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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1882.

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IN COMMEMORATION, No. 2, WOLSELEY, THE SOLDIER.
"PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT."

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Oct. 15th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 72°	58°	65°	Mon.. 70°	50°	60°
Tues. 56°	48°	52°	Tues. 50°	40°	45°
Wed. 52°	38°	45°	Wed. 49°	32°	40°
Thur. 57°	40°	48°	Thur. 52°	43°	47°
Fri.. 63°	48°	55°	Fri.. 68°	47°	57°
Sat.. 65°	48°	56°	Sat.. 46°	32°	39°
Sun.. 68°	47°	57°	Sun.. 54°	38°	46°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 21, 1882.

THE WEEK.

During the past month a meeting of the officers and members of the Methodist Churches in Grand Rapids was held in the Division street M. E. Church. The object was to discuss the advisability of attempting to get up a revival. During the course of the evening one H. M. Joy, the presiding elder of this district, among other things said:

"Now is the time to hold the revival before the card and dancing parties are organized for the winter and the attractions of the theatre at their height. I would like to see the theatres non-paying institutions, and I think a good revival would tend toward that end."

This exhibition of intolerance and bigotry has not unnaturally brought the more liberal portion of the secular press about the ears of the reverend gentleman in question, of whom Nathan Church, of the Grand Rapids Times, remarks that "he may be a Joy for ever, but is he a thing of beauty?" Certainly anything less like the liberality which characterized the preaching of the great founder of Christianity has rarely been heard from the mouth of his most ignorant disciple. It is not only the sentiment with which we quarrel, but the peculiarly offensive way in which the objection to theatre going is expressed. "I should like to see the theatres non-paying institutions." And yet the stage has in all times been ranked, rightly or wrongly with the pulpit as one of the great influences of this or any other age. "Suppose," says the same critic,—"it is mere supposition, for no decent manager, actor or theatre-owner could be found with such a lack of sense and good-fellowship—that any manager should say he would like to see the churches non-paying institutions." The comparison, if it does not exactly meet the case, yet may serve well enough to point out the difference between the toleration with which men of the world treat those who differ from them in opinion, and the bigotry with which narrow-minded clerics endeavor to stir up strife on behalf of non-essentials. Since probably even Mr. Joy would hardly care to say to his congregation that no theatre-goer can be saved, or at all events to produce any decent Bible authority for his statement.

THE fact is that it is just this intolerance exhibited toward the stage by well-meaning idiots which has led to many of its worst abuses. If

actresses a few years since were not patterns of virtue, it was very largely due to the fact that respectable women lost caste by entering the profession. And to-day, when this reproach is to a great extent a thing of the past, when probably there is no more vice of a flagrant kind to be found in the ranks of the theatrical profession than in any other, the invectives and calumny of such men as the reverend critic just spoken of are the very causes which, by tending to lower the reputation of the theatre, act directly upon its own character. It is such wholesale depreciation of the stage which emboldens our gilded youth to look upon an actress as the legitimate butt for advances of all kinds, and the natural recipient of overtures they would not dare to make to a lady in any other walk of life.

THE treatment to which respectable actresses are subjected by the empty-pated noodles of the fashionable world in London is well illustrated by the experience of Mrs. St. Quintin of the Hess Opera Company. Says the lady:—

"It is a great annoyance to an actress in London to have two or three rows of the front seats filled with fops in evening dress, who stare rudely at her all the time with opera glasses, and pester her with notes containing invitations to supper. A gentleman sent me round a white camelia, with a request that I would wear it the next evening. He would be in the front row of stalls, wearing a similar white flower, to enable me to recognize him, and he asked me to sup with him after the performance. I told my husband, and he went to the club and brought fifteen men, who all purchased seats in the front row, and wore white camelias in their button-holes. My admirer appeared, and I wore the flower. He got into a dreadful state when he found the rest of the men wearing similar flowers, and tried, by gestures, to draw my particular attention. I took no notice of him, however; nevertheless, he came to the stage door after the performance. My husband received him, and gave him a thrashing."

The moral of all which may be left to draw itself.

FOX-HUNTING has really never flourished in America, partly, as a recent article in *Harper* tells us, on account of the want of the fox, who declines to be acclimatized; partly also, no doubt, because its genius is hardly in harmony with American notions. We do not forget, we who speak to you, a certain article which appeared not so many years ago in an American paper descriptive of the noble sport, in which Reynard, like the other in the famous story, "skun up a tree" and the dogs stood at the foot "and bayed at him." This is no doubt of the past, and Americans are becoming daily imbued with more English notions of sport. Still were we an American M. F. H. we should have something to say to the gentlemen and ladies who figure in *Harper's* illustration, for the sportive way in which they are riding over the hounds. One of the earliest of Leech's inimitable hunting sketches represents a Frenchman in full career in the immediate vicinity of a fox, who has just broken cover, To whom the whip indignantly: "Hi, hullo, Munseer, where are you going to; you don't think you can catch the fox yourself, do you?" And the Frenchman's grin of self-satisfied congratulation as he replies, "I do not know, monsieur, but I will tra-ai." Judging from the picture in question several of the ladies and gentlemen engaged in the noble sport are "trying."

WHAT has Professor Goldwin Smith been saying to the publisher of the *Graphic*? That estimable, and, we have no doubt, otherwise well-informed gentleman sent us recently a copy of his valuable journal addressed Montreal, Montreal Co., Quebec, U.S.A. The only explanation we can think of for these last three mysterious letters is that the office boy added then to mean "Uther side of the Atlantic." Since even the *Times* knows now that Canada and the United States are not one and the same place, although situated in the same hemisphere.

THERE is always a delightful freshness in the periodical comments of the press on this or that

characteristic of the great English Universities, and an Oxford or Cambridge man finds himself in this country daily growing in the knowledge of facts connected with his Alma Mater of which he had been previously entirely ignorant. The latest item we have noticed is the naive remark of a Montreal paper that the milliners of London are greatly exercised over the production of becoming gowns and hoods for lady graduates. In the face of this charming information it seems unkind to suggest that the gown and hood of the graduate is of a distinctive make, ordered by statue, and that neither students nor graduates are allowed much play of fancy in selecting either a becoming pattern for the gown, except perhaps within very small limits, or still less a change of color in the hood, which serves to "place" a man the world over, as a member of this or that university.

STORIES are beginning to circulate illustrative of the smuggling propensities of gentlemen connected with the English navy, but nothing equal to one the *London World* tells about a man-of-war that lately came home from the Mediterranean. When it reached Portsmouth Roads this vessel was surrounded by revenue cutters, police boats, and so on, as if it had been a piratical runner of contraband. Great indignation was expressed at this unseemly conduct on the part of these Custom House wretches, but undaunted they boarded Her Majesty's ship and proceeded to search diligently. Information, it seems, had been forwarded from Gibraltar or somewhere to the effect that this vessel had about sixty tons of tobacco on board belonging to the officers and crew, which it was their intention to land free of duty. Sure enough the tobacco was there, but the Customs authorities did not get much of it. One officer had his lockers full of cigars and choice mixtures, but did not feel it his duty to let them be opened, and the men had withdrawn the charges from the guns to substitute tobacco.

THE BEGINNING OF ARABI'S REBELLION.

With the aid of illustrations, Consul-General Farman tells the story, in the *October Century*, of "The Negotiations for the Obelisk," which, according to evidence produced, was given by the Khedive to the city of New York. During most of the time of the obelisk negotiations, Egypt was in a disturbed state politically, and Mr. Farman gives the following timely survey of the Khedive's troubles, beginning with the first revolt of Arabi and other officers in 1879:

Two or three days afterward, events happened that threw Egypt into intense excitement, and compelled Nubar Pasha to retire from the ministry. A large number of officers and soldiers had been discharged without receiving their arrears of pay, and it was also just at that time that we were getting details of the famine that had existed in Upper Egypt in the previous months of November and December. Public feeling had become very hostile toward what was known as the European ministry. This state of excitement culminated on the 18th of February in a street attack, by the discharged officers and others, upon Mr. Rivers Wilson and Nubar Pasha, as they were leaving their departments to go to their noon-day meal. They were roughly handled, taken back to the Department of Finance, and held as prisoners for some hours, until the Khedive came personally to their relief. It was then only with great difficulty, and after some shots had been fired, that order was restored. Nubar Pasha resigned the next morning, but the English and French ministers, supported by their respective governments, retained their places, and after thirty days of diplomatic negotiations the ministry was reorganized, but under such conditions that the two European ministers could virtually control the Government. The suspense was not destined to be of long duration. Turns of the wheel of fortune are not only frequent in Egypt, but they generally happen when least expected. It is called a country of surprises, and there is an Oriental proverb according to which only provisional things are permanent. An Arab does not finish his house for fear of some accident befalling it or its occupants. To keep off misfortune the structure is left unfinished, or some part of it is only provisional, to be replaced by that which is permanent at a future day. But this is always to be done. Conditions were formulated and imposed that were designed to insure the immovability of the ministers. But the Arab proverb held good, and the structure which rested on laborious negotiations lasting thirty days endured only eighteen days. On the 7th of April occurred what has been called the *coup d'état* of the Khedive Ismail Pasha.

After the events of the 18th of February, the Khedive claimed that it was necessary for the safety of the country that he should again take the government into his own hands, and form

a new ministry composed wholly of Egyptians. He requested Cherif Pasha to take the Presidency of a new ministry, and Cherif accepted. Once more the Khedive was the real as well as the nominal chief and head of the government, but the diplomatic and political circles of Europe were thrown into a state of great excitement; and at Paris, where the feeling against the Khedive was intense, his dethronement was loudly demanded. I had known Cherif Pasha since the time of my first arrival in Egypt. He was admitted by all persons to be a noble, honest, and just man, who never entered into intrigues or speculations. In his youth he had received a good European education, and had begun his career as an army officer and had risen to the rank of colonel. Always frank and sincere, he enjoyed more of the confidence of the people than any other person the Khedive could call into his service. It was not many days before matters were again smoothly running, so far as the local government of Egypt was concerned.

Cherif Pasha had been conversant for some time with the effort to procure an obelisk for New York. About a month after the so-called *coup d'état*, when it seemed for the moment as if the European Powers were to acquiesce in the new order of things, I suggested to Cherif Pasha that I would like to have the matter of the obelisk terminated. Some days afterward, when I was calling upon him for another reason, he told me he desired to speak to the Khedive once more on the subject, that he should see him that evening, and if we would call on the morrow at eleven o'clock he would give me a definite answer, and I was led to understand that it would be a favorable one.

The obelisk was secured, and the complications in the affairs of Egypt continued. From the time of the dismissal of the European ministers, on the 7th of April, France had not ceased to insist on the abdication of the Khedive, and had industriously labored with all the cabinets of Europe to obtain their support in effecting this purpose. The English Government gave its adhesion to this extreme measure with reluctance, acceding to the wishes of France about the middle of June. Other powers soon followed, and on the 27th of the same month, the Khedive, in accordance with an order which France and England had induced the Sultan to give, abdicated in favor of his son Mehemed Tewfik Pasha, who, on the same day, was proclaimed Khedive of Egypt, at the citadel in Cairo, with the usual pomp and ceremony. Three days later the ex-Khedive went into exile. The experiment of European ministers was not again tried. Cherif Pasha was continued at the head of the administration during the summer, but early in the autumn, what was known as the Riaz ministry was formed, which remained in power until it was overthrown by a revolt of the Egyptian army in September, 1881, when Cherif was again called upon by the Khedive to form a new ministry.

GOD AND THE SCIENTISTS.

The Bible knows nothing of severing nature from God, even in her minutest operations. He is everywhere and nowhere. The falling sparrow, the dying midge, the rounding dewdrop, the headlong tornado share his superintendence. Atheistic scientists are right in their insistence that if impersonal law rules an atom, they have demonstrated the origin and permanence of the universe without a self-existent, eternal, all-directing Personal intelligence. But the atom has always baffled them, and always will. They can never get done with it. Their deepest wisdom and most searching experiments have always left something unmastered, unreached, unapprehended in every particle of matter to which they ever applied their tests. When they are able to get to the bottom of their bread and butter, it is time enough to proclaim the non-existence of deity. Tyndall and his compeers can no more tell us what is the primary fact of the butter they eat or the coffee they drink, than the baby in the cradle. There is no greater inconsistency in praying than in eating. Tyndall and Huxley, and even the wild and daring Haeckel, and the bold, blasphemous Ingersoll, pray without knowing it every time they eat. They deal with the same mystery in all they do and handle, as that which evokes the Christian's prayer. There is as much room for the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," as for the scientist's confession of a something that transcends the highest stretch of human wisdom. That something stares the scientist in the face everywhere, with all the attributes which the Bible ascribed to God. The fact of the Divine Omnipresence and the compatibility of prayer with natural law is nowhere more emphatically and comprehensively stated than in these words: "Give us this day our daily bread." Where does law reign more supremely than in the wide circle to which this petition refers? And yet prayer relates to every atom in the vast category. Either Tyndall is a blockhead, or Christ was an impostor.

The Author of Nature should know how prayer dovetails into the law of the universe. He should be as wise and competent to reason as Tyndall. When the scientist wishes to produce new results by the voluntary co-relation of eternal laws, he is not hindered or troubled by the consideration of the stability of nature. But when the Christian prays a greater than Tyndall to do the very same thing, whether on a larger or smaller scale, he is pronounced a simpleton. There is not a more inconsistent class of men on God's earth than the God-disowning scientists.

ON A PICTURE AT DRESDEN.

True, true, very true: but you see
It's no use to argue with me.
Ascectical scripples! Fiddle-de-dee!
She's there—in the Dresden gallery—
"A Girl with a Candle"—19 C.

And any one worthy to loosen her smould
Would give, though a bolted earl,
His total possessions to blow out her candle,
I tell you, and kiss that girl!

ERNEST RADFORD.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Last week we published an illustration of the Montreal Football Club team for the fall season of 1881, from a photograph of Notman & Sandham, but the following notice was accidentally omitted. The Montreal Club is the oldest football club in Montreal, and, in fact, may be said to have been the pioneer of football in this city. Its record shows it to be the most active football organization in the Dominion, it having played during the year just closed nine first class senior matches. Of these, two were lost, two were drawn, and five won by the Montreal Club. It put up for competition to the clubs of Canada a challenge cup, which has greatly tended to stimulate the game in this country. After holding it all the fall through a series of victories it was lost by a very narrow shave (one touchdown or trip) in a closely contested game the last of the season. It made an effort this spring to recover it in a match on the 13th, but the game, which was exceedingly close, ended in a draw. The following is the record:—

Table with 2 columns: Date and Match Result. Includes entries for Montreal vs. Quebec, R. M. C. Cadets, and various other teams from 1881 and 1882.

The club is said to be in a flourishing condition, and has added very largely to its membership. Some interesting matches are spoken of for the fall.

The honorary Secretaryship so long held by Mr. C. Lare, having lately been resigned by him, all communications should be addressed to the present hon. sec., Mr. R. Campbell, Bank of Montreal.

THE RIVAL TEAMS.

One of the most enlivening pictures in outdoor life is a team of highly bred trotters keeping perfect step in a brush on the road, and the most exhilarating pleasure enjoyed by the average American gentleman of the present day is to own a team that can trot in the van of all competitors.

The wide-spread interest which now prevails in outdoor team trotting was awakened five years ago, when Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt drove his famous pair, Lady Mae and Small Hopes, in 2:23. Since that time aspirants for team honors have sprung up in nearly every city and town in the land.

For four years no team outstepped the 2:23 of Small Hopes and Lady Mae, until Mr. John Shepard, of Boston, drove his team, Blondine and Mill Bay, a mile to a road-wagon over the Beacon Park track in 2:22. This performance being for a valuable consideration, over a National Association track, it naturally led to much discussion among New York horsemen, and earnest efforts were made to regain their supremacy. Mr. T. C. Eastman drove Glendale and Captain Jack in 2:24; Mr. S. Foster Dewey's team, William H. and Boston, circled the mile in 2:25; Boston still held the leading team. Then Mr. Vanderbilt procured William H., and harnessed him at the pole alongside of Lysander. The veteran of the rein, Dan Mace, was placed behind the pair. Under his pilotage the team repeated in 2:20. Mr. Shepard lowered his flag, and the Hub was paralyzed.

In the mean time a hot rivalry sprang up in home circles. Mr. Frank Work believed that his team Dick Swiveller (with a single record of 2:18) and Edward (2:19), could throw a faster mile behind them than Mr. Vanderbilt's had done. Mr. Work also procured the services of Dan Mace. The team made the grandest performance of the year, closing the season of 1881 with a record of 2:19, beating Mr. Vanderbilt's team half a second. Half a second is not much in the cycle of time, but there are several horsemen who will give a fair fortune for trotters that can honestly beat the best record one-quarter of a second.

A pleasant rivalry existed among horsemen this season until July 13. On that afternoon more than the usual number of members of the Gentlemen's Driving Association sat on the piazza of the club-house overlooking the track. Among them were some who doubted that Edward and Dick Swiveller had trotted in 2:19. While discussing the matter, the team jogged by, Mr. Shepherd F. Knapp bet Mr. Work \$1000 that the team could not trot in 2:20. Mr. Work placed John Murphy behind the team in a road-wagon. A hundred gentlemen held watches to time the horses. They glided to the quarter in 33 1/2 seconds; on to the half, without a skip, in 1:05; up the rise and past the point of rocks they trotted level as swooping swallows, reaching the three-quarters in 1:40; turning rapidly

into the straight, they came along the home-stretch, making a magnificent picture, and passed under the wire in 2:16 3/4, without a break from start to finish. The team had made a new revelation in trotting—together they had beaten their best single records.

The country was now scoured for fast trotters that would stride together at the pole. Particularly was an eye kept on the Grand Central Trotting Circuit, in which trotters were making records far better than the classes in which they were entered. Early Rose entered the Circuit with a record of 2:25 1/4. She reduced this to 2:20 3/4, without being crowded. Mr. William Rockefeller bought Early Rose for Mr. Vanderbilt. Then Aldine, at the last meeting of the Circuit in Charter Oak Park, distinguished herself by a fast and beautiful performance. She is a half-sister to Early Rose, both being daughters of Almont, the sire of more than sixty winners. She will make a fitting mate to Early Rose, thought Mr. Rockefeller. Acting on this idea, he purchased Aldine to go with Early Rose. They were harnessed together on the afternoon of the sale. William Bair, driver of Maud S., held the reins over them. Among the spectators were many members of the National Trotting Association, whose headquarters are at Hartford. Starting together for the first time in their lives, the team jogged away on their mile at a moderate pace, stride for stride. When Bair reached the backstretch he saw that they wanted to go. He eased his grip on them a little, but not knowing their dispositions, still held them with a firm hand. They made the mile, without a ruffle, in 2:25—a most remarkable performance. Bair merely intended to give an exhibition of their style of going. If he had driven for time, he believed they would have shown 2:20 on their initial trial.

After training the team a few days at Charter Oak, Bair received a request from Mr. Vanderbilt to give the mares a fast mile, and then bring them to New York. Four men, more or less used to timing horses, one of whom held Bair's watch, noted the performance. The pair stepped off with grace and speed that astonished the beholders. The entire mile was trotted, without a break, in the fastest time, according to the watchmen, ever made by a team. The man with Bair's watch made the time 2:16 3/4; another called it 2:16; a third said it was one-fifth of a second faster than that; and the fourth man, who was half a mile away from the wire, on the backstretch, made it 2:17. Bair, who is certainly a judge of speed, believes the team trotted a shade better than 2:16 3/4. But this does not make a technical record.

No trotting event ever telegraphed over the country has raised so much controversy as this. Veteran reinmen who have met in friendly brushes on road and track for a quarter of a century have nearly come to blows over the question as to whether Mr. Work or Mr. Vanderbilt owns the fastest team. As both teams are in their prime, old Time, who solves many puzzles, may yet set the problem at rest.

Our picture on page 644 is not intended to represent the teams in a race, but merely to show the teams together; it should therefore not be taken as a solution of the doubtful question.

THE RECENT DISASTROUS FLOODS.

Of late years some meteorologists have been inclined to ridicule the traditional belief in the occurrence of a violent storm about the time when the sun "crosses the line" in the Spring and Fall, and have even declared that the equinoctial was little more than a myth. Such conclusions have received a severe rebuke in the country's recent experience, and they must needs be audacious souls if for many years to come they venture to advance their revolutionary theory. The storm which struck the southern Atlantic coast during the night of Wednesday, September 20th, and raged with increasing violence until it culminated in an unprecedented rainfall on the following Saturday, was the severest equinoctial which even "the eldest inhabitant" can recall. The storm struck the coast off the Carolinas, and followed along the coastline until it had passed Maine, while the interior suffered only less severely. Its greatest violence was experienced during the late afternoon and early night of Saturday, when the rain fell much of the time in perfect sheets. During the eight hours between three and eleven, P. M., the Signal Office in this city reported a rainfall of 4 1/2 inches, being at the rate of over half an inch an hour, and bringing the aggregate for the twenty-four hours ending with eleven P. M., up to 6 7/8-100. This exceeds the record for any previous day since the Signal office was established a dozen years ago, and it may be doubted whether more rain ever fell in twenty-four hours in this city. In Newark, N. J., the rainfall was even greater, and reached during the storm a total of eleven inches.

So tremendous a rainfall could not fail to produce great floods. No serious damage was done in New York city, except in the outlying wards of the annexed district, but terrible destruction of property and narrow escapes from loss of life occurred in the neighboring State of New Jersey. Bridges were swept away, railroad tracks were torn up, and travel between New York and Philadelphia was interrupted for the better part of a day. At Plainfield, some twenty miles from New York, the swollen waters of Green-brook, which flows through the town, carried away the Grove Street bridge while a number of people were standing upon it in fancied security, and it was at first believed that several were drowned

though it happily proved that all had been rescued, many of them with severe bruises. Other bridges were greatly damaged, and parts of the town were flooded for over a day.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Sept. 30.

CERTAIN fast young ladies have latterly taken to wearing spurs in their boots when they are in walking costume.

Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES has made £12,000 by lecturing in Australia. It is to be hoped that many journalists will be in consequence tempted to go to Australia or somewhere else.

THE Empress Eugénie has made but a morning's sojourn in Paris. She arrived at eight, and left before twelve for the seat of the Duke de Monchy, where she will probably reside during a part of October.

AMONG the names mentioned in connection with the vacant Deanery of Windsor are those of Canon Gee and Canon Duckworth. No one would be surprised if the Rev. Teignmouth Shore came in for a fair chance of getting it. He is very popular with Royalty.

A RENOWNED Radical, whose views are weekly published, and of course admired, sums up his ideas of the Egyptian question thus:—"Yes, in this affair I am a Jingo. I have property in Egypt, and it is a small country. I am not a Jingo in the case of a powerful country where I have no property.

A LAW suit that will amuse all who have not to pay for it is shortly to take place. It concerns the right of two aristocrats to the title of Marquis. The challenger need hardly be so dissatisfied, as he already possesses without doubt, and by just inheritance, the rank of Count.

A COSTUME Society is projected, which shall take cognizance of the subject of costume all the world over and in all ages and circumstances. One of its objects is the establishment of a permanent museum or exhibition to the examples or illustrations of which all questions of costume may be confidently referred and authoritatively settled.

It is worth noting that Sir Beauchamp Seymour entered the Navy the year after Sir Garnet Wolseley was born. Sir Garnet has had thirty years' service; Sir Beauchamp forty-eight. Sir Garnet is forty-nine; Sir Beauchamp sixty. It is also, perhaps, worth recording that Sir Beauchamp Seymour took part as a volunteer in the Burmese War of 1852-3, in which Sir Garnet Wolseley, then only an ensign, first distinguished himself.

CETEWAYO's photographs have had a marvelous circulation. One firm alone, we hear, issued 25,000, and the demand still continues. This is one of the greatest sales known. It is not quite flattering to Mrs. Langtry that his sable Majesty should be more in demand than the "Jersey Lily," but she of all people has the least right to cavil with the public taste. Sir Garnet Wolseley's cartes do not sell. A brilliant success as a general, he is a dismal failure as a photograph.

WHEN Touchstone led in Rosalind and Celia on Saturday at the Imperial Theatre in their forest garb there was a thrill of excitement from pit to gallery, followed by loud bursts of applause. Mrs. Langtry was clad in a loose slate-colored doublet, reaching to the knees, claret-hued hose, and mantle to match, bewitchingly flung behind. With a long spear in her hand, and hatchet at the back, she presented one of the prettiest pictures which ever had been seen on the stage.

AN extraordinary hoax was perpetrated at Oldham on Monday night. It seems that the Mayor was giving a dinner to a number of gentlemen, the invitation being by written circular. It was confined to a few, but someone got hold of the circular and had nearly a hundred copies printed. Invitations were sent to a great many people, and some arrived at the banquet only to find that their invitations were spurious. Great indignation was manifested when the hoax became known.

MISS LIGHTFOOT, of Baltimore, tells a funny story of Oscar Wilde. Replying to a remark she had made about the Southern States, Mr. Oscar said, "Ah! What are the Southern States?" And then she entered into a little account of the subdivisions of the country, to which he responded so stupidly that at last she laughed and said, "Have you never studied geography, Mr. Wilde?" "Oh no!" was the response; "never, never. I could not, for the colors on the map are so discordant that they distress me. I never could bring myself to look at them!"

WHEN Mr. Gladstone was in town the other day some important business was transacted,

the purport of which is not likely to be made known until we are within measurable distance of the 24th of October, the day already appointed for the reassembling of Parliament. The intentions of the Prime Minister, as at present declared, are to reconstruct his Cabinet before that date. The conclusion of the war has enabled him to recall one man and enlist others who would have remained outside had it been necessary to continue hostilities.

THE suggestion is again revived as to bringing to England a regiment of Indian soldiers. To those who know anything of the native mind such a step would be accepted as one of special compliment, not only to the individual regiments themselves, but to the whole Indian army. There is no reason why a regiment of Indian troops should not be quartered in England. A guard for the Empress of India might be occasionally an Indian one. The climate is the only thing against such an arrangement, but, at all events for the summer months, it might be carried out.

MEN of social position in Paris may mutually fight with their fists, or one may assault another without the law interfering; a "lady" has, however, no such privilege, as was demonstrated the other day by a sentence of three months' imprisonment against a pretty and distinguished woman, who, in a moment of irritation, had knocked her glove, without a fist in it, freely about the face of a gentleman. The lady has wisely disappeared, and the law is at present empty-handed. The gentleman has cooled in his wrath, but it is presumed that he cannot undo the law's decision; he might, if gallant, perhaps, work out the time himself.

ABOUT the last prisoner made before the Tel-el-Kebir assault was a distinguished special correspondent, who was very nearly becoming an extinguished one. He had ventured out to reconnoitre on his own account, and being observed by a cavalry officer, he immediately sent his men to circumvent the supposed Bedouin. It was a soldierly performance, worthy of a page of history, as they had him before he knew anything about it; and while in the act of observing through his field-glass all those important things which he should telegraph home at eighteenpence a word. The men enjoyed the fun, the prisoner was hurried back against his vehement protests. But he fared no better when brought before the officer, who ordered the "Bedouin" to the rear.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE trial of the rebel leaders in Egypt is fixed for Monday.

WHOLESALE vaccination is proceeding in Chicago.

THE Egyptian cotton crop is said to exceed all estimates made of it.

THE Australians won the match with the Philadelphia eighteen by nine wickets.

A SMALLER comet to the south-west of the great comet has been discovered.

THE closing of the Land League fund is creating a sensation in Dublin.

THE German Government has ordered the early completion of the Metz forts.

THE new Indian 4 per cent. loan of £2,000,000 was covered twice at about par.

RIAZ PASHA declares that complete tranquility prevails throughout Egypt.

THE Khedive has determined on Arabi's death as essential to the peace of Europe.

THE Australian team won the cricket match with the New York eighteen by seven wickets.

LOED DUFFERIN has replied to the Porte's note relative to the withdrawal of the British troops from Egypt.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY defends the present constitution of the army, and says he never wishes to command better infantry.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to proclaim the independence of Egypt by withdrawal of the annual payment of tribute to Turkey.

Two land agents were fired at from behind a hedge, without effect, at Ballycastle, Ireland, and a farmer was shot in the thigh at Ballina.

WAR correspondents accompanying the British army through the Egyptian campaign are to receive the decoration of the Order of Medjidie.

DUBLIN Union proposes sending 1,000 able-bodied emigrants to Canada, on account of the alarming increase of pauperism in the South of Ireland.

SIX of the leaders of the anti-Jewish rioters in Russia have been sentenced by the military tribunal to imprisonment for terms of from sixteen months to two years.

IMPORTS into Great Britain for the month of September show a decrease of £55,000, and exports an increase of £22,000 compared with the same period of last year.

GEN. ALLISON's committee's report on the Channel tunnel scheme is unfavorable to the project as endangering England. Sir Garnet Wolseley and the Duke of Connaught support this position still more strongly.

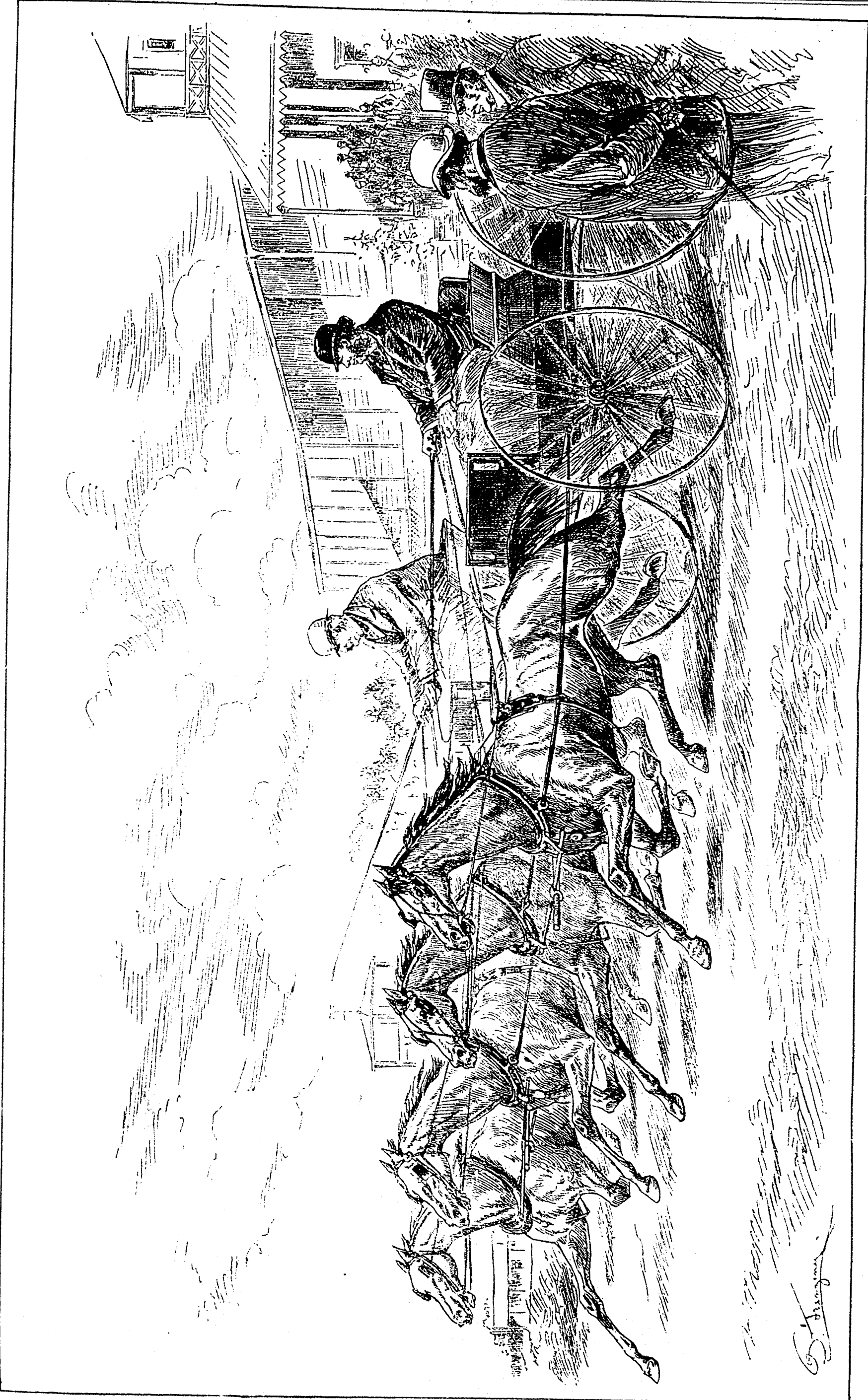
THE singing out by General Wolseley of the Royal Irish regiment for mention in the despatch to the War Office after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, has created considerable dissatisfaction amongst the other regiments in Egypt.



WINTER QUARTERS.



SUMMER QUARTERS.



MR. WORK'S "DICK SWIVELLER" AND "EDWARD," AND MR. VANDERBILT'S "EARLY ROSE" AND "ALDINE."

HOME AGAIN.

Address by General Gamble, in his capacity of Chairman at an amateur concert on board the SS. Peruvian, 23rd September. Given for the benefit of the Sailor's Home, Montreal.

Ladies and Gentlemen, we greet you to-night to the hall of refreshment and social delight. For me make allowance—at least those who are resident in the West, where they know what is meant by a President.

For this my high station, I've no qualification, And throw myself wholly on your consideration.

You know the good object that brings us together, in comfort and peace, after rather rough weather—Not only amusement, but to help those that save—The child of the sailor who lies 'neath the wave. Good cause have we all to acknowledge, with thanks, What the mercantile navy has done for all ranks. For example, in Egypt, what good work they have done, In transporting our troops to that land of the sun, Where our soldiers and sailors have shown them anew, What an Englishman tries, he will certainly do. You've heard, too, of the war in the far distant West, Where the Chilians, we know, always got the best, Though with either belligerent we've little to do. We have naturally leaned to the side of Peru, Our sympathies all are with the "Peruvian," Whether he be poet or antediluvian. In this warm saloon aught else would be silly, 'Tis outsiders alone whose feelings are chilly.

But to speak now at once of the subject in hand, 'Tis no common concert you'll quite understand, The treat that's before you (See our rich bill of fare.) With music and beauty, the rarest of rare, The names of the various performers you know Undisputed celebrities and nothing "so-so!" Without too much precision or wish to be rude, To some in particular I should like to allude.

A pianist accomplished (you'll seldom hear such) Of bright execution and exquisite touch, Whatever she plays she is sure to inspire, Don't ask me to name her. I simply add "Meyer." A German young lady will sing "Non e ver," And I fancy you'll say that you cannot tell where You are standing, or whether on head or on heels, Her trill sympathetic makes you feel as she feels.

Next, a talented doctor, who comes not with pills, Nor rhubarb, nor strychnine, nor syrup of squills; No, something far sweeter than any prescription He'll distil from his fiddle, defying description. On the ancient Cremona he'll play a solo, And never have more than one string to his bow, A gentle musician not easy to match, Ever ready and willing to come to the scratch, To our programme he kindly has given much time, And thus justly earned a large share of our rhyme.

Mr. Hughes then will give you "The Young Midship-mate," A song that is quite apropos here to-night; Mr. Green then will read us a pleasant bright story, The longer he reads, I've no doubt that the more he Will assure you, fair ladies, 'tis the vilest of tales, And that he confines his attention to males (males.)

Next, Miss Scott will delight you with her power of song, A pleasure, unequalled, we're glad to prolong Till the Down-hill of Life, when she, too, must give o'er To her father who has promised to give us some more.

Part II, you'll observe, if not wholly superior To Part No. I, is in no way inferior, With singing so high and playing so low, Again comes the doctor to draw his long bow. Then, not only you've German, Italian and such, There's a Hollander also who'll give us some Dutch. Mr. Ingram, we're sure, you'll be ready to thank, (I don't know his song—perhaps "I Know a Bank.") The remaining performers deep blushes will spare, But of hearty applause they'll be sure of their share.

Time presses: of this tedious and doggerel stuff, You've already had plenty and more than enough. A word to wind up, with heart, hand and lip, A tribute we'll pay to this excellent ship, Rough weather we've had, a sea rolling and flechy, But, thanks to the skill of our skipper, stout Ritchie, No more of sea-sickness, other trouble or check, We're now steaming smoothly to port of Quebec. We thank all the officers, stewards and crew, The Stewardess, also, who's had much to do.

In enjoying once more the great blessings of land, In thanksgiving to God let us stretch out the hand, Give double the sum you intended to-night, The poorest may even give two for one mite, Whatever you give you'll not miss or regret, The "Cup of Cold Water," He will never forget.

BOTH IN THE WRONG.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

BROTHER AND SISTER.

What does it matter to me, good sister?" with a careless shrug of his shoulders. "Why should they not see me? I'm as honest as any of them. But, in truth, I came down here to find you. I was going over to the Hall to-night, when I happened to see you coming into this place. I followed you, but I couldn't get a chance of attracting your attention until just now, as you know. And now, who was that man with—

with her?"

"With Amy?"—turning her flushed face aside. "Oh, he's only some friend of the family; no one you need trouble about. Amy would never care for him!"

"How do you know? Why do you turn away?" he demands almost fiercely. "Why should she not care for him?"

"Because it's impossible!—he's married already."

"Married already! That alters the case, Olive!" He smiles more easily. "And my darling—is she the same to me? She doesn't doubt me? Can I see her?"

"She loves you and believes in you as much as ever!" returns Olive, smiling in turn. "About seeing her, I'm afraid—Oh, Mr. Warde is away at the banquet to-night! Perhaps it could be arranged,"—thinking.

"To night! My good Olive—my guardian angel, do try, if only for five minutes!"

"Well, Sidney, if you promise to be quiet, and rational, and—"

"Rational! Ah, Miss Iceberg, you've never known what love is! Rational, when in love!" "At any rate, you must do your best. Come to the library at the Hall—you know it!—to-night. If there is no light in the room, and one of the casements stands open, you will know all is safe. Amy and I will be waiting for you."

"At what time?" "You must wait till it's dark; say nine o'clock. And don't be too impatient!"—playfully.

"You're a saint, Olive!"—bending over her rapturously.

"Sidney! We shall be seen!" "And what does it matter who sees—?" He stops short. They have been seen.

From the screening shelter of a stand of choice exotics someone steps out and approaches them—someone with pale, set handsome features and threatening eyes.

"Do you know, sir, who this woman is?" he demands, thickly and hotly, through his clenched teeth.

The two men glare at each other, and Olive sits like one under a spell. Then she springs up, and is between them in a moment.

"Sidney," she whispers, "don't speak! I beseech—I command you, not a word! Leave us now, and to-night you shall know everything!"

"Stay," grimly interposes the other; "I require some explanation before—"

"You shall have it, Wilfred," she says feverishly. "Upon my honor I will give you one, but not at this moment! Sidney, go!"

Half-defiant, half-mystified, he obeys her. When he has disappeared, she turns, with a sigh of relief, to Wilfred, who is watching her with pained, grave eyes.

"This is hardly a fit place for what I have to say, Mr. Garthorne, she says, recovering somewhat her old calm manner. "When we get home, if you don't mind, I will keep my word."

He bows silently, and offering his arm, leads her back to the main avenue of the conservatory.

Close to the entrance they meet Amy and the others.

Mr. Warde bends his lowering brows on Olive with displeasure.

"I'm surprised to see you, Miss Rayne!" he says. "Garthorne, we've been looking for you. Are you ready to go?"

They return to where the carriages are drawn up in line at the park gates.

As Mr. Warde is staying in Pennerstow for the banquet, it is arranged that Olive shall go back with the children in the carriage that brought him, and Wilfred is to drive Amy in the phaeton.

The carriage has gone on, and while Wilfred is busy for a moment shortening the reins, Amy is left standing on the path.

"My darling!" murmurs in her ear a voice, deep and tender with passion.

She starts, looks an instant, then crimson up, only so turn paler than before. A brief, quivering hand-pressure, and the deep voice says, "To-night, in the library. Ask Olive."

And then, like one in a dream, she is being handed into her seat by Wilfred. But her father leans over her, and whispers, "Who was it speaking to you? Has that villain, Sidney Rayne, come back?"

She cannot reply, but as the phaeton drives off, her agitation is sufficient answer.

Fortunately, Wilfred seems thoughtful and inclined to silence, and this gave her time to recover.

They do not speak until they arrive within sight of the Hall, and then both utter an exclamation of horror.

In front of them is the carriage, an open one, turned over on its side, while the horses are kicking and plunging furiously.

"Oh, my darling is hurt!" is wrung from Wilfred unconsciously, as he sees a pale, inanimate face upheld by the footman.

He is out of the phaeton in an instant, and down by her side. He takes her tenderly in his arms, and sends to a cottage for water.

The coachman has managed to quiet the frightened horses by this time.

As luck would have it, the carriage was turned over on a grassy mound, so the occupants sustained less injury than otherwise they might have done. The two children seem more shaken and terrified than hurt.

After bathing the white brow for a minute or two, Wilfred is relieved by perceiving the blood returning to Olive's wan cheeks.

When she opens her eyes first, there is a strange, wild light in them as she sees who it is that is bending over her.

But she represses her emotion, and sits up trembling and silent.

She complains of her arm being painful as they assist her into the phaeton. Otherwise, she declares she is none the worse for the accident.

On arriving at the Hall, Wilfred sees a man lounging in the portico, and desires him to go for the nearest doctor.

"I am not a servant in this establishment, sir," returns the man, with a curious smile, to Wilfred's surprise. "But your order shall be attended to."

And a footman appearing just at that moment, he is despatched by the strange man.

The doctor sees Olive, and it is found that in stretching out her hand to protect herself, in

falling, her wrist has been put out of joint. That is soon set right, and then, by the doctor's instructions, she is left to rest for awhile on a sofa in her own room.

CHAPTER V.

AN UNWILLING AUDITOR.

Twilight is creeping in at the open casements of the library, and the shadows are gathering about its corners and recesses.

Seated in one of these, commanding a fine view of the park and its sombre masses of foliage, is Amy, watching, waiting, and thinking.

She is very happy. In a little while, when the darkness has descended, she will fetch Olive down. Then together they will wait until he comes—her own love! And every nerve thrills at the thought.

But the door opens, and her musings are rudely interrupted. She shrinks back into her recess as one, two people enter.

To her consternation, she hears her father's voice. Why has he returned? Does he suspect? She soon learns the reason.

"That fellow, Sidney Rayne, has come back!" he is saying. "I have seen him. I understand he has appealed to the bank authorities, and they are going to take the matter up. They intend to prove his innocence or his guilt. I needn't warn you, Jarwin, for your own sake to keep to the statements you made."

Amy recognizes the housekeeper's voice in reply, but it is so low and husky she cannot catch the words.

"I don't make it worth your while, don't I?" She next hears, "Now, look here, Martha Jarwin!"

There is a rattling of keys, and a drawer is opened.

"Yes, you may start! You know those pearls? I thought as much. You stole them, and you aren't deny it! Shall I tell you what you've done?"

There is an ominous pause. Amy sits breathless, with a terrible numbness and fear at her heart. She can hear the woman's heavy panting, but no answer.

"You took those pearls the night before they were missed," continues Mr. Warde.

And there flashes across Amy now the suspicious sounds which Olive fancied she heard in the bedroom.

"The next day you asked me for leave to go into Granboro'. You broke the necklace up, and got a young woman to sell the pearls, a few at a time, to different jewellers in the town. You told her to give the name Rayne, if asked—a very clumsy contrivance. What in goodness you've done with the money, except drink it, I don't know. Part of this I've learnt from a detective, and through him I've had to buy them back. Now, what do you say to this?"

"It's true enough," returns the woman, doggedly, in a hoarse whisper. "You don't deal fair, and give me enough money to spend, so I take it. You drive me to it. And you aren't tell on me, you aren't, or I'd make it hot for you!"—with a low guttural chuckle, that makes Amy shudder.

"Bah!" exclaims Mr. Warde, irritably.

"It's lucky the detective's on the wrong scent, and thinks it's the governess, or it might be the worse for you."

"He thought it was she, did he? How did you come upon me then, Mr. Warde?"

"I know you and your tricks, Jarwin; and made a pretty good guess," he says more calmly. "But now, if I consent to overlook this, you will follow my directions, and—"

Then the conversation is carried on in low, muttered tones that Amy cannot hear. And, indeed, she would rather close her ears than know more. Oh, if she could only leave the room unnoticed—for she is sick and faint with this strange horror and dread hanging over her.

"Go to your room, Jarwin, and don't let me see any more of you to-night. You've been drinking. And mark my words, if I find you robbing me in this barefaced way again, I'll—"

Amy puts her hands to her ears; she will hear no more. In a minute or two she is aware the woman has gone, and she is alone with her father.

He is approaching the recess. What shall she do? He will see her. Then she springs up and confronts him, white-faced, scared and trembling.

"You here, girl!"—with a muttered oath between his clenched teeth.

"Oh, papa, I didn't mean to hear! You spoke before I—I could think what to do," she gasps.

"Then you have heard? Enough! You must give me your promise never to breathe a word of this to anyone."

"But, dear papa, if—that bad woman stole the pearls, why don't you let it be known?" falters Amy. "It's a shame to allow poor Olive to be thought the guilty one."

"Then I am to be disobeyed?" he says in a threatening voice.

She buries her face in her hands, and only sobs by way of answer.

The night-shades are closing in and all within the library is growing dim and indistinct. Mr. Warde paces up and down thoughtfully, before speaking.

"Now, listen to me, Amy," he says, deliberately. "You compel me to tell you, that if ever you disclose what you've just heard about Jarwin, you will bring a trouble on me, on us

all, that you will regret during the remainder of your life."

"But what has Jarwin to do with you, papa?" she persists, raising her head.

"This much, girl. I am in that woman's power."

She cannot see him, standing as she is at the farther side of the room, but his voice comes to her cruelly stern through the gloom.

"Papa,"—she speaks low and nervously,— "is it anything to do with the forgeries and— and Sidney Rayne?"

"It is,"—curtly.

Again silence for a minute; then something seems to occur to her.

"If the forgeries are investigated, as I heard you say,"—hesitating—"will there be anything against you, papa—anything to do with Jarwin?"

"That's no concern of yours, Amy."

"But she is such a bad woman. Olive says Mrs. Jarwin must know who's the real forger."

"Confound that girl Rayne!" he mutters to himself. "I knew she was playing the spy here. She shall go!"

"If Jarwin would only confess!" continues Amy.

"What then?"

"Poor Sidney might be proved innocent, and—"

"Fool! Haven't you got over that silly romance yet?"—bitterly.

"No, papa, and I never shall," she returns, with her heart in her mouth. "I love him more than ever, and Olive and I are pledged to do all we can to help him."

"Choose between me and him, girl!" he says, in a voice tremulous with rage and desperation. "I told you I was in Jarwin's power. Drive her to use that power by betraying what you've heard to-night, and it is your father who will stand in a felon's dock—not your lover! You're right!"—with a bitter laugh. "Jarwin knows the real forger. It is I!"

She is alone. Her father has left her after those last awful words, as if dreading to witness their effect.

Poor Amy! Her half-defined apprehensions are true, then; they face her now in their grim reality, as she leans back in her seat, with low, choking sobs, and strives to think.

Her father—her own father, whom she has always looked up to as a good and honorable man, if a rather harsh one—he to have done this thing, and be amenable to law for it! "No, no, it must not be!"—with a dismal shudder.

But then Sidney, her dear love—he will suffer. Even if not convicted, he will go all his life with a stain on his character—a guilty man in all eyes but hers!

"Oh, what can I do—what can I do!" she moans, with her face between her hands.

There comes a low tap at the casement. It is closed. All is dark, but she springs up to open it with a wild throbbing at her heart. She knows who it is.

"My darling!"—in the deep voice she loves so well.

She lets him clasp her in his strong arms one moment, and rain down kisses on her sweet lips and brow. Then she disengages herself hurriedly.

"Why, Amy! tears!—and still wet on your cheeks!"

"Oh, Sidney, you must go! My father saw you to-day! He is here! If he finds me with you it will be terrible! Go, love, now, and I will see you again—to-morrow, if you like!"

"If I like, darling?" he says, with the fond ardor of the young lover. "To-morrow, and the next day, and every day to come, I should like. But where is Olive?"

"She was thrown out of the carriage coming home, and has sprained her wrist. Don't be alarmed, Sidney; it is nothing serious. But do go now. I dare't permit you to stay longer!"

"I will go, love," he says, seeing how excited and anxious she is. "But to-morrow—where will you meet me?"

"In the park, by the Elm Lodge, Sidney. I will be there with Olive, at noon, or as soon after as we can."

"I will wait till you come, darling. I shall put up to-night at the 'Herne Arms,' just outside the Park. It will please me to think I am near you."

"Good-bye, dear Sidney."

"One moment, Amy. Let me hear you say once that you love me? I don't doubt you, sweet, but I've been so long away from you, and you don't know how I've longed to hear it from your lips."

"I love you very, very dearly, Sidney; more than anyone else in the wide world! I can't say more than that, can I?"—with a swift, shy glance like a stray gleam of sunshine, that he can even catch in the darkness.

"It is the best I can wish for, darling," he whispers tenderly.

A last kiss, and he has vanished into the obscurity of the night.

She steps out upon the lawn-terrace.

Glancing down the vista of windows which look out on to it, she sees a light streaming forth from the school-room. She is surprised, because only Olive uses this room, and Olive is upstairs. On approaching the spot, the sound of angry voices is borne to her ears through the open casements.

She stands for a minute listening, spell-bound, concealed from those within by the dark night-shadows.

CHAPTER IV.

TO THE RESCUE.

"You leave my house to-morrow morning, Miss Rayne! I took you out of charity, yet I have been grossly deceived in you!"

Thus speaks Geoffrey Warde. On leaving the library, he has gone straight to the school-room, but not finding Olive there, has sent for her.

"In what way have you been deceived, Mr. Warde?" she asks, coldly, but with heightened color.

"By your keeping up the intimacy with my daughter, and meeting that ungrateful rascal, your brother, this afternoon—both contrary to our arrangement."

"And are these the sole reasons for this abrupt dismissal?"

"Quite enough, I should say!" is the scowling rejoinder. "If you desire that I shall add more, the suspicious disappearance of my daughter's jewels would—"

"Stop, Mr. Warde! I thought as much! I will not submit to your unjust accusations!"

"Indeed!" he says, with an insolent laugh. "What will you do, then?"

"I claim my right to have the matter cleared up, and suspicion removed from me."

Her flashing contemptuous gaze awes him for the moment.

"A nice tone for a governess to adopt when speaking to her employer!" he sneers. "You'll leave this house to-morrow, and be thankful that it's no worse. I might have insisted on having your boxes searched!"

The color flames up in her cheeks, but when she would speak, her tongue cleaves to the roof of her mouth. A sense of her helpless and lone condition comes over her.

She turns abruptly, and leaves the room.

Outside, her high spirit gives way. She still feels the effects of the accident.

With her handkerchief to her face in one hand—the other hangs in a sling—she hastens across the hall towards the staircase, and into somebody's arms.

She looks up. It is Wilfred.

"What is the matter?" he asks, trying to preserve an unconcerned demeanor.

She shakes her head, and with a great effort keeps back the tears that are welling up in her brown eyes.

"Has Warde been insulting you about the pearls again?"

He only addresses her civilly, and not by her Christian name, and yet how pleasant to feel the support and protection of someone stronger than herself.

For a minute she yields to the sensation.

"Yes," she falters, with downcast eyes; "he accuses me of stealing them, and yet he won't consent to have the matter investigated. I am to leave to-morrow."

"And what are you going to do?"—coldly.

"I can't do anything, unless— Will you help me—act for me?" with a sudden beseeching impulse. "He is in the school-room."

"With what excuse, what right, shall I act?" he asks.

"Whatever you choose," she replies, firmly, turning away with a deep flush.

"Come with me!"

They meet Mr. Warde at the door.

Wilfred requests a few words with him, and they return into the room.

"If it is anything to do with that which concerns Miss Rayne and myself alone, Garthorne, I beg you'll not interfere."

"I'm sorry; but it's my duty to interfere, and—"

"I won't listen, then. You're an insolent fellow, Garthorne!" breaks in Mr. Warde, wrathfully. "I'm not going to be beard in my own house in this manner. Leave the place at once, sir!"

"I shall leave this house to-morrow, and not till then," returns Wilfred, firmly, placing his back against the closed door. "And before going further, I wish you to understand by what right I speak for this lady"—indicating Olive, who has sunk into a chair, pale-faced and agitated, now that all need for resistance is over. "She is my wife!"

"Your wife?"

And Mr. Warde stares with a mixture of consternation and incredulous scorn.

"Perfectly true," returns Wilfred, calmly; "and, what is of more importance to you, we were married three days before I was six-and-twenty; therefore I am entitled, under the provisions of my aunt's will, to all Herne Park property. Yes, Mrs. Garthorne—to Olive, who is gazing at him in mute amazement—"this is true. Though I was not rich when I married you, it was in my power to become so when I chose."

"It's a foul lie!" exclaims Geoffrey Warde, furiously. "It's a villainous conspiracy!"

"It's nothing of the sort!" says Wilfred, reddening. "There's a register in a certain London parish church which will prove what I say. And now, Mr. Warde, be good enough to let me hear the particulars of your charge against my wife."

"You shall hear!" is the savage rejoinder; "and you shall have something more than you bargained for!"—pulling at the bell-ropes—"I intended to be merciful; but— Send Mr. Lurker here—to the servant who enters."

There is silence for a few minutes, and then the strange man appears whom Wilfred saw lounging in the portico in the afternoon.

"This is a detective," says Mr. Warde, "whom I have employed to trace the missing

pearls. Now, then, Lurker, let us hear what you have to say."

The detective, with a bland smile, proceeds to state how and where he found the pearls, which had been disposed of for someone named Rayne. Here he makes a low bow to Olive. He says, further, that having made inquiries in the household, and learnt that Miss Rayne was one of the last who had seen them on the night of their disappearance, he had been obliged to come to the conclusion that Mr. Warde would be perfectly right if he charged Miss Rayne with the robbery.

"Which I shall do now," Mr. Warde adds, with triumph in his tone.

"There is some mistake here, my man," says Wilfred to the detective, seeing that Olive looks despairingly to him. "This young lady could not have done such a thing!"

"I only know what I've stated, sir," returns the man, doggedly.

"It's quite sufficient!" exclaims Mr. Warde. Then, with jeering sarcasm, "Instead of quietly leaving here to-morrow, Mr. Garthorne, your worthy wife will be handed over to the care of the police!"

Wilfred turns on him as if he would smite him to the ground, but at that moment there is a rustling at the casement, and Amy stands before them, very white-faced and tremulous, but evidently with her mind very firmly made up.

"Papa, this must not be!" she says, in a low, distinct voice. "Olive shall not suffer for another's crime! She did not take the pearls!"

"Who did, then?" gasps Wilfred, with breathless eagerness.

Geoffrey Warde's sneering, exulting face falls, and changes to an ashen hue as he watches her. But she looks full into his craven eyes, with a strange, disdainful light burning in her own.

"I took them!" she says, slowly. "I wanted money. They were my own, so I disposed of them."

"Fire! Fire!"

In the dead of night this terrible cry rings through the old Hall.

Wilfred Garthorne, tossing about restlessly on his pillow, haunted with jealous dreams of his wife's beautiful face, of the handsome stranger he had found with her, of that last scene of Amy's strange confession from which Olive was borne away half fainting to her room—through it all he hears the dread cry, and starts up, horrified.

"Fire! Fire!" again, and the dire crackling of burning timbers, and the low roar of flames, is borne to his ears.

In another moment, partly dressed, and with his ulster buttoned over him, he is out in the gallery. Gusts of smoke and sparks sweep down it, and at the other end there is a deep red glow.

Amy's blanched face meets him from out the folds of her dressing-gown. They hurry along, and from behind come Geoffrey Warde's fear-stricken tones.

"Great horror! The East Wing's on fire! That drunken wretch Jarwin—"

An anguished moan is wrung from Wilfred. Olive is there!

He rushes forward into the corridor, but in vain. The further end is a glowing, flaring furnace. To venture there is death. He must attempt to rescue her from outside.

The staircase is still free. Everywhere the heat and smoke are stilling. He helps Amy down, Mr. Warde following.

In the hall the door stands open. Servants are rushing about wildly, seeking to escape. Confusion and fright reign supreme.

"I must go to the library!" exclaims Mr. Warde, hoarsely. "Don't hold me, Amy; I must!"

"Oh, papa, stay!" she implores. "It is in the East Wing. You will never escape!"

"Take her out, Garthorne!"

And he removes her clinging hands, and rushes on his way.

They gain the portico, Amy sobbing and hysterical.

"Are all saved from the East Wing?" Wilfred asks of a scared servant.

"Not a soul, sir. They've got the Hall engine out a-playing on it; but they say there's not a chance."

Outside, a crowd is gathering about the doomed place.

The folks from the country round come, attracted by the lurid glare.

A small hand-engine, belonging to the Hall, is being worked, under the management of Garth, the head-groom.

It can do little good. They play on the East Wing, to which, for the present, the fire is mostly confined.

"Is anyone left in it, Mr. Garth?" asks the village constable, who has arrived.

A cry of horror from the crowd is his answer.

A woman's face—terrible to behold in its frenzied fear—is at the window half-way up, where the flames and smoke are at their full rage.

"It's the housekeeper!" exclaims Garth. "Let her jump! Hold a sheet there, you fellows!"

But before this can be done, the ill-fated woman scrambles on to the parapet, and flings herself from it—a distance of thirty feet. They pick her up senseless and bear her away.

"There's the governess at the top!" says someone.

"The governess! Is she?" cries Garth. "A rescue, my men! Who'll volunteer? Here's a ladder that'll reach the window!"

No one stirs. All the lower portion of the wing is engulfed in flames.

Their lurid, forked tongues lick the stone-facings and creep upwards, while dense volumes of smoke roll onwards with the wind.

It would be madness—nay, certain death—to attempt to reach the top of the building.

"Play on that top window, lads!" says Garth, sadly.

At that instant, with a rush, Wilfred Garthorne is among them—pale, breathless, determined.

"I'm going to her! Plant that ladder against the wall—there, at the back! Quick! Drench me, Garth! That axe, man! Now then—steady!"

His voice rings out above the roar and din. They obey instinctively.

There was no time to hesitate—to remonstrate. He has seen, with the keenness of desperation, that the one chance left is to get into the passage at the back of the East Wing.

They watch him breathlessly. He gains the passage window.

Flames are bursting forth on every side. A few frenzied blows from the axe, and he springs inside recklessly.

Smoke, blinding and choking him! He bends low, and gropes along.

How hot and scorching the walls, the floor! There is no escape for him, he knows—unless with her.

He comes to a door. Closed!

One mighty rush with his shoulder, and it bursts open.

He feels about and calls. Sish! sish! the saving water streams through the window.

Yes, this is the room. With hand outstretched, he touches something on the floor.

He has found her! Half-suffocated, unconscious, she must have fallen. He raises her—oh, how tenderly!

But someone is suddenly in front of him, looming indistinctly through the stifling red gloom.

Can he be dreaming still? The man who has haunted his dreams is gazing down at him, strangely!

"What right have you here?" His voice sounds hoarse and muffled. He is jealous that another should risk his life for her.

"A brother's right! And you?"

"A husband's!"

One intense questioning look, and it is enough. In such rare soul-stirring moments the eyes cannot lie.

A tight hand-grasp, and they throw a blanket about her and carry her away.

Along the passage, up a narrow staircase, through fire and smoke, regardless of aught but their precious burden, out on to the roof.

Here there is breathing space. On one side stretches a sea of crimson billowy flame, making weird illumination in the darkness.

A shout comes up from below when they are seen.

"There seems no hope," says Wilfred, with the calmness of despair.

"None. But we mustn't give up. I will creep round by the chimney-stack. There may be a chance on the other side."

Sidney goes, and Wilfred, with Olive's head pillowed on his arm, kneels on the scorching slates.

The flames come crawling and leaping on; their hot breath fans his cheeks.

He looks round despairingly. Death stares him in the face.

"Wilfred!"

He bends over her, and in the unearthly glare she can see his scorched, blackened features.

"My darling," he murmurs, brokenly, "you have come back to a terrible fate!"

She is very weak; but there is a strange, wild tenderness in her eyes that even in that dire moment thrills him.

"I am almost glad, Wilfred, for my own sake. I can tell you now how I love you!"

In this awful scene her pride has vanished. She places her arm round his neck and lays her head on his shoulder.

Wilfred leaves her, and clambering up the chimney-stack, looks beyond.

Yes, away on the main roof of the house he can see men with a rope. Her brother is there. But how to reach them?

Between him and them is a glowing wall of fire.

There is a moan from Olive. His mind is quickly made up. He is with her in a moment.

"My darling, there is one hope—desperate one!"

And he lifts her in his arms, and winds the blanket round her closely.

One warm, passionate kiss, and with her clinging form pressed to him, he creeps over the roof till he comes to the edge, where it slopes down to the main roof.

Here is a terrible ordeal. It is but some dozen yards or so; but can he live through it?

Setting his teeth hard, and with head bent low, he dashes forward, through clouds of sparks and smoke, through living flame, where every moment seems an eternity, until eager hands receive him, singed and blackened almost past recognition, and he sinks down unconscious, but still with his precious burden clasped to him.

Saved!

And the newspapers and country rang with reports of the fearful burning scene, of the gallant rescue, and of the fateful tragedy, not suspected till all was over.

For Geoffrey Warde was never seen again. Soon after the rescue, the roof and floors of the East Wing fell in, and he must have met his fate beneath those blackened ruins.

Martha Jarwin, the housekeeper, died from her injuries a few hours after a magistrate had taken her deposition. By it, Sidney Rayne was fully exculpated from all participation in the forgery. Who the real perpetrator was, was never made public. Jarwin also confessed the robbery of the pearls.

Sidney was offered, and holds still, a good and lucrative position in the Pennerstow Bank. He and Amy are married happily. The children (her brother and sister) live with her, though often they stay at the adjacent Hall.

The mansion has been rebuilt, and Wilfred has made good his claim to the property. Those terrible minutes have left their impress on both him and Olive. There was much to explain, much to regret.

"I have been to blame, Wilfred," she says, with a touch of sadness. "I should have told you of my brother, of his suppressed crime; but I was afraid you would judge as harshly of him as the world did. It was wicked of me in my anger to tell you that I had no love for you; that I married you only—"

"Hush, hush, darling!" looking into her steadfast brown eyes with a husband's pride and devotion. "I am not guiltless. Both have been in the wrong, and both have suffered. But I have your love now, and that is more than recompense enough."

W. W.

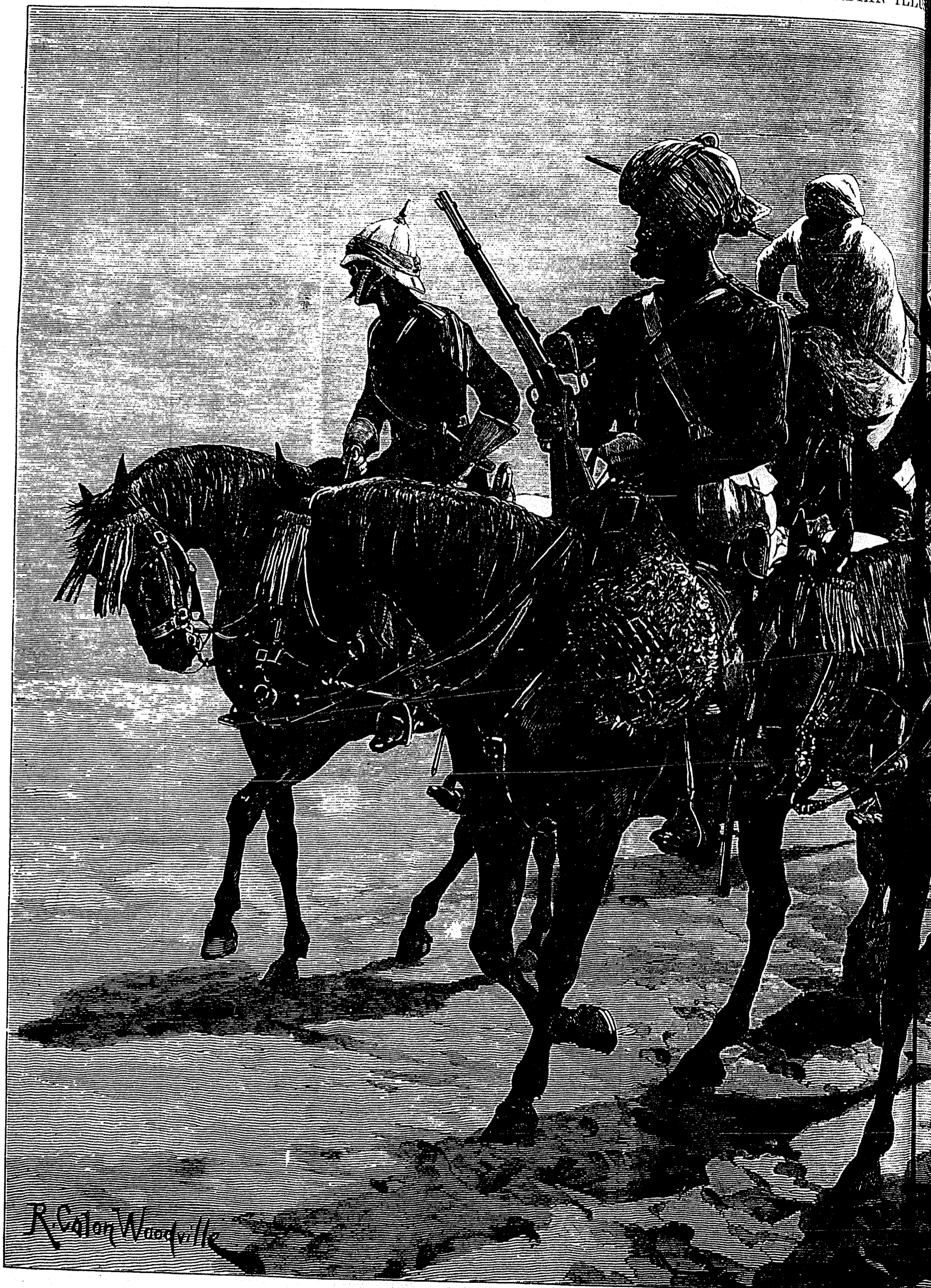
LIFE IN OREGON.

One day, Henry Bland and his wife, of Canyonville Precinct, went out into the mountains to look after the sheep. When about three miles from home his dogs got after a bear, and after a severe chase, succeeded in compelling the bear to climb a tree. About the time that Mr. Bland and his wife reached the foot of the tree another ferocious bear suddenly put an in appearance, and savagely attacked the dogs in the immediate presence of Mr. and Mrs. Bland. The fight now became animated and furious, dogs and bear rolling over each other in the death struggle down a steep mountain into the canyon below. Bland was armed with a Henry rifle, but dare not shoot for fear of killing the dogs. Now came the question, how to rescue the dogs! only two cartridges were in the rifle, and these had to be used to the best advantage. Mrs. Bland urged her husband to go to the assistance of the dogs, while, alone and unarmed, she undertook to keep the ferocious monster up the tree.

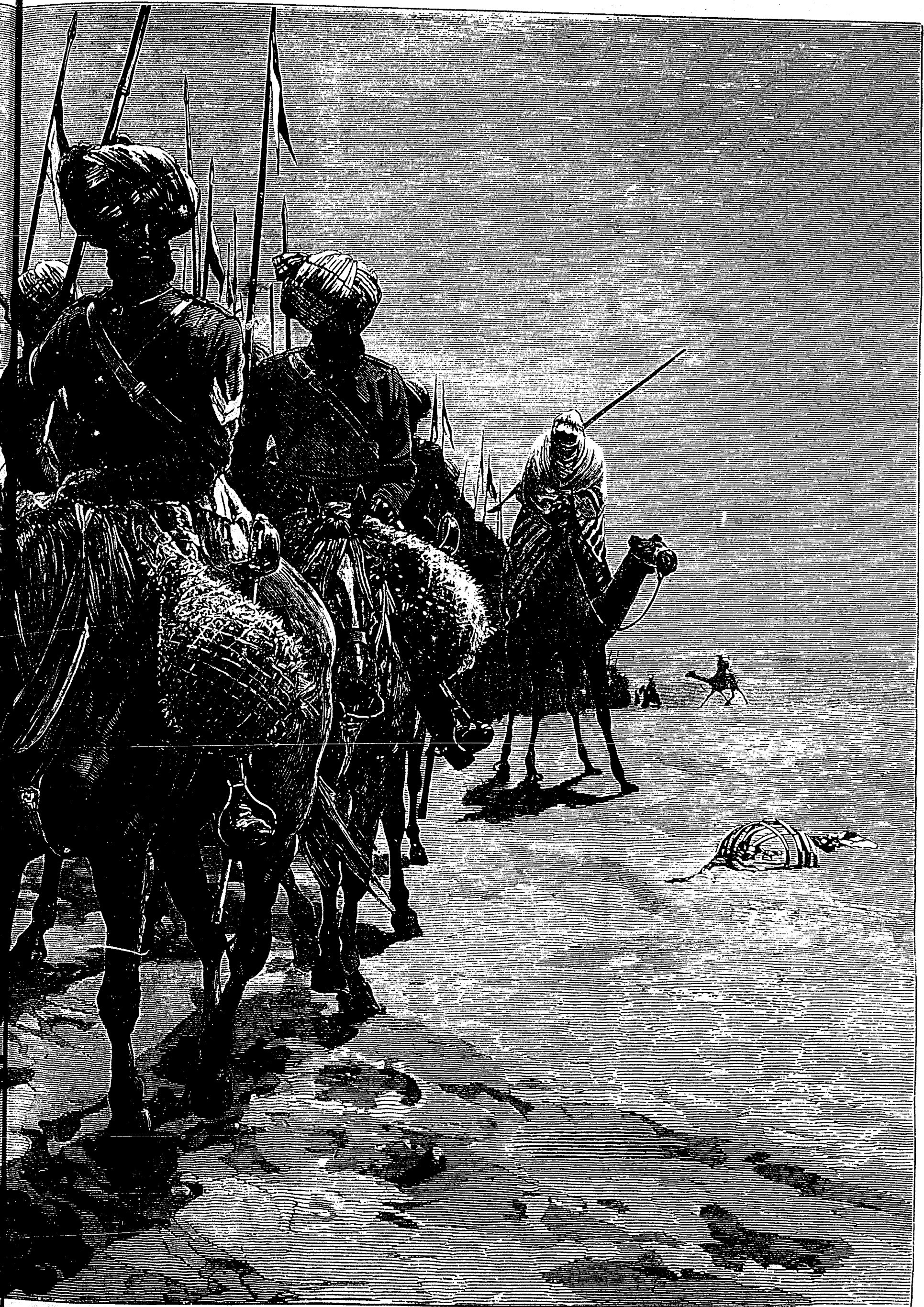
He started down into the canyon where the conflict was raging, guided by the growls and yelps of the dogs and bear.

He arrived not a moment too soon, for Bruin was evidently getting the best of it, and would only be pacified by the last shot of the now empty rifle. It was dark when Bland returned to the foot of the tree where his wife was. The situation was anything but flattering. The empty rifle was of little use, and upon the determination of Mrs. Bland to sit up with the bear, he started home for more ammunition. The lady being reinforced by the bleeding dogs felt that she was master of the situation. With no fire, far from home, in the midst of craggy mountains, this indomitable lady dared to hold at bay one of the most ferocious monsters of the forest.

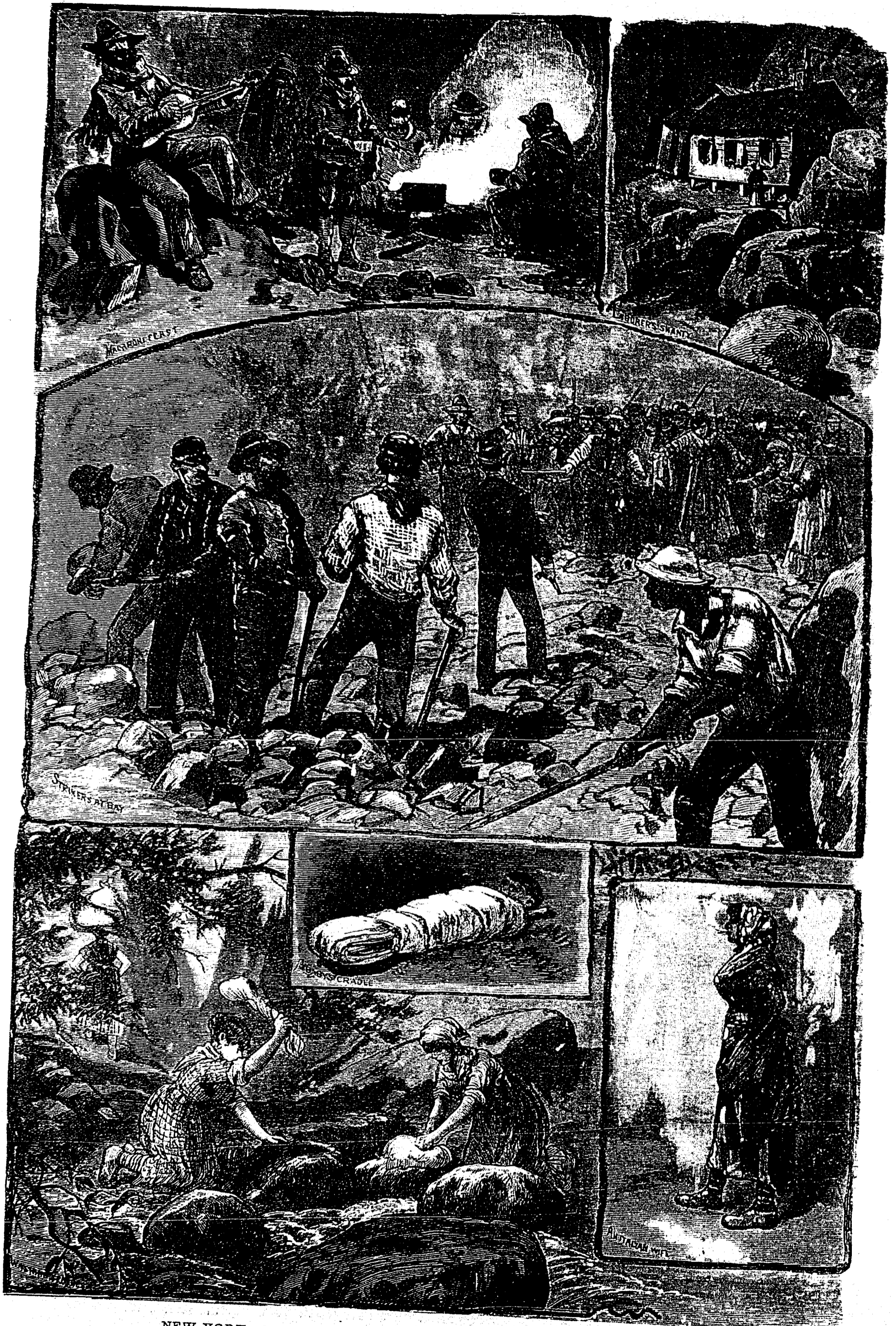
The bear, not liking his new home, determined to descend the tree; but our heroine, with a stick and the barking of the dogs, compelled Bruin to take a sober second thought, and taking up a position on a lower limb, with eye-balls of fire he stared at the scene below; but our huntress was not to be dismayed by the presence of her horrible companion, but stood guard until ten o'clock, when her husband and another came to her assistance. She then started for home alone. The next morning the bear was shot. He proved to be one of the largest of those known as the cinnamon variety.



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—BENGAL CAVALRY



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ON THE NORTH COAST OF GERMANY.—A POSTAL BOAT IN THE MARSILES

THE EXILE'S VADEMECUM.

BY NED P. MAH.

Often sitting, blasé, lonely,
Single, wratched, solaced only
By my pipe;
Vainly striving to sleep snugly,
Tired of reading, cramped up, ugly
Gorman type.

MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

How little do the general public think about the trials of a musical society leader! This apathy does not proceed from lack of feeling, but from lack of knowledge, for all musicians will admit that it is only those people who have studied music themselves (especially concerted music) who can appreciate the difficulties which beset the path of a conductor.

In many places, as everyone knows, musical societies are kept up with much ability and praiseworthy spirit. This occurs only where the leader is thoroughly well up in concerted music, with a true interest in his work, and where his word is law.

The same with church choirs: there are generally two or three choir members who consider themselves above attending practice. "Oh! I can read it all," say they—which you may be very sure they can't.

No organist should allow his choir to be upset in this way. Better have a few punctual and earnest singers than an ill-regulated many. Also there should be no favor shown. Any competent leader of a society or choir is—or ought to be—perfectly able to judge of the separate capabilities of his singers, and prominent parts should be given to those able to take them.

the "Crosus Choral Club," if he fail to give the part of "Elizah" and a few other trifles to ponderous Mr. Van Bassinboots—of the healthy old Dutch family—who is simply beyond believing that Sant'ey, Fornes, Lablache, or any one else ever came up or down to him—Van Bossinboots?

Now this is a pitiable state of affairs, and people who place any unfortunate man in such a position, are inexcusable.

Verily, the trials of a musical leader are manifold, and the audience which sees him at the local concerts, with his calm smile, his bland bow of greeting, his white-gloved hand raising on high the magic baton, the audience, I say, little knows the heart-burning to which he has been treated during the past few weeks. How he shudders inwardly when arriving at certain little intricate bits in the chorus, or when that especially high solo soprano passage approaches which inevitably cracks Miss Sky-high's head notes.

Oh! no, the audience knows nothing of all this except those few who are au fait at some of the little ins and outs of a musical society, people who, understanding the intricacies of musical study themselves, can sympathize with the pains and miseries endured by so many musical conductors.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

F. P., San Francisco, U.S.—Letter and problem received. Thanks.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Solutions to Problems Nos. 39 and 42 received. Both correct.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Chess Association in Montreal during the coming winter will, we trust, be well attended by players from all parts of the Dominion, and give evidence to our friends both at home and abroad, that the royal game is not neglected in Canada.

During the last season the only two events of importance which occurred, as far as the Province of Quebec was concerned, was the Congress of the Canadian Association which met at the city of Quebec under the auspices of the members of the chess club of that city, and the telegraphic match between the same players and the members of the Toronto Club.

We hope that the large gathering of players which will assemble in Montreal at the approaching Congress will not let so good an opportunity pass without making arrangements for future trials of skill between our existing clubs, as we invariably find that such encounters are never neglected in those localities where chess is in a flourishing condition.

We insert in our Column this week an account of the annual meeting of the Toronto Chess Club.

We congratulate the members on their report of the proceedings of last year, and have no doubt they will do their utmost to maintain their present efficient condition during the season just commenced.

TORONTO CHESS CLUB.

On Thursday evening this club was organized for the season 1882-3, when the following office-bearers were elected:—President, J. H. Gordon; Vice-President, G. Gibson; Secretary, A. C. Meyers; Auditor, W. M. Stark; Managing Committee—W. A. Littlejohn, C. W. Phillips, H. J. Coleman, Match Committee, J. H. Gordon, H. J. Rose, H. Northcote. The secretary's report proved the club to be in a flourishing condition financially, and records a victory in all the matches played last season with other clubs. The members list for the past year was 43, and the first meeting this year was signalized by the election of eight new members. Votes of thanks were passed to last year's officials, and also to Mr. H. P. Dwight for free use of the telegraph wires in two matches. To the Chess Editor of the Globe and the Sporting Editor of the Mail thanks were tendered for notices taken of the club's proceedings. And lastly as a slight token of appreciation for the kindness and courtesy displayed by the Secretary, Mr. A. C. Myers, in his relation to the members it was ordered that a copy of Beccantoni's Chess Magazine for the year be presented to him. The programme for the coming winter was discussed in such a hearty and harmonious spirit that we anticipate much vigorous work from the club this season, and let us hope a commensurate amount of success also.—Toronto Globe, Oct. 7th.

Mr. Max Judd's defeat by the amateurs of St. Louis will not lessen his fame as a chess-player. It is no

easy thing for one who is not, in fact, a "first-rate" to give the Knight to the average amateur, and Mr. Judd's friends must not be discouraged by this disappointment. We assure them that their champion stands just as high as he ever did in the ranks of the players of the world.—Turf, Field and Farm.

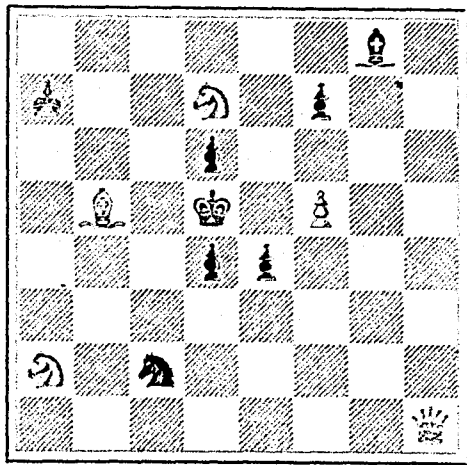
The New Orleans Chess Tournament with its thirteen contestants is exciting considerable attention among American players at the present time, and from the account of the play already published the contest seems to be a close one.

Mr. Blackmar is now at the head, followed closely by Mr. Wurm, and Mr. Edwards is not far behind. We shall endeavor to give the final results when they reach us.

Mr. Blackburne, we perceive, has been giving lately, in the North of England, some interesting exhibitions of simultaneous play. At Scarborough he defeated sixteen out of seventeen opponents. Mr. Chapman, one of the contestants, securing a draw. At Leeds, he engaged eighteen members of the local club, and lost to three of his opponents, Messrs. D. G. Mills, Shaw and G. E. Wainwright. His other antagonists were defeated.

PROBLEM No. 403.

By Fritz Peppers, San Francisco, Cal.



White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 401.

- White. 1. Q to Q B sq. 2. K to K B 7. 3. Q mates. Black. 1. K takes Kt 2. Any.

GAME 50th.

Played in the recent Vienna Tourney between Messrs. Wittek and Mason.

(French Defence.)

- WHITE.—(Wittek.) 1 P to K 4 2 P to Q 4 3 Q Kt to R 3 4 P takes P 5 Kt to B 3 6 B to Q 3 7 P to Q R 3 8 B to K 4 9 P to R 3 10 Castles 11 R to K sq 12 B to K Kt 5 13 Q to Q 2 14 B to K B sq 15 B to K 3 16 Q Kt to K 2 17 B to K B 4 18 Q to B sq 19 B takes B 20 Kt to K R 2 21 P to B 3 22 K to B sq 23 Kt to B 4 24 B to Q 3 25 Q to Q sq 26 Kt to K 2 27 Kt to K B sq 28 R P takes P 29 Kt takes Kt 30 Q to Q 2 31 P takes P 32 B to Kt 5 33 B takes R ch 34 Kt takes Q 35 Kt to B 3 36 P takes B 37 B to Q 7 38 B to B 5 39 R to K Kt sq ch 40 B takes P 41 R to K 2 42 K takes Kt 43 K to B 2 44 K to K 3 45 K to Q 3 46 K to K 2 47 P to Kt 3 48 B to Q 3 49 K to Q sq 50 K to B sq 51 P to Q R 4 52 P to Kt 4 53 B to B 5 54 P takes P 55 K to B 2 56 K to Kt 3 Resigns.
- BLACK.—(Mason.) 1 P to K 4 2 P to Q 4 3 K Kt to B 3 4 P takes P 5 B to Q 3 6 Kt to B 3 7 R to K Kt 5 8 Castles 9 B to K 3 10 Q to Q 2 11 K B to K sq 12 K to R sq 13 Kt to K R 4 14 P to B 3 15 P to B 4 16 Kt to K B 3 17 Kt to K 5 18 Q to K 2 19 P takes B 20 Q to R 3 21 Q to B 7 ch 22 K to K B 3 23 Kt takes Q P 24 B to Q 2 25 P to K Kt 4 26 Kt to R 4 27 P to Kt 5 28 P takes P 29 Kt to B 5 30 Q takes Kt 31 B takes P 32 Q takes Q 33 R takes R 34 R to K 4 35 B takes Kt 36 P to Q R 3 37 R to K 7 38 K to Kt 2 39 K to B 3 40 R to K 4 41 K to K 4 42 R to Kt 4 ch 43 K to K 4 44 P to Q 5 ch 45 R to Kt 6 46 P to Q 4 47 R to Kt 2 48 R to Kt 7 ch 49 K to B 5 50 K takes P 51 K to K 6 52 P to Q 7 53 P to Q 6 54 R takes P 55 R to Q 7 ch 56 R to K B 7

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Montreal Post-Office Time-Table. OCTOBER, 1882.

Table with columns for DELIVERY, MAILS, and CLOSING. Rows include ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES, QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES, LOCAL MAILS, and UNITED STATES. Specific routes like Valleyfield, Valois & Dorval, Beauharnois, etc. are listed with their respective times.

REGISTERED LETTER MAIL for the New England States—for Boston, New York and Southern States—closed only at 2 p.m.

Mails for St. Thomas, W.I., Argentine Republic and Montevideo will be despatched from Halifax, N.S., on the 20th of each month.

Mails leave New York for the following Countries, as follows: For Porto Rico direct, September 1st and 15th. Venezuela and Curacao, September, 2nd and 20th. For Cuba and W. I. via Havana, September 2nd, 16th and 30th. For Brazil and W. I. via Havana, September 6th. The Windward Islands, September 6th and 27th. Jamaica, Turek's Island and Hayti, 8th and 29th. For Cuba and Porto Rico via Havana, September 9th, 21st and 23rd. Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, September 12th. For Cuba and for Mexico via Havana, September 14th and 28th. Hayti and U.S. Columbia (except Asp. and Pan. 15th and 29th.) South Pacific and Central American Ports, September 9th, 20th and 29th. Cape Hayti, Saint Domingo and Turek's Island, September 26th. The Bahama Islands, September 28th.

Mails leave San Francisco: For Australia and Sandwich Islands, Sept. 23rd. For China and Japan, September 7th, 13th and 28th.

