cars made up in the yard. Just as the engine backed down from the tank and was being coupled on, George Ballou, muffled up to his chin, and holding a small leather valise in his hand, came hurriedly around the edge of the depot building.

"Bond," he said to the conductor, who stood there with the lantern raised to give the signal for starting, "I want to go down with you. I must be home to-night."

Bond looked around rather surprised at the request.

"We're more than likely to be wrecked before ever we get there, Mr. Ballou," he said, quickly. "But, if you must go, take your own risk and get on. I don't care."

"Ballou, don't go!"—it was Tom's voice speaking very low. "Take my advice, for there's not one chance in ten of our going through to-night without trouble."

"But I must go," came the answer. "My mother has been taken ill—a telegram just received."

"Wait for 'No. 2,' then—that will be nearer daylight."

"Yes, and it might be too late. No, I must go to-night, danger or not. Surely I may risk it if you can!"

"I have no one to think of but myself." The words were almost lost in the wind. "You have Kate, and it is my duty to go, not yours." And the brakeman regretfully turned away. Only a moment did Ballou gaze after his lantern, as it went flickering down the wet platform, and then as the short train started he stepped into the caboose, and I leaned from my seat to watch Tom swing up on the little iron ladder and mount to the top.

Just exactly how it all happened to-day I do not know, but at the bottom of the second grade the earth had been washed away from beneath the rails, and they hung almost unsupported just below the surface of the water. Thundering down the grade in the rain and night, every brakeman at his post on the top, the great freight engine plunged into the water and went crashing down. Car after car was piled up there and hurled to one side down into the ravine. Clinging to a brake just back of the engine, and peering ahead through the storm, his hands wrenched clear by the shock, Tom was hurled outward into the air. The crash stunned him, but the cold water into which he fell revived him again, and he crawled out from the debris on to the bank and worked his way back towards what should be the rear end of the train.

When the first terrific crash came, the caboose had been pitched violently forward, and then flung down, and now hung tremblingly suspended upon a single timber of the culvert, which trembled and threatened each moment to part and let the battered car fall on the ragged rocks below.

"Is there any one hurt, Cal?" Tom asked, anxiously, as he finally found the conductor standing alone in the rain beside the track.

"No; all out safe, I think—close call, though, Tom; awful wreck! I never saw a worse in thirty years!"

"Help me! help!"

The cry rang out shrill and agonizing from the suspended caboose below them.

"Help! I'm wedged in! Quick!"

It was Ballou's voice beyond a doubt.

"Give me the axe!" and, seizing the weapon, Tom sprang out into the tottering car and dropped down through a shattered window. He knew the slender, trembling timber could not sustain that weight long. He knew he was going to almost certain death. He knew a moment's delay might rid him of one who had won from him the woman he loved. It was a moment for vengeance, but he forgot it all. He knew a moment's delay and all of George Ballou would be a dead, mangled body. But he never hesitated, never doubted what to do. He was only a brakeman, but he was willing to sacrifice his own life, wreck his own happiness, to save the man Kate Carr loved. A martyr, you say—a hero. No; how could he be!—you forget he was but a freight-brakeman.

"Here, quick!" he cried, as with a few rapid blows he cut aside the broken seat which pinned his rival to the floor of the car.

"Quick!" for he felt the car settling, and heard the groaning of the timber giving way. "Cal, catch him!" and, grasped by strong hands, Ballou was drawn up through the broken window to the ground above, and then, with a lurch and crash of breaking timbers the heavy car plunged downward on the rocks, splintered on their sharp points and dashed to pieces.

Just as the morning came, they found Tom lying there, crushed out of all shape, between two great timbers.

"She loved him—she loved him!" was all he said; and, as the sun came over the high bank, he breathed his last sobbing breath in Cal Bond's arms.

They brought him up to the depot and laid him reverently in the ladies' waiting-room, and, as the railroad men bore him by my window, some one in the crowd said:

"How lucky that only a brakeman was killed."

Some way it seems to me that great-hearted Tom Marshall has gone home to a Father who never looks to the grimy clothes and the weather-beaten faces of his children, but rewards them according to their deeds. If so, it must be an exceedingly great reward.

WHEN THIEF MEETS THIEF.

Three sharps confederated together in Paris in the pursuit of their rascally profession, were working each on his own account to discover some new dupe.

One of them, a young Italian, nicknamed "Candour," probably on account of his deceptive address, at length informed his companions that he had become acquainted with a young man of position, just arrived in the metropolis. This young man was rich, a gambler, and prodigal to excess—qualities much appreciated by our three sharps. The Italian further informed them that his new friend was to be at the Opera that same night.

So good an opportunity was not to be lost, and they immediately arranged their plan of attack, and, when all was settled, they separated, after having made an appointment to meet at the Opera-house.

At the appointed hour the three sharps met in the lobby of the Opera-house, and had not to wait long before they came across the young capitalist.

The Italian advanced to meet him, and introduced his two associates, giving them titles borrowed from the nobility.

The introduction over, they strolled about in friendly gossip, and the conversation became so

interesting that they did not part company the whole evening. The three sharps were extremely affable to the young man, and, delighted with his new acquaintances, he invited them all to sup with him at the "Maison Dorée" restaurant.

The invitation, as may readily be imagined, was accepted with pleasure. The repast was worthy of the host. No expense was spared to make the entertainment worthy of such agreeable companions.

To prolong the pleasure of so charming a reunion a game at cards was suggested, and bouillotte being proposed, was received with acclamation.

While the card table was being prepared the three sharps managed to have a little private conversation, and, by the advice of "Candour," they agreed that, in order to draw on the provincial, and induce him to play high, they should allow him to win at starting to the extent of 3,000fr. (£120), after which they would fleece him without remorse.

The game began, and appeared to promise well for the sharps; the young man placed on the table a well filled pocket-book, and took out of it a note for 500fr. (£20), which he staked.

Fortune, assisted by the three sharps, seemed to smile on the young countryman, and in a short time he found himself the possessor of the sum it had been agreed he should be allowed to gain.

"Upon my word, gentlemen," exclaimed he, putting the notes he had just won into his pocket-book, "I am so ashamed of having such a wonderful run of luck, that I am determined to work it out, so as to give you the chance of at least winning back your money. Come! I won't stake henceforth less than 1,000fr. (£40)."

Scarcely had he uttered these words, however, when, drawing out his handkerchief from his pocket, the young man held it up to his nose, which had begun to bleed violently.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said he. "I will be with you again directly. I shan't ask more than five minutes grace, for this little weakness, to which I am very subject, very seldom lasts longer than that." So saying, he left the apartment, leaving his pocket-book on the table. "Candour," filled with compassionate interest, rushed after his friend, professedly to see if he could be of any assistance to him, but in truth to bolt with him as fast as their legs could carry them.

The rich provincial, in point of fact, was neither more nor less than a Parisian sharper, with whom "Candour" had concocted a scheme to rob his accomplices of 3,000fr. The bleeding at the nose and the pocket-handkerchief stained with blood were the denouement of the comedy, the first act of which had taken place in the saloon of the Opera-house.

Let us, however, return to the restaurant to see and hear what is taking place there.

"I say, Patoche," said one of the rascals who had remained behind, to his comrade, eyeing at the same time the well-filled pocket-book on the table, "fortune favors us beyond our hopes. Let us suppose we have already won the yokel's bank notes. Let's pay ourselves and be off."

"Yes, but," said the other, "you forget, the bill must be settled before we can go."

"Good gracious! What a simpleton you are! Let us pay the bill, the pocket-book will reimburse us for any money we advance."

"But suppose we should meet the owner?"

"Well, what could he say to us? We were on our way to meet him, to return him his pocket-book, which he left on the table."

"True; I understand; he could only thank us for so doing. A very good idea."

The two rogues then asked for the bill, gave the waiter a handsome fee, and hastened downstairs. Just as they reached the bottom of the staircase, the one who had the pocket-book in his possession stopped short.

"I say, Patoche, another thought strikes me. Go back and tell the waiters that we shall wait for our friends at the Café Richo to continue our game. This will give us time to get clear off with our prize."

No sooner had Patoche hastily departed up the stairs to execute his errand, than his companion vanished with the well-garnished pocket-book.

Which of these two biters was the most sharply bitten?

The pocket-book was full of waste paper; the bank notes won had been cleverly abstracted by the pretended countryman.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MADAME PATTI has arrived in England.

MDME. PAULINE LUCCA's health is far from satisfactory.

THE competitions at the Quebec Academy of Music will take place on the 28th June next.

WM. FARREN, jun., has left this continent to fulfil his engagement with Miss Geneviève Ward.

MDME. NILLSON intends to return to the stage for several years to repair the pecuniary losses she has suffered.

BALIL and Bijon, the spectacular drama which had such an unparalleled success at Covent Garden some years ago, has been revived at the Alhambra.

A QUARREL has arisen between Sardou and the municipality of Nice over some expressions in his play of *Odette* reflecting upon that town.

ON the 10th inst., Mr. and Mdme. Oscar Martel, assisted by their pupils, will give a concert at Nordheimer's Hall.

ON the following day the Philharmonic Society give their second concert of the season.

SONNET.

(Translated from Alfred de Musset.)

E'en if the bitter martyrdom of love
By this dead heart could be endured once more,
E'en if a flower of hope might bloom above
My life's true pathway, as in days of yore;

RIDDLES.

BY REV. FREDERICK R. MARVIN.

That our riddles are degenerating into mere
jeu d'esprit is a great calamity. When the
solemn questions of life and destiny are changed
into idle conceits, of what consequence can it be
how they are answered? The fatal riddle of the
sphinx was no matter of wit and laughter.

The sphinx is drowsy,
Her wings are furled;
Her ear is heavy,
She broods on the world.

She will continue to "brood on the world,"
every moment demanding "the fate of the man-
child and the meaning of man." They who
solve the riddle of their own humanity save
themselves and others, while all who fail are de-
voured. It was no shrewd guess on the part of
Oedipus—he was the answer, and in self-recognition
he solved the problem. It took the right
man, but the moment of necessity was needed to
bring him out. That moment, so fatal to all
the fools in Thebes, was the coronation of
Oedipus. For nothing should a wise man return
deeper thanks than for necessity. It brings him
in contact with himself, disciplines his affections,
ripens his understanding, strengthens his nature
and enriches his experience; it thrusts
goodness and greatness upon him—it does more,
it reveals to him the goodness and greatness
latent in his nature. A moment of necessity is
worth an age of opportunity. Ohnesargen's
sphinx in six volumes shows us how the riddle
is fallen from its high place. A riddle is now
only a conundrum, and often a very coarse one
at that. The "Demands Joyous," the treatise
of the Abbé Cotiro, whose modesty did not prevent
him from assuming the title, "Le Pere de
l'Enigme," and the Mercure de France all bear
witness to the degradation of the riddle.

Samson's riddle is personal and comes nearer
to our idea of an enigma, but the men of his
time were deeply exercised over its solution.
"Samson said, 'Out of the eater came forth
meat, and out of the strong came forth sweet-
ness.' And they could not in three days ex-
pound the riddle. And it came to pass on the
seventh day, that they said unto Samson's wife,
'Entice thy husband, that he may declare unto
us the riddle, lest we burn thee and thy father's
house with fire.' And Samson's wife wept be-
fore him and said, 'Thou dost but hate me, and
lovest me not: thou hast put forth a riddle unto
the children of my people and hast not told it
me.' And he said unto her, 'Behold I have not
told it my father nor my mother, and shall I tell
it thee?' And she wept before him the seven
days, while their feast lasted; and it came to
pass on the seventh day that he told her, be-
cause she lay sore upon him; and she told the
riddle to the children of her people. And the
men of the city said unto him on the seventh
day before the sun went down, 'What is sweeter
than honey? and what is stronger than a lion?'
And he said unto them, 'If ye had not ploughed
with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle.'—Judges xiv., 14-18. The riddle was
one of rare ingenuity, and in the original could
be turned in every conceivable direction with-
out disclosing its true meaning. It was clear
as glass, and yet so obscure that the Philistines
utterly failed to solve it until they ploughed
with Samson's heifer. The riddle has a curious
parallel in the German story of a woman who
interceded for her husband. The man was under
sentence of death, but the judges promised to
release him if his wife would give them a riddle
they could not solve. The woman remembered
that she had that day passed a dead horse by
the roadside, and that between its ribs was a
bird's nest containing six young birds,
which she took with her. She therefore pro-
pounded this riddle:

As ik hia glag, as ik wedder kam,
Den Lebendigen ik uet den Doden nam.
Sins (seels) de ginges de Saawten (den siebenten) quit,
Raet to, gy Herren, nu ist 't.

* As I came along, I took the living out of the dead;
six got quit of the seventh; guess away, my masters,
now is the time.

The judges had no heifer to plough with, and
so the culprit was released.

Some of Solomon's Proverbs are, strictly
speaking, riddles. Josephus describes a contest
in riddles, in which Solomon vanquished Hiram,
King of Tyre, and was himself defeated by one
of Hiram's subjects. An English writer calls it
a philosophical gambling match. Large sums
of money were lost and won at ancient riddle-
matches. The "hard questions" with which
the Queen of Sheba proved Solomon are believed
to have been riddles. Erasmus thinks the
Saviour employed the riddle in Matthew xii.,
43-45. We have a riddle in Revelation xiii.,
16, and a challenge to its solution in the eight-
eenth verse. The Syriac of Theocritus is a
famous example of the classic enigma. Homer's
death is said to have been caused by mortifica-
tion at not being able to solve a riddle. The
most inexplicable riddle of the ancients is called,
from a Latin inscription at Bologna, "Aelia
Laelia Crispis," and may be translated into Eng-
lish thus:

AELIA LAELIA CRISPIS.

Neither man, nor woman, nor androgyne;
Neither girl, nor boy, nor old;
Neither wife nor maid;
But all (of these).

Carried off neither by hunger, nor sword, nor poison;
But by all (of them).
Neither in heaven, nor in the water, nor in the earth;
But biding everywhere.

LUCIUS AGATHO PRISCUS.

Neither the husband, nor lover, nor friend;
Neither grieving, nor rejoicing, nor weeping;
But all (of these)—

This—neither a pile, nor a pyramid, nor a sepulchre
That is built, he knows and knows not (which it is).
It is a sepulchre containing no corpse within it;
It is a corpse with no sepulchre containing it;
But the corpse and the sepulchre are one and the same.

—Translated by E. Cobham Brewer.

Oriental riddles are mostly in the form of
poetry; even the impromptu "cup-question,"
given out at a festival or banquet, must be in
verse. When the riddle was published the au-
thor appended the answer "up-side-down." Here
are two illustrations from Hariri, elegantly trans-
lated by Rev. William R. Alger:

It is a more prodigious tree,
A weaker man it seems to be.
It is its fate to join with all
The solid things upon this ball.
But with the falling of its foe—
How strange it is!—itself doth go.

When the sun dies,
The shadow dies.

What dried-up stick, before or since the food,
Was turned into a thing of flesh and blood!

When the staff did Moses make
A staff and staff and staff make

One of the best forms of the riddle is the ana-
gram, specimens of which may be found in He-
brew literature. The ancient Jews ascribed to
it cabalistic and occult qualities. Plato enter-
tained curious superstitions with regard to it,
and thought that every man's destiny might be
discovered from his anagram. The solemn
Puritans employed it in sermons and hymns,
and for political purposes. Thus Cotton Mather,
extolling the virtues of John Wilson, the first
pastor in Boston, speaks of

His care to guide his flock and feed his lambs
By words, works, prayers, psalms, aims and anagrams.

Camden has devoted considerable space in "Re-
mains" to the subject of anagrams, and a very
pleasing chapter on both anagrams and echo-
verses may be found in Disraeli's "Curiosities
of Literature." The best of all anagrams is that
which changes Pilate's question to our Saviour—
"Quid est veritas?"—into the only true answer,
"Et vir qui adest." The author of the famous
anagram is unknown, but he was certainly a
very devout and skilful artist in words. Some
of the most ingenious and interesting of the
many anagrams on record are: Charles James
Stuart (James I.), claims Arthur's Seat; Marie
Touchet (Mistress of Charles IX.), Je charme
tout; Frère Jacques Clemeint (assassin of Henry
III.), C'est l'enfer qui m'a crée; Georgius
Monke, Dux de Aumar, Ergo regem reduxit
Ano. Sa. mdcxlv; Sir Roger Charles Doughty
Tieborne, Baronet, You horrid butcher,
Orton, biggest rascal here; Horatio Nelson,
Honor est Nilo. Lady Eleanor Davies, wife of
the poet Sir John Davies, thought herself a pro-
phetess, because she found in her name the ana-
gram "Reveal, O Daniel!" She published a
number of mad predictions of questionable pa-
triotism which brought down upon her the ven-
geance of the authorities. The discovery of the
following anagram robbed the good lady of her
dear delusion—"Dame Eleanor Davies, never
so mad a ladie!" It was a better anagram than
the first, which had an L that did not belong to
it, and was wanting by an S. Frenzelius, an
eccentric German, boasted that for fifty years he
had kept up the practice of celebrating, by way
of obituary, the names of distinguished persons
"called down into the grave," and that in every
case he had produced a successful anagram. He
tells us that the cheerful occupation was at-
tended with physical torments resembling the
death-pangs of the persons whose names he ana-
grammatized.

The modern riddle is generally a puzzle—
sometimes it is little more than a coarse jest.
Having no object in view but that of amuse-
ment it is so arranged as to provoke laughter.
Here is a specimen from the sixteenth century—
riddles have not improved since then: "What
is the worst bestowed charity that one can give?

Alms to a blind man; for he would be glad to
see the person hanged that gave it to him." Here
is a riddle in the form of a conundrum and bear-
ing evidence of very recent construction: "Why
is this insurance policy a contradictory thing?
Because when I can't sell it I can-see it; and
when I can-see it I can't sell it." Schiller
sought to restore the riddle to its original re-
ligious solemnity, and he succeeded so far as to
invest it with a certain literary finish, but no
farther. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has given
us one of the most ingenious of rhymed rid-
dles.

"I'm going to blank," with falling breath,
The falling gladiator said;
Unconquered, he "consents to death;"
One gasp—the hero's soul has fled.
"I'm going to blank," the school-boy cried;
Two sugared sweets his hands display—
Like snow-flakes in the ocean tide
They vanish, melted both away.
Tell with one verb, or I'll tell you,
What each was just about to do.

From a dozen answers to the above we select
two:

"Succumb," the gladiator groans,
And breathes away his life with moans;
"Snuck 'em," the school-boy cries in glee—
You needn't, Dr. Holmes, tell me—SUCKER.

This blank, blank verse is well, no doubt;
Although it breathes a Holmesian strain;
But certain facts have been left out,
Which mark this interesting twain.
Obedient to some mystic plan,
Like language still their lips employ—
"I'm gladiator," sighs the man,
"I'm glad I ate 'em," cries the boy.
And he whom mortal thrust hath pricked
Quite fails his rival to outdo,
For while he owns he's badly licked,
The school-boy boasts that he's licked two.

THE LAWYER WHO WOULDN'T GET UP.

An amusing story of Daines Barrington, Re-
corder of Bristol, is related by one of the Eng-
lish press. Having to appear for a plaintiff in a
case at Clonmel, he let into the defendant in
unmeasured terms. The individual inveighed
against not being present, only heard of the in-
vectives. After Barrington, however, had got
back to Dublin, the defendant, a Tipperary man,
named Foley, lost no time in paying his compli-
ments to the counsel.

He rode all day and night, and covered with
sleet, arrived before Barrington's residence in
Harcourt street, Dublin. Throwing the reins of
his smoking horse over the railing of the area,
he announced his arrival by a thundering knock
at the door. Barrington's valet answered the
summons, and opening the street door, beheld
the apparition of the rough-coated Tipperary
fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm, and
the sleet sticking to his bushy whiskers.

"Is your master up?" demanded the visitor,
in a voice that gave some intimation of the object
of his journey.

"No."
"Then give him my compliments, and say
Mr. Foley—he'll know the name—will be glad
to see him."

The valet went upstairs and told his master,
who was in bed, the purpose of his visit.

"Then don't let Mr. Foley in, for your life,"
said Barrington, "for it is not a hare nor a
brace of ducks that he has come to present me
with."

The man was leaving the bedroom, when a
rough, wet coat pushed by him, and a thick
voice said:

"By your leave," and at the same time Mr.
Foley entered the bedroom.

"You know my business, sir," said he to
Barrington. "I have made a journey to teach
you manners, and it's not my purpose to return
until I have broken every bone in your body,"
and at the same time he cut a figure of eight with
his skillful hand before the cheval-glass.

"You do not mean to say you would murder
me in bed?"

"No," replied the other; "but get up as
soon as you can."

"Yes," replied Daines, "that you might fell
me the moment I put myself out of the blan-
kets."

"No," replied the other; "I pledge you my
word not to touch you until you are out of
bed."

"You won't?"

"No."

"Upon your honour?"

"Upon your honour."

"This is enough," said Daines, turning over
and making himself comfortable, and seeming
as though he meant to fall asleep. "I have the
honor of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as
safe as though I were under the Castle guard."

The Tipperary salamander looked marvelously
astonished at the pretended sleeper, but soon
Daines began to snore.

"Halloa!" said Mr. Foley; "ain't you going
to get up?"

"No," said Daines; "I have the word of an
Irish gentleman that he will not strike me in
bed, and I am sure I am not going to get up to
have my bones broken. I shall never get up
again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you
should want your breakfast, ring the bell; the
best in the house is at your service. The morn-
ing paper will be here presently, but be sure and
air it before reading, for there is nothing from
which a man so quickly catches cold as reading
a damp journal." And he affected to go to
sleep.

The Irishman had fun in him as well as feroc-
ity; he could not resist the cunning of the
counsel.

"Get up, Mr. Barrington, for in bed or out of
bed I haven't the pluck to hurt so droll a heart."

The result was that in less than an hour after-
ward Daines and his intended murderer were sit-
ting down to a warm breakfast, the latter only
intent upon assaulting a dish of smoking chops.

THE SAVILE CLUB.

The Savile Club is a comparatively modern
but cozy and characteristic institution. It is
located in Savile Row, the quietest of by-ways,
yet but a step from Piccadilly, and almost in
the rear of Burlington House and the lively
bustle of the Burlington Arcade. The dainty
booths and bazars of the Arcade, wherein every-
thing from a walking-stick to an eyeglass can be
bought, are dear to the hearts of Londoners in
exile. When I congratulated a late Governor
of the Bahamas upon the earthly paradise to
which he had been transferred, he expressed his
hatred of banishment in this wise: "My good
sir, I would rather have a half-hour in Bur-
lington Arcade than a whole season in Nassau,"
which I took to be the unconscious Mayfair
equivalent of a hackneyed line in "Locksley
Hall." A turn through the Arcade, and you
are speedily in Savile Row, where the grass
would soon crop out between the stones were it
not for the chariot wheels of those who are fitted
to their coats at Poole's. The young London
writers as they take their lunch are little like to
envy the patrons of the swell tailor; their clothes
have at least the easy work-a-day grace to which
Poole's can never attain—that which becomes
the garb of the gentleman and scholar whom
nine tailors could not model, and this with all
due respect to every craft. The Savile is essen-
tially a literary club, compact of writers, critics,
journalists, and of poets a goodly number in-
deed; now and then a poet's publisher, like
Mr. Kegan Paul, who takes his pick among
them, from the laureate to the youngest of those
who reach for the laurel, and who has every
claim to their fellowship in his capacity as an
author and metrical translator. His article upon
George Eliot is fresh in the minds of the readers
of this Magazine. The Savile does not approach
our Century in years and wealth, and in the
number of prominent lawyers, divines, college
professors, and the like, belonging to it, nor
does it pay special attention to art, and count
some fifty artists upon its muster-roll. But it
is equally a literary club, and a comfortable,
unpretentious haunt for working men of letters.
A nice feature of their usual life is the lunch
which your London writer, even in the civil
service, feels it his prerogative to enjoy at mid-
day, the best, to my mind, of English meals,
with its joint and salad, cheese and beer; and
at the Savile I counted upon meeting not only
native Londoners, but stray writers who chanced
to be in town, such as young Stevenson, who
told that idyllic story of his gypseyings with a
donkey in the Cévennes, and two of my own
countrymen—George W. Smalley and Hans
Breitmann—who, I think, were regular members
of the club.—E. C. STEDMAN, in Harper's Ma-
gazine for May.

VARIETIES.

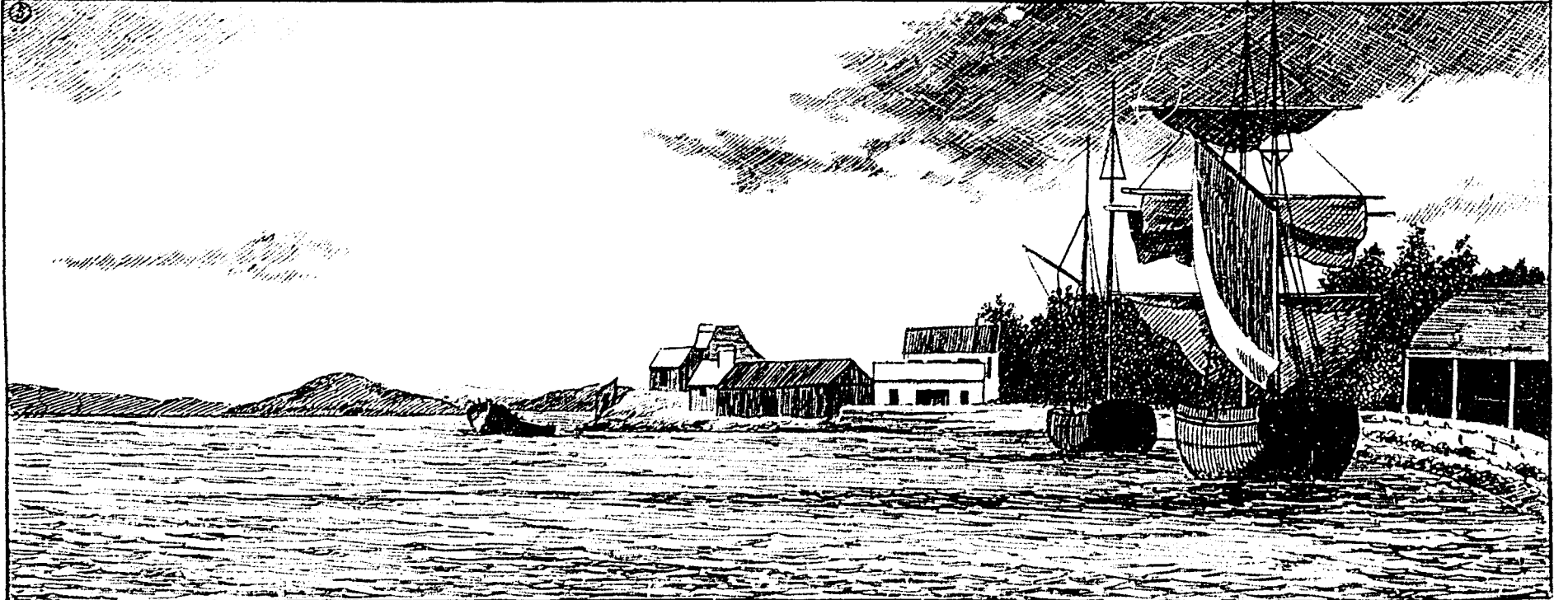
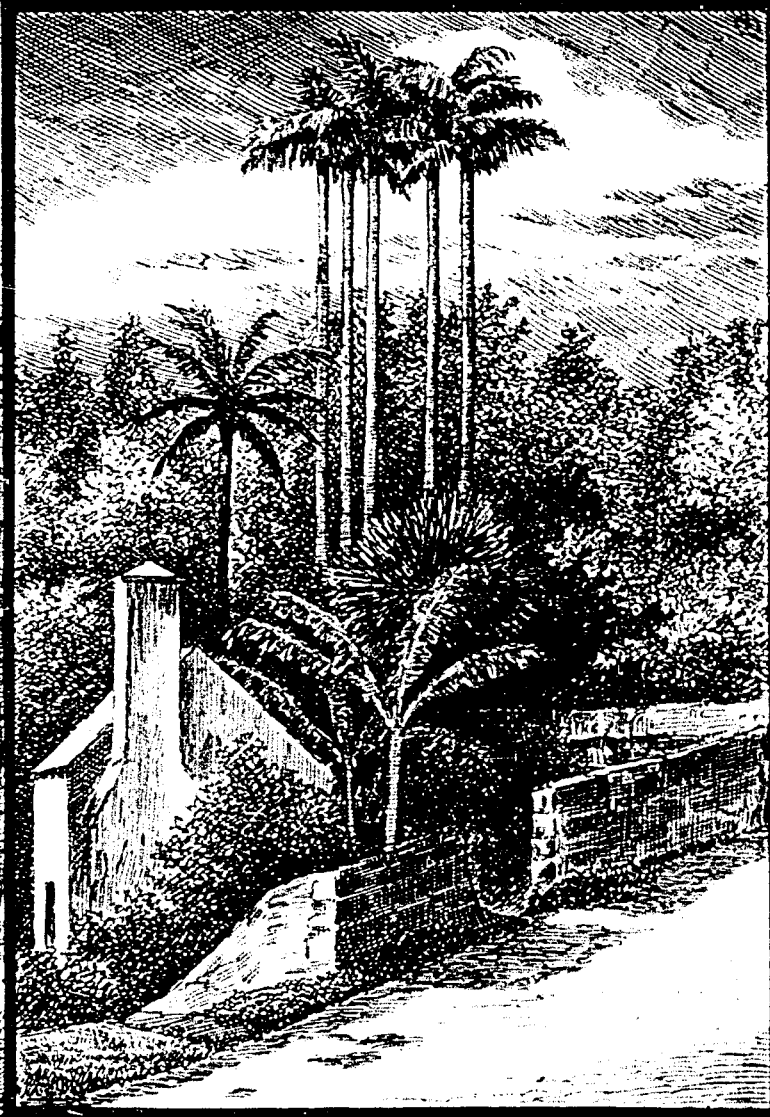
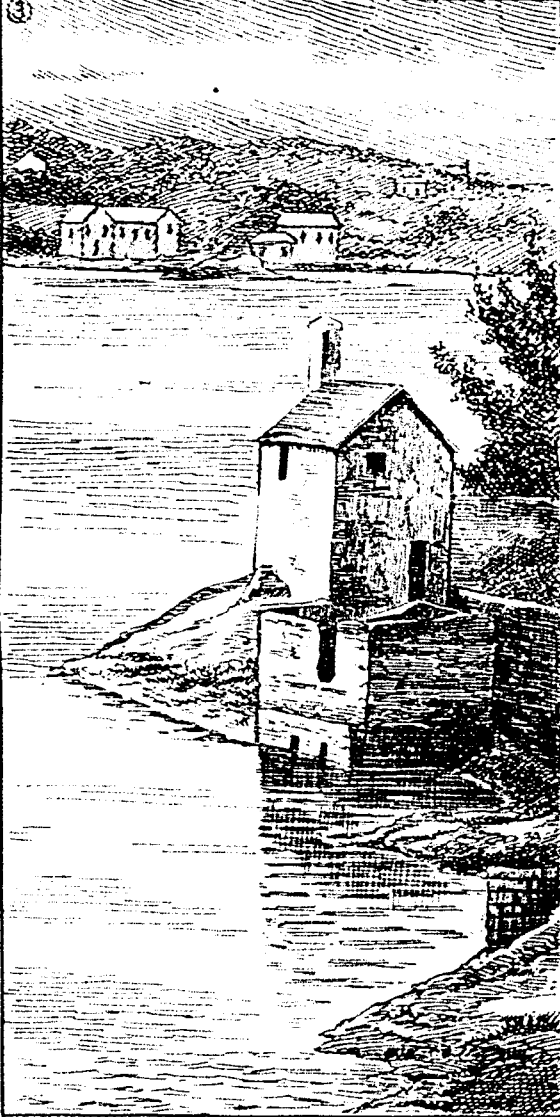
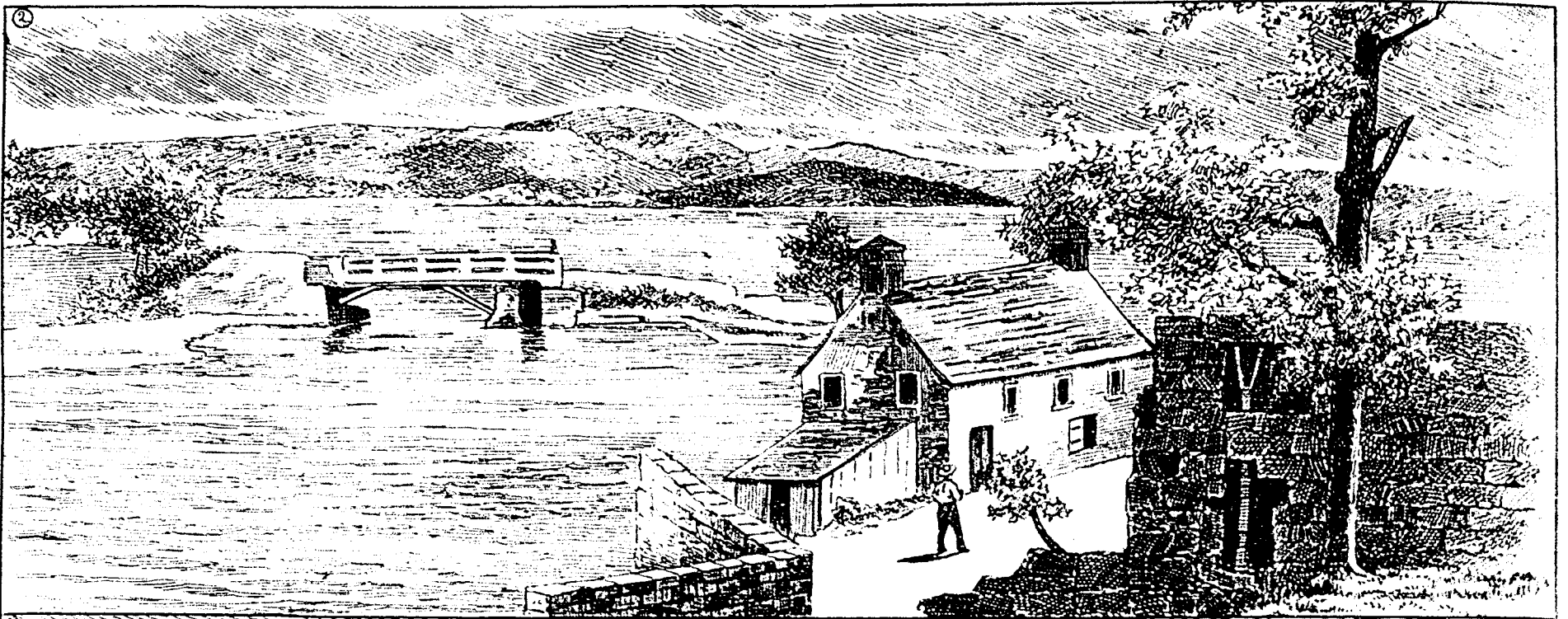
CHEEK.—What is known as "cheek" is, if
remarkable, charming, provided you are not the
victim of it. And this country can show some
amazing examples of it. The story is told of an
American visiting Montreal, who gave a waiter
a silver trade dollar as a fee. Said the waiter,
"Sir, did you intend to give me a dollar?" "I
did." "Well, sir, this coin is at a discount. I
can only take it for ninety-two cents. Eight
cents more, please."

WHEN Morice Margorot was tried for sedition,
Lord Justice Clerk Brayfield, who always talked
broad Scotch upon the bench, said "Ha' ye
ony counsel, mon?" "No." "Do ye want tae
ha' eony appointit?" "No; I only want an inter-
preter to make me understand what your lord-
ship says." This was received with a burst of
laughter by the whole court, in which his lord-
ship heartily joined.

ON an interesting occasion, an intending Be-
nedict appeared in such a bemuddled condition
that the clergyman was obliged to refuse to pro-
ceed with the marriage. A few days later, the
same thing occurred with the same couple,
whereupon the clergyman gravely remonstrated
with the bride, and said they must not again
present themselves with the bridegroom in
such a state. "But, sir, he—he winna come
when he's sober," was the candid rejoinder.

As the car sped up Shawmut Avenue, his arm
began to steal around her waist, and his head
inclined lovingly, unconscious of observation.
Just as the car approached Sawyer-street the
conductor thrust his head inside, and shouted
" Sawyer" close to Hayseed's head. The latter,
hastily drawing himself into form, indignantly
remarked, "You needn't hev howled it through
the car, if you did. We're engaged!" and the
rest of the freight set their faces towards the
driver and grinned.

TWO OF A TRADE.—Scene—Helensburg Pier:
artist and house-painter with traps leaving Gare-
loch steamer. House-painter: "I see you're a
brother brush." Artist, annoyed: "Imph!"—
sarcastic. "Is figure or landscape your forte?"
H. P.: "Architectural. A wis pentin' the in-
side o' a stable the day. What were you busy
at?" Artist: "I gave the first coat to the out-
side a loch, second-coated a couple of villages,
a few pine-trees, and a hill-side, and finished a
thunder-cloud and a flash of lightning." H. P.:
"Goodness gracious! Piecework, I suppose?"



1. The Cabbage Palms.

2. The Flats Village.

3. Pitt's Bay.

4. Coming to Anchor.

5. Hamilton Harbour.

SKETCHES IN BERMUDA, No. II.—DRAWN BY T. HENRY CARTER.—(SEE PAGE 291.)



SPRING TIME.—(SEE PAGE 291.)

MARRIAGE, AND THE CARE OF IT.

Johnny said to Mollie, in the Summer weather, As they pulled ripe strawberries in the patch together, "I have got some cattle, I've a little dwelling, Cabbages and berries, that are sure of selling, And I love you, Mollie—you've been long aware of it. What say you to marriage, marriage, and the care of it?"

"True, my house is lonely, we shall have no neighbour, Early morn and late at night we shall have to labor, Wedding's not all sunshine, and we shall have our [crosses];

Farming 's not all profit, we shall have our losses: Life is full of trouble, we must have our share of it. Mollie, will you dare it, marriage, and the care of it?"

"Now the times are good, and the days are sunny, But we shall have storms, and we shall want money; And there's no insurance against wrong or sorrow, And we cannot say what may come to-morrow. Yet I love you, Mollie—you've been long aware of it. What say you to marriage, marriage, and the care of it?"

"No, dear John, I thank you, and I won't dissemble, What you say of marriage, puts me in a tremble. Just a single woman, I've enough of trouble, Should I not be foolish if I made it double? Though I love you, John, I had best beware of it. And 'thanks' for showing me all the toll and care of it."

"Ah! but Mollie dear, there's the sweet affection, There's the comfort, love, of a man's protection; There's our own fire-side,—and dark or sunny weather, We will work, and hope, and live happily together. Take me, Mollie, darling! Just you make a dare of it— Love shall sweeten marriage, and make light the care of it."

Then she laid her hand in his—said, "I'll take my share of it; When you speak of Love, dear John, I don't mind the care of it."

When you speak of home, of joy and grief together, I can walk beside you, John, fair or stormy weather, I have not a single fear—marriage, and the care of it, Is a burden light enough, if Love bear a share of it."

THE ETHICS OF VIVISECTION.

It is to be regretted that the question of "Vivisection" should still call for further discussion. It was reasonably hoped that after the result of the inquiry by a Royal Commission, and the subsequent legislation, physiologists might have been permitted to pursue their investigations, hindered only by the law as it now stands. This expectation was the more reasonable inasmuch as physiologists have loyally accepted the restrictions of the Act in question. But the anti-scientific agitation continues. Some opponents of physiological inquiry maintain that experiments on living creatures are altogether cruel, immoral, and disgraceful, and should therefore be entirely suppressed; others, yielding to the evidence of the importance and usefulness of these inquiries, but misled by a laudable dislike to the infliction of pain, would limit much more the sanctions of the law, and reduce these studies almost to a nullity; others, uninfluenced by either of these considerations, are opponents of vivisection, as they would be of all other scientific progress. Baking dogs alive! How horrible and disgusting! would be a natural exclamation. What purpose could there be in anything so cruel? This we shall see directly. Again, Lord Coleridge, apparently referring to these experiments on fever, says:—"I deny altogether that it concludes the question to admit that vivisection enlarges knowledge (of course not, but it concludes one important step in our argument). I do not doubt that it does, but I deny that the pursuit of knowledge is in itself always lawful; still more, I deny that the gaining knowledge justifies all means of gaining it. (Who ever pretended that it does?) To begin with, proportion is forgotten. Suppose it capable of proof that by putting to death with hideous torment three thousand horses, you could find out the real nature of some feverish symptom, I should say without the least hesitation, that it would be unlawful to torture the three thousand horses." Now, why, it may be asked, does Lord Coleridge, for the purpose of his argument, select horses, and why so large a number as three thousand? He must know that the horse has been but little experimented upon in the investigations respecting animal heat and fever, and then under the influence of ether, and therefore without suffering; the operation consisting in a division of the branches of the sympathetic nerve in the neck whilst the animal is insensible; so that the supposition of three thousand horses and hideous torment is an exaggerated supposition, out of proportion to facts—misleading, and in no way conducive to a fair judgment on the question at issue. From the expression "baking dogs alive" anyone unacquainted with the subject would suppose that experiments upon animal heat and fever involved hideous torment, and from Lord Coleridge's expression, "to find out the real nature of some feverish symptom," that these dreadful doings were for a trifling object. But a few words of explanation will put this matter in a different light. In the whole range of nature there is a no more wonderful fact than the uniformity of the temperature of the blood in health in the different warm-blooded animals. In man, dogs, cats, foxes, seals, &c., this temperature is uniform, whether they be living at the Equator or the Poles, whether in summer or winter, whether in activity or repose, whether fasting or recently fed, provided they are in health. In birds the natural temperature is higher by several degrees Fahrenheit than in warm-blooded quadrupeds; and it is a curious fact, that if the blood of the latter be raised to the temperature of the blood of birds, the result is fatal. For instance, if a dog be put into a heated chamber, and his blood be raised to ten degrees higher than in health (the natural temperature of, e. g.

a swallow's blood), the animal quickly dies; and the same happens to man, whether this increase of temperature arise through injury or disease. The animal or man is, under such circumstances, "baked alive." Now, yearly in this country, more than twenty thousand persons, children and others—mostly children—die of scarlet fever; and nearly twenty thousand more of typhoid fever; and one of the chief causes of this mortality is the high temperature of the blood, which results from the disturbance due to the fever process. To use Bernard's expression, "le fait le plus important de tous, celui qui domine tous les autres, celui qui constitue le véritable danger, c'est la chaleur." No wonder, therefore, that physiologists and physicians have anxiously and laboriously occupied themselves in investigating that mechanism of the living body which in health maintains so constant a temperature under varying circumstances, both internal and external, and which becomes so easily and fatally deranged in disease. Thanks to the very intelligent and exact experiments of Bernard, part of this complicated machinery has been traced out; but the whole matter is so beset with difficulties that the wonder is, not that they have explained so much. Those who carp and cavil may perhaps ask why, if these experiments are so useful, have we not been able more certainly to control this fever state? The answer at present must be that the end is not the beginning; and that the complexity of one of the most wonderful of the many wonders of our frame is not to be fully unravelled in twenty years. The subtlety of nature in a living organism demands the labors of many and various intellects before we can hope to obtain even a small instalment of the reward of their labors. A living body is not a common piece of machinery, framed and fashioned from without; it is evolved from within, and every portion, even to the smallest, is a system in itself. Bernard, in these experiments on fever, sacrificed two pigeons, two guinea-pigs, less than twenty rabbits, and six dogs. One might think that the slaughter of even three thousand horses (if they were suitable for the purpose) by a process far less painful than that by which thousands are sacrificed in war, would not be unjustifiable if thereby the machinery for regulating animal heat could be fully discovered, and the power of controlling fever put into our hands. Granted that such a sacrifice of life would only be becoming under the sanction and direction of very high intelligence; that provided, it would not be an extravagant price to pay for the redemption of even a part of those who die annually of fever, as Miss Cobbe says, "baked alive." The twenty thousand deaths from scarlet fever, and the twenty thousand from typhoid fever, constitute but a small part of the annual deaths in this country in which the high temperature of the blood is a fatal factor. The febrile state must have arrested attention from the infancy of man. The mothers of a paleolithic age must have watched their children consumed to death in it, as do the mothers of to-day. The name of this fiery state is as old as literature. Physicians have never been weary of writing on the symptoms of it. The thermometer we now use at the bedside bears the name of Fahrenheit, who, a century and a half ago, in concert with the famous physician Boerhaave, made exact investigations upon the subject. But it is only during this century, through the labors of many observers both in this country and abroad, and prominently of Sir Benjamin Brodie, that the actual conditions producing and controlling animal heat are becoming known. This fiery furnace, with its uncounted millions of victims, science hopes to close. And it is quite reasonable to believe that the time will come when fever will be as much under our control as are the movements of a chronometer.—Nineteenth Century.

BULL-FIGHTS IN MADRID.

In every crowd and café you see the tall, shapely, dark-faced, silent men with a cool, professionally murderous look like that of our border desperadoes, whose enormously wide black hats, short jackets, tight trousers, and pigtailed braided hair proclaim them *chulos*, or members of the noble ring. Intrepid, with muscles of steel, and finely formed, they are very illiterate. We saw one of them gently taking his brandy at the Café de Paris after a hard combat, while his friend read from an evening paper a report of the games in which he had just fought, the man's own education not enabling him to decipher print. But the higher class of these professionals are the idols, the demi-gods, of the people. Songs are made about them, their deeds are painted on fans, and popular chromas illustrate their loves and woes; people crowd around to see them in hotels or on the street as if they were heroes or star tragedians. Pet dogs are named for the well-known; and it was even rumored that one of the chief swordsmen had secured the affections of a patrician lady, and would have married her but for the interference of friends. Certain it is that a whole class of young bucks of the lower order—"Arrys" is the British term—get themselves up in the closest allowable imitation of bull fighters, down to the tuft of hair left growing in front of the ear. The *espadas* or *matadores* (killers), who give the mortal blow, hire each one his *cuadrilla*—a corps of assistants, including *picadores*, *banderilleros*, and *punterillo*. For every fight they receive one hundred dollars, and sometimes they lay up large fortunes. To see the sport well from a seat in the shade, one must pay well. Tickets

are monopolized by speculators, who, no less than the fighters, have their "ring," and gore buyers as the bull does horses. We gave two dollars apiece for places. Nevertheless, the route to the Place of Bulls is lined for a mile with omnibuses, tartanas, broken-down diligences, and wheezy cabs to convey the horde of intending spectators to the fight on Sunday afternoons; a long stream of pedestrians files in the same direction, and the showy turn-outs of the rich add dignity to what soon becomes a wild rush for the scene of action. The mule bells ring like a rain of metal, whips crack, the drivers shout wildly; and at full gallop we dash by windows full of on-lookers, by the foaming fountains of the Prado, and up the road to the grim Colosseum of stone and brick, set in the midst of scorched and arid fields, with the faint peaks of the snow-capped Guadarrama range seen, miles to the north, through dazzling white sunshine.

Within is the wide ring, sunk in a circular pit of terraced granite crowned by galleries. The whole great round, people'd by at least ten thousand beings, is divided exactly by the sun and the shadow—*sol y sombra*: and from our cool place we look at the vivid orange sand of the half-arena in sunlight, and the tiers of seats beyond, where swarms of paper fans, red, yellow, purple, and green, are wielded to shelter the eyes of those in the cheaper section, or bring air to their lungs. No connected account of a bull tourney can impart the vividness, the rapid changes, the suspense, the skill, the picturesque, or terror, of the actual thing. All occurs in rapid glimpses, in fierce, dramatic, brilliant, and often ghastly pictures, which fade and re-form in new phases on the instant. The music is sounding, the fans are fluttering; amateurs strolling between the wooden barriers of the ring and the lowest seats; hatless men are hawking fruit and aguardiente—when trumpets announce the grand entry. It is a superb sight: the picadores with gorgeous jackets and long lances on horseback, in wide Mexican hats, their armor cased legs in buckskin trousers; the swordsmen and others on foot, shining with gold and silver embroidery on scarlet and blue, bright green, saffron, or puce-colored garments, carrying cloaks of crimson, violet, and canary. At the head is the mounted *alcaznil* in ominous black, who carries the key of the bull-gate. Everything is punctual, orderly, ceremonious.

Then the white handkerchief, as a signal, from the president of the games in his box; the trumpet-blast again; and the bull rushing from his lair! There is a wild moment when, if he be of good breed, he launches himself impetuous as the ball from a thousand-ton gun directly upon his foe, and sweeping around half the circle, puts them to flight over the barrier or into mid-air, leaving a horse or two fallen in his track. I have seen one fierce Andalusian bull within ten minutes kill five horses while making two circuits of the rings. The first onset against a horse is horrible to witness. The poor steed, usually lean and decrepit, is halted until the bull will charge him, when instantly the picador in the saddle aims a well-poised blow with his lance, driving the point into the bull's back only about an inch, as an irritant. You hear the horns tear through the horse's hide; you feel them go through *yourself*. Ribs crack; there's a clatter of hoofs, harness, and the rider's armor; a sudden heave and fall—disaster!—and then the bull rushes away in pursuit of a yellow mantle flourishing to distract him.

The banderilleros come, each holding two ornamental barbed sticks, which he waves to attract the bull. At the brute's advance he runs to meet him, and in the moment when the huge head is lowered for a lunge he plants them deftly, one on each shoulder, and springs aside. Perhaps, getting too near, he fails, and turns to fly; the bull after, within a few inches. He flees to the barrier, drops his cloak on the sand, and vaults over; the bull springs over too into the narrow alley, whereupon the fighter, being close pressed, leaps back into the ring light as a bird, but saved by a mere hair's-breadth from a tossing or a trampling to death. The crowd follow every turn with shouts and loud comments and cheers. "Go, bad little bull!" "Let the picadores charge!" "More horses! more horses!" "Well done, Gallito!" "Time for the death! the matadores!" and so on. Humor mingles with some of their remarks, and there is generally one volunteer buffoon who, choosing a lull in the combat, shrieks out rude witticisms that bring the laugh from a thousand throats.

But if the management of the sport be not to their liking, then the multitude grow instantly stormy: rising on the benches, they bellow their opinions to the president, whistle, stamp, scream, gesticulate. It is the tumult of a mob, appeasable only by speedier blood-shed. And what blood-shed they get! A horse or two, say, lies lifeless and crumpled on the earth; the other, with bandaged eyes, and sides hideously pierced and red-splashed, are spurred and whacked with long sticks to make them go. But it is time for the banderilleros and after that for the swordsmen. He advances, glittering, with a proud, athletic step, the traditional *chigauon* fastened to his pigtail, and holding out his bare sword, makes a brief speech to the president: "I go to slay this bull for the honor of the people of Madrid and the most excellent president of this tourney." Then throwing his hat away, he proceeds to his task of skill and danger. It is here that the chief gallantry of the sport begins. With a scarlet cloak in one hand he attracts the bull, waves him to one side or the other, baffles him, re-invites him—in fine, plays with and controls him as if he were a kitten,

though always with eye alert and often in peril. At last, having got him "in position," he lifts the blade, aims, and with a forward spring plunges it to the hilt at a point near the top of the spine. Perhaps the bull recoils, reels, and dies with that thrust; but more often he is infuriated, and several strokes are required to finish him. Always, however, the blood gushes freely, the sand is stained with it, and the serried crowd, intoxicated by it, roar savagely. Still, the "many-headed beast" is fastidious. If the bull be struck in such a way as to make him spout his life out at the nostrils, becoming a trifle too sanguinary, marks of disapproval are freely bestowed. One bull done for, the music recommences, and mules in showy trappings are driven in. They are harnessed to the carcasses, and the dead bulks of the victims are hauled bravely off at a gallop, furrowing the dirt. The grooms run at topmost speed, snapping their long whips; the dust rises in a cloud, enveloping the strange cavalcade. They disappear through the gate flying, and you wake from a dream of ancient Rome, and her barbarous games come true again. But soon the trumpets flourish; another bull comes; the same finished science and sure death ensue, varied by ever-new chances and escapes, until afternoon wanes, the sun becomes shadow, and ten thousand satisfied people—mostly men in felt sombreros, with some women, fewer ladies, and a sprinkling of children and babies—through homeward.—GEORGE P. LATHROP, in *Harper's*.

THE STUDENTS AND THE YANKEE.

Some waggish students of Yale College were regaling themselves one evening at the Tontine, when an old farmer from the country entered the room, and, taking it for a bar-room, inquired if he could obtain a lodging there. The old fellow, who was a shrewd Yankee, saw at once that he was to be made the butt of their jests; but quietly taking off his hat, and telling a worthless little dog he had with him to lie under a chair, he took a glass of proffered beverage. The students anxiously inquired after the health of the old man's wife and children, and the farmer, with affected simplicity, gave them the whole pedigree, with numerous anecdotes regarding his farm, stock, &c. "Do you belong to the Church?" asked one of the wags. "Yes, the Lord be praised; and my father before me." "Well, I suppose you would not tell a lie?" replied the student. "Not for the world." "Now, what will you take for that dog?" pointing to the farmer's cur, which was not worth his weight of Jersey mud. "I won't take twenty dollars for that dog." "Twenty dollars! Why, he's not worth twenty cents." "I assure you I would not take twenty dollars for him." "Come, my friend," said the student, who, with his companions, was bent on having some capital fun with the old man; "now, you say you won't tell a lie for the world, let me see if you will do it for twenty dollars. I'll give you twenty dollars for your dog." "I'll not take it." "You will not! Here, let me see if this won't tempt you to a lie?" added the student, producing a small bag of half-dollars, from which he commenced counting numerous small piles upon the table. The farmer was sitting by the table with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned. "There," added the student, "there are twenty dollars, all in silver, I will give you that for your dog." The old farmer quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and, as quick as thought, scraped all the money into it except one half-dollar, and then exclaimed, "I won't take your twenty dollars; nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth. He is your property." A tremendous laugh from his fellow-students showed the would-be wag that he was completely "rowed up," and that he need not look for help from that quarter, so he good-naturedly acknowledged himself beaten. The student retained his dog, which he keeps to this day as a lesson to him never to attempt to play tricks on men older than himself, and especially to be careful how he tries to wheedle a Yankee farmer.

HUMOROUS.

VISITOR—"Sally, what time do your folks dine?" Sally—"Soon as you go away—that's Miss's orders."

It is said the prairie dog will dig 200 feet for water. There are other sly dogs who will go as many rods for whisky.

A CINCINNATI man who had \$55 stolen from him, received a note with \$25, saying, "I stole your money. Remorse naws at my conscience, and I send some of it back. When remorse naws again I'll send you some more."

On'y a face at the window,
Only a swain with a lute,
Only an irate paternal,
Only a double soled boot.

Only a twang, as of tuning,
Only a door on the jar,
Only an awful collision,
Only a chuckling papa.

Stars of the Summer night!
Far in you azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Boy with the muddy boot!
Which o'er the carpets creeps,
Gather yourself and soot!
She sweeps!
My lady sweeps!
Sweeps!

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

HE.
She gave me a rose at the ball to-night,
And I—I'm a fool, I suppose,
For my heart beat high with vague delight:
Had she given me more than the rose!

I thought that she had, for a little while,
Till I saw her—fairest of dancers—
Give another rose, with the same sweet smile,
To another man, in the Lancers.

Well, roses are plenty and smiles not rare;
It is really rather audacious
To grumble because my lady fair
Is to other men kind and gracious.

Yet who can govern his wayward dreams?
And my dream, so precious and bright,
Now foolish, broken, and worthless seems,
As it fades, with her rose, to-night.

SHE.
I gave him a rose at the ball to-night—
A deep red rose, with fragrance dim,
And the warm blood rushed to my cheeks with fright,
I could not, dared not, look at him.

For the depths of my soul he seemed to scan;
His earnest look I could not bear,
So I gave a rose to another man—
Any one else—I did not care.

And yet, spite of all, he has read, I know,
My message—he could not have missed it;
For his rose I held to my bosom, so,
And then to my lips, while I kissed it.

—The Century.

WHOM TO MARRY.

Don't marry a rich man. I put this first, because, after long and weighty reflection, I have arrived at the conclusion that the principal virtue a man can possess is to be rich. A rich husband is like a wild buffalo, excessively difficult to catch, and excessively disagreeable when you have caught him. Leave ten million dollar men to foolish girls who don't know better; do you be satisfied with a one million dollar man. If he has made his own money, then he is stingy; if he hasn't made it, then he is a spendthrift. In either case he is sure to be intolerably conceited and thoroughly spoiled. Don't marry a rich man unless you have as much money as he has, for the first time he quarrels with you he will throw his magnanimity in marrying you in your teeth, and never let it out of your sight again. Above all, avoid that ambulating museum of monstrosities, caprices, and absurdities—a rich man who is the only son of his mother. He has been educated at home, under private tutors, and then, if an Englishman, sent to spend his money at Oxford; if an American, to spend it in Paris, and I don't know which produces the worst effects. Remember this, too—that every man is under the thumb of the woman who flatters him the most subtly. There is a no more subtle flatterer of a man than his mother; no wife has a chance against her. Don't marry a popular man. The man who knows everybody and is known by everybody; who calls all the young ladies "my dear child," all the young men his "boys," and every one in general his "dearest friend." The man who squeezes your hand tremendously the first time he meets you, and tells you he feels on affinity for you. The man who adapts himself in all things to all men, who interests himself in your smallest affairs, and draws out your confidence like a poultice. The man who buys horses and cigars for his masculine acquaintances, and chooses toilettes, diamonds, and drawing-room furniture for his feminine ones. The man who gets invitations to balls and introductions to "swells" for everyone. The man who arranges picnics. The man who tells comic anecdotes, sings comic songs, and gets up charades, round games, and dances; who is the centre of attraction wherever he goes, and whom everybody calls "a delightful person" and an "invaluable acquisition." Don't be tempted to try and bind that acquisition to your private chariot-wheels. Depend upon it after he has married you he will be everybody's slave, treasure, and joy—except yours. The man cannot always be charming, so he will unbend himself to you—he will take it out of you. Don't marry an economical man. The man who turns up his trousers at the ankles when there is a spot of mud on the pavement, and who will run a mile after an omnibus if he is caught in a shower, rather than take a cab, or, if he does take one, haggles with the driver over his fare.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.
J. G. A. Montreal, P. Q.—Letter received. Thanks. The game shall appear next week.

We are desirous of giving a few words of advice to some of the competitors in the Commercial Cincinnati Correspondence Tourney, which, we trust, they will consider as intended to be of some service to them in their enterprise, and save them from a few disagreeable things which may be easily avoided. Our advice is only intended for those of the competitors who have never entered a contest of this nature before, as we presume that those who have had experience in correspondence play have learnt all that is necessary for their own comfort and convenience. Much may be gained by orderly arrangement as regards the receiving and forwarding of moves. The playing of six games simultaneously by correspondence

is no trifling matter. We would recommend our inexperienced friends to distribute the receiving and forwarding of the moves as much as possible over a certain portion of time, say a week, and thus lessen the chance of their being overladen with work at a moment's notice, and compelled to send off replies, the soundness of which might be a subject of doubt. The legibility of the writing describing a move sent or received is of great importance. Every competitor should feel bound to give special care to this point. A competitor in a late correspondence tourney received a post card, the writing on which had been blurred by the Post Office mark. The move sent was Q to K 7, but it was so defaced as to appear Q to K sq, a move which could then have been made, and not an unlikely one. The reply was in accordance with the misinterpretation, but it led to the loss of the game. The receiver contended that a move once sent could not be withdrawn, and the referee gave a similar decision.

Punctuality in sending moves according to the time rule should be strictly attended to, and will do much to maintain that good feeling between contending parties which is one of the chief pleasures connected with chess of every description.

And now a few words with reference to chess playing by correspondence. There can be no doubt as to its being beneficial to those who enter a tourney merely for the purpose of practice in the game, and also, it may be said to be of advantage to those who love the pastime, but in order to produce in a learner all the qualities that enter into the composition of a first-class chessist, there is nothing like chess over the board; and success in tourney play is no evidence of chess skill of a high order. In tourney play, the competitor who has the most time at his disposal has much in his favor. He can analyze his positions to his heart's content, the pieces can be moved about to produce any number of combinations, and there is little chance of his making what is called a hasty move. A mere beginner in chess at the commencement of a tourney game, should he have the move at starting, may play by the aid of some elementary book, sixteen or more of the best moves, yet devised by first-class analysts, in the particular opening he may choose; and in many works he will find illustrative games, that will aid him in some cases still further.

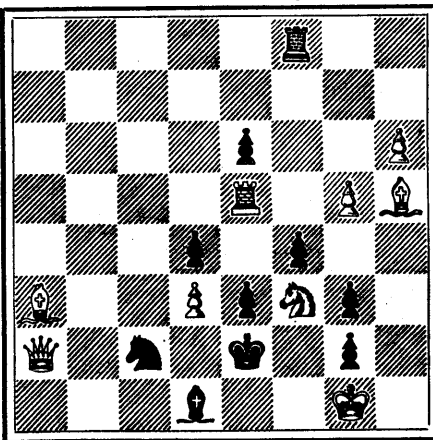
Chess over the board between two opponents, equal, or nearly so, in strength, the time limit, a common-sense one, and strict attention to the rules of the game, constitute the perfection of play in our noble game; and he who is able in a short space of time to grasp all the dangers and advantages of his position and that of his opponent, is the true chess player.

What the good general is on the field of battle, the good chess player is before the chess-board. Correspondence play will do something to make the latter, but not much.

PROBLEM NO. 380.

By G. J. Slater.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 378.

- White. 1. B to K 4 2. Q mates
Black. 1. Any

GAME 507TH.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played recently in a match between Messrs. A. J. Laughton and D. F. Macdonald, of the Adelaide Chess Club.

White.—(Mr. Laughton.) Black.—(Mr. Macdonald.) (Two Knights' Defence.)

- 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to B 4 4. P to Q 3
5. Castles 6. P takes P 7. B takes Kt 8. Kt to B 3
9. R to K 10. B to Q Kt 5
11. P to Q R 3 (B Q 2) 12. P takes B 13. B to B 5 14. P to K R 3 15. Q takes B 16. Q R to Q 17. H to K 3 18. B to Kt 5!

An ingenious retort, which must win something. 18. R takes Q 19. R takes R P
Giving up the exchange seems the wisest course. 20. P takes R 21. R to K 2 22. R from Q to K 23. K to Kt 2 24. P to K B 4

- 19. B takes Q 20. R takes B 21. P to K B 4 22. K to B 2 23. K to B 3
24. R to K 25. R takes P (best) 26. Kt takes R 27. Kt to B 5 28. Kt to Q 3

Capital. Black dare not take on account of R to K 6 (ch)

- 25. P takes P (ch) 26. R takes R 27. P to Q 4 28. P to R 4
29. R takes B 30. P to K B 4 31. P to K R 4 32. P to Q R 3 (fine) 33. P to Q R 3 34. P to B 3 35. K to B 4 36. P to Kt 5 37. P takes P 38. K to B 5 39. P to Kt 6 40. K to B 6 41. P takes P 42. P to Kt 7

Mr. Macdonald is now in his element, and he well displays his skill in end games. His manoeuvring for position in this ending is worthy of special attention.

- 29. K to B 3 30. P to Q 5 (bad) 31. R takes Kt 32. K takes P 33. P to Q B 4 34. P to B 3 35. K to B 3 36. K to K 3 37. P takes P (ch) 38. K to B 2 39. K to Kt 2 40. K to Kt 41. P to B 5 42. P to B 4

And White resigns.

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Penitentiary Supplies.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the Office of the Warden of St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, endorsed "Tenders for Supplies," till thirteenth (13th) day of May, 1882, at twelve o'clock noon, from parties willing to enter into a contract to supply the Institution with such quantities of the following articles, viz.: Meats, Flour, Groceries, Dry Goods, Flannel and Woolen Cloth, Forage, Leather and Findings, Coal and Coal Oil, as may be required for consumption at the Prison, from the 1st July, 1882, to 30th June, 1883.

The Flour to be inspected and branded before delivery. All supplies accepted, subject to the approval of the Warden, from whom any further information may be obtained. Samples of the Tea, Sugar, Syrup, Tobacco, Coal Oil and Dry Goods, will be required.

The real signatures of two responsible parties, willing to enter into a bond with the principal for the faithful performance of the contract, must be given in the tender, forms of which may be obtained from the Warden, and no others will be accepted.

Parties tendering will state the price asked for delivery at the Penitentiary.

They will also be required to make out the extension of the price on the tender form for the specified quantity of each article required.

GODFREI LAVIOLETTE, Warden.

Penitentiary, April 29th, 1882.

No other paper to copy above advertisement.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT upon the paid up capital stock of this Institution, has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, and at its branches on and after,

Thursday 1st day of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May next, both days inclusive. The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, will be held at the Bank on Monday the 5th day of June next. The chair to be taken at one o'clock.

By order of the Board.

A. MACNIDER, Assistant General Manager.

Montreal, 25th April, 1882. \$777 a year and expenses to agents. Outfit free Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

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Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

MAY, 1882.

Table with columns: DELIVERY, MAILS, CLOSING. Rows include destinations like OTTAWA BY RAILWAY, QUEBEC, THREE RIVERS, and various local mail routes.

Mail for St. Thomas, W.L. Brazil, Argentine Republic, and Montevideo will be despatched from Halifax, N.S., once a month—date uncertain.

Mails leave New York by Steamer: For Bahamas Islands, April 19th. "Bermuda, April 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th. "Brazil, April 5th and 11th. "Cuba and Porto Rico, April 8th and 23rd. "Cuba, Porto Rico & Mexico, April 6th, 20th & 27th. "Cuba and W. I., via Havana, April 15th and 29th. "Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, April 25th. "South Pacific and Central American Ports, April 10th, 20th and 29th. "Windward Islands, April 5th and 20th. "Venezuela and Curacao, April 15th.

Mails leave San Francisco: For Australia and Sandwich Islands, April 6th. For China and Japan, April 19th.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GIBB, F. BOWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau, (10 SPENCER STREET), WHEN ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in NEW YORK.



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TELEGRAPH LINES.

SELKIRK TO EDMONTON.

NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Noon on WEDNESDAY, the 17th day of MAY next, in a lump sum, for the purchase of the Government Telegraph Line (embracing the Polea Wires, Insulators and Instruments), between Selkirk and Edmonton.

The conditions to be that a line of telegraph communication is to be kept up between Winnipeg, Humboldt, Battledore and Edmonton, and that Government messages be transmitted free of charge.

The parties tendering must name, in addition to the lump sum they are prepared to give for the telegraph line, the maximum rate of charge for the transmission of messages to the public.

P. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, (Ottawa, 18th April, 1882.)

OUR NEW PACK FOR 1882. 50 All Chromo Cards, (Extra fine Black) Artistic designs of the Sea, Floral, Sea-view, Wreath, Landscape, Gold & Silver panel, Bird Motto, Butterfly, Moonlight, Summer & Winter Scenes, all in beautiful (ink and gold) colors, with your name in fancy type, 10c. Sample Book of 50 only \$1.00 for 1882, 25c. 40c per copy paid. Agents, or beautiful prices given for clubs. Full particulars with every order. OATTON PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.



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Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Timber for Lock Gates," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails, on THURSDAY the 11th day of MAY next, for the furnishing and delivering, on or before the 31st day of October, 1882, of Oak and Pine Timber, sawn to the dimensions required for the construction of Lock Gates for the new Locks at Greece's Point, Grenville Canal, and the new Lock at St. Anne, Ottawa River.

The timber must be of the quality described, and of the dimensions stated on a printed bill which will be supplied on application, personally or by letter, at this office where forms of Tender can also be obtained.

No payment will be made on the timber until it has been delivered at the place required on the respective canals, nor until it has been examined and approved by an officer detailed to that service.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$300 must accompany each tender, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract for supplying the timber at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, P. BRAUN, Secretary. Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 1. to April, 1882.



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Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1882.

Trains will run as follows:

Table with columns: MIXED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows list train routes between Hochelaga, Ottawa, Quebec, St. Jerome, Joliette, and Hull, with departure and arrival times.

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