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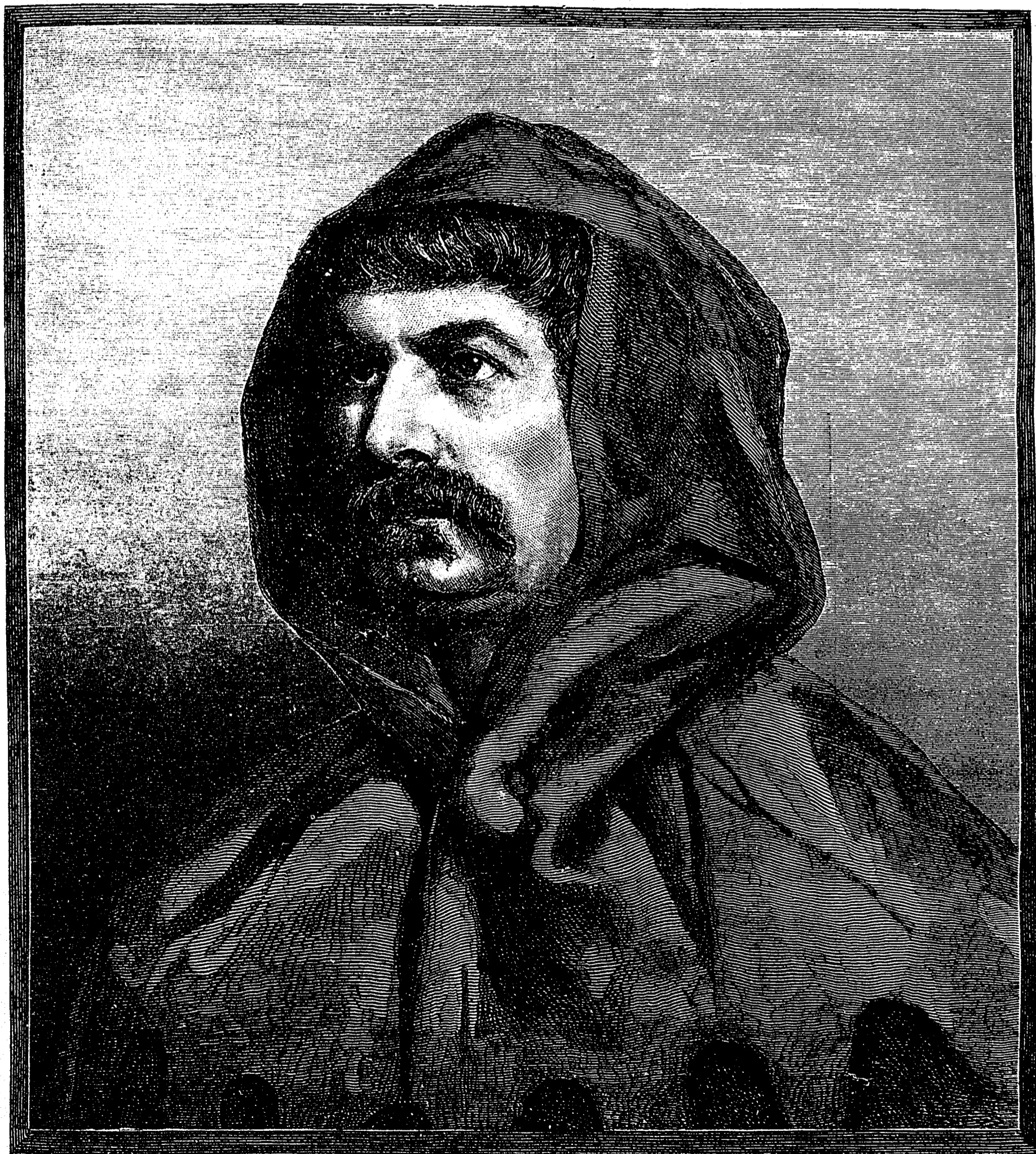
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Illustrated News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1881.

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STUDY OF A HEAD.—FROM THE PAINTING BY H. I. H. THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY, (PRINCESS ROYAL.)

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1880				
Oct. 16th, 1881.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon.	50°	40°	45°	Mon.	60°	46°	53°
Tue.	49°	32°	40°	Tue.	67°	49°	58°
Wed.	52°	43°	47°	Wed.	66°	58°	62°
Thur.	68°	47°	57°	Thu.	55°	37°	46°
Fri.	46°	32°	39°	Fri.	62°	38°	50°
Sat.	54°	38°	46°	Sat.	56°	44°	50°
Sun.	50°	49°	54°	Sun.	59°	43°	51°

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MISCELLANEOUS.—News of the Week.—Our Illustrations.—Review and Criticism.—Summer and Autumn.—Nemours.—The Largest Farm in the World.—Echoes from London.—Miscellaneous.—Humorous.—Up a Backwater.—In Love with a Maniac.—Musical and Dramatic.—First Love.—The Highland Land Steward.—Echoes from Paris.—Heart and Home.—Varieties.—Lett Unsaid.—The Piece That Was Lost.—Literary and Artistic.—Foot Notes.—They All Do It.—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 22nd, 1881.

THE WEEK.

The Toronto journalists, in response to the invitation of the members of the press in this city, are to visit us next Saturday to play a return match of lacrosse. We trust that Mr. VENNOR will see the propriety of providing better weather for the occasion than he succeeded in doing for last Saturday's match. We shall see at all events whether the much-cried-up "influence of the press" will be a sufficient check upon Jupiter Pluvius. Otherwise the word may have to be read "influenza."

The question of what is to be done in the matter of "corners" is becoming a most serious one. Facility of communication and unlimited command of capital enable certain firms with large business connections to establish "corners" in articles of universal consumption and of absolute necessity. One cotton corner recently levied tribute upon the entire cotton manufacturing interest of Great Britain. Another cotton corner has been formed to affect the Liverpool market. There is a corner in beans. In this connection the Armour corner in pork last year will be recalled, as well as the subsequent corner in lard. The present speculation in grain in Chicago is probably the greatest corner known to modern commercial operations. It is the universal nature of these products in which the danger lies, and it is becoming obvious that society will have to protect itself against such an artificial augmentation of prices in the case of the necessities of life. It is otherwise than with legitimate speculation. The capitalist who anticipates the future by buying grain when it is cheap, to sell when it is dear, equalizes prices and is a public benefactor. The speculator who increases the price of food in a period of scarcity benefits the community by preventing waste and enforcing an economy which makes the supply of food last the longer. There would be more famines if there were fewer grain speculators. But a corner is not a legitimate speculation. It is an artificial raising of prices by the employment of the power of capital, which has no utility and no justification. It is using the power which wealth gives to rob the consumer, and society needs to declare war against the principle, and, if possible, prevent the practice.

"Those of you who have been in Newgate"—as Artemus Ward used to begin, stammering out his apologies for the misconstruction which might be put upon his words,—those of you who have been in Newgate, as visitors presumably, will enter its walls no more, in that or any other capacity. The fates have decreed that the dingy old pile, still affectionately termed by London thieves the "stone jug," shall vanish from the earth, and the ill-favored liquor, which for centuries it has contained, be transferred to other receptacles. The historic pile, which Ainsworth and his followers have immortalized, and which the undying feats of Jack Sheppard have imprinted on the memory of every dime novel reader, is about to be even as Babylon and other equally disreputable glories of the past. On the whole there is little to regret. It is a misfortune for a prison to be surrounded by romantic associations, and we cannot conscientiously recommend the perusal of the Newgate Calendar in the bosom of our families. But a more direct reason for its removal may be found in the defective sanitary arrangements of the locality, which render it an unsuitable site for a great prison. If its demolition be regretted by the "profession" and the young gentlemen who devour the garbage of the Police Gazette and the dime novel writers, these are members of the community whose mortification can easily be endured, and whose own disappearance could be supported with scarcely less equanimity than that of Newgate itself.

The genius of the West is not yet dead. Neither are all the liars in that favoured region, which is at once the fascination and the despair of the ordinary traveller. Until to-day the possession of a chicken soup spring in one of the territories was considered a piece of unusual good fortune, and in the language of the country "hard to beat." But chicken soup is nowhere in comparison with the latest wonder. A spring has been discovered in Arkansas which pours forth a fluid resembling in flavour and effect the best old apple brandy. The village of Witherspoon in consequence has experienced a "boom," while the inhabitants have freely "sampled" the spring, the effects of which are said to be most striking, the new intoxicant being "way ahead" of even old Bourbon. The condition of the townfolk clearly proves the truth of the anecdote, which, however, we could not in reason have doubted, seeing the extreme suitability of the locality for such a gift of Providence. It is said that a remarkable lift has been given to immigration in consequence.

The quarterly returns of the British Board of Trade show that £1,300,000 sterling in excess of the corresponding period of last year has been added to the wealth of Great Britain. Notwithstanding the heavy influx of gold to this country, there is a marked decline in American exports and a large increase in imports. This fact is not calculated to inspire the commercial community with the belief that American prosperity is indefinitely assured. The indications are rather the other way, and even the American journals recognize the significance of these facts.

All work and no play, as the old adage tells us, is apt to produce very unsatisfactory results. With this the world has learned to agree, and a certain proportion of our lives is devoted to play as of necessity. It is the more strange, then, that in the training of our children we assume, as it were, that the working side of life is the only one which possesses any importance, or for which any schooling is necessary. We endeavour to teach our children how to work, we superintend their studies, exact the performance of their daily tasks, and then we turn them loose into the playground to complete their education for themselves. Yet a few years later we recognize how important a part in a man's life is the manner in which he

spends his leisure time. It is often the most important part of the day to him—it is often the most dangerous. And the training needed to make this leisure time of value should begin, as it rarely does, early in life. The parent should feel as responsible for the charge of his children in their play hours as in any others, and should endeavour, without interfering with natural spontaneity, so to arrange the spending of them as to assure the use of the many faculties that are not called into exercise during school or working hours. Nature gives us many hints as to the methods of doing this. The child craves vigorous exercise, asks innumerable questions, mimics the actions of its elders, seeks the companionship of other children. All these desires, if judiciously gratified, may supply the child-life with happy resources, and lead him gradually to provide for his own leisure time with the same care. The youth thus brought up will be in little danger of being led away into unwholesome and immoral pleasures. If he learns to stem the current for a definite port, he will not drift into perilous channels. He will respect his leisure as much as his labour and prepare for it as carefully. He will not be willing to become so absorbed in one pursuit as to neglect other claims, nor to relinquish for the sake of any imagined benefit, those periods of freedom from labour and care which are at once a source of enjoyment and a means of development.

STUDY OF A HEAD.

This picture, now in the London Water-color Exhibition, is a striking work by the Crown Princess of Germany, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria. Last year she exhibited two studies, of Frederick the Great and his sister, which the London Times described as fine. Like all the royal family of England, this imperial lady has sought to cultivate her artistic taste. (Queen Victoria herself, more particularly when she still had the companionship of her accomplished husband, devoted much time not only to music, but to the art of etching, in which she attained—(for we have seen specimens)—no inconsiderable skill. Her children not only possess a hereditary love for art, but received under their father's care a careful artistic training. The Princess Royal exhibited her first picture in 1857, in aid of the soldiers' fund after the Crimean war. The late Princess Alice was perhaps more literary than artistic. It is said that the most accomplished of the sisters is the one whom devotion to her mother has kept out of public sight—the Princess Beatrice. One of the Christmas books of this year will be a birthday book illustrated by her. The designs are said to be charmingly executed, and represent by their appropriate flowers the twelve months of the year. The Princess Christian also has displayed her talents with the chisel. As the Prince of Wales bought Sara Bernhardt's pictures, his taste had better be described as undeveloped; he has, like George III. and George IV., considerable taste in music. The musician of the family, however, is the Duke of Edinburgh, who is far above the usual standard of amateur violinists. He plays regularly in the Philharmonic orchestra, and has appeared in public as a soloist. Princess Maud, the youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales, although only twelve years old, shows extraordinary vocal powers, and is so devoted to her musical studies that her parents have to restrain her enthusiasm. Prince Leopold, on whose advice his mother relies more than on that of any other of her children, but is condemned by his state of health to a life of comparative seclusion, has great literary abilities. Last, but not least, we may mention our own, the Vice-Queen of Canada, who under the teaching of Mrs. Thornycroft displayed far more than ordinary talent with the chisel, and is in no sense inferior to her elder sister with the brush.

At Burlington House a bust of the Queen executed by the Princess Louise was pronounced one of the most remarkable works of an unassisted amateur. Her picture, "In Aid of Sufferers," represents a plain strew with dead and dying, ministered to by Sisters of Charity, with burning houses illumining the darkness.

AT THE RESTAURANT.

"This is the porter house is it?" asked the sad passenger sitting at the corner table in the restaurant.
"Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who was tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porter house steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir."
"Do you cut porter house steak from behind the horns this year?" asked the sad passenger with the intonation of a man who wanted to know.
"Sir?" said the waiter.
"It seemed to be a trifle tenderer last year," the sad passenger went on, with the air of

a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past, "but I remember now; it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porter house steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the sirloins from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where they cut the porter house between the horns, and this one reminds me of them. Animal dead this steak came from!"

"Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter; "course, sir. He was butchered, sir."
"Butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman swear. Well it was time he was killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped into the steak, no doubt, while you were slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"
The waiter looked puzzled.
"Why, sir," he said, "they ain't nothing left of 'em, when customers gets through with 'em, sir."
"Possible?" said the sad passenger; "what becomes of them?"
The waiter looked nervous.
"What?" he said, "the customers eat them, up."
The sad passenger looked up with an air of interest.
"Incredible!" he exclaimed; "cannot accept your statement without proof. They may hide them under their chairs, or secrete them in their napkins, or they may carry them away in their pockets to throw at burglars, but I cannot believe they eat them. Here, let me see one of them eat this and I will believe you. Trust me, good waiter, I—"
But the waiter pointed to a placard inscribed "positively no trust," and went to the cashier's desk to tell the boss to look out for the man at the corner table, as he didn't seem to be satisfied with his steak and had asked for trust.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Garfield fund is to be closed on Saturday next.
An American Exchange is to be established in Paris.
Epidemic fever is carrying hundreds of daily in the Punjab.
The British ship *Edwin Abbey* has been wrecked in the China Sea.
The Land League is putting a general stop to hunting throughout Ireland.
Edison has been awarded five gold medals at the Electric Exhibition at Paris.
Jesse James, of Chicago, has inaugurated a crusade against the grain gamblers.
The meeting of the Emperors of Austria and Russia is to take place on Tuesday next.
SIXTEEN persons are being tried at Leipzig for treason and infringing the Socialist laws.
A TEXAS highwayman has been sentenced to ninety-nine years in the penitentiary.
The latest outrage in Ireland is mixing needles with the food of boycotted farmers' cattle.
The Viceroy of India telegraphs that Yuzuf Khan has left Candahar with a large force for Girishek.
The whole of the new State Bank issue of Russia, amounting to 190,000,000 roubles, has been subscribed.
SIR GARNET WOLSELEY says the channel tunnel, if completed, would be a lasting source of danger to England.
A SUIT for \$3,000,000 has been entered against the Standard Oil Company for unpaid taxes and penalties.
The Marquis of Waterford has applied to the Land Commissioners to have the rent of two of his tenants increased.
A LARGE pork-packing house in Philadelphia has fallen a victim to the Chicago grain corner to the tune of a million.
The damage resulting from the recent fire in the Fourth Avenue car stables in New York amounts to nearly 4,000,000.
A NEW plot against the Czar's life has been discovered, Nihilist telegraph operators having disclosed to the conspirators information regarding the intended journeys of the Czar.
AN extensive system of bribery and corruption, it is found, has been carried on in the transport and commissariat service during the Afghan campaign, and has led to the arrest of several influential bankers in India.

HUMOROUS.

SYNONYMS for the announcement of births, marriages, and deaths continue to be multiplied by ingenious journalists. One paper styles them "Babies, Brides, and Bodies."
Joys of the Seaside.—Brown: "What beastly weather! And the glass is going steadily down!" Local tradesman: "Oh, that's nothing, sir. The glass has no effect whatever on our part of the coast!"
The man who "usually got" when married, recently led No. 7 to the altar, and when asked for the ring, replied, "Parson, I've hookt onto six 'em without a ring, and I reckon we kin git along this time. I'll try and remember it in future, though."

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

"DAMEN'S GHOST" is a book that takes a good deal of reading—at least so I found it; it may be otherwise with those who are sufficiently interested in the laws of the State of New York to wade through the vicissitudes of a certain piece of property, the history of whose (is that right?) legal wanderings form the mainstay of the plot. I can only express my hope that the legal knowledge of the writer (I am utterly ignorant of such matters myself) may be greater than the classical learning of her heroine, who may be gently informed that the name of the gentleman who leapt into the gulf was Quintus, not Mettus, Curtius. My dear young lady, where ever did you light upon that remarkable name. If your desire to find a word commencing with an "M" was superior to any considerations of historical accuracy, you might at least have called him by a Latin name. And, by the way, do New York young ladies say "I don't know as I will." "I don't know—as they do, but I hope not." (Round Robin Series.)

MESSES. APPLETON'S last issue in fiction is the "Bloody Chasm," by J. W. de Forest, of which I may say that the name is worse than the book. It is a sufficiently ingenious tale, perhaps in parts a little too ingenious, of a marriage between a violent partizan of the South and a Northern connection. The wife consents to the union only on the understanding that they shall part without ever seeing one another, immediately after the wedding, which takes place in the dark. The husband makes use of subsequent opportunities to make love to his wife under an assumed name, and the climax is, of course, their conciliation of the happy pair. The state of Charleston immediately after the war is graphically described, as is the bitterness of feeling between the North and South, in which the women took the lead. On the whole the book is worth perusal, and the style, though marred by a few vulgarisms, is easy and pleasant throughout. (Dawson Bros., Montreal.)

A BOOK of Canadian poems is not quite such a novelty as it was a few years since, yet it naturally awakes a certain interest apart from its contents. Such interest in the case of the book before us ("The Times and other Poems," by J. R. Newell), is not doomed to be disappointed. Mr. Newell writes pleasantly and thoughtfully, and if he does not soar to the realms of imaginative poetry, he has at least mastered the art of conveying his thoughts in easy flowing rhyme. That this and little more is his object may be gathered from the preface, which is quite a gem in itself and will bear reproduction here, as a specimen of his style.

The hopes, the fears—the virtues and the crimes,
The joys, the woes—realities and dreams,
The loves, the tumults—shadows and the gleams
Of past and present, constitute my rhymes,
Which echo back the songs of other times,
And catch the hues and momentary beams
Of long forgotten days, whose lightness seems
Unreal thus in unpassioned climes.
But Thou, my own Muse, in whose truth
My soul confides, wilt never deem it vain
To me so many hours thus to have spent;
For here survive the better dreams of youth,
And here dead hopes and fancies live again,
To cheer the wilderness of discontent.

The reader too will, or we are mistaken, think that the time spent has not been wasted, and will read with pleasure much that follows. (Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.)

THE latest addition to Appleton's Handy Volume series is devoted to "Ralph Waldo Emerson," and comes from the pen of Alfred H. Guernsey.

THE discussion of "The Christian Religion," by Col. Ingersoll and Judge Black, which was commenced in the August number of the *North American Review*, is continued in the November issue of that publication. Col. Ingersoll now replies to the strictures of his opponent, and presents much more fully than he has ever before done the logical grounds for his opposition to Christianity. The article will be received with interest by those who have read the first part of the debate, as well as by all those who believe that the cause of truth is best advanced by free discussion. An early number of the *Review* will contain an exhaustive reply. In a symposium on Presidential Inability, four of our most eminent jurists, Judge Thomas M. Cooley, the Hon. Lyman Trumbull, Prof. Theodore W. Dwight, and Gen. B. F. Butler, discuss the several weighty problems arising out of Article 2 of the Constitution. "England's Hereditary Republic" is the title of a significant paper contributed by the Marquis of Blandford, and Senator George F. Hoar writes a statesmanlike article on "The Appointing Power" of the President of the United States.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

TORONTO, ahead of the world in so many respects, is not to be behind it in the matter of a "Zoo." The article in question is of recent importation, but of undoubted value, and as one of the latest glories of the Queen City of the west we reproduce a drawing of it on another page. For the drawing in question we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Arthur Elliott, at present staying in this city, some of whose sketches of Western Ontario we hope to shortly place before our readers.

As a pendant to the illustrations of Halifax which have appeared in recent numbers of this journal, we give this week an engraving of the Government House, from a drawing by Mr. James Weston, A. R. C. A.

Although late in appearing we think that our allegorical tribute to the memory of the late President of the United States will not fail to be appreciated as a memorial of one whose touching fate awakened an interest in all our hearts. The *motif* of the composition is described in the foot note, being founded upon an incident noticed in connection with the funeral, viz., the floral offering of our own Queen.

The silhouettes taken from animal life by F. Specht have been often commented upon before in these columns, and the present series can only be introduced by similar words and left to speak for themselves.

THE BROKEN TRUCE.

See illustration on double page.

From the very commencement of the art of war it has been necessary for the commanders of opposing armies to hold communication with each other. In olden days hostilities were seldom suspended unless for the purpose of burying the dead who had fallen in action. But as men became less sanguinary, armistices took place in order that the generals might discuss terms of peace, or at least arrange articles of surrender. In all ages the messengers who were charged with communications between armies in the field have held an almost sacred character. The person of the herald was inviolable, and injury or insult to him was sacrilege of an aggravated kind. However unelcome the message he carried might be to the recipient, the messenger was respected. The doctrine still prevails that to fire on a flag of truce is the grossest violation of the law of nations. But, like all laws, there are exceptions to such a general statement. The enemy may refuse to receive a flag of truce, and is perfectly justified in firing on it if the bearer, after due warning, persists in advancing. The reason is obvious. A flag of truce may be—indeed, often has been—used as a means of reconnoitering the strength of a position or the numbers of the foe. That illustrious *soldado* Rittmeister Dugald Dalgetty remarks, in one of his inimitable speeches, that the duty of the bearer of a flag of truce is less to deliver his message, which could be done by any base and mechanical varlet, than to bring back good information. Another case in which a flag of truce can be fired upon is when the messenger attempts communication with any one except the commanding officer. When Cornet Graham went with a flag of truce from Claverhouse, Balfour of Burleigh received him. When he gave a refusal to the demands, the cornet appealed to Burleigh's officers and men within ear-shot. Burleigh at once—and legally—drew his pistol and shot him dead.

The gallant knight in our engraving who is sinking from his horse, struck above the gorget by a cloth-yard shaft, is clearly too far from the ranks of the enemy to have entered into communication with the men. At worst, he has advanced incautiously. He is evidently a formally commissioned messenger, accompanied by his squire, a mounted cross-bowman, and a man-at-arms, who holds aloft the white flag. In modern usage a *parlementaire* is always attended by a drum or a trumpet. He halts as soon as the enemy sends out to meet him. He is then again stopped at the outposts, blindfolded, and led by a circuitous road to the head quarters. When the interview is over he is in similar fashion reconducted to the outposts. The ceremonial is of old standing, and contains nothing but what is simply necessary. The white flag may be of any size or any material. At Sedan, Colonel Law, of Lauriston, displayed a cloth taken from the breakfast table. White handkerchiefs have been repeatedly used, and there is a story told of one beleaguered garrison which could find no white emblem till their general stripped off his last shirt. Although every flag of truce is a white flag, every white flag is not a flag of truce. The royal flag of the Stuarts of England was white, and this was its color when it floated for the last time over Holyrood. The flag of the house of Bourbon was white, and it is only three or four years ago since the Count of Chambord threw away a good chance of being, in deed as well as in name, Henry V of France, by refusing to exchange it for the tricolor. But we have got centuries away from the date of our illustration. The form of the plate-armor points to the last epoch of the Middle Ages. The Normans who conquered England, the Crusaders who fought Saladin, wore a chain-armor, which turned the stroke of a sword or the thrust of a pike.

But the Middle-Ages witnessed on land the experiments we see now made in naval armaments. There was a close race between attack and defense. The old short bow became developed in England into the long bow with its cloth-yard arrows, while Italian ingenuity created the cross-bow, in which the bow was a spring of steel plates, bent by the aid of a winch on the stock, till the string was in its notch, from which it was let go by a trigger very like that of the modern musket. The long thin arrow of the long-bow, the square bolts of the cross-bow, led to the construction of stout plate-armor, which was shaped so as to make the missiles glance off. The arrangement of armies underwent a corresponding change. Under Philip Augustus, an army consisted of three ranks, bannerets, knights, and squires, to whom were added men-at-arms, while a crowd of varlets without organization formed the rear, and in case of victory robbed and killed the fallen. In the actual field at that period the pikemen were in the van, with the foot-archers

behind them. Then came a period when, in an array of battle in the open field, the free archers and knights were placed in the centre or on the wings, while the foot proper was sent forward to skirmish in groups of five. We say the foot proper, because during the engagement the knights dismounted and fought on foot. The Swiss and the Spaniards, under the great captain Gonzalvo of Cordova, were the founders of modern tactics. They were the first to manoeuvre in dense masses, or to move in heavy columns. The pikemen continued to form the main body of an army, while the troops, armed with projectiles, fought in lines two or three deep. This, it will be seen, is the formation in our picture; the infantry stand a dense mass, with a forest of pikes rising clearly defined against the sky, while the foot-archers, stepping to the front, are bending their deadly bows. The scene might almost be described in the words of "Chevy Chase:"

"Just then there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
That struck Earl Douglas to the heart—
A deep and deadly blow."

It was a long time after the invention of gun-powder, and even after its employment in field-pieces, that it superseded the old weapons. In the time of Henry VIII, an English archer could discharge twelve arrows a minute, and would be ashamed if he did not kill, wound, or at least strike an enemy. Fornovo, the battle which drove Charles VIII. from Italy, in 1495, may be considered the last of the Middle Age struggles, and in it the chief weapons were the sword and the bow.

A CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD.

Mrs. Brassey's account of the maritime tour taken by herself, her husband and her family on board the *Sunbeam* has enjoyed such a wide popularity, that numbers of persons after reading it have wished that they could do likewise. But, to say nothing of Sir Thomas Brassey's skill as a seaman and navigator, since these qualities, if wanting in the owner, may be supplied by the engagement of a professional captain, few people possess the means to carry out so extensive an enterprise at their own expense.

As, however, in these days the associative principle has been found to work wonders, a few gentlemen, who were resolutely bent on realizing this scheme of a comprehensive ocean excursion, resolved to establish a joint stock company for the purpose, and to invite others beside their own personal friends to join them in the enterprise. At the same time, the character of a private yachting party of friends, as distinguished from a complement of ordinary passengers has been as much as possible preserved. The regulations by which the expedition will be governed permit of a certain amount of discretion being exercised in the acceptance of passengers, and the promoters of the enterprise are, it is understood, making such a selection from the applicants on their books, as to ensure a company of ladies and gentlemen who will be welcome to each other. Besides, it should be remembered that the misunderstandings which too often arise among passengers are in a great measure caused by the monotony of ship-board life. During the voyage of the *Ceylon*, this monotony will be effectually broken by the shortness of the intervals between harbour and harbour; for our own experience has taught us that there is no more potent dispeller of the petty squabbles of ship life than the cry of "Land ho!"

The number of passenger will be limited to one hundred, and the subscription for the cruise is £500. This is not an immoderate figure, if it be borne in mind that no hotel or extra expenses need be incurred at any of the ports of call, as a steam launch will be in attendance to keep up a constant communication with the shore while in port, so that passengers, while in harbour, can, if they choose, live on board the vessel.

The *Ceylon* is intended to start from Southampton on the 15th Oct. for Bordeaux, proceeding thence successively to Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malaga, Marseilles (where passengers can, if they please, join her on November 3rd, thus gaining another fortnight at home), Genoa, Naples, Palermo, Malta, Piræus, Constantinople, Smyrna, Rhodes, Alexandria, Port Said, Ismailia, Suez, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Galle, Madras, Calcutta, Penang, Singapore, Manila, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Nippon, Hiogo, Yokohama, Honolulu (Sandwich Islands), San Francisco, Mazatlan, Panama, Guayaquil, Callao, Valparaiso, Stanley (Falkland Islands, via Straits of Magellan), Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Porto Praya (Cape Verd Islands), Teneriffe (Canary Islands), Madeira, and Southampton, where the voyage will end.

This is something like a "grand tour," and possesses for the enthusiastic "globe trotter" the additional attraction of taking him to places not often visited because, by the ordinary modes of travelling, expensive and difficult of access. As regards the cost of this unequalled survey of the earth's surface, it may be observed that for many bachelors in easy circumstances the trip will be rather an economy than otherwise, since, if they please, they can live like fighting-cocks between October 15th, 1881, and July 7th, 1882 (at which date the *Ceylon* is expected to return to Southampton), and need expend nothing beyond their five hundred pounds' passage-money, a few pounds for sight-seeing purposes and purchases of curios, etc., excepted.

We must add that those who have not leisure for the entire voyage can, if they please, leave

the *Ceylon* at San Francisco, where she is expected to arrive about March 28th, 1882. From San Francisco free first-class passes to New York, via Pacific Railway, and thence to London, Liverpool, or Southampton by mail steamer, will be provided for those who, being pressed for time, may desire to return home by that route.

Our engravings need little or no further explanation. Being unnumbered with "houses" the *Ceylon* possesses an unrivalled stretch of deck. The fittings of the dining saloon are quiet and restful to the eye (there are punkahs for hot weather). The wheel in the ladies' boudoir is what sailors term a "stand-by" wheel, only to be used in case the regular wheel on the bridge should break down.

THE Celtic Cromlechs are undoubtedly tombs of chieftains or other important personages. They are composed of large boulders, but little hewn by artificial means, and arranged in imitation of a human habitation, hut or temple. They were originally covered with earth, making harrows or mounds which are still so frequent in the countries of the Kelts. Let us go back in imagination to the erection of one of these structures. Hither, some day five thousand years since—perhaps ten thousand for all that science can say—a crowd of brown-skinned, short-statured tribesmen bore up the dead body of their chief from the village in the clearing on the little stream below. Here with wooden levers and round logs for rollers they toilsomly brought together by sheer force of straining sinews these four great ice-worn boulders which lay scattered upon the slope around. On the crest of Mynydd Mawr they hewed them into rough symmetry and built them into a rude imitation of the royal hut, first placing the three uprights in position, and then prizing up the flat roofing-stone with their log rollers over an inclined plane of loose earth. In the hut thus formed they placed the dead body of their chief, with his weapons, his ornaments and his household goods, that his ghost might eat, drink and fight in the world of ghosts as it had done in valley below. Then they piled up the great mound of earth above it, to keep the body safe from beasts or birds; and around the fresh heap they performed I know not what barbaric orgies of dancing and sacrifice and human massacres. Perhaps the wives and slaves of the dead man were slain and buried with him, to attend him in the other world; perhaps the blood of human victims were poured over the new-made grave as an offering to the thirsty ghost. Sitting in this peaceful, industrial nineteenth century on the dry heather under the shadow of these picturesque old stones, one can hardly realize what nameless horrors they may not have witnessed on the day when the neolithic dwellers in the Linfair valley first raised them above the summit of Mynydd Mawr. We think of them only under the softening and romantic influence of time; we look upon their lichen-covered surface through the tinged haze of poetical imagination; they are to us the hoary remnants of our forefathers' world, the Titanic, archaic, immemorial temples of a forgotten creed. We do not remember how terrible and sickening were the realities of which these gray and yellow-stained granite bosses are the sole remaining vouchers. Time has turned the relics of some Dahomey custom into a pretty antiquated landmark, a romantic spot for holding annual picnic festivals. —*Home Journal*.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

It is rumoured that Mr. Froide is about to be elevated to the peerage.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER and wife will spend the winter in the south of Spain.

LORD SALISBURY furnishes the funds for the new London publication, *The Anchor*.

"SUSAN COOLIDGE" (Miss Sarah Woolsey), paints as well, or nearly so, as she writes.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN, the eminent historical writer, arrived in New York last Friday from England.

TWENTY-FIVE pages of the British Museum catalogue are filled with the lists of Harrison Ainsworth's writings.

THE Western Railway of France now requires each season-ticket holder to deposit a photographic portrait of himself with the Company.

MR. BROWNING has been staying in the South of France; he goes on to Venice, and will probably be back in London by November.

THE International Literary Congress, having for its object the protection of literary property, will open at Vienna on the 19th inst., and close on the 26th at latest.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been started among the Japanese residents of Paris, now very numerous, for the purpose of erecting a Japanese temple in which to celebrate their religious rites.

THREE valuable paintings of the English school have been hung in the Paris Louvre—Constable's "Glebe Farm," a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and one of Mulready's works.

It is announced that Mr. Thos. Armstrong will succeed Mr. Poynter, R.A., as Art Director at South Kensington; and Mr. Sparks (now head-master) as Principal of the National Art Training School.

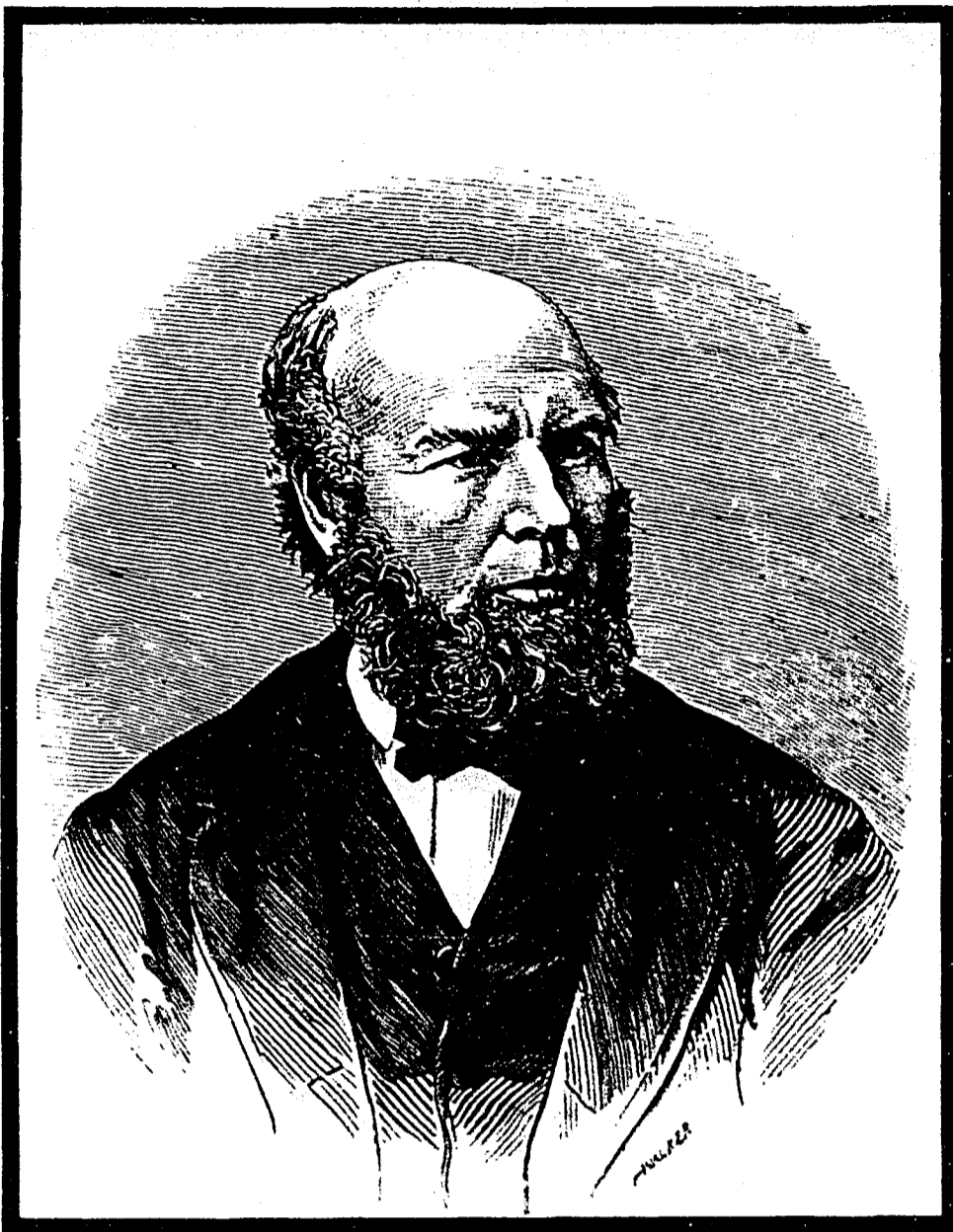
MR. GEORGE MUNRO, publisher of the "Seaside Library," is putting up another large building adjoining his present printing and publication offices in Vandewater street.

FOR a romance which will begin in *Blackwood's Magazine* next January, and is to run through some dozen or fourteen numbers, Mr. Anthony Trollope is to receive no less a sum than £1,000.

THE LATE HON. E. G. PENNY.

In Edward Goff Penny a patriarch among journalists, has passed away, and it is with feelings of undisguised regret and sympathy that we take up our pen to record the fact. Although the editor-in-chief of the Montreal Herald has been in ill health now for a considerable period, his friends cherished the hope that many years of public usefulness and of private happiness might yet remain to him, but it was decreed otherwise, and on Tuesday night Mr. Penny passed away in the sixty-second year of his age. Mr. Penny, though a native of England, may be fairly reckoned as not only a Canadian, but a representative one. He was born at Horsey, near London, where he was educated, and where amid Chartist surroundings he early imbibed those principles of Liberalism which distinguished his career to the end, and which he did so much to propagate in Canada by his writings. He came to this country in 1844, and seems to have turned his attention to the law, as we find that he was admitted to the Bar in 1850, but there are no indications that he ever engaged in active practice. Almost from the time of his arrival in this city, he devoted himself to journalism, and soon became one of the proprietors of the Montreal Herald, with which he was identified for forty busy years. As a political editor, Mr. Penny had no superior in the Dominion, while there was a literary finish in his compositions which is not often found in journalistic literature, and so much individuality that it was easy to determine whether a given article in the Herald was from his pen. As a reward for his long and faithful services, he was called to the Senate in March, 1874, and the appointment gave universal satisfaction. Mr. Penny proved a vigilant, able and influential member of the Upper House, and was always heard with respect, especially on economical questions. In 1876 he was named a Dominion Commissioner to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, a mission to which his cultured tastes were specially adapted.

The chief political event of his life was his opposition to the Confederation scheme, upon which he wrote a remarkable pamphlet maintain-

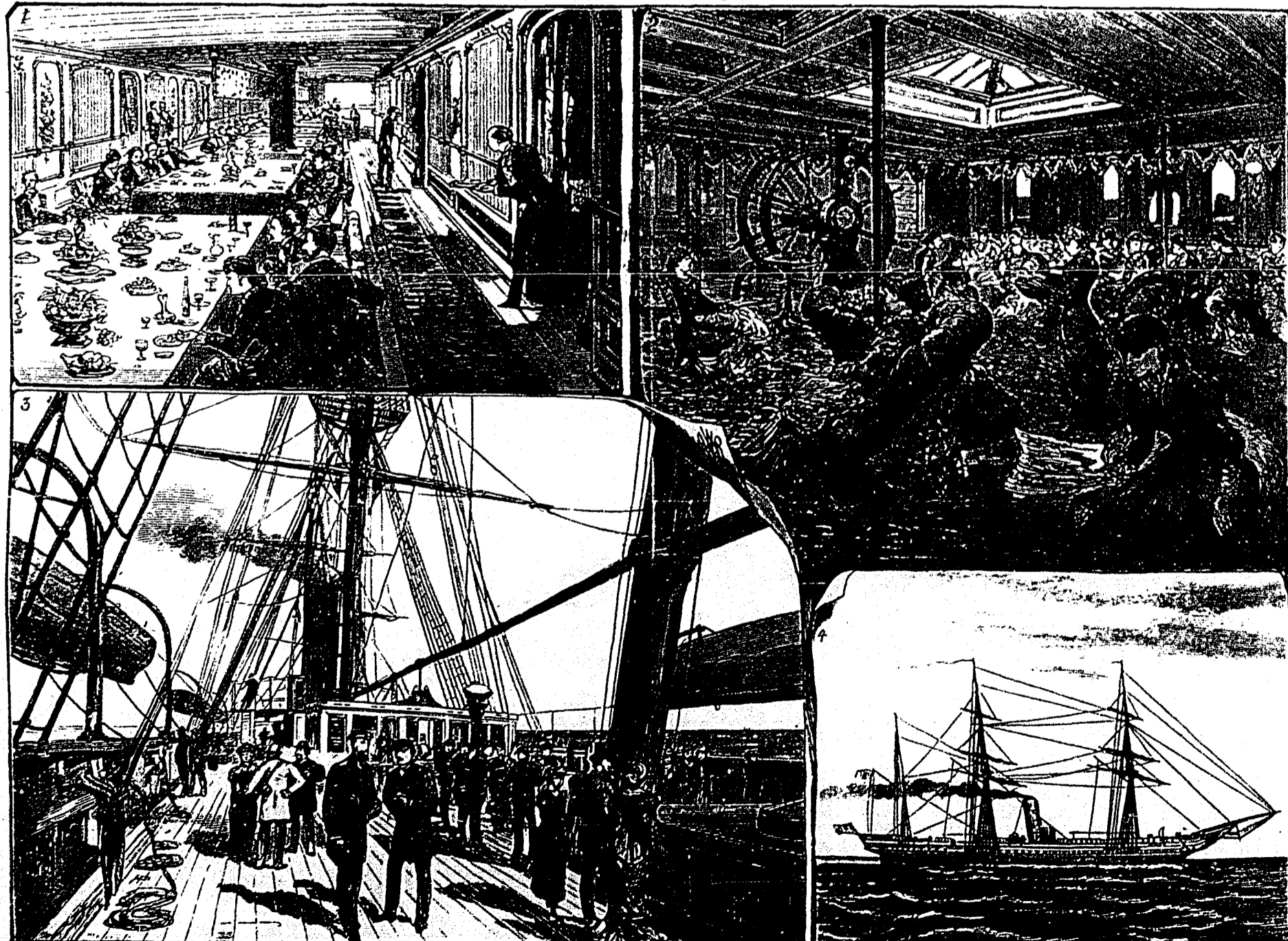


THE LATE HON. E. G. PENNY.

ing his views. Judged in the light of what has happened since, that brochure would be interesting reading to-day. It created some flutter in English official circles at the time. Mr. Penny took the view that the proposed Union of the Colonies by an Act of the Imperial Parliament, was an encroachment upon the right of self-government already recognized as existing in Canada. He contended that the act of 1840, uniting the two Canadas, was passed for the purpose of giving to the colony self-government in the broadest sense, and that self-government having been established—not without a struggle—the Imperial authorities had no right to again interfere. By the Act of 1840 Mr. Penny claimed that the power of the Canadian Legislature was recognized to deal with all constitutional questions, and that therefore no act of the Imperial Parliament, even if passed at the request of a Coalition Government, could change the Canadian constitution. The constitutional point was by many considered well taken. Mr. Penny also urged strongly that so great and radical a change as the Union should not be carried into effect before the people had an opportunity of pronouncing upon it at the polls. He also foresaw the conflicts of authority which have since arisen between the Federal and Provincial Legislatures. The Act of Confederation, he maintained, did not consistently respect the autonomy of the component Provinces.

Mr. Penny's style was, as we have said, characteristic, but as a journalist he was probably most remarkable for the good humour which he never failed to maintain, even in the most determined controversy. The fact is noticeable at least in the unanimity of grief at his decease, which afflicts both parties alike. It is no exaggeration to say that the late Senator numbered as many warm personal friends among his political opponents as among the members of his own party.

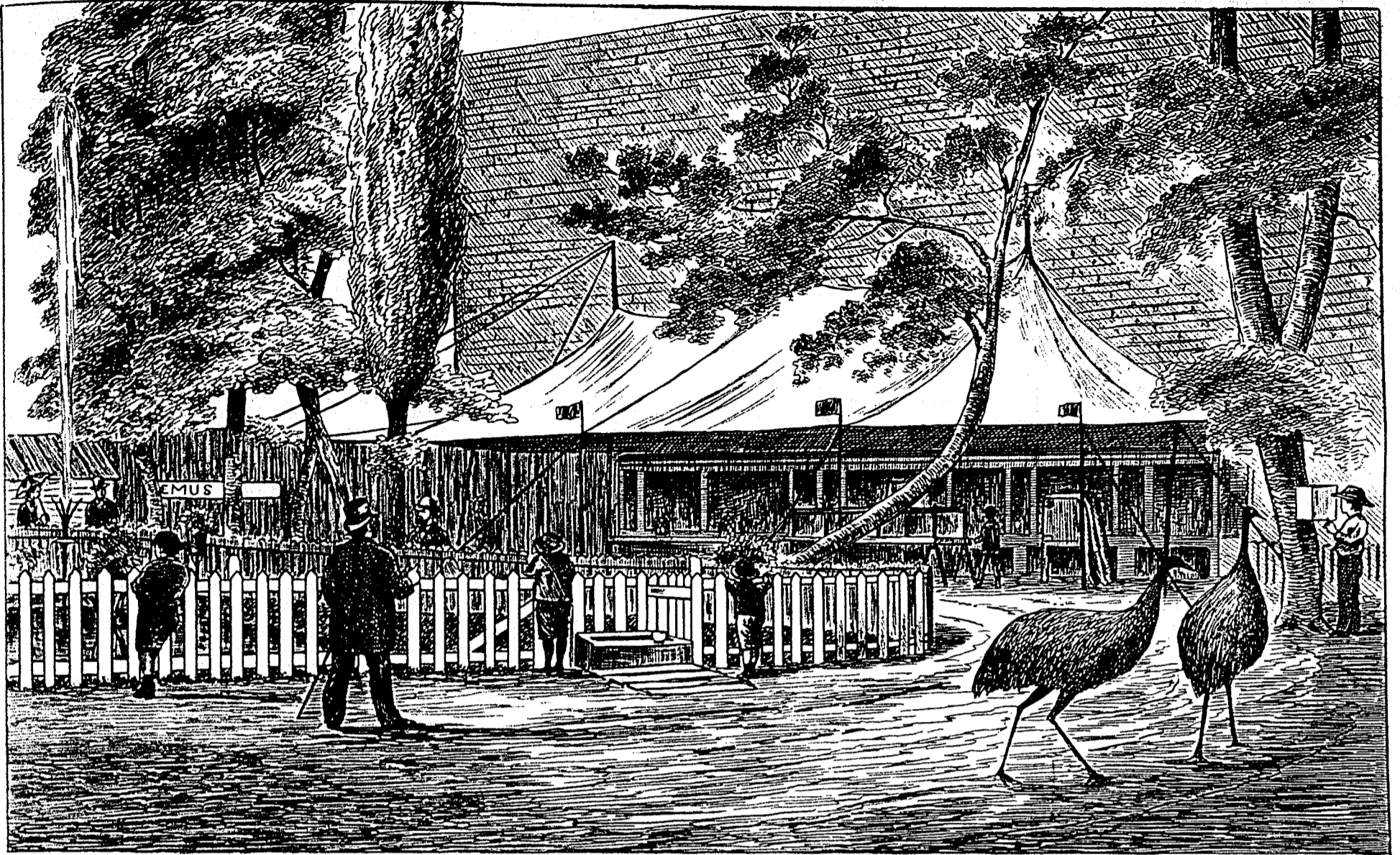
THERE is a rumour that the Electric Exhibition, which is attracting so much attention at Paris, is to be brought over to the Crystal Palace when its doors are closed in the French capital.



1. The Dining Saloon.—2. The Ladies' Boudoir.—3. Deck View of the Vessel Looking Forward.—4. General View of the Vessel.

A YACHT CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD.

SKETCHES ON BOARD THE "OZYLON."



TORONTO.—IN THE "ZOO."



HALIFAX.—THE RESIDENCE OF THE LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF NOVA-SCOTIA.

SUMMER AND AUTUMN.

Gorgeous leaves are whirling down,
Homeward comes the scented bay,
O'er the stubble, near and brown,
Flaunt the autumn flowers gay:
Ah, alas!
Summers pass—
Like our joys, they pass away

Fanned by many a balmy breeze,
In the spring I loved to lie
'Neath the newly-budded trees,
Gazing upward to the sky:
But, alas!
Time will pass,
And the flowers of spring must die!

Oh a maiden sat with me,
Listening to the thrush's tone,
Warbled forth from every tree
Ere the meadow bay was mown:
But, alas!
Summers pass—
Now, I wander all alone!

Love, like summer time, is fair,
Decked with buds and blossoms gay:
But upon this autumn air
Floats a voice, which seems to say,
"Love, alas!
Also pass,
As the summers pass away!"

GEORGE ARNOLD.

NEMOROSA.

II.

In the height of a glorious month of August, when the leafy retreats of the forest were at their loveliest, and the resinous fragrance of the pines filled the air on dewy mornings, and the cool evening breezes on the high lands were like draughts of life—when lazy artists, lying supine at noonday, smoked pipe after pipe, gazing sleepily up at the green canopy overhead and swearing that it was too hot to think of work—when Madame Vanne, proudly surveying her orchard and kitchen-garden, predicted such a fruit year as had never been known; and when all the world was rejoicing in mere existence, Victor Berthon was an entirely unhappy man. He could not give himself any definite reason for his unhappiness; and that made it all the worse. He was an object of ill-concealed envy to all his friends; Nemorosa was as kind to him as she had ever been—perhaps, if anything, a shade kinder; he met her constantly; there were merry evenings at Marlotte and joyous little *picnics* on lunch-on-parties in the woods; and all seemed to be going as smoothly as could be; but, for all that, he knew very well that something was amiss. His lover's instinct told him that Marguerite did not love him; and if it had not seemed impossible he would almost have fancied that he had a rival. What ailed the girl that she was in wild spirits at one moment and plunged in a melancholy day-dream the next? He could not flatter himself that these significant symptoms were in any way connected with his own presence. Once or twice it had occurred to him to wonder whether she was always alone during those protracted rambles which had latterly become of somewhat more frequent occurrence; but he put this suspicion away from him with a feeling of shame, declaring to himself that Marguerite was incapable of duplicity.

In truth the suspicion was only too well founded; and yet the girl was not intentionally deceitful. She was very sorry for Victor, and would gladly have made him understand that his suit was hopeless; but how is one to answer a question that has never been put! Of a deceit which most people would have counted far more heinous—namely, that she had omitted to inform her worthy old aunt that she was in the habit of continually meeting in the forest a gentleman of a rank evidently above her own—her conscience did not excuse her. She had always been reserved, always been allowed to go her own way, and to speak or hold her peace as she pleased. Besides, there was nothing to tell. She made no appointments with the unknown; only, somehow or other, she was forever coming across him; and she was too little acquainted with the world and its ways to see any harm in that. She had never cared to ask him his name; when she thought of him she called him René, and he was her ideal; and he talked to her as no one had ever talked before; and in the depths of her heart she knew, or thought she knew, that he loved her; and in a still deeper depth she was aware that she loved him. It was all utterly vague—much too vague for the question of difference of rank to have disturbed her.

Thus it was that Victor Berthon was uneasy, without knowing why, and jealous of he knew not what; and it was really in some sense a god-send to him when a palpable object of jealousy presented itself. It chanced on a sultry afternoon that some errand took Marguerite to Montigny, where Victor met her; and the two were standing talking by the dusty wayside when suddenly a brilliant apparition, in the shape of an officer of hussars, flashed upon them. This officer was young and good-looking and had a fine black moustache, and the blue and scarlet and silver of his uniform became him admirably, and he was mounted upon an Arab charger with a curved neck and a beautiful long tail, and was altogether the sort of person whom a civilian in a shabby coat might reasonably regard with suspicion. Greatly to Victor's disgust the new-comer drew rein in front of the couple by the roadside, and raising his cap inquired, with an insinuating smile, whether this were the village of Montigny-sur-Loing. On

receiving an affirmative reply he pursued, smiling more insinuatingly than ever, "Perhaps mademoiselle would have the extreme kindness to point out to me the situation of the manufactory of pottery?"

There is nothing like these hussars for impudence. What business had the fellow to address himself to a lady, when there was a man standing by ready to give him any reasonable information of which he might be in need? It was already annoying enough that such a liberty should have been taken; but what was a great deal worse was that Marguerite should stop forward with positive alacrity, and answer, "Certainly, monsieur; it is but a few minutes' walk from here. I will show you the way."

Off she started, without so much as a glance at her lover. The hussar rode beside her, bending down to talk to her as they went; and soon a turn in the road hid them from sight.

At first Victor felt that it would be inconsistent with his dignity to follow them; but when ten minutes had elapsed and Marguerite did not reappear, anxiety got the upper hand of pride, and he strolled down the road with his hands in his pocket, thinking bitter things of the whole female sex.

The manufactory consists of a few unpretending buildings, grouped together among the willows and alders that flank the sluggish Loing. In one of these there is a small show-room, where specimens of the art-produce of the place are displayed for the benefit of casual visitors; and pausing before the open door of this ante-chamber Victor could hear the voices of the proprietor, the hussar and Marguerite engaged in animated conversation within. A little boy was leading the Arab charger up and down in the shade. While Victor was hesitating whether to enter or not, a showy, open carriage dashed up, in which sat a very fashionably-attired lady. At the sound of the wheels the officer came out hastily, and was greeted by a nonchalant, "Ah, M. de Chaulnes, is that you?" After which the two went into the house together, and Victor lighted a cigarette and waited outside for Marguerite to emerge.

She emerged after a time with the others; and the proprietor, catching sight of Victor, cried, "Ah! here, madame, is precisely one of my best artists, M. Berthon."

The lady bowed graciously and said some pretty things, which failed to restore M. Berthon to good humour. It was not pleasant to be exhibited in that fashion, as though he were a tailor's foreman, and he threw an angry glance at his employer. But that worthy man was devoid of all fine feeling. He went on with a shrug of his shoulders:

"These gentlemen give me a great deal of trouble, madame. I have to pay them very highly, and they work when it is their good pleasure. What would you have! I should do a better business with inferior workmen; but when I started I promised myself to produce nothing second-rate."

"Oh!" answered the lady politely, "we all know that genius must be left free, and that inspiration does not come to order. It would be too much presumption to dictate to an artist; but if I were M. Berthon, I know where I should turn for my next subject. There," she continued, pointing to Marguerite, who was leaning against the door-post, twisting between her fingers a spray of the climbing vine that covered the wall—a tall, white figure, half in shadow, half in moonlight—"there is a picture ready made."

Having thus made herself agreeable all round, this urbane personage got into her carriage and was driven away, the hussar riding beside her. She had left her name and address—the Countess de Valmy, Fontainebleau—and, as her purchases had not been less extensive than her manners had been charming, she left a highly favourable impression behind her into the bargain. Even Victor allowed that the woman had a pleasant way with her.

As for the young officer of hussars, that was another thing. When Marguerite went home that night, she described a group of artists, gathered in front of the little inn at Marlotte, laughing heartily over a sheet of drawing-paper which Victor was holding up for their inspection, and, approaching to see what might be the cause of their merriment, she beheld a rough sketch representing a cavalry officer, with a gigantic moustache and a sabre as big as himself, astride upon an animal which much resembled a rocking-horse.

"It is D. Chaulnes to the life!" cried one of the young men, whose rank and fortune were somewhat above those of his fellows, and who was understood to mix freely in the most distinguished Parisian circles. "If I were you, Berthon, I would not make him a present of that likeness. De Chaulnes, you see, is a man who appreciates himself at his full value."

"That I can quite believe," remarked Victor sardonically.

"Yes; and he is capable of eating you up, body and bones, if you permit yourself to laugh at him."

"Perhaps I might stick in his throat. Mademoiselle, I am sorry to see, has not a word of praise for my poor effort."

"I do not like caricatures," answered Marguerite coldly, turning away. "There is nothing funny in this one; and anybody can be ill-natured."

So Victor returned to Montigny in the sulks, and did not honour the customary symposium with his company that evening.

Marguerite however was present at it for a short time. She came ostensibly to ask whether

M. Royer had returned from Paris, but in reality to make her peace with Victor, to whom she felt that she had been rude and unkind. Not finding him there, she lingered awhile in the hope that he might yet appear; and, by way of passing the time, she related the incident of Madame de Valmy's visit to Montigny. "Did anybody know the lady?" she inquired.

The young man who had so promptly recognized the portrait of M. de Chaulnes nodded two or three times significantly and laughed a little. "I know her," he said; and his tone appeared to imply that what he knew was not greatly to her advantage. "Somebody told me the other day that she was spending the summer at Fontainebleau," he continued, "and I wondered what in the world could have brought her to such a sleepy place. But some people are clever enough to find amusement anywhere; and she is fond of amusing herself, that dear countess. So she happened to meet De Chaulnes at Montigny, did she? His regiment has been ordered to Fontainebleau, I hear."

"Come, Ravillier, none of your scandalous stories," broke in his neighbour warningly. "For it must be recorded to the credit of the young gentlemen that they kept a very strict watch over their tongues in the presence of Nemorosa."

"My dear fellow, I am not telling scandalous stories. Madame de Valmy is not scandalous; far from it. She is discretion itself—after a certain point. Her husband is scandalous, if you like. They say he made the poor countess shed bitter tears during the first year of their marriage; but she dried them long ago, or somebody dried them for her. Anyhow, they ceased to flow. Now-a-days it is she who goes about the world smiling, and he who wears a dismal countenance. Everybody is very sorry for him—particularly the ladies. To look at him, with his haggard face and half-shut eyes, you would say he was the picture of an injured and heart-broken husband. That is his rôle, I believe. It is very amusing."

"Is M. de Valmy also at Fontainebleau?" asked Marguerite, suddenly.

"I believe so. You will know him at once if you meet him. A tall, thin man, slightly bald, with a fair complexion and dull, blueish-coloured eyes, who looks as if he hardly thought it worth while to go on living much longer. I think, mademoiselle," added this sapient youth, hesitatingly, "that if you should meet him and if he should speak to you (as he probably would), you would do just as well not to answer him."

The advice was doubtless excellent; but it partook of the nature of good advice generally in being of very little practical service. For alas! M. de Valmy had already spoken and had been answered at considerable length.

Marguerite escaped from the room somehow—how she hardly knew—without betraying her secret, and hurrying home, threw herself face downward upon her bed, dazed and sickened by the blow which had fallen upon her. She had never known pain, mental or physical, in her life before, and it affected her with something of the surprise and anger which wild creatures feel when they are wounded. It was not with M. de Valmy that she was angry; she kept repeating this to herself as she lay there, dry-eyed and motionless, through the long night hours. He had never spoken to her of love, much less of marriage; she herself had scarcely thought of their intimacy in that way until now. It was not by him but by her own insensate folly that she had been deceived; and there might have been a sort of miserable consolation in this view if it had been really heartfelt. But in truth, M. de Valmy, if he had not said much, had given a great deal to be understood; and whatever protestations Marguerite might make to herself, she knew with the crumbling of her happiness her idol too had fallen to pieces. All was lost; it only remained for her to die. So she murmured again and again with the impatience and ignorance natural to her age.

The first peep of dawn saw her stealing out of the house and down the village street into the glades of the forest. She would be expected to keep one of those unspoken trysts to which allusion has been made, at eleven o'clock, on the heights of La Solle, some four miles away, and she resolved that for the last time she would be true to it. Wandering up hill and down dale, straying through many devious ways and pausing often with a vain and painful effort to shape the chaos of her mind into some clear purpose, she yet reached the appointed spot long before the appointed time; and having reached it, seated herself upon a rock and waited without impatience. Whoever yet wished to hasten the hour of his execution! It may even have been that Marguerite, like many of those appointed to die, may have had a vague fancy that all was not over, since the end had not come, and may have hoped against hope for some impossible reprieve.

She sat, with one knee drawn up and her hands clasped round it, gazing in a sort of melancholy bewilderment at the familiar prospect before her. Beneath her was the sandy foot-path, twisting and turning through a labyrinth of rocks and broken ground which they call the *Chemin des Aristes*; beyond lay the broad Vallée de la Solle, with its old beech trees overshadowing a thick growth of bracken and broom; and beyond that again rose wooded hills bathed in the sunny mists of morning. In the far distance somebody was blowing a French horn, the blasts which were echoed and re-echoed through the still air. Nature was cruel, and showed no sympathy with one of her most ardent votaries;

the forest, like the banks and braes of the bonny Doon, persisted in looking its fairest, though Nemorosa's heart was breaking.

At length the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps was audible; he was coming! Marguerite did not stir. She remained motionless while he drew nearer and nearer; she waited till he was close to her, till his shadow fell upon her, till he touched her shoulder; and then (for she had prepared herself for this moment and knew what she had to do) she rose to her full height, and looking him straight in the eyes, said, "Good morning, M. de Valmy."

Well, it was a failure. He did not start, nor turn pale, nor turn red, nor stagger back, striking his forehead with a gesture of dismay. He did none of these things; he only looked a trifle put out, and said, "So somebody has told you my name. I am sorry for it. I would rather have been only René to you."

"I never called you René!" exclaimed Marguerite indignantly.

"Did you not? I fancied—but no doubt it was only fancy. I hope you will always call me René in future."

This was so utterly unlike what Marguerite had anticipated that all her premeditated speeches went out of her head, and she remained silent for a few minutes. Then she said with simple directness:

"I shall not need to call you by one name or another in future. I shall not see you any more after to-day. It is not right."

"Not right?" he echoed, looking dreamily away from her across the blue mists of the valley; "who knows what is right! The priest has one definition, the law has another, society has a third. For my own part it seems to me that whatever is beautiful, whatever lifts us above the pettiness of daily life, must be right."

"You make things very hard for me," cried Marguerite, with an impatient shake of the shoulders; "you make me say what I do not like to say. I know it cannot be right for me to meet you as I have been doing, and—and—I don't think Madame de Valmy would approve of it."

He turned and looked at her with a smile and a frown. "Some one has been putting notions into your head. You talk like a little *bourgeoise*, not like Nemorosa, *Reine des Bois*."

"And you talk like—like Mr. de Valmy, I suppose. I am not Nemorosa; I am only Marguerite Vanne, the grand-daughter of a peasant who would touch his cap to you and call you 'Monsieur le Comte' if he were still living. But that is nothing. It is not because you are so far above me in rank that I should be afraid to walk and talk with you, but because—"

"Well? because?"

"Because—of your wife," answered Marguerite, blushing suddenly all over her face and neck, and lowering her eyes.

"My wife!" he repeated with bitter contempt; "oh, my wife! Listen, Marguerite: if you would know anything about my wife you would know that she is a woman of whom all Paris talks with a peculiar kind of awe. I do not wish to speak of her. All I will say is that I owe her nothing. My life is as miserable as one can well be; but since I have known you and loved you—yes, loved you; it cannot surely be any surprise to you to hear me say that—it has had more brightness than I thought it could ever have again. Do not refuse me a few happy hours. I shall only be in Fontainebleau for another month or two, and all I implore is to be allowed to see you sometimes. That is not very much to ask."

The astounding selfishness of this speech failed to strike Marguerite as it might have done a less partial hearer; but she shook her head. "We must part," she said.

M. de Valmy's eyes flashed. "I will not part from you!" he exclaimed passionately. "I love you; I know—no, do not deny it; it would be useless—I know that you love me. What are conventionalities to us! Can we not agree to forget for a few sunny afternoons that I am a slave?"

"Ah!" she cried, "now you insult me!"

And without waiting to hear more, without a word or a sign of farewell, she turned from him and fled.

He followed her, calling out "Marguerite! Marguerite!" She heard him crashing heavily after her through the thickets which she treaded with the agility of a hare; but she never turned her head, and he soon abandoned the chase. Truth to tell, he was neither as young nor as active as he had once been; moreover, he had a strong sense of the ridiculous—a strong sense, that is, of the unpleasantness of appearing ridiculous—so he let her go.

Marguerite knew that she was safe, but that did not prevent her from running on at the top of her speed for a couple of miles or more. She was close to Fontainebleau when her progress was arrested by the sound of voices in the immediate neighbourhood. She advanced cautiously a few paces to the edge of one of those grassy *carrefours* which are dotted at intervals all over the forest, and which form the meeting point of many tracks. Leaning against the pedestal of the iron cross which stood in the centre of this space was a lady who strongly resembled an illustration from the *Journal des Femmes*, and by her side was a gentleman in hussar uniform. Their backs were turned to the intruder, otherwise the gentleman would hardly have been kissing the lady's hand with so much fervour. The latter responded by playfully bending him on the shoulder with her parasol and Marguerite heard her say, "Enough

like that, M. de Chaules! You know that nothing warms me so much as a scene from a comedy in five acts, and my coachman, who is abominably intelligent, will be asking himself what has become of me. You may dine with us to-day if you like; but do not come too early, or we shall be yawning in one another's faces before the evening is over."

She moved off at a leisurely pace, her parasol over her shoulder, and her long train sweeping the ground; and ere long a carriage was heard rolling away along the high road. Then De Chaules turned round, and became aware of Marguerite. For an instant he looked excessively foolish; but, as he was blessed with plenty of aplomb and presence of mind, he soon recovered himself, and taking off his cap, with a fascinating smile, wished mademoiselle good morning. Was she walking towards Fontainebleau? Yes! So much the better, for he was himself going in that direction.

The incident of which Marguerite had just been an unintentional witness had not been altogether displeasing to her. She wanted to think well of the man whom she loved, and in her haste to make excuses for him she could not help rejoicing a little in any proof of his wife's treachery. For M. de Chaules' company she was by no means anxious; but, although common sense told her that de Valmy must be far away, she was haunted by a nervous dread that he might reappear at any moment. Therefore she willingly accepted the hussar's proffered escort. And this was an unfortunate thing for the peace of poor Victor Berthon, who happened to be strolling up the slopes above the town, with his portfolio under his arm, in quest of sylvan subjects, and, who, describing the couple from afar, saw his direst suspicions confirmed, and made up his mind there and then that he would never more believe in the honesty or innocence of woman.

That afternoon Madame Vanne received a shock, which, to use her own expression, "turned her blood in her veins." Her niece, without assigning any reason for such a step, quietly announced that she intended to go away for the remainder of the summer.

"To go away!" cried the old woman in amazement. "What is the child talking about! To go away where, if you please?"

"I shall go to my cousins at the restaurant at Franchard," Marguerite answered. "I know they have a spare room, and they will be glad to have me with them."

"Eh! I would not be too sure of that. And in the middle of the busy season, too. You know what Pierre Vanne is, and his wife is one of the same sort; they would never understand your ways. Life for them means work, and plenty of it. They would not be very well pleased to have a guest just now, unless she came to lend them a hand."

"That is just what I mean to do. I want work; I am tired of being idle and useless." "Stay where you are, then, foolish child. If you want work there is enough of it to be had in Marlotte; and you need not seek for it any farther away than this house, either."

"But I want to leave Marlotte for a time." "Aha! is that it? Madame Vanne thought she began to see daylight, and assumed an exceedingly knowing air. "You want to get away from somebody, is it not so? But what has he been doing then, that poor young man? Nothing very unpardonable, I am sure. He came here this morning to ask for you, looking as ashamed of himself as if he had stolen half a dozen of my chickens, and I would wager that he brought an apology with him. Come, it wants but a word to set these little misunderstandings right; and between ourselves, *ma petite*, M. Victor Berthon—"

There is no question of M. Berthon," interrupted Marguerite. "There never will be any question of him in the way that you mean; and I have not quarreled with him at all."

"I was going to say that M. Victor Berthon is a man whom any girl might think herself fortunate to have at her feet. He will be a husband of the good sort. I do not speak of his position or his prospects—though these are good things not to be despised—but of his disposition. I have lived sixty years in the world, keeping my eyes open all the time, and it would not be easy to deceive me as to what a man is likely to turn out after marriage. This one will allow his wife to lead him by the nose always, and will thank her for doing it."

"His nose is in no danger from me. I tell you we shall never be anything to each other, except friends. I go to Franchard because I want change—change and work."

Madame Vanne shrugged her shoulders. "Take your own way, then," she answered rather crossly, "and I hope you will find the work at Franchard to your taste. I can see you carrying cups of coffee to the Fontainebleau shopkeepers on Sunday afternoons, and disputing over the bill with English old ladies—a pretty occupation for your father's daughter! If you are not back here before a week is out, I will give you leave to call me a simpleton."

It must be assumed that, in this particular instance, Madame Vanne's customary shrewdness was at fault; for a week passed away, followed by a second and a third, and Marguerite's room at Marlotte remained vacant, and she was seen no more among her friends the artists, where her absence was loudly lamented. Victor nursed his wrath, but kept his own counsel. Not unnaturally he attributed Marguerite's departure to a wish to be less hampered in her meetings with the gay hussar; and he smiled bitterly, without replying, when Madame

Vanne, whose delicacy of touch was hardly equal to her kind heart, urged him not to neglect the neighbourhood of Franchard in his walks. "Go and breakfast there one of these mornings, M. Victor," she would say. "My brother-in-law will not starve you, and there are other people at Franchard who will perhaps give you a warmer welcome than you expect."

These hints, supported by nods and winks of a most knowing and confidential kind, failed in their effect. Victor, vexed by their frequent recurrence, annoyed by the half-ironical condolences of his comrades, and angered most of all by his inability to shake off a passion which he felt to be hopeless, began to think that a garret in Paris was, after all, preferable to comparative affluence at Montigny, and to contemplate a renunciation of his schemes for the elevation of the ceramic art; and Madame Vanne, becoming despondent also, went back to her fruit and her poultry with an anathema upon the sentimental fancies of boys and girls who did not know their own minds for two days together.

Meanwhile, poor Némorosa was growing thin and miserable, like a caged bird, in her voluntary exile at Franchard, where her life was very much of the kind prophetically sketched by her aunt, and was to the full as distasteful to her as that sensible woman declared it would be. She was prepared at all points for visits from M. de Valmy and Victor Berthon, and would have known how to dismiss the one and make friends with the other had they appeared; but neither of them did appear, and Marguerite would not have been a woman if this had not been more or less of a disappointment to her.

(To be continued.)

THE LARGEST FARM IN THE WORLD.

FARGO, D. T.—Can you imagine a wheat field of 30,000 acres? Thirty thousand acres of slender golden stems, each bearing a cluster of yellow heads, bowing and nodding as if in acknowledgment of admiring glances. If you cannot fancy such a picture, you perhaps will admit that it must be one of the sublime scenes the human eye can witness.

I stood this morning at the centre of the largest farm in the world: the largest piece of territory ever cultivated under the direction of a single man. As far as the eye could reach, north, south, east, or west, there was nothing visible but the bluest of the blue sky, the reddest of the red barns, the great awkward-looking threshers, with their smoke-begrimed engines beside them, the whirling harvesters, and miles after miles of wheat. If this farm were stretched out like a ribbon, half a mile wide, it would reach as far as from Chicago to Milwaukee. If it were in a single rectangular piece, a mile in width, it would be forty-five miles from end to end, and there is not a fence, not a tree, not a bush; only an occasional strip of green across the golden that marks a road or section line.

Near us was a little white house where the storekeeper lived—the commissary of a great army, for an army it is—and we inquired of the gentlemanly Mr. Mandell how we could get across to the office of Mr. Dalrymple. He impressed a mule team that happened to drive up for supplies, and sent us to headquarters.

There was a cluster of great red barns, an acre or two of cabbages, beans, onions, and waving corn; a lazy-looking windmill that swung around as indifferently as if a regiment of thirsty men were not working in the field, and a cosy cottage, plain but comfortable. We rapped at the door, and were shown into the parlour. The room was handsomely furnished, with some evidences of luxury, but no more than are found in the houses of "fore-handed" farmers all over the West.

We asked for Mr. Dalrymple, and he came down from some room above; a slender, quiet-looking man, with a pen behind his ear, whom you would judge to be a schoolmaster or clergyman at sight. His hands were soft and white—more accustomed to the book or pen than the plough—and his face, were it not covered with beard, was not so much burned as mine. He met us cordially, invited us to spend the day and dine, and suggested that he would have a team hitched up to drive us over "the place." I noticed he always called it "the place."

In the meantime I asked him a few questions. The first one was as to the yield this year.

"It was a late spring," said Mr. Dalrymple.

"At the time when we are usually putting in a crop the place for miles around us here was covered with water from the melted snow, and you could have sailed a boat over a field where now there is wheat that will yield. I feared at one time that the crop would be a failure, but am very positive now that the average per acre will not be below twenty bushels."

"Have you sold your wheat?" "Our plan is different from the ordinary method. We are sending about three train loads a day to Duluth."

"How many bushels is that?" "About 80,000 bushels. We load a vessel at Duluth every two days and send it to Buffalo, where it is sold on arrival at the market place."

"What is that?" "The price to-day," said Mr. Dalrymple, consulting a telegram, "is \$1.27 at Buffalo. Freight is about 27 cents, so it nets us about \$1 a bushel."

"What will your crop amount to?" "I am expecting about 600,000 bushels. Be-

sides this we have about 90,000 bushels of oats, which we keep for our stock."

"Do you keep stock enough to eat up 90,000 bushels of oats?"

Mr. Dalrymple smiled pleasantly and remarked that 800 horses and mules eat up a good many oats.

"How much does your crop cost you?" "It costs about \$6 an acre to produce a crop when we use our own stock and pay our men by the month, but when we hire men and terms by the day it costs us about \$8 an acre."

"What do you pay your men?" "We pay \$30 a month for regular hands and \$2 per day for extra hands during harvest."

"What machinery have you going to-day?" "Two hundred self-binding harvesters and thirty steam threshers. These 200 harvesters cut an average of 2,800 acres a day, and the threshers turn out about 30,000 bushels a day. As fast as it is threshed we bag the wheat, cart it over there to the cars, empty the sacks, and send away three train loads daily."

"Where do you keep your men?" "If you had been here at 5 o'clock this morning you could have seen 800 men at breakfast. We keep forty cooks."

Mr. Dalrymple explained at length how this enormous business is conducted. The 30,000 acres under cultivation are divided into five divisions of 6,000 acres each, under superintendents, who are responsible directly to Mr. Dalrymple, the commander-in-chief. Each of these regiments is divided again into battalions, with a foreman or major, who has charge of 2,000 acres. Under him are three companies, each having a captain and cultivating a section, which is 640 acres of land. Each superintendent plants his crop and harvests it, reporting from time to time to Mr. Dalrymple, who directs and oversees the whole, but spends the greater part of his time at the office, planning and calculating for the best results from the smallest outlay. The superintendents are responsible for the good order of their men, stock and machinery, and there is a decided rivalry between them as to which can produce the biggest crop. When the ploughing commences in the spring the men go out in gangs, each taking 640 acres, under the direction of a foreman, who rides along on horseback to see that the work is done properly. Everything is in military style.—*Inter-Ocean.*

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE marriage of Mlle. Mathilde de Morny with the Marquis de Belboët will take place at Madrid in the early part of October.

THE latest style of new shoe has a heel of the dice-box order, poetically called Louis Quinze, and has a lattice work of straps across the instep.

BLACKBERRIES, tomatoes, red and yellow, greengages, dark red plums, hazel nuts, elderberries, Scottish thistles, acorns, caterpillars made of silk chenille, and birds' nests filled with tiny eggs, appear upon French bonnets for the autumn.

AT country seats it is becoming the *mode* to illuminate lawns with coloured glasses to represent glow-worms, and to give balls where the local costumes only shall be worn; another excellent plan to pass an evening is: some guest is selected to improvise the first chapter of a novel, and the other *invités* are compelled to contribute, originally, of course, a chapter.

HOW many hearts have been powerless to resist the smiles or to turn away from the hands which the pretty horsebreakers' kiss as they gallop round and round! Clotilde and Emile Loysset have long bewitched the *habitués* of Franconi's Circus. Their equestrian gyrations have been brought to a dead stop. Clotilde has married the reigning Prince of Reuss-Schleitz-Ebersdorf-Lobenstein, and Emile is *fiancé* to the Count Batthyany, one of the most illustrious of the Hungarian nobles.

AT the Bois de Boulogne, where raw meat is distributed *ad libitum* to the Fuegians now exhibited at the Jardin d'Acclimation, one of the females experienced the trouble incident on the eating of too hearty a meal. The woman rejected the proffered services of an experienced medical practitioner, but accepted those of the "medicine-man" of the tribe, who, after well rubbing and shampooing her limbs, put the climax to his healing operations by blowing through the patient's fingers as if to dispel the evil genius conjured up by him on the occasion. This final process seemed to act in a beneficial way, for the lank and sable lady at once put on a grin expressive of satisfaction experienced by her at the treatment adopted by her male congener.

A FRENCH paper describes with approbation what it represents to be an American contrivance for making happy marriages. A number of young men and maidens, known to each other, are invited by a discreet matron to a dance; towards the close of the evening, each of them places in an urn his or her card, having written upon it the name of the lady or gentleman desired for a partner in life. The cards are

compared in absolute secrecy, which is, of course, an essential feature of the scheme. The cards of the young people who have not mutually chosen each other are destroyed, and nothing more is said of the matter. When the names inscribed reveal mutual love the parties are informed of it, and the parents of the young people are advised, and they are then supposed to promote matches so auspiciously set on foot. The French paper asks how long France will have to wait for such an institution.

THE *Evénement* gives the following fragment from a forthcoming sensational novel by Alexis Bouvier, the *Crime du Trou-d'Enfer*:—"When once the crime was accomplished, the old man assassinated by blows from an axe, and the girl burnt on bundles of straw in the stable, Fil-à-Plomb and Cascaret set out. The reader will not have forgotten that they had a rendezvous with the mysterious person under whose orders they were acting, on the morning of the 7th, at the inn called the Rat-Enragé. They had to reach Vaise in two days. Cascaret and Fil-à-Plomb walked all night. 'I think,' said Cascaret, suddenly, 'that we have lost the way.' The two looked around. They were in the midst of a sort of clearing at the edge of a ditch. 'Ah!' exclaimed Cascaret, 'what do I see yonder?' 'Telegraph poles,' said Fil-à-Plomb. They hastened their steps, and came to the railway that stretched away and away in both directions. They could not tell whence they were coming, or whither they were going. 'Wait a bit,' said Cascaret, 'I see something on the line.' The two companions advanced. What Cascaret had seen was a heap of five mutilated corpses. When he saw this he sprang forward joyously. 'We are on the right road!' he cried. 'How do you know?' asked Fil-à-Plomb. 'These corpses . . . we are on the Lyons railway!'"

MISCELLANY.

GENERAL HENRY L. ABBOTT, in charge of the Engineers' School at Willlet's Point, N.Y., has recently perfected an apparatus by which photographs can be taken instantaneously. It being necessary to destroy an old mule, the animal was placed in position before a camera. Six ounces of dynamite were placed upon its head and were connected in the same electrical circuit with the slide of the camera, which was supported by a fuse. The fuse and dynamite were thus exploded together, and the photo-sensitive plate was impressed with a picture of the headless mule before the body had time to fall.

THE idea that lawn tennis is of modern origin is a mistaken one. It is analogous to a game played by the Greeks and was not unknown in Rome. There was a game, in many respects similar, played in France in the fifteenth century, called "pauze," from the fact that the ball was struck with the hand, and there is a picture in Froissart's *Chronicles*, which illustrates the game. In the latter part of the seventeenth century it received the name of tennis, from the French verb "tenir," to hold, and a thick glove was worn by the players to protect the hand while striking the ball. The racket was afterward added.

LIEUTENANT BOURKE, United States Army, has seen more snakes than any man in the country. The Lieutenant, who is on the staff of General Sheridan, says he witnessed a Moqui snake dance in which naked Indians danced round a great circle, carrying rattlesnakes in their hands and even in their mouths, to the accompaniment of the serpents' rattles. Huge heaps of writhing, wriggling snakes, some of which were nearly six feet long, were grouped around the grand lodge of the Moqui high priest, and the celebrants, as they passed from one to another of these piles, seized whole armfuls of the reptiles, which they deposited near a sacred altar, but, at the same time, never relinquishing the snakes which they held between their teeth.

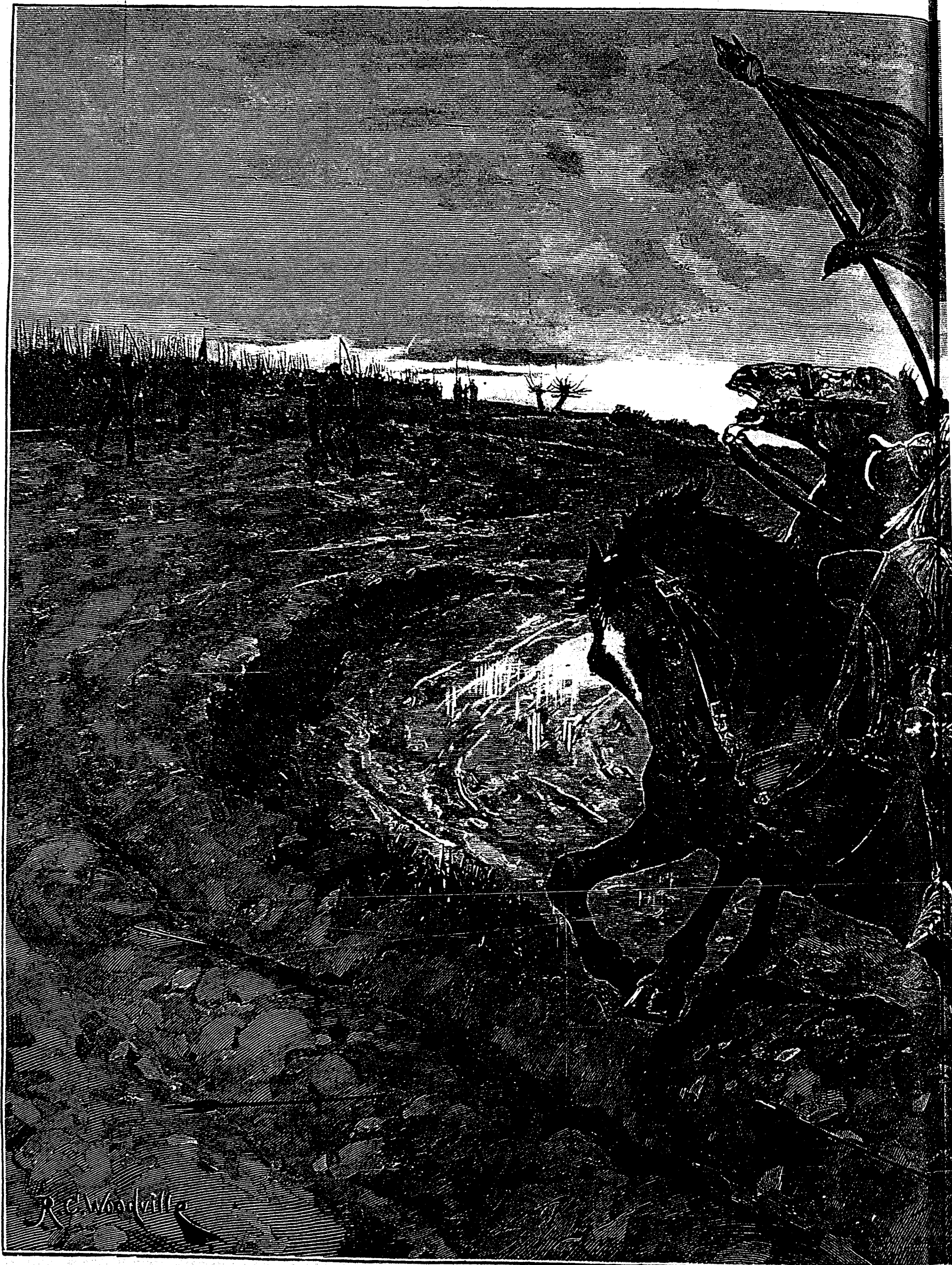
IN London, recently, Mr. J. Brander Mathews suggested to Mr. Austin Dobson the framing of a code of laws for the composition of *vers de société*, or, as Mr. Dobson prefers to call them, "familiar verse." The next day he received a note from the author of "Proverbs in Porcelain," containing these twelve maxims, which are here reproduced from the *Philadelphia Press*: I. Never be vulgar; II. Avoid slang and puns; III. Avoid inversions; IV. Be sparing of long words; V. Be colloquial, but not commonplace; VI. Choose the lightest and brightest of measures; VII. Let the rhymes be frequent, but not forced; VIII. Let them be rigorously exact to the ear; IX. Be as witty as you like; X. Be serious by accident; XI. Be pathetic with the greatest discretion; XII. Never ask if the writer of these rules has observed them himself.

HUMOROUS.

MUGGINS says he don't wonder that his sweet-heart is afraid of lightning—she is so awfully attractive. "What is your income?" was asked of a noted Bohemian in Paris. "It is hard to tell," was the reply, "but in good years I can borrow 10,000 francs."

It was somewhat hard on the student when his friend complimented him on his choice of a retired locality that he should have said, "You could read and write here from morning till night, and no human being be a bit the wiser."

"HOPE for bald heads?" angrily exclaims the editor of the *Jersey City Journal*, after reading the heading of a newspaper advertisement. "Now hope is not what we want. We need hair."



THE BROK
(SEE PA



FROMENT

EN TRUCE.
(PAGE 259.)

UP A BACKWATER.

The picnic at length it was over,
Fizz and questions were popped;
Hints and handkerchiefs dropped,
With some lines about "clover" and "lover"
Which somebody's chaperon stopped.

We most of us surely remember
Some similar scene,
As occurring between
The months, say, of March and September,
When we, like the salad, were green.

The tablecloth held down by pebbles:
The exquisite fare,
And fair exquisites there;
The chorus of *dazzi* and *trebles*
Which frightened the birds in the air!

But now, as I said, it was over,
And nobody knew
That a damsel in blue,
Not quite by herself, was a rover
In a craft to accommodate two.

Smooth dreamy, delicious the motion
As they glided along,
With a rhythm like song
(And neither, of course, had a notion
That either meant anything wrong).

To a backwater sun ne'er invaded—
An aquatic side-street,
Over which the boughs meet;
Where others have loitered, as they did,
And found the seclusion was sweet.

From clouds that curl round his manilla
An aerial estate
Can his fancy create—
A lawn, and a riverside villa,
And a damsel in blue for his fate.

He laughs as if joy were immortal:
And who'd prophesy
How a change in the sky,
Making Poverty peep through the portal,
Makes Love through the window to fly!

The dream was so sweet! 'Twas a pity
Both forgot for the day,
In their innocent way,
Belie'd accepted a "Bull" in the City,
Fret had'n't a cent but his pay.

But I know when I nursed him through fever
Down in dull Baltimore,
How he'd rave, and implore
One word from his "daring deliver,"
And pray to behold her once more.

And I know, near her silks and her laces,
And "cloud" of soft wool,
On a heart of love full,
Lies a locket in which there a face is
That bears no resemblance to Bull.

TAF.

IN LOVE WITH A MANIAC.

"Mr. Penblot."

"Yes, sir."

"Will you kindly go up to Stockton to-morrow and stay a week at the asylum?"

The request appalled Mr. Arthur Penblot, who had the honour of being myself. However, there was a stipend of thirty dollars a week depending upon obedience to the city editor's orders, and I remarked:

"Yes, sir."

"Here is a letter to Doctor Osborn, the assistant-superintendent in charge, whom, I believe, you already know. He will look out for you, and I want you to send us some realistic sketches, a little hash of romantic mania, queer delusions and that sort of thing."

"Yes, sir."

And the afternoon train took some Chronicle copy paper, some lead pencils and myself to the city for sloughs and moonlight.

The Stockton Asylum is a queer place. It is queerest to that class of individuals who imagine, through their experience in church, society or journalism, that they can tell a maniac when they see one. After a dusty ride in a bottle-tailed car I entered a tree-hung gate and found myself in a large and well-kept area of flower-grown and tree-filled garden, and was advancing along a gravelled walk to the main door on the right, when I saw a gentleman in black, with a venerable and benevolent face, stooping over a rosebush. With that lady-like deference which always veils the true journalistic cheek, I said:

"Pardon me, sir, but can you tell me where I can find Dr. Osborn?"

He looked at me searchingly and gravely said:

"Must you see him?"

"Yes, sir, on particular business."

He hesitated a moment and said:

"I am sorry; but Dr. Osborn is not visible except to relatives. Daily contact, you know, with the poor unfortunates here has affected him, as it affects many, and he is now under treatment. If you have any business I am the person to consult."

I bowed deferentially and asked the favour of a few minutes conversation, as I had some credentials to present.

"I will see you shortly," said he. "I am waiting for the Czar of Russia, who sent me a note this morning. If he brings Bismarck this trouble can be adjusted. And it must be fixed soon. Oh, if it isn't! But stay; I know who you are. If you represent England, say so frankly," taking me by the lapel of the coat.

"I represented the Chronicle, however," and for a moment indignantly contemplated hanging the diplomat, with a section of adjacent garden hose. Then I abruptly left his Majesty, who I afterwards learned was Napoleon III. and rang the bell.

Dr. Osborn received my bewildered self graciously and laughed over the harangue of the parlour boarder. We talked of insanity, and

drank a little choice Clos Vougeot. We finished the bottle, a fat, historic looking one, but only uncorked the subject. He assured me that I could not tell a lunatic when I saw one. I said I could, whereat he smiled and said: "Wait and see." Then we went on the rounds.

The yard was a great, bare, hideous arena of dethroned reason. The moment we left the door I was surrounded by a group of half a dozen tattered maniacs in dull blue rags, who placed their faces as near to mine as they could, and looked squarely into my eyes with that motionless, unflinching, unwinking, cast-iron stare that is so trying to sensitive nerves. The feather man picked all the feathers off my coat; the peg-top spun for me until he whirled himself off into a corner and went to sleep on the ground; the reader read an editorial from an old paper in the guttural, senseless, yet strangely connected gabble which might be expected of a complaisant and talkative gorilla; and the long, low, iron corridor of the mad-house disclosed its strapped, naked and snarling human beasts. Then we went through the female wards.

I had looked forward to these eagerly, and I was dreadfully disappointed. The women were unanimously old, fat and homely, and were not crazy enough to tear their clothes off—an eccentricity which I deplored, and yet, with psychologic perversity, rather desired to behold. Their hair was combed straight back. They were dressed in ungraceful calicos and I voted them a bore. Being full of Clos Vougeot, I told the doctor so. His eyes all of a sudden twinkled as with an idea, a sudden inspiration. Knowing him well, this would ordinarily have made me suspicious, but it did not then. I wish it had. He said:

"There is one patient, who superintends 'ward 19.' That I should not show you, but as you are interested in insanity in all its various phases, I will. But you must be careful. She is young, belongs to a wealthy and very estimable family in Grass Valley, and is so sane on all subjects but one that we have given her charge of the ward. You may, perhaps, see much of her during the week, and if I introduce you, you must promise one thing: never to make love to her in word or act, as it is an unrequited affection that brought her here, and we are strenuously endeavouring to keep her mind from romantic thoughts.

I promised. I was introduced. I went down at the first fire.

The brown eyes had an irresistible quality of intelligence and appreciation. The dark brown hair surmounted so pretty the oval of the face and the Grass Valley peculiarity of full and rounded contour was so deliciously evident under the clinging folds of the hospital wrapper that I made up my mind on the spot that it would require two weeks at least to do justice to the asylum.

The doctor whispered to her some words that in my confusion I did not catch. Afterwards, long afterwards, they took definite shape in my memory, and I think they were: "Interesting case—thinks he's a journalist—don't talk newspapers."

She dined at the doctor's table. I pitied her intensely. She was so bright, so appreciative, and worded her ideas in so clear and sympathetic a voice. And her eyes, when she regarded me, had a pity mingled with reserve, that moved me potentially, despite my knowledge of her condition. Her lunacy endowed her with some *naïvetés* that I could not understand. Once when I mentioned the Chronicle she hastily changed the subject to the eccentricity of one of the women patients, and I thought that the doctor looked at her approvingly. At another time when I said I had been writing for three years she had a sort of a dull, apathetic look, as if what I was saying did not appear to interest her and she did not enjoy it. I was fairly puzzled by it all, but too much interested in the beautiful phenomenon to stop to penetrate the vapour of mystery.

She talked as all bright women talk—discursively, though not flippantly. Finally, she touched upon a marriage, the local sensation of the week in Stockton, and spoke quietly of the parties, their long and mutual love and the roses and raptures before them. I felt very bad, as I was afraid the topic would affect her, and looked gravely at the doctor, whose brow was troubled as he looked at me. When I interrupted her hastily and began to talk of balloons and their dangers, she appeared surprised, and glanced at the doctor, who nodded and coughed. At least, I think he coughed, as he hid his mouth for an instant in his napkin. I suspected nothing, for the doctor was an old friend and ally.

That night I dreamed of marrying a brown-eyed maniac and raising a family of lunatics, and strangely enough, when I lay awake and thought of it, it did not seem so terrible. I rose early, for a journalist, and found her in the garden. We had an hour's talk before breakfast. It was strange and so pitiful. Lovely and intelligent as she was, her mind was most interested, in a modest and non-sentimental way, on topics of love and marriage. Oftentimes I had to turn the conversation abruptly to horse-cars, or the grain product, or the weather, or anything prosaic, and when I did so she would look in a very kindly and sympathetic way at me and keep still while I talked on. So, also, whenever I spoke of my business, and tried to get some information to write about, her insanity shone forth and she turned the conversation in an abrupt and erratic way to something else. As a matter of course, I did not mention her misfortune to her, but my pity and growing platonic

affection for her were as apparent in my looks and my manners as they were repressed in my conversation.

So passed three delicious days and evenings. My letters were written with difficulty, as brown eyes disturbed thought as they got between me and the pages, and dark hair metaphorically clogged my pen. Finally Friday evening came, the last night of my stay. I had smoked my cigarette on the vine-bordered veranda, and then went up to her room, where she sat on the sofa at twilight, looking at the still, beautiful world of shadows. Through the open door we could see a she-lunatic or two in the corridor, but I had lost all interest in that class, save in the one nearest me. Slowly the light faded. From out the garden rose the scent of flowers, of the trees and of the earth, in faint, dreary, delicious fragrance on the dew-moistened air. Now and then I looked at her face in profile, looking at her with that nagging, itching desire to throw my arms around her—a desire the more irresistible since I knew, by subtle telegraph of love, that she would not resist. My hand accidentally touched hers on the window-sill. It was cold, and I carelessly touched the wrist-artery to find it throbbing quickly and hotly.

I left my seat and walked up and down the room.

Still she sat by the window, looking out into the night. I could not keep away from her. I went up, stood silent by her side for some moments, and said:

"I am going away to-morrow, M—, I want you to sing my song once more."

She arose without a word, and, without looking at me, went to the piano in the shadow. I leaned against the end. How she found the keys I know not; but in a low, heart-felt voice she began the passion words of that sweetest of songs, "Let me Dream again."

There was a tremor in her voice, and her heart was on her lips. Never have I heard, or will I hear, a song that approached it. I forgot she was a maniac, I forgot my promise. I forgot everything but her. I gripped the rosewood in my hand to relieve the tension on my nerves, till there stole forth so sadly and sweetly the finale:

Is this a dream,

That, waking, will be pain?

Oh, do not wake me—

Let me dream again.

She stopped; my arms clasped her; her head fell upon my shoulder in passionate, self-abandonment, and there, in the darkness, our lips found each other in a kiss; a first kiss; a dream that entirely may dissolve, but time never can; the ripe blossoming of a love that cast all sober thoughts to the winds.

We heard coming steps. I loosed my hold. Dr. Osborn came in with a light. He set it down in time to receive her in his arms, as she burst into a frenzy of tears and said: "Oh, doctor, I'm so sorry for him."

I started as if shot. Then I attributed this unasked-for pity, this conversational bombshell to her mania. I said:

"Doctor, I have acted inexcusably. I cannot ask you to forgive me. I was fool enough to forget this lady's unfortunate condition."

She jumped out of the doctor's arms, electrified. Her tears dried like a shower at Yuma.

"What unfortunate condition!" she imperiously demanded.

Overwhelmed with sorrow, I looked at her, and unconsciously and slowly shook my head, as I murmured: "My God, what a pity!"

A ringing box on my ear dazed me. She was intensely indignant. Like an enraged tragedy queen she flashed forth:

"You are out of your head, sir."

A suspicion as big as a mountain rose before me. I turned quickly to the doctor.

His infamous self was rolling around on the sofa, shaking like a dish of blanc-mange and indulging in a spasm of repressed laughter that gave way to the healthiest and heartiest roar on record.

The sell was too cruel, both on her and my self. I had no words for my indignation, and I could not strike a man who was fast laughing himself to death. She had disappeared. I rapidly sought my room, packed my valise and walked to town. And as I lay awake all night at the Yosemite, anathematizing the doctor, maniacs in general and myself in particular, I desired only one boon of the Almighty—that I might control that asylum for a week and have Dr. Osborn for a patient.—*The Wasp.*

SOCIETY AT LARGE.

THE Three Mackerels at Dover, where Jack Brag slept, is now turned into a milk-shop. This circumstance ought to gladden the heart of Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

THE statutes of Wadham College require any person elected warden to take the degree of Doctor of Divinity within a year after his election. None but clergymen can, of course, take this degree. But the Fellows, being clever, casuists, have devised a means of evading this restriction. They intend, it is said, to elect Mr. Thorley, who is a layman, and when, at the end of the year, he is forced to vacate his office by failure to comply with the statute, they will elect him anew for another year, and repeat the process *ad infinitum*.

It would be difficult to conceive anything more cruel than the dog-racing—we cannot call

it coursing—that took place recently at Kempton, in England. Many of the hares had been on the ground but a few hours, and, consequently, knew nothing of their surroundings; while they were still and cramped from their confinement during a long journey by rail. The ground was so narrow that they had no chance of escape. Consequently, on the first day only two hares were not killed by the greyhounds, and they were afterwards found dead.

Two prisoners were brought up lately at one of the London police-courts charged with exchanging sentences of imprisonment by each answering to the other's name. This is not an uncommon thing in India, where, indeed, a native gaoler has been known to allow a prisoner to go out of gaol to get married, and spend his honeymoon in the city, so long as he found a friendly substitute willing to endure incarceration in the meantime.

A MONUMENT has been erected in Haslar Cemetery, Gosport, to the memory of those lost by the capsizing of the *Eurydice* off the Isle of Wight in March, 1878. The memorial is ten feet high and twenty-three by seventeen at the base. It is of novel design, representing a rough rock with seaweed thereon, and the sea pouring over it; whilst the original anchor and chain of the ill-fated ship surmount the whole. The stonework is of polished granite and Portland stone.

NORWITHSTANDING the Irish dictator's ukase against hunting in Ireland, the members of the Ward Union, the famous Leinster Hunt, intend to have a "good try" whether or not the tenantry of the home counties will accept the Land League decree. Some people wonder why Mr. Parnell, who is something of a huntsman, declines to hunt this season. He has not declined; he merely changes his game, and intends to spend his time running landlords to earth.

TROUBLE is expected in Rome in the days between the 12th and 17th of October. The Italian Catholic pilgrims will then be "manifesting" in favour of Leo XIII.; and Menotti, son of Giuseppe, is gathering his clans for a vigorous pronunciamento. This is the new from Rome, with this addition, however, that the King's Ministers are making elaborate preparations for the prevention of disorder, and that only on the Royal undertaking to that effect has the pilgrimage been definitely arranged.

A WRITER in the *Observer*, in a brief notice of Richard Person, the great Greek scholar, who had been dead, it seems, just seventy-three years on that day, states that he was the original Thackeray's Doctor Silenus. We are very possibly wrong; but we can call to mind no Doctor Silenus. We remember well a certain rich and prosperous Silenus, who gave splendid banquets at his club, at which he delighted in making a certain poor and hungry old gentleman drunk. But surely there lies no parallel between such a man and Richard Person, who was never rich nor prosperous, though very frequently drunk. Perhaps Bardolph, when old Spec and little Grig met at the Cave of Harmony, might be nearer the mark.

BY the unwritten yet immutable laws of the Spanish Court no one but a Spanish physician can attend a Queen of Spain. When the illness of the late Queen Mercedes became desperate her doctors called in their German colleague in consultation, but told him he must prescribe for Dona Mercedes without seeing her or their report of the symptoms and condition only. Dr. Kibbert declared that it was essential for him to examine the patient before he could indicate what remedies would be efficacious. That however could on no account be permitted. He then suggested that he might be allowed to see her through some open door or window without approaching her or even entering the sick-room. That concession too was refused. "Then, gentlemen, I can do nothing," was the reply. "I am willing to prescribe, but I can hardly do so with good effect without personally inspecting the patient." He wrote a prescription and left the palace. Three days later the fair young queen was dead, but the laws of Spanish Court etiquette remained intact.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. TENNYSON has just written a new play for Henry Irving.

CLARA LOUISE KELLING is growing stout, but looks younger and prettier than ever.

SINTIA GRISI, when asked for her autograph, once wrote, "I am a sound, and as the echo of a sound alone I live in the memory."

THE Mapleson Opera Company will begin its season at the New York Academy of Music on Monday, October 17, with Miss Minnie Hauk as prima donna and Signor Campanari as primo tenore.

MR. MAPLESON has offered Mme Adeline Patti £1,000 sterling a night for twelve performances of opera in New York, but Mme. Patti has for the present declined that sum.

MR. EDGAR BRUCE, the lessee and manager of the Prince of Wales Theatre, has been honoured by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales by a request to take his company to Aberystwyth Castle, and give a private representation before the Royal Family and their guests.

HANS MAKART, the celebrated Austrian painter, has designed Minnie Hauk's costumes for *Schöna (Africa)*, and they promise to be the finest and most picturesque which have yet been worn in that opera. Mr. Mapleson had to pay a bill of over 3,000 francs for them in Paris.

FIRST LOVE.

"On recent toujours
A ses premiers amours."

I loved her when I scarce knew why.
Ere love was joy or pain;
Now youth is gone, no choice have I
But love my love again.

Then I was but a schoolboy, and
A little maiden she,
We loved to ramble hand in hand,
No other love had we.

Such faith doth wiser manhood lose
To compensate its gain;
I cannot tell—but I would choose
That same old love again.

I have loved since and heeded naught
The love was ours of yore—
Short-lived each love, for Oh! 'twas not
The love I loved before.

Love comes and goes as years roll on,
And youth to love is vain;
But when new loves are past and gone,
Old Love, come back again!

R. W. B.

THE HIGHLAND LAND STEWARD AND
HIS CLEVER FAMILY.

We take the following from a paper entitled "Reminiscences of a Commercial Traveller":—A Mr. David, from Edinburgh, in the nursery and seedman line, paid a visit once in five years to a nobleman's estate in the far north, for the purpose of getting orders for the replanting of the fir trees which the rough blasts of the previous winters had destroyed. Upon the occasion in question the land steward, or grieve, was a man called Alexander Mackintosh; he was a quiet, inoffensive, and singularly reticent individual, and the utmost Mr. David could extract from him were the monosyllabic answers "yes" and "no," as the case might be. As usual, when the bargain was completed, the nurseryman asked the land steward to clench the bargain with, of course, a glass of whisky. Mackintosh never spoke, and even the electrifying influence of the "usquebaugh" availed not; his lips seemed hermetically sealed. Turning over in his mind some subject to get the Highlander to speak upon, he said—

"Oh! by-the-by, Mr. Mackintosh, I saw in the *Schoolman*, the other day, that a young man from this district had passed his examination as Master of Arts of the University of Edinburgh. I saw it was the same name as your own, Alex. Mackintosh. Is he any relations of yours?"

"My son."

"Your son!" exclaimed Mr. David. "Why, he must be a clever chiel; the examination is by no means easy; it requires preparation, study, and, above all, indomitable perseverance. Why, you must be proud of your son!"

"Yes, yes," said the Highlander, and then relapsed into silence.

"Well, I only wish I had a son who could pass with such honours," remarked the Edinburgh gentleman.

"Yes, yes, nodded the grieve, and added, "I am very proud of Alexander, but it is my other son I think the most of."

"What, have you another son?" asked Mr. David; "and what may he be?"

"Oh, yes; I have another son; and he is a physician in Liverpool, in England, where he has a large practice; not among poor people, but in the most aristocratic part of the town. He makes much money, and is not old yet."

"Well," continued Mr. David, "you have two sons—one of them a physician and the other a Master of Arts. Why, you must be proud of them?"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" returned the ground officer.

"And your excellent wife, Margaret, she will be very proud also?"

"Oh, yes, she is, poor body; but, if I had known," he remarked, in rising to leave, "that my family would have attained such eminence, and become so distinguished, I would have married a lady, and had another mother for them."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The circulation of the *Morning Post* is reported to have increased lately at the rate of a thousand copies a day.

It is in contemplation at the Bank of England to make a new and much-needed entrance at the corner of Princess street and Lothbury.

Moose jewellery is fashionable. The little animal is wrought in silver and fastened in the folds of lace or silk ties. It is also popular for cuffs, made of bronze, jet, pearl, or light metal.

On and after the 4th of October, people going to or coming from India will not go near Southampton. The steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company will henceforth start from Gravesend, call at Plymouth on the way down Channel, and come back to the same port by the same route.

The young lady attendants at the Court Theatre are now clad in a yellow waistcoat, navy blue swallow-tailed dress-coat, erect collar, and black silk evening tie. They certainly wear

a black skirt clinging closely to the legs, but with their hair cropped close to the head in the prevailing style, one might easily mistake their sex.

THE managers of the Alexandra Palace announce that they have arranged to give the millions of Londoners who have never witnessed fox-hunting an idea of what it is like. This remarkable series of hunting representations will take place in the Alexandra Palace Park during the winter months. Anyone may take part in the "hunt" on payment of five guineas.

THE new omnibuses have been so successful that it is determined to put them upon fresh lines and develop the whole working of the scheme. The monopoly of the L.G.O.C. has long been extended and very profitable to its shareholders. The company certainly did good work and greatly improved the condition of such vehicles. But it has not moved with the times. Its omnibuses remain exactly what they were ten or fifteen years ago. It gives its shareholders big dividends, but it also gives the customers very narrow seats.

THE managers of the Alexandra Palace have solved the Sunday question. Upwards of 30,000 people paid for admission to the Palace last Sunday—or, rather, to be more accurate, they paid for admission before and went there on Sunday. They took tickets for a sermon to be preached in the Palace in the afternoon. The fact that they went in the morning may have been due to their anxiety to be in good time for the religious service, but it is not so easy to explain (on religious grounds) why they remained till late in the evening.

THE helmet, flag, and other insignia belonging to the late Lord Beaconsfield as a Knight of the Garter, having been removed from St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and sent, by special order of the Queen, to Hughenden, have just been hung up in Hughenden Church, under the direction of Sir Albert William Woods, Garter King of Arms. They are suspended on the north wall of the chancel, just within the arch which separates the chancel from the nave, immediately over the seat which Lord Beaconsfield, as lord of the manor and patron of Hughenden, used to occupy on Sunday during Divine service.

IS one of the new theatres there will be a photograph gallery where the portraits of visitors can be taken by lime-light. This is a good idea, because many people, especially ladies, are glad to be taken in evening dress, and ordinarily the facilities are not great for the purpose. A photograph is pre-eminently a thing done in a hurry and on an impulse. It is rather cold-blooded to send a ball dress to the photographer's day before and put it on by daylight in his boudoir, while the other alternative, of driving in evening dress down Regent street at noon, is still more distasteful. Quite naturally you go from the dinner-table to the theatre, and in the same dress from your box to the operating room.

MR. JOHN WALTER, M.P., who has gone to America on a visit, had scarcely arrived at the Windsor Hotel, New York, when he was accosted by the ubiquitous reporter. Mr. Walter, it appears, was quite prepared for his fate; for he anticipated any introduction by saying that he knew the customs of the country, and would be very happy to say anything that might be found of interest to the readers of the *Herald*. This graceful and prompt submission was appreciated by the reporter, who proceeded to question Mr. Walter as delicately as he could consistently with his duties. Among other things, he asked him about the circulation of the *Times*, which Mr. Walter said was between 50,000 and 60,000. And the reporter said, "Is it true that the *Times* always tries to follow public opinion, and never to lead it?" "The *Times*," Mr. Walter replied, "professes to give that view of public affairs which has been gathered from the most capable, the best informed, and most long-headed men in England, and sometimes it has distinct views of its own."

HEARTH AND HOME.

WOMEN SUFFRAGE.—Make it law that only women over thirty-five shall have a vote. How many would come to the polling-both? There would not be much danger of a rush at voting then.

HONESTY.—The man who is only honest when honesty is the best policy is not really an honest man. Honesty is not swerving policy, but stable principle. An honest man is honest from his soul, nor designs to stoop to aught that is mean, though great results hang on the petty fraud.

SECRETS.—The difficulty about a secret is it takes so many men, and even women to keep it. If it has been poured into your ear you wrestle with it for a while, but it is too much for you. The man you tell it to wrestles with it, but it is too much for him; also, he tells it, and the man to whom he tells it, tells it to some one else, else, always in the strictest confidence, until at last it ceases to be a secret.

FOUR GOOD HABITS.—There were four good habits a wise and good man earnestly recommends in his counsels, and also by his example, and which he considered essentially necessary for the management of temporal concerns. These were punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and despatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done, and without the fourth, opportunities of advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Never use a lady's name in an improper place, nor at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honour, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined, and her heart broken by a lie, concocted by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose judgment could not deter them from circulating the false report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crush the poor unconscious victim.

LOAFING.—Does the young man who persists in being a loafer ever reflect how much less it would cost to be a decent, respectable man? Does he imagine that loafing is more economical than gentility? Anybody can be a gentleman, if he chooses to be, without much cost, but it is mighty expensive being a loafer. It costs time, in the first place—days, weeks, and months of it; in fact, about all the time, for no man can be a first-class loafer without devoting his whole time to it. The occupation, well followed, hardly affords time for eating, sleeping, drinking, or we had almost said drinking, but on reflection we will except that. The loafer finds time to drink whenever invited, at the cost of friends. Once fully embarked on the sea of loafing, and you bid farewell to every friendly sail that sails under an honest and legitimate flag. Your consorts will only be the buccaners of society. It costs money, for though the loafer may not earn a cent or have one for months, the time lost might have procured him much money, if devoted to industry instead of sloth. It costs health, vigor, comfort, all the true pleasures of living, honour, dignity, self-respect, and the world when living, and finally, all right of consideration when dead. Be a gentleman, then; it is far cheaper.

WOMAN, THE QUEEN OF HOME.—There is probably not an unpurged man or woman living, who does not feel that the sweetest consolations and the best rewards of life are found in the loves and delights of home. There are very few who do not feel themselves indebted to the influences that clustered around their cradles for whatever good there may be in their characters and condition. Home, based upon Christian marriage, is so evident an institution of God, that a man must become profane before he can deny it. Wherever it is pure and true to the Christian idea, there lives an institution conservative of all the noblest instincts of society. Of this realm woman is the queen. It takes the cue and hue from her. If she is in the best sense womanly—if she is true and tender, loving and heroic, patient and self-devoted—she consciously and unconsciously organizes and puts in operation a set of influences that do more to mould the destiny of the nation than any man unowned by power of eloquence, can possibly effect. The men of the nation are what mothers make them, as a rule; and the voice that those men speak in the expression of power, is the voice of the woman who bore and bred them. There can be no substitute for this. There is no other possible way in which the women of the nation can organize their influence and power that will tell so beneficially upon society and State.—*Scribner*.

VARIETIES.

A NEW valet was warned of his behaviour toward a crusty and capricious old bachelor into whose service he had just entered.

"Above all things, approve of every thing he does, and always agree with what he says."

That very evening the old fellow began to growl and grumble.

"Good gracious! I wish I were dead."

The valet, faithful to his instructions, said:

"The fact is, sir, considering the condition of Monsieur, I think it would be best for him if he were laid in the churchyard."

LONDON papers spell the name of Shakespeare several ways, but we are grateful to see that none of them spell it Shaigkspe gherr. They don't take much stock in the spelling reform movement, that's evident. It has been said that Sha—we refer, of observe, to the "divine William" (that's the way we designate him to keep out of trouble) did not know how to spell his own name. Of course that is one to the Delia Bacon romances. But he might have spelled it (giving s the sound it has in sugar and sunch) Saxpier, or peer, or even per, and maintained his ground phonetically.

THE silver bangles which have been worn so long at *porte-bonheurs*, and supposed to bring good luck to the wearer, are entirely superseded by the *Mascotte*, believed to be more powerful still. The *Mascotte* is so called from the operetta of that name, wherein the heroine bears a charm which brings good luck to all those whom she loves. The *Mascotte* now worn is a smelling-bottle of *faience*, made at Rouen—with a gold or silver stopper. The form is that of a heart, in the midst of which the head of an old woman is painted. The eyes are of real jet black and sparkling, and the trinket is believed to be an antidote to that *jettatura* which, according to Paris ideas, our best friends are sometimes disposed to throw over us.

TREAT MYSELF TO A HEARSE.—The following is a grave incident which occurred in the churchyard of Kinnell, at which Dr. Mearns, the minister of the parish, was present. The deceased was a second wife, who was carried to the grave by her husband, along with others, on a very hot summer day. The husband likewise assisted in lowering the coffin into the grave. At length he became completely overcome with the heat, and taking off his hat, and out his handkerchief to wipe off the perspiration from his head and face, he said to the bystanders, "Fan I buried my last wife I was like to be smored wi' sna', and this time I am like to be plotted wi' heat; but gin I hae this job to dee again, I dinna think but I'll treat mysel' to a hearse."

RECENTLY a remarkably delicate surgical operation was performed in a manner extraordinarily singular. Last fall, as the result of a cold, an ulcer appeared on the right eye of a young gentleman of this city. The ulcer was removed, but a scar was left on the corner directly over the pupil, completely obscuring the sight. While riding in the cars recently the young man met with the customary fortune of travellers, and for several days suffered from the evil effects of a large cinder in the eye. When the bandage was removed, much to the surprise of the patient, he found that he could see almost as well as before the growth of the ulcer. The rough edges of the cinder had removed the scar, a feat which surgeons had in vain attempted to perform.—*Cleveland Leader*.

THE Bride of Lummemoor was indulgently treated in comparison with a Chinese woman who turned up her nose at a man whom the family authorities recommended as a husband. In most countries the consoling feature of widowhood is its delightful freedom. Not so in China. Thus, last June Mr. Morgau, of the Custom House, Hankow, while enjoying his evening chroot on a steamship, saw two Chinese men actively engaged in drowning a woman, whom he proceeded to rescue. She deprecated his benevolent energy and explained that her fate was sealed, and that she might as well die then as at any other time. Next day the men succeeded in drowning her effectually. Her offence was refusal—she being a young and blooming widow—to marry an old man. Her brothers-in-law were the drowners, and they mildly remonstrated with Mr. Morgau on his interference.

It was one of the dreams of the city authorities who have been experimenting with the electric light that the moon was the proper model for us. They would place the light as near the sky as possible, and let its effulgence descend. So they erected very tall and by no means shapely masts in front of the Mansion House, and put the lamps on the top thereof. Very pretty the light looked; distance took off its glitter, and it provided a magnificent light for the cats on the tiles, and for any stray householders who follow the Eastern practice of using their roofs for perambulation. But it did not light the pavements. So the light has been lowered, with an odd result. In its new position it suggests a flag at half-mast, and makes the city seem in mourning. The reflector brought lower becomes ugly, and the light itself rather glares. In consequence, we begin to foresee that the tall lights have had their day.

FAIR PLAY AT THE QUESTIONS.—When in his peregrinations about Dalry, in Ayrshire, Wull Spiers made it a point of duty to attend all the diets of examination held by the minister throughout the parish. Having for a time left off this duty, Wull was one day met by the minister, who said, "Hollo, Wull, what's come over you now? You never show your face at an examination now?" "Just for cause," said Wull. "Just for what cause?" queried the minister. "Oo, just cause; ye dinna gie fair play, cause." "What fair play wad ye like, Wull, tell me?" "Oo, just spier question about." "Well, come Wull, and I'll gratify you on that point." On a subsequent day an examination took place, and Wull was there. Beginning at the lowest class of juveniles, the class with which Wull always associated, a question or two was put to some of the tiny attendants from the mother's catechism. The minister said—"Now, Wull, it is your turn, now." Looking as grave as an owl, Wull said, "Imphm!" "Are there more Gods than one?" "There is but one only, the living and true God." "Quite right, Wull; how many—?" "Na, na; bargains, bargains, an' fair play's a jewel; it's my question noo." "Well, what is your question?" "Hoo many doevils are there?" "Well, I cannot tell." "Therena, ye're wabbed; ye maun get yer questions better or ye come tae ma' examination; sae ye maun own beat."



WORTH, NOT BIRTH.

The floral decorations of the bier are exceedingly beautiful and elaborate. One of the largest and most exquisite is one composed of white roses, smilax, and stephanotis, which was prepared and presented in the name of the Queen of England by the British Legation. It bears a card with the inscription, "QUEEN VICTORIA to the Memory of the late PRESIDENT GARFIELD, an expression of her sorrow and her sympathy with Mrs. GARFIELD and the American Nation."—TELEGRAM FROM WASHINGTON.



PICTURES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—SILHOUETTES BY FR. SPECHT.

"LEFT UNSAID."

"A happier hour I never spent
Than that with you when last we met."
Alas, we're never quite content!
There's always something to regret;
And, when we see our love no more,
Sadly we count those errors o'er.

There's always something left unsaid
At lovers' meetings brief and rare;
The dear one's presence seems to shed
Some strange enchantment in the air.
And we, to catch those accents low,
Forget our own hearts' overflow—

Forget too soon the anxious thought,
The tear to which our trust gave way;
Such glowing beauty Life hath caught
From those dear lips that speak to-day
That we must leave still unconfessed
The doubt, the hope that fills our breast.

Though Death and change are ever near,
We quite forget them for a while,
And all Love's mistrust and its fear
Are chased away by one sweet smile,
Too soon the golden hours are sped,
And still is something left unsaid.

We part and sigh: "The day is past;
Unspoken still the words remain."
Ah, what if we have looked our last,
Nor see that face on earth again?
Love's last propitious hour hath flown,
Such hapless parting some have known;

And all their life through after years
Is saddened by this keen regret—
"Had she but known what for my fears
I would have said when last we met—
Had she but known, had I foreseen—
O heart, how bliss we might have been!"

THE PIECE THAT WAS LOST.

There was a promise of a capital hay day; so Silas Rogers decided as he stood in the back porch after milking, polishing his face with a coarse towel and noting the weather signs between the ribs.

A capital hay-day; but a "bad spell of weather" might be expected soon; for did not the almanac say, "About this time look out for storms?"

So all hands were warned to be in readiness to mow the lower intervals in the morning, and lose no time getting at it, for the lower intervals was swampy after a rain.

The chores were done, the supper eaten; Silas, with his chair tipped against the wall, sleeping the sleep of the just, while his good wife pattered about the kitchen setting her sponge, beating up some "riz" griddle cakes for breakfast, grinding the coffee, and, in a dozen provident ways, squeezing out of the tired day a little help for the morrow.

Reuben went to the store for a new scythe-sheath; Abner, the hired man, hung over the barnyard gate with the beloved pipe that tried the housewife's soul, and pretty Mistress Hetty wrinkled her forehead and pricked her fingers over the new dress she was trying to make in the few leisure moments snatched from housework. She made a charming picture in the frame of the vine-wreathed window, her sleeves still rolled above her plump elbows, the bright hair drawn back from the rosy face which was turned full to the lamp as she threaded her needle, or paused to brush some deluded moth away from the dangerous flame that fascinated him.

A charming picture, but no one to look at it; for the great Norway pine held a screen of solid blackness between the window and the road, even if any belated traveller had chanced to walk that way, and only Hetty's white cat crept stealthily along the top of the garden fence with murderous designs upon an untimely brood of chirping birds in the currant bushes. Only this—ah, beware Mistress Hetty! Evil eyes are looking at you; eyes from which a heathen mother would cover your face with her hands, and breathe a prayer to break the unholy spell they might cast upon you—a woman's eyes peering from a thick jungle of lilacs and syringas so near that it seems as if Hetty must feel them. But Hetty feels nothing, sees nothing but the troublesome dress; and, as the perplexing ruffles are conquered one by one, her heart grows light, the little frown smooths away and Hetty begins to sing. What a sweet voice she has! It reaches the tired mother and lightens her heart, too. It wakes her father, and then lulls him pleasantly to sleep again. Now Abner hears it and draws his hickory shirt-sleeves across his eyes; and that watcher in the green tangle—who can guess what she thinks or feels as she sinks down with her chin upon her hands, and her face quite in the dark, and listens to the pathetic story of "The Ninety"? Hetty herself is not half-conscious of the pathos with which she bewails the lost one,

"Away on the mountains bleak and bare
Away from the tender Shepherd's care,"

and goes through the tender story to the final rejoicing when the shepherd brings back his own. She is still humming it fitfully over and over when her mother opens the door of the keeping room and bids her go to bed and not ruin her eyes with sewing by lamp light.

"Just a minute," says Hetty; "as soon as I finish this sleeve."

And the minutes glide on and on, and the sleeve is finished, held up and admired, and Mistress Hetty takes off her shoes and slips softly up stairs to bed. She does not even close the window. What should come into the house unbidden, save the cat and the cool night air? Everything is silent. The mother bird broods her little one securely, unconscious of the cruel

eyes near by, until Reuben comes whistling along the road and, boy like, stops to shy a stone at the tempting white mark on the garden fence. The prowler leaps away with long bounds over the wet grass, and a tragedy is averted with nothing to show for it but dirty tracks upon the piece of "factory" spread out to bleach. By and by there is a little stir in the lilac jungle; a woman comes cautiously out of her hiding place and steals away to the barn.

The cows are lying here and there under the long shed sleeping, perhaps, in a cow's uneasy fashion, but with certain air of motherliness and content about them. They do not even wonder at the late comer as she treads her way among them, enters the barn, mounts the scaffold already well filled with the sweet new hay, and is soon asleep, hearing now and then a broken twitter from the restless swallows under the eaves, or perchance a faint sweet voice singing, with lingering pity in its tone,

"Sick, wounded and ready to die."

Who can tell when the summer day begins? One instant a dusky silence, cool, moist and fragrant, hanging over the hill, the next a burst of song from some tree-top, caught up from a hundred green coverts, swelled, repeated and prolonged in mad chorus that presently settles again into silence. The slow stir of life awakening, the bustle among the poultry, and the lowing of some impatient cow, or the sound of her companion nipping the short, juicy grass, the unwilling creak of a rheumatic pump handle, and here and there the dull thud of an improvident axe preparing the kindlings for the kitchen fire.

The day was well under way in Silas Rogers' household before the majority of his neighbours had reached this point. The cows were milked and turned into the green lane to make their own way to the pasture, the steady whirl of the grindstone and the sharp ring of steel told that the moments before breakfast were being made the most of, and even at the table there were few words spoken, and no useless lingering. But after breakfast Silas Rogers took down the leather covered Bible that had been his old mother's daily companion for eighty years, and all the family sat reverently down to worship.

The golden moments might speed as they would, but no day in that household began without its portion from the Bible. It might have been a lingering recollection of Hetty's song, it might have been one of those celestial providences which we call chance, which led him to read from the gospel the story of the wandering sheep and the lost piece of silver. It is doubtful if any of them were very deeply touched by it. It was a familiar story to the good wife, and she could not keep her thoughts from straying anxiously to the loaves rising perilously in the pans, while Hetty glanced at the clock and secretly hoped that her father had not chanced upon a long chapter. The reading came abruptly to an end, an earnest though hoarsely prayer and the service was ended.

Abner and Reuben almost stumbled over a woman sitting absorbed in the door-way. Silas looked at her but did not stay to question, and when they were gone she rose and said abruptly, "Will you give me some breakfast?"

Mrs. Rogers looked at her. She was a tall and not uncomely woman of about thirty, but with something indefinably evil about her face. The hard mouth, the bold, defiant eyes repelled her, yet seemed as if at any instant they might break into scornful tears.

"Who are you?" asked the good wife, coming nearer with the pan of bread in her hand. Again the face lightened, grew hard and then yielded with the sudden declaration:

"I am the piece that was lost."

Martha Rogers had not a particle of poetry in her nature, but she had the most profound reverence for the scriptures, therefore the words both puzzled and shocked her. But she was not a woman to refuse bread to the hungry, so she placed food upon the table, and motioned the woman to a chair, with a brief "Sit up and eat."

All the time that the woman was eating, and she did not hasten, her eyes followed the mistress and Hetty, until Martha Rogers grew nervous and sent Hetty to "right up the chambers."

As soon as she was gone the woman turned abruptly from her breakfast.

"Will you give me work to do?" she demanded, rather than asked.

"Who are you?" asked Mrs. Rogers again, simply to gain time.

"I thought you knew. I am Moll Prichett; and they have turned me out of my house; burned it over my head," and the eyes grew lurid with evil.

"What can you do?" asked Mrs. Rogers. "Anything that a woman can do, or a man. I can work in the field with the best of them; I have done it many a time; but I should like to do what—to be like other women."

"Are you a good woman?"

The question came straight and strong, without any faltering. She had heard of this Moll Prichett, a woman who lived alone in an old tumble down hut below the saw-mill and won a meagre living by weaving rag-carpets, picking berries for sale, and it was suspected in less reputable ways, but Martha Rogers took no stock in idle rumors. If she had not divine compassion she had something very like divine justice, which is altogether a sweeter thing in its remembering of our frame than the tender mercies of the wicked.

The woman looked at her curiously. At first with a mocking smile, then with a sullen, and at last with a defiant expression.

"Is it likely?" she said fiercely. "A good woman! How should I be a good woman? I tell you 'I'm the piece that was lost,' and nobody ever looked for me. If I was a good woman do you suppose I should be where I be—only twenty-eight years old, well and hearty, and every door in the world shut in my face? I tell ye the man that wrote that story did not know women; they don't hunt for the piece that is lost; they just let it go. There's enough on 'em that don't get lost."

Poor Martha Rogers was sorely perplexed all the more that her way had lain so smooth and plain before her that she might have walked in it blindfolded. If this was a lost piece of silver it was not she who lost it; but what if it were the master's, precious to his heart, and a careless hand had dropped it, and left it to lie in the dust? And what if he bade her seek it, and find it for him? On this very day, when she needed so sorely the help she had looked for in vain, had not this woman been sent to her very door, and was it not a plain leading of Providence? It is a blessed thing for us that we are usually driven to act first and theorize afterwards, even though the after-thought sometimes brings repentance. The bread was ready for the oven and the wood-box was empty.

"You may fetch in some wood," said Martha Rogers, and the woman promptly obeyed, filling the box with one load of her sinewy arms, and then stood humbly waiting. Hetty came into the room and began to clear the table, but her mother took the dishes from her hands.

"Go up stairs and fetch a big apron and one of your sweeping caps, and then you may get at your sewing and see if you can finish up your dress."

Away went Hetty, her light heart bounding with unexpected release, and her mother turned again to the woman, furnished her with a coarse towel and sent her to the wash-house for a thorough purification. Half an hour afterward, with her hair hidden in the muslin cap, her whole figure enveloped in the clean calico apron, a comely woman was silently engaged in the household tasks, doing her work with such rapid skill that the critical housewife drew a sigh of relief.

"There's a hanful of towels, and coarse clothes left from the ironing you might put the iron on, Mary, and smooth 'em out."

The woman turned a startled face upon her, and then went quickly for the clothes, but something—was it a tear—rolled down the swarthy cheek and mingled with the bright drops she sprinkled over them. When had she ever been called Mary? When had she heard any name but Moll? Not since away among the hills of New Hampshire a pale woman had laid her hands upon the tangled curls of her little daughter and prayed that from the strange world to which she was speeding she might be allowed to watch over these wayward feet lest they should go astray. Had she watched? did she know? Moll hoped not; it made her shudder to think of it. What would heaven be worth if she could see and know? and yet, what did she hear about joy in heaven over one sinner that repented? If there was joy it must be that they knew; or perhaps only good news was carried there.

That night Hetty sang again at her sewing by the lamp, and from the attic window far above her head the wanderer leaned out into the dark to listen. The little chamber was bare of ornament; there was not a picture on the cleanly whitewashed walls and the straight curtain was for decency, not drapery; but it seemed to this one a very chamber of peace. The great Norway pine almost brushed her cheek with its resinous plumes, balmy with moist night air, and a bird hidden somewhere among its branches sent out a startled, half-awake cry, and then dropped off to sleep again. There was a pale young moon low in the western sky, with black clouds scudding across it, and the dull, steady sound of the river, pouring over the great dam in the valley, seemed to come nearer, like the tramp of feet. Martha Rogers went out to the milk-room and stood for a moment in the door, shading the flickering candle in her hand. She was only taking a housewifely observation upon the gathering storm but it seemed to the wanderer that she might well be the woman who had lighted a candle to search for the lost piece of silver, and with a dim comprehension of love on earth and joy in heaven she tried to pray and fell asleep.

Silas Rogers listened to the day's story as he sat mending a bit of harness with clumsy fingers. He may be forgiven if his thoughts sometimes wandered to the hay so fortunately secured from the storm, or ran over the grist to be sent to the mill in the morning if it proved a wet day, or speculated curiously on the superhuman knowledge of almanac men; but on the whole he was tolerably attentive, and certainly grasped the idea that his wife had secured a valuable and much-needed helper.

"It seems a risk to run," said Martha, anxiously; "and I don't know but it's presumptuous; there's Hetty, and there's Reuben—"

"And there's the Lord," said Silas, stopping to open his knife.

"Yes," said Martha, with a little start, "and I can't quite get rid of what she said about the piece that was lost; though to be sure, the woman that lost it ought to hunt it."

"She never does; folks are always losing things for somebody else to find; 'taint many

of 'em can say, 'those that thou hast given me have I kept, right straight along.'"

"But if you lose your own piece looking after other folks—"

Silas cut off his waxed end and gave the harness an experimental pull before he answered.

"Well, there's risks, as you say, but I'd rather take a risk for the Lord than agin him."

Martha Rogers took the risk for the Lord, and he abundantly justified and rewarded her faith. For the piece that was lost becomes peace to the heart that finds it and lays it again in the Master's hands; and locking the story of the wanderer in her own breast it was only to the angels that she said, "rejoice with me."

And when, years afterward, the woman herself said, before the committee of the church, "I am a woman over whom there is great joy in heaven," there were not wanting those who thought she was presumptuously claiming to be a saint.

FOOT NOTES.

GREAT minds can unbend, as was seen the other night when a black beetle appeared on the floor of the House of Commons and carried immense excitement, hilarity, and even cheers, as it turned to various political sections for a refuge. Finally a general "Oh! oh!" arose (which stopped the bewildered Attorney-General for Ireland in his speech) as a member entered the House, and, not seeing the cause of the amusement, put his foot on the beetle and terminated its Parliamentary career.

THE Turkish woman is marriageable at the age of nine years, and by Turkish law at that age, if married, she is competent to manage her property and dispose of one-third of her fortune. The law allows her to abandon her husband's house for just cause, and will protect her in so doing. She cannot be compelled to labour for the support of her husband. On the contrary, he is compelled to support her; and it is a penal offence to insult or ill-treat her. Should he not furnish her with funds she is authorized to borrow in his name and even sell his property. After marriage she has the absolute control of her own property, which he cannot touch.

A BEAUTIFUL young Rajput of twenty, by name Padmasing, is attracting much attention at Madras. I was present at one of his performances, which are like the spirit ualistic scenes in America. He began the performance by playing on the fiddle, the exquisiteness of which I am at a loss to describe. It was the grandest performance I ever heard. There was a small tent about a yard and a half in height in the centre of the house where the performance was given. This was made up of four iron bars; the base formed a square, and the top of it was a dome made up of sticks. The tent had a red satin cover. The construction of this tent, or whatever you may call it, was such that it could be taken to pieces and adjusted in a minute. Then came the "Dusavathanum." This was done by playing ten kinds of musical instruments. We had the tent examined and found nothing inside. The young man entered it and took out the instruments that were outside. All these instruments were played upon at the same time, accompanied by singing by the young man alone. Then all the instruments were taken out, he remaining inside the tent. Scarcely a few minutes after there was a noise of brass vessels. Immediately followed the noise of water being poured from one vessel to another. Shortly after he threw out two clothes—one he wore at the time he entered the tent and another. Then he rang a bell, which was a token I think of his performing "Pooja." At last the tent was taken to pieces, when we found the young man dressed like a beautiful damsel, and decorated with flowers and jewels after the fashion of trousseau Hindu dancing girls, and wearing white muslin with lace borders, and a violet bodice, the contents of which a constable tried to examine. Before he entered the tent he had three tufts; when he came out his head was like a female's. The general belief of the Hindus is that it is all done by the help of spirits.

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THEY ALL DO IT.

There are some strange results from that delusion which women so generally entertain, that if they are no worse than their neighbors, they are all they should be. Frequently, if a woman's admirers discover some weak point about her, she will endeavor to make light of her fault by representing it as being common to her sex.

False hair and painted faces are after all but things of the surface; the woman may be as nice without these additions—perhaps even nicer. A woman with a good form, a lovely shape, a fine physique, may be forgiven for making use of the hairdresser's art, for darkening her eyes and powdering her chin daintily when she prepares herself for the evening or the promenade.

men with fine hair have resigned themselves to the fact that nobody believes it to be their own; other women who are made up in this respect sneer at them so confidently. But now that a slur is cast upon every lovely figure, it must be trying indeed.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. J. B. Lachine.—Problem No. 350. Dr. Ryall's, is a two-move problem, as you say. Your solution is correct. The mistake is ours.

Of all the games invented for the amusement and recreation of man, the one which has been the most praised, and which has found the most favour in all civilized communities is undoubtedly chess. It is called the Royal game, we believe, because it has from the earliest ages received the patronage of crowned heads.

We are led to make these remarks from the fact that we have read with no pleasurable feelings an article in the last number of the Canadian Monthly Magazine on "Chess and Chessplayers." We must say that we are much surprised to find such a paper in a journal in which we have seen much deserving of great commendation.

We cannot do better, however, in trying to prove the unfairness of this attack on the unblemished character of Chess, than to give an extract, which, we may add, is the concluding part of the article, and ask any candid reader what he thinks of such wholesale denunciation of the royal pastime. He says:—

Multitudes of young men, starting in life with fair prospects, and average abilities, unsuspecting of its pernicious effects, have been led to become infatuated by it, sinking gradually into a career terminating often in disgrace and ruin.

Following the example of a friend, we have read this extract to several persons, leaving them to guess the subject to which it referred. As a matter of course, many things of a highly objectionable nature were surmised, but the difficulty of naming the right one, was only equalled by the amusement which resulted when they were informed that multitudes of young persons were led to ruin by chess and its fascinations.

In giving examples of illustrious characters in the world's history who misemployed their time by playing at chess, the writer mentions the names of Charles I. of England, General Saxe-Napoleon, and Gibbon the historian. We fail to see, reviewing the lives of these great men, in what way they were wrongly influenced by the use of the chequered board, and we feel assured that if ever their consciences troubled them, it was by well nigh matters than playing a simple game of chess.

The writer in giving the names of distinguished persons who have been described as indulging in this mode of recreation brought to mind the following anecdote, which was related by Professor Wylie at a public dinner, given, if we mistake not, by the St. George's Chess Club in London, Eng. It had been stated by a previous speaker that Prince Leopold was a member of the St. George's Club, and the learned Professor proceeded to show that chess had been a favourite game with the late Prince Albert and Her Majesty the Queen.

On one occasion Her Majesty played a game with the Queen of the Belgians, who was then on a visit to England, and in the course of the contest Lord Palmerston strained his constitutional privileges so far as to give his sovereign some hints about the game, which, notwithstanding his assistance, was won by the Belgian royal lady. "It was the fault of your Majesty's humble adviser," said the Prime Minister consolingly.

How little the actors in the scene just described imagined that they were indulging in an amusement which was calculated to lead young men, to use the words of our writer, to become "unfit for healthy and honourable pursuits!"

The annual meeting of the Montreal Chess Club was held at the Gymnasium, Mansfield street, on Tuesday, the 11th inst. There was a very fair attendance of members. After the reading of the report, the officers for the ensuing year were elected, with the following results:—

President, Dr. Howe. Vice-Presidents, Thomas Workman, Esq., and Principal Hicks. Secretary, J. Henderson, Esq. Counsellors—Messrs. John Barry, J. G. Ascher and J. Sterling.

The following gentlemen were enrolled as members:—R. B. Hutchinson, W. S. Blyth, E. A. Benjamin, R. K. Thomas and Dr. D. C. McLaren.

The Toronto Chess Club met last evening to organize for the season. The meeting was largely attended. Several new members were elected, and everything points to a successful season. The following officers were elected for the year:—W. A. Littlejohn, President; H. F. Lee, Vice-President; A. C. Meyers, Secretary-Treasurer; J. H. Gordon, Auditor; H. J. Rose, James Ashfield, G. Gibson, Managing Committee; H. J. Rose, H. Northcote, J. H. Gordon, Match Committee. Chess players of the city are cordially invited to pay the club a visit at their rooms in the Mechanics' Institute. The club meets every Thursday evening during the season.—Toronto Mail, Oct. 8th.

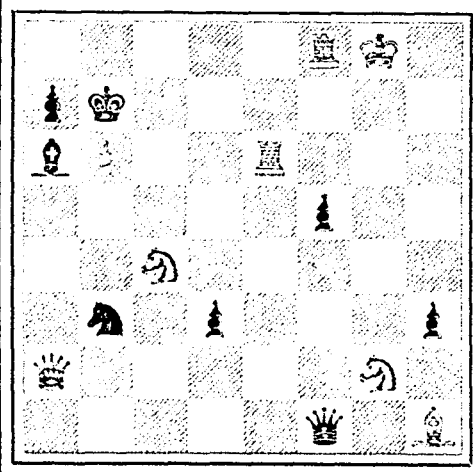
Problem No. 250 in our last Column is to be solved in two moves instead of three. We are sorry for the mistake.

The following table shows the result of the Berlin Tourney. As will be seen, Mr. Blackburne is first, and M. Zukertort comes next Messrs. Winawer and Tschigorin tie for third place, and Messrs. Mason and Wittek for fifth.

Table showing chess tournament results with columns for Player Name and Total Won. Includes names like Berger, Blackburne, Mason, Minckwitz, Dr. Noa, L. Paulsen, W. Paulsen, Pitschell, Riemann, Schallopp, Dr. Schmidt, Von Schutz, J. Schwarz, Tschigorin, Wemmers, Winawer, Wittek, Zukertort.

Resigned after playing three games. 1 stands for won; 0 for lost; 1/2 for drawn.

PROBLEM No. 351. By R. B. Wornald. BLACK.



White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 349. White. 1. B to Kt 5. 2. B to B 6. 3. Mates acc. Black. 1. R takes B. 2. Any.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 347. White. 1. B to K 7. 2. Kt mates. Black. 1. Any.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 348. White. K at K Kt 3. Q at Q R 2. R at K Kt 8. B at Q 5. Black. K at Q R sq. R at Q Kt sq. B at Q Kt 2. Pawn at Q R 2. White to play and mate in two moves.

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Change of Time.

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(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.) Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later than Hochelaga. Magnificent Palace Cars on all Day Passenger Trains, and Sleeping Cars on Night Trains. Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec. Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m. All Trains Run by Montreal Time. GENERAL OFFICES-13 PLACE D'ARMES. TICKET OFFICES: 13 Place D'Armes, MONTREAL. 902 St. James Street, Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec. L. A. BENEVAL, Gen'l Sup't.



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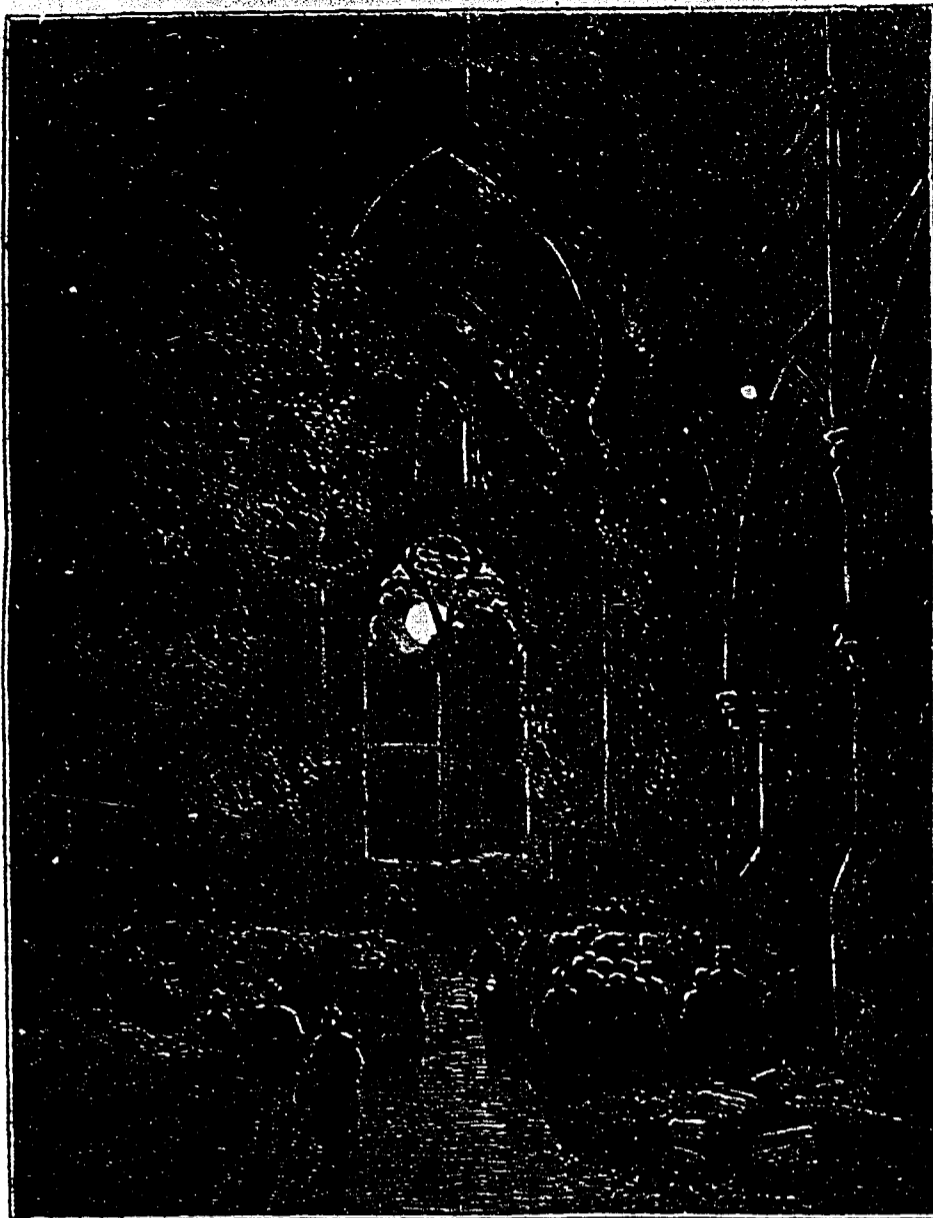
SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Piers, St. Maurice Works," will be received until THURSDAY, the 20th day of OCTOBER next, inclusively, for the construction of Two Piers at the mouth of the River St. Maurice, Quebec, according to a plan and specification to be seen on application at the office of the Superintendent, St. Maurice Works, Three Rivers, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, F. H. ENNIS, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 23rd September, 1881.

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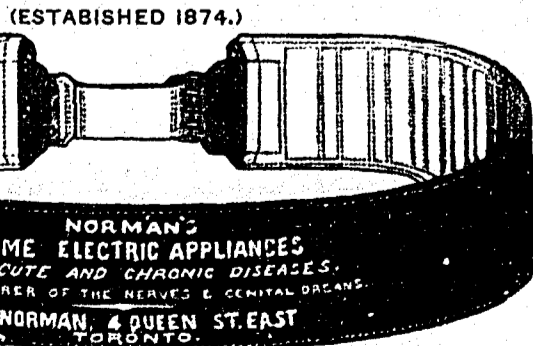
In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature thus-



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DAY EXPRESS running through to Boston at 8:30 a.m., with Parlor Car. LOCAL TRAINS to Knowlton and All Way Stations this side at 5:00 p.m., on Saturdays at 2:00 p.m., instead of 3:00 p.m., and arrive on Mondays at 8:25 a.m. instead of 8:15 a.m. NIGHT EXPRESS, with Pullman Sleeper, through to Boston at 4:30 p.m., will stop only at Chambly, Canton, West Farnham, and Cowansville, between St. Lambert and Sutton Junction, except on Saturdays, when this train will stop at all stations.

ARRIVE AT MONTREAL

NIGHT EXPRESS from Boston at 8:25 a.m. LOCAL TRAINS from Knowlton and Way Stations at 9:15 a.m., on Mondays at 8:25 a.m., instead of 9:12 a.m. DAY EXPRESS from Boston at 8:45 p.m.

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