Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

	Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur		Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
	Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée		Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
	Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée		Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
	Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque	\checkmark	Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
	Coloured maps /		Pages detached / Pages détachées
	Cartes géographiques en couleur	\checkmark	Showthrough / Transparence
	Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire	e)	Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
	Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur Bound with other material /		Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
	Relié avec d'autres documents Only edition available / Seule édition disponible		Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / II se peut que
	Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long of marge intérieure.		certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.
/	Additional comments / Continuor	us pagination.	



Vol. XXVI.—No. 17.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1882.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS

\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



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

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS IS printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General

TEMPERATURE

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

|Corresponding week, 1881 Oct. 15th. 1882. Max. Min. Mean.
Mon. 72° 58° 65°
Tues. 56° 48° 82°
Wed. 52° 38° 45°
Thur. 57° 40° 48° 55°
Fri. 63° 48° 56°
Sat. 66° 48° 56°
Sun. 68° 47° 57°
5

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS. - Cartoon - Summer and Winter Quarters - The Rival Teams-" Surrender" Italian Labor on the North Shore RR .- On the North Coast of Germany-A Postal Boat in the Marshes-Sir Havelock Allan going to the Front -Match between Mr. Work's "Dick Swiveller' and "Edward," and Mr. Vanderbilt's "Early Rose " and " Aldine."

LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—The Beginning of Arabi's Rebellion-God and the Scientists-Picture at Dresden—Our Illustrations—The Rival Teams-Home Again-Both in the Wrong-Life in Oregon-Pretty Bird-The Unwilling Sacrifice —In the Year 2,000—Echoes from Paris—News of the Week-Caught at Last-The Late Dr. Pusey -The Recent Disastrous Floods-Echoes from London-My Temptation-The Exile's Vademe cum—Musical Societies—Our Chess Column.

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

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 periodical comments of the press on this or that

virtue, it was very largely due to the fact that and an Oxford or Cambridge man finds himself respectable women lost caste by entering the in this country daily growing in the knowledge profession. And to-day, when this reproach is of facts connected with his Alma Mater of to a great extent a thing of the past, when pro- which he had been previously entirely ignorant. bably 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 actress 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 buttonholes. My admirer appeared, and I wore the 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

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."

Wfiat has Professor Goldwin Smith 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

actresses a few years since were not patterns of characteristic of the great English Universities, 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 Freuch ministers, supported by their respective governments, resupported by their respective governments, re-tained their places, and after thirty days of diplomatic negotiations the ministry was reor-ganized, 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 goup 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 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 finite 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 Govern-ment 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 English 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 dewdrep, 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, alldirecting 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, unappr hended 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 nonexistence of diety. 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 trans-cends 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." 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 eter-nal laws, he is not hindered or troubled by the consideration of the stability of nature. 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. Ascetical scruples! Fiddle-de-deo! She's ther—in the Dresden gallery— "A Girl with a Candle"—19 C.

And any one worthy to loosen her sandla Would give, though a belted 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 foot ball 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 Dominton, 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 cone touchdown or trip) in a classly 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 :--

May 7. Mostreed vs. Quebect won by Montreal.
R. M. C. Cadets—Brawn.
Quebect won by Montreal.
Cet. 1. " Metill Universion by Mon't Britannia—Brawn.
R. M. C. Cadets—won by Mon't Britannia—Won by Mon't Cadets—won by Mon't Cadets—won by Marvard.
Cet. " Ottawa—won by Utawa
Noc. 6. " Britannia—won by Britannia.

May 6 Montreal vs. R. M. C Cadets own by Mon't Britannia-Prawn.

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. Laue, having lately been reagned by him, all communications should be addressed to the present hou, sec., Mr. R. Campbell, Bank of

THE RIVAL TEAMS.

One of the most enlivening presures in outdoor life is a team of highly bred tratters keep ing perfect step in a brush on the read, and the most exhibitating 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 double team trotting was awakened five years egg, when Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt drove his famous poir, Lady Mac and Small Hopes, in 2 23. Since that time aspirants for team honors have spring up in nearly every city and town in the

For four years no team outstepped the 2.23 of Small Hopes and Lady Mac, until Mr. John Shepard, of Boston, drove his team, Blondine and Mill Boy, a mile to a road-wagon over the Beacon Park track in 2 22. This performance being for a vainable consideration, over a N itional Association track, it naturally but to much discussion emong New York horsemen, and carrest 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 2.221. Boston still held the leading team, Then Mr. Vanderbilt procured William H., and barnessed him at the pole dongside 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 that Office in this city reported a rainfall of than Mace. The team made the grandest per-turnance of the year, closing the season of 1881 inch an hour, and bringing the aggregate for the with a record of 2.191, 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 rivolry 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 2 193 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 roadwagon. A hundred gentlemen held watches to time the horses. They glided to the quarter in 334 seconds; on to the half, without a skip, in 1.05; up the rise and past the point of rocks

into the straight, they came along the homestretch, making a magnificent picture, and passed under the wire in 2.163, 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 2.251. She reduced this to 2.20%, without being crowded. Mr. William Rockefeller bought Early Rose for Mr. Vander-bilt. 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 Almout, the sire of more than sixty winners. She will make a fitting mate to Early Rose, thought Mr. Bockefeller. 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 head-quarters 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. Bar 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 trisl.

After training the team a few days at Charter Oak, Bair received a request from Mr. Vander-bilt to give the mares a fast mile, and then bring them to New York. Four men, more or less used to timing herses, 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 watchers, ever made by a team. The man with Bair's watch made the time 2163; another called it 2.164; 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, belives the team trotted a shade better than 8.165. But this does not make a technical record.

No tracting event ever telegraphed over the country has raised so much controversy as this. Veteran reinsmen 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. Vanberbilt 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 ques

THE RECENT DISASTROUS FLOODS.

Of late years some meteorologists have been nclined 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 equincetial was little more than a myth. Such iconoclasts 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 Adaptic coast during the night of Wednesday, September 20th, and raged with increasing vio eace until it culuminated in an unprecedented raintall 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 twenty-four hours ending with eleven r. M., up to 6 7-100. This exceeds the record for any previous day since the Signal office was estab lished a dezen 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 annixed 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 faucied security, and they trotted level as awooping swallows, reaching the three-quarters in 1.40; turning rapidly 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 week ly 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 naw suit that will amuse all who have not pay for it is shortly to take place. It concerns the right of two aristocrats to the title of Mar-quis. The challenger need hardly be so disatisfied, 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

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 Requehamp 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, flist distinguished himself.

CETEWAYO's photographs have had a marvellous 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 "dersey 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 brilhant 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 ap-Mrs. Langtry was clad in a loose slateplause. colored doublet, reaching to the knees, clarethued 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

As 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 be-

MISS LICHTFOOT, 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

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 appoint-ed 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. 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 There is no reason why a regiment of arm". 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 irrita-tion, 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 Telel-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 any-thing about it; and while in the act of observing through his field-glass all those important things which he should telegraph home at eighteen-pence 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 "Bedonin" 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 creat-

ing 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. Lord 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 Medji-

DUBLIN Union proposes sending 1,000 ablebodied 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.

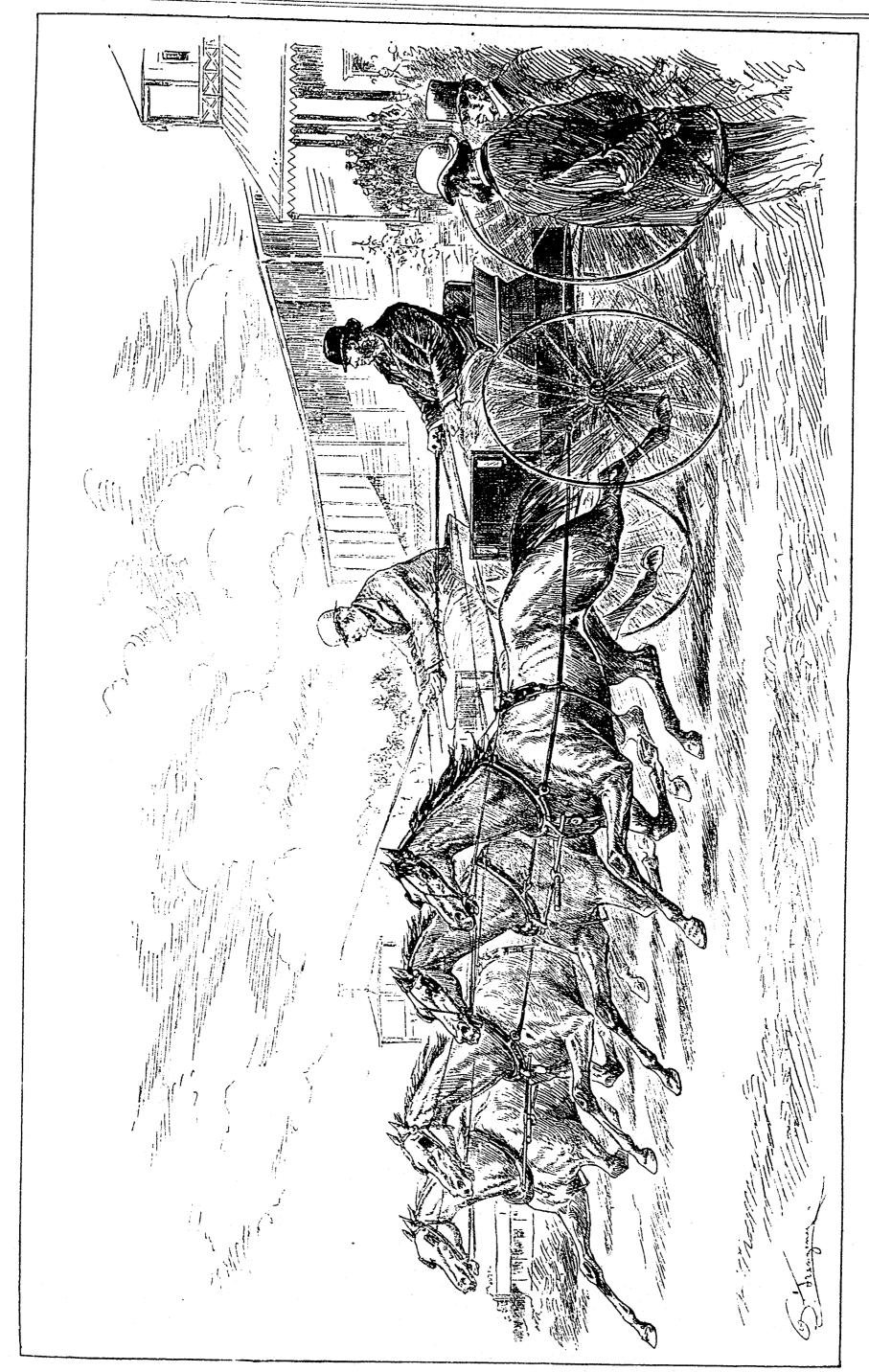
GEN. ALLISON'S committee's report on the Channel tunnel scheme is unfavorable to the project as endangering England. Sir Garnet Wolseley and the Duke of Connaught support this position still more strongly.

THE singling 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 day some important business was transacted, amongst the other regiments in Egypt.





SUMMER QUARTERS.



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

BOOK STANDARD STANDARD

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 re-sident 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,

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 antedeluvian.
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 But to speak now at once of the subject in hand, "Is no common concert you" Il 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 strychnire, 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;
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 (mails.)

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

To her father who has promised to give us some

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, 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 filchy,
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 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. Wards 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 de your best. Come to the library at the Hall—you know it?—tonight. 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 vou.

"You must 'wait till it's dark; say nine o'clock. And don't be too impatient!"—play-

fully.
"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 clench-

ed 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 every-

"Stay," grimly interposes the other; "I re-

quire 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

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

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 ys. "Garthorne, we've been looking for you. savs. 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 crimsons up,

She starts, looks an instant, then crimsons 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 wheater deep only but as the whole the wh

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

They do not speak until they arrive within sight of the Hall, and then both utter an ex-

clamation 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 mo-ment, he is despatched by the strange man.

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 mas foliage, is Amy, watching, waiting, and think-

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 Why has he returned? Does he susvoice.

pect? 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 daren't deny it! Shall I tell you what you've done?"

There is an ominous pause. Amy sits breath-less, 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 suspi-cious 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 askeda 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, dog-gedly, 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 daren't tell on me, you daren'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 calm-ly. "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'11-

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 1—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—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 falters Amv. 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 the stands for a minute listening, spell-bound, concealed from those within by the dark might shadows. The doctor sees Olive, and it is found that in stretching out her hand to protect herself in Jarwin, you will bring a trouble on me, on us night-shadows.

OCTOBER 21, 1882

all, that you will regret during the remainde 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 gleom.

"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!"

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, ith her heart in her mouth. "I love him 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 wan, if a rather harsh one—he to have done this thing, and be amenable to law for it! 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 hur-

"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 dareu't permit you to stay

onger!"

"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 out-

side 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

CHAPTER IV.

TO THE RESCUE.

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

Thus speaks Geoffrey Wards. On leaving the library, be 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

"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 l''

"Quite enough, I should say!" is the scowl-g rejoinder. "If you desire that I shall add ing rejoinder. more, the suspicious disappearance of my daughter's jewels would 1 thought as much!

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

"A nice tone for a governess to adopt when A ing to her employer!" he sneers. "You'll speaking to her employer !" he sneers. leave this house to-motrow, 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

"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,

"I won't listen, then. You're an insolent fellow, Garthorne?" breaks in Mr. Warde, writhfully, "I'm not going to be bearded 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!"

over, "Sue is "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 matried 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. Gartherne"—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 villanous 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; "You shall hear! is the saves."
"and you shall have something more than you the hall rone. "! I bargained for !"-pulling at the bell-rope,intended to be merciful; but—— Sent 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 how 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 he 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," 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

" 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

"Who did, then?" gasps Wilfred, with preathless 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 helf 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 Geotfrey Warde's fearstricken 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, tlaring 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. Wards 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

"Ob, 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 en-

gine out a-playing on it; but they say there's not a chance."

Outside, a crowd is gathering doomed place. The folks from the country round come, at-

tracted 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 an-

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 volun Here's a ladder that'll reach the window!" Who'll volunteer?

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

Their lurid, forked tongues lick the stonefacings 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, deter-

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

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

There was no time to hesitate-to remon strate.

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 scorehing the walls, the floor ! There is no escape for him, he knows-unless

He comes to a door.

Closed! One mighty rush with his shoulder, and it ursts 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 muttled. 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 blanker

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 dark-

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 scorehing

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 fea-

"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. 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.

"I loved you, dear, before I knew it," she goes on dreamily almost. "It has been growing on me, and I have suffered terribly of late;

She raises herself, and presses her white, qui-

vering lips to his cheek. The smoke and heat are suffocating. He shifts their position up nearer the chim-

nev-stack It is but little better.

"Olive, darling, this is terrible!" he moaus. "If we could only have life together !" "I am even resigned to this, Wilfred, with you!" with a calm smile on her face that

haunts him long after. Suddenly, when their breath is drawn painfully, when they are waiting in mute agony for what shall happen, there comes a shouting from

It cannot be far off.

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-1 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 un-conscious, 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 gal-lant 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 re-compense enough."

LIFE IN OREGON:

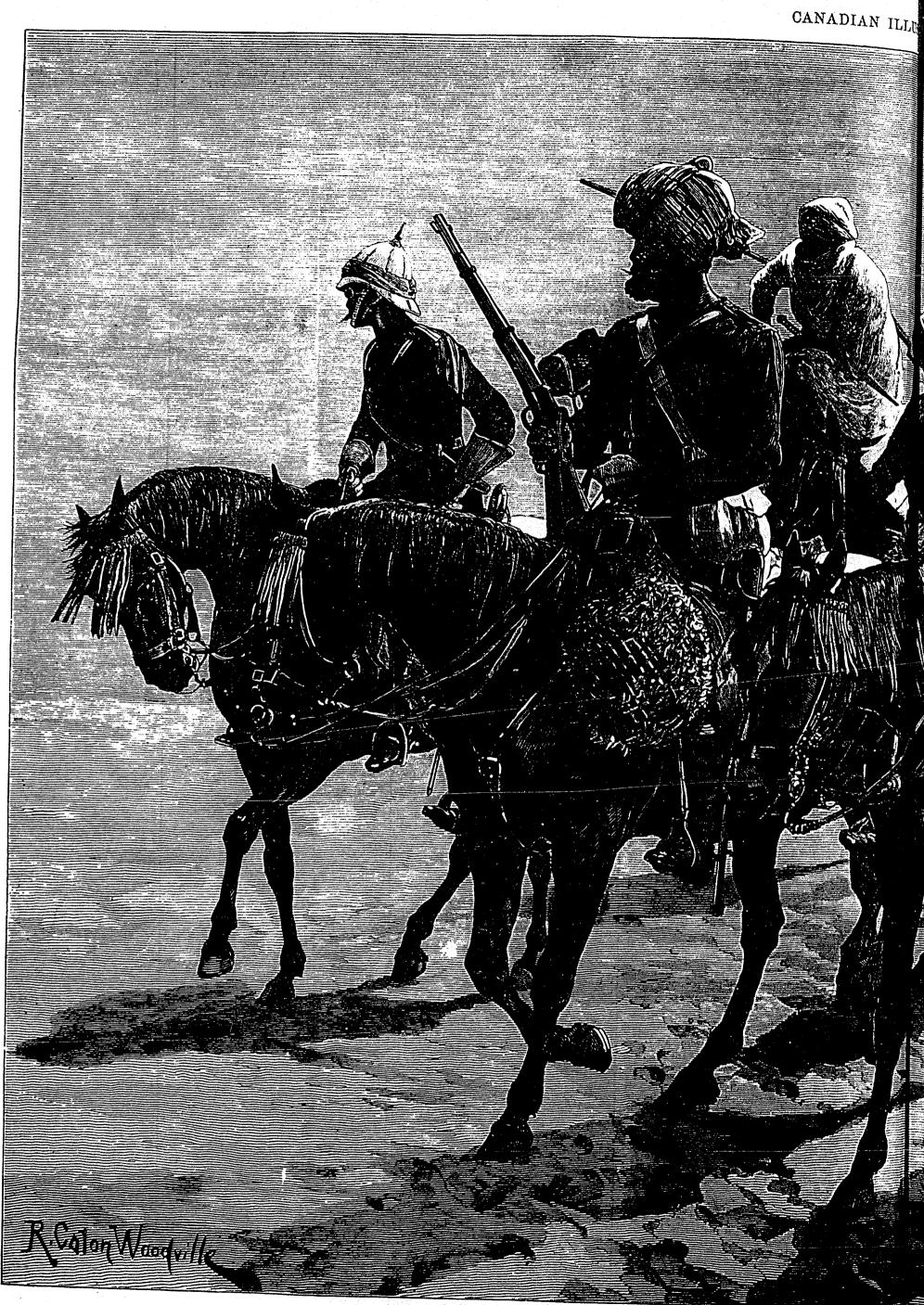
One day, Henry Bland and his wife, of Canyonville Precinct, went out into the mountains to look after the sheep. When about three miles from home his dogs got after a bear, and after a severe chase, succeeded in compelling the bear to climb a tree. About the time that Mr. Bland and his wife reached the 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 ritle, but dare not shoot for fear of killing the dogs. Now came the question, how to rescue the dogs! only two cart-ridges 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

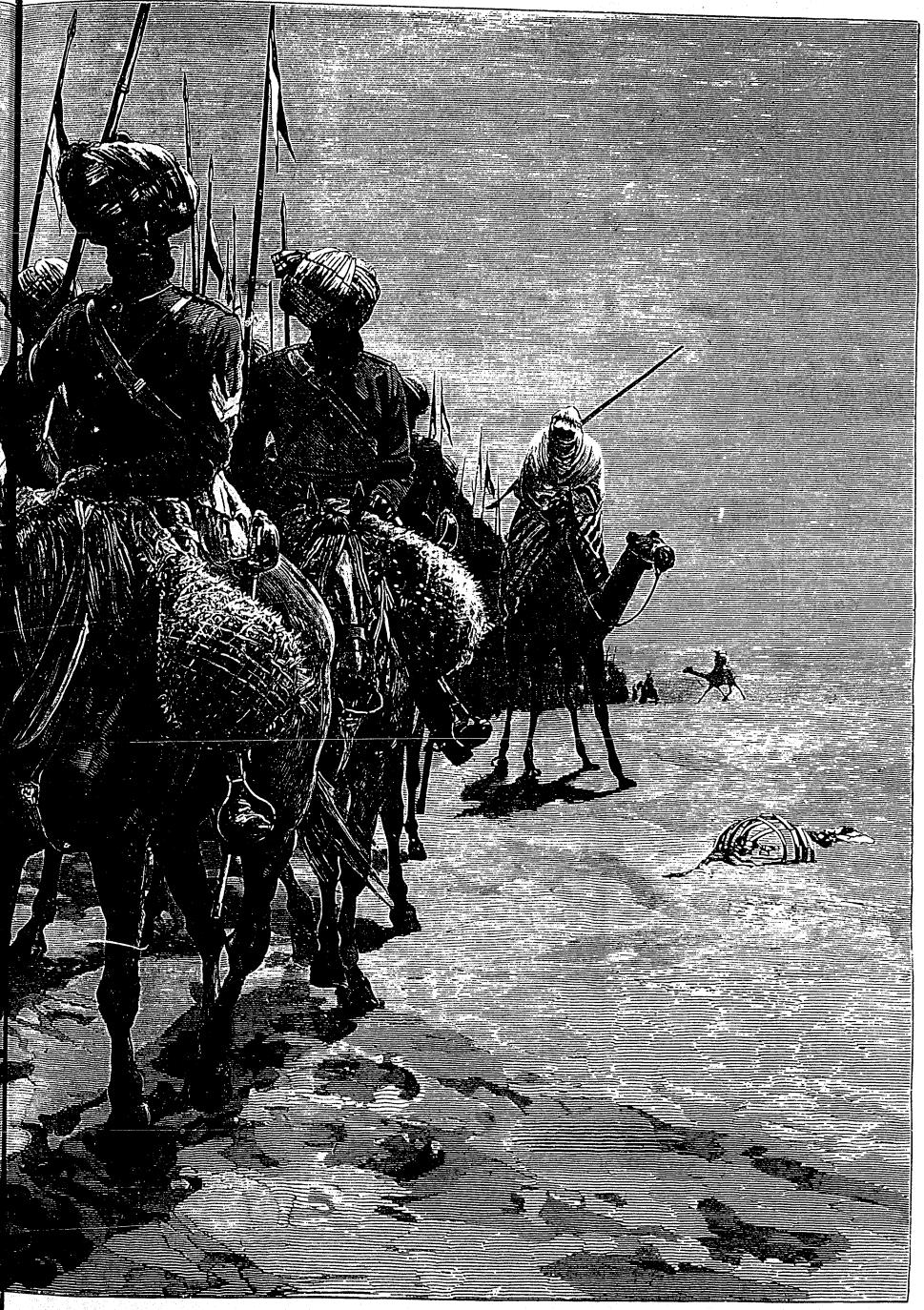
conflict was raging, guided by the growls and yelps of the dogs and bear.

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 was dark when Bland returned to 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 moun-With no fire, tains, this indomitable lady dared to hold at bay one of the most ferocious monsters of the

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 CAVAL



ALRY ON THE MARCH TO CAIRO.

PRETTY BIRD.

There is a small white gull frequenting the eastern bays and inlets of our Atlantic coast whose note seems a peculiarly clear and tender reiteration of the words "pretty bird, my pretty bird."

Pining early, piping late, To a dainty, graceful mate. With the brine upon his wing Poth a little white gull sing t refrain ever hear. "Pretty bird, my protty bird."

Through the rushes by the shore, on the gray rocks, old and hear, by a sparkling southern bay. Piping through the summer day: Or, when clouds hang low and dall. Calls that little white-wingedgull, As by human voice and word. Carty bird, my pretty bird."

Quickly to his side she flies. Quickly to mis sine one mes. Coyly to his call replies. Silvery feathers planned and dressed. Caddling close against his breast. Love's own echo softly stirred. Auswering thus, "my pretty bink."

A perfect day! no shadow on the sky.

Not e'en a fleck of silver on the blue:
These such a day, my love, that you and I
Were wandering shoreward when a white gull flew
Across our outlook to the far off sea.

And soon in piping roundelay was heard
Repeating the pet name thou dist given me.
The name I loved—"my pretty, pretty bird,"

Then came a real of laughter deep and full.

As thou dilst clasp my hard and whisper low,

"He is a wirsel, yonder wild sea gull.

Of wondrous power, methinks, who thus doth know
The name I'd coined to suit my fair, fair dove;

Hark! how the ripples of the air are stirred.

As mocking me, he tells his snow white love
the yonder rock, she is "a pretty bird."

And still we lingered on, till evening's bloom And still we tingered on, till evening's bloom.
Had finshed the foam along our pathway fluing.
Till on the droop of twilight's purple pluine.
The paran Night a silver crescent hing.
Still hand in hand we laughed and sains, while yet.
The weird, wild pipine of the rail was heard.
Wooing his mate. Ah, then we'll ne'er forget.
That fond refrain, "my pretty, pretty bird."

A perfect day! earth, sea and sky are fair.
But now my life is cold and sad sad dull;
I am alone, and from the gray rock there
He mocks my lonelines, that wizard gull!
Calling his white winged mate along the sho The tenderest sweetest name was ever heard. A name that I shall hear, oh nevermore, From thy less lips—"my pretty, pretty kird."

THE UNWILLING SACRIFICE.

"Arthur, you know that I love you, but I cannot disobey my father," said Gerirude Cope-

"But so long as he lives, my darling," replied the young man, "he will never consent to our marriage. He told me so himself when I asked him for your hand."

"It may seem hard now," observed Gertrude, "but, depend upon it, it will be best for us in the end."

"I cannot see it," exclaimed St. Leger. "I have a good position in the bank and expect a better one. I can offer you a good home and would make you a kind and loving husband."

"I believe all that, and more, Arthur," answered Gertrude, "but I cannot see into the future. My father has the experience of fifty years, and must be betterable to judge than my

self."
"Supposing, then, he should choose a hustand for you after his own heart," exclaimed St. Leger, "and say to you, 'Marry this man,' what then?"

"I should be very miserable." "But should you obey him !"

"I-I-I am afraid I should," hesitatingly replied the gir.

"Then you cannot love me, Gertrude," ex-

claimed Arthur, bitterly.

"But I do, Arthur. Should I be here now if I did not love you! And have I not promised to become your wife—when I can do so without

disobeying my father's express commands?"
"Oh, Gerty, Gerty!" cried St. Leger. "It is not your fault, I know, but you do not understand what true love is. You would sacrifice father, home, friends and everything for the one you loved."

"I do not understand it," replied Gertrude, with a puzzled manner. "I love you very dearly, and I do not think anything would make me happier than to become your wife—with my father's consent, of course."

Well, then, let us make a bargain." he said. "I will promise to wait forever if need be, and not to press you again to marry without your father's consent, if you on your part will promise

that you will not marry any one else?"
"I will never marry any one but you, Arthur,"

sobbed Gertrude, "unless—"
"Unless what ?" asked St. Leger.
"What am I to do If papa tells me to marry

somebody else!"

"Tell him that you love me; tell him that you will not forswear yourself; and if need be, tell the man whom he wishes to be your husband that you are engaged to somebody else," answered Arthur. "And if he be worthy of the

name of a man he will at once cease to persecute you and withdraw his attentions." Just then a voice proceeding from the cottage ran through the still night air. "Gertrude! Gertrude! Come here; I want

And these two were compelled to separate.

11.

5.12、1995年以外国际中国的特别的国际

When Gertrude entered the cottage she passed through the open French window into her father's study.

Mr. Copeland was seated in a large arm-chair, with a book upon his knee and an open letter in his hand.

He was a tall, bony man of from forty-eight to fifty, with a long, hard visage, gray eyes, grizzied board and whiskers, and a clean shaven

upper lip.

He looked at his daughter for a couple of minutes in silence, as though waiting for her to

speak.
"You called me, papa?" said Gertrude at

length. "I did, my dear," replied her father. "Who

were you talking to at the gate?"
"I was speaking to Arthur St. Leger," answered Gertrude. "You have not forbidden me

"Have I not! Then I do now," returned Mr. Copeland. "Take that chair," he continued, after a slight pause, as though to consider how to open the conversation; "I have something of importance to say to you."

Gertrude seated herself and waited for her

father to begin.

"Ever since the death of your mother," com-menced Mr. Copeland, "I have endeavoured, my dear Gertrude, to the best of my ability, to supply her place toward you. You have never, that I am aware of, gone without anything that it was in my power to provide for you. I have never spoken crossly or unkindly to you; have never even blamed you, unless it were for your own good; in fact, I have done my utmost to be a loving and affectionate father toward you.

"You have, papa," cried Gertrude, rising from her chair and kneeling at his feet. "You have been one of the best and kindest of

fathers.

"The time has now arrived, my dear child," continued Mr. Copeland, "when I want you to repay me for that affection and devotion which I have lavished on you for the last fifteen years by making a slight sacrifice-if it can be termed such -- in order to save me from ruin and destitu-

tion."
"Anything, dear papa," answered Gertrnde.
"Anything that lies in my power I will do for vou.

"That is right, my child," observed her father. "That is only what I expected from you. The fact of the matter is, we are ruined. I have seen it coming for some time, but have hoped against hope that something would happen to avert it. At length the blow has fallen, and if I have ten rounds in the world it is as much as !

"Why have you not spoken before, dear papa?" exclaimed Gertrude, rising as she spoke.
"I have the greater part of my last quarter's allowance up stairs, and there is my jewellery, which must be worth something. Take it all, papa; I shall never want it. Let me go and fetch it now."

"Sit down again, my dear," replied her father. "(If what use do you think your little articles of jewellery would be? Why, they would not even pay the year's rent that is over me for this cottage.

"What can I do, then, papa?" cried Ger-trude. "How can I help you?"

"Have a little patience, my child, and you shall hear," answered Mr. Copeland. "You understand that something must be done, or else I shall be cast upon the world in my old age, and probably have to finish my few remaining days in a parish union."

"Do not talk like that, papa!" exclaimed Gertrude. "Why, before that should happen I would work my fingers to the bone to keep

"I am glad to say that will not be required," replied her father. "There is a very much easier way of proving your love and gratitude to me, and of providing me with an asylum for my declining years."

"What is it, papa?" inquired Gertrude. "Do not think that I will shrink from it however menial or unpleasant it may seem.

"Do you remember, Mr. Tricket," asked Mr. Copeland, by way of answer, "who was six weeks with us last Christmas?"

"That ugly, fat old man, who used to make us laugh with his bad grammar and misplaced 'replied Gertrude.

"Do not speak of him in that manner, my dear," observed her father, gravely, "for he is the only friend I have left in the world !"

"Oh, papa! "It is true, Gertrude," continued Mr. Cope-land. "For some weeks I have been endeavoring to obtain assistance in every quarter, but in vain. People who are indebted to me, and whom I have assisted in my time, have either turned a deaf ear to my appeal or have made a paltry excuse. As a last resource I applied to Mr. Tricket, and he has consented to help on one condition.

"And that is?" answered Gertrude, faintly, as her father did not continue.

"That you will become his wife.

"Oh, papa, papa! I cannot!—I cannot!"
wailed the poor girl. "Remember, I love an-

"And for the sake of this puling boy-and-girl sentimentality," exclaimed Mr. Copeland, bitterly, "your father is to be sacrificed!"

"Ask me anything else, papa!"

dose of opium shall obviate all necessity of the parish taking care of me. And I will take good care to leave a memorandum behind that the father had been driven to suicide through the ungrateful and undutiful behaviour of his only daughter."

"Oh, paps, paps! do not talk in that man-ner," sobbed Gertrude. "Better that the sin should fall on me than on you; and if you contemplate such an awful thing as that I will con-

man with a satisfied expression of countenance; " and you will be able to retire to rest with the

consciousness of having done your duty."

"I suppose—there will be—no harm—in—in
my seeing Arthur to-morrow?" said Gertrude, hesitatingly.

"It will be better not, as you are now another man's affianced wife," answered her father. "Besides, we must leave here early in the morning. Read this letter and you will understand our movements.'

And he gave his daughter the letter he had been holding in his hand.

It was written in a memorandum form and enclosed in a blue envelope.

"From Samuel Tricket, General Agent, Mincing Lane.

"DEAR COPELAND, -- I received your favor of the thirteenth instant and shall be glad to let you have the money you require on certain conditions.

"When I was staying with you last Christmos I very much admired your daughter, and have been thinking since that she would make me an excellent wife.

If she will accept me as a husband, I shall be glad to lend you the five hundred pounds you

Presuming you accept my offer, I think it will be better for both parties (as I am very busy just now, and have but little time to spare) if you and your daughter will come up to town to-morrow.

" If you will telegraph to me I will engage rooms for you at the Lingham Hotel, and will be there to meet you in the ovening.

"Believe me to remain, dear C., your obedient Servant.

SAMUEL TRICKET."

Without a word Certrude handed the precious epistle back to her father, and with her handkerchief pressed to her lips to restrain the choking sobs that were ready to burst forth, quitted the room.

"Humph " soliloquized the old man, as he put the letter in his pocket. "It has gone off better than I thought it would. Anyhow, I shall get the money and she will get a rich husband."

Early next morning, Gertrude, pale and white, with a wild, hopeless look, but otherwise perfeetly quiet, accompanied her father to the station; and when Arthur St. Leger arrived at the little gate in the evening to keep his appointment, they were on their way to their hotel.

Upon their arrival they were immediately shown upstairs to the suite of rooms that had been engaged for them.

On entering the sitting-room, Gertrude beheld her future husband, seated near an open win-

He was reclining in an arm-chair, while his boots rested on another.

"Ah, Copeland," he exclaimed, holding out his hand, without rising; "so you have arrived at last, have ye? You've been long enough over it. I thought that, maybe, you'd been and gone and missed the train, or something of that sort.

"We are a little late, I believe," answered Copeland. "But it was not our fault, you must blame the railway company. Here is my daugh-ter, Gertrude, Mr. Tricket. Do you not remember her ?"

"Oh, ves. I remember her," replied Tricket, rising slowly as he spoke, and fixing his eyes upon our heroine. "I hope yer well." But Gertrude's breast was too full for speech.

and she could only bow.

The old man now approached her, and taking her hand, observed, "So you're going to be my wife, are ye! Well, ye know, ye might have made a worse bargain. I'm not much to look at, but I'm not a bad sort of man in my way so long as I'm treated properly. You needn't look scared. I 'spect we shall get on pretty well when we know one another better. All you'll

truth."

Then, turning to Mr. Copeland, he handed him an envelope, saying, "Here's the money, Copeland; and I've got some good news for yer. The Nagasaki Gold Mining Company that you held so many shares."

"I am sure you described work of art truth."

"And now, missy," said Tricket, his eyes gleaming with triumph, "I think in return for that I may fairly claim a kiss."

"I am sure you described." held so many shares in, and which you thought had ruined you, is going up again. I'll keep an eye on it for you, and let you know when to sell. And, now, how about the wedding-day? When shall it be?'

Mr. Copeland looked toward his daughter; but she was too much overcome with emotion to be

able to articulate. She could scarcely stand, and the room seemed going round and round with her.
"Hum-ha!-well," he replied, "suppose

we say this day six months ?"
"What?" exclaimed Mr. Tricket, derisively,

"Why in six mouths we may be all dead and

buried !"
"Well, then let us say three months !" sug-

gested Mr. Copeland.
"No, no; that is too long!" answered the other, "I'm too old to waste time in courting "Ask me anything else, paps:

"Then I am to be forced to end my days in a workhouse. But no! I will never come down to that! A loaded pistol, a sharp razor, or a time, which I can't. Let me see; what's to-

day! Thursday-yes; Thursday will do. 1 shan't be very busy; so we'll say this day fort.

night."

'Oh, Mr. Tricket," cried Copeland, quite scandalized, "that is very short notice!"

'Not a bit," answered Tricket. "Plenty of time, because it isn't as though we'd never seen one another before. So that's settled; and while I think of it, you needn't trouble yourself about the -what d'ye call it !- the outfit you sent to anything!" know. I know your banking account isn't very
"That's all settled, then," observed the old flourishing, so I'll order everything that's wanted. And now I'll be off. I shall drop in to-morrow night, and maybe if I've got time I'll take ye to the play. Good night!"
"Good night, Mr. Tricket," replied Cope-

land.

The expectant bridegroom now turned toward Gertrude

She was standing a short distance behind her

father, motionless and expressionless.

"Good night, my dear," said the old man, advancing toward her. "Give us a kiss before 1

Gertrude now seemed to suddenly awake, as though from a trance. Her eyes stared wildly at her future husband.

and a deep crimson color suffused her cheeks. She thought of the one whose arm had been around her only a short twenty-four hours pre-

She compared the two men-the one she had

lost and the one she had gained. Arthur's young, healthy visage, silky hair, and honest, hazel orbs, and this man's rough and bloated countenance, coarse, wiry, gray hair,

and small, steel-colored eyes.
He was just about to place his arm around her waist to draw her nearer to him, when Gertrude

nttered a shrick, and sprang away.
"No, no; I cannot—I cannot!" she cried. "Keep him away from me!"

And throwing herself upon the couch, she buried her face in the pillows

"What is the meaning of this nonsense, Gertrude " exclaimed Mr. Copeland, sternly. "Ger up immediately, and permit your future bushand to sainte you.'

"Not yet—not yet!" moaned Gertrude. "Spare me to-night, for mercy's sake!"
"She has not been very well lately," observed

Mr. Copeland, apologetically, turning to Tricket; "and no doubt the railway journey has tired

her."
"Humph! Perhaps it has," ejaculated the old man, somewhat doubtfully. "I hope she'll get over it by to-morrow: It's like this, yer see. I don't mind a certain amount of modesty in a girl—in fact, it's a good thing; but I call this too much of a good thing. Good night all."

And he abruptly quitted the room without further remark.

Mr. Copeland moved toward his daughter with the intention of reading her a lesson on the folly and wickedness of struggling against the inevi table, particularly when the inevitable included a husband as wealthy as Mr. Tricket.

But her grief and prostration were so evident, that he allowed her to retire to rest unreproved.

111.

The following evening Mr. Tricket called ac-

cording to his promise.

He was loaded with small parcels, while one one of the waiters carried an armful behind him.

As soon as the servant had quitted the room the old man commenced to unpack.

Lockets, rings, brooches, bracelets, chains, and trinkets of every description. The table was speedily covered with the costly presents that he had brought for his levely in-

"Now I've left the best of the lot for the last," he exclaimed, taking the paper off a handsome Russian leather casket. This cost me a hundred and ninety-five pounds, and well worth

the money, too.' Approaching Gertrude he opened the casket, and exposed a charming little watch with a blue enameled back, studded with pearls and

Human nature is weak, and Gertrude was only human.

The watch was such a beautiful work of art

"I am sure you deserve it," observed Mr. Copeland "for Gertrude has been wanting a watch for a long time, and that is one that any

lady might be proud of possessing."
The old man was stooping down to receive his expected reward, when Gertrude sprang in-

dignantly to her feet. Flinging the casket from her, she exclaimed, "Take back your watch, Mr. Tricket—take back all your presents! I will not be bought and sold in this manner! What do you think I am, that you imagine my kisses can be purchased by a watch?

For a short space Tricket gazed at her in si-

lence, as she stood in all her beauty.

Then, with a very peculiar expression on his features, he remarked, "I don't mean to offend you. Miss Gertrude, and if so be as you don't fancy kissing me just yet, why we'll let it bide we're married. It won't be very long to

Her father soon decided her, however.

"Gertrude," he exclaimed, in a harsh, hard voice, "Resume your seat! We do not require any mock heroics, so behave yourself if you please, or I shall have to do something that you will regret all your life. Do you understand

Gertrude did understand only too well, and with a heavy sigh reseated herself upon the

couch.
"That reminds me," observed Tricket, "I've got a box for the the a-tre, and I'd forgotten all about it. If you'll go and dress yourself, Miss Gertrude, I'll order a carriage, and we'll be just in time."

Gertrude would have much preferred to remain at home, and "nurse her sorrow" in solitude; but a half-threatening, half-appealing look from her father decided her, and she lett the room to attire herself.

When she reappeared, the gentlemen were ready and the brougham waiting.

"You may as well put on them gold bracelets, Miss Gertrude," remarked Tricket, "and that there diamond cross, too. That ran into five hundred pounds, and I'll lay there isn't a prettier one in the house to night."

"I would rather not thank you." Totalial

"I would rather not, thank you," replied

Gertrude, coldly.
"Gertrude," exclaimed her father, in a low

voice, "for my sake !"
Another heart-breaking sigh and the orna-

ments were adjusted. They were soon in the theatre and seated in the box Mr. Tricket had engaged.

They were playing a most exciting melodrama, but for all that our heroine saw nothing of the acting. It might just as well have been a "Punch and Judy" show on the stage.

Tricket made several remarks to induce her to enter into conversation, but she answered so at random that he gave it up and remained silent.

Upon their return to the hotel, Gertrude has tened to her own apartment, and when her father sent up to say that supper was waiting, she replied begging to be excused, as she had a bad headache and had retired to rest.

"That's cool!" exclaimed Mr. Tricket, upon the receipt of the message. "Your daughter is certainly a most peculiar young lady.

"She is not accustomed to late hours, you see," observed Copeland, apologetically, "and no doubt she's tired, and-

"Now you hold your tung," cried Tricket
you know very well it's nothing of the kind. The gal don't like me, and you know it. Bah!

you can't humbug me!"

"Really, I'm sorry you should think——"

"I don't think—I'm sure of it," interrupted
Tricket. "But I'm not going to cry off, for all Tricket. "But I'm not going to cry off, for all that. I've bought the gal, and I mean having her, whether she likes it or not. Same time, I don't like being made a fool of in this way; so ont the being made a tool of the this way, so p'r'aps you won't see me for three or four days. Still, I may drop in; so take care, and don't be out. Good night!"

"Dear me," exclaimed Mr. Copeland, to himself, as soon as the door was shut; "how very

unpleasant it is to have dealings with uneducated

persons!

And he helped himself to the remainder of the oysters, and emptied the bottle of Chablis-The next six days were, comparatively speaking, a time of happiness to Gertrude. She could indulge in her sorrow undisturbed and was not forced to endure the society of the man she had promised to marry and toward whom she was beginning to entertain a feeling of perfect ab-horrence. Her father disturbed her but little; in fact, she seldom saw him except at meal-

On the Thursday evening a short note arrived

from Tricket. Dear Copeland, -I shall be with you to morrow, at about two o'clock, to take your daughter to the Zoological Gardens. See that she is ready, as I don't like waiting. You need not come, as I want some private talk with Miss Gertrude. Yours, etc.,

SAMUEL TRICKET. "Now it's no good putting that face on. said her father, when he read the letter to Gertrude. "You'll have to go, and you'll have to be ready at two exactly. So remember, no sick headaches, or anything of that kind, it you

Gertrude was ready within ten minutes of the appointed time and found Mr. Tricket waiting

He seemed to have altered in his manner since she had last seen him. He appeared graver and more careful what he said; did not make any remarks upon her personal appearance, and was almost polite as he helped her into the carriage that was waiting to convey them to the Regent's Park.

Tricket seemed absorbed in his own reflections and Gertrude was too unhappy to do anything but contemplate her own wretchedness.

At length they entered the gardens, and without attempting to look at the animals, Mr. Tricket led the way toward a seeluded portion of the grounds.

When he discovered a seat sufficiently free

When he discovered a seat sufficiently free from observation, he exclaimed, "Now, Miss Gertrude, will yer sit down, becos I've go something to talk to yer about?"

As soon as they were seated, he continued:
"Now I'm a rough sort of man, and I never had no edication cept what I picked up myself; but at the same time, I ain't a fool. Consequently I couldn't well help noticing that you quently, I couldn't well help noticing that you don't seem to like me. Is that true?"

"It is true, Mr. Tricket," replied Gertrude.
"And it also struck me from the way you

went on, the first night you came to town with yer father, that you did like somebody else. Was I right there, too?"
"You were right," answered Gertrude, in a

low voice.

" Now what I want to know is, who is this somebody else and where does he live ?" Gertrude hesitated for a few moments, and

then, flushing up to her forehead, replied, in an almost inaudible voice, "His name is Arthur St. Leger, and he lives at Stoneham, near our

"And now one more question and tell me Why, in the name of goodness, if you loved this young feller, did you come up to town to marry me ?"

"Because my father threatened to do away with himself if he did not obtain the money you had promised him on condition of my consenting to marry you," answered our heroine, in a broken voice.

"So you agreed entirely to save your fa-

ther?"

" I did, wholly and solely for that reason. "Well, I'm glad you've told me the truth," observed Tricket, slowly, "because I took the trouble to go down to Stoneham to find out if

there was anybody there you were fond of."

"And did you see Arthur?" burst almost unconsciously from Gertrude's lips. "Was he

"I did see him," answered Tricket, with a peculiar smile, "and we had a long talk together. But before we speak about that, I want to know how we are going to settle this little business.

Gertrude did not reply, and he went on, "Yer see, we've got to begin all over agen, for when I asked you to marry me, I didn't know you cared for anybody else, so far as I can see, I must give yer back yer word, and start afresh." "But my father?" said Gertrude.

"Don't you fret about him; I've been looking after his business for him, and he's all right. Now the question is this—will you marry me, or will you stick to the other feller? Don't speak yet; hear what I've got to say. I've bought a house in Portland Place; it's furnished in the most expensive manner possible. I've bought a set of diamonds for you from the Countess of what's her name, which they tell me are second only to the Queen's. I've bought the finest pair of horses in London, and the prettiest pair of ponies in England, and if you like to marry me I'll promise yer that every wish you have that money will gratify you shall be indulged in. Now what do you say?" "Are you sure that my father is safe as re-

gards money matters !" On my word as a man, he is.

"Then, thanking you very kindly for the honor that you have done me, Mr. Tricket, I beg to decline.

And Gertrude looked handsomer and happier than she had done for weeks before.

"There's two of us, my gal, so take your choice," cried the old man. And his eyes glistened strangely as he spoke. "I've got heaps of money and the young feller you want to marry has none; is only a clerk. And 'spose he lost his berth, or the bank broke, where would you

"I would rather be Arthur St. Leger's wife if he were a beggar," exclaimed Gertrude, the color mounting to her cheeks, "than yours, Mr. Tricket, if you were King of England !

"Well, that's a flattering thing to say to a man, and no mistake!" observed Tricket, looking at her with admiration, "and I should like to have had yer for my wife. However, praps it's as well as it is, for my nefew will get a true and honest bride.

"Your nefew?" cried Gertrude, in amaze-

ment. "Yes. Didn't I tell you that Arthur St. Leger was my nefew?" answered Tricket; and a smile beamed over his face that made him quite good looking. Ah, I must have forgotten it. Never mind, my gal," he continued, after enjoying her confusion for a few moments. "I sha'n't forget it when yer married and if I can put in a good word with your father, I will. And now I think we'd better be getting home."

Whatever the arguments were that he used with Mr. Copeland, they were sufficiently powerful to obtain that gentleman's consent to the

marriage.

The wedding took place three months later, Mr. Tricket giving away the bride, and on their return home they found that he had kept his promise, for he had purchased and furnished for them one of the prettiest little houses in Stone-

And when a few months later the manager of the bank retired and Arthur received the ap-pointment, he had again to thank his uncle

The last time he was down at Love Lodgefor so he insisted upon christening Arthur's house - the old man was nursing one of the

THE costume for sporting ladies who go out shooting has now settled down into that of the male. There is no feminine reserve about the matter. Many choose to be young men of the matter. Many choose to be young men or the present day, while others dress themselves in the Breton peasants' costume, which is especially noted for its large breeches—that leave either a bare leg or a bare stocking between the breeches and the gaiter. The hair is cut short, and a low-crowned felt hat is worn.

IN THE YEAR 2,000.

I had enjoyed a fine passage in one of the new electric vessels, which performed voyages that had before occupied weeks, in a few days: while those which had taken days now were reckoned by hours. During part of the way we had traversed a dense fog but this made little or no difference in our speed as the electric lights are now so perfected as to be visible at a considerable distance through the thickest fog. And the chances of collision are of the slightest, each line having its distinct course both inwards and outwards, a score of miles to the north or south —or to the east or west, as the case may be—being of little consequence in time: the most direct routes being accorded the mail vessels which charge a higher rate of passage, freight vessels, and craft of an inferior class, having to put up with the outside, or less direct lines.

The object of my trip was to visit a newly es tablished agency of the Patent Marble Façade Co., in charge of the first consignment of 5,000 barrels, and a small staff of picked men who were to instruct the native workmen in the art of veining, an operation requiring considerable nice-ty and skill. White marble fronts were compa-ratively easy, but when veined marble was de-manded, wires of various thicknesses were introduced into the patent marble as it was laid on and withdrawn as soon as the substance had stiffened or set-the patent veining liquid being then forced by steam power into the orifices—a process somewhat similar to the injection of arteries in a dissecting room—and the liquid, permeating the still damp cement, gave the appearance when dry, of the most beautiful and delicate veining, which it was impossible to distinguish from the genuine stone.

I was received with great kindness by the family of the agent—a very old friend of my father—and soon became intimate with his son Frederick, an extremely fine young fellow; while was at once over head and ears in love with Angelica, his only daughter, a very beautiful, clever and amiable girl, who looked extremely picturesque in her "divided skirt" and the rest of her prettily designed, hygienic garments. On Sunday we all went to Advancement Hall

to hear a lecture on Religious Progress. The orator shewed how the religious views of men had progressed with their intelligence and civili-To the wild legends of savage nations, and the heathen mythologies, and the law of Moses, had succeeded the far more beautiful and emotional Christian creeds: the superstitions and pretty fables of which science had done latterly much to dispel. As lately as the beginning of the last century, he went on to state, many persons had still believed in a literal hell of fire and brimstone, and in a personal devil; although the preachers and teachers of those days were beginning to assure their hearers that the devil was merely the personified idea of the principle of evil—just as now public lecturers were beginning to teach that God was merely an impersonation of the principle of good; and that immorality of the soul—considered as spirit retaining individuality—was a myth. Think for a moment how about was the old idea of heaven; for if each coal retained its individuality and retained its individuality and retained its individuality and retained its individuality and retained its individuality. for if each soul retained its individuality and peculiarities, society there would have been no improvement on society here-whereas if the disembodied spirit retained no individuality, al idea of reward and punishment would fall through. Then is all Religion nonsense? No. for the true religion, the basis, the kernel, the nucleus of every religion divested of all poetry, and figure, and fable, was just this—a pure Life.

And the intelligence of man was such, aided by the glorious system of education now in vogue, that he was able to receive this simple truth and act upon it, without the bribe of promised glory, or the terrifying influences of impending punish ment—striving to do right for right's sake, and as a duty to himself individually and to the great brotherhood of men collectively-striving to reach and to point others to the highest in all things-in morals, in intellect, in affections, and in taste.

In the evening I took a stroll with Frederick We passed through Besant square ornamented by a statue, as he informed me, of a lady who was the authoress of a book, now more than a century old, which was much condemned at the time of issue, but afterwards became very popular, although, since the Board for the Survival of the Fittest was established by law, it occupied less attention. Presently we passed the offices of the said Board, a magnificent public building of enormous extent. Here all candi-dates for matrimony underwent an examination by competent surgeons, similar to that to which recruits are subject previous to enlistment-no marriage being allowed to take place until sanc-tioned by the Board, such sanction being only given where both contracting parties were pro-nounced positively found. The qualified exa-miners of the Board were both male and female -all female diseases being now attended to, in almost every case, by female practioners, for although the prejudice against them was nearly extinct, there was still, here and there, a woman who affected no confidence in her own sex and insisted on a male attendant. It was in agitation. said my companion, to increase the functions of the Board by empowering it to examine every child within a stated time after birth, and if it were found to be deformed, or of a weakly constitution, or otherwise blemished or diseased to order its painless destruction immediately. Further to empower the Board to deal in a similar manner with cases of imbecility, or hopeless infirmity, or any mortal and painful disease. sior arise. Gentlemen ma There are to be found persons who confidently on the alert and in time.

assert that these things will one day become law, said Frederick, though, for my part, I do not believe it, as, since only perfectly sound people are allowed to marry, it will soon be found unnecessary, since all disease must shortly be stamped out.

The time for my stay being somewhat restricted, I did not, it may be imagined, allow the grass to grow beneath my feet in "making the running" with Angelica. And the dear girl shewed the most encouraging signs of the best disposition to my suit—although I feared the verdict of the F. S. B. as I was concious that one of my legs was slightly shorter than the other, the difference not, however, being perceptible to the casual observer, the longer leg having slightly bowed itself in accommodation to its fellow, and being further blemished by variouse veins. Nevertheless, I collected my courage to speak out to my darling before I left. Her response was all that I could wish. But, as she lay clasped to my heart, she asked if I were aware of all the difficulties in the way of our union. For, she said, according to our laws, if one of our girls or young men marry an alien and live abroad, any fortune he or she may possess, or which may hereafter be left them, is confiscatedthere being no objection to sound, healthy people and their wealth being imported, but every objection to their leaving —that is some-thing like it, but I have no doubt, if you speak to Papa about me, he will put it all before you very forcibly. This, of course, was an additions al difficulty, but I hoped not an unsurmountable one. I telegraphed the old people—there was a private telegraph in every business house and most private houses—to tell me at once to try and persuade Frederick and his sister if possible, to came over and stay awhile; and I set Angeli-ca to conjure Frederick to go, and to beg permis-sion to accompany him—assured that did the old folk once set eyes on her, they would approve my choice, and become my partisans. We are not so advanced at home, I said, and shall find no obstacles to our union. "Oh! Angelica," I cried, "I feel certain of success if you will only be true! You will stick to me, my darling, won't

Scarcely were the words uttered when I became conscious of a sharp pain in my ear, while a violent tremor shook my body. "O yes! I'll stick to you till you come to your senses," cried the voice of my wife. "Pray, Sir, who is your darling Angelica? Was it in her company that you were till half past one this morning, instead of at your club? And here is that urchin from the NEWS, to say you never sent the copy you promised!"
"Peace, Woman!" I cried, with that fine as-

sumption of martial dignity that always subdues
Mrs. Tomkins. "Wrap a damp towel round my head, and give me my writing pad. Providence has sent me a dream which will soon supply the

required copy."

Nothing was heard in the room during the next twenty minutes, but my hurrying pen—at the end of which time both Mrs. T. and the printer's devil were appeased.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

London, September 30.

A MARRIAGE is arranged between two ancient families of Picardy and Artois, whose houses date from the twelfth century. The contracting parties are Mdlle. Eugenie de Beaulamcourt and M. Stephane de Thezy.

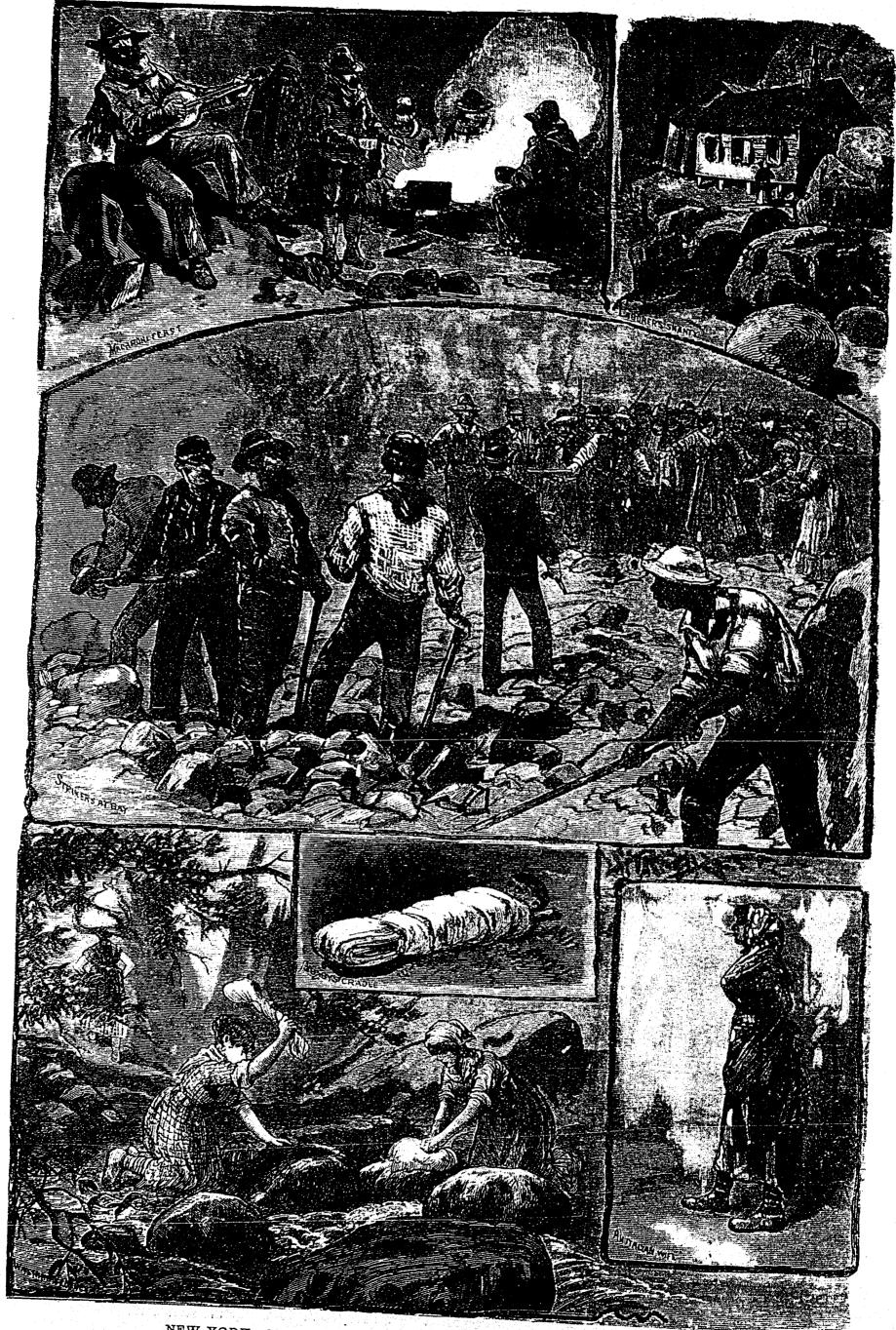
An exaggerated idea of the Sou wealth of France has been given by some papers, which said it was twenty millions sterling. The paragraph has received official contradiction, and has reduced the amount to two millions and a-half sterling.

THE fate of Coquelin, the distinguished actor, was nearly decided the other day; his horse lowered his head and elevated his tail and hind legs, resulting, as the animal hoped, in the de-positing of the rider on the ground. He hurt his wrist, and will have to keep himself quiet for some days to come to cure the shaking.

A curious kind of fraud has been practised by some travelling Americans. They have been passing bills, which on close examination turn out to be half genuine and half counterfeit. A number of genuine bills have been cut in two for the purpose of passing off an equal number of counterfeit ones having the two halves cleverly pasted together.

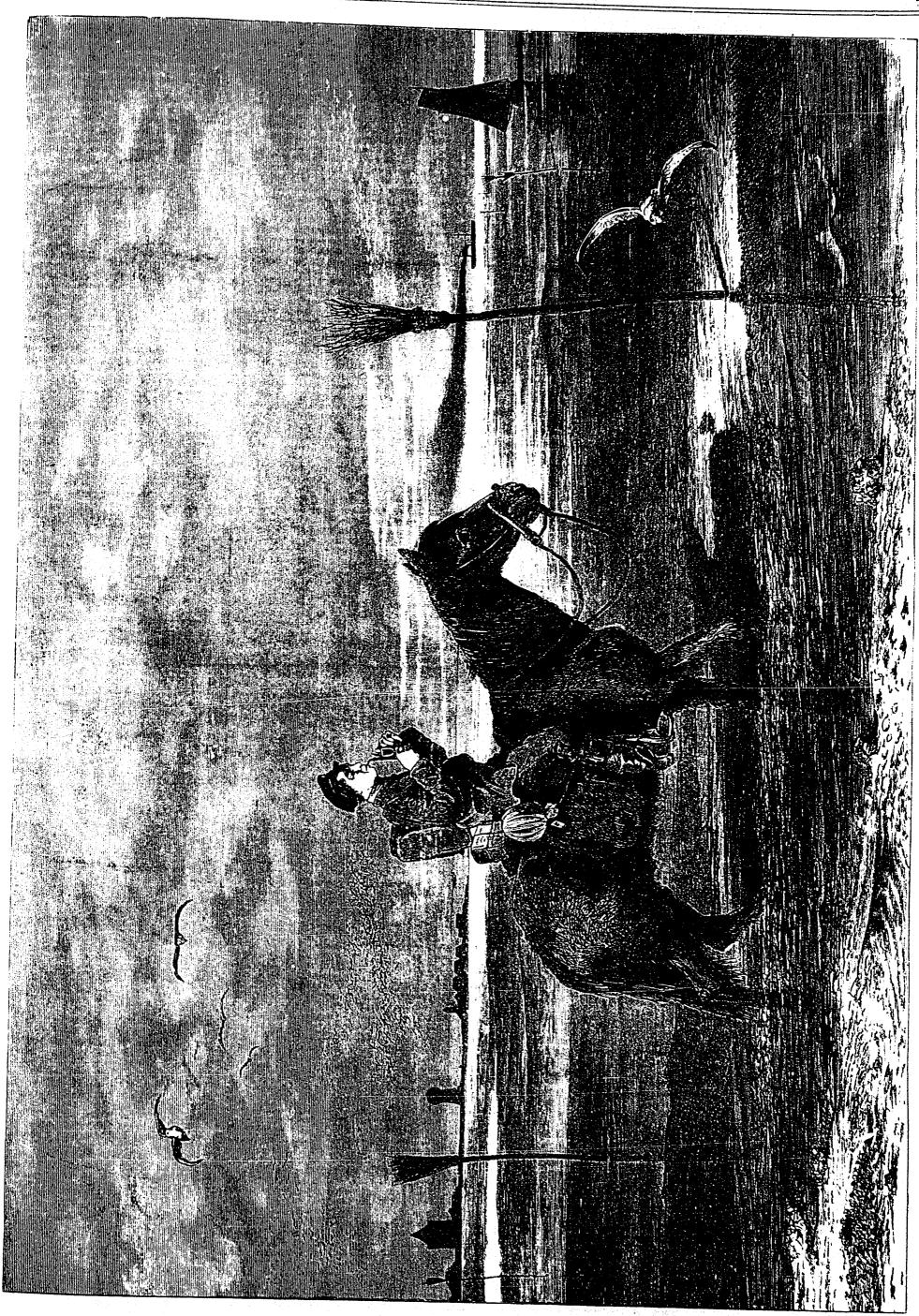
A DROLL incident occurred in the Rue Descartes. An itinerant vendor bawled about : "The art of correcting and keeping women is order for two sons. Buy, buy, buy!" Some men invested their two sous, but presently the vendor was surrounded by women, who showed him the art of correcting men, by administering to him a severe drubbing.

WHAT are we to expect when the piece of M. Alexis Bouvier sees the light of the stage, as it has been subjected to a considerable amount of nas been subjected so a considerable amount of cutting out by the Censor before he would be it go through! It is called La Dame au Domaino Rose. Visions of the Pink Dominoes in Excelsior arise. Gentlemen managers in London be



NEW YORK.—ITALIAN LABOR ON THE WEST SHORE RAILROAD, NEAR NEWBURGH.





OAUGHT AT LAST.

The devil sat by the river-side;
The stream of time, where you'll always find him,
Casting his line in the rushing tide.
And landing the fish on the bank behind him.

He sat at ease in a cozy nook,
And was filling his basket very fast,
While you might have seen that his deadly hook
Was differently baited for every cast.

He caught 'em as fast as a man could count— Little or big it was all the same. One was a check for a round amount; An Assemblyman nabbed it, and out he came.

He took a gem that as Saturn shone; It sank in the water without a sound, And caught a woman who long was known As the best and purest for miles around,

Sometimes he would laugh and sometimes sing, For better luck no one could wish; And he seemed to know to a dead sure thing The bait best suited to every fish.

Quoth Satan: "The fish is rare and fine!"
And he took a drink somewhat enthused;
And yet a parson swam around the line
That e'en most tempting of baits refused.

He tried with his gold and his flashing gems; Hung fame and fortune on the line, Dressing gown with embroidered hems, But still the dominie made no sign.

A woman's garter went on the hook;
"I have him at last," quoth the devil, brightening.
Then Satan's sides with laughter shook,
And he landed the preacher as quick as lightning.

THE LATE DR. PUSEY.

When the history, in its widest sense, of the when the fistory, in its widest sense, of the English people in the nineteenth century comes to be written, two movements, important in themselves and in their consequences, will appear of paramount importance, viz., the Disruption in the Scotch and the Oxford movement in the English Church. The interest of the latter gathers round the three names of Newman, Keble and Pusey, of whom only the first and the greatest is now left. The death of Dr. Pusey occurred on Sept. 16th. Born of a noble family in the year 1800, Edward Bouverie Pusey was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. Shortly after graduating with high honors in classics in 1822, he was elected to a fellowship at Oriel College, to which body belonged also his two subsequently famous associates. as 1828 he was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew, an office to which a canonry in the Cathedral is attached. By accepting this post he severed his connection with Oriel College and became again a member of his original college. In this position he continued for the fifty-three years that have since elapsed, and though hardly taking rank with the great Semitic scholars of our times, his learning and zeal threw lustre

upon his tenure of the professorship.

Dr. Pussy had already distinguished himself as an author by his "Historical Inquiry into the Probable Causes of the Rational Character lately predominant in the Theology of Germany," the first part of which appeared in 1820, and his activity as a writer only ceased with his death. But what brought his name prominently before the world, and will cause it to live long in the annals of England, was his connection with the great movement which started in 1833. Many causes combined to bring about this reform, such as the threatening aspect of the State, the progress of rational theology, and the inert condition of the church. In a Historical Pre-face written by Dr. Pusey in 1865 for a republi-cation of the celebrated "Tract 90", he thus defines the position of the authors of the Tracts:—
"We had all been educated in a traditional system which had practically imported into the system which had practically imported into the Articles a good many principles which were not contained in them nor suggested by them, yet which were habitually identified with them. The writers of 'The Tracts for the Times,' as they became more acquainted with Antiquity and the Fathers, gradually and independently of one another laid these aside.... We proposed no system to ourselves, but laid aside, piece by piece, the system of ultra-Protestant interpretation, which had encrusted round the Articles." In which had encrusted round the Articles." short the policy of the Oxford Reformers, like that of Pius IX in later years, was to take higher grounds, to put forward more excessive claims, in opposition to Rationalistic and Sectarian ag-gression. The beginning of the movement has been traced to John Keble's Summer Assize Sermon at Oxford in 1833, published with the title of "National Apostasy." I have already given Pusey's subsequent account of the views of the writers of the Tracts for the Times. It is interesting to compare this with the following extract from a letter by Keble to a correspondent. "Some of my friends at Oxford," he writes, "persons worthy of much confidence, are wishing for a kind of association, to circulate right no-tions on Apostolical Succession, and also for the defence of the Prayer Book against any sort of profaue innovation, which seems too likely to be attempted." This was written in the year 1833, when the movement was in its inception. As when the movement was in its inception. As yet Dr. Pusey had taken no part in it. Yet it was his name that gave it its importance in the eyes of the world, it was his influence that kept it within the channel of the Established Church when the tendency seemed to be in favour of absorution by Rome. Hence though a recluse and student, without abilities for publicity or for organization, the popular instinct conferred his name rather than that of the talented Newman upon the school.

Cardinal Newman in his "Apologia" gives us the following account of Pusey's joining the cause, from which we can gather a picture of the man himself, as he appeared in those days:—"I had known him well since 1827.8, and had felt for him an enthusiastic admiration. I used to call him ho megas (the great). His great learning, his immense diligence, his scholarlike mind, his simple devotion to the cause of religion, overcame me; and great of course was my joy, when in the last days of 1833 he showed a disposition to make common cause with us. His Tract on Fasting appeared as one of the series with the date of December 21. He was not, however, I think, fully associated in the movement till 1835 and 1836, when he published his Tract on Baptism, and started the Library of the Fathers. He at once gave us a position and a name. Without him we should have had no chance, especially at the early date of 1834, of making any serious resistance to the Liberal aggression. But Dr. Pusey was a Professor and Canon of Christ Church; he had a vast influence in consequence of his deep religious seriousness, the munificence of his charities, his Professor ship, his family connections, and his easy relations with University authorities. He was to the movement all that Mr. Rose might have been, with that indispensable addition, which was wanting to Mr. Rose, the intimate friendship and the familiar daily society of the persons who had commenced it. And he had that special claim on their attachment, which lies in the living presence of a faithful and loyal affectionateness. There was henceforth a man who could be the head and centre of the zealous people in every part of the country, who were adopting the new opinions; and not only so, but there was one who furnished the movement with a front to the world, and gained for it a recognition from other parties in the University. In 1829 Mr. Froude, or Mr. R. Wilberforce, or Mr. Newman, were but individuals, and, when they ranged themselves in the contest of that year, the great Oxford election, on the side of Sir Robert Inglis, men on either side only asked with surprise how they got there, and attached no significance to the fact; but Dr. Pusey was, to use a common expression, a host in himself: he he was able to give a name, a form, and a personality to what was without him a sort of mob; and when various parties had to meet together resist the liberal acts of the Government, we of the Movement took our place by right among them. Such was the benefit which he conferred on the Movement externally, nor was the internal advantage at all inferior to it. He was a man of large designs; he had a hopeful, sanguine mind; he had no fear of others; he was haunted by no intellectual perplexities... If confidence in his position is (as it is) a first essential in the leader of a party, Dr. Pusey had it. The most remarkable instance of this, was his statement, in one of his subsequent defences of the Movement, when too it had advanced a considerable way in the direction of Rome, that among its hopeful peculiarities was its stationa-riness. He made it in good faith; it was his subjective view of it.'

In trying to get a clear view of Dr. Pusey, the first thing that we must do, is to recognize that, in whatever ways we may differ from him, he was one of the greatest Churchmen of the present century, great in his manhood of controversy, great too, when in advanced old age his voice of otest was raised in trembling accents from the University pulpit against German infidelity. Addressing the congregation of undergraduates as "My sons!" he would tell them how he had tasted of the polluted stream till his blood ran cold. Against science and the modern antagonists of Christianity his voice was not heard. His gaze was turned to the old battle field in which he had fought in youth and he reminded his hearers of the Laureste's description of King Arthur effect the last great battle, when Arthur after the last great battle, when

"the tide
Rose, and the pale Kingglanced across the field
Of battle; but no man was moving there;
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave
Brake in among dead faces."

Recognizing his greatness Dr. Newman thus addressed him years afterwards, when their paths had parted and Dr. Pusey had published his "Eirenicon": "you are not a mere indivi-dual; from early youth you have devoted your-to the Established Church, and, after between 40 and 50 years of unremitting labour in its service, your roots and branches stretch out through every portion of its large territory. You, more than any one else alive, have been the present and untiring agent by whom a great work has been effected in it." If we wish to grasp Pusey's greatness, we should try to estimate his work. Let us first hear the Danil'- 13 et us first hear the Devil's Advocate, no weak voice, but one that had stirred England to its hearts' core :-- "Of Puseyism-O Heavens, what shall we say of Puseyism, in comparison to Twelfth Century Catholiciam?" writes Carlyle in Past and Present, "Little or nothing; for indeed it is a matter to strike one dnmb.

The Builder of this Universe was wise, He plann'd all souls, all systems, planets, particles: The plan He shap'd all Worlds and Æons by, Was — Heavens! — Was thy small Nine and-thirty [Articles.

That certain human souls, living on this practical earth, should think to save themselves and a ruined world by noisy theoretic demonstrations and laudation of the Church, instead of some unnoisy, unconscious, but practical total heart-andsoul demonstration of a Church: this, in the circle of revolving ages, this was a thing we were to see." Yet could not Carlyle see that, in acting as

they did, Pusey and his followers were doing the work that lay nearest to their hand? The object of the Oxford movement was to raise the Church of England from its apathy and dull acquiesor England from its apathy and duli scalines-cence, from its perfunctory discharge of duties, and to quicken her spirit, to arouse her to living work. Though the movement by provoking fresh opposition from Free-thought proved abortive in many ways, who will dare to say the condition of the church as a whole has not been bettered by it, that there has not been through out the Church of England a higher spirit at work since the famous movement began?

Of Dr. Pusey's special work in this movement the following account by Mr. G. A. Simcox was contributed to the Academy: "He had lived with the fathers till he had become as one of them. In his later sermons especially he reproduced them largely; and, as a rule, the extracts gained in their new setting. And all his au-thority was brought to bear upon the tenderest points; others were the theorists of providence and authority and schism and self-discipline; he was the preacher of the sacraments, of repen tance and devotion. In all things he had much of the nature of a chieftain, and not least in this, that he was always ready to defend those who applied his principles consistently; even when he might have thought the application indiscreet or premature he never saved himself by saying so." Of his life and work in other ways the same writer speaks as follows:— "His generosity to the weak was of a piece

with his veneration for the poor, which was so deep and genuine that it preserved him more completely than any other great ecclesiastic of the nineteenth century from political partizanship; he never sought to make capital out of either the fears or the hopes which the advance of democracy excites. The piquant denunciations of luxury in the sermon on 'Our Pharisaism' have no partizan flavour; the aristocracies which have lasted longest have lived under written or unwritten sumptuary laws. If he wasted neither strength nor thought upon parliamentary politics, he was too powerful in Oxford to keep aloof from university politics.

In these his attitude was that of a very determined and very enlightened Conservative. He was prepared from the first for all changes by which his principles had nothing to lose—such, for instance as the specialisation of study during the latter part of the academical course : and he resisted to the last changes, however inevitable, like the abolition of tests, which could not but be unfavourable to his principles.

As a preacher, Pusey's eminence was due part ly to his personnel, partly to his learning, but was also due in part to the provision of nature. Those who heard him in later years, heard but the echo of his former self. "Pusey's voice," writes Mozley in his lately published Reminiscences, "might want music and flexibility, but, whatever the cause, it was a powerful engine."
His style is often obscure, often quaint and scholastic, rarely what we should call eloquent, never rhetorical. We will give a few extracts from some of his best sermons as specimens of a once famous preacher. As we read the following passage from his Sermon on the Day of Judgment, preached in the year 1839, we seem to be, as indeed we are, listening to one of a different cast of thought, to one living among different surroundings, with different aims and different modes of viewing life: "We are living in the ruins of a lost world. They who escape, escape, like Lot, out of the midst of the overthrow, out of the flames of God's wrath, wherein, 'the earth, and the works that are therein shall be burned up.' The Church into which we have been for the time brought, is but an Ark, wherein we have taken refuge from the destroying flood of fire. . Of those who have been so (by baptism) brought in, and are now walking in the narrow path which leadeth unto life, all, most probably, would have wandered from it, but that they were hedged round by the lightnings and thunders and the blackness of God's wrath which threatened them, and so durst not leave it; most, it is to be feared, once left it, more or se, and those who are now in it, have struck back again, some sooner, some later, scared into obedience by the fear of hell."

lmagine the following quaint piece of reasoning addressed to a modern congregation: "God forecometh us in all things. As the beginning of our being was from Him, so from Him also is our recreation in Christ. Our own free will, as we now, since the fall, have it by nature, floats and sways, between good and evil, weak towards good, overmastered by evil," or the following reminding us strongly of the eighteenth century: "But since the existence of evil in the works of God, is wholly beyond reason, and yet we must believe in the infinite love and goodness of our God, although we cannot in the least understand, why He who is all-good should have created that which He knew would become then it were against reason to require as a condition of our belief, that we should understand anything bound up with the existence of that evil. Since we are wholly ignorant about the whole, it were childish to insist that we should fully understand a part." These fragments of a mighty voice will illustrate the prople to whom he spoke, the feelings and aspira-tions to which his preaching was addressed.

In parting from Dr. Pusey, we feel that we are parting from one whose greatness and goodness contributed in no small degree to foster what is great and good in religion at the present day. We may not now regard as essential all that he did; but what we feel to be most essential in religion, he revered and fostered. As a man, he was a tender husband, an affectionate vices in the Egyptian war.

father. He had long outlived any personal hostility which his polemical attitude attracted, and has passed away, recognized by all as one who played a remarkable part in the spiritual movement of our time, and who must always stand forward as a conspicuous form in ecclesiastical history. After all the most attractive part of the man was his passionate love towards his early personal friends, between whom a ten-derness and depth of affection existed that, combined with his deep humilit vand personal piety, reminds us of saintly figures in the past, like Anselm and Andrews, with whom in the eyes of an age "beyond these voices," he, with Keble and Newman will doubtless be classed.

R. W. BOODLE.

MY TEMPTATION.

BY A POOR MAN.

There are those who (themselves altogether above wonder at the "shocking depravity" of the poor) feel a thrill of pious horror at the idea of a man who pleads poverty as an excuse for dishonesty, and who would not hesitate to affirm that they would die of starvation before they could commit so great a sin as to appropriate to themselves anything which they might not call their own. Ah! how little can they imagine the feelings of one who has nothing which he can call his own, save the loved ones who are perishing with him.

Let such stern moralists (lolling back in their arm-chairs over their wine after dinner) read

my simple story:—
I am a laboring man—my hand is hard and rough; but if suffering could render me callous, my heart would be harder still.

In the beginning of the winter, a year or two back, I had saved about five pounds towards our support during the most severe weather—my work being of a description that could not be proceeded with in frost. I had then three children, and Mary (my wife) was shortly about to give birth to another.

The season advanced—work began to slacken,

but there were still many days on which I could work, and we managed to live without touching my little hoard—little indeed—but I had been a long time in saving it!

At last my wife was confined, and five days afterwards a sharp long frost set in. Poor Mary was very ill—dangerously ill; and before the doctors left her I had to pay them two guineas, and they told me that Mary must have warm, good clothing, and good food.
She had both while my money lasted; when it

failed, the frost had not broken up.

I contrived to get a few occasional jobs, but I only knew one business, and that I could not

I applied to my master to advance me a little money; but he had five hundred workmen in his employ, and four out of every five had made the same application—he refused.

We went to the pawnbroker next; but we had very little to pledge except our clothes, and they went fast, for my chance work was a mere trifle.

trifle.

I could not have held out so long, but for Mary; she was always so cheerful, that I was ashamed to show myself less patient than she was; and when she gave me potators for dinner, and no supper, she looked so mild and gentle that I could not complain.

But my baby was weak and ill, poor creature! The fountains whence it should have drawn its food were almost dried up by pain and hunger, and secret sorrow.

Mary had been out one day, and had asked me to stay and take care of the children. We had been eighteen hours without food. When she returned she had a little money in her

"James," said she, in her gentle voice,
"don't be angry, I've sold something belonging
to you—something which I think you were found

"Something of mine!"

"Yes—promise me not to be angry."
I never could have been angry with her, and was too glad to see the money not to give

such a promise readily. She took off her bonnet (it was a very old one)—she had cut off all her beautiful hair!

Angry! with her / We were sitting at the window—the children

were in bed; the frost had now continued nearly two months, and we were starving; we had not spoken for a long time.

"Mary," said I, "I have always borne a good character, and I am loth to lose it, but my mind it made and I must either starve or steel."

s made up, I must either starve or steal.'
She tried to reason with me at first, but I was maddened at the sight of her pale, suffering face, and I was dreadfully hungry. I would not

listen to her.
"James," said she at length, "I declare to you most solemnly that hungry and ill as I am, and much as I grieve to see the children's thin faces, neither they nor I shall touch a morsel of bread that is not honestly come by—and God give me strength to keep my word!"

I sat down again in my chair-we had no food that night.

The next day the frost broke up.

SIR BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR, G.C.B., is personally unwilling to accept the peerage which has been offered to him as a reward for his ser-

CLCSING.

THE EXILE'S VADEMECUM.

BY NED P. MAH.

Often sitting, blase, lonely,
Single, wretched, solaced only
By my pipe:
Vainly striving to sleep snugly,
Tired of reading, cramped up, ugly
(forman type,
Watching lazily the wind blow
Through the tree before my window
Till I'm sick.
Watching horses shod close by at
The smithy, standing benetty quiet;
Wish they'd kick!
Album small at last I take up.
And a host of memories rake up
From of yore,
Till the sun-reflected faces
Seem instinct with living traces
More and more.
Thus, unlocking memory's treasures.
Olden seemes of social pleasures
Olden seemes of social pleasures
Olden seemes of social pleasures
Ond I, lost in happy musing,
On old days, leave off abusing
Time's slow flight.

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. These difficulties are, naturally, far greater in a small place where there is not a sufficient number of really musical people as anxious as their leader to keep their society going as it should go. With earnest workers, fair voices, and a good leader, a musical society is a pleasure to all connected with it. But this is a rare combination. Here let me say a few words about musical conductors.
Granted good material—the leader should be fully able to keep his society together-if he cannot hold his own he is quite unfit for his post. Leadership is not learnt in a day, and it also requires some natural aptitude which all musicians do not possess, even though they may be very good solo teachers. If, on the other hand, members will not attend practices punc-tually, will not listen to musical direction, or otherwise help on their society by every means in their power, they are unfit to become members, and I defy any leader, however earnest and competent, to keep a society in order, so long as such people remain in it.

In many places, as everyone knows, musical societies are kept up with much ability and proise worthy 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. There must be but one head, not to be interfered with in any particular. People of the most amiable qualities -lovers of music too-will often contrive to upset the equilibrium of a musical society by irregular attendance. Suggestions which are not wanted, forgetfulness, and a dozen other aggravating ways, which are enough to also upset the equilibrium of their

unhappy leader's brain. I know of societies where the rule was that if mny member was twice absent from practice (without, of course, undeniably good reason) his or her name must be struck off the list. A very good rule, this, only, it was never carried out. Some came on one evening, others on the mat, half of each portion, perhaps, on the third, and so on, until when the time arrived for a grand concert. The whole number had met for about two rehearsals. What can any one do with a society like that—save let it drop? This one diddrop, and so must all others managed in like manner.

The same with church choirs; there are genendly 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. When these self-satisfied ones do come, sometimes, they pay no attention to the numbers of the hymns, chants, etc. Resuit—an unsecurly whispering at the Sanday service. "Which chant?" "Oh! please, Mr. B--, give me the number of the hyun." "Dear me, I've forgotten the title of the anthem?" Whisper-whisper-ad infinitum. Now, these choir members are simply an annoyance to the er members who come in nd those oth good faith, willing to learn and willing to help

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 compatent 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. I am sorry to say that I sometimes come across instances where the leaders are apt to think of the position and influence of people rather than of their musical capacity. This is sometimes almost forced upon a conductor most unfairly. Perhaps a young man is just struggling into a good counexion as a teacher, in some small town. He, very naturally, wishes to be on good terms with the leading people (so called). If the wealthy Miss Screecher will imagine she can sing high B with ease, when she can't even drag up to G in tune, and thus hold herself capable of attacking the highest soprano solos—what is the poor young fellow to do-when he knows that to refuse is to deprive himself of Miss Screecher—of the unfathormable purso—as a pupil? How, too, about his remaining the organist of St. Bullion's Church, or the leader of

the "Crossus 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 be-lieving that Sant'ey, Formes, 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 rolo soprano passage approaches which inevnably cracks Miss Skyhigh's head notes. How he almost audibly groans at the advent of that solemn sustained "deep, deep C," into which the local basso Mr. O'Gruffin plunges and then wildly endeavours to rush ashore upon the octave C, tumbling ignominiously instead, into some surf note nearly a semitone below! How he is prepared with a deadly outward calm for the final throaty shout of young Bawler, the favorite tenor, and the dismal veiled between groun and howl, whooped forth by the very ample Mrs. Pillough Lucey, (whose husband is of the opulent firm of Lacey and Braide,) and who is said to possess the finest contralto voice (amateur?) for miles

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

I give a few parting injunctions—gratis to intending members of musical societies or choirs. If you have confidence in your leader—abide his laws. If you have no confidence in him ... don't join. To the leaders-begin head -go on head-finish (if you must finish) HEAD.-GRET-

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Leustrateo News, Montreal.

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

J.W.S., Montreal,-Papers to hand. Thanks. Solutions to Problems Nes, 489 and 422 received Both correct.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Chees 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.

Thering the leaf paragon, the order two countries is not neglected in Canada.

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 class club of that city, and the telegraphic match between the same players and the members of the Toronto Cluis. This confest immediately followed the Congress of the Association.

This contest immeniately followed the Congress of the Association.

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 Taronto Chess Club. We congranulate the members on their report of the preceedings of that year, and i ave no don't they will do their utmost to maintain their present efficient condition during the season just commenced.

TORONTO CHESS CLUB.

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; Anditor, W. M. Stark. Managing Committee—W. A. Little-john, C. W. Phillips, H. J. Coleman, Match Committee J. H. Gordon, H. J. Rose, H. Northeote. 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 15, 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. liwight for free use of the telegraph wires in two matenes. To the Cless Editor of the Islado 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 Brentam's Cless Magazine for the year be presented to him. The programme for the coming winter was disensed in ruch a hearty and harmonious spirit that we anticipate much vigorous work from the club this session, and let us hope a commensurate amount of success also,—Toronto Globe, Oct. 7th.

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 Peipers, San Francisco, Cal.

₫ સ્ 2

WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 401. White. Black.

 Q to Q B sq
 Rt to K B 7
 Q mates. K takes Kt

GAME 530th.

Played in the recent Vienna Tourney between Messis, Wittek and Mason.

(French Defence.)

WHITE .- (Wittek.) Bi.ack.-(Mason.) 1 P to K 3 2 P to Q 4 3 K K t to B 2 4 P takes P 5 B to Q 2 6 Kt to B 3 7 B to K 5 8 Castles 9 B to K 5 10 O to O 2 1 P to K 4 1 P to K 4 2 P to U 4 3 Q K to B 3 4 P takes P 5 K 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 10 Q to Q 2 11 K II to K 8q 12 K to R 8q 13 Kt to K II 4 14 P to II 3 15 P to E 1 H R to K 59 12 B to K Kr 5 12 Heb K Ke 5
13 Heb Q 2 Heb Q 15
14 Heb K 3
15 Heb K 3
16 Q Ke to K 3
16 Q Ke to K 3
17 Heb K 3
20 Ke to K 8
22 Fe to K 8
23 Fe to K 8
24 Heb Q 3
25 Ke to K 3
26 Q to Q 3
26 Ke to K 3
27 Ke to K 3
28 R P takes K
30 Q to Q 2
37 Fe to K 3
30 Q to Q 2
37 Fe to K 3
30 Q to Q 2
37 Fe to K 3
30 Q to Q 2
37 Fe to K 3 16 K(to K B 3 17 Kt to K 5 18 Q to K 2 19 P takes B 19 P takes B 29 Q to B 7 ch 21 Q to B 7 ch 22 Kr to K B 3 23 Kr takes QP 24 B to Q 2 25 P to K Kr 4 26 Kr to R 4 27 P to Kr 5 28 Kr to R 5 28 Kr to R 5 28 P takes P 20 Kt to B 3 30 Q takes Kt 31 B takes P 32 Q takes Q 33 R takes R 34 R to K 4 36 P to Q R 3 37 R to K 7 36 K to B 3 40 R to K 4 41 Kt takes R 42 R to K 4 44 R to K 4 44 R to K 4 45 R to K 6 46 P to Q 4 31 P takes P 32 B to Kt 5 33 B takes B ch 31 Kt takes Q 35 Kt to B 3 26 P takes B 57 B to Q 7 38 R to B 3 37 B to Q 7 38 B to B 5 28 B to B 5 20 R to K K; 5 40 B takes P 41 R to K 2; 72 K to K 2; 74 K to K 2; 74 K to K 3; 74 K to K 3; 75 K to C 3; 7 45 R to K t 6 46 P to Q 4 47 R to K t 2 48 R to K t 7 ch 49 K to B 5 50 K takes P 51 R to Q 6 52 R to Q 7 53 P to Q 6 54 R takes P 55 R to K B 7 45 K 10 Q 8q 50 K to B 8q 51 P to Q R 4 52 P to Kt 4 53 B to B 5

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau do Spruce Street, where ADVERTISING CONTRACTS NEW YORK

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

COCOA

54 P takes P

55 K to B 2 56 K to Kt 3

PURE, SOLUBLE, REFRESHING.

It is often asked, "Why does my doctor recommend Cadbury's Cocoa Essence?". The reason is that being absolutely genuine, and concentrated by the removal of the superfluous fat, it contains FOUR TIMES the AMOUNT of NITROGENOUS or FLESH-FORMING CONSTITURNYS of the average of other Cocoas which are mixed with sugar and starch. Beware of imitations, which are often pushed by Shopkeepers for the extra profit

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table

Остовев, 1882.

MAILS.

DELIVERY.

A. M. P. M. ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES A. M. P. M. S 29 (A) Ottawa by Railway 8 15 8 69 (A) Province of Ontario, Manitoba & H. Columbia 8 15 8 60 (D) Carillon, & H. Columbia 8 15 8 60 (D) Carillon, & H. Columbia 8 15 8 60 (D) Carillon, & H. Columbia 8 15 8 60 (D) Carillon, & H. Columbia 8 15 8 60 (D) Carillon, & H. Columbia 8 15 8 60 (D) Carillon, & H. Columbia 8 15 8 60 (D) Carillon, & H. Columbia 8 15 8 60 (D) Carillon, & H. Columbia 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 1	177.151	7.R 1.	MALIAN.	CIACO			
6 3 Carillon 6 6 6	л. ы.	Р. М.	ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES.	л. м.	г. у.		
6 3 Carillon 6 6 6	8 8 30		(A) Ottawa by Railway	8 15	8 00		
6 3 Carillon 6 6 6	8 8 30		(A Province of Ontario, Manitoba & B. Columbia	8 15	8 00		
8 60 Berthier, Sorel & Batiscan Bridge, per steamer 5 50 Guebec, three Rivers, Berthier, Ac., by North Shore Railway 1 50 60 60 60 60 60 60 60		l	Organa reiver fronce up to				
5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5							
5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5			Berthier, Sorel & Batiscan	·			
12 50 Can. Pac. Railway Main 1	8 00	5 35	Bridge, per steamer Quebec, Three Rivers Ber-		6 00		
12 50 Can. Pac. Railway Main 1		1	thier, &c., by North Shore Railway		1 50		
12 50 Can. Pac. Railway Main 1	8 00 8 00		(B) Quebee by G. T. R'y (B) Eastern Townships.		8 60		
10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10			Three Rivers, Arthab'ska & Riviere du Loup R.R.		S 00		
9 20		1	Line to Ottawa	7 00			
9 29 St. Remi, Hemmingford A 1 4 60 2 39 8 12 45 St. Hyacinthe Sherbrooke,			Do St. Jerome and St. Lin Branches		4 45		
September St. Remi, Hemmingford A Labratire Railway September September September September September St. Hyacinthe Sherbrooke September St. Johns, Stanbridge A St. Armand Station September St. Johns, Vermond June St. Johns, Vermond June St. Johns, Vermond June St. Johns Vermond June September Sep			Januier and St.	7 00			
10 Acton and Sore! Railway 5 60 2 20 8 10 10 8 5 4 5 6 10 10 8 5 5 6 10 10 8 5 5 6 10 10 8 5 6 5 6 6 6 6 6 6 6			St. Remi, Hemmingford &	,	4 00		
10 00	S (#)	(12 45 F	St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, Conticooke, No	6 66	2 30 8		
St. Afmand Station. 2 15 25 25 25 25 25 25	- 8 00 - 10 00		St. Johns, Stanfarder A.	į.	5 (7)		
1 10 10 10 10 10 10 10	}0 00	i	St. Johns, Verment June-	1, 1,111			
	9.30	ļ	tion & Shefford Railways South Eastern Railway				
	S (#)	i	(B) New Brunswick, Navs Scotin & P. E. I		\$ 60		
		1	Newfoundland forwarded daily on Halifax, whence				
11 20		}	despatch is by the Packet leaving Halifax on the				
1 26			11th and 25th September.	1	5 (6)		
11 20			LOCAL MAILS.				
11 20	9 45		Valleyfield, Valois & Dor-		100		
1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 3 3 2 2 3 3	11 36		Peauharnois Route	6 00	3.91		
Huntingdon	10 30		Boucherville, Contreeour, Verennes & Vercheres		1 45		
Huntingdon	9,100	i 530	Cote St. Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace	0 (x)	1.00		
10 00 5 20 Laprairie 6 00 1 45 10 20 1 20		1	III	5 50	: 2 (*)		
10 20	- 11-00 - 19-00	5.30	Lachine		-2.15		
10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10	10 36 10 30	3.99	Longueuil., Long Pointe, Point-aux-	!	2.66		
10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10	Jei (ale		Point St. Charles	S 1944	1 15 5		
10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10	11 30	2 34 6	St. Lambert		2 15		
10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10	\$1.4%)	12.30	St. Egstache.	7.00			
UNITED STATES. UNITED STATES.	11 (\$1	5.81	de Mi	ń 00	2.69		
UNITED STATES. UNITED STATES.		• • • • •	Viau talso Bougiet		3 59		
UNITED STATES. UNITED STATES.	Ja Oi	6.55	Mile-End & Cotean St.	7 (0) 11 45			
9 15 St. Albans and Boston 5 00 States, except Manne 5 40 States, except Manne 5 40 States, except Manne 5 40 States, except Manne 6 2 15& 5 00 12 30 Island Pond. Portland & 5 20 States 7 Al Western & Pac, States 5 15 6 00 State By Canadian Line, Friday 1st. 7 00 By Canadian Line, Friday 1st. 7 00 By Canadian Line, Wednesday 5th. 8 States 18 States 18 States 18 States 18 States 19 Canadian Line, Wednesday 5th. 8 States 18			Lettis				
S 9 46			UNITED STATES.				
S 9 46							
See 12 29 Island Pond. Portland & Manne See 20 Manne See 20 Manne GRAI BRITAIN, &c. By Canadian Line, Friday 1st. 700 By Cunard Line, Monday 4th. 700 By Supplementary Cunard Line, Tuesday 3th. 215 By White Star Line, Wednesday 5th. 700 By William and Guoin Line, Monday 1th. 700 By William and Guoin Line, Monday 1th. 700 By White Star Line, Tuesday 12th. 700 By Unmard Line, Friday 15th. 700 By Canadian Line, Friday 15th. 700 By Canadian Line, Friday 15th. 700 By Canadian Line, Friday 15th. 700 By Supplementary Canard Line, Tuesday 12th. 700 By Supplementary Canard Line, Tuesday 15th. 700 By Canadian Line, Friday 25th. 700 By Canadian Line, Tuesday 25th. 700 By Canadian Line, Friday 25th. 700	9 15 8 9 46		St. Albans and Boston	6 00			
See 12 29 Island Pond. Portland & Manne See 20 Manne See 20 Manne GRAI BRITAIN, &c. By Canadian Line, Friday 1st. 700 By Cunard Line, Monday 4th. 700 By Supplementary Cunard Line, Tuesday 3th. 215 By White Star Line, Wednesday 5th. 700 By William and Guoin Line, Monday 1th. 700 By William and Guoin Line, Monday 1th. 700 By White Star Line, Tuesday 12th. 700 By Unmard Line, Friday 15th. 700 By Canadian Line, Friday 15th. 700 By Canadian Line, Friday 15th. 700 By Canadian Line, Friday 15th. 700 By Supplementary Canard Line, Tuesday 12th. 700 By Supplementary Canard Line, Tuesday 15th. 700 By Canadian Line, Friday 25th. 700 By Canadian Line, Tuesday 25th. 700 By Canadian Line, Friday 25th. 700			States, except Mame ! New York and Southern		- 5 49 2 15 x -		
GRAI BRITAIN, &c. By Conadian Line, Friday 1st. By Conadian Line, Would ath. By Supplementary Cunard Line. Tuesday Ath. By White Star Line, Wednesday 5th. By White Star Line, Wednesday 5th. By William and Guoin Line, Monday Uth By White Star Line, Triesday 12th. By Hamburg American Packet, Wednesday 18th. By Canadian Line, Friday 15th. By Canadian Line, Monday 18th. By Canadian Line, Wednesday 29th. By Supplementary Cunard Line, Tuesday 18th. By Canadian Line, Wednesday 29th. By Canadian Line, Wednesday 29th. By Canadian Line, Friday 22nd. By Hamburg American Packet, Wedlerday 21th By Cunard Line, Tuesday 20th. By Canadian Line, Friday 22nd. By Canadian Line, Friday 28th. By Canadian Lin	× (*)	12.30	States	6 (10)			
GRAI BRITAIN, ic. By Canadian Line, Friday 1st	S S 251			S 15	2 39 8 - 6 60		
day Milte Star Line, Wednesday 9th	,						
day Milte Star Line, Wednesday 9th	By Cat	nadian	Line, Friday 1-t		1.69		
Ly Cunard Line, Monday 11th By White Star Line, Thesday 12th By Hamburg American Packet, Wednesday 13th By Canadiau Line, Friday 15th By Cunard Line, Friday 15th By Supplementary Cunard Line, Tuesday 19th By Supplementary Cunard Line, Tuesday 19th By Cunard Line, Wednesday 29th By Canadian Line, Friday 22nd By Cunard Line, Friday 22nd By William and Guoin Line, Monday 25th By Cunard Line, Tuesday 29th By Cunard Line, Tuesday 29th By Cunard Line, Friday 22th By Canadian Line, Friday 29th Southern REGISTERED LETTER MAII- for the New England States—for Boston, New York and Southern	By Cur By Sur	dylerne dylerne	mery Cunard Line. Tues-		9.35		
Ly Cunard Line, Monday 11th By White Star Line, Thesday 12th By Hamburg American Packet, Wednesday 13th By Canadiau Line, Friday 15th By Cunard Line, Friday 15th By Supplementary Cunard Line, Tuesday 19th By Supplementary Cunard Line, Tuesday 19th By Cunard Line, Wednesday 29th By Canadian Line, Friday 22nd By Cunard Line, Friday 22nd By William and Guoin Line, Monday 25th By Cunard Line, Tuesday 29th By Cunard Line, Tuesday 29th By Cunard Line, Friday 22th By Canadian Line, Friday 29th Southern REGISTERED LETTER MAII- for the New England States—for Boston, New York and Southern	By Wi	ite St	er Line, Wednesday 5th		2 jš		
By Imman Line, Wednesday 29th	By W	iliam	and Guoin Line, Monday		2.15		
By Imman Line, Wednesday 29th	Ly Car Re Wi	ard L	ine, Monday 11th		7 (8)		
By Imman Line, Wednesday 29th	By Ha	mburg	American Packet, Wed-		2 15		
By Imman Line, Wednesday 29th	By Car By Car	nolinu	Line, Friday 15th		7 (0) 7 (0)		
By Imman Line, Wednesday 29th	By Sur	gdeme Dth	ntary Cunard Line, Tues-		2 15		
REGISTERED LETTER MAII for the New England States-for Boston, New York, and Southern	By Tuu By Car	nan Li malian	ne, Wednesday 20th Line, Friday 22nd		2 15 7 (9)		
REGISTERED LETTER MAII for the New England States-for Boston, New York, and Southern	By Wi 25th	lliam	and Guein Line, Monday		2 15		
REGISTERED LETTER MAII for the New England States-for Boston, New York, and Southern	By Cur By Ha	urd L unburg	ine, Tuesday Dith		2 15		
REGISTERED LETTER MAII for the New England States-for Boston, New York, and Southern	nesd By Car	ay 27tî mdian	Line, Friday 29th		2 15 7 00		
num States—for Goston, New York and Southern States—closed only at 2 p.m.							
	and States—for Boston, New York and Southern States—closed only at 2 p.m.						

[A] Postal Car Bags open till 8.45 a.m. and 9.15 p.m. [B] Do. 8.00 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 Curacoa, September, 2nd and 20th.
For Cuba and W. L. via Havana, September 2nd, 16th and 20th.
For Brazil and W. L. via Havana, September 3th.

"For Brazil and W. L. via Havana, September 5th.
The Wimiward Islands, September 5th and 27th.
Jamaica, Turck's Island and Hayti, 5th and 20th,
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 25th.
Hayti and U.S. Columbia (except Asp. and Pan. 15th and 20th.)

South Pacific and Central American Ports, September 9th, 20th and 30th.

"Cape Hayti, Saint Domingo and Turck's Island, September 25th.

"The Bahama Islands, September 25th.

"The Bahama Islands, September 28th.

Mails leave San Francisco:

For Australia and Sandwich Islands, Sopt. 23rd. For China and Japan, September 7th, 13th and 28th.



THE WAR IN EGYPT. -SIR HAVELOCK ALLAN GOES TO THE FRONT.



THE "SKREI" Cod Liver Oll.

Pure, Pale and almost

tasteless. No other Oil to compare with it. KENNETH CAMPBELL & CO.

FINE AND MEDIEM. AN IMMENSE STOCK.

HENRY J. SHAW & CO.,

726 Craig St. (Near Victoria Sq.) 40 CARLS all Chromo, Glass and Motto, in Case, and name in gold a jet, 19c, West & Co. Westville, Ct.

MUSIC FOR EVERYBODY.

MERRILL'S

INGENIOUS

(COPYRIGHT SECURED.)

For starting Children and others in the culture of Music. It overcomes the drudgery of learning the elements of Music by pleasant amusement. This new method teaches you all about the Musical Staff, Degrees of the Staff, Clefs, Notes and Rests, Scale, intervals of the Scale, Location of Letters on the Staff, and their relation to the Keys of the instrument. (This is very important with children) Flats and Sharps and their use. All the different Keys, how to form Chords or musical words. It teaches the syllables, Do, Re, Mi, etc., in singing. It contains a complete musical catechism. It is suftrum 8 plays himself by playing familiar tunes. Persons with no MUSICAL TALENT may play the tunes as the guide is such that he cannot strike the wrong key. Full directions and four pieces of music accompany the Method. Sent by mail for \$1.00. Address,

CHICAGO PIANO CO., 78 & 80 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

(ARDS, 10 Lily and imported Glass, 10 Transparent, 20 Motto, Scroll and engraved, in colors in case, and 1 Love Letter, name on all locts. West & Co., West-

The Scientific Canadian

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE

ASB

PATENT OFFICE RECORD

A MOSTHLY JOURNAL

Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics.

PHE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED BY

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC- CO.

OFFICES OF PUBLICATION,

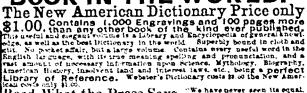
5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.

G. B. BURLAND General Manager.

TERMS:

One copy, six months, including postage....\$2.00 One copy, six months, including postage... 1.10 Babecripulas to be paid in ADVANCE.

CHEAPEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.



Read What the Press Says, "We have hever even its equal Read What the Press Says, either in price finish, or concents."—The Advocate. "Worth ien times the money. "Third he was yellow its. "A perfect dictionary and library of reference."—Lissis Likes New Ne have frequent occasion to one the New American Dictionary in our office and recard it well worth the price of chistrian Vision, with the New American Pottonary in the library for efference, many other much more expensive purks can be decembed with and tenorance of his country, history, business, we, etc. is inexpusable in any man "occasion transparences." There is more expensive purks can be decembed with and tenorance of his country, history, business, we, etc. is inexpusable in any man "occasion and any other mice."

Extraordinary Offer.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. 122 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

The New American Dictionary, is an Encylopædia of useful knowledge, worth its weight in gold to all classes. It is the most complete, the most useful and entertaining book ever issued. If we could induce every one of our readers to buy one we should feel that we had confered a benefit on them. When you order the Dictionary, kindly mention that you saw the advertisement in our paper.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S



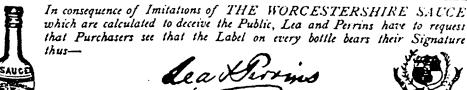
Is a success and a boon for which Nations should feel grateful." ture in Blue luk across Label. This

FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT-FLAVOURING STOCK FOR SOUPS. MADE DISHES & SAUCES.

CAUTION .- Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signa-"He a subserve and a bion for which Nations abould feel grateful."

See Medical Press, Lancet, Britis Medical Journal, Sc.
To be had of all Storkeepers, Gracers, and Chemits.

Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale only) various cheap at d inferior substitutes being in the Market.



without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.

Ask for LEA and PBRRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label. Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of MESSES. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSES, URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

LAUNDRY BAR. Ask for it, and take no other.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Trade Mark. | Made by THE ALBERT TOILET SOAF CO



A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be need daily. Keeps the scalp health, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family. 25c. per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,

Sole Manufacturer, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

STEPHENS & LIGHTHALL,

Advocates, Attorneys and Commissioners, 3411 NOTRE DAME STREET,

(Opposite Exchange Bank).

C. H. STEPHENS, B.C.L.

W. Douw Lighthall, B.A., B.C.L



5HLRWOOD & CO., Rox 63 Williamsburgh, N.Y.

OCARDS all Chromo, Glass and Molio in Case man in grade for 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

tax become a Housemoun Works in the land, and HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

n every family where E-onomy and Health are studied. It is used for tasting a likinds of Bread, Rolls, I can akes, Griddle Cakes, Asia, doct, and a small quantity osed in Pie Crist, Paddings, or other Pastry, will save light the issual shortening, and make the fixed price ligestible.

TI SAVES TEMPER,

for storekerpers throughout the thi Sexule by the manufacturer

W. D. McLAREN, Union Millio

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY

(LIMITED)

CAPITAL \$200,000,

GENERAL

Engravers, Lithographers, Printers AND PUBLISHERS,

3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT has a capital equal to all the other Lithographic firms in the country, and is the largest and most complete Establishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada, possessing all the latest improvements in machinery and appliances, comprising:--

12 POWER PRESSES

2 PATENT ENVELOPE MACHINES, which make, print and emboss envelopes by one operation

1 PATENT LABEL GLOSSING MACHINE, 1 STEAM POWER ELECTRIC MACHINE,

4 PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINES,

2 PHOTO-ENGRAVING MACHINES

Also CUTTING, PERFORATING, NUMBERING, EM-BOSSING, COPPER PLATE PRINTING and all other Machinery required in a first class business.

All kinds of ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, ELECTROTYPING AND TYPE PRINTING executed IN THE BEST SIYLE

AND AT MODERATE PRICES.

PHOTO-ENGRAVING and LITHOGRAPHING from pen and ink drawings A SPECIALITY. The Company are also Proprietors and Publishers of

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

LOPINION PUBLIQUE, and

BCIENTIFIC CANADIAN. A large staff of Artists, Engravers, and Skilled Work-

men in every Department. Orders by mail attended to with Punctuality; and prices the same as if given personally.

> G. B. BURLAND, MANAGER.