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# Illustrated News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1881.

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CLYTIA.

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## TEMPERATURE

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

Sept. 14th, 1881.				Corresponding week, 1880			
Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.
74	85	89	74	82	88	88	75
65	73	75	56	69	78	78	68
65	73	75	56	69	78	78	68
65	73	75	56	69	78	78	68
65	73	75	56	69	78	78	68
65	73	75	56	69	78	78	68
65	73	75	56	69	78	78	68
65	73	75	56	69	78	78	68

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 17th, 1881.

## THE WEEK.

TELEGRAMS from England are credited with the rumour that Professor GOLDWIN SMITH is designed to replace Dr. BRADLEY in the vacant Mastership of University College. So far as his known ability and brilliant antecedents may be said to fit him for a post of importance in the University of which he is so prominent a son, such a selection would surprise nobody. But the Mastership of University College is what Dr. BRADLEY has made it. It differs mainly from the headships of a number of other colleges by the traditions which its late Master has associated with it, and it is those traditions which Prof. SMITH, if he enters upon the duties of the office, will have to carry out in a great measure, and this peculiarity of the position renders him a somewhat unlikely candidate. That he is a reformer may be urged in his favour, but he is a reformer of another stamp from Dr. BRADLEY. The late Master of University College was a hard-headed, practical, working schoolmaster, and it is this phase of his character which he has impressed upon the college for which he has done so much. Mr. SMITH, without for a moment wishing to disparage his undoubted abilities, has little of the practical about him. A reformer he is, but of the ideal school, occupied mainly in the construction of aerial edifices upon the lines of which possibly more solid structures may be raised by others, but which in themselves base their claims to recognition upon elegance and symmetry of plan rather than facility of construction. Moreover he has been long absent from the University amid scenes and incidents which must have diverted his genius into other channels, and it will be hard for him to take up the mantle he dropped so many years ago. There is another side to the question however. Would the "Professor" accept the post if offered him. It may be that he is tired of throwing pearls before swine, and preaching to the unreceptive crowd who refuse to follow the Bystander into the embrace of the United States. But a few days will probably show the truth or otherwise of the report, and we can afford to wait so long.

The preparations for the forthcoming Exhibition are almost completed. The

last to be finished will be the sheds for the agricultural exhibits, which however will be ready by the 16th. In the other departments the work is going forward well owing to the improved plan adopted by the Committee of allotting the spaces at their office in the city, thus avoiding any confusion on the ground itself. Owing to the delaying of the steamer, the Belgian exhibit, which is looked for with much interest, will not reach the ground in all probability before Saturday. In addition to this the States make up quite a large list of foreign exhibits. The machinery will be amongst the most interesting part of the exhibition, containing as it does, among other interesting features, the new book-binding and wire-stitching machine of Mr. CARR of Boston, and MM. CORRIVEAU & CIE's silk weaving machinery. The electric light of course will be an attraction, especially to our country cousins, and there is some talk of horse-racing by its light, though this we believe has not as yet been decided upon. Altogether we may congratulate the Committee on the general appearance of things, and look for a large attendance during the coming fortnight.

LION hunting is apparently to be the sport of the future, and M. BOMBONNEL is its prophet. To him has occurred the brilliant idea of supplying a long felt demand in this direction. Nor need any be deterred by the fear of danger or any physical infirmity which has hitherto been considered a drawback to the enjoyment of this fascinating pursuit. All the creature comforts of a club by day, and all the wild excitement of an ambushade by night, will be open to any one who can get himself or herself conveyed into the forests of Berdj-Bouira, in Algeria. The ambushades will be of two kinds—the one for those who are afraid of catching cold or being scratched, the other for men who put such terrors beneath their feet. The project is a noble one, and worthy to occupy a gentleman's or a lady's time and energies in the conflux of two eternities. Considering the nature of the bait, however, the pursuit can scarcely be called less cruel than bull-fighting, or more humane than pigeon-shooting. M. BOMBONNEL asserts that many ladies have written to him for seats, and he proposes to give them an opportunity of viewing the sport without risk. Ladies, spectators, and all, it reminds one disagreeably of the beasts in the Roman arena and the gladiatorial shows. When loaded dice were discovered at Pompeii, BULWER LYTTON remarked that if some of the virtues were new all the vices were old. Without suggesting that M. BOMBONNEL's programme is vicious, we may hazard the jecture that to the minds of many sportsmen and others it will be rather disgusting than attractive, and that its less agreeable features are not even novel. Sportsmen are often careless of the pain they inflict but few of them are deliberately cruel, and M. BOMBONNEL's scheme of keeping "old and broken down" animals for bait is one of the least of the many objectionable features of his prospectus.

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily News in a recent despatch to that paper shows the anti-Gambettist journalists of that city in the enjoyment of some innocent, if simple, mirth. M. GAMBETTA's candidate for Charonne, in opposition to M. TONY RÉVILLON, the novelist, is a M. SICK. The word had an English look, and M. GAMBETTA's enemies on the press flew to their English dictionaries. Great was their delight when they found what the name of the Opportunist politician signified in a foreign tongue. M. ROCHEFORT, either because Mr. PARNELL had not taught him enough English, or because he wished to air his classical knowledge, has ungraciously brought together two Latin quotations to describe M. Sick's feelings before and after the election, "Thus does one go to the stars," says M. SICK at present. "So do you build for others than yourselves," he

will say next week. *Sic transit gloria* has apparently not occurred to M. ROCHEFORT, though some of the writers who have been doing us the honour to study our tongue may, perhaps, in the plenitude of their researches and the lambency of their wit, apply the two first words to the passage of the Channel. It would be interesting to know whether M. SICK himself is now for the first time made aware of what his name imports in the language of Great Britain. The discovery will perhaps not heighten his admiration for our monosyllables. "Write injuries in sable, but kindnesses in marble," was quoted the other day by a French man of letters as an English proverb, and perhaps M. SICK may have hitherto had an equally strong belief in the similar meaning, or want of meaning, of similar sounds in the two languages.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ELECTRIC EXHIBITION AT PARIS.—In spite of the sarcastic comments of some of the Parisian journals, it seems certain that the work upon the electric exhibition will be finished in time for the opening. There is still, of course, work to be done, but the Palais d'Industrie is already filled with wonderful machines of marvellous construction, at which the spectator stands aghast. We cannot, of course, give a detailed description here of the Exhibition, a general view of which is given in our illustration. The Siemens Railway is not yet opened, but will, when completed, bring passengers into the Palais de l'Industrie at the S. E. corner. Half the Exhibition is occupied by foreign exhibitors, among whom Edison fills two large compartments by the side of the Hall of Congress. Great excitement is manifested over the exhibition of these inventions, which include the quadruple telegraph, the electro-motograph, the phonograph and others. The centre of the building is occupied by a large light-house lighted by electric light, and placed in a basin in which the ingenious electric boat of M. Trouve is displayed. These are only a few, of course, of the wonders of this home of the marvellous, a full description of which we may be tempted to essay in a later issue.

THE NEW BUILDINGS FOR THE EXHIBITION.—These buildings are the work of M. M. Frs. Lাপointe et Cie., and are being pushed on with such speed that they will in all probability be completed before this is read. The work of construction commenced on the 7th of August, and will have taken from first to last only about five weeks. 300 men have been constantly employed, working latterly all night by the aid of the electric light. The new buildings are designed to receive the agricultural implements and foreign products. In front of the building is a race-course of 900 yards circumference, upon which has been erected an amphitheatre, capable of containing 2,500 persons at least. At a little distance from this stand two fine restaurants, where visitors will be able to satisfy the demands of the inner man. The whole of the work does the greatest credit to the contractors.

THE INDIAN TROUBLES IN NEW MEXICO.—At length there is a possibility that a stop may be put to the depredations of the Apache Indians in New Mexico. The hostiles, under Chief Nana, were overtaken and engaged near Sabinal, on the 12th instant, by a party of United States cavalry under Captain Parker, and on the 20th, Lieutenant Smith, with another party of troops, had a severe fight with the hostiles near Cummings. In both instances the Indians were compelled to retire with loss, and, at last accounts, detachments of cavalry were making vigorous pursuit. The hostiles are near the Mexican line, evidently making for Chihuahua, and are well armed and mounted. It is reported that in their retreat, they have murdered some twenty-five settlers. These Indian hostilities give a present interest to our illustrations of the manner in which the savages receive news of success and of defeat in battle. These pictorial representations of incidents which, fortunately, are less frequent now than in former years, when Indian wars were common occurrences, tell their own story, and have, too, the historic value which belongs to every illustration of the life and manners of a people.

A PROMENADE CONCERT AT VIENNA.—The City Park at Vienna is, in the afternoons, one of the most fashionable resorts of that gayest of cities. The *élite* of Austrian society mingle with visitors from all parts of the world to listen to the enchanting strains of Strauss' last waltz by the orchestra of that popular conductor, and to discuss the last ball or the freshest scandal. In short, what the "Row" is to London, that is the Curgarten to Vienna, with the additional attraction of the best out-door music in the world. Our illustration represents a promenade concert in full progress.

TERRIBLE accounts are received from the fire-swept districts of Michigan. The destruction is beyond estimate at present, while hundreds have been burned to death, and thousands are homeless.

## SMALL TALK.

There are certain phrases current in society which do duty again and again, and the knowledge of which or the ignorance of the same proves a person to be uninitiated in what is aptly termed the small-talk of society. The highest education is naturally the key-note to all that is refined and polished in the art of conversing, and enables a person to steer clear of all errors of speech and vulgarisms of expression that those less well educated invariably perpetrate; but there is a point where fashion steps in and sets her seal upon certain expressions, while she tabooes others; and yet if we attempt to analyze or define or examine the phrases and expressions or modes of speech upon which the fickle goddess so determinately places her foot, we find that there is method in her madness, and that the phrases thus objected to are in reality inelegancies of diction and vulgarisms of speech, and we read a string of phrases that are pronounced objectionable and in bad taste to which might well be added such expressions as the following: "We have had a great deal of sickness in our house," or "My mother has been sick a long time." The word sickness used with regard to ill-health is decidedly the wrong word in the wrong place, and fashion is in the right to shake her head at it, and to substitute the words illness and ill for the words so misapplied. He or she "is nicely well," or he or she "is sadly," or he or she "has the headache," are all open to objection; and nicely and sadly are adverbs that should not be employed in reference to health, neither should the definite article "the" be employed in describing that universal malady, a headache. In every expression of this character, the surest rule is to strictly adhere to those words which most definitely express the meaning intended to be conveyed, and not to take refuge in words which imply a meaning totally different from the one intended, or which go but a short way on the road to a full explanation. Exclamatory phrases to denote astonishment are a large family, and a very ill-bred one. "Good gracious!" "Oh, Lor!" "Good Heavens!" "Oh, my!" "Well, I never!" "Did you ever!" "Dear me!" and so on, are vulgarisms to ears polite. It may be objected that these expressions are not made use of by persons who desire to take rank in good society; but in point of fact many who lay claim to this distinction constantly indulge in each and every vulgarism here mentioned, and many others equally provocative of criticism.

There are several descriptions of small-talk current in society. One delights in the gossipy, another in the matter-of-fact, a third in the humorous, a fourth in the imaginative, and so on; but conversation that takes place between persons who have been but just introduced, and who have not yet discovered whether any common bond of union exists between them or not, is naturally confined to trivialities. The great difficulty with many is the choice of a subject wherewith to set the ball rolling; and those who have not a ready flow of small-talk at command should bear in mind that self is a pleasant topic to most men and women, and that to express an interest in all that concerns another, whether it be pursuits, engagements, occupations, or opinions, is a safe and pleasant conversational ground to tread. But the line should always be drawn between kindly interest and idle curiosity; the one is expressive of sympathy and regard, the other is indicative of ill-breeding. There are many subjects which cannot be made channels of agreeable small-talk, and which, when mooted, do not fail to bore those upon whom they are inflicted; and heading the category are domestic grievances, and the shortcomings of servants in general.

The art of making agreeable small-talk in a great measure consists in choosing a subject likely to prove congenial. The surest way to arrive at this is to consider the social position, occupation, and proclivities of the person with whom one intends opening a conversation. When small-talk has once been fairly launched or started, a novice in the art of carrying on a conversation should beware of shunting it into a siding, or driving it into a corner from whence it is impossible to extricate it. This catastrophe is often occasioned by an abrupt remark, or by an uncomplimentary silence when a word of assent was required to give a monologue the complexion of a dialogue, whereas a "Really," or an "Indeed," uttered in various keys at various points, gives that fillip without which a one-sided conversation must inevitably fall flat or expire from sheer inanition.

## FOOL NOTES.

It is generally understood that Mr. Bradlaugh's erysipelas will last until Parliament is prorogued.

It is said that one of the Prince and Princess of Wales's daughters, is possessed of a very sweet voice, and is so fond of exercising the same, that for health's sake, it has been necessary to forbid the too frequent exercise of the *soft*.

THE dispossessed or excluded princes of various European states have sent addresses to the Pope, deploring the events of the 18th, and declaring themselves all ready to support the cause of the Papacy and the Church. The first signature is that of the Comte de Chambord. Then follow those of the ex-King of Naples, Don Carlos, and others, with their families. In all, forty-seven signatures have been affixed to the address.

THE STAG.

(From the Swedish of Carl Sonilsky.)

BY NED P. MAH.

Panting, through the foliage rushes  
Fleet of foot, the forest chief:  
At every bound his life blood gushes  
Red'ning the gold September leaf.

Through hunter ranks he burst, death stricken;  
Past deadly barrels' dazzling glare,  
Sounds of pursuit his pulses quicken  
Till they die in the frosty air.

Deep lurks the coward bullet, stealing  
From stalwart chest his ebbing life;  
Yet he escapes the pain of feeling  
Dishonour of the cruel knife.

Where the underwood interlaces  
Closest, he seeks a place to die;  
Where the sun's faint shimmering traces  
The lake that seems asleep to lie.

He yearns, ere his last breath he gives  
To see the spot where, in the spring,  
The deadly champion strife was striven  
For the queen of the forest king.

Whence cry of victor claiming booty  
Told to the warriors ears, ere long,  
Of the vaguely expectant beauty  
She was now the bride of the strong.

Mid memories of conquest gory  
Before the eye of the dying hart  
Pass the scenes of his youthful story,  
Pleasures whence he must ever part.

With stiffening limbs his couch he presses,  
Couch of mosses that fringe the lake,  
And the last leaf the wood peevasses  
Is shed his dying bed to make.

HOW FAR TWENTY CENTS WILL GO.

The wife of The Man Next Door has a fertile brain, which is kept actively employed in a variety of directions. Among her household goods are a dozen plants in pots, and a variety of these in a box mounted on a pedestal. The box she got at the store; the pedestal she and the boy together made. After it was done, she wanted it painted.

She might have sent it to the painter for that purpose, but he would charge more than it was worth. To save the extra cost she determined to do the work herself. She could get a pound of paint, all mixed in a pot, with a brush, for twenty cents,—the pot and brush to be returned after the work was done. It was a simple thing to paint, and she could put it on as easily and nicely as a trained hand could do it. The Man Next Door didn't think much about it. It was not in his line, but he got the paint.

The paint was green, and when the box and pedestal took that colour, and the vines got to growing, the effect was going to be real nice. He brought up the pot of paint on coming to dinner, and she did the painting in the afternoon. It was a great surprise to the wife of The Man Next Door to see how little of the paint was required to colour the box and pedestal, and how much was left after the work was done. What should she do with it? Not return it, of course, for she would not be allowed anything for it. Now that she had it she might as well use it. There was undoubtedly something it could be used on.

She looked around for the object in question, and was not long in finding it. There are more or less dingy, battered articles about a house which a coat of paint would improve. Her house was no exception. Her eye lighted on a box holding her scouring-sand. In a few moments it was a delightful green.

Then she looked around for other fields to conquer, and presently found them, and continued to find them as long as the presence of paint made it necessary to search for them. She was nearly the whole afternoon using up that pot of paint, but it was time well employed.

And it was amazing, as she admitted to herself, how far twenty cents worth of paint would go, judiciously applied. She knew her husband would be surprised when he came home at night at all she had done.

And he was. When he observed the green clock-case, and looked at the green paper-rack, and found he had a green writing-desk, and contemplated the green footstool, and saw the green coal-scuttle, and got against the green clothes-horse, he was too full to say a word.

Then he picked up his green bootjack, and when he did that he gave a wild, scared look about the room, sank down in a chair, and found his voice.

He said, "Holy fish-hooks!"

MISCELLANY.

A WOMAN admires a handsome man until she meets a woman whom he admires, and then she thinks he isn't so handsome as he was and that the woman is a deceitful, jealous, conniving hussy.—Floating Filosofies.

THE anticipated interview between the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and the King Humbert of Italy cannot take place before the end of October, as the Emperor will be engaged up till that time in superintending the autumn manoeuvres.

THE experiment of male clerks and female clerks is being tried in the London Post Office. The editor of *Truth* declares that the ladies serve the public better than the men. The men treat you as if you were their servants; the women as if they were servants of the public.

SUCH a round of comets has occurred this season as has never been known before. The second comet now visible, will give place shortly to a third that has just been exhibiting at Alexandria, and may be expected about the 4th of September in this aqueous portion of Europe.

M. GOT, the excellent professor of the Conservatoire, and the admirable comedian of the Comédie-Française, does not think it necessary for a woman to have loved in order to make a first-class *amoureuse*. Women, he says, are like certain animals who discover truffles without having ever been taught.

THE French ladies have taken to handling the ribbons. At Paris, driving is a fashion; in the country it is a mania; at the seaside and at the watering-places it is all the rage. The ladies drive by choice pony-chaises, basket-carriages, or little village-carts, which they graphically and inelegantly call *tape-culs*.

THERE has been a good deal of talk as to who wrote the article in *Macmillan* last month on the acting of Mr. Irving and Mr. Booth. It was attributed to Matthew Arnold. The people who always know said his style was not to be mistaken. It was said that if the dramatic critics could write such matter they would be more respected than they are at present. It will be rather annoying to people who have talked in this way to find that the article was written by a dramatic critic—Mr. Morris, of the *Times*.

A SINGULAR tournament took place last week at one of the popular beer-gardens in Vienna in honour of the prestidigitator, Swobodo, who celebrated his jubilee, having for twenty-five years been one of the favourite performers in the black art. Six of his brother artists from Berlin, Trieste, Moscow, and Paris engaged with him in a contest for three valuable prizes, consisting in not inconsiderable sums of money for the first and second and a splendid silver goblet for the third one. The first prize was awarded to Georg Heubock, of Vienna, the second to Moretti, of Trieste, while the goblet went to the jubilee-contestant.

AN Englishman has written to the *Figaro* to protest against a spectacle which has recently enlivened the boulevards. Some ingenious person conceived the idea of costuming the men whose occupation it is to distribute the hand-bills and prospectuses to the passers. The costume chosen was that of an English admiral. The correspondent of the *Figaro* complains of this want of respect to the British navy, and the *Figaro* thinks that he is right. *Pour faire pendant* a Frenchman has written to the *Figaro*, appealing to the *amour propre* of the English tourist and asking him why he will persist in going to the Opera and other theatres in loud check suits.

FOR nearly three hours they sat in the secret trusting-place conjuring up the familiar images of love's young dream. At the expiration of that time her father appeared upon the scene with anger in his eye and a pitchfork in his hand. "Fly, fly," she exclaimed, "or you are lost!" But he had been on an ounce of chewing gum that had treacherously slipped from her pocket, and he couldn't have flown if he had been a bald-headed eagle. Two years later she was wooed and won by another young man, but she always preserved the stripes of Alfonso's pantaloons that her father bore home in triumph upon the prongs of the pitchfork. True love can never die.

THE following "good one" is told at the expense of a dentist located not far from Ovid. A young lady, while under the influence of an anæsthetic, had four teeth extracted. As she was a very handsome "subject" the dentist, who was an unmarried man, could not resist the temptation of stealing a kiss for every tooth he extracted. The young girl was not so much under the influence, however, as he thought, and decided to be even with him, and on arising from her chair she said she forgot her purse but would send the amount, \$2, the next day by a friend. The following day the friend went to the office and presented the dentist with a bill from his chair customer, in which she gave him credit for extracting four teeth, \$2, and charged \$1 each for the four kisses, and added: "Please remit the balance, \$2." He paid the bill. There's a business girl for you.

MAJOR WINGFIELD, the inventor of the popular game of lawn-tennis, recommends the following costume: "A tunic of white flannel, with a roll collar, a kerchief of yellow silk tied round the throat, the loose ends showing from under the white collar, a skirt of eighteen inches long, a cherry-coloured band round the waist, and a pair of 'continuations' of white flannel, such as men wear, only looser." Major Wingfield is a courageous man; he asks, "What will ladies say to such a costume?" To this, as to all other matters which concern the sex, but one answer can be given, and that is a very old one—"If they will, they will you may depend on't, but if they won't, they won't, and there's an end on't."

THE GROWTH OF BASS.—As a burlesque on the many fabulous fish stories "floating on the lines" of the various newspapers, the *Norristown Herald* has the following incident: "A Charlestown (Va.) paper tells this story. A bass weighing one pound in 1880 was returned to the Potomac with a small sleigh bell attached to its tail with a wire. A few days ago it was caught with the bell still attached, the fish weighing six pounds." This may sound like a fish story,

but some of our readers may remember that a one pound bass caught in the Schuylkill five years ago was returned to the water with a penny tin whistle attached to its tail. Three years later the bass was caught near the same spot. It still weighed a pound, but the whistle had grown into a fog horn.

QUEER MARRIAGES.—The proceedings of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children bring out some odd facts. Thus: an Italian boy of 12, arrested for rag picking and sent to the Protectory, is shown to have a sister of 13 who has been married for some time. So it seems that a boy of twelve is too young to get his living by picking rags, though a girl of 13 is old enough to marry and be married some time too. It seems that one of the things of future should be a law prohibiting the marriage of such minors altogether. An appalling amount of suffering and wrong is known to be caused by this practice. I know of a boy of 17, earning \$7 a week, who has lately married a baby like himself. Another of 19 has already two children and a sick wife; he gets \$9 a week. Such precocity should be cured by law, and the boy of 17 who wants to marry should be spanked by his parents and guardians as the unwritten law provides.

GRIS AS WOOD ENGRAVERS.—A contemporary asked a wood engraver why he did not employ girls. His reply was:

"I have employed women very often, and I wish I could feel more encouraged. But the truth is that, when a young man comes to me and begins his work, he feels that it is life's business. He is not out his fortune out of the little blocks before him. Wife, family, home, happiness, and all are to be carved out by his own hand, and he settles steadily and earnestly to his labour, determined to master it, and with every incitement spurring him on. He cannot marry until he knows his trade. It is exactly the other way with the girl. She may be as poor as the boy, and as wholly dependent upon herself for a living, but she feels that she will probably marry by and by, and then she must give up wood engraving. So she goes on listlessly; she has no ambition to excel; she does not feel that all her happiness depends on it. She will marry, and then her husband's wages will support her. She may not say so; but she thinks so, and it spoils her work."

GIVE THE BABY A DRINK OF WATER.—A city physician attributes a large part of the excessive mortality of children in hot weather to the failure of nurses and mothers to give them water; indeed more children are said to die (directly and indirectly) from deprivation of water than from any other cause. Infants, he says, are always too much wrapped up, and in any case would perspire very freely. The water lost by perspiration must be supplied. As Dr. Murdoch stated in his paper on cholera infantum, "The child is thirsty, not hungry; but not getting the water, which it does want, it drinks the milk, which it does not want." The consequence is that the stomach is overloaded with food which it cannot digest, and which soon ferments and becomes a source of severe irritation. Then follow vomiting, purging, and cholera infantum." To prevent this, the principal source of infancy, the doctor says: "Have water—without ice—always accessible to the child, who will then refuse sour milk and will eat only when hungry. Water is the great indispensable article for the preventive treatment of children in hot weather. It is important enough to nursing children, but is life itself to those reared on the bottle."

A MERMAID IN SPECTACLES!—Much interest has lately been excited at Richmond, in the United States, by the adventures of a young coloured woman, named Rosa Brooks, who has recently returned to that city from Cuba after an absence of several years. According to the account she gives of herself, she fled from the service of a Mr. Grandison, of Havana, having got into trouble owing to an altercation with one of his children, whose face she slapped in a fit of temper. Being destitute and driven to despair, she plunged into the sea, and would have been drowned but for a band of mermaids who rescued her and took her to their home in a rocky cavern on the sea-shore. Here she remained for some time a complete invalid, incapable of moving one limb before the other, and would certainly have died but for the kind attention of the mermaids, who nursed her most tenderly and ministered to all her wants. When she was sufficiently recovered to be moved they took her out to sea and placed her on board a vessel bound to Galveston, where she arrived safely, and thence made her way to Richmond in search of her mother, Sarah Brooks, for whom she is now advertising. If not successful in discovering her mother she proposes to return to the mermaids, provided she can find charitably disposed persons who will provide funds for her journey back to the "rocky cavern." One old mermaid belonging to the band she declares always wears spectacles.

JUNG, THE POINTER.—My grandfather possessed a magnificent pointer dog called Jung, a keen hunter and a splendid watch. She had been carefully trained when a pup, and hence grew up a really noble and useful animal. She could be trusted either in dining or in drawing-room without breaking vases, knocking down jars, &c., which other dogs seem to take a pleasure in doing. If the family went out to any party, Jung was sure to be there, and her presence never seemed intrusive. She would lie quietly

on the rug outside the door, sound asleep, until the family were going away, when she would make herself generally useful by carrying any little articles home. On one occasion a pair of slippers were left behind. All were in consternation. The friend's house was a long way back. Who was to go for them? Jung seemed thoroughly to understand how affairs stood, and away she scampered back to the house, got the slippers in her mouth, and brought them safely home. Jung had conceived a great liking for my uncle, and on all possible occasions was to be found near him. But a parting took place. The shooting season was over, and Jung was sent to the kennel, while my uncle went to reside at Glasgow. She whined incessantly, took little food, and, on the first day when she was out with the ga neekeepers, slipped from the leash, and was seen flying "over the hills and far away." Nothing detained her, and she soon reached my uncle's door, having run nine miles through mud and rain. When the brave dog reached the gate it was locked, and the wall being too high for her to leap, she scraped a hole under the door and got in. She then barked at the front door till it was opened, and when it was so, sprang right upstairs to my uncle's room, and leaped on to the bed beside him. A parcel of my uncle's clothes came home to be sorted and arranged, but when the time came to send them away, not one was to be found, and Jung was likewise missing. At last she was discovered sitting with all the clothes under her, hugging them fast with her two paws, and evidently in a state of supreme happiness and delight. The clothes were taken, neatly arranged, and replaced in the box. In the evening, while all were at tea, a strange whine was heard outside the door. On going out, there was Jung, with all the clothes beside her.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE new turret ship *Conqueror* has been launched at Chatham.

THE loss of life by the steamer *Toutou* off the Cape is now set down at 236.

THE Toronto regatta was postponed on account of the rough water and the smoke and fog.

ACCORDING to the census just completed, the population of India reaches 252,005.

PREPARATIONS are being made for holding an exhibition of Irish manufactures in Dublin.

THE President has been safely removed to Long Branch, and at last accounts is doing favourably.

AN unsuccessful attempt has been made to blow up the barracks at Castlebar.

PROF. Goldwin Smith is spoken of as Dr. Bradley's successor at University College, Oxford.

A LONDON despatch says it is intended to confer the order of St. Michael and St. George upon Sir John A. Macdonald.

AYOUB KHAN has proclaimed a holy war against the English. The feeling in Afghanistan is said to be against the rebel.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE.

(From the Swedish of Carl Swilsky.)

BY NED P. MAH.

A little beggar orphan exhausted by the way—  
A little worn-out pilgrim—upon the stone step lay.  
Upon the warm, brown granite he wearily sank down  
And not a thing was stirring in all the mighty town.

For commerce flourishes and folk are rich and godly too;  
Their patron saint must have a shrine that is both fair and new.

Bishop with crook and mitre beneath his canopy:  
Magnates of the city with their robes of high degree;  
Pages, limping painfully in many a pair of shoes;  
Ladies, who peep coquishly their gawdy faces through.

All slowly moving onward in a seeming endless train  
Into the dim, dim twilight 'neath the organ's solemn strain  
Still on the sunny stairway reclined the beggar boy:  
Let those, the rich, rejoice—what has he to do with joy.

The brown hand's easy captive, for its giddy sense  
A fall.  
A little bird came duttering from the steeple's gilded rail:

Black and white its plumage, sun scorched, in grateful rest  
The tired bird gladly nestled in the beggar's ragged breast.

Little swallow, said the stripling, how I envy you,  
That with your rushing pinions can cleave the clouds in two.

In the beautiful, far country whence you last have sped  
Surely hunger is not and tears are never shed.

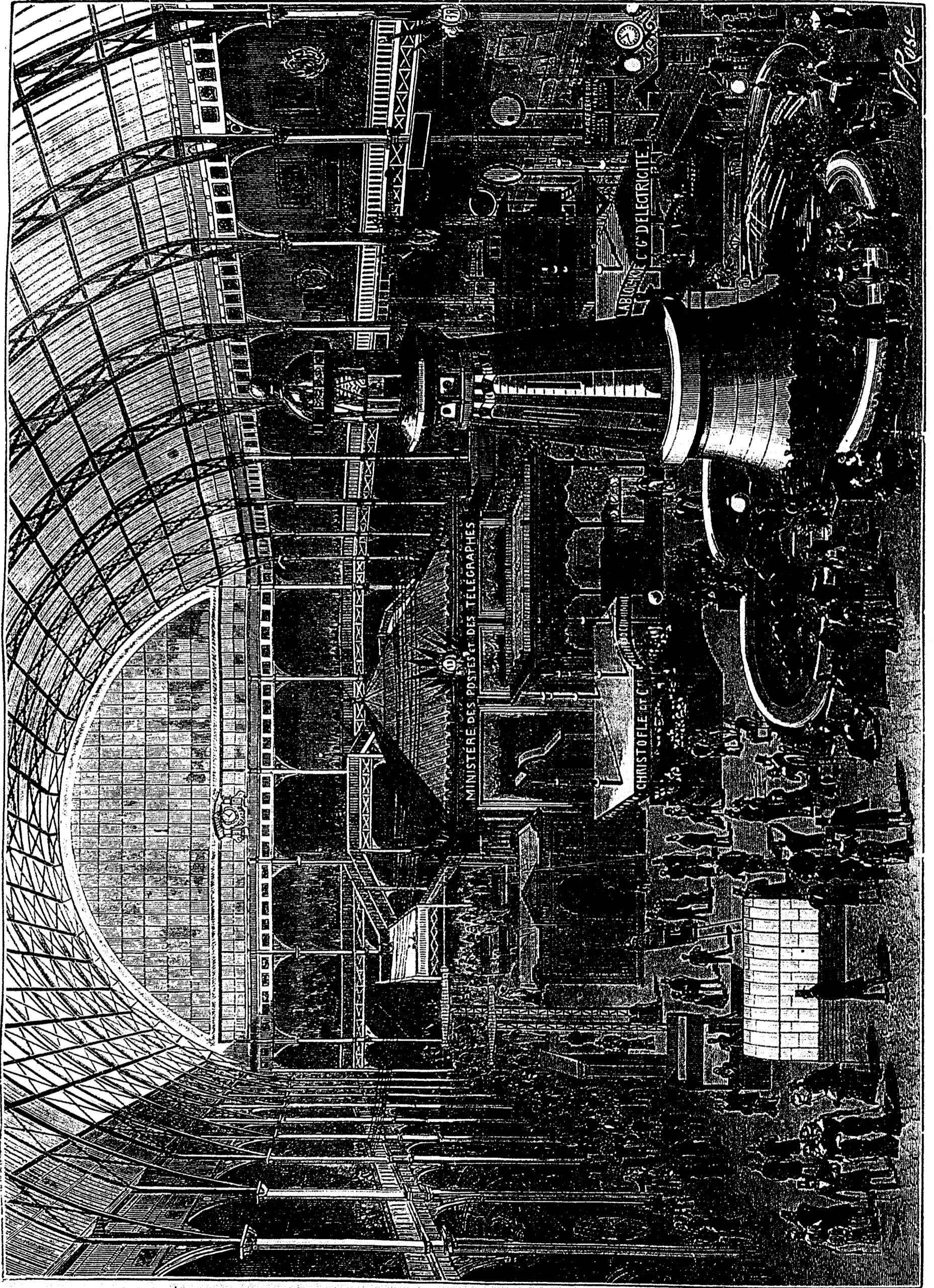
On these shores of sordid want, why—why did you descend?  
Oh! return I pray you, and to me your swift art lend  
(Give me leave to follow throughout the long, long day  
Where the green and the stately palms wave o'er the silent way.

Close to his throbbing bosom with tender care he pressed  
The bird, which soon rose soaring on wings relieved by rest.  
Amid the jubilee of hymns, the organ's swelling scale,  
The beggar boy sank backward, very cold and pale.

The sun arose and thousands cried out as in one breath:  
The plague is here in Florence—the black plague—the  
people's death!  
The pest, whose victims countless are as is the desert sand

Come over with the swallow from Egypt's distant land.

THE OLD RELIABLE.—The remedy that has stood the test of time is Dr. Fowler's Extract is Wild Strawberry. Almost infallible to cure dysentery, cholera morbus, and all manner of fluxes, cholera cramps, cholera infantum, and every form of summer complaints.



PARIS - GENERAL VIEW OF THE PALACE EXHIBITION AT THE PALACE DE L'INDUSTRIE.



VIENNA.—A PROMENADE CONCERT IN THE SALOON OF THE CITY PARK.

## ONE LITTLE WORD.

Sweet Helen, in that eye of thine  
There licks a wondrous spell;  
It sparkles with a fire divine,  
I know its magic well.  
Thine are the lips of ruby red,  
The teeth of pearly white,  
The lily hand, the faultless head;  
Thou Queen of Love by right.

Of auburn tresses, rich and rare,  
Let other poets sing;  
With thy dark locks naught can compare  
Except the raven's wing.  
Thy form is shaped in beauty's mould,  
Befitting such a face,  
Whose every movement doth unfold  
An ever-living grace.

With but a word thou canst assuage  
This tempest of the heart;  
Then wilt thou calm its passions' rage,  
And peace and joy impart!  
One little word—would'st thou it hear!—  
For fear you'd vainly guess—  
Dear girl, I'll whisper in thine ear,  
That little word is—"Yes!"

T. H. F.

## POWDER AND GOLD.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## HOW A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.

I turned and ordered them to follow me, and great was their surprise and delight on entering the apartment to which I led the way. The weight of the casks was tested, the different packages carefully inspected, the cover of the open keg examined, and the labels minutely studied; meantime, while I was overwhelmed with questions, Glauroth hastily reckoned the whole amount, and a loud hurrah hailed the announcement that if the labels on the casks were correct, the sum would reach one hundred and ninety-five thousand francs! I took care that Friedrich should bring a sheet of paper from my room on which the number of kegs and the whole amount was written. This hastily scrawled document was witnessed by myself, Glauroth, and two other Uhlans, then I folded the leaf and handed it to Glauroth, saying:

"You must ride to Noroy at once, and inform the commander of our discovery. Take some one with you. The major will give you men enough to remove the treasure; make him understand that he must send a waggon. Be quick, and say nothing about my wound. Do you hear?"

Glauroth was too much excited over the discovery we had made to pay much attention to my words.

"I will make him understand that we all deserve the iron cross at least for the capture of such an enemy," he exclaimed.

I stationed two men as sentinels, one in the courtyard and the other in the lower hall, and then all necessary arrangements were completed. Glauroth went away to prepare for his ride, the others returned to their beds, and, after locking the door of the treasure chamber, I ordered Friedrich to do the same.

"How could you sleep so soundly?" said I; "it was worse than a bear in the winter. I thought you must be dead!"

"Yes, I did sleep very soundly," he answered, "and it still weighs upon me; I believe I need only to lie down again and I shall be asleep at once."

"Did you feel drowsy before you went to bed?"

"Terribly so, sergeant," said Friedrich; "just as if some one had mixed an opiate with my supper."

So saying he threw himself on his bed, and I sought mine, asking myself if it had not been a wise proceeding to leave the abbé's soothing powder untouched. To be sure, if I had taken it I should not have spent the night in such a state of sleepless excitement as was now the case. Such painful, inexpressible torturing, restless hours in which I was utterly desperate at the thought that I had been compelled to discover this horrible gold! I had nourished with secret delight, with quiet exultation, the confident hope that I should undoubtedly succeed in building a bridge over the gulf which undeniably separated me from Blanche, and now came this miserable, accursed gold, which falling on my beautiful bridge crushed and destroyed it, while the abyss yawned wider and deeper than ever, and from its black depths, desolate, dreary hopelessness looked forth.

At last, at last morning dawned. The sun appeared above the horizon, and rose higher and higher, but I made no effort to rise. I was weak, languid—my limbs seemed powerless. A girl brought me my breakfast. The abbé, although he had pressed his services upon me as a sort of physician, did not appear, and of course I saw nothing more of Blanche. The surgeon from Noroy, who had been expected to come that day, did not arrive. Friedrich had risen, complaining of headache, and slowly carried my messages to the soldiers. I at last summoned up all my courage and sent him to the abbé, telling him to urge the priest earnestly to come to me.

After a long delay the abbé came. I begged him to take a seat by my bed, and said in a jesting tone, which must have seemed strangely forced:

"I did not take the powder you ordered last night, and therefore you became so angry with your patient that you gave him up. Is it not true? I could not blame you for it. However, I will make no farther claims upon your care;

my wound will probably heal without much surgical aid, and, at all events, is the least cause of my unhappiness. Ah! why did you do that?"

The abbé's manner was singularly abstracted and nervous; he avoided my eyes as I spoke, and now stretched his hand toward the glass in which he had mixed the powder, and which still stood on the table beside the bed, raised it, and hastily drank half the contents.

"Why did you do that?" I exclaimed.

"You despised the means by which I sought to give you a comfortable night's rest," answered the abbé, "therefore I will take the powder myself, that it may not be wasted. After the scenes that occurred last night, the soothing influence it exerts upon the nerves will do me good."

"Ah!" said I, "I can relieve your mind in that respect. I did not think the powder was in the slightest degree injurious—nay, it would have had a most beneficial effect upon me, for if I had taken it I should have been as sound asleep as Friedrich, and you and Mlle. Blanche might have carried out your plans undisturbed. Now I am in despair over the sorrow I must have caused her, and this bitter despair has driven me to beg an interview with you. I wished to learn what Mlle. Blanche now thinks of the affair—whether her wild, incomprehensible agitation has been calmed; I wished to explain that it was not necessary to be so deeply affected by the occurrence, that it is not worth—"

The abbé shrugged his shoulders, and gazed sadly upon the floor while I eagerly continued:

"The little band of Franciscans, in their fear of being captured, placed the money they were guarding in your house for greater security; we discovered this accursed treasure and are compelled to confiscate it, but I will give you a certificate for it, signed and sealed by my colonel; you will then be entirely free from all responsibility; it is a simple *vis major*, to which you were compelled to yield—no man on earth can reproach you or Mlle. Blanche for doing so."

"You do not understand the affair, sir," replied the abbé; "I will explain it to you if you wish."

"Speak, I beg of you; tell me all."

"The money was sent by the prefect of the Department of the Upper Saone, and was intended for the raising and equipment of the battalions of the Garde Mobile on the Saone, who, for greater security, were sent to Besançon, to be formed under the protection of the fortifications. As the direct road to Besançon was no longer safe—intelligence had been received that your outposts were approaching, and that you would probably advance along the road to Besançon—the money was conveyed eastward along the highway leading through the valley of the Oignon, in order to reach Besançon by way of Montbazou. But, as has so often happened in this ungodly war, you moved faster than we; the waggon containing the money was stopped by your band on a road where they least expected you; the gendarmes and Franciscans who accompanied it had scarcely time, as you know, to convey the treasure into this house. Mlle. Blanche received it, ordered it to be carried into the room best adapted for such a purpose, which was the one formerly used by M. Kuhn for his money and valuable papers, and was provided with iron chests, barred windows, and a door secured by two locks; it was so natural that in our haste nothing should be thought of but obtaining some place of concealment. After the little casks were brought in and hidden for the time, the Franciscans breathed more freely; and as their minds were relieved from anxiety their courage returned, and discovering that their numbers were about the same as yours, they resolved to defend themselves against the approaching Uhlans. It was decided to fire a volley upon you through the grated door of the courtyard, then rush back into the house and shoot you down from the windows. You may imagine our alarm at this proposal; yet such a scene would undoubtedly have taken place had it not been for Blanche, who entreated them to withdraw, as the struggle would undoubtedly result in the burning of our house, and such a terrible event would kill her mother. She represented the uselessness of bloodshed, that the hostile party might pass by and they could return at night and remove their money; she also added that she would hold her whole property as security for the safety of the kegs of gold, if they would only go at once and resign all idea of a conflict, whose effect upon her invalid mother Blanche dreaded more than anything else."

"And on this security the people were persuaded to withdraw?" I asked, greatly excited by the story.

"They said no more, and were led by Max, our gardener, into the grounds, through which they disappeared. It was quite time, for the hoofs of your horses were already sounding in the avenue. You came, and to our horror announced that you intended to remain; to our still greater dread you took possession of these rooms for your servant and yourself, and the only means of access to the money was by passing through these apartments."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "how unfortunate all this was for you. That was why you came to us in the evening to try to ascertain the length of our stay, and when I gave you an answer by no means reassuring, Mlle. Blanche decided to take that moonlight walk on which I met her. She had gone to warn the Franciscans that they would not be able to take their casks away."

"You are right, she was obliged to send away the men, who had remained concealed in the

bushes on the banks of the Oignon. To satisfy them, she gave them a sheet of paper certifying that she had received the sum of money, and would be responsible for it. In this way, she at last succeeded in sending them away, although they had decided upon attacking the chateau at night, and murdering you all."

"We were somewhat on our guard against any such nocturnal surprise," I interrupted, "but, who knows, although Mlle. Blanche has done all this solely from consideration and anxiety for her mother, she has perhaps saved the lives of several of my men, mine especially, for I was separated from my soldiers! So she sent these people away with a written acknowledgment?"

"She succeeded in sending them away; the gendarme returned to report the matter to his prefect, and deliver Blanche's document; the Franciscans continued their way to Besançon. We should now have waited before pushing matters farther had it not been for our anxiety lest you should discover our secret, and you yourself had not at last told Blanche that you suspected something. After that she had no rest or peace; we were compelled to form the plan whose execution last night resulted so unfortunately, as you know!"

"And Mlle. Blanche," said I, after a pause, "does she consider herself bound to replace the whole sum? That would be terrible!"

"You are right," replied the abbé, "it is terrible. The property left by Monsieur Kuhn to his family consists of two hundred thousand francs bequeathed to his widow, and the same amount to his daughter; this house and the farm at Colomier belonged originally to Madame Kuhn, and are to go to a son by a former marriage, Blanche's half-brother, who is now living in Liverpool as French consul. You see that the demand will absorb the whole of Mlle. Blanche's property!"

"Ah! impossible!"

"What is impossible?"

"That she should be required to give up her property, all that she possesses, to indemnify the country; the country must bear the losses brought upon it by the war it desired."

"You do not know my cousin," answered the abbé, with a sad smile.

"No, no," I continued in the greatest excitement, "that cannot be; it is not possible that she should be required, compelled, to sacrifice herself?"

"Compulsion will not be necessary. She herself does not wish it otherwise; she has made herself responsible, and will not withdraw now; the matter concerns her native country, and France is in no condition to refuse the self-devotion of her children; this is no time for her children to lightly evade their duties."

I was silent. My brain whirled at the thought of the misfortune I had brought upon Blanche; I felt irresistibly compelled to rush to her side, to implore her—to do what? that I did not know; for the abbé had told me only the simple truth; I myself had but too much reason to believe that Blanche was far too generous and noble to adopt any other course of action than the one he mentioned.

Yet I rose from my bed, I could not endure to lie there quietly; the abbé sat with drooping head, and hands clasped idly on his knees, gazing steadily at the floor. I begged him to call Friedrich, who always helped me to dress, but at that moment he entered and reported that a detachment from our regiment was approaching Chateau Giron. I dressed as rapidly as my wounded arm would allow. In a short time the detachment wheeled into the courtyard; it was a whole train under the command of an officer. I went out to meet him, and made my report. He was naturally very much surprised to find me wounded, wished to see the injury, and expressed a very decided opinion that I was not fit to remain on duty. I employed all my eloquence to induce him not to send me to a hospital, and at last obtained permission to remain in my present comfortable quarters a few days longer, after which I was to proceed to Noroy, report to our commander, and abide by the staff surgeon's decision.

"You will receive a lieutenant's commission at once," said he; it was sent to the commander day before yesterday, as he ordered me to inform you. In addition you will be also suitably rewarded for the prize you have secured; and now we must proceed to the business for which I have come here. Where is the money?"

I led the way to the treasure; he counted the little casks, compared the number with the list I had given Glauroth, took possession of them and ordered them to be placed in the waggon which had followed the little band. Fifteen minutes later, leaning against the doorway of the chateau, I saw the treasure chests of the Garde Mobile of the Upper Saone, surrounded by our Uhlans, pass through the grated door of the courtyard of Chateau Giron, and I could now dismiss the two guards whom I had ordered out for the greater security of the treasure.

Fortunately Glauroth relieved me from his voluble account of his ride, and the events that had occurred at headquarters; he went to dinner with the soldiers, my meals were served in my room, and I thanked God for the opportunity of being alone.

Alone, with the infinitely sorrowful thoughts that occupied my mind, and which I should have been ashamed to confess to any human being. A heavy weight lay on my heart; I was almost ready to burst into tears. When the rough, open waggon containing the money rolled through the door of the courtyard, it seemed to me as if it were not the wretched gold, but

the coffin of some beloved friend that was borne away. It was probably my wound, my exhaustion, the feverish condition in which I was, that caused me to feel so weak, so depressed, so utterly crushed and spiritless. Yet I could not overcome the mood. In vain I said to myself, "What is it save what happens in thousands of lives—a conflict between duty and inclination? It is the universal fate of mankind. Moralists have written long books about it, our novels and dramas form their plots upon this conflict, and if the lives of men contain events which deeply touch their souls, they all turn around this great point. Life is only one long lesson of the renunciation of inclination for the sake of duty; the whole effort of moral law is merely to compel us to give the victory to duty rather than inclination, even if we should not do so from inherent principle. And, in truth, there is nothing great in this conquest; he who is unable to make it is only a contemptible fellow, a weakling, a scamp, a criminal; the world does not applaud any, does not hail any as heroes who resist great temptations. The world is hard, very hard! One's own conscience, a secret sense of happiness, is the reward. Oh! God, I feel very little happiness!"

In truth, the consciousness that I had treated Blanche without any consideration, and had done my duty wholly uninfluenced by her entreaties, did not save me from being utterly wretched. What did philosophy, reflection, or reasoning avail in this matter? The arguments of reason and the example of others make as little impression upon us in such situations as the experience of other men helps us in life. The individual peculiarities of our situation exert their overmastering power upon us; we always have the feeling that our calamity has something unusual, and as if we had a special right to rebel against fate.

Hundreds of thousands as well as I might have been forced to renounce their wishes for the sake of duty, but not one of them was thereby compelled to resign such a girl as Blanche! Oh! God, how every fibre of my heart clung to her; and yet I must tear her from it. How truly I felt that I could not live without her, and yet I must go away without the faintest hope of seeing her again. What an enigma my careless light-heartedness, my unconscious insolence, the jesting mood I had shown in my intercourse with her now seemed. Alas, I had felt so sure of my prize, I had at last grown so overbearing, that I ventured to allude to a game she was trying to play with me—so childishly overbearing. And now I would have knelt before her, worshipped this high-hearted girl, with her noble, self-sacrificing heart, her firm, resolute character.

And I had not even the consolation of telling her how I admired her. Was it any satisfaction to say to myself that at least she must esteem me; that even if she hated me for what I had done, she must acknowledge I had fulfilled the commands of duty steadfastly and firmly. No, I had not even this consolation, if it was one. Our mutual situations were so unfortunate that not even this comfort was left to me. For what was the meaning of the words now uttered by Blanche, except that my acts proved the falsity of my words when I told her of my love. She had often mentioned her opinion of men, if such was her judgment, she could not help thinking that I had sought from the first to deceive her in order to win her confidence, lure her secret from her, and thus obtain possession of this accursed gold.

It was enough to drive me mad; the thought was horrible. I could not bear it; I must do something to remove the idea from Blanche's mind. I revolved one plan after another to attain this object, but before any decision could be made I was disturbed; the abbé entered with a very pleasant little gentleman, whom he introduced as the family physician. I was obliged to allow him to examine my wound and bind it up afresh; he thought it no very serious affair, but ordered me to keep perfectly quiet, and urged me not to move the arm for at least two days. This prescription was very welcome, as I could appeal to it in case the information given by the officer should lead me to be recalled from my post at Chateau Giron, and I resolved to do so if my commander chanced to be of a different opinion from the first lieutenant who had granted me permission to remain.

After the physician left me Friedrich appeared, and then Glauroth entered to make his report. The latter did not wait for me to commence a conversation—I could not escape him, as I had gone to bed. He had read the Chevalier von Faublas, and, while smoking his cigar, indulged in all manner of nonsensical comments upon it. "I shall look into French literature a little more," said he; "it seems to me that very sweet fruits grow in that garden—a little over-ripe, but, like medlars, all the more pungent on that account. The polishing influence exerted upon men by this war with France is really remarkable!"

"I hope you won't cultivate your taste so far as to have a fancy for medlars," I replied.

"Who knows? German acorns may be much more nourishing and healthful, but you must admit they are indigestible."

"Tell me, Glauroth," I interrupted, "to change the subject—your father is a merchant, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is a merchant, and labours principally to provide the Germans with woollen night-caps, under-shirts, and jackets; he makes everything that lies close and warm over one's heart. Why do you ask? Do you intend to give the firm of Glauroth a handsome order—"

provide the corps with comfortable, well-woven woollen garments for the coming winter, like a generous patron?"

"No, I had no such idea, but thought it not impossible that you might know the name of some substantial, wealthy banking-house in Basle or Berne!"

"In Basle or Berne," said Glauroth, thoughtfully. "Wait a moment—who is in Basle! Ah! the old house of M. Brothers; and in Berne"—

"That is quite sufficient," I exclaimed, "the M. Brothers, their name is well-known, and perfectly satisfactory!"

"Do you want to enter into any monetary transaction?"

I did not reply, but spoke of other matters, and at last sent my companion away on pretense that I wished to sleep.

And I did sleep soundly all night long, as only a man who is thoroughly wearied in body and mind can do, after forming a firm resolution which has at last given rest to his soul, and awoke the next morning greatly refreshed and strengthened. I rose, and after Friedrich had dressed my wounded arm, and placed it carefully in a sling, went out to look after my twelve Paladins of the Arian Ulan race, and inspect their horses. When I had given Glauroth my orders for the day, I returned to my own room and wrote two letters. The first was to Mlle. Kuhn, and it is needless to mention that I did not accomplish my task until three or four attempts had been successively destroyed. The note contained a document which cost me far less trouble, as I made use of very few words.

After the letter was sealed I called Friedrich and sent him to deliver it to Mlle. Kuhn. My heart beat violently during the few moments he was absent, and I anxiously wondered whether she would receive a letter from me. Friedrich returned, and a hasty glance showed me that his hands were empty; Blanche had accepted my note.

CHAPTER IX.

"LOVE'S LABOUR WON."

I now wrote a second letter, addressed to my man of business at home, intending to ask the physician, who had promised to call again the next day, to take charge of it and mail it at Noroy.

I had just finished when the abbé entered and informed me that Mlle. Blanche wished to speak to me, and, if I was too weak to go up stairs, would come down to my rooms.

"You see I am much stronger, almost well, in fact," I interrupted; "may I go to Mlle. Blanche at once?"

The abbé bowed—his whole manner was more formal and constrained than the day before—and led the way. I followed him in a state of mind by no means easy to be described.

We passed through the well-known drawing-room into the small boudoir, which I had supposed to be occupied by Mme. Kuhn, on the occasion of my first visit. The apartment into which I was ushered was a very handsome one. Blanche sat near the window; she was very pale, and her eyes bore traces of recent weeping, but at this moment the tears were dried and she looked up with a stern, cold glance as I stood before her waiting for her to speak. My letter lay on a small table beside her.

I had held out my hand, with a feeling of deep emotion, but she did not seem to notice the gesture, and I took the chair to which she motioned me.

The abbé had remained in the drawing-room. "I wished to speak to you," she said, with the singular huskiness that sometimes pervaded her clear, bell-like tones, "because I must ask you a question. Promise me beforehand to tell the exact truth."

"I promise. What is your question?"

"An indiscreet and yet a very natural one. Are you very wealthy?"

"I, wealthy?"

"Why did the question surprise you?"

"Because it greatly embarrasses me."

"Embarrasses; yes, I can understand that," replied Blanche, in a harsh, almost angry tone.

You must acknowledge that you are very, very rich, and also that the step you have taken is terribly wanting in tact and extremely painful to me. You send me a bill of exchange for a hundred and ninety-five thousand francs on a banking-house in Basle—you to me! And you thought I would accept such a gift from you?"

"I thought," said I, greatly perplexed, "that I had told you in my letter I did not intend it as a gift to you. I should never have dreamed of being so presumptuous. The abbé informed me that you must indemnify the Government for the sum I have taken, and that you will thereby lose your whole property; since I have been the unfortunate cause of this necessity I did not hesitate to reimburse you. You are entirely innocent of the whole affair, and ought not to suffer from it. Perhaps I have shown a want of tact; that is very possible. In my present state of mind I cannot see anything very clearly. I was in despair at the story the abbé told me, and did not know what else to do."

"But I will not accept your bill of exchange on any consideration."

"That would grieve me more than I can tell you. If you accepted it I might think you would forgive me for the unwelcome part I have been compelled to play here, and no longer harbour such painful suspicions of my motives. It would soothe my sorrow, and I should be deeply grateful if you would restore my peace of mind, even though it cost you a struggle; pray accept it, Mlle. Blanche, although it may be hard for

you to do so; have mercy upon me. I am wretched enough to be compelled to leave Chateau Giron, and shall be ten times more unhappy if you refuse the offer I have made in the hope of securing at least exemption from your hatred."

"Unhappy," she repeated, with a scornful curl of the lip. "When a man is young and a millionaire, like you, grief is generally of no long duration. Take back your bill of exchange."

"You are very cruel," said I, my lips quivering in spite of myself. "Consider, Blanche, can you not accept from me what I have taken from you?"

"No," she answered, in the same stern tones. "Even if you suffer from self-reproach, or rather, if it annoys you, because you have been forced to bring this misfortune upon me—it would still be a great piece of extravagance to attempt to remove so trifling a cause of regret from your conscience by such a gift. No sensible man would squander so much money to settle an affair, which, after all, is so trivial. Two hundred thousand francs is a large sum even for a millionaire, and I will not countenance such lavishness."

She uttered the words in a strangely bitter tone.

"Listen to me, Blanche," I replied. "You need this property. A young lady who has been reared amid surroundings like yours requires wealth, it is a necessity of life to her. With me the case is very different. If you accept this sum I shall still have enough to support me in comfort, nay even luxury, for one or two years; I need no more, I have no one to provide for, and in a year or two I shall have a place in the civil service, and the Government will support me!"

She looked at me in the greatest astonishment, and asked hastily: "Then you are not a millionaire?"

"No, I am a younger son; my elder brother inherited a large property from my father, while I received nearly fifty-six thousand thalers from my mother. This bill of exchange is for about fifty-two thousand—you see I can be called a millionaire."

She gazed at me with an expression of the most un concealed astonishment, then grew still paler than before, and taking the bill of exchange from the table, began to tear it into the tiniest fragments. Her hands trembled as she did so, her lips quivered; there was a singular expression upon her countenance whose meaning I totally failed to understand.

"Blanche," said I, in an imploring tone, overpowered by a sudden emotion, the cause of which it would have been very difficult for me to define, and rising from my chair I tried to take her hand.

She hastily withdrew, turned away, and covered her face with her both hands. I saw that she was weeping, the tears streamed through her slender fingers; at last she sobbed aloud, started up, and strove to leave the room.

I detained her, passed my arm around her waist, and tried to draw her towards me. But she disengaged herself, almost violently, from my embrace. "No, no, go, say no more!" she exclaimed; "go, go!"

And the next moment she had disappeared through the curtained doorway.

I was no longer master of my thoughts. My brain reeled, I could not exactly understand what had happened, or the meaning of the scene, and was almost weak enough to burst into tears.

I returned to my room almost in a rage, struggling passionately to repress the tears that sprang to my eyes. The wrath was directed against myself, whose duty as a soldier demanded that I should remain composed and cool, although in the midst of death and desolation, and surrounded by misery in a thousand forms; yet I allowed myself to be unmanned and crushed by the sight of the sorrow I had caused this French girl, who was, after all, a German, and sternly denied her country. What was the matter? I had been compelled to deprive her of a pile of wretched, miserable gold, and wished to indemnify her for it. Could she not accept the reparation from me? Why? And if not, what had that to do with our love? Why should the money sunder our hearts? Was it not bad enough that the concealed board had induced each to try to outwit the other? And if I had won the game and wrested the gold from her, had she not played the farce of detaining me at Colomier, and striven to render me harmless by means of the abbé's sleeping potion, whose effects upon Friedrich I had noticed? Had I not borne the sting and torture of the most painful suspicions during whole days, for the sake of this accursed pelf? Was it not base, contemptible, narrow-minded, to regard the loss as something which must separate us forever? What can such a pitiful occurrence have to do with human hearts and souls? If she did not see and feel this, if she could not realize how much I must have suffered in obeying the voice of duty—then, then all that remained for me to do was to renounce her utterly.

The reasoning was like that adopted by all lovers. Very logical, very convincing, and of undoubted accuracy in the results deduced. And yet there is not a drop of consolation, not an atom of comfort to be derived from it!

I destroyed the now useless letter I had written to my man of business, and threw myself on a sofa to decide whether I should remain here, or request to be relieved from my post on account of my wound. Surely the latter was the best, the only course for me to pursue. A

few moments after, the physician came in and almost deprived me of the pretext by assuring me that if I would keep my arm in a sling two days longer, and be perfectly quiet, I need have no further anxiety concerning the wound. Strange to say, I was glad to have him deprive me of the excuse; in the depths of my heart I preferred—to stay. The human heart is a very contradictory thing.

This Noroy doctor was really a very talkative, clever little man; the first time he came he performed his work rather silently, but on this occasion he was very confidential and communicative. He began to speak of the war; of the philosophical Germans, who, however, had been so unphilosophical as to seek to battle with so noble a nation as the French; of Bismarck, that "Monsieur Shylock" as he called him, who wished to cut a piece from the living body of France, just like the horrible Jew of Venice.

"Why," exclaimed the little doctor, "why did not the Germans make peace with France after the battle of Sedan, after they had captured and delivered us from the emperor, who declared war against them, *cette incapacité inconnue!* We should then have been forever bound to them by ties of the deepest gratitude, and the two great nations, hand in hand, would have marched on towards the common goal of humanity."

I was not very much inclined to enter into an argument upon the subject, but could not help answering earnestly:

"To be sure, doctor, Germany would then have played her old rôle of moderation, in return for which the sympathies of all surrounding nations are against her; Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland, all the petty rattle of countries, look down upon her, grudge her her victories, and deride her fame. Germany has at last learned from experience to be a little more prudent. She once before freed France from an Emperor, and left her territories inviolate, asking no restoration of her former boundaries, not even Strasbourg, the centre of German life. How grateful France has been for such consideration we have learned in the course of years; she has constantly longed to obtain possession of our Rhine, threatened us with war, more than forced us to prepare for conflict, and at last suddenly hurled the torch of battle into our faces. Do you call that gratitude?"

"The France of to-day is not the France of 1814 and 1840," replied the doctor.

"I will give you the satisfaction," I answered, "of calling France a lion, which we peaceful Germans unfortunately have as a neighbour. A hornet stung the lion, and so infuriated him that he roared at us, wished to devour us, and stretched out his claws towards us. We have surrounded him and removed the hornet. Shall we now play the part of the slave Androcles, and rely upon his gratitude? That would be very foolish. It is much safer for us to cut off his claws."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"My idea of the only way in which a solid and lasting friendship and peace can be established between us, is very different from yours," I continued. "I believe we must prove with indelible strength that we have just as much haughty self-consciousness as the other nations. Then they will begin to respect us—and you must acknowledge, doctor, that without respect there can be neither love nor friendship! To induce France to love us we must show her we are her equals, no longer the servants of the glittering, haughty, aristocratic queen of nations! We have been the slaves of lordly nations long enough. We have made the inventions by which they have become great, yet, like servants who clothe themselves in their cast-off garments, we have adopted their fashions, imitated their customs, spoken their languages. Can any nation respect, be grateful to us, while we talk as if we were indebted to all? Why has France always longed to wrest the Rhine from us, and whenever opportunity offered, march to Berlin? Because she considers herself superior to us; if we show her that we stand on an equal footing, she will no longer consider it beneath her dignity to be on friendly terms with us. If we desire the friendship of France we must deprive her of Alsace and Lorraine. We have a right to them, and a man who is secure of his power does not allow his rights to be wrested from him. Only fools are moderate; only fools do not value their own rights, and know how to uphold them."

The doctor saw that he could not induce me to look at things from his point of view. But he took his leave very calmly, smiling in the proud assurance that the course of events would soon take a different turn, and the "Republic" would drive the "barbarian hordes" from the "sacred soil" of France.

After his departure, I relapsed into my former painful train of thought. This man had spoken of reconciliation between France and Germany! Was it possible that two young hearts, which really had no cause of separation except that war had broken out between their respective nations, should never find means of reconciliation also?

War! It was like an evil genius sent forth from hell to sprinkle its poisonous venom over everything that lived, bloomed, and prospered; on every blessing, every joy, every cheerful human hearthstone, every warily throbbing heart!

I had never felt so before, never been seized with such an abhorrence of it; it was certainly very egotistical that I should realize its woes in my utmost soul; only when they touched my life,

These thoughts drove me out of doors, into the open air; I ordered my horse to be saddled, and accompanied by two of my men rode across the bridge over the Oignon to take a short excursion along the other shore of the river.

When I returned at the end of an hour I found a letter lying upon the table in my room. I did not know the hand, but it was evidently a lady's, and, greatly agitated, I broke the seal.

The paper was signed Blanche. She wrote as follows:

"I cannot understand my own feelings. I am angry with you and with myself, yet, when I strive to discover why I am angry with you, I could weep, because I cannot explain it. I must confess that I have wronged you, I feel that you have inflicted bitter mortifications upon me, yet neither consciousness gives me a pang, as would be but natural under such circumstances; and this weakness, this—what shall I term it?—this sensitiveness angers me against myself. Perhaps there may be also a feeling of helplessness, because I do not know what I want. At all events you have shown so strong a character that it is no disgrace to acknowledge I am vanquished. As the conquered party, I sue for peace. While I admit you have cured me of my foolish contempt for a man's power of self-government, I ask you to acknowledge that I have done nothing wrong, nothing unworthy, when I sought to deceive, and accepted the abbé's proposal to make your vigilance unavailing by means of the powder! If that was wrong I could not help it. If the matter had not concerned property intrusted to my care, which I wished to save for my native land, I could not have resisted my longing to put an end to the state of mutual suspicion which made me so unhappy. By the step you took this morning you have proved my distrust to be perfectly unfounded. I tell you so frankly; do you also acquit me of all reproach, and when you leave here, think kindly of

"BLANCHE K."

I need not say how happy these few hastily written lines made me; so happy that I took courage to go to her at once. I found her standing in the drawing-room. She looked up timidly, but did not move as I approached, and seemed to understand that this interview would have a decisive influence on her whole life.

Her manner, I must confess, somewhat damped my courage, and it was in a very confused tone that I began:

"Blanche—could you believe that I had any other feeling than admiration for your courage, your firmness, your presence of mind, your high-mindedness; any other thought than despair over the misfortune I was compelled to bring upon you? Oh, let us make peace? We can do so. You say that you have seen your suspicions were unfounded, that my love for you was no hypocrisy, but a true, deep, and heartfelt emotion. Prove that my distrust did you injustice, force me to request your forgiveness on my knees."

"What distrust?" said she in an undertone, her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"The suspicion that your kindness, your sympathy for me, only prompted by your patriotism, and designed to make me weak and submissive to your will."

"You can no longer remember that," she replied in a low, hurried tone. "Yet, you might have the same cause as I to harbour distrust of of you. Very well, I will give you the proof you desire. You requested my permission to return to us after peace was declared. You then told me all sorts of things, I don't exactly remember what they were," she added, with a slight smile, "but I grant you the permission to come back when peace is concluded."

With delight, I caught her hand and kissed it passionately.

"Thanks! thanks!" I exclaimed; "and now it seems to me as if peace had already been concluded, a peace perfect, honourable, and blessed to both combatants! May I not therefore be permitted to repeat the words you have forgotten?"

She allowed her hand to rest in mine, but shook her head resolutely, and said earnestly:

"No, no, not yet, not yet! You must not ask me to forget everything so quickly. So long as war rages between our countries we must not be selfish, and think only of our own feelings. Ask nothing more of me! It would not be well, either for you or myself. The bridge you wish to build," she added, with a bright smile, "must not be the work of an hour, if it is to be firm and lasting."

"It is only to bear us, our two selves, Blanche, and so far as I am concerned I feel light enough to walk on air!"

She shook her head with the same bright smile, and replied:

"Oh, no! the bridge must be able to bear very weighty objections, earnest resolution, and determined opposition which will be made by my relatives!"

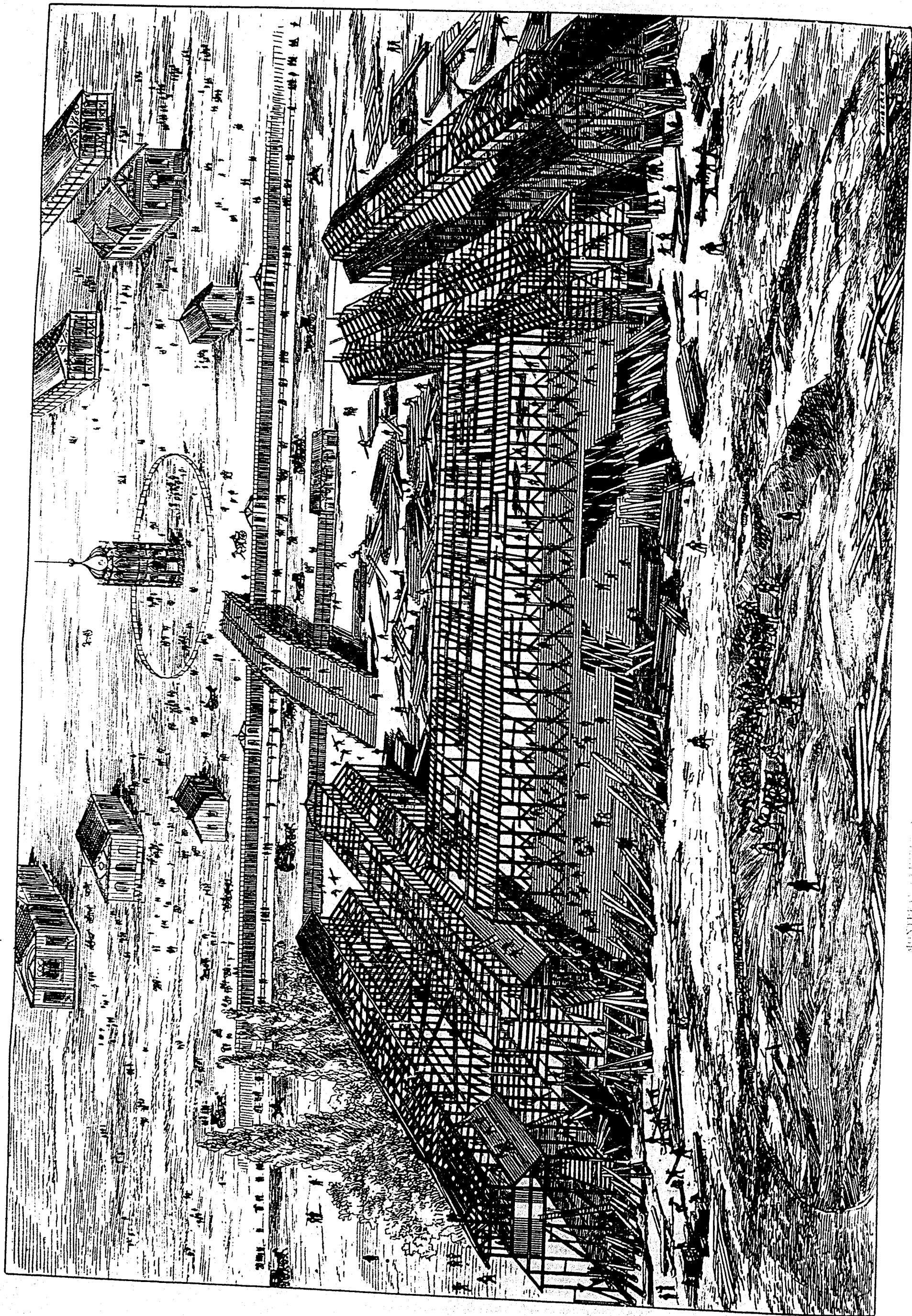
I need not say that in spite of this prohibition I placed no curb on my powers of eloquence. How was it possible when my heart was overflowing with joy? In other respect I was compelled to yield to Blanche. Our engagement must remain a secret from her family; and the only consolation she gave me was the permission to come to her daily for several hours, in order to—explain "Faust."

"In the abbé's presence?" I asked.

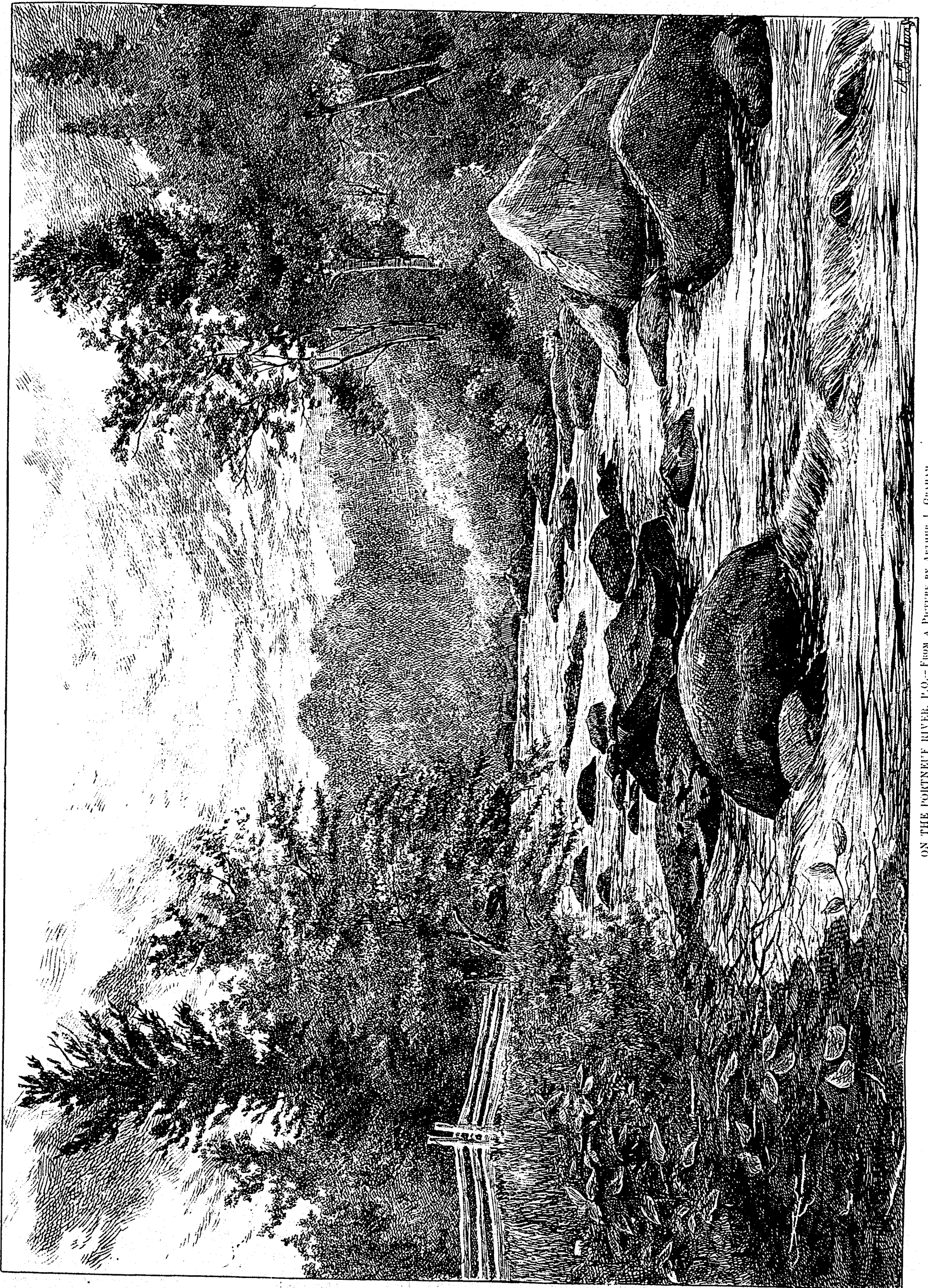
"In the abbé's presence—unless your German heresies drive him away."

I explained "Faust" very faithfully, but, I am, was extremely heretical, and even far sur-





MONTRÉAL, CANADA. THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY. THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.



ON THE PORTNEUF RIVER, P.Q.—FROM A PICTURE BY ARTHUR I. GRAHAM

passed Glauroth's Arianism. Perhaps it was quite unnecessary, for the abbé evidently avoided me. Why? I thought I guessed his motive, but when peace is declared I hope he too will be reconciled.

Ah! if only peace would be declared! In less than a week I was recalled from Chateau Giron. The regiment marched farther south, we attacked Dijon, were sent to Nuits as scouts and foragers, and at last were placed in a very exposed position in covering a battery during the bloody battle of Nuits. Glauroth was wounded in the right leg by a fragment of a shell, which killed his horse under him; a few moments after, I received a bullet in the right arm, just below the shoulder, but thank God it passed through without breaking the bone. We were sent to the same city to recover our health, far from the tumult of war, and as each day gives increasing strength we utter with still more ardent longing the daily prayer, "Would that peace might be declared!"

Here ends the narrative of the young Prussian officer. The sequel to it was furnished to his friends, shortly after the war was over, in the shape of invitations to the wedding.

THE END.

#### FOR THE BOYS.

The late James T. Fields was noted not only for his scholarship, but also for his rare, practical good sense. In a series of letters he has a talk with the boys, and his suggestions are worthy the attention of our youth. Here is what, among other things, he would do:

If I were a boy again I would learn the art of using tools of various sorts. I would insist on learning some trade, even if I knew there would be no occasion to follow it when I grew up. What a pleasure it is in after life to be able to make something, as the saying is—to construct a neat box to hold one's pen and paper, or a pretty cabinet for a sister's library, or to frame a favourite engraving for a Christmas present to dear, kind mother. What a loss not to know how to mend a chair that refuses to stand up strong, only because it needs a few tacks and a bit of leather here and there. Some of us cannot drive a nail straight, and should we attempt to saw off an obtrusive piece of wood, ten to one we should lose a finger in the operation.

If I were a boy again I would have a blank book in which I would record, before going to bed, every day's events just as they happened to me personally. If I began by writing only two lines a day in my diary, I would start my little book and faithfully put down what happened to interest me. On its pages I would note down the habits of birds and animals as I saw them; and, if the horse fell ill, down would go his malady in my book, and what cured him should go there, too. If the cat or dog showed any peculiar traits, they should all be chronicled in my diary, and nothing worth recording should escape me.

If I were a boy again I would practice perseverance oftener, and never give a thing up because it was hard or inconvenient to do it. If we want light we must conquer darkness. When I think of mathematics I blush at the recollection of how often I "caved in" years ago. There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished. We are all inclined to give up too easily in trying or unpleasant situations; and the point I would establish with myself, if the choice were again within my reach, would be never to relinquish my hold on a possible success if moral strength or brains in my case were adequate to the occasion.

That was a capital lesson which Professor Faraday taught one of his students in the lecture room after some chemical experiments. The lights had been put out in the hall, and by accident some small article dropped on the floor from the professor's hand. The professor lingered behind endeavouring to pick it up. "Never mind," said the student, "it's of no consequence to-night, sir, whether we find it or not." "That is true," replied the professor; "but it is of great consequence to me, as a principle, that I am not foiled in my determination to find it." Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results. "There are only two creatures," says the Eastern proverb, "who can surmount the pyramids—the eagle and the snail."

If I were a boy again I would school myself into a habit of attention oftener. I would remember that an expert on the ice never tries to skate in two directions at once. One of our great mistakes while young is that we do not attend strictly to what we are about just then at that particular moment. We do not band our energies closely enough to what we are doing and learning. We wander into a half interest only, and so never acquire fully what is needful for us to become masters. The practice of being habitually attentive is one easily attained if we begin early enough. I often hear grown-up people say, "I couldn't fix my attention on the sermon or book, although I wished to do so," and the reason is, a habit of attention was never formed in youth.

If I were to live my life over again I would pay more attention to the cultivation of memory. I would strengthen that faculty by every possible means and on every possible occasion. It takes a little hard work at first to remember things accurately, but memory soon helps itself and gives very little trouble. It only needs early cultivation to become a power. Everybody can acquire it.

#### A REJECTED LOVER'S FEARFUL REVENGE.

In spite of all that has been done in the last fifty years in improving the channel, the course of true love is still uncertain in places. An incident indicative of this, although somewhat out of the usual line, occurred in Danbury recently. There were two suitors for a young woman's affections. No. 1 was first acquainted with her, and had kept pretty steady company with her through the past month, when No. 2 appeared. The latter soon got the best hold, and this became apparent to the former. The young lady gave herself up to No. 1, until the day after the Fourth, when she suddenly and rather decidedly veered about to the stranger, who is new in town, learning the jewellery business. No. 1 was forgotten as easily, apparently, as if he had been an old debt. It was the night of the fifth that this change in feeling dawned upon him. He had purchased a quart of new apples, and taken them to her house. There was company present on his arrival, and he requested to see her privately in the hall. She complied with a reluctance that struck him as being singular.

"Here is something for you, Julia," he whispered, extending the package.

She coloured slightly, as she said,—

"I cannot take it, thank you."

"But you don't know what it is," he urged.

"It is a quart of new apples, just come into market."

She made no move.

"Why, Julia, take them. They won't hurt you. They are ripe."

"No, I mustn't," she persisted, keeping her eyes cast down.

"Why not?" he pleaded. "You don't think I'd bring 'em up here if I thought they would hurt you, do you?"

She moved uneasily, but said nothing.

"Julia," he began, in a broken voice, "don't you believe me when I tell you they are ripe?"

She did not answer.

"Can it be possible," he continued, in a voice of pain, "that you believe that I would try to make you sick? that I'd bring anything up here that would upset you?"

"The company are waiting, and I must go back to them," she said, speaking in a constrained tone, and reaching out to the handle of the parlour door.

"You won't take them?" He was very white, and his voice trembled with suppressed passion.

"No."

"Then I'll go home and eat every gold-darned one of 'em before I touch my bed, if they kill me deader than Goliath." And with this ferocious threat he bounced out of the house.

Whether he did as he promised is not known, but as he was around on the street the next day, it is more than likely that wiser thoughts prevailed.

That afternoon he started for her house, to see if that dreadful thing was true that that jeweller, whom he designated by the prefix of "pole-legs," had really supplanted him. As he neared the house he saw, with anger, that the jeweller was there, playing croquet with Julia. The sight maddened him. For a moment he looked at them with clinched hands, then he hurried away with a gleam in his eye that denoted a storm. In a quarter of an hour he was again approaching the place. He had both hands in the pockets of his sack, as if he was holding on to something valuable. The dapper young jeweller was still engaged in the game with the fair young Julia, and their laughing remarks grated distastefully upon his ear. He marched straight into the yard. Julia looked up and saw him, and a frown covered her face. He saw it, and understood its import at once. His own face grew black with wrath. He turned to her.

"Julia, have you given me up for this cuss?" he savagely inquired.

"What do you mean by such language as that?" she angrily demanded. While the party thus indelicately stared at the newcomer as if he very much doubted his own existence.

"Just what I say," retorted the discarded one.

"Well, the quicker you leave this yard the better you'll please me," was the spiteful rejoinder from the fair one.

"Then it's true, it's true," he howled, in a voice of anguish. "She has left me for old pole-legs. Oh!" This with a sudden reversal of tone, as the name brought up a realization of the hated presence. "You are the one that's done it, are you?" Turning in a rage upon his rival. "You are the scoundrel that left me to buy her things for a whole month, to get her sweetened up for you, and then you come in and take her yourself. Where were you on the Fourth?" he screamed with biting sarcasm.

"Why didn't you show yourself when there was money to spend, an' things to show her that cost cash down. Where was you when the ice cream an' cake was around? Oh, you old gimlet eye!" he added, suddenly removing one hand from the recesses of a pocket and hurling a raw egg full in the face of his rival, which, breaking in the contact, completely transformed the entire expression of the jeweller. "Where were you? I say," he yelled, dancing around and drawing forth another egg. At the advent of this awful article, Miss Julia scampered into the house, and the affrighted and almost blinded rival struck out wildly for escape; but the foe

was after him, and not ten feet had been cleared when the second egg caught him between the shoulders, and sprinkled its glowing colour over his back. The unfortunate man ran with all his might seeking for escape, but was baffled in the search. He flew over the vegetables, and darted around the trees, but the avenger kept close to him, plastering him with omelets, and plying him with questions like this:—

"Where were you on the Fourth?"

Egg.

"Where were you when there was money to be spent?"

Egg.

"Kept away, did you till the Fourth was over, the costliest day in the year?"

Egg.

"Knew cream was up that day, did you?"

Egg.

And the eggs flew with all the vengeance an unrequited affection could impart to them. And the unhappy Julia, standing in a trance of horror at the window, saw her favoured one pelted in the back, in the side, on the head, and against the leg; saw him tear through the shrubbery like a winged omelet; saw the golden liquid stream from his hair, his chin, his coat-tails, and his finger-tips; saw him shed scrambled eggs, chromos, and circus posters at every jump; saw him finally bound over the back fence, and sweep across the back lots like a simoom of biliousness, and then she gave a scream and fainted dead away.

#### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE will of the late Dean Stanley has been sworn under £90,000.

M. GLADSTONE, senior, is going to Leeds in the autumn to speak to his son's constituents.

A NEW penny, Conservative paper will appear in October called the *People*.

THE presentation of an old arm chair to Mr. Gladstone by his political friends was suggestive.

AFTER the opera is over, Signor Mario has come to London. He brings with him his two daughters.

It was stated recently in the House of Commons that British officers were the worst swordsmen in the world. There is some exaggeration in this, but there is no doubt that British officers are not as a rule skilful in the use of their weapons.

AN international temperance exhibition will be opened on Monday next at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The show will include samples of unintoxicating beverages of different nations, as well as the machinery used in their manufacture. The exhibition will remain open fourteen days.

WHO is to be the new Knight of the Garter? The Earl of Derby is known not to care for it. But Mr. Gladstone is in no hurry to give it to anybody. It was Lord Beaconsfield's, and the Queen perchance may like to see it well and worthily bestowed.

THE lists of the London University show a great increase in the number of lady candidates for academical distinctions. A surprising number of female names occur in the first B.A. list; when the married women enter the lists there will, of course, be a number of M.A.'s.

So next session is to be devoted to what a daily paper calls the "transcendently" important subject of Parliamentary Procedure. A pleasant prospect indeed! This year eight months have been devoted to Ireland, hardly a crumb has fallen to the share of England or Scotland; but next year neither of these three kingdoms is to get anything done for it. All hands are to turn to mending the machine.

It is said that the Queen personally interfered in the rupture between the Lords and Commons, and that it is mainly in obedience to strongly expressed wishes of Her Majesty that a spirit of forbearance has been pursued. The Sovereign is strongly opposed to the adoption of any proceedings that will bring the country and the Upper House in conflict. On Monday morning, Sir Henry Ponsonby, at the Queen's command, spent some hours in Downing street, and had interviews with Mr. Gladstone.

A SUGGESTIVE anecdote in connection with the Irish Land Question was told at a political dinner party the other day, when an honourable Baronet, a member of the House of Commons, stated that about thirty years ago he had the honour of dining at the Castle of Dublin with the Earl of Carlisle, then Irish Viceroy. The session had been long, acrimonious, and Irish; and Lord Carlisle, commenting upon its exhaustive labours, wound up by saying, "Well, thank God, we have settled the Irish Land Question at last!" What an optimist his Excellency must have been!

At last there is some hope not only of St. Mar-

garet's Churchyard, Westminster, being turned from a charnel-house to a garden, but of the church itself being bodily wheeled off to another site in Westminster, where it may be more suitably located than squat, at present as it is, under the Abbey, like Milton's toad at the ear of Eve. The Duke of Westminster has offered a suitable site rent free in Victoria street, and a subscription is to be raised to carry it out. Let us hope that at last the precincts of the Abbey will be relieved from an excrescence which is now an incumbrance.

MOST of the great trades organizations in the metropolis have declared themselves on the side of "fair trade," and public opinion is now ripe for a demonstration during the coming autumn, which will astonish the Cobden Club. An important gathering is to take place next month in the shape of a national conference, to which the various trades union delegates will be invited. The Duke of Manchester is expected to preside over the conference. Being President of the Royal Colonial Institute, and having recently visited our Australian Colonies, his Grace will be able to speak with authority upon a point of some interest in connection with this question, which Sir H. Maxwell has undertaken to bring under the notice of the House of Commons early next session.

AT one of the principal theatres at Vienna a novelty has been introduced which our managers might copy. Everyone knows the stereotyped London orchestra, with its ear piercing flute and cornet, so hopelessly out of tune, and both so aggressively noisy. The orchestra exists for the gallery, and it is hard that the nuisance of it exists for the stalls. At one theatre in Germany they lately accommodated the musicians with seats in the last row of the gallery, and as sound is said to ascend, the effect in the lower part of the house was peaceful and pleasing. Still the orchestra has its value for the actors, and in a certain class of play a lover can only die to slow music. Now what they have done in Vienna is an improvement on the plan of shutting up the musicians in a cock-loft. They have withdrawn flute and fife, and flageolet; they have taken out the whole tribe of cornets, and told the trumpeter his occupation is gone. Strings have been substituted for mouth-pieces, and there is nothing in the orchestra bench but fiddles, big and little, and a harp—possibly a drum is added.

GOOD plain handwriting is an accomplishment somewhat neglected now-a-days. The late ever-to-be-deplored Dean Stanley was a sad sinner in this respect. His MS. had generally to be re-written before the most experienced compositor could do anything with it. On one occasion some few years ago, the Dean was to preach in Durham Cathedral, and was the guest of a well-known and respected Durham dignitary. Two north-country reporters, anxious to steal a march on their fellows, called at his temporary residence, and requested an interview with Dean Stanley, in order to obtain the MS. of his next day's discourse. They were ushered into a room, and, after some waiting, a slight, dapper man, in very tight-fitting black, appeared, and informed them that he was the gentleman of whom they were in search. On learning their business, he at once opened a portmanteau containing a large collection of not very clean-looking manuscript sermons. He selected one and handed it to his visitors, asking them to copy it. They speedily found it was as easy for them to copy as Egyptian hieroglyphics. It is an absolute fact that neither of them could decipher the first ten words. Meanwhile the author was sitting at the fire reading as quietly as though he were unconscious of their existence. At last they modestly hinted their dilemma to him. He manifested no surprise; but at once kindly offered to read the sermon over to them. Before he began, one gentleman of the press informed the other he would rely upon him to take the note. His friend, unfortunately, being slightly deaf, understood him to say just the reverse of what he did say. They sat back to back, and could not see each other's movements. After they were bowed out they discovered that neither of them had taken a line. They had left the place richer by a good story; but in other respects just as they went to it.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM is about to pay a visit to America.

MADAME NILSSON and her husband, M. Rousseau, are at Vichy.

VICTOR MASSÉ has finished a new opera, "La Nuit de Cléopâtre."

RUBINSTEIN says he intends to make one more concert-tour through England and after that to disappear from public life.

THE Hon. Lewis Wingfield goes to New York to produce his new play, *The Spider's Web*, for Miss Genevieve Ward.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD has arrived in New York and will open at the Union Square Theatre September 26th, in "Forget-Me-Not."

AT one of the principal theatres at Vienna a novelty has been introduced which managers elsewhere might copy. The reed instruments, flute and fife, and flageolet and cornets and trumpets are withdrawn. Strings have been substituted for mouthpieces, and there is nothing in the orchestra bench but fiddles, big and little, and a harp—possibly a drum is added.

"IN PACE."

When you are dead some day, my dear, Quite dead, and under ground, Where you will never see or hear A summer slight or sound;

I wonder, will you ever wake, And with tired eyes again, Live for your old life's little sake

For we have heard for all things born One harvest-day prepares Its golden garner for the corn,

No hate so hard, no love so bold To seek your bliss or woe; You are too sweet for hell to hold,

And you will find a quiet place For your still soul to rest, Sweet as your kisses were;

W. H. MALLOCE.

AUNT JUDITH'S DENUNCIATION.

BY FRANCES JOSEPHINE MOORE.

Aunt Judith! How shall I hope to describe her majesty! Tall, angular and stern of visage, yet with handsome features.

Accordingly, she was now straight-laced to a degree. No one could pounce upon the mildest flirtation with more hawk-like celerity than she.

Miss Judith had a heart underneath her stern exterior, although few found the way to it. The one who loved her best, and whom she loved best in the world, was her niece, pretty, merry, warm-hearted Katie Lorton, her dead sister's only daughter.

Katie was engaged to be married, and was coming on a short visit to her aunt, the last before her marriage with Mr. James Manly;

"Jim is also paying some farewell visits, and, if he can manage to make them fit in comfortably, will come down to see you and me for a day or two toward the end of my visit, and then take me back to New York."

"Charming!" muttered the old lady, grimly, and, indeed, she had cause for grimness just now, for there lay close beside her on the table another letter from a lady she knew well formerly, and who lived in a quiet seaside town no very far from New York.

Miss Florinda Ferrett was perhaps the very cleverest person at managing her neighbour's affairs that you ever came across. There was no mystery too deep for her.

"Bless you, I guess they can't deceive me. I know it's true," etc., etc.

This worthy creature had written to Aunt Judith, and here is her letter:

"MY VALUED FRIEND—You know how distasteful it is to my too-sensitive organization to find out anything against other people. Were it not for our long friendship" (they had been rivals in their youth) "I would keep silence for ever. As it is, however, I feel it my bounden duty to speak."

"I have, most unwillingly, discovered that Mr. James Manly, your sweet Katie's betrothed" (she hated Katie!) "is a villain of the worst type! One of my windows overlooks the garden of a pretty villa here—Rose Villa. My friend, prepare yourself. In that villa dwell James Manly's wife and children. Mrs. Manly has been down here about a month; he came a week ago. She appears to be a little older than he is (young men so often make fools of themselves in that way), a very fine-looking woman (sure to get coarse), and very quiet manners (those very quiet people are generally sly). The children—a boy and a girl, about seven and five—are really very pretty."

"Mr. James Manly arrived one evening whilst I was sitting at my window (it happened to be the very one I mentioned to you), reading 'Paley's Evidences.' Such a meeting! 'Oh, Jim, I am so glad to see you!' she cried. 'Well, how are you all? Jolly as usual!' Then such kissing! It really made my blood curdle. I drew down the blind, but I could not avoid seeing through a little chink that they went back into the house arm-in-arm, laughing and talking."

"They are together all the time; he evidently adores the children, and, I suppose, her, too. They all walk together, drive together, and (I blush to name it even) bathe together! Of course, the present age (dead to modesty) allows of such atrocities; but I must say it makes me creep to think of them."

"I have now told you all, and leave you to make what use you please of this letter (without bringing in my unblemished name, of course)."

"Yours, with true friendship and in sorrow, "FLORINDA FERRETT."

"And this young man seeks my niece!—seeks to ally himself to one of the best families in New York! I'll tell her—I'll tell the poor deluded child directly she arrives. Yet, no, I won't; she shall have a few more happy days. But when that fellow comes, I'll confront him with all his villainy. Surely pride will cure my Kate—the pride of the Cramptons. Ah! how the dear girl takes after me, to be sure."

Katie came, bright, pretty, and so happy. She was never tired of talking about her Jim.

"Auntie, he is such a dear fellow—so frank and true."

"Ah, my dear," sighed Aunt Judith, wistful, in some sort, to prepare Katie, "youth is easily satisfied."

"Now, auntie, dear, that is cruel. I tell you my Jim is as utterly incapable of any sort of deceit as—a little baby."

"Babies, child, are the most deceitful creatures breathing. They always squall and pretend pain when they want their own way."

"You know very well, Aunt Judith, that you are only pretending. Anyway Jim is Jim, even if a baby is a baby—and a deceitful, squalling one."

How Aunt Judith managed to contain herself during the next few days was a marvel, bursting as she was with indignation and pity combined.

The austere old lady groaned in spirit when she thought of how soon Katie's cup of happiness would be dashed from her young lips.

At last the day arrived upon which James Manly was expected. Katie was in high spirits, with such a tender, happy light in her bright eyes! It was really heart-rending.

Aunt Judith began to wish herself at the North Pole, Kamtschatka, or any other equally remote district. But duty stared her sternly in the face, and when did Miss Judith Crampton ever shrink from that? She must nerve herself to her dreadful task.

Katie had to order some things for her aunt from the village, so she put on her hat.

"If Jim comes before I get back, you must amuse him, auntie. I don't think you have forgotten how to entertain a gentleman, you dear old thing!" cried the saucy girl, hugging the "dear old thing" rapturously.

Off she went, and again did the unhappy lady groan in spirit.

"Poor child! When she comes back—Oh, that wretch!"

She sat in her trim parlour, grim, majestic and full of wrath, but determined to face the worst, come what would.

Presently she heard the deafening shriek of the incoming train; in five minutes he would be there, for the station was close to her cottage. Five minutes! Good gracious! how should she begin! She wished Katie were back. Then she devoutly hoped Katie would not come back—just now, at all events.

Perhaps, after all, Providence would be merciful to her, and he would not come at all! Ah! that was very likely. He knew probably that he was already found out, and therefore—

And lo! there he stood in the doorway! Such a fine-looking fellow, with laughing gray eyes and the figure of an athlete!

In he came.

"I suppose I need scarcely ring—need I? How do you do, Miss Crampton? I am glad to see you looking so well. I—I hope—I am welcome!" a little uncertainly, seeing no smile of greeting on the stern face before him.

"Sir—young man—" began Aunt Judith, rising, and then sitting down again, trembling.

Why on earth was this fellow so handsome and truthful-looking, making it so difficult for her to denounce him!

"Miss Crampton! why, surely you have forgotten me. I am James Manly."

"Forgotten you! Young man, I wish I had never seen you!"

Jim stared at her. Then a thought flashed across him.

"Good heavens! she is mad! How shocking! I wish Katie had told me. Age and rheumatism. I wonder where her keeper is."

She fathomed his suspicion.

"I see what you think, Mr. Manly. But I am not mad, although I wonder I retain my senses in presence of so much audacity. Are you not ashamed, sir?"

"Ashamed, Miss Crampton?" repeated Jim, utterly confounded.

"Yes, sir, ashamed of coming here, in order to delude my poor niece up to the last moment."

The poor old lady almost broke down here. At last Jim said:

"Of what do you accuse me, may I ask?"

Now for the dreadful leap.

"I accuse you, young man, of seeking my niece, Miss Kate Lorton, in marriage, whilst—whilst—you have a wife and children already!"

The leap was taken.

"Do not feign ignorance!" and Aunt Judith shook with wrath. "Look here; do you see this letter, written from the very place you now come from? I conceal the name of the writer from motives of honour—a thing you know nothing about, sir." Then, tearing off the signature, she handed him the letter. "Read it, sir—read it for yourself. Never mind the style of the letter—it is the subject with which we have to do."

Jim read the letter, and a light dawned upon him. Returning it, he muttered, with a gloomy look:

"So, I am discovered!"

"Discovered! Yes, to be the deepest dyed wretch, the most heartless—"

"Well, where's the harm?" interrupted Jim, with a swagger of bravado. "Why shouldn't I walk and drive with a pretty Mrs. Manly? And as for bathing—by Jove, though," he said, meditatively, "that was a becoming costume she wore!"

"Shameless profligate!"

"Katie's figure is pretty, too," said Jim, with the air of a connoisseur.

Then Aunt Judith started up. Forgetful of rheumatism, and, shaking her stick at him, she shrieked:

"Out of my presence! Go—go before my poor girl returns! Go, and I will break the dreadful fact to her. Good heavens, she's here!"

"Why, auntie! Why, Jim! Whatever is the matter?" cried Katie, standing amazed in the door-way.

"And well might she ask, for there stood Aunt Judith, furiously shaking her stick at Jim, who had rolled on to the sofa in a perfect convulsion of laughter.

"Oh, Katie!" he gasped, "come here—come and support me—or—I shall die—your athletic Jim will die!"

"You goose," said Katie, "get up and tell me what you've done to Aunt Judith."

"What he's done!"

Then came the whole story in a torrent. And then what did Aunt Judith see? Instead of a poor stricken girl, flying to her arms for shelter and sympathy, she saw Katie run over to Jim, throw her arms round his neck, and off they both went into such fits of laughter that her aunt stood dumbfounded.

At last Katie got her breath.

"Oh, auntie!" she cried. "Why have you been accusing Jim of being married to—oh, wait—or I shall choke—to his stepmother!"

Another explosion from Jim. A bombshell falling into the midst of Miss Judith Crampton's cottage and shattering its inmates would be but a faint description of the fearful revulsion which took place in that good lady's mind. She knew that Jim had a stepmother, but had never seen her—never thought of her as a young woman—in fact, she had not thought much about her.

"Stepmother!" she faltered, sinking into her chair.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jim, with mock humility. "Please, mayn't I have a pretty stepmother and a nice little brother and sister—Tommy and Tottie?"

"Stepmother!" repeated Miss Judith—then, with sudden alacrity. "Why, what a mischief-making, scandal-loving, prying fool—"

"Is Miss Florinda Ferrett," interrupted Jim. "Yes, Miss Crampton, I have guessed your informant. She is well-known in her immediate neighbourhood."

"Miss Judith Crampton was a true lady in spite of her little eccentricities; she rose, and, holding out her hand, said:

"James Manly, I ask your pardon, and Katie's, too. You were right, child. Your Jim and deceit don't fit together at all."

"That was a very becoming bathing costume, though," said Jim, mischief brewing in his eye.

"Go along with you, sir!" said Aunt Judith, making a playful dive at him with her stick.

Jim and Katie have been married some years now, and have three blooming children. Their home is very bright and happy, and one of its most welcome visitors is Aunt Judith. Often does Jim, when he and Katie are alone, rehearse the scenes of Aunt Judith's denunciation. "Shall I ever forget it? Bathed together! shameless profligate!"

Then, brandishing an imaginary stick, or anything that comes handy, off he goes into one of his convulsions of laughter, and his little wife cannot help joining, although they both love Aunt Judith dearly and have never told a soul about the absurd mistake made by the mischief-making old maid. Aunt Judith adores the children, and is not anything like as stern as she used to be. But if you wish to rouse within her the most righteous wrath, just mention Miss Florinda Ferrett.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS cures all disease of the blood, liver and kidneys, female complaints, nervous and general debility, and builds up the entire system when broken down by disease.

WHO HE WAS.

One of the book-keepers for a Detroit lumber firm was recently sent to the north woods to transact business for his employers. He is a man of good mind and strong limb, and has hung about gymnasiums long enough to get up his muscle and understand how to strike from the shoulder. He reached a camp belonging to another firm just at noon one day, and all but one of the loggers gave him a hearty welcome. This one man seemed out of sorts and bent on mischief. After throwing out repeated slurs and insults he boldly said:

"Stranger, I've been aching for a whole week past to put some one in my vest pocket."

This was turned off in a pleasant manner, but the logger persisted:

"I've got a great hankering to play pitch and toss with you, and if you don't run away before I finish my dinner, I'm going to heave you over the shanty a few times."

The Detroitier didn't run worth a cent. When he saw that a fuss was inevitable, he removed his watch and pin and shed his overcoat, and was in first-rate trim when the logger was ready to heave away. As the bully came forward he was neatly knocked down. He got up with a grin and went down again. The third time he got up he sat down on a log to collect his ideas, and when they had returned to him, he carefully approached the Detroitier, and said:

"Mebbe you are presidin' elder?"

"No."

"Regular preacher?"

"No."

"Circuit rider?"

"No."

"Tract distributor?"

"No; I am a bookkeeper in the employ of Latb & Shingle of Detroit."

"Put it thar!" said the man, as he held out his hand. "I'm all bluff and no fight, but I took you for some sort of a preacher, and I thought I might wollop you and stand solid with the boys. Say, will you do me a favor?"

"Yes."

"All right. I'm going to tell the boys that you are Tom Sayers, and don't you deny it! Carrying two black eyes around this camp for the next fortnight will be grief enough for me to stagger under, let alone any one knowing that I got 'em from a man wearing a billed shirt and a clean collar."—Detroit Free Press.

LONG SWIMS BY MEN AND ANIMALS.

Referring to the wonderful feats of swimming performed by Webb, the opinion is expressed in Nature that men and animals would sustain themselves for long distances in water much oftener were they not incapacitated by terror or completely ignorant of their real powers.

Some years since the second mate of a ship fell overboard while fisting a sail. It was blowing fresh, the time was night, and the place some miles out in the stormy German Ocean. The hardy fellow nevertheless managed to gain the English coast. Brock, with a dozen other pilots, was plying for fares by Yarmouth, and as the mainsheet was belayed, a sudden puff of wind upset the boat, when presently all perished except Brock himself, who from 4 in the afternoon of an October evening to 1 in the next morning swam thirteen miles before he was able to hail a vessel at anchor in the offing. Animals themselves are capable of swimming immense distances, although unable to rest by the way.

A dog recently swam thirty miles in America in order to rejoin his master. A mule and a dog washed overboard during a gale in the Bay of Biscay have been known to make their way to shore. A dog swam ashore with a letter in his mouth at the Cape of Good Hope. The crew of the ship to which the dog belonged all perished, which they need not have done had they only ventured to tread water as the dog did. As a certain ship was labouring heavily in the trough of the sea it was found needful, in order to lighten the vessel, to throw some troop horses overboard which had been taken in at Corunna. The poor things, a staff surgeon said, when they found themselves abandoned, faced round and swam for miles after the vessel. A man on the east coast of Lincolnshire saved quite a number of lives by swimming out on horseback to vessels in distress. He commonly rode an old gray mare, but when the mare was not to hand he took the first horse that offered.

WHAT'S IN A NAME!—The virtue of most of the patent medicines with which the market is flooded lies in the name, but the virtues of Burdock Bitters lie in the fact that they cleanse the blood of impurities, and cure dyspepsia, biliousness and indigestion. Price \$1; trial bottle 10 cents.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.

**MADAME CARRENO.**

This talented artist is about to pay us a more lengthened visit than usual during the Exhibition week. Her playing and herself are so familiar to and popular with all Montreal lovers of art that the accompanying portrait may prove acceptable to our readers, and seems not inappropriate at this time. Madame Carreno was born in 1858, and is of most aristocratic parentage, being the daughter of Don Manuel Antonio Carreno, at that time Minister of Finance of the Venezuelan Republic, who, owing to political troubles, expatriated himself, and came to reside in the United States. Having in his youth studied music for his own amusement he concluded to utilize his talent as a means of livelihood; at the same time he instructed his daughter, who soon became his best pupil, and who at the early age of nine years appeared with remarkable success in the principal cities of America. Having been introduced to Gottschalk, the latter was so pleased with her aptness that he gave her lessons, and advised her father to take her to France and introduce her there. About 1866 the youthful Teresa Carreno arrived in Paris, where she at first played in some of the salons of the nobility, and was very well received, soon after making her appearance in public with marked success. Since then she has travelled extensively, and been received everywhere with great favour, being acknowledged by the musical critics as one of the finest pianists now living, an opinion which Montreal, at all events, is ever ready to endorse. Mme. Carreno is accompanied on this occasion by Mr. Oliver King, whose portrait has been already given to our readers, and of whom we need only say that he is a worthy companion of the fair artist.

**ECHOES FROM PARIS.**

THE Tunisian flags captured at Sfax have been hung in the Paris Invalides. One of these was the standard of the Prophet, and is of green silk, with a broad red stripe.

Two more streets of Paris have been rechristened—the former Rue Aux Ours losing that picturesque denomination for the name Rue Etienne Marcel, and the Rue des Deux Portes Saint-Sauveur now being more succinctly named Rue Dussoubs.

A GENTLEMAN residing on a small estate not

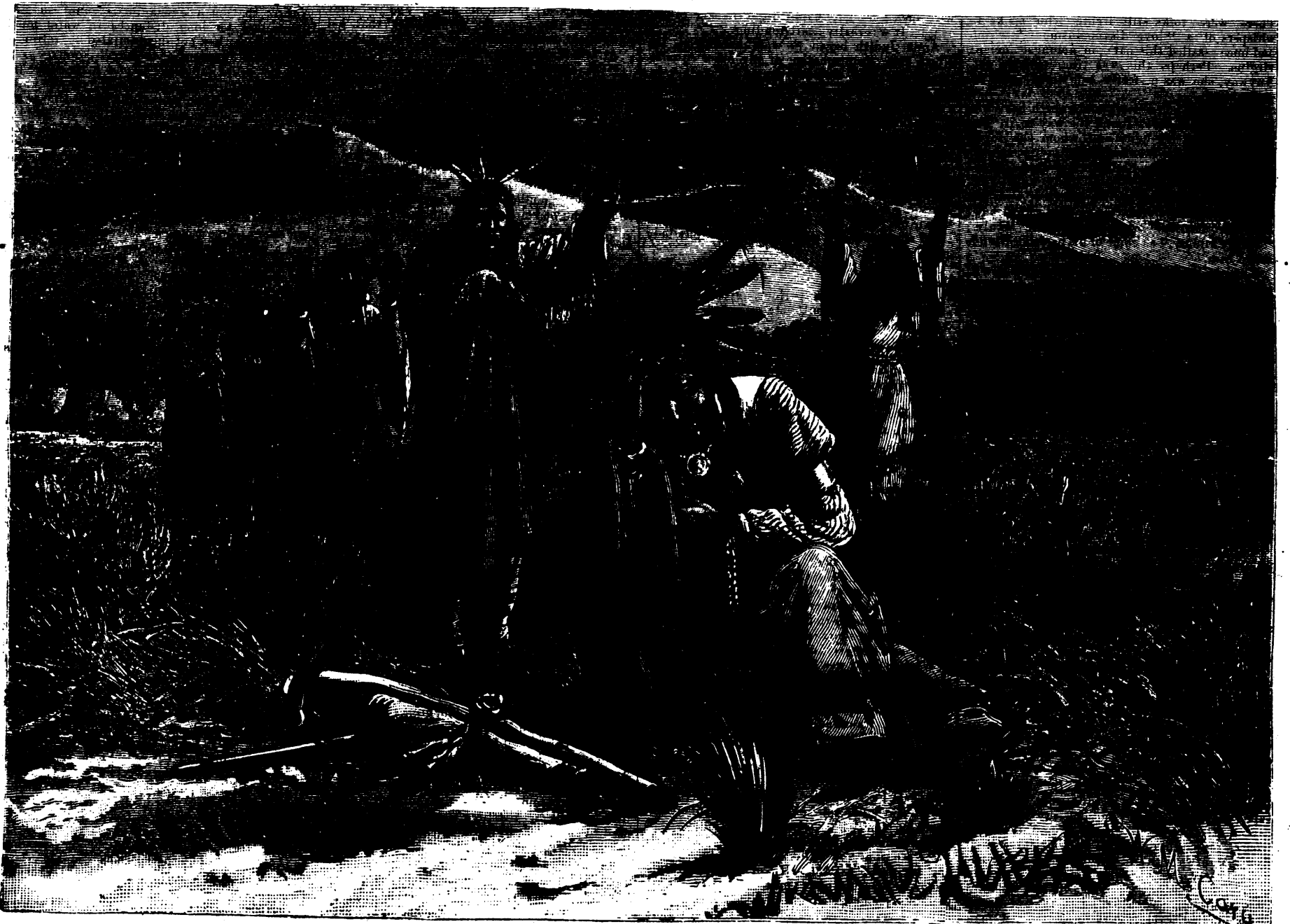


TERESA CARRENO.

far from Paris, finding the water of a stream which runs through his grounds intolerably nasty and unfit for domestic purposes, conceived the idea that it possessed, perhaps, beneficial properties, mechanically speaking. Accordingly, the worthy man applied for an authorization to sell it as a mineral water; but, on being analyzed, it was proved to be simply bad and utterly unfit to be used either by the healthy or invalids. The water of this corrupted stream may be taken as a sample of what Parisians use daily, filtered, it is true, but too impure to be rendered wholesome by any amount of filtering.

As the critical moment of the general election approaches, M. Henri Rochefort becomes more and more excited *apropos* of the candidacy of his old friend M. Gambetta for Belleville. One of his latest leaders in the *Insurgens*, called the "Gambetta Circus," is an excellent illustration of his peculiar method of writing. He writes: "M. Gambetta has just constructed at Belleville a circus capable of containing 8,000 persons. Is it to play the acrobat or to make a speech? When a simple keeper of a menagerie of learned dogs, or the proprietor of a number of wooden horses, is obliged to pay for the privilege of erecting his establishment on a public thoroughfare, it is strange M. Gambetta should be permitted to erect his circus without asking the consent of the mayor of the arrondissement, and without paying for the privilege of exhibiting himself."

THE Bal Mabille is in full swing again. The same profusion of gas lights illumines as of erst the gaunt metallic leaves of artificial palm trees whilst the votaries of Terpsichore—the "gayest of the gay"—trip it merrily on the light fantastic toe, to the sound of dulcet music, ever and anon hopping backwards and forwards through the many figured "cancan" quadrille or spinning round and round in the mazy waltz. At times some dancer may be seen to lead off his partner to one of the small circular bowers placed around, and treat the lady to a refreshing lemonade, so both may find a little repose and recruit themselves for subsequent exercise. An immense covered saloon and rooms adjoining afford the visitor a ready shelter and secure asylum from the malicious influence of the weather, should any such drawback supervene to interfere with the sports of the evening at this elegant garden.



LIFE AMONG THE APACHES.—MESSENGER BRINGING THE NEWS OF A DEFEAT.



"IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO."—FROM THE PICTURE BY CATHINCA AMYOT, IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION

MY WISH

BY FRANK H. NORTON.

I.

If I might have my wish, I would that this fair earth were mine...

II.

If I might have my wish, I would that thou wert mine and I were thine...

III.

If I might have my wish, I would that what I was and am were not...

IV.

If I might have my wish, I would that things that curse and things that bless...

STEPMOTHERS.

How many books do we still take up in which the plot turns on the cruel machinations of a stepmother...

VARIETIES.

A FRENCH soldier is placed on sentry over a 64-pounder. When, two hours later, the guard comes to relieve him...

THE FOURTEEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD. — The seven wonders of the world, in ancient

times, were the Pyramids of Egypt, the Pharos of Alexandria, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon...

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Tuscarora lawyer, "What kind of swearing has been done in this case?"

THE following proposal for a reform in ladies' dress has been made by the New Dress Reform Association.

AN EXACTING ADVERTISER.—Advertisers are often unreasonable in their requirements, but it is not often that they demand all the virtues to be concentrated in one person...

NOVEL USES OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Several jockey clubs of the South are discussing the plan of lighting up their race-courses by lines of powerful electric lamps...

It is remark-worthy that the two most celebrated men of the period, the two whose achievements will fill the largest place in history...

miser does his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colours, in my mind, the happy hour in which I should enjoy it after victory.

AN American lawyer, defending a promissory note case, went to lunch, leaving his books and citations on the table in the court room.

A WONDERFUL LAKE IN IOWA.—The greatest wonder in the State of Iowa, and perhaps in any other State, is what is called the Walled Lake.

A LAST GLIMPSE OF STRADIARIUS.—Although Stradiarius made violins down to the last year of his life, still after 1730, feeling his hand and sight beginning to fail...

A FRESH-WATER SPRING IN THE ATLANTIC.—One of the most remarkable displays of Nature may be seen on the Atlantic coast, eighteen miles south of St. Augustine.

the people of St. Augustine and those living along the shore, and some of the superstitious ones have been taught to regard it with a kind of reverential awe, or holy horror...

THE PERFUMES USED BY THE EGYPTIANS.—The consumption of essences must have been enormous at the highest tide of Egyptian splendour, for the people were actually enjoined to perfume themselves on Fridays...

HUMOROUS.

If wit is badinage what must it be in youth? When a boy goes off the track it shows that the switch has not been properly applied.

A RUSSIAN labourer works fifteen hours a day for eight cents, and feeds himself. Here a labourer gets a dollar a day and lets the foreman of the gang feed him if he can.

"TOMMY did you hear your mother call you?" "Course I did." "Then why don't you go to her at once?" "Well, yer see she's nervous, and it'd be a bad awful 'n' should go too sudden."

"JIM, does your mother ever whip you?" "No, but she does a precious sight worse though." "What's that?" "Why, she washes my face every morning."

It was probably an Irish missionary who, when about to be martyred by the cannibals, originated that beautiful and touching song:

My father was Irish, My mother was Irish, And I am Irish stew.

A little kiss, A little blue, A little ring - it's ended, A little jaw, A little law, And let the bonds be ended.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

A NEW sketching club—the Society of Scottish Etchers—has recently been organized in Edinburgh.

E. A. FREEMAN, the historian, is expected to deliver his first lecture in Boston on the 17th of October.

MISS GRANT, the sculptor and niece of the late Dean Stanley, has been commissioned by Queen Victoria to make a bust of her uncle.

THE fourth congress of the International Literary Association will be held at Vienna from the 23rd of this month to the 29th.

THE Paris Gazette mentions the purchase of fine paintings by Mr. William Schaus for his New York gallery. He recently sent home a collection which cost \$120,000.

JULES LEFEVRE, the French artist, is at work on a picture for Mr. Vanderbilt, entitled "The Bride's Toilet." It is intended as a wedding present to Mr. Vanderbilt's daughter, and will be finished early in October.

THE sculptor Heinrich Walger, of Berlin, the originator of the statues on the Belle-Alliance-Platz, has just finished a plan en relief of ancient and modern Athens—models with extraordinary neatness and of the most perfect technical execution.

A FRENCH scientific expedition will start next month for Thebes of the hundred gates, the ancient capital of Upper Egypt, where sixty six sarcophagi of the Kings and Queens of the seventeenth century have recently been discovered by M. Maspero.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

BIRDS ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRE.

From the Swedish of Carl Swilaky.

BY NED P. MAH.

(On thought's suspension bridge, where fly Swift tidings, sweet or bitter, Small sparrows chattering perched on high And linnets careless twitter.

None, in his life's short, blissful dream The mystery unravels Of that unceasing, silent stream Of thought, the wire that travels.

No more they hear what lightning hurled, Is dashed along within it, Than we do of the spirit world Which whispers us each minute.

All earth's enigmas making clear In everlasting chorus That tinkles through the atmosphere Around, about and o'er us.

While scarce an echo, here and there Strikes, in our clay-bound sentiment, Some single cloud, soft, sweet and rare, Called vision, or presentment.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. J. R., Hamilton.—Problem received. Thanks. It shall appear very soon.

The Chess Congress at Berlin opened on the 28th ult., and more than a hundred players were present. Among the eighteen who took part in the grand tourney were Zukertort, Blackburne, and Mason, from London; Winawer, of Russia, and the brothers Louis and Wilfried Paulsen.

The Globe-Democrat of St. Louis has published the following items which have been received through the Associated Press:

On Monday, play in the grand tourney commenced, the result being that Mason won his game from Blackburne, and Zukertort had to succumb to W. Paulsen.

On Tuesday Blackburne drew against J. Berger, of Graz, the well-known problem composer, and the two old antagonists, Zukertort and Winawer, had also to be content with a drawn battle.

On Wednesday Blackburne beat Schultz, of Lunenburg, and Mason only succeeded in drawing against Schmidt.

On Thursday Mason made another drawn game against J. Berger, of Graz.

The following are from the Montreal Gazette of the 7th inst.:

Chess Contest.—Berlin, September 5.—The chess contest was suspended yesterday afternoon. The competitors lined up together at the Thier Garten. So far, Mr. Blackburne, of London, has won two games and lost one, with one game drawn. Mr. Mason, of New York, has won three and lost none, with two drawn, and Herr Zukertort has won two and lost one, with one drawn.

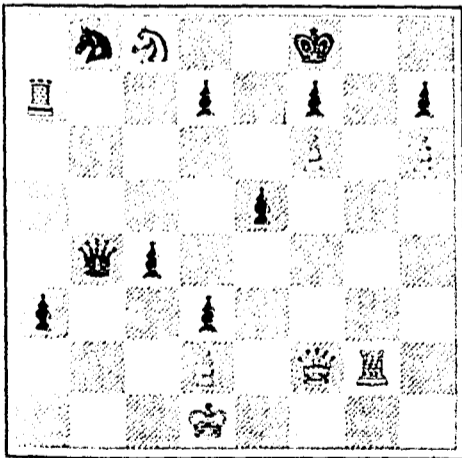
London, Sept. 8th.—In the Chess Congress at Berlin yesterday Mr. Blackburne beat Mr. Winawer and Mr. Schmidt; Mr. Zukertort beat Mr. Winawer, and Mr. Mason beat Mr. Schultz.

We have received the programme and rules of the coming tourney for the championship of Detroit which is to begin on the 19th of September next. The rules were adopted at a meeting of the chessplayers of the Detroit Chess and Checker Club, at the club rooms, No. 15 Grand River Avenue. Any resident of the city is eligible to enter the tourney. The entrance fee is \$2, payable to Fred Rosenfeld, Treasurer, at the club room on or before September 15. There will be three prizes offered, the winner of the first prize to also bear the title of "Champion of Detroit." Each player is to play the best two out of three games with all the players, drawn not to count. Play to begin September 17. There is great enthusiasm manifested about the coming tourney, and it promises to be a closely contested match.

The number of entries will be, it is expected, quite large, it would doubtless be larger were it not for the remarkable feature presented by one of the rules. Life is too short to allow some people to enter a chess tourney in which the time limit is four moves an hour. The Detroit players ought to reconsider this, and increase the pace a little.—Turf, Field and Farm.

PROBLEM No. 345.

By John Barry, Montreal. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

GAME 474TH.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The seventh game in the match between Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort.

(French Opening.)

- White.—(Mr. Zukertort.) 1. P to K4, 2. P to Q4, 3. Q Kt to B3, 4. P takes P, 5. Kt to B3, 6. B to Q3, 7. Castles, 8. B to K Kt 5, 9. K to R sq (b), 10. B to K3 (c), 11. Q to Q2 (d), 12. Kt to K R 4 (f), 13. P to B3, 14. P to B4, 15. Kt to B3, 16. P to B5, 17. B takes Kt. Black.—(Mr. Blackburne.) 1. P to K3, 2. P to Q4, 3. K Kt to B3, 4. P takes P, 5. B to Q3, 6. Castles, 7. Kt to B3 (a), 8. B to K Kt 5, 9. B to K2, 10. Q to Q2, 11. B to Q3 (e), 12. Q R to K sq, 13. B to K3 (g), 14. Q to Q sq, 15. B to Q Kt 5, 16. Kt to K5 (h), 17. P takes B.

- 18. P takes B, 19. P takes P ch, 20. R takes P, 21. R to B4 (j), 22. Q to Q3, 23. P takes B, 24. R to B3, 25. B to Q2, 26. B R to K B sq, 27. B to B4, 28. B to K5, 29. R to B4, 30. R to 5, 31. B takes Kt P, 32. Q to R3, 33. B to K5. 18. P takes Kt, 19. R takes P, 20. R to Q2 (i), 21. Kt to K2, 22. B takes Kt, 23. Kt to Q4, 24. K R to K2 (k), 25. Q to Q3, 26. Kt to B3, 27. Q to Q4, 28. Kt to K5, 29. Kt to Kt 4 (l), 30. Kt to K3, 31. Kt to Q B4, 32. Kt to K5, 33. R takes B.

White announced mate in five moves (m)

NOTES—(Condensed.)

- (a) The best theoretical authorities, including Herr Zukertort, consider this to be strongest defensive development at this point. (b) In order to capture the Q P without remaining subjected to the answer of B takes P ch. (c) White has obtained a change of post for his R, which, in the opinion of Herr Zukertort, is of some importance for his development. (d) Questionable. (e) For we think that Black's having developed the Q at Q2 makes a material difference in enabling him to capture the Kt with advantage. (f) The Kt was bound to remove now, and this was the best plan, in order to avoid an offer of exchange by B to K B4. (g) Q to Q sq, though tempting, would have been bad. (h) B to B sq was the proper play. (i) Exchanging Rooks, followed by B takes Kt, and afterwards Q to Q4, would have afforded him no compensation for the P lost. (j) An awkward sort of defence, which should only have led to an even game. (k) P to B4 was now the correct move. (l) A flagrant error, which loses his most important P and disintegrates his position on the K side. (m) Commencing with Q to Kt 5 ch. The Kt must then interpose, and the Q takes, followed by R to B8 ch.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 344.

- White. 1. Q to Q R 5, 2. Mates acc. Black. 1. Any move

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 342.

- White. 1. Kt to Q R 4, 2. Mates acc. Black. 1. Any

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 343.

- White. K at Q Kt 5, Q at K R 8, B at Q2, Kt at K Kt 8, Pawn at K4. Black. K at Q3, R at Q B3, B at Q B4, Pawns at K3, K R3, K Kt 4, Q2, Q B2, and Q Kt 3.

White to play and mate in two moves.

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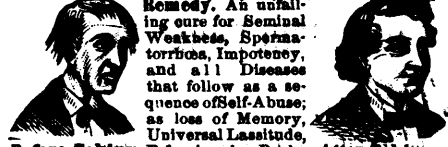


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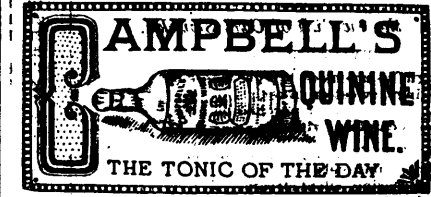
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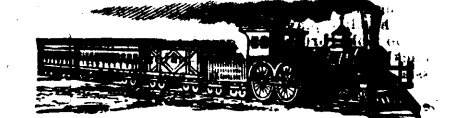


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