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THE LOUNGER.



MRS. ADAM COUGHLIN

EDITOR.

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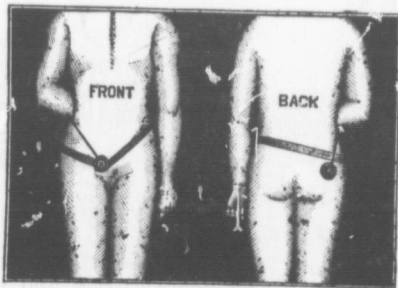
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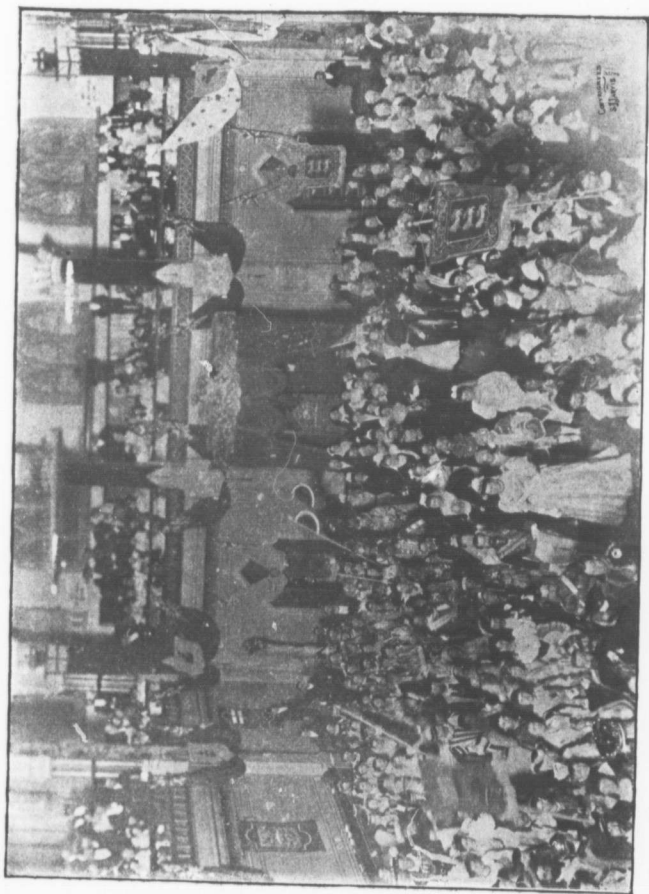
No. 1

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT OTTAWA

BY

THE LOUNGER PUBLISHING CO.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FIFTY CENTS A YEAR : FIVE CENTS A COPY.



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THE HISTORICAL BALL.
A Flash Light showing the Ball at its Height.



Longer Eng. Co.



Topley Photo.

THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.



Loanger, Eng. Co.,

GOVERNMENT HOUSE PARTY.
The Vikings—First Discoverers of Canada,

Topley Photo.

THE LOUNGER.

HISTORICAL FANCY DRESS BALL.

THAT the Historical ball given by Their Excellencies the Governor General and the Countess of Aberdeen, on the seventeenth of February last, was the most successful affair of the kind ever given in Canada is cordially affirmed by all who are in a position to judge. But apart from its being a remarkably successful society event, even surpassing the expectations of all concerned, and fully repaying by this gratifying result, those who with Their Excellencies gave so much time and trouble to the carrying out of the idea; the significance of that idea gave an unusually interesting character to the affair, placing it at once above the level of the ordinary fancy ball or carnival.

This idea was the representation, by a series of characteristic dances, of various epochs in Canadian history, dating from the discovery of Canada by the Norsemen, about the year 1,000. The ladies and gentlemen who took part in these dances represented various personages prominent in the history of Canada, and it must be said that, judging by the costumes displayed, there was much careful deliberation upon the choice and portrayal of the characters. Never was the study of Canadian history so ardently pursued in our Capital City. School Histories were at a discount, tossed contemptuously aside, while fair ladies poured over pages of Parkman with sighs and exclamations as the mysteries and intricacies of Canadian history were revealed. Never shall it again be said, in Ottawa at least, that Canada has no history. In the library of Parliament for three or four weeks before the Ball, the great volumes of illustrations of the costumes of various periods, were left lying upon the tables so that they might be consulted without the delay of taking them down from their places. Ladies, and gentlemen too, studied them with a semi-comical semi-tragic air of anxiety. The ordinary words of salutation were dropped and if you wended your way towards the library of Parliament you

would probably be met by a friend or acquaintance armed with a long lead pencil, and carrying a scrap of white paper. Nor would you be allowed to pass the threatening pencil until you had answered, or expressed your ignorance, as to the date of a certain event.

There have been balls and balls. A gorgeous Fancy ball was given at Government house some years ago by a former governor; but this one is unique in its historical significance and moreover its presiding spirit was Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen. "the most charming hostess in Canada."

Their Excellencies spared neither trouble nor expense in connection with the arrangements for the ball which was held in the Senate Chamber, the chairs being removed for the occasion, and the walls of the Chamber suitably decorated with flags and emblems significant of the character of the Ball. The Governor General and the Countess of Aberdeen occupied the throne upon the dais at the end of the Chamber. The Vice Regal Court consisted of Their Excellencies the Governor General and the Countess of Aberdeen, the Cabinet Ministers and their wives and the different Military Aides de Camp while Mrs. Lewis, wife of Bishop Lewis, Madame Albani and Mrs. Potter Palmer were present as guests at Government house.

The costumes of the ladies of the Vice Regal Court were superb. The Cabinet ministers were in full regalia and Sir Mackenzie Bowell was especially resplendent in his new Windsor uniform.

The first dance on the programme was that of the Vikings by the Government House party. It was certainly the most striking feature of the evening. The dresses were all of woollen material closely adhering to the fashion of the time. A better idea of the styles of the different costumes is given by the illustrations accompanying this article than could be given in words. It was a vigorous somewhat boisterous dance in which all took part with the jolly romping spirit typical of those primitive



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MRS. BOURINOT'S PARTY—Canada in the time of Montcalm and Wolfe

Topley Photo.



MADAME LAURIER'S PARTY—Maisonneuve, and the Founders of Montreal.

times. There was a great clatter of jingling armor and galloping feet. One or two helmets fell off and rolled on the floor, but this only added to the fun. Everybody was in good spirits: the ladies' faces were bright with smiles and the glow of the exercise and they looked very pretty with their flowing veils and gold crowns. The head gear of the men was also picturesque, some of them as will be seen by the picture being simply the head and skin of a fox worn as a sort of hood, with the face of the fox over the forehead and the back and tail hanging down behind.

The most prominent figure, in the centre of the group is that of Lady Marjorie Gordon. It is not a flattering likeness, though in some respects very good. Lady Marjorie is a bright girl who enjoys life thoroughly. She is very fond of our Canadian winter sports, in which she is quite an expert. Not very long ago no less a personage than Dr. Weldon, the genial member for Albert placed his life in her hands, or rather himself upon her toboggan and under her guidance took two or three slides down the swiftest slide at Rideau Hall. The Doctor seemed to enjoy the sport and Lady Marjorie was happily unconscious of the fact that her little toboggan carried a load with it which the Canadian Government, at that crisis, might not have been unwilling to see vanish beyond the distant horizon. Not being in league with the Government however, for the removal of obstructions she brought him back none the worse, but flushed with a new victory.

Back of Lady Marjorie to the right, with the tall wings in his pointed helmet, stands Captain Sinclair the Governor General's private secretary who a few days ago saved the life of Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen.

Among the other gentlemen who make up the group, are the popular Aides de Camp, Capt. Erskine, military secretary, Mr. Munro Ferguson, a brother of the Hon. Mr. Ferguson who was a member of the late Imperial Liberal Cabinet; Capt. Wilberforce, a close connection of the late famous Lord Bishop of Liverpool, and Dr. Gibson the genial house surgeon lately arrived from Scotland.

The lady sitting at Lady Marjorie's right is Miss Wilson, Her Excellency's private secretary.

The second dance, by Mrs. Mackintosh's party, represented the time of Cabot. The

costumes of this dance were said to be the most splendid for the richness of their material—silk, velvet and lace, in those of both ladies and gentlemen, in gorgeous combination.

The third dance, by Mrs. Daly's party was a quadrille of the period of Jacques Cartier. The movement of this dance was very slow, but graceful and imposing. At the conclusion of the dance each lady and gentlemen made an elaborate bow before the throne.

The next, Mrs. Dickey's, was the Bourree, an Acadian dance of a very intricate and complicated nature. It was performed without a mis-step, and the effect was quite picturesque. As in the preceding the couples bowed before their Excellencies. This was not the least imposing part of the spectacle and as each lady was assisted to her feet by her partner the galleries applauded. The long trains had to be deftly handled and all in time to the music.

Another slow dance was that of Madame Laurier's party, after the time of Maisonneuve. This also was graceful and pleasing, the costumes adding greatly to the effect of the movement. Attached to this dance was a group of Indians as onlookers.

The sixth dance was a gavotte of the period of New France in the days of the Grand Monarque. The movement of this dance was more lively than that of the three preceding. It was very quaint and pretty. This was Mrs. Gwynne's dance.

Next came Mrs. Bourinot's dance, the Farandole of the time of Wolfe and Montcalm. This also was a slow dance, something like the modern minuet quadrille.

The Acadian peasant dance by Mrs. White's party was perhaps the most popular one of the evening. It was in double quick time and the dancers were all young ladies. The peasant costumes too, being so different from those of the other dances, made an agreeable change at this stage in the programme. Ruddier and ruddier, grew the faces of the young girls as the dance progressed, and their thick soled high heeled shoes made a merry clatter. The second part of their performance, the May Pole dance was very pretty. Many tinted ribbons hung from the pole in the centre. Each young lady took one in her hand and as they wound in and out in the intricate movements of the dance the ribbons were plaited and twisted into a perfect maze of tangle, but when the dance

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MRS. GWYNNE'S PARTY—New France.



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MRS. DICKEY'S PARTY—The Early Settlers in Acadia.

Topsey Photo.

MRS. DICKEY'S PARTY—The Early Settlers in Acadia.

Topley Photo.



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MRS. WHITE'S PARTY—Acadia in the days of Evangeline.

Topley Photo.
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MRS. R. W. SCOT'S PARTY—The United Empire Loyalist.

Topley Photo.

MRS. R. W. SCOT T'S PARTY—The United Empire Loyalist.



GENERAL GROUP OF SAVAGES.

was finished the tangle had vanished, and each ribbon fell straight from the pole to the hand of the young lady who held it all forming a sort of a striped tent-like covering to two or three peasant lads who sat upon chairs against the pole. This dance was repeated at His Excellency's request.

The ninth dance by Mrs. Scott's party was the Sir Roger de Coverly of the U. E. Loyalist period. This was one of the fastest dances of the evening, but the dancers seemed to enter into the spirit of it as gaily as did the young girls of the May Pole dance.

After all the historic dances were finished each lady and gentlemen of each historic group was presented by the leader of that group, to Their Excellencies the Governor General and the Countess of Aberdeen, who received each in turn with a bow and smile. Then followed the State Lancers, in which the following eight couples took part. Lord Aberdeen, Mrs. Mackintosh, Lieut.-Gov. Mackintosh, The Countess of Aberdeen, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Mrs. Lewis, Sir Adolphe Caron, Mrs. Costigan, Hon. Mr. Costigan, Lady Caron, Hon. Mr. Haggart, Mrs. Daly, Hon. Mr. Ives, Mrs. Dickey, Hon. Mr. Daly, Mrs. Ives.

After the State Lancers those who were dressed as Indians formed in line and marched to the front, the braves first and squaws after, in true Indian fashion. Mr. Hayter Reed as Donnacona made a speech in the Indian language to Their Excellencies. Mr. W. Wilfred Campbell as Tessonot interpreted.

The Pipe of Peace was then presented to His Excellency.

The Government House party were greatly taken with the group of Indians, this being probably to them the only novel feature of the ball. Her Excellency repeatedly expressed her regret that it had not occurred to her to suggest an Indian war dance. However they made a good turnout and their striking costumes added a picturesque effect to the brilliant scene. They would have delighted the hearts of a genuine son of the forest if he could have seen them. One of the photographs of a member of the group was sent to a cousin in the Far West who shewed it to an Indian just returning in all his war paint, from a "Dog Feast." He manifested great astonishment and delight when the picture was shown him. In fact the young lady who

had the picture found it expedient to bring the interview to a close, as the Indian's manifestation of a desire to fraternise was not rendered the more acceptable by the prevailing odor of dog.

At the conclusion of this part of the evening's programme those taking part in the dances formed a procession in the historical order of the different courts, and proceeded by a circuitous route through the corridors to the supper table. Meantime the floor was open to all for dancing some of the more modern dances. Excellent music was provided and the dancing continued into the small hours of the morning.

Tables were set for a grand supper in the Rotunda, or grand entrance to the House of Commons; and certainly this was an excellent place for the accomodation of such a large number of guests. The effect was very pretty too, the supper table in the foreground; and in the back ground the tiers of steps, on which were seated constantly changing groups of quaint, gaily dressed figures, while about the floor others moved and chatted in the gay and happy spirit characteristic of the evening which was not marred by one accident or undesirable occurrence to detract from the success of the whole.

It was Her Excellency's expressed desire that too great expense should not be incurred in the making up of the costumes, and it must be said that some of the least expensive were among the most picturesque. There was great overhauling, before the ball of partly-worn evening dresses and the results were quite satisfactory. Nevertheless there were gorgeous dresses which were not manufactured at home, and were not hired from a costumer. It is said one lady about whose costume certain rumors had reached Her Excellency's ears, assured her when questioned on the subject that the dress cost only three dollars! It arrived however, express from New York in a box that was both large and long, and the brilliancy of whose contents was, an astonishing illustration of what may be done with three dollars judiciously expended.

Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen wore a beautiful dress of heliotrope satin brocade, with a bodice of velvet of a darker shade, trimmed with Irish lace and jewels. She wore a coronet of diamonds which kept in place her long veil. Her son the Hon. Archie Gordon and Master Gordon

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MRS. MACKINTOSH'S PARTY,
Cabot starting on his Voyage of Discovery.

Topley Photo

of Eldon, picturesquely attired in purple velvet with white tunics, acted as pages and were very much admired. Her Excellency, always charming, was this evening particularly so, both in appearance and manner, gracious and affable to all, with a word and smile of recognition for each of the many to remember the names of whom must require not only wonderful tact, but more than ordinary ability. His Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen was also all that could be desired as a host.

The programmes for the dances were very pretty and unique in design. Upon the front of the outside are the two flags twisted together, the British and the Canadian. Behind the flags a cluster of leaves is seen, holly on the one hand, maple on the other. Beneath the flags is a miniature view of the Parliament Buildings. On the back of the programme is a scroll banner pendant from a Norse spear-head. In the centre of the scroll is a medallion with the head of Cartier. Other typical heads fill the scroll to the right and left of Cartier. In the back ground behind the scroll are two views of ships upon the sea, the quaint Norse vessels and those of the time of Cabot. These programmes were in great demand as souvenirs of the Ball.

His Excellency the Governor General presented each of the ladies who took part in the dance with a souvenir brooch, the words *Fortuna Sequatur* in gold. The gentlemen each received a scarf pin.

The spectacle of the ball room during the historical dances, from the galleries of the Senate Chamber was simply gorgeous, the grouping of the historical figures in the

kaleidoscopic, changes of the various dances giving a unique and distinctive character to the scene.

Every one was enthusiastic in praise of the ball, and of Their Excellencies hospitality. It had been the subject of conversation for a month or more before it took place, and after it was too late, some who had not cared to take the trouble and expense of preparation, were very much chagrined to think that they had not done so. There are some funny stories told about some who did go; one to this effect, that a number of invitations being sent to one of the hotels, to members or other personages stopping at the hotel, some were not taken out on account of absence of the person to whom they were sent. A gentleman who perhaps might have procured an invitation for himself had he set about it in time, secured one of these large envelopes addressed to a Member of Parliament and armed with this imposing *Open Sesame*, he approached with inward trembling the policemen at the door of the House of Commons. As he was drawing out the card the policemen read the address upon the envelope, sternly demanded whether the name inscribed upon it was that of the man who presented it, and then, without waiting for the ticket to be detached from the card of invitation, allowed the gentleman to pass. When the gentleman returned to the hotel that night he looked at the invitation before returning it to its place, and what was his surprise to discover an invitation, not to the Ball, but to a dinner at Government House. Of course there was no ticket of admission attached to the corner of the card.



FRANCE. Jacques Cartier leaving France.



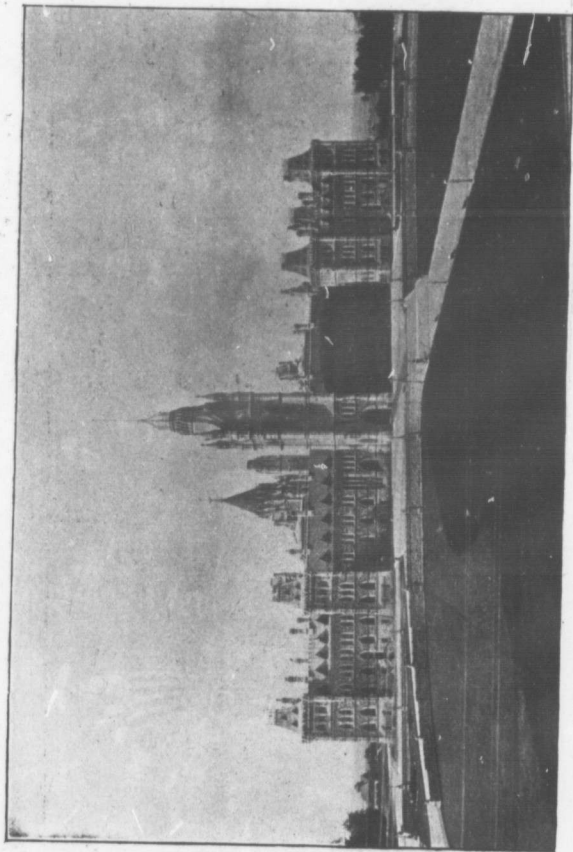
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MRS. T. M. DALY'S PARTY—Jacques Cartier leaving France.

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THE SENATE—SCENE OF THE HISTORICAL BALL.

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The RHYME of the
WASTING SANDS
BY
WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

My soul is bleached like the bleached sea
grass

That grows by the great North Sea ;
And never a fate hath known God's hate
Like the fate that ruleth me.

For His awful hand hath scourged my heart,
As the black sea scourgeth a stone :—
And His winds of winter have swept my
soul

As a desolate wood wind-blown.

There have been awsome tales of old,
Of earth and the bleak sea-line,
Grim red legends of lust and hate,
But never a tale like mine.

I know not summer, I know not winter,
I know not love nor law :—
In heaven of morn or hell of night,
I only saw but one dread sight,
And I ponder on what I saw.

Fawning flatterers cursed my youth,
For the wealth I held in fee,
But I scorned them all with a bitter scorn,
Bishops and knights and lowly born,
For the evil their will worked me.

I sounded all of their cringing and fraud,
And the mock of their bended knee ;
For they bowed to me as they bowed to
their God,

And scoffed at Him and me.

Those were the days of evil then,
When a l the world was red
With the flame of many a civil feud ;
And the hand of a man was oft imbued
With the blood of a kinsman dead.

Mine was a wild and reckless life
With devils of mine own kin :—
And in many a fiendish wassail bout,
We wore with evil the long night out,
And ushered the pale morn in.

Sweeter to me the trumpet's din
Than the sound of the vesper bell :—
I hated the Monks with a bitter hate,
And I know they cursed me early and late
And wished me fathoms in hell.

I harried the land from end to end
Till the king shook on his throne.
He was a lustful and cowardly man,
And though he threatened me with his ban,
I thundered my ways alone.

Three convents flamed in one red night
And the fat monks had to flee,—
We tore the jewelled saint from the wall
And butchered the Abbot in his stall,
As he muttered his breviary.

But the Abbot's love was the love of this
world,
And his Abbey a devil's den,
So I laughed as I took what he gained by
stealth,
For I knew in my heart he loved his
wealth
Far more than the souls of men.

And the monks yea, many, were drunken
and fat,
Ease-nurtured, and sleek with lust ;—
And I worked a deed that served them well
When I hurried them naked from compline
bell

To the fate of their fellows of dust.

THE LOUNGER.

So though the royal mandate rang,
And the Church's curses thundered;
I cut my swath of ruin and death,
As the simoon blasts with its burning breath
While the kingdom shook and wondered.

But there were sins I could not drown,
And they made the black night heavy;
For the dreaddest dues the heart can pay,
Like rusts that eat hope's anchors away,
Are the dues that the passions levy.

Aye there were sins that another's sins
Would not lift from the heart,—
For there were lives that faded and broke,
And deeds more dread than the red sword's
stroke,
Crime's cables that would not part—

Though the seas of agony tugged and
tugged
And life's surfs thundered in;—
For the soul of man is a wondrous thing,
And the mimes of memory weld each ring
That manacles man to sin.

O, my soul grew there like a ruined tower
Afar on a wild sea coast,
Where naught that was holy had its lot,
And the morn and the even only brought
The haunting of some mad host.

But down in my soul was a living well,
That the great God planted there;
And whether it was the fall of a leaf,
Or the song of a bird or a child in grief,
It left its influence there.

Men never knew, for they deemed me dread,
But often at break of day,
Would I pace the meadow below my tower,
And the song of a simple bird had power;
To charm mine evil away.

And had I but fled from the ways of men,
And harkened the brooks that ran,
But lived with the joys of the morning
light,
And the noonday hush and the stars of
night,
I had been a holier man.

There was a maiden I looked on in love,
A tremulous human flower:
I slew her lover before her sight
And bore her away one flaming night

To her cage in my seaward tower,

There she faded, and day by day,
Her soul went out with the tide;
Till in the gray of an autumn night,
Ere the breast of the seaside wold was
white,
She bore me a child and died.

Yea, I would have died then, too, in that
hour,
But life was strong in me;
So I buried her there beside that tower,
And the best of me lies with her there to
this hour,
In that bleak land by the sea.

Then I grew to see her face in the child,—
A frail sweet dream of her mother;—
Many a beautiful face have I seen,
Of lowly maiden and highborn queen,
But never have loved another.

She grew as the months and the years
stretched on,
More flower-like day by day;
While my good ship was the scourge of the
brine;—
From the Ocean of icebergs down to the
Line
I swept in search of my prey.

From the cliffs of the Dane
To the vineyards of Spain
I harried both Mynheer and Don,
And off the shores
Of the golden Azores,
Sank many a proud Galleon.

Many an earl's rich kingdom in wealth
For the work of a night was mine;—
And oft have I stood on a blood-washed
deck,
And watched the sun like a flaming wreck,
Drift over the far sea-line.

Till I grew weary of wild sea-fight
And ocean's thunder and foam,
And there woke once more in my heart the
hate
Of mine olden foes the Church and the
State
In my far-off island home.

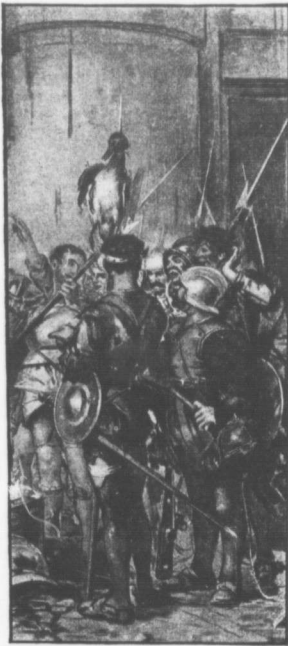
Northward we sailed on a demon blast,
Till the chalk-cliffs rose in view;—

And the land was hushed of its riot and revel
 For they verily deemed it was the devil
 Wherever my pennons blew.

I scourged the land with blood and flame,
 And herded the monks like cattle,
 Till instead of the incense and the bell,
 There went o'er the land a smoke like hell,
 And the clash and clamor of battle.

Till the King at last arose in his wrath,
 And a horrible oath swore he,
 He never would rest a night in his bed,
 Nor ever would eat of the blessed bread,
 Till he'd ridded the land of me.

Then there was scurrying to and fro
 Like a storm-blown wood in motion ;—



And there was gathering swift of arms ;—

But there went up a smoke from a hundred farms
 As I burnt me a track to the ocean.

For I laughed my scorn and turned my face,
 To the sea with my wealth and my daughter,
 Till under the flood of the sunset flame,
 With my host of wild sea-devils I came,
 To a place by the black sea-water.

I hurried my child and gold aboard,
 Where my ship hung out in the offing ;—
 Then I lay in wait in that wild sea-glen,
 To welcome the king and his thousand men,
 And pay him the price of his scoffing.

That was a dread and an awesome sight,
 When the sunset the brine went under ;
 A forest of men in battle-grasp locked ;
 It seemed to my brain that the sunset
 rocked
 At the din of that battle's thunder.

But that was a dread and more woeful sight
 That woke on the morrow's morning ;
 A host of carnage lay stilled in death,
 Where the only sound was the dawn-wind's
 breath
 And the proud king was paid for his
 scorning.

THE DREAD CURSE.

My ship danced merrily under the cliff,
 And the archbishop stood on the shore,—
 He cursed me by flame and he cursed me
 by flood,
 And by the dread curse of the holy rood,
 And curses an hundred more.

Such curses were never since heard on
 earth
 Would have withered the spring-tide sere ;
 My sailors a-tremble were down on their
 knees,
 Muttering paters, with hearts afreeze ;—
 Such curses were bitter to hear.

He cursed my ship and he cursed my crew,
 (Each sailor was now on his face)—
 He cursed each land where our feet should
 tread,
 He cursed us living, he cursed us dead,
 With the lack of the great God's grace.

THE LOUNGER.

The sea was merry, the sky was blue,
 And sweet was the west wind's breath,—
 The heaven was clear without a fleck,
 But my daughter she dropped as dead on
 the deck,
 And the sailors each moaned like death.

But I belied my sails on mast and spar,
 Till over green hillock and hollow,
 My good ship rode with the freshening

And surfs that thundered on unseen sands;
 But ever we fled the faster.

We all went mad with the fright of a storm
 We never had known before;—
 The rollers we climbed seemed mountains
 high,
 Till the waves they clutched at the wind-
 shred sky,—
 But never a friendly shore.



breeze;—
 And I shaped my course for the Southern
 Seas,
 Where their curses might never follow.

THE STORM.

We shaped our course for the Southern Seas,
 And the storm-demons followed after;—
 My ship she fled right merrily,
 Like a bird that spreadeth her wings in
 glee,
 Wherever the winds might waft her.

One night the sun went down like blood
 And the day burnt out in ashes;—
 The stars they faded from out of the sky,
 And a horde of winds came hurtling by,
 That whipt and stung like lashes.

It seemed a demon sea we swept
 Where the wind was a demon master;
 There were ghastly beacons on far headlands,

The moon came out once over the left,
 And a ghastly moon was she.—
 Like a haggard one with lantern in hand,
 Who looks in woe on a lonely land,
 She flooded her beams on me.

It seemed the mermaids sang all night
 A ghostly song at our prow,—
 And a thousand demons harried my brain,
 Till the stars fell out of the heavens like
 rain,
 And sank in my burning brow.

Then the dawn stole up and the dread
 winds slept,
 And the waves made a gentle motion:—
 And we woke as ones who wake from the
 dead;
 For the east was aflame and land was
 ahead,
 And we rode on a silent ocean.

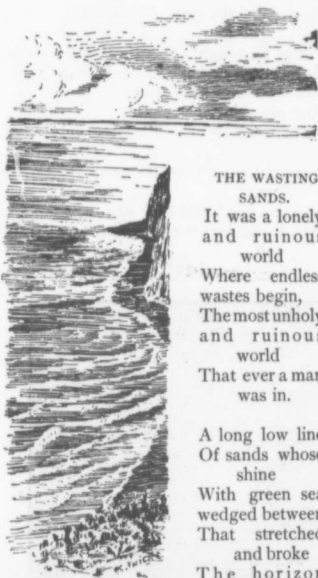
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THE WASTING
SANDS.

It was a lonely
and ruinous
world
Where endless
wastes begin,
The most unholy
and ruinous
world
That ever a man
was in.

A long low line
Of sands whose
shine
With green sea
wedged between
That stretched
and broke
The horizon
like smoke.

Where all the world was green.

Where all the world was green with sea,
And the sky, like a burning cover,
Through the still night and the haunted day
The sands and the seas hung over.

Our sails they flapped against the mast,—
The ship went wearily :—
But my tired spirit spake to my heart,
"This is a land on no human chart,
And here is a home for me.

"This is a land where lips that bless
And lips that curse are dumb :—
Where seas make speech to each nightly
beach,
But sorrow may never come."

But the crew all worked with a heavy will,
And an awsome look on me :—
For in the air was never a bird,
On land was never a tree :—
And I heard them growl, "he's a devil at

heart,
And this is a devil's sea."

The ship was anchored, her sails all furled,
And steady shore went we :—
But never a sound
In all the world round
Save the lapping sound of the sea :—

Save the lapping sound of the sea on the
sands
And soft on the good ship's side :—
But the crew each muttered a low deep
curse,
As we rode in ashore with the tide.

But I silenced them all with my demon will,
As I leaped to the land with joy,
And stood once more
On earth's firm shore.
With my heart just as strong to destroy.

And I cried "Now where is their curse and
worse
And their vaunted calling on Him ?"
And I pointed up
At the sky's blue cup ;
But the crew sat silent and grim ;

And never a sound of joy arose
From those haggard, sea-beaten men :—
But they sat them there
As if blessed it were
To be in that hell-storm again.

Then I cursed them loud and I cursed them
deep,
And I gave them the choice of two evils :—
To stay with me there on that bare sand
heap
Or go to their brother devils.

They worked like slaves, they worked like
fiends,
To house my cargo in :—
And the rowers rowed, and the hammerers
smote
With a hurried and clamorous din.

And soon a house rose on the shore,
Where my wealth of goods was stored :—
But I sank my treasure on a spit
Where the sea's great horns had gored :—
And they worked like slaves, they worked
like devils,
Till the last was overboard.

THE LOUNGER.

And never an eye that glittered there,
 Not a heart that was not awed,
 As they buried that world of treasure there,
 They seemed to know that God
 Had laid His heaviest curse on all
 That price of folly and fraud.

There were piles of ingots, kingdoms of
 wealth,
 And jewels of priceless worth,
 Had gilded the altars of heavenly saints,
 Or blazoned the daughters of earth:—

And they sank them willingly there in the
 sand,

Was bought by the blood of a man:—
 And the soul enriched by that red heap
 Was under the great God's ban.

I slept that night and rose with the dawn
 As he crimsoned the ocean's brim:—
 But my crew were gone,
 And my ship now shone
 A speck on the far sea's rim.

Then my heart grew hot for my good ship's
 loss,
 And the deed that they had done:—
 And I clutched the beach and cursed them
 well,



"Twixt me and where my sweet child slept, a gulf of the great sea ran."

As they would have spilled in the sea
 The costliest pearls
 Of an hundred earls
 To have gotten them rid of me.

For they thought of the deviltries that had
 been,
 Of the rivers of blood that ran;
 And they knew that the poorest trinket
 there

For evil cowards and spawn of hell—
 Yea mother's son.

And I longed to have had them there in my
 power,
 As a tiger might howl for his prey;
 When a mighty horror rose out of the deep,
 (I see it each night in the dreams of sleep
 It will come till my dying day)

'Twas a strange grey mist rose out of the
 sea,
 No bigger, it seemed, than my hand,
 That grew and gathered and rose and rose,
 And spread as a great black blossom
 grows,
 High over the sea and land.

Then I laughed to drown a hideous fear,
 That beaded the sweat on my brow;—
 And I muttered I have my daughter and
 treasure,
 And water and food in abundant measure.
 And what can God do now ?

And I cried aloud in my scornful pride,
 "In vain God hunteth me!"
 Even as I spake
 Half the world brake
 And fell into the sea.

Yea, half of the world whereon I was
 standing,
 Firm, solid one moment before,
 Had melted and passed from out of my
 sight,
 And where it vanished the combers were
 white,
 Rolling and foaming to shore.

And 'twixt me and where my sweet child
 slept
 A gulf of the great sea ran,
 And flashed and shimmered and foamed and
 churned,
 And the blackest despair in my heart up-
 burned
 Since earth's black evil began.

And I went mad in that awful hour,
 And I prayed to the sands and the sea :—
 And I called to them as though they were
 human,
 "By the devil in man and the God in
 woman,
 O save my daughter for me !"

O wash me off in the flood and the flame,
 But leave her a place to stay :—
 O, leave her a place whereon to stand,
 And never-more let my soul see land
 'Twixt this and the judgment day."

"I give you all, even myself," I cried,
 And I cared not in my woe,
 That all my ill-got treasure had gone

To shine where the salt-sea jewels shone
 Thousand of fathoms below.

Then all grew still. In that still place
 I lived o'er all my days.
 A thousand times there I died and died
 For my child. When thundered one
 horrible tide,
 And all of the world was a haze.

O ! they clutched her down, did those great
 sand-arms
 Like a devil-fish, under the brine ;
 O ! they clutched her down in their slimy
 embrace
 With that pallor of love and despair on her
 face,
 This flower of the earth that was mine.

O ! I lived each sin that ever I sinned
 All over those moments dread,
 As I lay out there on that quaking sand,
 And watched the Great God break up that
 land,
 As the priest-man breaketh the bread.

It seemed all the while a dread bell tolled
 Far over that lonely sea.
 Yea, it seemed a bell that the great God
 tolled
 For the days that were past and the tales
 that were told,
 And the death of the world for me.

Yea, it seemed in that hour that The
 Ancient of Days,
 Came forth from His secret place :—
 That His splendour shone back of the black
 of that cloud.
 And the hush of His silence over the loud,
 Mad seas in their bellowing rage.

Then all grew black as the night is black
 With never a star in the sky :—
 And when I awoke from that hideous
 trance
 The sunbeams over my head did dance,
 And the waves rode merrily by.

And all the world was sweet and clear
 With the blue and burnished day ;
 But all that was left of that doomed land,
 Was the tiny, shining reef of sand
 Whereon my body lay.

And I moaned as a little child might moan,

THE LOUNGER.

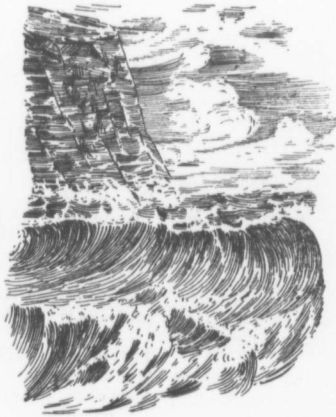
Asick on its mother's breast:—
 And my soul it was washed of hopes and
 fears,
 And it seemed as if months dragged on into
 years,
 While that sun went down in the West.

Then came a jargon of human speech,
 'Twas a ship bound for the Horn.
 And they took me off from that awesome
 place,
 As helpless as I was born.

* * * * *

I know not summer I know not winter,
 I know not love nor law:—
 In heaven of morn or hell of night
 I only saw but one dread sight,
 And ponder on what I saw.

There have been awesome tales of old,
 Of earth and the bleak sea-brine.
 Grim red legends of lust and hate
 But never a tale like mine.



YOUNG LOVE.

By Charles Gordon Rogers.

HE THOUGHT it all over, and decided that he would go and put an end to his heartache—or learn from her if that heartache must take on the added gloom of eternal hopelessness. For it is to infinity that the eager, ardent, impulsive and impractical logic of youth weds the first disappointment, the shattering of the first dream that youth says must be realized or be inevitably the last.

He had thought it all over so often, indeed there had been no intermittent moments in day-time or in dreams, his mind had been so filled with the sweet memory of this fair girl who had carried away his heart and every intangible attribute of his ease and spirits, that it was but natural he should resolve upon this decisive step at last, and fare forth to discover what destiny and Muriel had in store for him. And yet, with the recollection, made dearer by the lapse of time, of certain little happenings—glances that had not been coquettish, words that had not been trivial—he was sanguine without the alloy of the conceit of youth. Fool that he had been! He should have taken his fate in his hands then. Had he done so, he would not now be in this miserable condition of uncertainty: yet was not the last better, immeasurably better than the bitterness of disappointment? But no! He could not believe that he would have reaped that hard harvest had he spoken. Still, from a comparative standpoint—just to philosophize for a moment—this present suspense with its fair sweet chance was infinitely better than the knowledge of having thrown—and lost. If only she remembered him, had not forgotten him, still thought of him in the tender way that he believed she had regarded him when she was here, when they were together not a year ago! If he could only know that, he would have no foolish fluttering fear of failure.

He thought at first that he would write and tell of his promotion, his success, and how he had waited until he could have something to offer: but he penned several epistles, that he thought at first were very warm

and rang true, and which he afterward found lamentably lame and wanting in color, from his stern self-critical point of view, when he read them over. Besides, they were written in such a palpably bad and trembling scrawl, so unlike his ordinary round and legible hand, that he was forced to see the humor of the thing and smile. So he tore them all up, each as it was written and read, and ground the pieces under his heel; picking them up a few moments later and burning them very carefully, lest Mrs. Homecomfort, the landlady, or Ellen, the girl, both of whom were mightily interested in his affairs—and cared for him more than he knew—should be inquisitive and discover his secret. No; he would be mad to risk the ruination of whatever chance he had by sending such a poor, boyish effusion as that; so he was practical and astute in the midst of romance. He would play the man, and would go to her and trust to his tongue—usually so ready—not playing traitor to his heart. Then he grew practical again, and hoped and prayed he would not be horribly nervous when the time, the time of times, came; and as a picture of the critical moment forced itself upon his imagination, his heart began to beat as if it would break its bonds—as it had beaten on that summer-day, he remembered, of the famous boat-race, and which he had lost as a result, he remembered bitterly also, while she sat by with pitying eyes that saw him lose with a white and set face by half a boat's-length. Yet had not that intense look gathered in her soft eyes been better than winning the cup; save that, had he won, he might have seen pride and joy instead? Yet pity, it had been said, was akin to love; and while losing one stake, why had he not tried to win the other? Fool! fool! So our young friend, finding Retrospect such an unsatisfactory and almost cheerless Sibyl, tried to think of something else by taking down a book—of poetry, of course. Whether by accident or intent, it was Byron, and it opened, quite accidentally, of course, at "Fare thee well! and if for ever, then for ever fare thee well!" Need I say that he read on?

The hour of departure came at last; and with a feeling of at least partial relief Dick gathered together his necessaries of travel—which had been in strict readiness for at least forty-eight hours—and took his train. It was ordinarily a long journey from the little town to the city, but on this particular morning the train and the hours seemed slower a thousand times than ever. He tried to take an interest in the flying scenery; which, by the way, did not seem to fly at all, but rather to lag along, each bit of it, parallel with the broad Pullman window, as if hating to vanish from his vision. Then he tried to read, and managed to do so with the result that he found he had been reading without comprehending a line. So he threw books and comic weeklies—that did not seem comic at all—and newspapers, that did not seem to have any news, all aside, and as a *dernier resort* fled to the smoking compartment. In such a desperate mental predicament, when every other resource has failed, who has not found a pipe the most priceless and only satisfying thing on earth? You take refuge and find peace in the very clouds it creates.

"My dear fellow, this *is* a surprise!" exclaimed someone who was smoking a cigar in a soft corner by the window, and who looked up as Dick bounced in. "Have you been on board all this time without my knowing it?" And the speaker, a fashionably-dressed young man, with the easy off-hand air of one who is in daily contact with the world in its most worldly and metropolitan phases, held out his hand and presented a cigar-case with the other.

Dick shook hands and sat down, refusing the cigar as he filled his briar pipe. "I had no idea you were in here, Harry," he said, "or I should have been in first thing."

"Thanks. And what's taking you east, if I may ask? I thought you were so tied down to the desk in that stick-in-the-mud town of yours that you never had a chance to get away. Are you going right through?"

"Right through!" answered Dick, pulling fiercely at his pipe as the words suggested themselves to him with another meaning—the meaning of his journey.

"Kee-rect!" exclaimed Mr. Haney, jovially slapping Dick's thigh with his broad palm. "I'm bound there, too. Going home, you know. What are you bound on, a holi-

day? Or is it on business for the firm? Have you received that commercial distinction yet?"

"Well, it's hardly a holiday, my time is so brief. And it's something more important than business." Here Dick drew up short, and took refuge in re-lighting his pipe.

"More important even than business, eh?" said the other, as he half-closed his eyes in an expression of curiosity. Then he said "Ah!" in a tone that denoted a sudden inspiration and drew down one side of his mouth with a knowing look. "Going to get married?" he added in a careless way as he flicked the ashes from his cigar. "Take, my advice and *don't* take a city girl back to that slow old town of yours. She'd tire of it in a week."

Dick changed color. Here was a contingency he had not altogether considered; yet it was not, on second thought, one to be considered if that other hope of his came true. He drew a breath of relief, and his normal color returned; Mr. Haney's keen eyes regarding him the while with a strange mixture of curiosity and amusement.

"No, I am not going to be married. You see," he added, rather curtly, "it's a sort of matter I don't care to discuss." Then, his sensitive nature fearing he had been unnecessarily terse, he went on hastily: "But perhaps I shouldn't mind telling *you*. I think we know each other pretty well, though I haven't seen much of you lately."

"I think we do," said the other gravely, regarding the toes of his pointed boots.

"I am not going to be married, certainly; but it's something like that—something in that way."

"A funeral?" suggested Mr. Haney, with gravity.

"I think possibly I *have* made a mistake in taking you into my confidence," said Dick stiffly, as he stared at the other and then knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"But you haven't!" protested Mr. Haney.

"And I don't intend to any further! What particular relevance has a funeral to a—*a* marriage?"

"Now, *don't* get gay!" pleaded the other with a conical expression of penitence that made the haughty Richard unbend to the extent of smiling slightly. "My dear boy, I meant no offence. You see, we old married men are so apt"

"Old married men?" echoed Dick, letting

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his tobacco spill. "Are you married, Harry?" "Why, certainly. What, didn't you know it? Well, that is a compliment! I thought it had told on my appearances *some*. Didn't you get any of the cake? That's a shame! I told them to send you some."

"Me?"

"Why, certainly. Old friends, you know. Well, never mind, I guess you're lucky, perhaps you'd have eaten it. Why, yes; I've been married for ages."

"Nonsense! Why, the last time I saw you wasn't a year ago; and you weren't married then."

"Less than a year ago? Oh, I catch on! Time flies faster when you're single in a small town than it does when you're married in a city. But you wait; just watch the hands when you're married. You'll think they're spiked. I suppose it's no use for me to warn you. I've been married just two months—by the calendar; just two *years* by sensations."

Dick flushed slightly and refused to smile this time. Mr. Haney's off-hand and irreverent manner of dealing with such a profoundly serious and delicate subject was not at all congenial to either Richard's ethics or his taste. He felt for the moment as if an insult had been offered to the beautiful bloom and sentiment of his creed of romance. Then the practical side of his nature asserted itself, and he felt that this could not be other than the old Harry Haney he had known when he was a lad; not a bad fellow at bottom he had always thought him; rather a good sort of fellow in the worldly sense of the word. So he smothered the gentle wrath of his prejudice, remarking:

"And what possessed you to get married, Harry? I hardly thought you were of the marrying sort."

"Now I might get *my* back up. I guess you mean the *unmarriageable* sort it was you thought me. And why?"

"Well, I'll be frank; too light," said Dick bluntly.

"That's right. Don't be afraid to say what you think; though I don't think you are that kind. Perhaps you're right. The governor, you know, had a good deal to do with it. He insisted that I must settle down—better for business—better for me, and all that sort of argument."

"Yes, but—but about your wife, you know. Your father didn't actually *choose*

her for you, did he?"

"Well, I guess not!" said Mr. Haney complacently, as he lit a fresh cigar, and regarded his companion through the initial cloud of smoke with a smile that was almost pitying. "I think I had something to do with that aspect of the deal. Of course I came half-way like a dutiful son. The governor did the handsome thing, too. I didn't marry money, you know. Nothing mercenary about the governor; virtue first and foremost with *him*. He put up quite an edifice; not a brown-stone front, you know, but quite snug quarters. That is, they will be. We haven't moved in yet. The interior is being decorated out of sight; the governor's standing all that. And while that's going on we're spending a little while with *mamma*. That's where you'll have to come."

"I should like to very much indeed," said Dick with an effort at heartiness. "But I'm afraid my time is too short."

"Oh, not at all! And that reminds me: there's a charming little girl at the house, my wife's sister. So you see you'll have to come round, my boy; no excuse. You'll like *her*. She's rather distant, something after your style; and she's sure to take a fancy to you. Let's see! We get in somewhere around six. We'll go and have a nice little dinner somewhere and then brush up and go round."

"I think you forget what I told you my mission was," said Dick, trying hard to be civil and serene.

"No, I don't; though you didn't really tell me. You're going to propose, isn't that it? Ah, I thought I had hit it! But you look solemn enough for it to be a *mission*, as you call it. Oh, young Lochinvar he came out of the west! eh? Your mission don't need to interfere with your accepting my invitation, and our having a little fun up-town, does it? And now I come to think of it, my idea is a capital one—I mean about my wife's sister; she might smile on you if your suit should happen to pan out badly in that other quarter."

"My time will be altogether too limited," said Dick shortly, heartily wishing he had not allowed the most cherished object of his heart to become the subject of such chatter. "To change the subject, how does it happen, may I ask, that you are so far from home so soon after being married?"

"So soon—Oh yes, I forgot! But so far

away? Your provincial ideas of distance are limited. Why, I've been away back in the wilds of Chicago. Business, you know—of course; business! business! That's a good word, *wilds*. By the way, Dick—you have an artistic eye, haven't you?—how do you like her?" And Mr. Haney produced a cabinet-sized photo from his breast-pocket and handed it to Dick.

"Your wife?" said Dick politely, as he scrutinized the photograph.

Mr. Haney smiled rapturously. "Oh, of course!" he said; and then Dick handed the card back without any criticism, for which Mr. Haney did not see fit to press. The talk drifted off into other and drier channels after that, more congenial to Dick and less so to the mental palate of Mr. Haney. But Dick was glad that at least he had spared himself the humiliation of uttering *her* name.

* * * * *

Night and the city at last! Through the straggling outskirts and the tunnels, then the myriad lights flashing by, the gathering roar of the streets, drowning the rumble of the slower-moving train. The passengers, some of them waking up with a start, stretch their arms and stand erect. Coats and belongings are gathered together by their possessors with a sigh of relief; for such is indeed our appreciation of the conveniences and comforts and luxuries of travel of the wonderful age we live in. And upon some faces there is a wistful look, as they gaze through the windows; straining, perhaps, for the sight of some dear one, who is waiting too perchance with eager, expectant eyes. And in the hearts of others there is perhaps an undefinable fear, a dread of the great unknown city in which fate has commanded them to make their home; and the first homesickness for that real home left behind comes with the vision of the old folks standing at the door with dim and loving eyes, and the wee bodies waving their hands, while he drove away waving his until a bend in the old familiar road hid them all from sight; perhaps for the last time. Who knows?

Dick Leslie, bless his fresh and pastoral young heart! was thankful for the end of the journey that had seemed so long; though everything of importance to him lay in the near yet uncertain future. A glow of renewed hope, as the train ran into the depot and he glanced out at the fleeting lights, strengthened his heart, that had grown a trifle heavy

and despondent as the hours went tardily by, thanks to the unaccustomed atmosphere of the cars and the conversation of Mr. Harry Haney. Then he grew depressed again as he stepped from the train and the din of the great depot and the full glare of the light burst upon him; while to his provincial eye the crowding, rushing people seemed like a motley pack of devils—eager and intent upon destruction—either their own or someone else's. It almost took the sturdy little heart out of him; but not for a moment did he wish himself back in his little native town, three hundred miles away. For he felt and hoped that somewhere beyond the bounds of the great metropolitan uproar there was a homelike haven for him, and "a pair of blue eyes" shining,—Oh, how he yearned for the sight of them, and prayed that his pilgrimage might not be in vain!

He had got away from the smoking compartment when some "friends" of Mr. Haney's own stripe and dear to the heart of that gentleman had come along, and he had kept aloof from him for the remainder. Dick now saw the young man looking about for him with a curious half-amused expression. So Dick slipped away unperceived and took a hack and drove to an hotel; where, although he did not feel a particle hungry, he very wisely had some dinner. For it was in his stomach that the real depression had lain; it being my firm belief that making love on an empty stomach is not conducive to the most desirable and happy ending; since the mental and sentimental organization, depending in a large degree upon the physical, should have something to fall back upon in the event of unforeseen disaster.

* * * * *

The lights of the city lay behind him at last, and he found himself in the quiet atmosphere of the suburb, going up the gravelled walk toward the house—the house he had only seen in the water-color sketch she had made for him from memory, and in his subsequent dreams. It was an old and picturesque place, not at all pretentious; and to Dick there seemed a welcome in the glow that fringed the heavy curtains of one of the broad front-windows and in the red-stained glass on either side of the door. But nevertheless as he rang the bell his heart beat furiously.

He asked for Miss Stevenson, giving the

maid his card with "Richard Leslie" scrawled on it—it had been written with rather trembling fingers at the hotel after dinner—and was shown into the parlor. The girl went away for a moment, coming back to light a lamp in the chandelier. Then she crossed the hallway to the opposite room with his card and he heard several voices. Then he knew his name was being discussed, for the voices were subdued, but nevertheless almost distinct to his painfully alert hearing. At last came a footstep, one he thought he knew, and a young girl crossed the hall and parted the curtains, and stood looking at him for a moment, with a half-curious gaze.

She was so like her sister in height and face and figure that Dick had almost started forward with the exclamation of delight that was bubbling on his lips, despite the furious and irregular beating of his pulse. Then she came forward and held out her hand with a smile, and Dick saw in the full light that she was taller and graver-looking than her sister without the girlish gaiety he remembered so well.

"You are Mr. Leslie of Dutton?" she said, and her voice was soft and low and sweet. "I would have known you in an instant, if I had not seen your card, from Muriel's sketch of you. Mamma will be delighted to see you! Muriel told us so much about you, and how kind you were and how pleasant you made her visit. Now, sit down, and tell me how you like our big city after the quiet of your dear little town. For Muriel told us all about it and what a charming place it is!" Muriel's sister chatted on, while she made room for Dick beside her on the old-fashioned settee, with the welcoming ease of a woman of the world rather than a girl of twenty. For Dick had not as yet found his tongue.

"I only got in this evening, you know," he managed to say. "So of course I can't commit myself. But, from first impressions, I think I should always prefer the country; though of course we don't consider our town quite that." No word of Muriel yet, poor lad!

I can quite understand your preference, though our up-town friends consider that *we* are quite in the country out here!" said the girl with animation. "I don't think you would ever lose it. You look—what shall I say?—too wholesome! And you have come at once to see us? How good of

you! You will have to excuse Mamma, but she will be down in a few minutes. Muriel will be delighted—it will be quite a surprise to her! She ran out after tea to see a friend of her's who lives near-by; but I expect her back at any moment. She would be here now if she only knew. You and she were fast friends, were you not,—I should say *are*, for a little lapse of time and distance should not make one forget."

At that reference to "fast friendship," the blood flamed into Dick's face. Could this charming sister have guessed the object of his visit that she tempted him so perilously near the brink?

"On my side forgetfulness has not had a chance to play a part," he said, a little hoarsely. If only Muriel were sitting beside him! He found it hard to take this sister into his confidence. And yet she was frankness and friendship personified. Why should he not? He faced her suddenly with eager, burning eyes.

"There is only one thing that has brought me here," he began awkwardly. "I thought perhaps you might have guessed it—" then he stopped abruptly. Suppose Muriel should say "No?" Suppose her parents should say "No?" Irrational youth! he had never taken them into his reckoning. Would it not be better for him to go away without leaving them any wiser? Muriel perhaps might wish it so. So he stopped with awkward abruptness, while his listener's clear eyes were looking into his own.

But she had already 'guessed it.' Even as the lad had turned his flushed face to her's she had read or divined what that 'one thing' was; and for the moment she was herself silent. And if Dick had been cool and keen and wise he would have read his destiny in the pitying eyes of Muriel's sister. For in the first moment of their meeting she had formed a regard for the boy—such a strange thing is this 'regard'—that had been treasured in a less definite form ever since she had seen that life-like water-color sketch of him which Muriel had brought home as a souvenir of the dearest recollection of her country-town visit. But Dick was no nearer guessing this than he was to reading the other look in the face of Muriel's sister. So for a while he sat silent and stared at the carpet, that seemed to grow lurid and swim at his gaze.

And Muriel's sister saw she must tell him,

somehow. But for a moment, self-possessed girl though she was, she was at a loss to know what to say. She rose, as if at the sound of a step, and walked to the window, drawing the curtains aside and peering out. At the same moment there was a step and a voice in the hall. Dick sprang up.

"Muriel!" called the other girl, going quickly toward the hall. Then Muriel drew the portiere aside and came into the room; and her sister, with rather a pale face, slipped out.

But this was not the Muriel Dick had known; not the rosy, laughing, bright-eyed girl he had remembered so faithfully. This Muriel was thin and grave, with the light gone from her eyes—with the air of a woman

For a moment they stood looking at each other, under the light of the chandelier; and to them the whole place seemed very still. And in that mutual gaze she read the lad's heart—the story she had thought, a year ago, he might tell her. But now? She put out her hand with a pitiful little attempt at a welcoming smile.

"Dick" she began, faltering, and stopped; for Dick had seized the little hand in both his own and was carrying it to his lips. She drew it gently away.

"Muriel!" said the lad in a low, eager voice, "what is the matter? Have you been ill? Oh, why didn't you let me know? No, I shan't let your hand go. I am going to keep it for my own. Muriel, I've come to tell you what I wanted to tell you last year—what you must have known—for I have thought of nothing but you since then! And I've come to know if you have thought of me in the way I've thought of you—if you can care enough for me, dear, to come back and live with me *always!* Do look at me, Muriel! dear, *dear* little girl!" And in a tumult of love and feverish impatience, and a dread he could not define that was stealing into his heart at the sight of poor Muriel's miserable face, he caught the girl in his arms and held and kissed her.

She let him hold her for a moment; then she broke away and flung herself into a chair with her face in her hands and began to cry as if her heart was broken. The boy went down on his knees beside her.

"Muriel! Muriel!" he whispered hoarsely, trying to pull the little hands away, "what is it, darling? You *do* care for me, don't you?"

"You are too late," said the girl, looking

up with a miserable face.

"Too late, Muriel?"

"Yes, Dick. Oh, why didn't you speak *then!* You might have seen—you might have known! Oh, it is hard!"

"But I don't understand, dear. Too late? How is it too late?"

"Ethel might have told you, and it would have saved us both all this. Dick—how can I tell you! Can't you guess! I am married."

"Married—you!"

"Dick, dear, *do* look up! . . . We must try and forget! . . . It has been your fault . . . Dick what are you staring so for? . . . You know Harry? . . .

. . . Oh, yes, I remember now . . .

He wanted me to send you an invitation to the wedding . . . Darling, don't look like that! . . . Oh, I don't care! . . . It was wicked of them to make me . . . I only love you! . . . Dick, they *made* me marry him . . . My father . . . They said it would be a good match . . . His father is rich . . . No, no, I have not been happy! . . . But I thought you did not care . . . And I waited . . . but you never wrote . . . you never came . . ."

"So *he* is your husband . . ."

" . . . Dick, dear, I know he wronged you . . . I pleaded with him to let me go . . . that I loved . . . you . . . he said I would forget . . . that you had forgotten . . . that he knew you of old . . . that there was another since I had seen you . . ."

"So *he* is your husband! . . . Do you know what he is? . . . Do you know that he . . . No, no! let him go . . ."

"Dick, we must hate no one! We must try and forget . . . Kiss me good-bye . . . our first kiss . . . there! God help us both, Dick! . . . you must go."

The gravel path again, reeling along it like a drunken man; the nebulous lights of city before, and the old house and the red glow of the window and the door behind.

A cab rolled up to the corner and in the light of the lamp a man stepped out. The lad paused in the shadow and watched.

"Say *au revoir!*" said a woman's voice from the cab as it rolled away toward the city.

"*Au revoir!*" said the man as he turned up

the avenue. The lad in the shadow turned and followed.

That night as a girl sat wide-eyed and tearless, with white set face and clenched

hands, alone in her room, her husband lay lifeless on the gravel path beneath her window; and the murderer, a fair-haired lad of twenty-three, lay across his bed in an hotel with a bullet through his heart.



THE NEW WOMAN.

By R. Preston Robinson, M.D.

THE "New Woman" is not as recent an advent in our midst as the name would indicate. From the time that Eve was tempted to pluck the forbidden fruit to the present she has flitted across the stage at various times; and yet there is perhaps no woman so little known, so imperfectly understood and oftentimes so much wronged as the "New Woman."

Why is this the case?

Let us review her history and perhaps we will discover the cause of so much misunderstanding. It is for the sensible new woman, the woman who does not go to unseemly extremes that I profess more than ordinary admiration. Who cannot call to mind some estimable widowed lady left to fight the battle of life for herself and her children? Too many such prove unequal to the competition in the available means open to earn a livelihood. All honor, however, is due to her who, under such circumstances, finds her efforts continually crowned with success in any honorable avocation.

But just here let me offer a word of ad-

vice to the woman who is thus thrown into the race of life with her sterner brother. As she is by nature more delicate and more finely constructed, let her rule rather by love than fear, let her lead by exerting her benign influences upon those with whom she comes in contact, and while succeeding more or less according to her ability in the temporal affairs of life, she is at the same time elevating all those around her, by exerting those womanly influences that must be felt to be appreciated.

All this will apply with equal force to many a sweet young maiden who is thrown upon her own resources.

But it is not my purpose so much to extol the virtue as to discountenance the folly; and at the present time the folly of the new woman is rampant, greatly to the discomfiture of her sensible sister. We find her almost outrivaling Bob Ingersoll by writing a new Bible; we find her endeavoring to outshine the popular preacher by the power of her eloquence if not by the novelty of her position. We encounter her "at the club," she is a footballer, she plays hockey, she is a

spectator at the prize-fight; in a word she tries to outshine her brother in the manly games.

I regret to say that our so-called athletes have gone so far as to convert their manly sports into vice. While this is not as it should be, it is more deplorable still that they are pursued in their madness by the admiring maiden who poses as the "New Woman." This is entirely wrong for such conduct only brings the new woman into ridicule, and blunts those finer feelings which man admires in the sex.

We may be asked, Has woman not a right to do anything in her desire that is legitimate for her brother. Undoubtedly she has and I would be the last to exercise any influence to debar her from free choice of any calling whether professional, mercantile or in the humbler walks of life, for which she may develop a special taste or talent.

Many a man at the present time is earning his livelihood by means that many people think are the peculiar sphere of woman. We have our male cooks, housekeepers, nurses, milliners, dressmakers and what sensible woman thinks of questioning the right of these men to enter upon these pursuits and reap the rewards of abundant success? This being the case what sensible man should question the right of his sister to enter into competition with him in any walk of life from the humblest to the highest.

Now while there is plainly no question with reference to the *right* it may at the same time be undesirable from other standpoints for a woman to engage in certain pursuits. If she be a married woman the demands of her household deserve her first consideration; other things may follow according to the exigencies of the case. I have known women sadly neglect their children while they felt called upon to employ their time or talent in some Christian or charitable work. While such a foolishly enthusiastic "New Woman" may work a measure of reform among the masses, whatever good she may thus accomplish is more than negated by the oft-times sad neglect of her own children. The end does not justify the means, if through the means her own child is a mental, moral or physical wreck.

Perhaps some one will say that in such a

case, the father should come to the rescue. This might be expected, if his wife were the bread-winner of the family; but I have a better hope for woman's future than to think of even an exceptional case where her husband would live only to enjoy the fruits of his wife's labors. This would be a return to barbarity indeed. Besides, if such an order of things were introduced, woman would lose her loveliness. Her natural delicacy, tenderness and charm would vanish and she would cease to look upon man as her protector, and all this we know would be a perversion of nature.

The Science of Physiology demonstrates clearly that woman is the weaker vessel. The average constitution of woman is about 20 per cent. less enduring than that of man, the blood of a woman contains fewer red blood corpuscles and she exhales less carbonic acid, all of which facts indicate her comparative weakness.

There are many other reasons to show that women were not intended by nature for either severe physical or mental strain. At certain times a woman is incapable of physical exertion and said it would be for the physique and mental calibre of the coming generation if the mothers of our day were called upon indiscriminately to endure severe physical or mental strain. Eve, the first woman, was created by our Lord out of a rib taken from Adam's side and after the fall the Creator addressing the woman said of her husband, "and he shall rule over thee" thus showing that the Almighty ordained that man should be the head.

We read again "Let women learn in silence with all subjection, but I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over man, but to be in silence."

While we must not overlook the authority of Holy Writ in all matters, we have the additional proofs adduced of woman's unfitness for certain physical and mental strains that should be relegated to her brother. Notwithstanding all this, however, there are many cases where a woman is more capable of doing her husband's work, whatever it may be, than he is; then her duty is plainly in accord with the above injunctions. Let her use her talent in aiding and improving her husband in silence. Many a good woman has so elevated, refined and educated a man as to enable him to exert a wonderful power and influence which without her

aid he never would have done.

What more noble work can a woman do than this? What so good? What so effective?

Nor is a woman's influence confined to her husband. She may be the means of converting ten thousand of the heathen as a result of the principles instilled into her boy. Yes, the value of a good sensible Christian mother cannot be over-esteemed. She spends her time practising and perfecting the science of domestic life, while the new woman, is forsooth, vieing with her brother in her endeavor to measure the length or the strength of the X rays.

And to the unmarried, I would say, although your opportunities may be fewer, your kindly influences may be none the less exerted upon your brother, your cousin, yea upon all mankind with whom you may be thrown in contact. There is no doubting the fact that a gentle maiden refined and educated can exert an unspeakable influence for good over a young man who is cognizant of her charms; and not only so, but she can exert a similar influence on many in her daily walk of life, if she but appreciates the proper standard of nobility for her sex.

The great Shakespeare showed his appreciation of woman's sphere when he made his Katharina say:

"Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft condition and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts."

But I must return to the "New Woman" else I may receive a challenge from her to fight because I have slighted her by apparently wandering from the text.

Let us for a moment imagine that all the women of to-day were of the "New Woman Type", and let us examine some of its consequences. They are versed in law, politics and everything else. Some aspire to be M. P's. others leading professional lights; in a word we rub against them in every walk of life. In such a state of society I fear we would have frequent struggles between husband and wife to settle who should attend to the domestic duties. Woman's sensibilities would soon become blunted, her finer nature ere long would have vanished and shortly we could describe her in the language of Shakespeare, "A woman impudent and mannish grown." No doubt ere long we would have our female, dude, for the female admirers of that vile speci-

men of humanity would vie with each other to excel him in his idiocy.

We have the "New Woman" already well advanced in the political world. Three were convicted of impersonation in Toronto in the recent January municipal election. We have seen the complete success of the "New Woman" as an athlete and contortionist, judging from her standpoint, and we might also point to the success of the "New Woman" as a student and professional; but what is the effect of all this on her nervous system? If her brain and vitality are too severely taxed, she may become deranged, as also may a man, but as I have already shown, she is running in an unequal race, and as she is often more ambitious than her brother to excel, her success is more likely to be at the expense of her physical, mental or moral capacity.

And now let me ask if the "New Woman" should march onward as she is doing where would we land in a few generations? The strained nervous system would produce a puny generation if any, and in many instances instead of the real maternal joy experienced at the birth of her child, there would be more rejoicing at the absence thereof. And even at the present day it is only too true that many a matron is all too anxious to pervert nature in this respect, although directly in disobedience to the divine command, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth." I am thankful that in Canada to-day there are very few physicians who give countenance to such a great wrong, and I trust that any such new woman will in some way be taught that the propagation of the species is the primary reason for her creation, and not only so, but the mother must be held largely responsible for the early impressions and the early physical and mental moulding of her child. Her husband is so engrossed with the sterner affairs of life that even were he as well fitted by nature for the task, he has not the opportunity.

Another sphere which the "New Woman" must not overlook is set forth in the following lines:

"To chase the clouds of life's tempestuous hours
To strew its short but weary way with flowers,
New hopes to raise new feelings to impart,
And pour celestial balsam on the heart,
For this to man was lovely woman given,
The last best work, the noblest gift of heaven."
If the ideas set forth in these beautiful

lines were more deeply impressed upon the minds and the hearts of our women, we should have much better wives and nobler husbands.

Let our women make the home attractive by their love and sympathy, good taste and good judgment; let them teach by the quiet force of example, and we shall thus have a greater power against intemperance and vice than all the preachers of all the world have ever wielded.

Another point to be considered is the dress reform movement of the new woman. It is the custom to decry all innovation with reference to dress and habits. While not endorsing all the fancies of the would-be-reformer, any improvement of real merit should receive our hearty recognition.

We must remember too that habit becomes second nature, and custom in dress and habits has reigned supreme in every age. We can see the force of this amply demonstrated, if not by the frills and balloon sleeves of the present, to which we have become accustomed, by the dress of the savage, or the heavy and uncomfortable burdens of hair, shells, and feathers to which he clings tenaciously because it happened to be the fashion of his ancestors. Would it not be well for the human race, if we had the courage and independence to adopt the style of attire endorsed by reason and intellect as the most appropriate for any occasion.

And now it might be interesting to turn from the styles of the present and see whence their origin from the styles of the past; for many of our most popular costumes of modern times are simply a revival of those of the early ages. We are told by Strabo, the early Greek historian that "the peculiarly feminine fashion of wearing trousers was the invention of Queen Medea." He says also after the Medes were conquered by the Persians "The custom of the vanquished appeared to the conquerors to be so noble and appropriate to royal state that instead of nakedness or scanty clothing they endured the use of the feminine garment, trousers."

We have at the present day the custom of women wearing trousers prevailing in Turkey, China and in the northern part of Africa. What wonder then if our highly civilized and cultured American woman of the 20th century should return to the bifur-

cated garment or divided skirt which was originally the perfectly womanly invention of her oriental sister?

Again we find in the 3rd century Father Tertullian remonstrating with the men of Greece and Rome because they had adopted "that effeminate costume—trousers" laying aside their manly robes.

The foregoing seems to be sufficient to show that no sound reason can be urged against woman adopting whatever costume may be chosen by her as the most suitable for her purposes, on the score of being unwomanly or immodest. Now why should women be troubled with the cumbersome and ever changing skirts wrapping themselves round their struggling legs or dragging wet around their ankles? Man's costume is less burdensome than woman's and why should there be such a wide gulf between them? It is not my purpose to dictate to the "New Woman" what shall be her costume, but first and above all the style should have due regard to nature's laws of health. Did you ever ask yourself the question why are women so noticeably less tolerant of heat and close atmospheres at our churches and public gatherings? They cannot remain long without taking off coats, cloaks and other wraps while a man can sit quite comfortable in his overcoat. It is largely owing to the cumbrous style of her garments and especially to the tightness of their fit about the waist and chest. For the same reason they are unable to endure extreme cold. If the "New Woman" is to revolutionize the style of her dress, the long weighty skirts of the present would be greatly to her advantage by their absence; an artistic pair of mittens might well displace the muff, and let her throw to the winds the abominable mimicry for a hat. A few pockets about her person that could be readily located might do away with the necessity for the purse and satchel in hand.

Women need more outdoor life in sensible clothing than is common at present and if the prevailing styles of garment were more suitable we should probably have a healthier and better race. I would also advise the woman of the future to entirely discard the corset. I am aware that this advice is not popular at present. I do not entirely condemn the corset, however, if worn properly, but by misuse they have brought untold miseries to the woman of

the present and the past which only the gynaecologist fully appreciates. It is an anatomical fact, that woman's thorax is by nature larger below than above. The fact too that most women have become smaller in the lower part of the chest than the upper from continued use of the corsets, although perhaps not apparently unduly tight, is sufficient to show their dire effects with the corresponding results of lung trouble, palpitation, hysteria, headache and indigestion.

There is another practice that I need only mention to condemn, viz., the barbarous Chinese custom of wearing tight boots, but fortunately this is practised by few. Small feet or small waists are neither "a thing of beauty or a joy forever," nor can I conceive of any sensible reason in favor of either.

There is another costume worn by women of the present day that it would be a serious error to omit in this connection. I refer to ladies "full dress" worn in our ball-rooms and on state occasions which appears to many to be improperly named. I need not describe it, as nearly every one in the present day has seen more or less of society, and many have more than admired the gay maiden as she whirls in the mazes of the dance in her pretty "full dress" costume.

I will not undertake to suggest what should take the place of those fairy robes, but I will

say that the health of many a promising young woman has been seriously impaired by thus conforming to fashion. No doubt we all praise the beauty of the scene, but unappreciative were he who dare to say that Queen fashion in any age were less than perfection. I think, however, that a costume more healthful, more becoming and none the less bright and sparkling if need be, could be substituted by our sensible "New Woman" for the pretty but cruel costumes prevailing in high class circles of to-day.

I will not go into further detail, but will simply say there is ample room for improvement along the lines I have indicated, to give full scope to the ability, ingenuity and wisdom of the "New Woman" in elevating and uplifting our race from the iron-bound fetters of fashion. Let health, comfort, aesthetics, nature's demands, industry, economy and common sense be taken into consideration in forming the fashion plate for women, and let not our women run fashion mad, which too much depletes the average husband's purse without any corresponding gain. Let our aesthetic new woman decide on the most suitable costumes for every walk of life and what is suited to the ever-varying condition of women and then we shall look for only such slight changes from time to time as real improvement may recommend.

NIAGARA.

Mighty Niagara! whose voice we hear
 Bursting in thunder, loud, sublime, and clear,
 Thy glorious water like an ocean hurled
 From the blue heaven to overflow the world!
 They speak high in language to the listening soul,
 No roar of billows battling with the sky
 No thunder leaping from the hill-tops high;
 No voice of Nature, warring or at rest,
 Can equal thine, O river of the West!

THE GUNS THAT WON AT WATERLOO.

By Captain George Melbourne.

IN view of the recent agitation for a new rifle for the Canadian Militia, it will be of interest to our readers to learn something of the guns that won at Waterloo, and humbled the greatest general of modern times—the great Napoleon. A splendid description of the manufacture of these guns was written by Capt. Melbourne after a visit to one of the

material into smaller heaps, preparatory to its being consigned to the furnace. A process the reverse of turning the sword into the ploughshare was here going on. Among the peaceful articles about to be converted into murderous implements, and forming a very heterogeneous mass, lay innumerable sheets of waste steel from the button and pen manufactories, from which the blanks for



GRINDING THE GUN-BARRELS.

factories at Birmingham. We quote from it as follows :

"On entering the spacious premises I was conducted to a shed, to see in its first stage the raw material of the future gun-barrels. A large heap of loose steel lay upon the ground. Around it were gathered a number of boys and men engaged in sorting the

buttons and pens had been pierced or punched out ; fragments of steel chains, dog-collars, old knives and forks, steel fenders, hammer-heads, keys, horse-shoes, coach-springs, hinges, iron spoons, steel tubing, fragments of rods from iron bedsteads, and countless other fragments of steel and wrought iron. * * The first step in the

process is the puddling, or making of the iron. Here a picturesque scene presents itself. The odds and ends of iron and steel, having been lound together, are thrown into the furnaces, which glow with a white heat as the iron doors are opened to receive them. Half a score of men, naked to the waist, their breasts, arms, and faces shining in the red light, and trickling with perspiration, wield large and heavy pointed rods of iron, with which they stir the metal in the furnace, every now and then taking out their rods to dip them in an iron tank, full of water, which stands close by. When the metal is sufficiently heated, it is taken out of the forge,

by means of long iron mandrils, by the half-naked puddlers, and dragged along the iron pavement, leaving a brilliant trail of sparks behind it. The next operation is to hoist the mass upon the anvil, upon which a stupendous hammer, weighing about three tons and a half, moved by steam power, descends with equable but gigantic force, and gives it a blow which compresses it into about half its previous bulk, and sends the sparks out on every side in a glittering shower. A turn of the workman's hand presents another side to the hammer before it again descends, and two or three blows convert the shapeless mass into a thick bar of iron. This process,



THE PROOF-HOUSE.

however, is but preparatory. In another part of the premises sheets of cold iron, already manufactured, and which have undergone this, and the additional process of rolling at another part of the establishment, are subjected to the jaws of a gigantic pair of shears. The sheets are from three quarters of an inch to an inch thick, but are snipped through with as much ease as they were pieces of writing-paper. At every descent of the quiet but powerful shear, a new length is severed. These lengths of cold iron are destined to be made into gun-barrels.

Taking one of these lengths, let us trace its progress. After being cut it is cast into the forge, and heated to a white heat. It is taken out of the furnace by a workman called a roller, who, seizing it with his pincers, passes it between two rollers, revolving upon each other, and moved by steam-power—the one concave, and the other convex. Issuing from the side opposite to that which it entered, it is seized by the pincers of another workman, also called a roller, and is found to have curled round in the form of a tube. It is now passed in the

same way through a smaller pair of rollers of the same construction, under the pressure of which its edges are brought a little closer than by the first operation. This having been done, a mandril, or long bar of iron is passed through it, and it is once more consigned to the furnace. When of a proper heat it is taken out to undergo the next process, which is that of welding. The business of the welder is to hammer it round and round on the mandril, so as to make the edges cohere, and to make the mould a perfect tube, without seam or jointure. In this state the mould is not above eighteen inches long, and is much too short and thick for a gun-barrel. Once more it is consigned to the fire, whence issuing, the mandril is inserted through it, in order that it may be subjected to the operation of a pair of rollers, which in less than half a minute squeeze it out to about double its former length. While still red hot, it is passed back by the workman through a smaller pair of rollers, and receives a few inches of additional length. On an average, each mould is subjected seven times to this process, at the end of which it is to all outward appearance a gun-barrel, but rude and rough, and requiring much additional labour of a very different kind to complete it.

"In this manner are formed the barrels of all the common and cheaper kind of guns, such as are used for the export trade to Africa, and also contract guns of superior kind for the military.

The twisted gun-barrels are formed in a somewhat different manner. The length of Damascus steel is twisted while cold around a mandril, and is then placed in the furnace till it is of a red heat. It is afterwards welded by the hammer in the manner shown in the engraving.

"The gun-barrel, whether of the common steel or of the twisted Damascus, is now ready for the next operation, which is that of boring. The business of the gun-barrel borer is to clean and polish the interior of the tube, and at the same time to work it to the size or bore required, and to give it a perfectly smooth and even interior surface. This operation is performed by steam-power, and is superintended both by men and women. The process of boring is performed by an angular rod of the hardest steel, which is made to revolve in the barrel by steam-power, and scrapes the inner surface as it

turns, till it is as beautifully smooth and polished as a mirror.

"The interior of the barrel being thus completed, it is passed into the hands of a workman whose business is to bring its outer surface into a more proper and slightly condition, for, as yet, it is rough and coarse, as it passed from the hammers of the welders. This is the most picturesque part of the manufacture of a gun. Entering a large and gloomy shed, into which a kind of twilight is all the light that penetrates, the visitor sees a number of immense grindstones revolving with dizzy velocity. The steam-power, which sets in motion all the other machinery of the "mill," moves these ponderous blocks of sandstone, of which the smallest measures, when new, from four to six feet in diameter, and is two feet wide at the rim. The weight averages three or four tons; and such is the velocity at which they turn, that when it has been wished to stop them, they have been known to continue their revolutions for more than ten minutes after the connecting bands have been displaced. Let the reader picture to his imagination no less than twelve or thirteen of these ponderous stones whirling around at this fearful rate, under a dark and gloomy shed. Let him further picture a constant dripping of water upon them from a tank on the roof, and conjure before his mind's eye a workman seated before each of them astride upon a wooden block, called a 'horse,' and holding with both hands a gun-barrel to the fast revolving rim; let him fancy the loud sharp noise of the grinding, the monotonous whiz of the machinery, the semi-darkness of the place; and from the iron tube which each workman holds, picture to himself a stream, or rather torrent of sparks rushing upwards to the roof, as if the very substance of the metal were being converted by his grindstone into flashes and sparks, and as if that conversion were the whole object of the process, and he will have a faint and imperfect idea of the scene presented in the grinding-shed of a large gun-barrel foundry.

"After the barrel is bored and ground, it becomes necessary to have it proved. For this purpose, and before any great expenditure of labour or money takes place, a 'pin' or 'nut' is screwed to the breech end, and the barrel is conveyed to the Proving-house. This establishment was founded in 1813, at the instance of the Birmingham Gunmakers'

Company, who obtained an Act of Parliament for the purpose. The business of the Proof-house is under the control and direction of three wardens, who are annually chosen from the general body of guardians and trustees of the company. In addition to the members of the Corporation of Gun-makers, the Lords-Lieutenant of Warwick, Worcester, and Stafford, the members serving in Parliament for these counties, and the magistrates acting in and within seven miles of the town of Birmingham, are *ex officio* guardians. The act was obtained to ensure the proper and careful manufacture of fire-arms in England. Under its provisions,

marked as proved, at the Proof-house, established at Birmingham, under the provisions of the act, or some other proof-house established by law, shall forfeit and pay for every offence twenty pounds, such penalties to be recovered in a summary way, before two Justices of the Peace, the one-half to go to the informer, and the other half to the poor of the parish where the offence shall be committed.' As many gun-barrels burst in the severe proof to which they are subjected, they are put to the test before they are mounted. Boys may be seen at all hours of the day in the streets of Birmingham carrying the barrels on their shoulders to this



THE STEAM HAMMER.

'every person who shall use, or cause or procure to be used or to be begun to be used, either by ribbing, break-off fitting, or other process, in any progressive state of manufacture, in the making, manufacturing, or finishing of any gun, fowling-piece, blunderbuss, pistol, or other description of fire-arms, usually called small-arms; or who shall offer for sale, or sell, or cause or procure to be taken or received, or permit or suffer to be received on his behalf, any barrel which shall not first have been duly proved, and

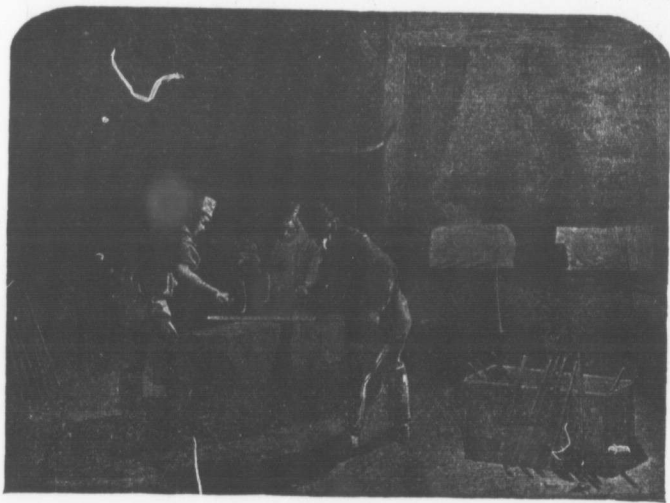
establishment, where they are duly received and entered, and proved with all convenient rapidity.

"The buildings connected with the Proof-house form three of the four sides of an interior court, at one extremity of which, and detached, is a small powder magazine.

The Proof-house itself is a detached building. All the interior of this room is lined with plates of cast iron, from three-quarters of an inch to an inch in thickness; the door and window-shutters of the apartment are

also of cast iron. The barrels are set in two iron stocks; the upper surface of one has a small gutter, to contain the train of powder: on this train the barrels rest, with their touch-holes downward; and in the rear of the breeches of the barrels is a mass of sand to receive the barrels which may recoil. A second mass of sand is formed before the muzzles of the pieces under proof, to receive the balls. When the train of powder is laid, and the gun or pistol barrels are placed on the stock, the window-shutters are closed up, and fire is set to the train from without by the insertion of a bar of red-hot iron through an orifice in the wall. A defening explosion succeeds. After a short delay, lest any of

in actual service. It is regulated according to the number of the ball to the pound: for a ball of one pound, eleven ounces of powder is used; for two balls to the pound, five ounces and five drachms; and so by a gradually descending scale of balls of from 45 to 50 in the pound, when the weight of powder for proof is five drachms and a half. The fee for proving varies from 2½d. to 1s per barrel. For any common barrel not above the calibre of 13-16ths of an inch, the fee is 6d; for every pair of common pistols, 6d; for every twisted barrel, 9d; for every pair of twisted 9d; and for every barrel above the calibre of 13-16ths of an inch 1s. It is curious to observe the fantastic



WELDING THE GUN-BARRELS.

the barrels should have hung fire, the window-shutters are opened, the smoke dissipates, and the attendants remove the barrels."

The scale of proof is the same as that used by the board of ordnance and by the London Gunmakers' Company and is at the rate of from three to five times the quantity of powder that would be used, for the piece

shapes into which the barrels that burst under the severe trial of their strength are contorted, twisted, and rent. What is called 'spilly' iron, or iron with which sand or any other foreign material has been wrought, invariably bursts under the proof. Sometimes the barrel splits into ribbons; at others it presents an appearance like a stag's antlers; sometimes the end is separated like the

prongs of a trident, and sometimes one large gash, or rip, is disclosed from end to end; sometimes, the twisted barrels are partially untwisted, and present an appearance not unlike corkscrews. The barrels that appear to have undergone the proof satisfactorily, and that have not burst, are taken out and put aside to undergo a further test, while those which have burst are condemned as old iron. After twenty-four hours the barrels are again examined; and if no discolouration from the saltpetre appears in the exterior, which is a certain sign of a flaw in the iron, they are considered to be fit for service. Should there be any possibility of a crack or flaw, however slight, which the

saltpetre has failed to disclose by discolouration, the gun-barrel is filled with water, and a ball larger than the bore is hammered down into it. This compresses the water so violently, that, if there be the slightest crack it oozes through and betrays the unsoundness. Should the barrels have undergone satisfactorily all these tests, they are marked with separate marks—one for viewing, and one for proving.

After the barrels have undergone this process, they are taken to the gun-maker, or stocker; and lock, stock, and barrel—which severally go through a variety of hands, quite independent of each other, and forming separate trades—are finally united.

LONDON.

If glorious deeds deserve a song,
 Then, London, one to thee!
 Thine ancient name all tongues proclaim
 The watchword of the Free:
 Where'er the flag of Liberty
 Is righteously unfur'd.
 There London is—her mighty heart
 Beats through the civil world.
 Then ho! for London brave and high,
 Which she shall ever be,
 While justice rules the walls
 And Honor guides the Free.

A MAN LIKE MCGREGOR.

By D. McAdam Coughlin.

IT HAD been raining all the morning and far into the afternoon. The clay roads which traversed the County of Ottawa, bad at best, were rendered almost impassible when it rained heavily. On this October afternoon they were in a sad plight, and Farmer Jenkins swore inwardly at the negligence of the county council as he made his way along them. The farmer was returning from market, seated on the front of his market wagon, in the shafts of which his big brown mare, slipping and sliding, tugged away in a good-natured manner. The wind which had risen about four o'clock in the afternoon was driving the clouds before it along the top of the Laurentian mountains. Every little while the sun burst through the clouds, and sent a stream of light dancing along the mountains and across the broad meadows that stretched from their base, clear to the brink of the Ottawa river. There is no sight more melancholy than a countryside at this season of the year. Nature seems to frown. The leafless trees look like skeletons on centry. A stray cow picking the scanty grass that fringes the stubble field, or a flock of crows congregated on some lofty pine, discussing in loud, clamorous tones plans for their southern migration, alone break the monotony.

It was through such a scene as this that Farmer Jenkins now passed; but it did not seem to depress him as it would have done an impressionable man, fresh from the din of city life. The farmer was used to it; he was born and bred and had always lived in the country; but on this particular afternoon there were other reasons why he should be oblivious of his surroundings. The general elections were to be held in two weeks' time, and Farmer Jenkins was a man of influence in his county, as well as an uncompromising partisan. Now to be a man of influence, was equivalent at such a crisis, to being a very great personage indeed: and a very great personage Farmer Jenkins thought

himself as he rehearsed his interview that morning in Ottawa, with one of the great leaders of the Tory party. He was to have seen the great chieftain, Sir John A. Macdonald, but that gentleman was electioneering in the West. While Jenkins regretted this circumstance, he had every reason to feel proud of his reception by the Secretary of State, who had taken him into his private office, and after a very confidential chat, had introduced him to the Minister of Justice and the President of Privy Council. He had promised them his support and influence, and in return, was told that he could demand anything of the Government and it would be granted. In short, he could command them in all things and he would find them his most obedient servants. No wonder Jenkins' bosom swelled with pride. What other man had such influence with the Government?

In the midst of his glory, however, he had one great trouble; but that was not to be wondered at since troubles beset the mightiest. The Government was his to command; but in what should he command it; For the first time in his life, his brow was wrinkled with care. Honors sit heavily on even the broadest shoulders, and Farmer Jenkins realized this, or rather, he felt the burden without realizing the cause. What should he ask the Government to do for him? He wanted a ditch in front of his farm, but that was a matter with which the County Council, and not the Dominion Government had to deal. Suddenly, an idea seemed to strike him. He dropped the reins on the dashboard, and letting his lower jaw drop at the same time, gazed vacantly at the road a moment; then suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, old Jenkins, I'll be blowed if ye ain't the darndest old egot I ever heard of! Why there's that son of yours that ain't of no account on the farm; why in thunder don't ye take him up to Ottawa and see if the Government can't make somethin' out of him? You just hitch up in the mornin' and

go straight back to Ottawa and see about it, you old fool!"

It was a striking characteristic of Mr. Jenkins that he always abused himself roundly, but this privilege he strictly reserved to himself. On this occasion he was most abusive. He touched the mare up with his whip and she broke into a swinging trot on which her rights must have been protected; for no horse has dared to imitate her. This gait consisted of a great clatter of hoofs and twisting of legs, that had every appearance of a desperate finish in a close contest between bloods of the 2:10 class; but which, had she been timed, would have been marked in the 8:10. Thundering along at this magnificent rate, the mare charged into a narrow strip of woods through which the road passed, and dashing through it and round a bend on the other side came into full view of a farm house.

Here, for the first time since we joined Jenkins, were sights and sounds that betokened life. The house was a log structure, situated a short distance from the road and on the north side of it; on the south side rose a great log barn, and behind this were the cow sheds, sheep houses and grainery. At the kitchen door some half dozen hogs had congregated, and by grunts and squeals were trying to impress upon the farmer that it was time they had their supper. From the barn-yard came the cackle of belated hens proclaiming to the world that they had added another egg to the resources of the country, while some unappreciative gobbler put in a discordant note, as though questioning the right of his companions to make so much noise over so small a matter. But even these sounds were not noticed by Jenkins. He was planning John Reginald's future. The old mare pricked up her ears, but jogged on without slackening her speed.

Just as they came opposite the house, the door was thrown open and a burly farmer rushed out, crying at the top of his voice:

"Hi! Hi, there!"

Jenkins took no notice. He felt it beneath his dignity to respond to such a call. Had not the Secretary of State introduced him to the Minister of Justice and the President of the Privy Council as Mr. Jenkins. Was he, then, to pull up for a man who came rushing after him shouting "Hi! Hi, there!" Not by a long shot! But the other was not to be discouraged, and he came thundering

along at about twice the speed of the brown mare. When he reached the road he halted and inflating his lungs called out;

"Jenkins! Farmer Jenkins! Neighbor Jenkins!" in a tone that would have done credit to Mark Anthony's "Friends, Romans, Countrymen!" This change of expression seemed to satisfy Jenkins for he reigned in his mare with a load "Whoa!" and waited for his neighbor to come up.

"It's mighty stiff yer gettin', Jenkins. Why didn't ye stop when I hollared to ye?" asked Taylor, when he came within speaking distance.

"I pulled in as soon as heard ye, Neighbor Taylor," Jenkins answered, showing a fine perception of one of the most necessary accomplishments of a politician—an ability to lie with grace.

"It seems mighty strange you couldn't hear me at first."

"Well I didn't for a fact. How be all yer charge, the missus and the young ones?"

"They be doin' very well. Kate has a cold since the other night, when she went to Hatton's dance with your Jack; but it don't signify. I come nigh loosin' that mooly I bought from Johnson last spring."

"Ye don't tell me! What happened to hern?"

"She slipped down the bank at the end of the river field and got mired on the shore. It be mighty soggy there. If little Pete hadn't of found her when he did, she'd be dead by this as like as not."

"Ye got her out then?"

"Yes; we hoisted her with ropes and drew her home on a stone boat. How be yer two year old comin' on?"

"He be looking fine. I'm goin' to break him the first snow."

"How be oats sellin' the day? I've two hundred bushel for the market."

"They fetch about thirty cents to the bushel; but they tell me they air likely to go up. How be ye on the elections, Neighbor Taylor?"

This was something serious. Jenkins swung round and throwing one leg over the end of the seat, faced Taylor, who placed one foot, encased in a long, muddy boot, on the hub of the wheel and rubbed his chin reflectively before he replied.

"I hain't quite decided yet," he said "I went to the meetin' in the school house the other night and I've had all my calculations

oversot. That Howard, whose runnin' for the Grits, do be a mighty smart chap. He leathered the wind out of Heartwell. It do seem as if the Grits be goin' to win. Did ye hear anythin' in Ottawa?"

"Did I! Well, I should say! Me and the Secretary of State had a long talk about the affairs of the county in general; and I tell ye they be going to sweep the country. The Grits be nowhere in the race."

"Of course they be for sayin' that up there but I tell ye, Howard laid them out at the schoolhouse. Ye ought to heard him give it to them on the tariff. It's robbin' us farmers, he says, and I do be of his mind."

"He don't know nothin'; that fellow Howard" said Jenkins, growing hot. The fact that Taylor had passed over his interview with the secretary of state in silence riled him and he thought he would strike a little harder next time. "Didn't the Minister of Justice tell me all about it this very mornin'," he said, "and didn't the president of the Privat Council back up every word he said, not to speak of the Secretary of State or any of the others. The Tories has built up this country and made us farmers rich. They be for Canadians, but the Grits air traitors and side with the Yankees—that be their game—so it be! No true Britisher'd have anythin' to do with 'em."

"There be somethin' in that," said Taylor weakening. "A man must stand by his country."

"To be sure he must; but his goin' dead back on her'n, when he goes Grit. I tell ye what, Friend Taylor, we'll go to the polls together and slap down two solid votes for the old party and the old flag. Now be it a bargain?"

"Not so fast. Friend Jenkins," answered Taylor, who had recovered from his weakening fit. "I hain't agoin' to throw my vote in wild-like; it be worth a thinkin' of. The Tories don't keep their promises. Now, ye recollect that railway we was to have last election? I hain't seen it yet."

"Shoo! man, that ain't anythin.' They just forgot it, that be all."

"An' ain't that enough."

"Be ye dead sot on that railway?"

"Yes; I be."

"Then leave it to me. I'll just put a bug in the secretary's ear and ye'll have it straight away. Didn't he tell me this mornin' I had only to mention a matter to him an' it would

be done. I'm goin' to send John Reginald up there to work and he'll keep him in mind of it. Jack ain't of no account about the farm, but he's mighty smart with his books. He'll be of use up there and I'm goin' to get him a place."

"Be ye now?"

"Yes; I be," said Jenkins "and now, Friend Taylor, I must be movin'. It's nigh eatin' time and the old nag is most played, out. The roads be mighty bad. Well, good-bye. Come over to my place to-morrow night and we'll talk politics," and Farmer Jenkins chucked at the old mare.

"I'll come over," said Taylor, taking his foot off the hub, "but I don't promise to be of yer mind."

"Jenkins old nag jogged on again, and soon came to her own gate. The Jenkins homestead was the next one to Taylor's, so that there was scarcely half a mile between the two houses. When the farmer drove up to his own door it was thrown open and a young man of about twenty years of age, came rushing out.

"Be that you, dad?" he asked.

"It's me, Jack. How be everythin' about the place?"

"All's hunky, dad."

"Chores all done?"

"Most of 'em."

"Well, take Nell over to the barn and give her a good feed. She's had a mighty hard day of it."

Jack drove the mare off, and as the old man turned to go into the house, he was met by a five year old Jenkins, whom he lifted in his strong arms and kissed.

"Well, Billy, my boy, how've things been while dad was in town?"

"All unky, dad, was the urchins reply, as he got straddle of his father's neck and was carried into the house."

CHAPTER 11.

IN WHICH MR. JENKIN'S IS SEEN ON THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY.

Jenkins was a well-to-do farmer, and as there were few well-to-do farmers in that part of the country, Jenkins was considered rich. Now, being rich meant in Ottawa county, as in deed it means the world over being powerful; and we all know what court politicians pay to a man of power at election times. Jenkins was fairly deluged with the interested attentions paid him by the great

leaders of his party, which had the effect of deranging, for the time, his otherwise well-balanced brain. He was a Tory of Tories, and would not tolerate any position to the policy of the party. When his stock of arguments failed to vanquish his adversary in a political discussion, Jenkins would appeal to his fists, and count points in broken noses and blackened eyes.

Indeed he was often the cause of a political meeting ending in rough and tumble fight, in which no distinction was made between friend or foe, the great object being to get a blow in on someone.

A fight of this kind which I witnessed in the village of C— when a lad of only seven, is still vividly impressed upon my memory. I can still see the surging mass of country electors who completely blocked the street for two squares, striking out right and left in the wildest manner. C— was a Tory stronghold, and in the very heart of this mad mob the unfortunate Grit candidate was so tightly wedged that he had no hope of freeing himself. By his jesticulations I knew he was appealing those around him; but whether by prayers or threats I could not tell, for his voice was lost in the general uproar. Just when things began to look really desperate for the unfortunate Grit, the door of the tinker shop opposite which he was pinned, was suddenly thrown open, and out rushed the tinker's wife; a big muscular woman, with her sinevy arms bare to the elbows. There was flour on her face, and dough on her fingers, while in one hand she wielded a rolling pin with such great execution that she soon forced her way into the very heart of the mob. Throwing one arm round the candidate's waist, and grappled his legs with the other, she lifted him bodily from the ground, forced her way back through the mob, and bore him into the house in triumph. Just then the village priest, stick in hand, appeared on the out-skirts of the mob, berating the rioters in the strongest terms, addressing Catholics and Protestants alike by name, with such good effect that he had the riot quelled in less than five minutes. Meanwhile the village constable had carried off two of the rioters and locked them up in the village jail. As soon as this became known, a score of their friends formed in a body and marched on to the jail. Securing a big stone they battered in

the door and let the prisoners out.*

Bred amid scenes like this, it is not to be wondered at that Jenkins was a fighter on all political questions. It was not an acquired taste, but an inheritance. His father before him had been greatly given to the same kind of argument; and a family tradition told how, owing to his having defended his political opinions with two much ardor, one of his grandfather's eyes had preceded him some twenty years to the village churchyard; and Jenkins often declared with pride when telling the story, that the old man never scrupled to risk the other eye in the same good cause.

Jenkins was uneducated to a degree that might almost be called blank ignorance; but he had an inherent shrewdness that made up to him in part, at least, for his lack of book-learning. He was not, however, a man who despised book-learning, as so many farmers do who have made their way in the world without it. "There's no denyin' it, it's a mighty handy thing to have," he often said and he showed his consistency by sending John Reginald regularly to the village school. John took to his books kindly and made remarkable progress for one whose inherited tastes were all in the opposite direction. Jenkins thought his son the cleverest lad in all the country and made up his mind that John should be a lawyer. Shortly after coming to this conclusion Jenkins got into a law suit, in which the lawyers got all the cream. Although the court decided in his favor, he lost money on the case, while the effects of his less fortunate opponent were sold by the sheriff to pay the ways. This so disgusted Jenkins with law and lawyers that he changed his mind about "makin' John an edicted rogue." He next determined to make a minister of him, but getting into a dispute with the parson, he abandoned that, also declaring there "warn't the tossin' of a copper between the hypocrits of the church and the rogues of the court." So it came about when John Reginald had learned all that could be taught him at the village school, he came home to help on the farm, but as his father said he was not of much account there.

From the very first Mrs. Jenkins had opposed these plans for her son's future, and

*The above is an actual occurrence, which took place some 18 years ago.

she had even objected to his being sent to school at all.

"Mark my words ye'll regret it, John," she said. "He'll get his head full of them high falutin' notions they give boys at school and he'll think his old father and mother ain't good enough company for him. I don't believe in parents puttin' their young uns over their heads like—they allers is sorry for it."

Jenkin's mind was made up, however; and he posted John Reginald off to school with the remark "that it was a mighty poor family that could not maintain one gentleman."

Ever since leaving school John Reginald had been a thorn in his father's side, and Mrs. Jenkins took great delight in pricking him with it everytime she had a chance. "What did I tell ye," she would say in that aggravating tone in which nagging wives excell. "Ye've gone and edicated him above the farm. He ain't of any use about the place, and he won't ever be anythin'. Ye've spoiled a good farmer with yer tom foolery, and ye han't get anythin' in place of him."

Jenkins was forced to admit the charge for the time being; but he had his mind made up to find something for John Reginald to do that would turn his wife's reproaches into naught. Sometimes he half regretted that he had sent the boy to school, but he had gone to far to turn back now. John had even begun to find fault with his parents, making sport of their homely conversation, committing the greatest errors himself at the same time, but which their lack of education prevented their discovering. It is no wonder then when he first thought of a government position for John, that Jenkins jaw dropped and he abused himself for not having thought of it before. "It's the very thing for him," he kept saying to himself all the way home from Taylor's. "He won't have to be a rogue of a lawyer nor a hypocrite of a minister. The leaders will do all the robin' and lynin' and decevin' and he'll only have to keep his mouth shut and draw his pay."

Never since his wedding day had Jenkins been as happy as he was that evening; and the reason for his happiness was somewhat similar on both occasions. On his wedding day he had proven to the world that his love had conquered his wife; to-night, his

new-born scheme would prove his wisdom in the bringing up of their son the greater. As I have said, Jenkins was very happy.

"How be ye, mother?" he cried out cheerily when he got inside the door. "Be supper nigh ready? I'm as hungry as a hawk; and I've got great things to tell ye the night."

"Supper'll be on in a minute," said Mrs. Jenkins busying herself about the cookstove.

Jenkins threw his hat in a corner, and sitting down cross-legged on the bench, he put little Billy on his foot and danced him up and down. He promised Mrs. Jenkins a new dress, and everyone of his seven children something from the city when he went there again the next day. Billy said his dad was the jolliest old dad in all the world, but Mrs. Jenkins thought he must have been drinking and insisted on smelling his breath, whereupon he kissed her fair on the mouth. Now, it had not been customary with Jenkins in late years to be so loving, and Mrs. Jenkins maintained that he must have taken more than was good for him in town, although she had to admit that she not could detect it on his breath. Jenkins had some difficulty to prove his innocence, but he finally succeeded, and John Reginald having come in from the barn, the family sat down to supper.

As soon as the meal was over John Reginald began to tidy himself up a bit. He scrubbed himself in the family wash basin that stood on the end of the bench next the waterbarrel, and wiped himself dry on the coarse towel that revolved on a roller screwed to the wall behind the door. He then daubed his hair with bear's grease and rubbed it down till it glistened like a new rubber and smelled like a tannery. John Reginald affected the dandy, and was even inclined to be snobbish, but the country is a poor place for a snob to thrive in and John lacked that development which city life afterwards gave him. Having got his hair into shape, John pulled on a light overcoat and fixed his hat just so—that is to say, well back on his head and tilted slightly over one ear. He then surveyed himself critically in the six by eight inch mirror that hung at the side of the window and apparently satisfied with the figure he cut he turned toward the door.

(To be continued.)



Gustave Dore, Pix.

THE MARSCHELLISE.
From a collection of photo gravures in possession of J. J. Fanning, Ottawa.

Lounger Engraving Co.

ART AND ARTISTS.

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

AS the French people, driven to despair, were rising against wrongs that made life insupportable, a young officer, Roget de L'Isle, composed a song that thrilled all his countrymen with a wild passion of patriotism. In the language of Carlyle, "the sound of it did tingle in men's veins, and whole armies and assembles did sing it, with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death, despot, and devil." Dore's stirring picture tells its own story. The central figure is the very incarnation of outraged Liberty come to avenge her wrong's. The people crave but a leader, and under Liberty's standard they rush to death as to a banquet. From every house, from the streets, and from every sphere of life, old and young, men and boys, flock to swell the ranks of the troops. And as they march they sing :

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary;—
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While liberty and peace lie bleeding.

To-arms! to-arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And labour fields and cities blaze.

And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

To-arms! to-arms! ye brave! etc.

With luxury and pride surrounding,
The bold, insatiate despots dare—
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded—
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

To-arms! to-arms! ye brave! etc.

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt the generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

To-arms! to-arms! ye brave! etc.

THE DAY OF THE FETE.

One of the most interesting pictures of Salon of 1879 was Jules Garnier's picture of the Day of the Fete, wonderful in its brilliancy of color, motion and animation. The scene is in Flanders at the height of the carnival. Young men and women are going about singing and dancing, and in skillful contrast, monks are reciting their prayers.

The youngest monk carrying the wallet, in which he has collected alms for the community, looks wistfully, timidly and nervously at the enjoyment which he in his austerity has foresworn.

The Falstaffian monk in the centre is perhaps "on the fence." Whether to bestow some kindly sympathy on the innocent enjoyment of the scene, or join his left hand friend in deep disgust at such levity. Altogether the picture is one that once seen can never be forgotten, for all parties, are enjoying themselves in their own way with a remarkable unanimity.

Garnier, decidedly one of the best painters



Jules Gaudin, Pitts.

THE DAY OF THE FETE.

From a collection in possession of J. J. Fanning, Ottawa.

L'Amateur photographique Co.



A. M. Vasselot, Sculpt.

CHLOE.

Lounger Engraving Co.

From a collection of photo gravures in possession of J. J. Fanning, Ottawa.

of France, will receive due notice at the proper place in History.

CHLOE.

In the fourth century after Christ, Longas a Greek author, wrote a sweet pastoral story, entitled, "Dophnis and Chloe." It is a love story, illustrative of Burns' idea of superlative bliss.

"Oh happy state! where souls together
draw,
Where love is liberty, and nature's law."

The best translation is St. Perre's "Paul and Virginia," in the preface to which the author acknowledges his original model. If the reader will therefore substitute Virginia as the model heroine of St. Pierre, for the original heroine Chloe, it will tend to familiarize the statue to those unfamiliar with the story of "Dophnis and Chloe." They wander in a state of youthful innocence, over hill and dale, in the lovely Grecian lands where nature abundantly supplies their few wants, and the story is a picture of Arcadian simplicity, beautiful and poetical.

The "pose" chosen by the sculptor is illustrative of Chloe awaiting the coming of Daphnis after a brief separation. The face is in admiring contemplation of the beautiful landscape, and the unconscious loveliness of Chloe is admirably portrayed.

The sculpture was purchased by the French

government from the Solon of 1878, and now adorns the Museum of the school of Fine Arts of Paris.

THE CHICKEN WOMAN.

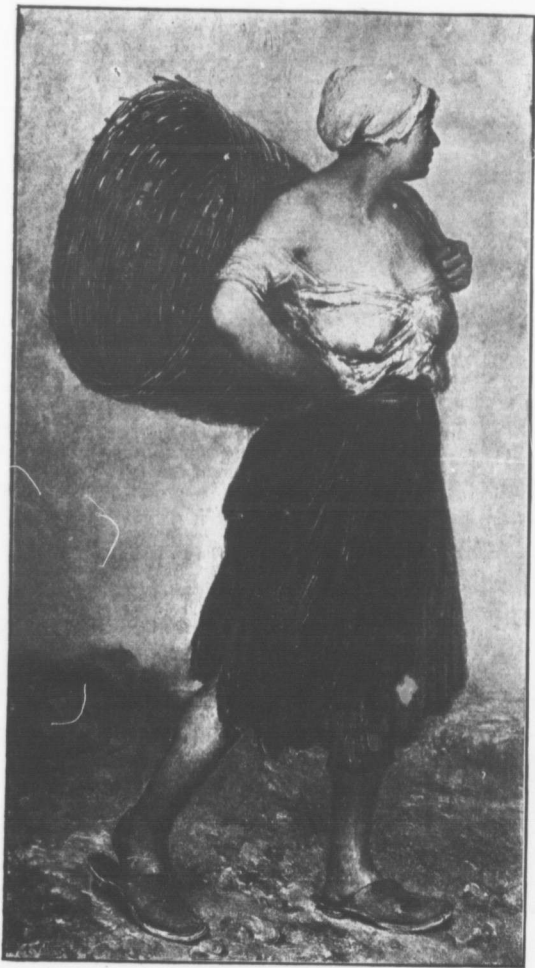
Vaion's Chicken Woman of Dieppe, was his Salon picture of 1876. Born at Lyons in 1838, he studied at the Academy of Lyons. He went to Paris and made his debut at the Salon of 1864, achieving immediate distinction. Edwin About, the great art critic, in writing of the Salon of 1864, says of Valon: "Among the new names which the public has learned this year, I recommend to you especially, that of Valon. His subjects are treated with decision, firmness and masterly freedom. The tones are just and true. This young man is truly strong." Since then he has been decorated more than once, and now is one of France's best artists.

The Chicken Woman is simply an embodiment of vigor and freedom. With her hen "creel" on her shoulders, she steps forth a perfect Amazon. We are tempted to quote the criticism of an American gentleman, which we accidentally overheard at the Paris exhibition of 1878. He turned to his wife, on coming in front of Valon's picture, and said, "Ain't she a buiser?" Well, the remark is perhaps vulgar, but it is forcible, and a page of criticism could not better express the merits of the painting.

ART.

The artist's work is grand and good,
The highest in this land of ours;
What pity off' to earn his food
He finds him face to face with showers.

— *Trebore.*



A. Vallon, Pinx.

THE CHICKEN WOMAN.

Laugier Engraving Co.

From the original painting in the gallery of M. Duncan, Paris.

ODDITIES OF PARIS.

By M. Boldieu.

THERE are two classes of tradesmen in Paris that come to grief: dealers in eggs and butter, and buyers and sellers of philosophers. Mr. Emerson once said, pointing to the pride of his orchard: "That apple-tree is worth more than my head to me. My income from the former is greater than the revenue from all my books." But then Emerson has only sold *philosophy*—had he bought and sold *philosophers*, he would now be master of lands, tenements and hereditaments, valuable enough to win him the respect of all State street.

I was sitting some time since in a notary's office, when a man of most sordid appearance entered. He surprised me very much, for it is rare to see a tatterdemalion in Paris. Polonius knew the city thoroughly when he cautioned Laertes: "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy." Here everybody puts his best foot foremost. The new-comer, however, was in rags, and his matted hair and unshaven face added to his repulsive appearance. I was still more surprised by the deference paid him. (Magic power of gold which gives even beauty to the beast!) He drew from the recesses of his rags, rather from wells than pockets, so deep and capacious were they, so many packets of bank notes, and so many rolls of gold coin, that my surprise grew greater and greater. I began to think of Signor Bltz, the Fakir of Ava, the Wizard of the North. I rubbed my eyes and was all attention, that I might lose no particular of the transformation scene, which I was sure was at hand. But I was disappointed.

"I have always made it a rule," he snarled, "to have a fifty-thousand-dollar house for myself, and to give as good a house to my children on their majority. My eldest

son and my only daughter have each a house. The house I am now buying is for my youngest son, who will be one-and-twenty the first of next month." As he spoke he marshalled coin and bank-notes for ready counting on the table, and growled as he laid them down: "See if there are not fifty thousand dollars here!" The deed of sale needed only signature. This formality ended, he withdrew accompanied to the office door by the notary. On his return the latter asked:

"Can you divine that man's occupation?"

"An usurer?"

"No. He buys sells philosophers. But may be you don't know what a 'philosopher is?"

"An inquirer into the nature of the under"——

"No, no, no! I need not tell you there is no end to the avatars of every object in Paris. Here water becomes wine and wine is turned into water. The bread left on cafe and restaurant tables becomes toast for soup. Clothes go from the rich fine gentleman's back to the poor fine gentleman's back, thence to lower and still lower poverty, till they reach the shoddy mill which transforms them into wool again. Shoes do not escape the common fate. They fall from rich to poor, then to poorer and to poorer still, until at last the soles are completely worn out and nothing but the uppers remain, battered, and worse for wear, but still no myth, as soles have long since become. These are 'philosophers.' They are used—the best of them—to make shoes, sold for new by shopkeepers whose consciences were left behind in their native villages; the others, to make the 'new shoes' you see in cobblers' stalls. The former—the 'Platos'—sell for six or

eight cents a pair. The latter—the ‘Schopenhauers’—never bring more than four cents. The man who has just left us is the largest dealer in these articles in Paris. I am afraid to repeat the figures he gave me as the annual total amount of money he turns over in the way of trade. You would not credit it. I will, however, tell you that he is worth at least \$600,000—perhaps 800,000. Of course all this money was not made by buying and selling ‘philosophers,’ no more than Rothschild has made all his money by banking. Nobody makes money in this world; wealth is money saved. As money flowed in (and it came in torrents), he spent as little and invested as much of it as he could. He had a keen eye for investments; he made money out of the Mexican loan, and a fortune in the Turkish funds; he has even had the art to squeeze money out of Spanish railway shares. When he dies he will be worth two millions of dollars!”

How badly distanced is Emerson’s apple-tree!

Do you see that somber, uninviting-looking shop with the doors always closed, with the windows curtained, not by muslin or dimity, but by silk dresses, rich cashmere shawls, yards of velvet, embroidered petticoats, with fur muffs, bracelets, watches, and chains on the sill, with pawnbrokers’ tickets here and there among them; nothing arranged for effect, as in the show-windows of other trades? It is the shop of a “toilette dealer.” If you would know the lowest depths of the mysteries of Paris, be her—no, I won’t say friend, for her friendship is dangerous, because the law calls her friends accomplices, and frequently pillories the “toilette dealer” and her accomplices in the dock of the Assizes Court and in the new-fashioned stocks which have abolished those of Tyburn Hill—the press—which is ten times severer punishment, since in the stocks the criminal was anonymous, while in the press his name is published, though his face be hid. The “toilette dealers” are not always old, scrawny, wrinkled and long-fingered. Some of them are young and pretty—pretty as tigar’s dappled skin or serpent’s gaudy twine and far more dangerous than either, for their fangs poison not only body but soul, not only one’s credit, but one’s name, not only one’s estate, but one’s honor. Their business is—what is it

not beyond the precincts of honesty? They carry letters of marque and reprisal, and become pirates when the horizon is unwhitened by a third sail. They will do anything for money—any of the crimes of civilization, be it understood, which escape the law and the law hath a coarse hand which cannot pick up delicate offences. They will not knock a man in the head; they will not brew a deadly cup; but they know everybody of both sexes who wants money and who values money above everything else in the world. They keep up correspondence with all of the ten tribes, and are on intimate terms with all the “little Moseses” of the Ghetto of Paris. They know everybody and everything in Paris. Does a splendid dress in some shop window of Boulevard des Capucines strike your eye? The toilette dealer will buy it for you. Have you an irresistible longing for a lace and cashmere shawl seen in the Rue Richelieu? She will gratify your longing. Would you like to hire a suit of fine clothes, diamonds, watches, bank-notes for a ball, or a wedding, or a funeral, or for the season? She will supply you. She is an usurer, too, and a pawnbroker,—both pursuits forbidden by law,—her “best conscience is, not to leave undone, but to keep unknown.” She is youth’s banker, youth’s providence. She cashes all drafts which Beauty draws on Hope. I do not say her terms will be easy as those of Messrs. Cheeryble Brothers. You must remember she ministers, not to your necessities, but to your craving for life’s superfluities, and superfluities are always costly. Superfluities, especially when they are flavored with vice, the costliest spice on earth, are as expensive as strawberries in December.

How is it that old clo’ dealers always have so many French horns, those great coiled yellow serpents we see in every brass band? They are favorite instruments in Paris, for all Frenchmen think the essence of amusement is noise. I once lived opposite a family who spent Sunday in screeching songs, accompanied not only by the piano, but also by tumblers and saucepans beaten with forks; the louder the noise the greater the ecstasy of their delight. There is not a forest near Paris whose silence is not broken by the French horn. Altogether, the insensibility of the French to noise is amazing. If you live near a private mansion, you hear

the bell going from morning to night, as incessantly as drum and trumpet in a French barracks, and the bell used would hardly be considered by us too small for a St. Lawrence River steamboat. When it is rung for breakfast or dinner, the peal is always preceded by three taps. They are probably meant to invoke the Trinity, like the three strokes that precede morning, noon and evening Angelus ("In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost"), as is done by the three signs of the Cross when holy water is taken, or when a funeral is met in the street. These three taps are never given when the bell rings for servants' meals.

The oil-men's shops offer one of the few examples of bad taste to be found in Paris. They are streaked with every color, and these the crudest tones to be had. The walls where bills are posted are always odd—nearly as variegated as the front of an oil-man's shop, though the tones are softer. The government reserves white paper for its own proclamations: latest constitutions, announcements of new presidents and capitals, etc. Each theater also has its own colored paper. A political party would scorn to print its announcements on paper which was not in its livery. All cards of furnished lodgings to be let are on yellow paper; all furniture vans for moving and their offices are painted yellow. Formerly, all lamps at the doors of government offices—such as firemen's, barracks, police stations, offices of the police commissioners, tobacconists (the tobacco trade is a government monopoly) and water-bailiffs' offices—were red. Military patrols carry a red lantern,—imagine a red lantern with a tallow candle in a street illuminated with the electric light; routine only can be responsible for such absurdity. Latterly, post and telegraph offices have adopted blue lamps. Each line of omnibuses has lamps of its own color, and the lamps of each cab of the great Cab Company are the color of its stable—a convenient regulation for the belated wayfarer who would be driven home by a willing Jehu, for he has but to choose a cab whose stable is near his destination. The effect of so many different colored lamps is most picturesque when seen in a long vista like the Boulevards or the far-framed Avenue de l'Opera and rues du 4 Septembre and de la Paix, or the Avenue des Champs Elysee or (where it is still more striking,) in

the Place de la Concorde.

A crowd is always to be seen around the bird-fanciers' shops, which are most numerous on Quais de l'Ecole and de la Megisserie, looking at countless varieties of the feathered tribe, from Cochin China cocks to microscopic canaries. The French have a passion for society, especially noisy society, and there is always an active trade in birds. One often witnesses touching scenes in front of these shops. To give a single instance, I remembered once seeing a poor white-haired rag-picker, bent double with age, cares, and basket, totter to a shop-door and ask: "Could a cent buy any sort of a bird?" In what an insolent tone the snub was given: "No—not even a dead bird!" She make no answer, but turned most sorrowfully away. She wanted something to love, and to be loved by something. It is amusing to see Frenchmen listening to the birds—ears, eyes and mouth wide-stretched, that not a bit of the racket shall escape the channels to the brain. After listening rapt in admiration, they suddenly exclaim: "Good Heavens, don't they make a noise!" in the tone you would use were you to say: "How delightfully Gerster sings!"

There is nothing stranger in Paris than marriage. French courtship would suit a bashful fellow (there is none but imported bashfulness in France) The fathers do all the wooing. They are even the ones who fall in love. Last week I saw two fathers courting, and, as is often the case, 'twas the girl's father who fell in love and popped the question to the boy's. The former lives in a village in Touraine and manufactures hose. The latter sells hose wholesale and retail in Paris. The first said:

"I have a marriageable daughter; I have a son—these are all my children. I shall give each of them \$20,000 the day they are married. I am now worth \$100,000. If I live twenty years more I shall be worth \$300,000. When I am dead this will go to my children, share and share alike. I should at once make my son-in-law my Paris agent. This would throw a good income annually into his hands. Do these terms suit you? Will you meet me halfway?"

Claude Melnotte makes love more poetically; but when courting is carried on in this way with addition, multiplication, division, and subtraction for crutches, the pot is sure to boil. Still, I prefer Claude

Melnotte's method. The Parisian replied: "My son is young yet. I have never thought of his marriage." He said to me afterward: "I never buy a pig in a poke. I must see the girl before I give an answer. If she suits, I shall strike hands. If she doesn't—your servant, sir!" Some weeks afterward, he found a pretext in the way of business to visit the father. He told me, on his return: I have seen the girl. She is not strong enough." So Cupid carried his bow, arrow, and quiver to another house, where girl and purse were stouter. A great many persons in the higher classes, especially in the old Legitimist noble families, who are great sticklers for old usages, never see the person they are to marry until the groom calls at the convent to take his bride to the church.

The place given to money in Parisian marriages tells heavily upon the poor, especially upon those who are obliged to wear the livery of respectability. The cost of service in the churches seems skillfully planned in the manner best suited to goad to expense not only vanity, but self-respect also. Custom, too, makes burdensome levies on the purse. There must be carriages to the Mayor's office and to church; the bride must have her outfit, and there must be an entertainment. I remembered the marriage of the daughter of an officer in the French army. He was poor as a church mouse and never was quite sure that his wife would succeed in making his pay last the month. And little hunchback met the daughter at a ball and fell in love with her. He was worth \$8,000 a year. She saw his spine in his land (where it was as straight as an arrow) and let him know at once that his suit would be successful. By dint of borrowing \$25 here, \$30 there, \$50 in another place, and other dribbets right and left, and by getting a "a toilette dealer" to make all the purchases for the outfit, upon promise the husband should pay before the honeymoon changed, they managed to get through the ceremony without confessing their poverty. The day after the wedding the mother said to me: "You cannot imagine the embarrassment into which we were thrown by Louise's marriage: for, poor as we are, we could not send her stark naked into her new family. My husband had his uniform, and that, of course, passes muster anywhere; but I did not know what to do for a dress.

I bought a shawl trimmed with lace for the marriage. I took the lace from the shawl and put it on my new silk dress for the ball. This morning I removed it from the dress and put it back on the shawl in time to pay visits." Running the gauntlet would be a pleasant promenade, compared to the anxiety and embarrassment of this family during the six weeks before, and the three weeks after, their daughter's marriage. The wedding over, it remained painfully uncertain what reception the husband would give his betrothed's bills. They were many, and some of them were heavy. The sum total was very large, but he paid them without wincing.

It is odd that masters and mistresses should always require servants to address them in the third person. A French servant, in a house where there is any etiquette, would never dream of saying: "Shall I light the lamp, sir?" He would inquire, "Does Mister wish the lamp lighted?" Not: "Do you wish tea or coffee, Ma'am?" but, "Does Ma'am wish tea or coffee?" It is very amusing to see a servant from the country, who never heard of the third person, learning this etiquette.

In Paris, all trades and callings have their Rialto, where employers know they can find the unemployed. It is curious, and in inclement weather painful, to see laundresses of all ages standing in Rue Mauconseil wool-carders standing in Rue du Caire, stone-masons standing in the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, and men who turn wheels in workshops waiting to be employed (for in many factories in Paris neither gas nor steam has yet been introduced).

All Parisian colleges require that each boarder shall have a surity in town who is not only responsible for bills, but who undertakes to receive the boy on holy days, and if he is expelled. These "correspondents" (as they are called) must return the boarder, in person or by proxy, to the college authorities, when the holy day is ended. As it would be inconvenient for most correspondents to go for and to return their clients, around every college door proxies offer themselves for hire. The charge is invariably the same, twenty-five cents for conveying the boy each way. It is one of the oddest things in Paris to see the number of proxies that can always be hired. At each ward office there are men who live, and who make

excellent incomers, by hiring themselves as witnesses to bills, marriages, deaths, and legal instruments. The French law allows no woman to witness a legal paper, and requires seven witnesses to some documents. I have seen some laughable incidents where the witnesses were incompetent, the legal instrument was important, and the officer was irritated by the farce in which he was obliged to play a part.

There is not a Paris vintner with a spark of self-respect under his waistcoat who has not at least one "guardian angel" in his employment. The "guardian angel" is a cherub of placid temper, in smock shirt, ears insensible to vituperation, arms strong enough to parry and support, honesty that can see gold, silver, and copper, without remembering hocus-pocus. When, by oft wetting his throat, a customer grows limp and so imaginative as to see streets, houses, and lamp-posts dancing a *grand galop infernal*, expressly to prevent him from walking home, the guardian angel then makes his appearance, rifles his wet countryman's pockets, draws the weak arm in his, walks the brainless fellow home, gives his wife all the contents of the pockets, and carries away her blessing.

There is nothing odder in Paris than the private collections, especially the cabinets of pictures. Had Raphael lived a thousand years, and painted day and night, he could not have covered the canvas shown in Paris as his works. Some of these collections contain the clothes of eminent people; others have buttons; others still have shoes; here are snuff boxes; there are wigs; yonder are fire-irons. All sorts of trash have their idolaters, as I discover, when I visit these queer nooks. I come away convinced there is nothing lost in this world. The earnest look, the important air, and the pride these people take in showing their collection, though it be only chessmen, is amusing.

How strange, too, are the girls who go every Sunday to the Hotel des Invalides to cheer the lagging spirits of the old war-beaten men, who deprive themselves of wine or tobacco during the week to give four cents to the child that prattles of hope and the future with the airy confidence childhood alone possesses, and recalls to the half-closed eyes and half-insensible ears of the veterans a time when they, too, hoped, and they, too, mirrored themselves in bright eyes, and by flattering

speeches made them sparkle. There, also, are women who take the old soldiers to dry nurse, who feed them and treat them and give them company—a kind word here, a gentle smile there, an exhibition of interest in the continued conjunction of soul and body on which the old soldier's pension hangs.

Unless it be the bread six feet long which stands in bakers' shops like grenadiers at a review, nothing strikes a stranger more forcibly than the numbers of idle people of the lower class seen lolling on the benches of all the public squares. How do they get the bread of idleness? I was some time since in Place de l'Observatoire, which was unusually thronged. I met a policeman of my acquaintance and asked him: "Who are all these people?" He answered: "Professional thieves." When I recently visited the cellars of the great markets, the officer who went with me became very angry with the people in the cellars, who were noisy. He said to me: "Every one of these people is a thief, liberated this morning." All of the people seen sleeping on benches are vagabonds. Were they found asleep in the streets at night they would be arrested, so they walk all night. Many of them are inmates of some of the asylums where decayed servants and the like are harbored during their last years; but it is astonishing how many able-bodied people are to be found among these saunterers. The ambition of Frenchmen of all classes is to lead an idle life; and to enjoy this idleness they gladly deny themselves what we consider the prime necessities of life. If a Frenchman have bread and wine he is never hungry, and never grows lean. Nor does he care for fire in winter. I have often been surprised to find the dining rooms, even of wealthy people, unwarmed, and to hear them say: "We never have a fire in the dining-room, for we find the meal warms us very comfortably." Being so easily satisfied, many of them cease to work as soon as they have acquired a revenue of \$200 a year.

In the public squares there is a never-failing round of amusements, which may be enjoyed without charge. Here is a noisy dealer in puns, which he rattles off as fast as he can make his tongue go, and which he sells for one cent the printed sheet. His wit by infusion is always in demand. Hard by

is a still more noisy dealer in songs. He grinds the accompaniment out of a hand-organ, bawls song after song, and when he stops to catch breath, appeals to a discriminating public to buy the words whose tune he has taught them. Fortune-tellers, somnambulists, rope-dancers, masters of white mice, venders of magical waters which dye hair any colour, or cure all diseases, or make brass shine like gold, all with a hand-organ for an ally, give a great animation to the public squares. Besides these, there are orange-sellers, who yell the merits of their "Valencia oranges;" sugar-waffle makers, who shrilly cry: "Here are sugar-waffles, ladies—here are sugar-waffles—regale yourselves;" flower-venders, whose scream is: "Flower yourselves, ladies flower yourselves!" Add the cabstand and omnibus office in nearly every square, with vehicles incessantly going and coming, and you may conceive the animation of the scene, and understand what makes it so attractive to French eyes and to French ears.

I often pause and listen to street brawls, which are frequently mere wordy combats, and amuse myself by discovering traces of this nation's history and character in the opprobrious epithets the disputants hurl at one another. The word oftenest heard is *ostrogot!* (I give it as pronounced,) which evidently is *ostrogoth* I have often heard *sarrasin!* "*Cossack!*" is still very common. *Gnildou!* ("will you?") is the only trace of English invasion I have discovered. Since the German war *Prussee!* and *Canaille de Bismarck!* and *Va donc, Bismarck!* are often used. No epithets sting deeper than these.

The first Revolution passed over Paris as the deluge over the earth, sparing nothing. Don't ask in France for tombs of ante-revolutionary heroes. Nobody can direct you to La Bruyere's, nor to Montesquieu's, nor to Racine's, nor to Pascal's. Moliere's jawbone is in the Hotel de Cluny; half of Cardinal de Richelieu's head had been in market for seventy-five years when the government bought it and restored it to the vault where his whole body was laid in almost royal state. Cardinal de Mazarin's tomb is tenanted, and the fragments of his monument are to be seen in one of the museums in Louvre. Scarron's skull, polished by oft handling to ivory smoothness, is shown for a fee in St. Gervais church; and in another

church, silver will give you sight of the skull of St. Vincent de Paul.

I find great amusement in news boxes, reading odd French translations. Here is Chateaubriand with "Siloa's brook that flowed rapidly by the oracle of God." A translator of "Othello" did "Handkerchief! O Devil," into "Tissue formed of finest threads and doomed to basest uses! O monarch regnant of the infernal regions!" This dilation of the author's phrase is due to the weakness of the French language. I read with astonishment authors who extol this tongue above our own for clearness, accuracy, elegance of expression. This praise is altogether unmerited. The admiration of periphrasis, and the aversion to using the same word twice on the same page, make the language extremely obscure. Until the Romantic school of 1830 tore some swaddling clothes from France, no French author dared speak of a cab except as "a numbered chariot," or of the ocean, except as "the bitter liquid plain." In a French translation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a "load of lumber" was rendered a "load of odds and ends of waste." I have seen pine-burrs translated into pine-apples; the Leeward Islands given *les Iles de Leevard*, evidently on the supposition that they had been discovered or owned by Monsieur Leeward, and the Windward Islands, "the Islands under the Wind." I noticed in a book-seller's catalogue, "Indians, its Topography," etc., set down among the *anas* with Seldeniana, Baconiana, etc., and in another list Paul Ding's works. A French scientific work gives us the information that the Falls of Niagara supply motive power to the flour-mills at Minneapolis, and that every moonlight night, thousands of boats are to be seen on the Mississippi, filled with ladies and gentlemen from New Orleans, who row to the Gulf of Mexico, enjoy the sea breeze and return before early bed-time. Another Frenchman translated Koenig, the name of the writer; as Frederick the Great. And still another rendered *asserres*, the rafters of a roof, as if it had been *anserres*, a flock of geese, and gravely told his countrymen that flocks of geese built swallows' nests under roofs, instead of telling them that swallows built nests in roofs' rafters. I have seen "Out! out, brief candle!" translated "Get you gone! To the door, short piece of candle!" And everybody has heard how "All hail!" has been done into French as "Not-

ing but hail-stones!"

It is another oddity of Paris that the higher you go upstairs the lower you go down in society—as if social status were decided by a jury of wheezing, asthmatic fat men. It is an oddity of Paris to buy wood by the pound; to be obliged always to pay something and above the prices agreed upon; to be obliged to carry a paper in your pocket under pain of arrest, avouching you to

be an American; to have no pump but only a stone jar in your kitchen, and to see it filled every day by a man who brings water upstairs on his shoulder and gets two cents for each pailful; to see carpets nowhere, while clocks, and mirrors, and gilt candle-labra are everywhere; to find everything, except mere lodging, and extra: towels, water, chimney-sweeping, boot-cleaning, candles, ice.

MEMORIES OF MAY.

Come forth, come forth, ye sad!
 Look at Nature, and be glad.
 Come forth, ye toiling millions, God's universe is fair.
 Come forth from crowded street,
 And cool your feverish feet
 With a trample on the turf in the pleasant open air!
 The children in the meads
 String the buttercups like beads;
 Be not too wise to join them, but sport as well as they;
 Come and hear the cuckoo sing.
 Come and breath the breath of Spring.
 And gild your life's October with the memories of May.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE publishers of the LOUNGER do not feel called upon to make any excuses for its first appearance. They are satisfied to take all the chances, and willing to run all the risks of competition, confident that no one can produce a magazine at even twice the price that will be superior to THE LOUNGER. When it is stated that a complete plant, capable of doing every part of the work, has been purchased, it will be readily believed that they have spared no expense to fulfill their promises to the public.

The LOUNGER Building, 22, 24 and 26 George street, is situated in the very heart of the city, and is one of the most complete publishing houses in the Dominion; and certainly the finest home that a Canadian magazine can boast.

The main building is in three flats, 54 x 48 feet. The first or ground floor, is divided into two parts, the front portion being sub-divided into offices, public and private, where the business of the firm will be conducted. Behind, there is a long room in which the machinery connected with the engraving department is run, together with small presses, and cutting machines. Behind this, in an extension, stands the two revolution, four roller, Cotterell printing press, the only one of the kind in Ottawa. This machine, which weighs over six tons, is run by an electric motor standing in a corner of the same room. From the same motor power is transmitted to other portions of the building.

The second floor is divided into a composing room, a bindry, and two editorial rooms. The only machinery run by power on this floor is the wire stitcher, which puts the staples on the backs of the magazine at the rate of 150 a minute.

The third, or top floor is devoted to the engraving department, and is a region of mystery. Visitors to this department are looked upon with suspicion by the artists, every part of whose work contains a professional secret. It is in this department that the fine half-tone reproductions of the Historical Ball, and other illustrations appearing in this issue, were engraved on copper.

This flat is divided into two by a long partition running through the centre, one half being devoted to the photographers, and the other to the etchers. The skylight

in the photographer's room is the finest in Ottawa, and cannot be beaten anywhere. It contains 386 square feet of glass, and has a perfect, clear light from the North. It was built expressly for our own use, under the direction of our own photographer.

In the same room with the photographer are located our artists, busy upon designs and illustrations, that will delight our readers and place our magazine at the head of the list of monthly publications.

As the capacity of our engraving department is far greater than is required for our own work; we are prepared to give quotations on half-tone and line engravings of every description. All work turned out by us, no matter who it is for, will be proved on our presses, and made perfect before leaving our offices.

In our printing department too, the output of our presses far exceeds the requirements of THE LOUNGER, which, being issued only monthly, leaves our presses idle more than half the time. It is intended, therefore, to accept a limited amount of fine catalogue and book work.

As the plant was purchased for the lounge, no outside work will be allowed to interfere with the regular and prompt appearance of the magazine.

OUR CIRCULATION.

Ten thousand copies of this issue of THE LOUNGER have been run off, and we are at this writing seriously considering the advisability of ordering the plates back on the press for a second ten thousand, so great has been the demand for this number. Advertisers will find it to their advantage to secure space at present rates. From present prospects our rates will have to be doubled before the month is out. A contract made now will save your money in the future. Our subscription price is so low that we look for the largest circulation ever obtained by a Canadian publication.

AGENTS WANTED.

We want agents everywhere for THE LOUNGER. We give a liberal commission, and our list of cash prizes is the greatest ever offered. Some of our agents working in advance of publications made as high as \$50. a week. Everyone can afford to subscribe and no one can afford to be without the magazine at 50. cents a year. Write us for terms and prize list.

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DYSPEPSIA

ITS HISTORY AND ITS CURE.

ANY honest physician will tell you that over *ninety per cent.* of all disease is Dyspepsia in one or other of its various forms. That disease of all kinds is due, either directly or indirectly, to Dyspepsia, any sensible man or woman who follows Dr. Petty's simple reasoning cannot fail to recognize.

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First.—What sustains life, makes bone, blood, muscle, and gives strength? Any child will answer: "Food" and the answer will be correct. If proper food is properly taken and *thoroughly digested*, it is impossible for the person so happily constituted to be sick. Nature gave life, and food to sustain life, and if you are not well it is because you have so far neglected nature's laws that the food you take does not sustain your physical being. Now, settle that in your mind: *Properly Digested Food Means Perfect Health.*

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Second.—What, with the exception of hereditary troubles, causes disease in any of its various forms? Inability, through the inactivity of the digestive organs, to derive the proper benefit from food taken into the stomach in other words, *Dyspepsia*. Nothing could be plainer. To make the statement in all its baldness, it is this: If your food does you good, it does you good; and if it does not do you good, it does not do you good. Hence, if it does you good you are well—you cannot help being well; if it does not do you good you are ill, and you will grow worse and worse and pine away and die, and you cannot be saved unless you set the machinery of your Digestive Organs into proper operation again. People may tell you that you have consumption; that your blood is not pure; that you have Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, and a hundred other things. Doctors will tamper with your kidneys, and patent medicine pamphlets will tell you to purify your blood. That is all rot. You have *Dyspepsia* and your food does not nourish you.

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Your blood is bad, no doubt, and so is your kidneys, and you are on the high road to Organic Diseases of the vital organs—in short, you are a fit subject for any form of disease, but your case is not a hopeless one—far from it. All you want is something that will get your digestion into proper working order—rid you of the *Dyspepsia* that is sapping your strength. Your physician if he is honest, will tell you this is a fact, but like all of his profession, he will be at a loss what to prescribe.

He does not possess the secret that is contained in the simple little powders put up from a prescription of the renowned Dr. Petty, and called after him, "*Dr. Petty's Prescription Powders for Dyspepsia.*"

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This is a truly wonderful medicine that has come down to the present day from hereditary doctors of the olden time, who administered to the physical wants of our hardy ancestors, in the ages when might was right and the strong arm and valiant heart the only law known to mankind. The men of those ancient days were constituted the same as the men of the present, and what gave them their wonderful strength, their amazing endurance and uniform health, will do the same for you.

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A whole volume could be written concerning these wonderful powders and the good they have done. The manner in which the prescription came into the possession of the present proprietors involves a history covering more than *One Thousand and Years*, concerning a family whose ancestors were known in Ireland and Scotland in the dawn of history, as the hereditary doctors of the people, and whose fame was spread throughout the then known world by the roving Norseman and Roman Legions, who came to conquer. The name often occurs in the writings of the ancients, and in the annals kept by the monks of old, from which the modern historian draws his material. Such, indeed, was the esecism in which this wonderful compound was held, that the members of the family who possessed its secret were fairly worshipped wherever they went. See the ancient history of the Cassidys' in "*The Work of the Four Masters of Dublin.*"

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Such was its remarkable history before it fell into Dr. Petty's hands, but to him is due the credit of preserving and improving the ancient formula. Prior to his time it had, as was the custom in those olden days, been handed down from father to son. The Doctor, being the first real physician into whose hands the secret fell, recognized at once its unrivilled curative powers, and used it in his own practice with such pronounced success, that he became the most noted physician of his time. So marvellous were the results of his experiments with the ancient formula that he resolved, in the interests of mankind, to give it to the profession. With this end in view he prepared an exhaustive paper on the subject to be read before The Royal Society of

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London for Improving Knowledge, at the January meeting at Grasham College, London, 1688, but his death occurring somewhat suddenly December 16th, 1687, his wonderful discovery was lost to the world for two hundred years. No complete edition of his works having ever been printed, his papers were never edited, and so it happened that the remarkable essay he had prepared on the subject of his renowned prescription, remained unknown until recently discovered among some of the ancient belongings of an Irish family who came to this country some years ago from the Doctor's one-time estates in Kerry, and through them it came into the hands of the present proprietors.

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Not satisfied with the unique history connected with the wonderful, time-be-dewed prescription that fell to their inheritance, the present proprietors have had it extensively experimented with, both in Europe and America, and the verdict of the highest medical authorities on both continents has invariably been: *Unequaled By Any Known Medicine.*

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It was not until all this expensive experimenting had been brought to a successful termination, proving beyond a doubt the unrivalled value of the ancient prescription, that the present proprietors decided to place the medicine upon the market, which they now feel it to be their duty to mankind to do.

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And now, a word about the form in which the medicine is put up. After a searching investigation into the various forms in which the medicine might have been placed upon the market, the proprietors decided upon adopting the *powder*, although it might have been put into a pill, or offered in bottles as a liquid preparation, either of which would have been cheaper than the form adopted. The aim of the proprietors was, however, to insure the absolute purity of their preparations, and for that reason they discarded the idea of either liquid or pill. When we consider that pills are manufactured in bulk by the hundreds of thousand, that a great deal of water enters into their composition, rendering them a pasty mess, and they are turned out by machinery, we have no assurance that they are pure or of uniform power, one pill getting more of one thing and another more of something else, until the peculiar virtue of the compound is utterly destroyed. The same objections hold good in the case of a liquid preparation mixed in great quantities. In the case of the powder, there is absolutely no chance for anything like this to occur, as each powder has to be carefully measured and separately wrapped, and the whole process is done by hand, under the vigilant eye of an expert. Besides, when in use, it is only necessary to open one powder at a time, and the others remain

safely wrapped until required. There is no open bottle liable to be spilled, and sure to become a fly-trap and deadly microbe depository; nor a pill box to scatter its contents over the floor. In the powder you get the pure medicine in its natural form, and that, coupled with the fact that Dr. Petty himself always put it up as a powder, decided the question for the proprietors. Moreover, you can see what you are taking. There is no sugar coating as in the pill, nor a sloppy mixture in a bottle. Though apparently small affairs, these are considerations that should always be taken into account.

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These powders will not perform miracles. They will cure you because they are the *Natural Medicine* for you. A miracle is the performance of an act contrary to nature, and any medicine that acts contrary to nature, is dangerous to tamper with. Bear that in mind, and beware of pills and drugs that claim to work miracles. If they do work miracles they are unnatural medicine, and if they do not, then something is claimed for them that is untrue. All we claim for Dr. Petty's Prescription Powders for Dyspepsia, is that *They Will Cure Dyspepsia* and all diseases arising therefrom, and, as already shown, over ninety per cent. of all disease is due to Dyspepsia, no matter what name it may go under. Hence we claim there are few people, suffering from whatever cause, that Dr. Petty's Prescription Powders will not aid and eventually cure. We go on the broad principle, as laid down by Dr. Petty, that all man requires to be well is perfect digestion, so that his food will nourish him. These powders procure proper digestion and ensure proper nourishment, and it matters not what your physician or friends say you are suffering from, so long as your body gets proper nourishment Nature, the Great Healer, will do the rest and make you well.

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In addition to the powders contained in each package, you get full instructions for a scientific treatment of yourself as regards diet and care of the body, which, of themselves are invaluable, being the result of many years' practice and experiment by the most eminent physicians whose advice alone, obtained in the ordinary way would cost you a great many dollars.

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Dr. Petty's Prescription Powders for Dyspepsia are put up in packages of fifteen—a five days' treatment, and sold at 60 Cents a package, or six packages for \$3.00. If your druggist does not have them in stock they will be sent direct upon receipt of price, by addressing

The Dr. Petty's Prescription Powder Co. Ottawa Ontario.

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