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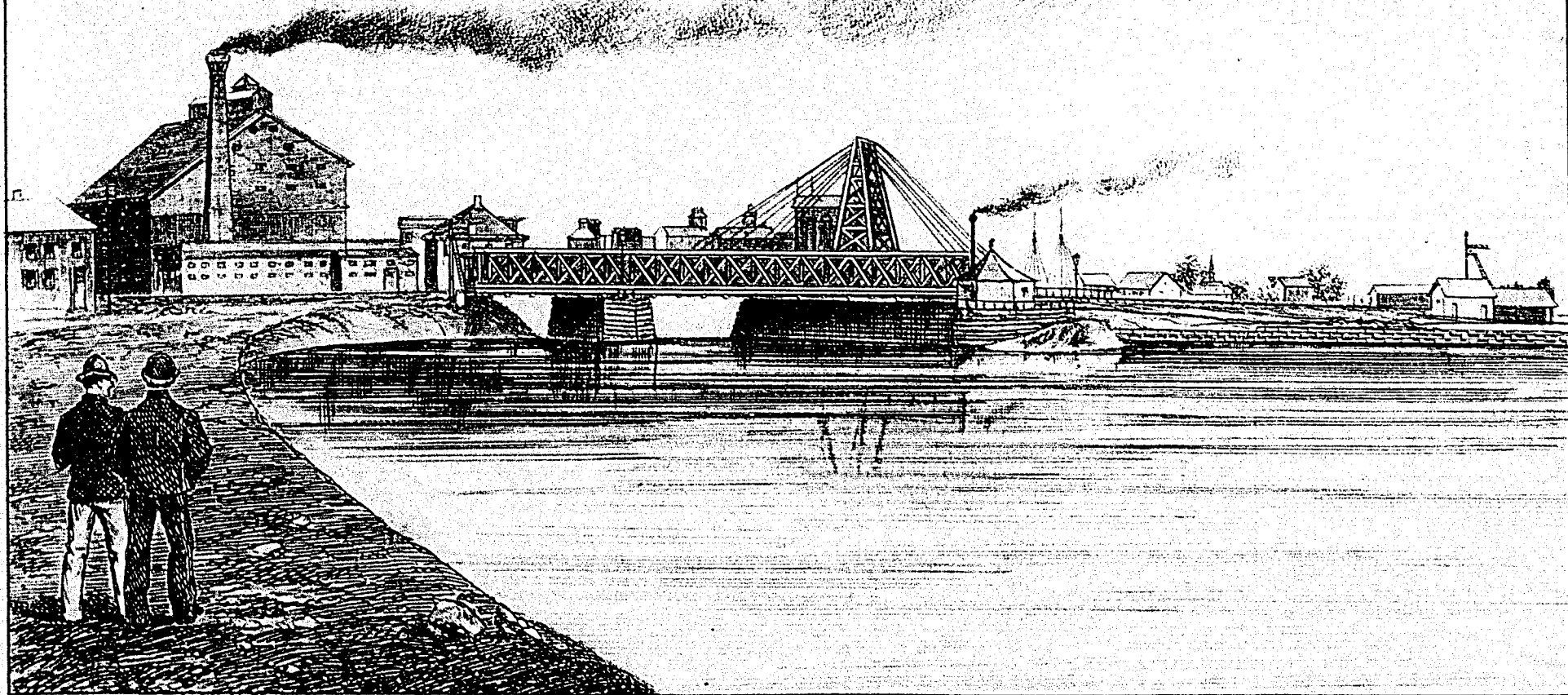
MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1878.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
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Mechanics' Hall, where Young Britons' Concert took place.



Firing into a cab containing lady and gentleman.



The killing of Colligan.

Wellington Bridge, scene of the affray.

Wounding of Mrs. Meehan in the foot.

THE PARTY RIOTS. SHOOTING AFFRAY AT POINT ST. CHARLES.

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NOTICE.

PRESCOTT (ONT.) ILLUSTRATED.

In our next number we shall publish another double-page illustration of the flourishing town of Prescott, with appropriate letter-press. The preceding illustrations met with a great deal of success, and we think that our friends will find the present equally to their taste.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 11th, 1878.

A CANADIAN ON CANADA.

During his leave of absence in England MR. SANFORD FLEMING prepared a paper on Canada which was read before the Royal Colonial Institute, the DUKE of Manchester in the chair. A synopsis of it may prove interesting to our readers.

Canada covers fully more of the earth's surface than the comprised areas of European Russia, Lapland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, the British Islands, France, Spain, Germany, Austria, and all the Principalities between the Adriatic and Black Seas—in fact, leaving out Spain and Italy, Canada appeared to equal in area the remainder of Europe. It had been found convenient, in describing the general characteristics of Canada, to divide it into three great regions—the mountain region, on the western side; the prairie region in the middle; and the woodland region, embracing the settled provinces on the St. Lawrence. Professor Macoun estimated that there were 160,000,000 acres of land available in the prairie region alone for farming and grazing purposes, of which one half might be considered fit for cultivation. Its mineral riches were but imperfectly known, but it had been established, that immense deposits of coal existed in many parts; and besides coal and iron ore, petroleum, salt, and gold had also been found. The prairie region was alone ten times the area of England, reckoning every description of land. Referring to the mountain region, he said the Cascade Chain rose abruptly from the sea level: the average height of the many serrated summits would probably range from 5000ft. to 8000 ft. above the sea level. The main Rocky Mountain Chain was in Canada from 300 to 400 miles distant from the Pacific Coast.

Off the shore of the mainland there were several large islands, the most important of which was Vancouver Island; the others were the Queen Charlotte groupe; and along the shore of the mainland there existed an archipelago of Islands.

The mountain region had some good lands, but the fertile tracts were limited in extent. It was exceedingly rich in minerals. Coal and iron were found in profusion, and the precious metals were also found. Proceeding to describe the woodland region, he said it was of immense extent. Although elevated ranges, like the Laurentides, were met, only a small proportion of the country exceeded 2000 ft. above sea level. An area of fully 200,000 square miles was estimated to be under 500 ft. The forests which covered the surface would every year become more and more valuable; and the more important minerals were gold, silver, iron, copper, lead, phosphates, and plumbago. The writer then drew attention to the gradations of climate in Canada. Taking all its

natural elements of future wealth and greatness into consideration, the problem which presented itself was the development of a country which had been provided with natural resources lavishly.

The question was how to colonise the northern half of North America, and render it the home of a happy and vigorous people. Canada had a population of 4,000,000, but as yet the mere outer fringe of the country was occupied. It was just beginning to dawn upon Canadians themselves that in the territories described there was room and some to spare, and there existed the elements of support for a greater population than the mother country. It was not until railways were introduced that the progress of the provinces was so marked; and the great interior, to be prosperous, if colonized at all, must eventually be traversed not simply by one railway, but by many railways. The great waterways would do their part during the open season in assisting to colonize the vast unoccupied regions that were fitted for the homes of men, but they alone would be utterly insufficient. The Pacific Railway had been projected for the double purpose of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific sides of Canada and the opening up of the interior for settlement. In the present condition of the country its construction was a very serious undertaking, and required grave consideration. Considerable progress had already been made; and he had no doubt whatever that it would at no distant day be a work accomplished, that it would form not only a connecting link between the old half-dozen provinces on the Atlantic and the still greater number of provinces which had yet to come into existence in the west, but that it would constitute an important part of a great imperial highway extending between the heart of the empire in England and some of its outlying portions and dependencies on and beyond the Pacific.

In conclusion, the author said that Canadians gloried in their connection with the "little island" across the water. They could not be called Englishmen, but they were proud to be British subjects, and were by no means unwilling to join in the trials and struggles of the mother country.

WITHIN a few past years the sparrow has been largely imported from England into Canada and is thriving wonderfully. It will therefore be sorry news to the friends of the little chattering that they are being almost universally condemned in the United States. Complaints are being made that the song sparrow, the snow birds, and the blue birds have been driven by them out of the Smithsonian grounds at Washington. Fifty species of birds that used to visit the Boston common and public garden now decline to come any more. Among these are fifteen or twenty species that, before the advent of the sparrow, made Boston their summer residence. Wild birds no longer show a tendency to settle and domesticate themselves in city parks. A more serious charge is even brought against the sparrow—namely, that he is carnivorous, and devours the eggs and young of other birds. A post mortem examination of forty sparrows revealed the painful fact that the birds had swallowed grain, oats, and seeds of various kinds, but that not one of them had devoured an insect. Under these circumstances, it is recommended that all restrictions upon shooting, trapping, or otherwise getting rid of sparrows, be withdrawn for a year or two. This, it is hoped, will either exterminate them or bring them to their senses.

At the Chinese Embassy in Portland-place a short while ago (the date is always kept secret), the wife of his Excellency the Chinese Ambassador was safely delivered of a child (the sex is also kept a mystery until both mother and offspring are enabled to appear.) The only notification of the event was the presentation of a basket of eggs coloured red, exactly after the fashion of the Easter eggs now sold in the London shops, to the wives of Her Majesty's Ministers. The baskets were of ingeniously-plaited straw, and the eggs symmetrically arranged all round the edge,

RIDEAU HALL.

THE CHILDREN'S BAZAAR.

It is not necessary to tell any one in Ottawa that before leaving Canada, Her Excellency, desirous of conferring some lasting benefit on the unassuming little church of St. Bartholomew, at New Edinburgh, where the Governor-General and his family have attended Divine Service since their establishment at Rideau Hall, suggested a bazaar, to be gotten up by the young people of her family. The idea was at once taken up by Her Excellency's numerous friends, and the success of the project was made patent a few days ago.

We take the following from the columns of our enterprising contemporary, the Ottawa Citizen:

Among the usual articles prepared for such occasions were many well worth a trip to Government House even to see. The bazaar tables are arrayed in the Tennis Court. The art gallery is in the ball-room. The first is ornamented by a number of shields, and among them one which attracted particular attention. The ground is black: the central portion has three golden circular embossed plates, and around the sides of the shield are arranged a number of golden spurs and golden roses. The student at law, who has just read Blackstone, will be surprised to learn that the old feudal tenure yet lingers in some spots of Britain. A tenant of Lord Dufferin in Ireland holds his lands under the tenure that he, each year, present to his landlord a golden spur and a golden rose, alternately—the spurs and roses on the shield are those thus yielded as rental. On the right of the entrance is the tea-table: on the sides and ends are arranged the articles for sale. On the left of the entrance is the polling booth, where the contest between Ottawa and Toronto, as represented by Miss Patrick and Miss Macpherson, is going on. Collections of conservatory flowers and plants add beauty to the beautiful scene. A side door leads down to the lawn, where fishing and shooting are indulged in. A nymph is presiding over the sea, in the shape of a bath-tub, where great whales and other monsters of the deep are caught, done up in cotton-bags, and safely landed, at a cost of only ten cents each. The shooting is done with an air-gun, which answers all the purposes of Robin Hood's outfit. But to return among the more noticeable articles in the Tennis Court. The first to be mentioned is a water-colour sketch of "Helen's Tower, Claudi-boye," by Lord Dufferin. As a more than passing interest attaches to this tower, a few extracts from an illustrated account of it in possession of His Excellency will prove acceptable:

"20th day of November, 1850.—This day, at 3 of ye clock, did I, Catharine Hamilton, christen this tower by ye name, style and title of 'Helen's Tower.'"

CATHERINE HAMILTON.

Whereof are we ye witnesses—

- Georgina de Ros,
Caroline Eliza A. Bateson,
A. M. de la Chervis Crommelin,
Francis T. Fitzgerald de Ros,
Blanche A. J. Fitzgerald de Ros,
Helen Selina Dufferin,
Archibald Hamilton,
Thomas Venner,
S. D. Crommelin,
Thos. Bateson,
De Ros,
Dufferin and Claudeboye,
Richard Ker.

The following sonnet, never before published, was written by Tennyson in commemoration of the event:—

"Helen's Tower, here I stand,
Dominant over sea and land,
Son's love built me, and I hold
Mother's love engraved in gold.
Would my granite girth were strong
As either love, to last so long,
I shall wear my crown entire
To and thro' the Domesday fire,
And be found of angel eyes
In earth's recurring Paradise."

The completion of the Tower is thus recorded:—

"On Wednesday, October 23rd, 1861,

Helen's Tower was finished, and the flag hoisted by us,

HELEN McDONNELL,
HARRIET HAMILTON."

It need hardly be mentioned that this last lady is Her Excellency. The sketch is being raffled for, and one gentleman being especially desirous of securing some souvenir of His Excellency, purchased fifty tickets. Miss Fellows, the astute young lady in charge of this picture, is filling up her list as fast as she can write. No, that is wrong. She is entirely too acute to have a list which could be filled up; that list is like an Irish bog, or a quick-sand bank, no gorging could fill it; for, when asked by a gentleman how many chances there were, she, with a mischievous smile, uttered the simple, but expressive, word, "unlimited." Then there is a pretty sketch in oil by Mr. Russell Stephenson: then one in purple ink by Mr. Dixon; then a study of flowers by Mr. Chamberlain, so arranged as to form a framing for the photographs of Their Excellencies; then two very pretty drawings on silk, labelled, "To Lady Helen Blackwood, with the compliments of Carl Guthrey, Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., for the children's bazaar;" then three exceptionally handsome embroideries by Mrs. Horace Wicksteed; then three pieces of embroidery worked in the beautiful Japanese style by Mrs. Col. Ross. One hardly knows which to admire most

—the beautiful orthodox work of Mrs. Wicksteed, or the rich ornamentation of the heathen Japanese style of Mrs. Ross—they are both very handsome. Then we have duplicates of the photographs of Their Excellencies, set in dried flowers; these are very pretty. Then comes Darby and Joan, an old man and his wife, done in cotton wool; the expression of the faces is in cotton wool; the expression of the faces is in cotton wool, and we cannot look at their figures without a laugh. One of the most beautiful pieces of work is a banner-screen, white silk, richly embroidered, and finished in ground, richly embroidered, and finished in ground. This work is by Miss Carruthers, of crimson. This work is by Miss Carruthers, of crimson. Now we come to "Black Rod," a "cosy" richly embroidered, having the insignia of Mr. Kimber's office, worked in silk. Then we have a very handsome cushion, worked by Her Excellency Lady Dufferin; then one worked by Miss Reynolds, from a design by Princess Louise; then a very good drawing by Miss McLeod Clark; then a large collection of children's clothing, and that essential piece of furniture in most houses—a cradle. There is, of course, a large collection of the usual articles gathered together on such occasions, which need no special notice, but we must not omit a highly creditable piece of penmanship by Miss Carrie Hill.

Now to the art gallery. The most prominent among the features are the magnificent paintings, part of the collection of Mr. Allan Colmoure, the "Norwegian Front," by Normann, "Sunset on the Atlantic," by Sorenson, and "After the Battle," a dead salmon, by Brackett. Then we have the largest photograph of the moon ever taken, a splendid piece of work, by Dr. Henry Draper, of New York; then a number of very fine photographs, among these Lady Hermione Graham, daughter of the Duchess of Somerset; her daughter, the present Duchess of Montrose; and another daughter engaged, and soon to be married to Lord Grimston, son of Lord Veniam; then a small water colour "The Indian Grave" by Lord Dufferin; then two very well executed water colours, figures, by Lady Marion Alford; then a sketch by Mr. Russell Stephenson; then the interior of the Chapel at Claudi-boye. When in the East Lord Dufferin secured a number of stones bearing the cartouches of Ticharkah, being therefore, a writing contemporary with Hezekiah and Sennacherib; he brought these stones home, and they now form part of an interior wall of the Chapel of Claudi-boye. Now we come to a water colour by Princess Louise, and a very pretty figure done on China, with the colours burnt in; then to a sketch of the well known "La Roche Per" of the North West Territories, 253 miles west of Red River, showing the remains of a party of numbered Indians, by the Earl of Dufferin; then a very good sketch indeed of the Parliament Buildings by Lord Dufferin; then a sketch by Jacob; then an excellent copy of a photographed figure, coloured by His Excellency; then an exceedingly good sister colour, "The Beaver Dam." Then we come to a very likeable sketch of Tournament Hill at Dunrobin Castle, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland; the children taking part in the tournament of the Marquis of Lorne, Lady Constance Gower, now Duchess of Winchester, Earl of Kilmore, Hon. Mary Stuart, Lords Ronald and Albert Gower, Lady Edith Campbell, now Countess Percy, and others. Next comes a curiosity—an oil, probably the oldest painting in America. It is a portrait of one of the Faggar family of Augsburg, by a Venetian artist, and was painted in 1454. If this gentleman were a fair representative of the great Faggar family, they must have been an uncommonly plain set. Then we have a really good sketch of the Yosemite Valley, by Bierstadt; it is small, but evidently the work of a master hand. Then a very fine oil, the portrait of the great aunt of His Excellency, a sister of Mrs. Sheridan, painted by the celebrated Romney; this is one of the finest pieces of work in the collection, and is worth a long journey to see. Then another fine oil, Lady Edith Campbell, now Countess Percy, by Sant. Then comes the Duchess of Aberdeen, after Landseer. Then a good sketch given by Bierstadt as a prize to the Vice-Regal Curling Club, and won by Capt. Hamilton, A. D. C. Then the installation of the Prince of Wales as Knight of St. Patrick; then a large portrait of Lady Dufferin, in Sepia, by His Excellency.

These are but some of the pictures, for the collection forms a very respectable gallery. On a large table in the centre of the room is a splendid collection of prints, etchings and engravings.

ARTISTIC.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT has returned to England, and is now busily assisting Mr. Stackpole in the completion of the plate from "The Shadow of Death," which is in a very forward condition.

MR. JAMES DOUGHERTY, A.R.S.A., the great Scottish landscape painter, died at Glasgow in his forty-ninth year. He had been abroad for some time for the benefit of his health, but since his return home had become gradually worse.

MR. LEIGHTON'S grand picture, "Elijah," is not going to the Royal Academy after all—he has altered, his mind and intends sending it to the Paris Exhibition. He will be represented at Burlington House by three smaller works, the most conspicuous of which is a charming subject, two Greek girls winding a skein of wool.

TOOKER and Jarrett are said to be hunting through Southern cane brakes for negro singers—what is called "field-hand" material—to take with them to London. They have already leased several musical prodigies, including a number of tooth-cutting babies, and three or four of the best servants of George Washington.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE HON. F. A. STANLEY.—The retirement of Lord Derby from the Foreign Office, and the appointment of Lord Salisbury to succeed him, led to the removal of Mr. Gathorne Hardy from the War Office to the India Office. He has been succeeded, as Secretary of State for the War Department, by Lord Derby's brother, the Hon. and Right Hon. Frederick Arthur Stanley, M. P. for North Lancashire. Colonel Stanley (to give him the honorary Army rank which he derives from having been a Captain and Adjutant of the Grenadier Guards) was born in 1841, the younger son of the late Earl of Derby, and fifteen years the junior of the present Earl. He was educated at Eton, but entered the Grenadier Guards in 1858, and retired in 1865. He inherited a large property in 1869 under his father's will. Having, from 1865 to December, 1868, sat in the House of Commons as member for Preston, he held office as a Lord of the Admiralty in Mr. Disraeli's first Administration. He was elected for the northern division of that county in 1868. In the present Administration of Lord Beaconsfield he held the post of Financial Under-Secretary to the War Department from February, 1874, to August of last year, when he became Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Colonel Stanley married, in 1864, Lady Constance Villiers, daughter of the late Earl of Clarendon. We understand that the newly-appointed Secretary of State for War has appointed Lieutenant-Colonel H. J. Deades and Mr. Ralph Dalryell his private secretaries. Lieutenant-Colonel Deades was one of Mr. Hardy's secretaries, and Mr. Ralph Dalryell was private secretary to Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Loyd-Lindsay, M. P., the Financial Under-Secretary.

THE KAFFIR WAR.—The Battle of Quintana, fought on Feb. 7, is stated to be the most disastrous to the enemy of any yet fought in South Africa. The Kaffirs began the advance at half past five in the morning in two divisions, numbering about 1500 men. They were received by a force of 560 men, composed of detachments from the Naval Brigade, Royal Engineers, 24th Regiment, Frontier Armed and Mounted Police and Artillery, the whole force commanded by Captain Upeher, of the 24th Regiment, who acted under the instructions of Colonel Glyn, commanding the forces at Transkei. When the Kaffirs had advanced so near as 1,200 yards against the British forces, Captain Upeher directed Lieutenant Cochrane, of the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police artillery, to open fire with the nine-pounder gun, and soon afterwards the seven-pounder gun of Cape Town Artillery Volunteers and the Naval Brigade rocket tube, under Lieutenant Hamilton, R.N., were brought into action. Notwithstanding the heavy fire of these guns, the Kaffirs continued their advance with great determination. Their right flank, on coming so close as within 900 yards of our troops, was subjected to a severe rifle fire; but they were constantly reinforced by Kaffirs coming over a hill in the rear, so that eventually there were between 4,000 and 5,000 of the enemy engaged, comprising the combined forces of Krell and Sandilli, the Galeka and Gaika chiefs. After about twenty minutes' heavy firing the enemy gave way on both sides. Captain Veldtman, commanding a body of Fingoes, which had been held in reserve, pursued the enemy as far as Kolona, returning at midnight, having killed fifty-four. A reinforcement, under Captain J. C. Robinson, R.A., having previously arrived, the frontier Light Horse, led by Commandant Carrington, in this brilliant charge, brought his men into close quarters with the enemy, effectually preventing them from reforming. The Light Horse then returned to camp, and were about to breakfast, when a strong division of Kaffirs approached on the right flank. Captain Upeher despatched some frontier armed and mounted police, under Sub-Inspector Hatton, to a height above a wooded kloof, up which the enemy was advancing. Sub-Inspector Hatton was hard pressed by a strong body of Kaffirs; but he and his men held their position with great determination until reinforced by a troop of Frontier Light Horse, under Captain Whalley. A company of the 24th Regiment, under Lieutenant Atkinson, then came up, the operations in the kloof being now directed by Captain Grenfell, A.D.C. The attack was made on the right, but a large body of Kaffirs attempted to outflank our forces on the left. Commandant Carrington and his light horse then charged with great gallantry and drove them back again. During this charge two men were wounded, one horse was shot, and three others wounded, Commander Carrington's own horse being wounded in the jaw. Captain Rainforth having brought up his company, the forces were joined, and the enemy was pursued, leaving sixty men behind dead in the kloof. Mr. Mulroy led his Fingoes in pursuit of the Kaffirs. In this battle the loss of the enemy was about 400 men, and of our forces two Fingoes were killed, one European, Private Thomas Mulroy (Carrington's horse), was severely wounded in the thigh, another European, Sergeant James Leslie (Carrington's horse), was slightly wounded in the hand, and seven Fingoes were wounded. General Sir A. Cunynghame refers in terms of praise to Colonel Glyn, for the selection of the position he held, and the formation of his force. The general calls special attention to the manoeuvring of Captain Upeher in the face of the enemy, saying that it "could not be over-estimated." Of Carrington's horse, the General commanding writes that they "appear to have been led into action with that spirit and energy which is characteristic of that officer" whose zeal is commended.

Captain Grenfell is mentioned as having behaved with great gallantry, and Dr. Hall is praised for the efficiency of the transport, commissariat, and medical arrangements.

From the prisoners that were taken much information was received. They stated that Krell was present in person, but that the attack of the Galekas was led by Gueto, the witch doctor, the attack of the Gaikas by Riva; that Gueto had doctored both Galekas and Gaikas by painting them with a broad stripe of paint on the forehead; and that a charmed necklace had been served out to each man, made of string or sinew, with a piece of wood hanging from it, which, if they bit during the fight, would keep them from being shot. This they were observed to do by our men when at close quarters. Either the string was bad, or the wood of the wrong sort, or else they did not bite hard enough, for nearly all the men killed had a necklace on, and the wood was gnawed through sometimes, even in the agonies of death. It is sad to reflect that there should still be a race, with certainly some good qualities, living on the verge of civilization, and some having been domestic servants in the colony, who should still believe in such utter nonsense; coming bravely into action, confident in the efficacy of a stripe of paint down the face as a means of keeping out a bullet, and falling in hundreds clutching their bits of string in their stiffening hands, and biting a piece of charmed wood with their last dying gasp.

A London artist returned, on Feb. 27, to King William's Town, from an excursion of six or seven days up the Buffalo River to the neighbourhood of Fort Jackson; he had accompanied a party of fifty mounted volunteers, called Rautenbach's Rangers from the name of their captain, with about two hundred armed Fingoes, to fight a large number of the hostile Kaffirs in the bush near Fort Jackson. The particulars have not yet been reported; but Mr. Prior's sketch of incidental skirmishing on the hills and banks of the river gives a fair idea of that kind of service, and of the nature of the country. The parade at King William's Town of the volunteers from the Diamond-Fields, or West Griqua Land, who are a very fine body of men, was an interesting scene. The townsfolk had assembled to look at these popular defenders of the colonial frontier, and speeches were made by several official gentlemen, with much cheering from the men, and martial music, before they started for the front.

The war in those parts now seems to be approaching its termination, though some bands of the enemy in the Amatola mountains will perhaps be able to defy pursuit for a considerable time. The latest news, by telegraph from Madeira, is dated the 26th ult. at Cape Town. There had been continuous fighting in and around the Pirie Bush for a week previous to that date. Captains Donovan, Bradshaw, and Manley, and Lieutenant Ward, officers of the local forces, had been killed. The Waterkloof and Blinkwater districts were cleared of the enemy, and were occupied by Colonel Palmer, without loss, on the 19th ult. A force under the direct command of General Theisger was engaged in the Amatola.

It is in the Trans-Vaal, and in the commencement of hostilities with the powerful Zulu nation, that we have a most serious prospect of difficulties yet to come. The latest news is that the army of Secocoeni, in the Trans-Vaal, had attacked Burger's Fort and burned some adjacent buildings, had surrounded another fort, and had appeared in force near Leydenburg, destroying farms and taking cattle. It was suspected that the other great Zulu potentate, King Cetewayo, or Ketchewayo, whose dominion is to the north of Natal, had connived at the hostile action of Secocoeni; but there are differences of opinion concerning him and his people. The independent Zulus, divided under the rule of these two Chiefs or Kings, would be able, altogether, to bring 100,000 fighting men into the field; and a large proportion of them are now possessed of firearms. If, unhappily, a war should arise in that part of South Africa, it will require the utmost efforts of the British military and colonial authorities to deal with it.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

At the boat race the eldest son of the Khedive of Egypt and suite discarded the fez for the tal-silk hat. He drove down in a carriage and pair and his cattle were a couple of Arab horses that were calculated to make any connoisseur's mouth water.

The Rev. Mr. Dodwell, who shot at the Master of Rolls lately, is very busy in Newgate gaol with literary works. He is engaged on a commentary, and has already translated into Latin several hymns. They say he works very hard from early morning till late in the evening, and his translations have gained the approval of scholars.

A SOCIETY has just been started in London, having a twofold object, assisting women to enter the legal profession, and teaching the principles of law at schools. At present there is nothing to hinder a woman from practising as a conveyancer except indeed the rather heavy fees which have to be paid on being articulated to a solicitor. This new Society proposes to defray in part these fees where there is any lack of means on the part of the intending pupil.

On Monday the House of Commons was convulsed with laughter at seeing Lord Henry

Thynne walk out backwards after delivering the Queen's reply to the address about the Reserves. It was Lord Henry Somerset's duty to have done this, yet, though he was present, he did not do it, and the other Lord Henry had an opportunity of accomplishing the feat for the first time. The House was so amused that they forgot to ask any questions about the dread issue of peace or war.

COUNT GLEICHEN is working out a novel idea with great success, which may make an agreeable change in the hard and fast line which the pedestal of the bust proper has implanted in the human mind. He is fashioning the likeness of a young lady in clay, and it will be so arranged that she will be placed in the corner of a room and will be looking out of an open window round which ivy will be trained. The idea is a novel one, and is sure to be very effective.

A YOUNG member of the nobility, an officer in the Foot Guards, was showing an American friend the House of Commons on Monday night. "That gentleman," he said, pointing to the presiding genius of the Assembly, "in the wig and gown we call the Speaker of the House; and those two," pointing to Messrs. Courtney and O'Donnell, "we call the talkers of the House." His friend looked as if he did not quite understand the joke, but the Englishmen who were present laughed.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE new iron foot bridge over the Seine, erected with the object of connecting the quarter of Passy with that of Javal, was opened on Sunday morning with some ceremony.

IN Paris the fashion of adding streamers to the back of bonnets is again revived; they are six feet long each, and with a pair in your hand you might fancy you could drive that divine creature.

THE celebrated Chinese giant has arrived; he is destined to be married to the *bell Parisienne*, seven feet high, and weighing half a ton. Japan cannot beat this. In a word, the condition of the fair is admirable.

AT an evening party at which Dumas was present a young lady performed one of those difficult pieces which are worthless if not executed to perfection. At the end of the display, the company were in ecstasies. On being asked his opinion, Dumas replied: "She plays like a good Christian: her left hand knoweth not what her right hand doeth."

THE section of Sweden and Norway will be one of the most picturesque and interesting of the Exhibition, filled with characteristic objects of every nature. A large number of cases are choking up the space allotted to this section at present, but many of the exhibits will soon be completed. Other sections, such as those of Italy and Holland, are rather backward.

THE Paris Geographical Society will send to the Universal Exhibition a large wall-map four metres square representing Africa such as it has been revealed by the discoveries of Stanley and Cameron. Owing to the large dimensions of this chart, it will be possible to show the itineraries followed by modern travellers, beginning with the French explorer Mayeur, who traversed the north of Madagascar in 1774, and ending with Stanley. The list of travellers includes 191 names, forty-two of which are those of Frenchmen.

THE French section of the Exhibition seems the most backward, and yet it is expected by the interested parties that it will be ready in time. The machinery gallery is pretty well filled, but other parts of the section are still quite bare, the places marked out on the flooring being the only indication where the handsome show-cases are to stand on the 1st of May. French exhibitors are allowing precious time to pass without making any attempt at preparations; but perhaps the circular lately issued by M. Dietz-Monin, reminding them that after April 25th no case will be received, may arouse them from their torpor.

THE gem of out-buildings will be the Algerian Palace; its look is enough to make a man wish to be a lord of the soil in Arabia Felix. It is a most beautiful specimen of Moorish architecture: at one angle a delicate minaret shoots upward, the lines having been laid down in accordance with the building rules of the Koran; at the other angle is a square tower to keep off infidels. In the interior, well protected by strong walls, is a courtyard or orange and myrtle grove with a cypress here and there; in the centre a fountain throws up some of the sweet waters of the Seine; on the tiling are morsels of rich carpet for the faithful to kneel, and the walls are hung with fancy matter, the Gobelins tapestry of the country; there are saloons for native refreshments, and models of Arabs' tents, furnished and unfurnished; the divan alone would shake the principles of a president of an anti-tobacco society.

AMONG the more advanced buildings are the

picturesque Algerian palace, the pavilions of Japan, China, Persia, and Morocco. From the Trocadero palace a splendid bird's eye view of the works can be obtained, but the general appearance of the whole panorama is one of wild disorder. A very chaos of timbers and packing-cases and half-finished constructions appears to the view, with here and there a bare, mangy patch of earth, prepared for the reception of flowers. Thousands of workmen are circulating among the latter apparently effecting little to clear it up; but each man is steadily performing his separate task, and day by day a marked progress towards completion is visible. Between the Champs-de-Mars and the Trocadero, on the Champs-de-Mars side of the river, has been laid out a spacious park, which will be a blooming, verdant oasis in a few weeks from now, studded with picturesque constructions of every character, but which at present is a dreary waste—not yet turfed.

Or Bressant, the great French comedian, who has just quitted the stage, where, for forty-six years, he has been a favourite, innumerable joyous articles are told. He was an inveterate jester, a pestilent, mad fellow. At the Gymnase they were playing "Article 213," Gill Perez being cast for an old attendant. Numa was on the stage and rung his bell, signal for the attendant to enter, but just as Perez started to do so, Bressant seized his wig and flung it up into the flies. There was no time to be lost, and Perez entered in his natural hair. Numa was for a moment stupefied to see jetty curls on the head of his attendant, who in the preceding scene was grey as a badger, but recovering his presence of mind, said calmly, "it was not you I rang for—send me your father." This presence of mind was rivalled by that of Saint-Foy, when at the Opéra-Comique, as he was looking off R. and exclaiming, "There he comes! The darling fellow! Come, my friend, come to my arms!" was horrified to hear the other actor enter L. It was too late to recede, so, turning round, he embraced the new-comer tenderly, crying, "I saw you in the mirror."

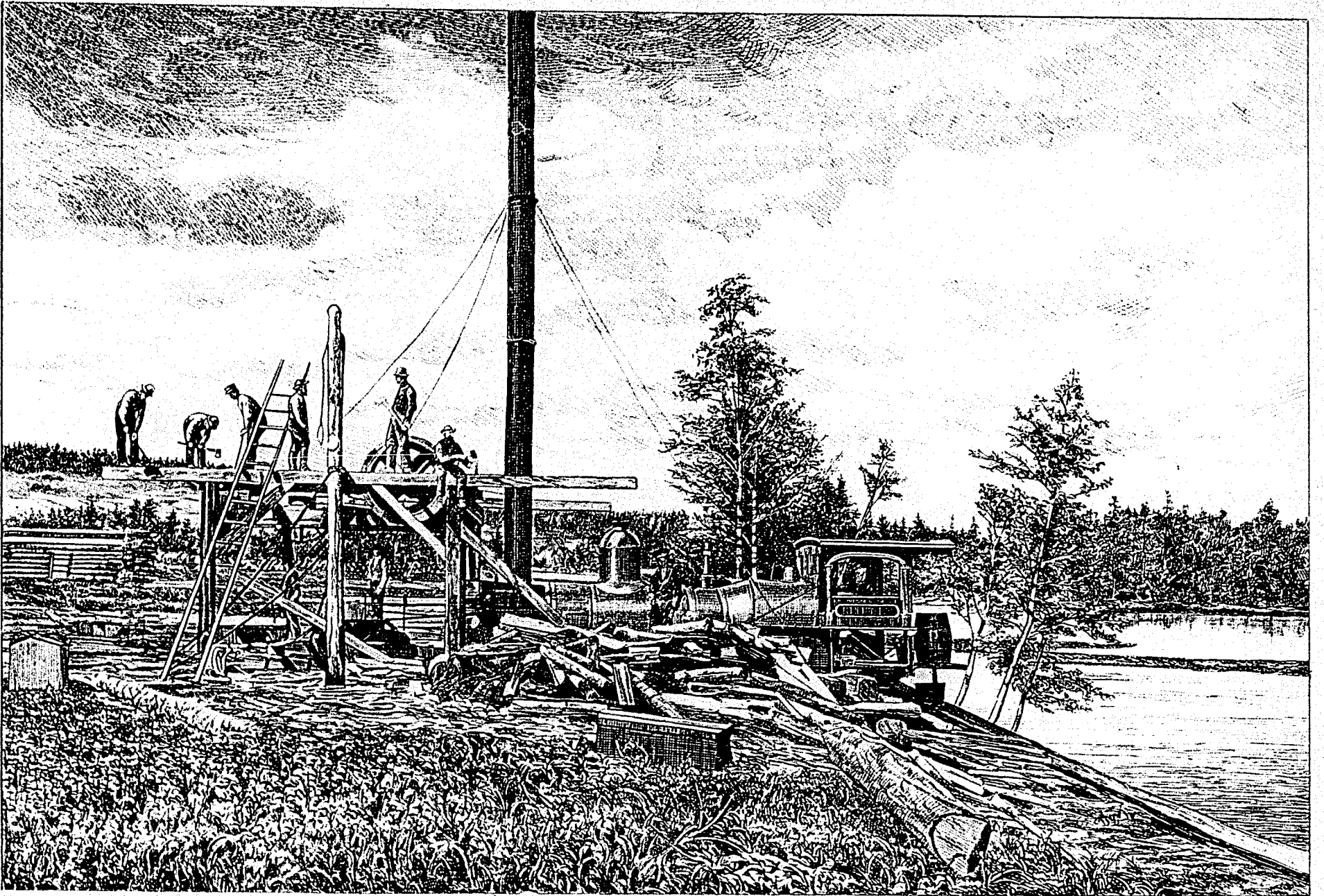
THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.—The naval station at the Falklands is at Port Stanley, on the eastern island, where there is a splendid landlocked harbour, with a narrow entrance. The little port is, and has been, a haven of refuge for many a storm-beaten mariner, not merely from the fury of the elements, but also because supplies of fresh meat can be obtained there, and, indeed, everything else. Wild cattle, of old Spanish stock, roam at will over many parts of the two islands. When the writer was there, in 1862, beef was retailed at fourpence per pound, and Port Stanley being a free port, everything was very cheap. How many boxes of cigars, pounds of tobacco, cases of Hollands, and demijohns of rum were, in consequence, taken on board by his 300 fellow-passengers would be a serious calculation. The little town has not much to recommend it. It has, of course, a Government House and a church, and barracks for the marines stationed there. It is, moreover, the head-quarters of the Falkland Islands Company, a corporation much like the Hudson's Bay Company, trading in furs and hides, and stores for ships and native trade. The three great characteristics of Port Stanley are the penguins, which abound, and are to be seen waddling in troops in its immediate vicinity, and stumbling over the stones if pursued; the kelp, which is so thick and strong in the water at the edge of the bay in places, that a strong boat's crew can hardly get "way" enough on to reach the shore; and the peat-bogs, which would remind an Irishman of his beloved Erin. Peat is the principal fuel of the place; and what glorious fires it makes! At least, so thought a good many of the passengers who took the opportunity of living on shore during the fortnight of the vessel's stay. For about three shillings and sixpence a day one could obtain a good bed, meals of beef-steaks and joints and fresh vegetables—very welcome after the everlasting salt junk and preserved vegetables of the ship—with the addition of hot rum and water, nearly *ad libitum*. Then the privilege of stretching one's legs is something after five or six weeks' confinement. There is duck and loon-shooting to be had, or an excursion to the lighthouse, a few miles from the town, where the writer found children of several years of age who had never even beheld the glories of Port Stanley, and yet were happy; and near which he saw on the beach *sea-trees*, for "sea-weed" would be a misnomer, the trunks being several feet in circumference—slippery, glutinous, marine vegetation, uprooted from the depths of ocean. Some of them would create a sensation in an aquarium.

COPY OF TESTIMONIAL JUST RECEIVED.

31 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL, 5th April, 1878.
To the Proprietors of "Phosfozone."
MONTREAL.
Gentlemen,
I have been using your PHOSFOZONE for the last two months, and I have thus derived very great benefit from it in the cure of a DISORDERED LIVER and of INDIGESTION, and I can therefore most cordially recommend it to all suffering from either of these ailments.
Respectfully,
(Signed) JOHN POHAM.
"Phosfozone" can be had from every Chemist and Druggist throughout the Dominion. Price, \$1.00 per bottle.



ON THE RIMOUSKI RIVER.--FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON.



GRANT'S SAW-MILL, METAPEDIA LAKE.



ON RESTIGOUCHE RIVER.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENDERSON.

A PRIMA DONNA'S FREAK.

There are two great "artistes" in this world who thoroughly hate each other. One is the beautiful, talented and merry Lillian Asdelade Neilson; the other the cold, stately, punctilious Clara Louise Kellogg. They never approach each other nearer than a distance of ten feet if they can avoid it, and their glances are not those of affection when they do come together. What "the beautiful Miss Neilson" ever did to provoke the reprehension of "the magnificent Kellogg" is not known. But the truth is that the jolly, fun-loving and somewhat reckless English beauty is the horror of the propriety-loving prima donna.

As a fact no two women were ever more opposite in their natures. Neilson is gay frolicking, fond of a practical joke, a girlish romp, preferring the society of men and never better pleased than when she is treated as "a good fellow" among them, without any of the nonsense which straight-jackets the two sexes in their social relations. Kellogg is the reverse. She is all woman. There is no good-fellow about her. She is the very pink of propriety, and a stickler after etiquette. You must approach her with the graces of the drawing-room upon you, and must address her in the tones and terms that are prescribed in Japonicadom. Not one of the most intimate of her gallants would dare salute her with a slap on the back and a hail, "How are you?" as in the case of Neilson. The man who would dare to do that to Kellogg would be brave indeed, and he would need be, too, for some awful fate would doubtless befall him.

Neilson's good-fellowship has evidently shocked Kellogg some time back and the latter believes terrible things about her. The English beauty, on her part, rather encourages than seeks to break down this aversion, and never goes out of her comfortable way to bow to the prudery demanded by rigid society rules. She is all mirth and happiness, and is the most popular "fellow" among men of any woman of modern times.

The aversion between these two great artistes was not particularly noticed until the month of October, 1876, when in the excitement of the closing Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia Neilson was playing Juliet at the Walnut-street Theatre, while Kellogg, at the head of the Hess Troupe was warbling the grand opera at the Academy of Music. Both artistes were stopping at the Continental, and occasionally met in the hallways of that grand hotel. When such an encounter occurred, it was amusing to see Kellogg sweep aside grandly, and the pair pass each other hugging close to the wall on either hand. Charley Crosby, Kellogg's agent, and Neilson's business representative were worried for the details; neither could account for the aversion on any other than the general ground that the two beauties were magnetic opposites.

The opera company went West after a week's sojourn. Neilson travelled West after a fortnight. A month after, in the hotel in Cincinnati, Neilson and Kellogg met again in the hallway. They hugged the wall, as before, when they passed. Kellogg, however, indignantly changed her hotel that very day, and the fun was spoiled. The next "stand" of the opera company was for two weeks, in De Bar's, St. Louis. Neilson's next engagement after Cincinnati was in the St. Louis Olympic, for two weeks. Kellogg learning that Neilson had secured rooms in the Southern Hotel, carefully avoided it; so, beyond the rivalry of the two artists at rival theatres, there was no chance for manifestations of opposition. Neilson, it is true, delighted in taking horseback exercise with a troop of admiring good-fellows, and never failed to gallop daily by Kellogg's hotel, deporting her self in the gayest manner, but the effect (if any) on the prima donna was not visible. They met once or twice in their promenades, and one sought the curbstone and the other the shop windows in passing, to the astonishment of all who witnessed the manœuvre, but nothing came of it.

This was fun for Neilson and gratification for the stately Kellogg, but the agents of the two artistes began to foresee trouble in it. They were good friends and mutual sufferers by the whims and tyrannies of their respective charges and they thought it best to exchange views in regard to the situation. To their horror they learned that the routes marked out for the operatic and dramatic "star" were identical—they were booked to fill the same time at rival theatres in every city on the way back to the last. Here was a prospect that was not relished by either agent. Nothing but a state of war for the whole trip; and yet there was no way out of it.

Neilson was very particular about her travelling accommodations. She must have the drawing-room of the parlor-car all to herself. Her maid and her French companion must each have a compartment adjoining, while the leading man and agent must each sleep within easy call of the imperious beauty. These arrangements could never be varied. The agent could not dare propose a change. So he was always very careful to get at least three days ahead of time to the railroad office, and secure the drawing-room for his charge. This time, however, the ticket-agent replied that Miss Kellogg had secured the only drawing-room for herself, and that the principal members of her company would half fill the car, so that nothing but a sleeping berth was left for Neilson. Unfortunately Kellogg was even more exacting than the English "champion heart-breaker" in the magnificence and comforts of her travelling accommodations.

Her business manager had made his peace with her certain by securing the only palace-car drawing-room a fortnight in advance.

What was to be done? The Neilson agent was in despair. How could he ask that dainty creature to content herself with a mere compartment in a railway car? And above all, in the same car in which Kellogg magnificently occupied the drawing-room? Oh, this would never do. He must devise some means to get over the difficulty. And he did. He argued with the railroad men; he quarreled with them; he bribed them. For twenty-five greenback dollars they agreed to telegraph to Chicago and have a car sent down, in which there were two drawing-rooms—one at either end. In one room should Neilson be installed, with her party near her; in the other end Kellogg should reign over her melodious company.

This was satisfactory as far as it went, but either agent would have preferred that the other "star" were not going along. The train was a Sunday night one. Kellogg reached it first, and was shown to her apartment. Neither agent had had the courage to tell his "star" that the enemy was going on the same train and in the same car. So Kellogg was in splendid humor, and Neilson was never merrier than when she burst laughing into the car in search of her "drawing-room." Imagine the situation when she found Kellogg—yes, actually Kellogg—already installed there!

"How is this? I thought—" "This way," said the porter, and the agent hurried the "famous Juliet" away to the opposite end of the car, pursued by a scowl from Kellogg.

It was noticed that the latter sent for her agent immediately and had a long conference with him. There was trouble at both ends of that car, beginning at once, but the Neilson end recovered its balance first. Kellogg closed the door of her room early and retired, as did her company, out of deference to her prejudices against the awful Neilson at the other end. But the beautiful Briton was not to be "squelched" in this summary fashion. She laid herself out to do something that Kellogg would consider "awful." The opera party had just settled down to repose, and a solemn stillness pervaded the heavy atmosphere of the car, when Neilson's voice was heard summoning her agent familiarly by his Christian name—a familiarity she was not accustomed to:

"I say, Johnny, don't break that bottle the hotel-keeper gave me. And I say, John, you may as well open that bottle for me."

Neilson was not in the habit of indulging in liquor, and even if she had been, the bottles she spoke of so loudly existed only in her imagination.

The agent rushed to her with a deprecating gesture: "Hush! Why, Miss Neilson—what will these people think?"

"Pshaw! Kellogg can't have a worse opinion than she has. I'll gratify her."

There was a stirring and groaning in the other end of the car among the opera people. They had heard. But Neilson burst into a merry laugh, regardless of consequences, and kept up her chatter for an hour. Then she retired. So did her maid, her companion, her "leading man" and her wretched agent. The other end of the car slept uneasily. It was easy to detect that it was "shocked."

A full hour of quiet passed, broken only by the snores of the opera people and the "leading man." Miss Neilson was heard moving again. She could not sleep. She arose, threw open the door, and resumed her reading of "Helen's Babies," in which she was deeply interested. At every funny point she burst out into a loud laugh that echoed through the car, and finally, throwing down the book, came forth from her lair, imitating the peevish whine of Toddie and repeating the cry "I want to see wheels go round!"

This was given with a faithfulness of intonation that was absolutely aggravating. There was a movement among the opera people, and the baritone mumbled a request to "Give us a rest," but it was unheard in the repetitious, shrill, peevish childish cry.

"Come," said the great actress to her party, "I can't sleep, and you shan't. Get up!"

The maid was roused up. The "leading man" was hauled out, grumbling; the agent was stirred up with a parasol, and the porter was summoned and ordered to put up the beds. Then pandemonium reigned in the Neilson end of the car. A nursery of squalling children could not have done more damage than did "the great English actress" with imitations.

Sleep was impossible. The magnificent Kellogg, the sleepy baritone, the indignant tenor, and the horrified contralto, all arose and listened to the discord, with no attempt to disguise their rage. It lasted all night. At early dawn Chicago was reached, and Kellogg rushed from her car before it had fairly stopped, evidently eager to escape her torture.

VENNOR.

A writer in the *Globe*, signing himself "Observer," thus discourses about the weather prophecies of Mr. Vennor:—

In your daily issue of the 9th ult. we were furnished with a series of "Vennor's weather predictions," all of them having reference to the month of April, with the exception of his last prediction which referred to the first half of May. On reading these predictions which, perhaps, had mainly a reference to Quebec, but

which most people would apply to Ontario also, I resolved to note down the actual weather in this city, Toronto, from the 9th to the 30th of last month, and then to compare these notes with Vennor's predictions, so as to see how far he might be correct, and how far he might be astray. And now let me give the comparative statements:

Vennor's Predictions.	Actual Weather.
April.	
9. Fair, warm, spring like.	Rain, cloudy, and cool.
10. do do do	Showery and rainy.
11. do do do	Fair and moderately warm.
12. do do do	Fair, cloudy, and breezy.
13. Change.	Much same as yesterday.
14. Wet, and cold winds.	Very fine and clear.
15. do do do	Cloudy and cool.
16. do do do	Very fine, cloudy a.m.
17. Probably fair.	Quite warm.
18. do do do	do
19. Cold, wet, change again.	Shower till 8 a.m., then fair.
20. With frost and snow.	Thunder and rain early, then fine.
21. do do do	Fine and cool.
22. do do do	Thunder and heavy rains.
23. Fair, spring like, with	Cloudy and variable.
24. Warm days.	Heavy rains, thunder, etc.
25. do do do	Fine, spring like.
26. do do do	Warm a.m., breezy p.m.
27. do do do	Sultry a.m., fine p.m.
28. Cold rains, snow flurries.	Cloudy, mild, and fine.
29. do do do	Cloudy and showery.
30. do do do	Good, but cooler.

It will thus be seen that on seven of the days above spoken of, and partly on another, Vennor's predictions happened to be verified, while on all the other seventeen days, if not eighteen, his calculations were quite falsified. He said also that "the first half of May will be wet and backward." Not so, however, the first day of the month, at least in the region of Toronto, for the weather to-day is exceedingly warm and beautiful. And as for the other fifteen or sixteen days, we may hope that they will continue on the whole favourable to the interests of vegetation.

Speaking generally, I have no faith in Vennor's predictions, nor in those of any other man, unless they are limited to four and twenty hours, or somewhere thereabouts. It certainly stands to reason that weather sages, with the signs of the sky and with the aid of instruments and telegrams from a distance, may reliably prognosticate a few hours ahead. But to speak of seeing a long way farther, whole weeks, and whole months, is to make a pretension, in my opinion, which neither the acquirements of science nor the facts of observation go to sustain.

SNARED BY A "PERSONAL."

A newspaper came as a package wrapper into a farm-house near Cleveland, O. It was a very innocent-looking sheet but was full of buzz and hum of the great world outside of this secluded farm. Clara, an 18-year-old daughter of the house, was charmed with it, and charmed with its column of personal advertisements. They were new to her, if a newspaper was not entirely new. She had never seen such confidential communications made public before. She was fascinated with the romance of such a method of acquaintanceship as it prescribed. One young man of easy means, living in a city, wanted to make the acquaintance of a lively country girl, through a correspondence. It was just to have a little fun—that was all. Clara thought she filled the conditions of a lively country girl and wrote. He wrote; his letter looked right. It was fair writing, all modesty and good-breeding. It was delightful to Clara to have a city correspondent, a nice young man whom she had never seen, but already admired for his penmanship and sentiments. Besides, he told her in his first letter that he had received a hundred answers to his advertisement, but had singled hers out as the only one to which he made reply. This was flattering to her. She knew no better than to believe it, and her own girlish vanity helped to snare her. Of all this Clara's parents knew nothing for some time. At length he wanted a meeting and she told the old folks how she had been amusing herself. A meeting could do no harm, she thought, it was all pure fun. Her parents thought differently, but through her earnest solicitations they at length consented and Clara and her correspondent met. She thought his person as fine as his writing and as noble as his sentiments. He loved; she loved, but the parents they did not love. The young fellow was too flashily dressed to suit them—plain, country people as they were. He was too loud for the modest scope of a farm house. But at length the old folks gave way to an engagement and in a short time there was a marriage in that house, and the flower of the farm left for the city a happy bride. Her romance had become reality. What money the old folks could scrape together went with her to make easy the beginnings of life. In less than two months the girl returned to her country home with the look of twenty years more age and experience stamped on her face. She had lived a long life in two short months. He did not turn out to be what she expected. He was a gambler, and luck was against him. She thought he was a broker and the deception broke her heart. He spent all her dowry and pawned her extra clothes and then she was forced to return to her parents in rags, for something to eat. That's what came of the fun of answering a "personal," addressed to any lively country girl.

THE musical critic of the *Times*, according to a Milan paper, receives only £20 per month for his services. Critics must be fairly well paid in Italy.

VARIETIES.

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.—

FOOL—Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.
OLIV.—Can you do it?
FOOL—Dextariously, good Madonna.
OLIV.—Make your proof,
FOOL—I must catechise you for it, Madonna? good, my mouse of virtue, answer me.
OLIV.—Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.
FOOL—Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?
OLIV.—Good fool, for my brother's death.
FOOL—I think his soul is in hell, Madonna.
OLIV.—I know his soul is in heaven, fool.
FOOL.—Then more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul, being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.
Twelfth Night, Act 1, sc. 5.

DEPOPULATED FRANCE.—A French writer is amazed that those statesmen who moan over the stagnant condition of the French population should have apparently overlooked the cause of it. Although the majority of the French families to day are, he asserts, quite cured of pursuing that phantom *la gloire*; and warn their children against its delusive glitter, which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, merely conceals invalidism, mutilation, and death, nobody seems to have thought of the part it has played in depriving the country of young men in their prime, who, but for it, would have been the fathers of tens of thousands of children, and whose death on a hundred battle-fields sent thousands of women into nunneries, or compelled them to lead a single life. No nation in the world, he thinks, has suffered in this wise so much as France.

STAGE BOUQUETS.—As in London, so also has attention been called by some of the New York papers to the "theatrical flower humbug," meaning by this term the practice which many managers indulge in of having bouquets thrown to popular performers, or of having expensive floral pieces passed from the auditorium to the stage by the ushers employed in the theatres. It is a custom which deceives no person of intelligence, and which reflects no credit on either artiste or manager. It certainly must be determined to the self respect of the first mentioned, and it causes the public to look upon the last as a flowery impostor. It serves no good purpose. The fame of great actors or actresses needs no floral adornment, nor perfume from the hot-house and the garden—especially if such incense originate in box-offices, and is not the spontaneous offering of youthful and enthusiastic admirers of genius. It ought to be put down by an expression of derision from the humbug-detesting portion of the audience.

BOTTLED SPITE.—Mr. Hardy was very angry the other night because Mr. Gladstone characterized a certain passage of Lord Salisbury's despatch as shewing the spirit of a mean attorney and the meanest of attorneys. Some of those who heard Mr. Hardy must, however, have had their memories carried back to a debate in the House some fifteen years ago, when, as now, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone were opponents, and when much the same terms were used. But on that occasion Lord Salisbury, then Lord Robert Cecil, was the aggressor. He compared Mr. Gladstone's financial policy to the practice of a pettifogging attorney. The House murmured, but did not interfere. The next night, however, Lord Robert Cecil rose to express his regret for words used in the heat of the previous night's debate, words which he felt were not justifiable. He, therefore, begged to tender his sincere apologies to—the attorneys. It is an interesting example of bottled spite that Mr. Gladstone should have waited so long after to couch an attack on Lord Salisbury in almost the same language.

A DIALOGUE.—The *Russki Mir* gives the following anecdote as narrated by a ventriloquist to his guests. In the Sultan's palace, he says, there is a great echo, to which supernatural power is attributed. The Sultans always inquire there whenever there is danger imminent. Abdul Hamid also consulted this echo:—

"L'Angleterre?" he asked.
"Erre par mere," answers the echo.
"L'Autriche?"
"Triche."
"Russie."
"Ruse" (a trick.)
"Mes Principautés?"—(My Principalities?)
"Otees."
"Mes Cuirassées?"—(Ironclads?)
"Assez."
"Mes Pashas?"
"Achats."
"Et Suleiman?"
"Ment."
"Mais j'ai Mouktar!"
"Tard."
"Qu'ai-je pour payer tant de milliards?"
"Lards."
"Tout es perdu! . . . mais l'Asie me reste."
"Est-ce que vous êtes un Peste du reste."

AN ENGLISH ARMY CORPS.—In round numbers an English Army Corps contains, when all its several parts are placed on their full war-establishment, very nearly 37,000 of all ranks. Of these, in round numbers again, 5,000 officers and men belonging to the medical, commissariat, and administrative departments, leaving 32,000 of all ranks belonging to the Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers. There are three div-

isions of Infantry, a brigade of Cavalry, a force of Artillery, distinguished as the "Corps Artillery," and a complement of Engineers. Each division of Infantry also comprises a force of Artillery and Cavalry, as well as foot soldiers. To give its composition more in detail, it consists of two brigades of infantry, each brigade comprising three battalions, a battalion of Rifles, a regiment of Cavalry, three batteries of Field-Artillery, a company of Engineers, a troop of military police, and an ammunition reserve-column. The Cavalry brigade consists of three regiments of Cavalry and a battery of Horse-Artillery. The Corps Artillery comprises three batteries of Horse-Artillery and two batteries of Field-Artillery, besides an ammunition reserve-column. Altogether therefore an Army Corps includes twenty-one battalions of Infantry, or, in round numbers, 21,000 bayonets; six regiments of Cavalry, or 3,000 sabres; and fifteen batteries of Artillery, or 90 guns.

THE ROMANCE OF LITERARY DISCOVERY.

To the merest accidents have we been indebted for the preservation of volumes which are justly considered to rank among the most precious relics of literature; and not less remarkable than the discoveries themselves, is the fact that they have been made at a time when further delay would have made them impossible. This has been particularly noticeable in regard to the remains of classical literature. In a dungeon at the monastery of St. Gall, Poggio found, corroded with damp and covered with filth, the great work of Quintilian. In Westphalia a monk stumbled accidentally on the only manuscript of Tacitus, and to that accident we owe the writings of an historian who has had more influence, perhaps, on modern prose literature than any ancient writer, with the solitary exception of Cicero. The poems of Propertius, one of the most vigorous and original of the Roman poets, were found under the easks of a wine-cellar. In a few months the manuscript would have crumbled to pieces and become completely illegible. Parts of Homer have come to light in the most extraordinary way. A considerable portion of the "Iliad," for instance, was found in the hand of a mummy. The best of the Greek romances, the "Ethiopes," of Heliodorus, which was such a favourite with Mrs. Browning, was rescued by a common soldier, who found it kicking about the streets of a town in Hungary. To turn, however, to more modern times. Everybody knows how Sir Robert Cotton rescued the original manuscript of Magna Charta from the hands of a common tailor, who was cutting it up for measures. The valuable Thurloe State papers were brought to light by the tumbling in of the ceiling of some chambers in Lincoln's Inn. The charming letters of Lady Mary Montague, which have long taken their place among English classics, were found in the false bottom of an old trunk; and in the secret drawer of a chest the curious manuscripts of Dr. Dee lurked unsuspected for years. One of the most singular discoveries of this kind was the recovery of that delightful volume, Luther's "Table Talk." A gentleman in 1626 had occasion to build upon the old foundation of a house. When the workmen were engaged in digging they found, lying in a deep, obscure hole, wrapped in strong linen cloth which was waxed all over with beeswax within and without, this interesting work which had lain concealed ever since its suppression by Pope Gregory XIII. We are told that one of the copies of Dante's "Paradise," which had long been mislaid, was drawn from its lurking place, it had slipped beneath a window-sill by intuition, received in a dream.

BURLESQUE.

DISAPPEARED.—A strolling gymnast gave an exhibition on the tight rope in Danbury, the other afternoon. Among the observers were two undertakers, and although not in hearing distance of each other, yet both, strangely enough, continued to repeat over and over again:

"Oh, I hope he won't fall; I hope he won't fall."

When he got through they dispersed with the crowd, but so great had been their concern for him that their faces still appeared troubled.

HOW MANY APPLES DID ADAM AND EVE EAT.—Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2, a total of 10 only. Now we figure the thing out far differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also.—*Boston Journal.* We think the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 8-2, certainly the total will be 90. Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants, and consequently great eaters reason something like this: Eve 8-1st and Adam 8-2. Total, 163. —*Gloucester Advertiser.* Wrong again. What could be clearer if Eve 8-1 and Adam 8-1-2, the total was 893.—*Lawrence American.* If Eve 8-1 1st, and Adam 8-1 2, would not the whole be 1623?—*Boston Journal.* I believe the following to be the true solution: Eve 8-1-4 Adam; Adam 8-1-2-4 Eve. Total, 8,938.—*Vermont.* Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 8-1-4 Adam, Adam 8-1-4-2 oblige Eve. Total, \$2,055. We think, however, this not to be a sufficient quantity, for though we admit that Eve 8-1-4 Adam, Adam, if he 8 0, 8-1-2-4-2 keep Eve company. Total, 8,082,056. The latest is from a city friend who thinks that "If Eve 8-1 1st 4-2 induce Adam, it must be admitted Adam 8 0-1 1st 8-1-2-4-2 oblige Eve. Total, 801,202,384. Next!

COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—"Dear Alice," he said, "I cannot longer labor under this sin."
(The old man appears.)

"pension of banks is due to the unwise policy—"

(Old gent passed on.)

"I was going to say, my dear girl, that I hope you will promise to be mine, and name an early day for the bonds—"

(Old woman happened in.)

"Should never be paid in gold alone."

(Exit old girl.)

"Name the happy day when I may call you my own, for I cannot believe that you will think if pre—"

(Old man slides in again.)

"—sumption cannot be so soon accomplished."

(The intruder retires.)

"I say I can't believe you are entirely indifferent to me, but will soon grant me the privilege of calling you wi—"

(Old lady on deck.)

"Life giving the financial question much study."

(Old lady slides off.)

"If you love me just nod your. You—and, oh, one sweet kiss to seal it—oh head!"

(Prospective father-in-law.)

"—according to eminent divines, is a myth, a superstition."

(They were again left alone.)

The old folks conclude that Alice is safe enough in the company of a young man who can talk something about finance and theology, and so relax their vigilance.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S MENAGERIE.—Ant eaters catches em with their tungs, which is long like a worm, and gum on it same as hop todes tungs. The eater it finds a place were the ants is to work, and lies down on its belly, and pays out its tung, and shuts up its eyes. Then a ant comes there, and takes a look, and says to the other ants: "This duffer has over et hisself, and gone to sleep without finish his last worm, lets take wot is left for our own selfs."

But wen they have all got hold they stick fast, and the eater it opens one eye, like sayin: "Ime redder if you are," and then it touches a spring, and the tung is drawd in quick, and them ants is a stonish.

And now Ill tell you a story which aint true, jest for a change.

There was a ant eater wich had lain out his tung that way, and a ant come up and said: "Hello! wots this?"

The eater was so hungry he cudnt wait, so he said: "Why dont you see! That is a nice red worm."

But he had to pul in his tung for to say it, and then the ant said: "I was jest a lookin for a worm like thatn, and if you hadent grabed it so quick I would have took it my own self."

The eater see he had made a mistake, so he said: "I know where there is a other worm, same kind. You follen me and He sho you."

So the eater went of a little way with his back to the ant, and laid out his tung agin, and wen the ant had cum the eater winked its i, like sayin: "Do be carefle, or you will friten the worm, an he might git away, cos you see I only got him by the tail."

When the ant had looked it said: "You can't fool me smarty; thats the same old worm wich you have had in your mouth. Ime hungry, but I dont want no boddys second hand vittles."

And the eater it didnt dare to say twasent so, cos it wud have to pul in its tung agin to say it, but after the ant had went away mad then it said: "Its unty hard to be silent under an unjust suspicion, wen natur has give me so much tung for to deny it."

HEARTH AND HOME.

INSINUATION.—Insinulators of evil are among the vilest of the vile ones of the earth. They do more harm than any number of bold accusers, and are not to be chastised because they cannot be caught. A direct falsehood can be met by as direct a denial, and a statement committed to dates is liable to destruction through counter-proof; but an insinuation has no tangible basis for a struggle, just as no one can catch and pinion Proteus. We are all subject to this kind of persecution, and some seem to be fatally open to victimisation of this deadly character.

WEAVING RIOT.—The first squabble of this description will be found in classic story:—Arachne, daughter of Idmon, a dyer of purple, at Colophon in Ionia, had learned from Pallas the art of weaving, and ventured to challenge her teacher to a trial of skill. In vain did the goddess, in form of an old woman, forewarn her of the consequences of her folly. The contest began, and Arachne prepared with much skill a web, which represented the armours of Jupiter. This irritated Pallas, who tore the web in pieces, and struck Arachne on the head with the shuttle. Arachne hung herself in despair. The goddess restored her to life, but changed her into a spider, whence the natural history of spiders is termed Arachnology.

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.—Girls, don't devote all your thoughts to fashion: exchange your silks and satins for lawns and calicoes; shut up the piano and dive into a wash tub; throw away your fancy needlework and tackle a red-hot stove in the kitchen. Instead of receiving Brown, the banker's son in the parlour, look out for Bill Burns, the blacksmith's son, as he goes home from work; kiss his dirty face through a broken pane of glass in the kitchen window, and after awhile, when he learns his trade and you know your business, get married, go to house-keeping by yourselves, help each other, live happy, raise a family that will be an honor to your names and credit to yourselves, the hap-

py, and the angels will not turn their backs up on you up there.

MUTE LANGUAGE.—One of the pretty fancies of French people is to make colours the expression of sentiment. They hold that violet is analogous to friendship, blue to love, as suggested by blue eyes and azure sky. A bunch of violets would, therefore, tell a lady's suitor that friendship is all that he has a right to expect. Yellow is paternity or maternity; it is the yellow ray of the spectrum which causes the germ to shoot. Red figures ambition; indigo, the spirit of rivalry; green, the love of change, fickleness; black, favouritism; white, unity, universality. In addition to the seven primitive colours, gray indicates power; brown, prudery; pink, modesty; silver gray (semi-white), feeble love; lilac (semi-violet), feeble friendship; pale pink, false shame.

ONE'S OWN ROOM.—Far beyond drawing-room or spare room, and important above almost every other arrangement in your domestic establishment, is the consecration of one room to the special use of the master of the house, should his pursuits be such as to render occasional solitude and quiet needful or merely pleasurable to him. A sound and a lovely policy is that which secures to a husband in his family certain privileges and comforts that he can never find elsewhere, and that are calculated to counterbalance the weight of the many other attractions which his immediate circle cannot offer. A room to himself—a home within a home—is such a privilege, and few sacrifices are too great if they may procure it for him; it will keep him from clubs and card parties abroad, or from being "always about" home; it will prove a sanctuary from the numerous petty domestic troubles and annoyances.

GOLDEN MOMENTS.—How sorry one would be for a man who, starting out upon a journey, had his pockets full of golden coin which, one by one, had slipped through some unattended hole or rent, so that when he came to the end of his trip he had not one left, but lay down upon his bed a beggar! How strictly we look to our own pockets after hearing the tale, and make very sure that what coin we had should be well spent, or hoarded carefully, and not scattered in the road-side dust! Yet we start upon our lives, each one of us, with a store of golden moments of which we keep little account. Rapidly they slip through the rents of sloth or ignorance. Many a one, rich in all the golden moments of seventy years, lie down at last scarcely able to remember how he has frittered and scattered them, knowing only that he has no more—that all are gone, and that he cannot say that he has purchased anything of use to himself or another with what might have bought so much.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cold, that gives beauty to the flower. There is always before or around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth and gladness. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles it may be. So have others. None are free from them, and perhaps it is well that none should be. This gives sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire skill, were there nothing to disturb its surface. It is the duty of everyone to extract all the enjoyment he can from within and without him, and, above all, he should look on the bright side. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will have a turning, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance rights itself. What appears ill becomes well—that which appears wrong right.

ENTRANCE INTO LIFE.—It is doing a service to mankind to destroy the prejudice which is generally entertained, that youth is educated when some care has been taken of infancy. The prejudice, besides other bad effects of it, suspends the zeal of that small number of individuals in the middle rank of life who wish to give their children the best education they possibly can. From a false notion that the minds of young persons are formed at a very early period, they suffer them to be their own masters at a time when they stand most in need of a guide to direct them in the course of the most important period of their education, by the wisdom of his counsels, the gentleness of his insinuations, and the force of his example. Few persons in their infancy learn the art of employing and governing themselves; and it is a very difficult matter to learn it till the faculties of the mind are full-blown, and the character has taken its true bias. When young persons, therefore, are entering upon the tempestuous ocean of human life, then is the time they must be taught the pilot's art, the manner of steering their course so as to avoid rocks and quicksands. A philosopher might begin to take charge of education at a time when the vulgar think it finished. Many persons are capable of educating children in the ordinary method; there are few, very few, who are capable of forming men.

CARELESS WIVES.—It is very common to hear the remark made of a young man that he is so industrious and economical that he is sure to be thrifty and prosperous. And this may be very true of him so long as he remains single. But what will his habitual prudence avail him against the careless waste and extravagance of an uncalculating, unthinking wife? He might as well be doomed to spend his strength and

life in an attempt to catch water in a sieve. The effort would be hardly less certainly in vain. Habits of economy, the ways to turn everything in household affairs to the best account—these are among the things which every mother should teach her daughters. Without such instruction, those who are poor will never become rich, while those who are now rich may become poor.

ADVICE AND SYMPATHY.—What we want from sympathetic advisers is good counsel within our limits. Scarcely any case is so hopelessly circumscribed as not to have an inch of unoccupied space; and when we come to the very worst we can at least receive sympathy without counsel. That does something for those who suffer—it is an enollent—while counsel that is impossible to follow—advice that loftily ignores the whole condition of one's life, and presupposes means on a par with those of the well-endowed adviser—is an irritant as great as pricking a tender place with pins or dressing a sore one with vinegar.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.—Down to the end of the fourteenth century no mention has been found of wood engravings. Boccaccio and Petrarch, and our own Chaucer, are silent about them. Even Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham in the reign of Edward III., in his curious essay on the "Love of Books," says not a syllable about any other illustrations but those painted by hand. There is not a single wood-engraving existing which there is any reason to attribute to an earlier date than the beginning of the fifteenth century.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LISZT's fingers are big, heavy and iron-like.

PATTI made \$92,000 during her season in Italy.

MOTJESKA amuses herself during her leisure hours by pistol practice, and she is said to be a good shot.

CHAS. READ has written a new play called "A Brave Wife," and it will shortly be brought out in London.

MOJANI, the rival of Rubini, and the best Edgardo on the Italian stage, has just died, at the age of 70, in Florence.

LOTTA is one of the richest actresses on the stage. She draws interest on upwards of \$200,000 of Government bonds, and yet can't keep away from the footlights.

RECENTLY, while playing in "John of Arc." Mrs. Rousby, the English actress, was thrown from her horse, which was not properly trained, and severely injured.

As Clara Louise Kellogg views it, every great songstress or actress who marries gets a fellow who spends her money and leaves her to die in poverty; and Clara Louise is not far from wrong.

MOGA, the photographer, has sold during the year 34,000 pictures of stage celebrities. Maud Branscombe leads the list, and Marie Roze comes next, 42,000 of the first having been printed, and 18,000 of the latter.

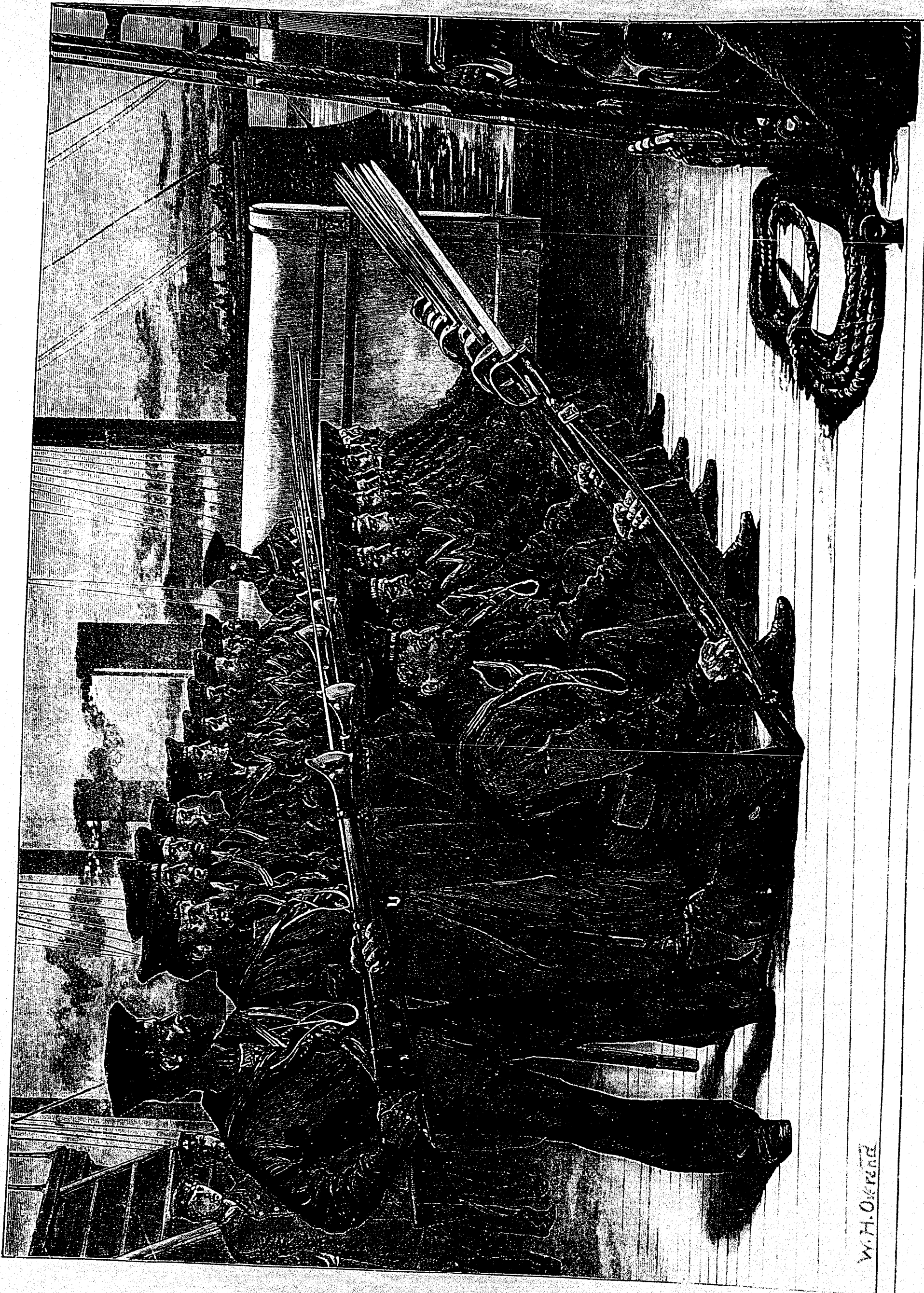
SARAH BERNHART has in her household six dogs, Donchka, Prim, Mirza, Lion, Othello and Lazar; a parrot, Bizi-Boutou; three cats, Kickett, Michette and Sans Noms; a school of gold-fish, an aviary of birds and a skeleton.

WAGNER is said to be extremely vain, especially in matters of dress, and to be exacting to a degree that, unless insane, no sensible American would endure for a moment. Give the old gentleman time and he will disappear like a plate of ice-cream.

MESSES. JARRETT & PALMER signed a lease of Booth's Theatre for four months, beginning September 1st. They will first introduce Genevieve Ward, the tragedian, who has made a sensation in Europe. After her, Irving and other celebrities.

HONOR IN HIS OWN LAND.

Says Comley in his recently-issued work, The History of New York State, "The day has passed when the benefactors of humanity were allowed to live in ignominious poverty—their sacrifices, their labors, uncompensated. To-day, the benefactors of the people—the men who devote their lives and energies to the interests of humanity—these are the men whom the world delights to honor, and whom it rewards with princely fortunes. As an earnest worker for the welfare of his fellow-men, Dr. R. V. Pierce has won their warmest sympathy and esteem. While seeking to be their servant only, he has become a prince among them. Yet the immense fortune lavished upon him by a generous people he hoards not, but invests in the erection and establishment of institutions directly contributive to the public good, the people thus realizing, in their liberal patronage, a new meaning of that beautiful Oriental custom of casting bread upon the waters. Noted in both public and private life for his unswerving integrity and all those sterling virtues that ennoble manhood, Dr. Pierce ranks high among those few men, whose names the Empire State is justly proud to inscribe upon her roll of honor. Ambitious, yet moved by an ambition strictly amenable to the most discriminating and well-balanced judgment, his future career promises to be one of unparalleled activity and usefulness, ably supplementing the work he has already accomplished, by a life at once noble in effort, enviable in its grand results." While Dr. Pierce's genius and energy have won for him so enviable a position on the records of a nation, having been elected Senator by an overwhelming majority, his justly celebrated Household Remedies have gained for him a yet more desirable place in the hearts of a grateful people. His Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription have brought health and happiness to ten thousand households.



“AWAITING AN ATTACK OF CAVALRY.”

W. H. O'NEILL



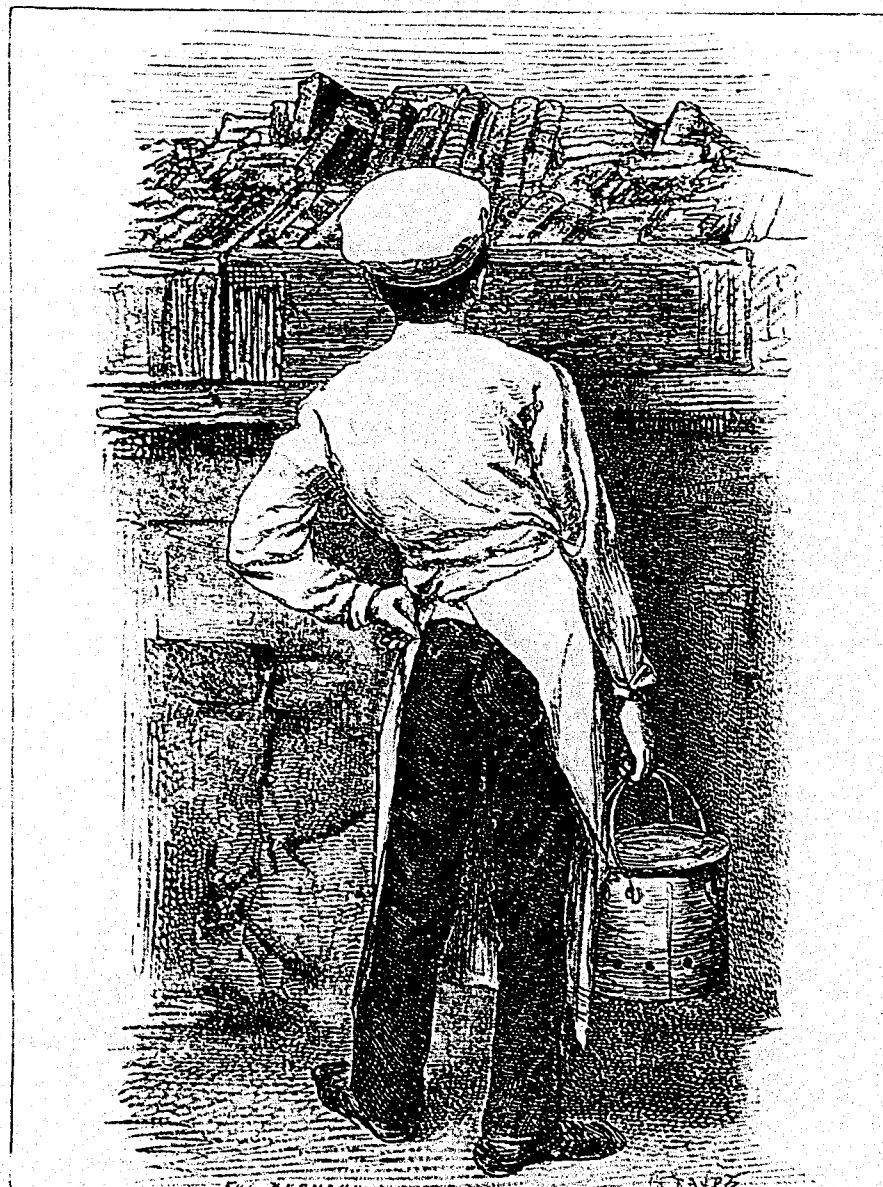
THE OLD BOOKSELLER AT HIS STALL.



A LEARNED AMATEUR.



A HARDENED SINNER.



A SEARCHER AFTER KNOWLEDGE.

THE BOOKWORMS.

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

Duc, alma Lux, circumstat umbra mundi,
Duc, alma Lux;
Est atra nox, mei jam vagabundi
Sis ergo dux:
Serva pedes,—non cupio longinqua
Videre; satis semita propinqua.

Non semper eram, ut nunc, doctus precari
Ductorem te,—
Magis me exploratorem gloriari:
Duc tamen me.
Proclara amabam, neque expers timorum
Regebam me: sis immemor actorum.

Tam diu præsens adfuit vocanti
Divina vox.
Sic erit vel per ima dubitanti
Dum figit nox,
Et manè lucent nitide figure,
Notæ per annos, paululum obscuræ.

Translated at sea, December, 1877. C. S. O.

* This bold attempt to render Dr. Newman's hymn in rhymed Latin stanzas, of the same number and the same number of lines as in the English original, was sent me to the translator's friends as the recreation of nights at sea by an English scholar on his way to the antipodes. Any old Oxford friends who may recognize the initials will feel the point and pathos added by the fact that news of the unlooked-for loss of a truly "nitida figura nota per annos," which has darkened his home since he left it, is following him round the world.—J. O.

FASHION AND FANCY.

"Frightful! When could it have been in fashion?"

Hearing these words, in a moment I became aware of what our military correspondents term "the situation." It was certainly an awkward one. I had slipped open the drawing-room door after breakfast, thinking that in that sunny and luxurious abode, usually deserted during morning hours, a quiet corner for me and my newspaper would not be amiss—and here I was, or was about to be, launched on that most boundless of oceans, a feminine discourse upon dress! For the above remark was uttered in a soft treble pipe, and at least half-a-dozen other pipelets equally soft, responded.

Being a man, and not a youth, my first impulse was to beat an instantaneous retreat, closing the half-opened door before it had attracted observation; but the trampling of rough-booted feet, the odour of fuses, and the unmistakable bass notes wanting to the treble variations within, proclaimed that I was taken in the rear. The sportsmen, the mighty men of valour, and the beardless boys who hung upon their moustached lips, inhaling wisdom as they puffed tobacco, were drifting through the hall, apparently without any settled destination.

I knew their ways; I had been in the house with them for three days at least, and had learnt to long as ardently as the most fervid lover of the sport, for the blissful "Twelfth" that was to dawn on the morrow. I need hardly say, after this, that we were in Scotland, and that the month was August. This year was a good while ago.

Still the "Twelfth" then, was as the "Twelfth" now, the day of days, and for it I, in common with all, panted. Then we should be rid of as idle, useless, and good-natured a set of incubi as ever existed. Then we should have an end to that seemingly eternal kennel talk, and be able to stroll once more round the terrace without passing a yawning figure extended on every bench. There remained but a single day, and the joyous emancipation for all would take place; but, meantime, I had to beware of chance meetings, for even a stupid like myself might be a peg for some to hang their idle talk upon.

A plague upon them! What was to become of me? Here was I, an elderly man, who had a right to peace and quiet, a right to be left alone, to say nothing of a right to exemption from rheumatism in a dry and warm summer month,—here I was, I say, kept standing in a draught—all the drawing-room windows were open, as was the hall door—whilst I vacillated betwixt a choice of evils.

How long would these ruffians hang on in the hall? How many were collected at the door, and how soon would the rest follow? It was little use attempting to guess; they were all over the place, and without any apparent intentions of "moving on." One took up a matchlock, another exhibited feats with a cane, and two more began a languid game of billiards.

I chose the ladies and fashion, and boldly entered the drawing-room. The door was sunk in a wall many feet thick, so that all the time I had been standing in the entry, I had been invisible to both forces within and without.

No sooner was I fairly committed to the venture than I found, as many another desperate man has done before me, a way of safety open as by magic. It had escaped my memory that over this doorway—a side one—hung a voluminous embroidered curtain, behind which a newcomer was screened from observation until he had drawn it on one side. It did not hang close to the door; the door could be shut ere the curtain was raised. By these means a tiny recess was formed, so that although the girls were clearly within a few feet of it, and their chatter was as audible as though the curtain were not there, my presence remained a secret.

They had not heard any of my manoeuvres, being engrossed with the subject in hand; and it was plain that if I chose, I might ere long slip out, as I had slipped in, unobserved.

Perhaps you cannot understand the exquisite relief of that discovery? I daresay not. You have never walked three streets round to avoid

shaking hands with a friend? I have. I cannot tell you why, for I don't know myself, but it is no less true. The sight of my friends, especially my women friends, when I am not in the vein for it, is far more disagreeable to me than that of my enemies. To them I need not pull off my glove, and be hearty, and rack my brains to remember whom I ought to ask after. They come stolidly up, and as stolidly go by, and there is an end of the matter. I meet Bristle, who sneered at my paper on the Code of Health and Longevity, constantly, and don't mind it at all; but when it comes to beginning your smile twenty yards off, and having to stop it suddenly with the recollection that it is a mistake, it should have been a sympathetic look, and the halt upon the pavement, and the getting under way again with the inevitable tendency to laugh at nothing, it is really a nuisance. I don't above half like meeting a man whom I see daily, though we only know each other by sight; but when he is one whom I am on excellent terms with, it is of course far worse.

Telling this is merely in explanation of what may otherwise appear to be the unreasonable satisfaction which caused me to rub my hands in secret glee at having found so snug a retreat.

Although myself unseen, however, it by no means followed that others were unseen by me. On the contrary, through a chink in the curtain, not above half an inch wide, I had an excellent view of the whole party, who were now with much animation, bustle, and laughter, in the full tide of the discussion.

What it was about I did not care to inquire minutely, even of my own ears, my eyes being on duty, and understanding what they were about tolerably correctly too.

A very pretty picture it was. Youth and beauty was the order of the day in the old Scotch countryhouse. And a charming group of fair faces and graceful forms bent and swayed around a huge mirror, which, Parisian fashion, came close down to the ground, and lost itself in a bank of rich and varied summer flowers. Taller than all the rest, by half a head, was our lovely young hostess, Carry Brand.

I am as old as Carry's father, and she has been my great pet and favourite for three-and-twenty years, being the term of her short life; so I may be pardoned if, in these pages, I seem, to indifferent ears, to speak of her too impartially.

She is a beauty, none can deny that. A beauty with long blue-black hair, blooming carmine cheeks, and grey eyes.

She is not clever. She is good, kind and gentle—must I confess it? too gentle, if such a thing can be. Perhaps (although I would rather not have allowed it), perhaps the world ought to have been pliable. She must agree with the last speaker,—she neither can nor will decide for herself.

Well, what is the use of being vexed? Those beautiful eyes, that flash and glitter like stars, although they do soften and shine at times sweetly enough, will never have the living soul in them that I have seen in some eyes—eyes which strike a wild chord of remembrance through even this foolish old heart. Those softly folding lips will never utter beyond the pleasantries, the commonplaces of life. So be it. I am resigned: I take my dear girl as she is, and love her dearly.

It occurred to me in a sort of misty way that there was something peculiar about Carry upon this particular morning; yet I might have remained in my corner from Whitsuntide till Martinmas without discovering what that something was, had not my senses been provoked to the discovery by all the tongues of the fair bevy clamouring at once to an older lady, who just then entered by the other door—

"Oh, Maria, do come and look at Carry's gown!"

Gown? Well, of course I looked at the gown too. But, although I looked, expect not, dear reader, that it will be within my powers to describe. No, that I cannot do. I will but hint at what I saw, and you, with your ardent imagination and receptive mind, will fill up, in any way you please for me, the deficiencies of which I am but too well aware.

This, then, I believe I saw. A curious massive, shining, stately robe, in colour white, but gently fading into yellow. Silk or satin? you will say. It might have been one of these, but to my thinking it was something richer and finer than either. Somehow, looking upon it gave me a strange sensation. I rubbed my eyes, looked again, and fell a-sleeping.

In front of an antique mirror, on the walls of an old, dark, oak-panelled chamber, there stood a tall and graceful dame, gorgeously arrayed, from the snowy plume which diamonds clasped, to the silver-clocked stocking and high-heeled slipper; and by her side was a little awe-struck boy, who, as he gazed with upturned face upon all that sparkle and splendour, wondered in his secret heart if there was anybody so beautiful as his mother. Those flowers upon her ample skirt, how often with admiring finger he was wont to trace their outline, to pick at the hard berries, and stroke the silky leaves! The robe was there in every stage of its fragrant existence—the tight firmly-closed bud, the puffy bursting bud, the wrinkled three-quarters-grown bud, the full-blown rose in its glory; then the rose in decay, drooping and withering, yet beautiful still. Geraniums, too, clustered round the borders of the robe, as well as hanging fuchsia-bells, dahlias, and carnations. All were friends of his, known and beloved.

He was such an odd boy, she said, that if he

liked to be there, he might; he did no one any harm, but she could not understand such a taste. However, it kept him quiet, and as long as he meddled with nothing he was welcome to come. So he came; and so, seated on a low stool by her side, the old man saw him now.

When the vision faded, or how long it lasted, cannot here be told. I awoke, it was gone, and I was still in the recess, an involuntary, but—I blush to record it—a by no means unwilling spy. I could not help it, I was fascinated, rooted to the spot.

The voices of the chattering group were loud as ever; indeed I was conscious that, although no sense had been conveyed to my absent understanding, they had literally never ceased for a moment.

Laughing and prating, they were still collected round their leader, who was herself the merriest of the party.

"Don't I look as if I had stepped out of the ark?" said she.

"My dear Carry, no. You would positively have been thought antiquated, even then! You are, you must be, antediluvian."

"Oh yes, antediluvian!" cried a chorus.

Then one began, "Did you ever see such a Gothic sleeve?"

"Gothic! Bessie! You ignorant thing! Why, we had just pronounced the whole to be antediluvian."

"Never mind," retorted Bessie—a good girl, who gives herself no airs, and never sets up for being infallible—"antediluvian or not, neither you nor I ever saw such a sleeve in our lives."

"Well, yes, it is hideous," allowed the other.

(Hideous! Some one behind the curtain started.)

"Oh, frightful! Oh, shocking! Oh dear me, yes!" echoed one voice after the other.

"It really is hideous," all agreed.

"Surely, my dear, your good grandmother must have been studying economy; 'tis not two inches wide," exclaimed one.

"This was not among my grandmother's things," replied Carry. "It belonged to Mr. Oldham's mother. He gave it me."

(Yes. By this time he knew that. He had recognized, understood it all, some minutes before.)

"It was thought very grand in its day," continued Mrs. Brand, apologetically.

"No doubt, dear. And the good man thinks it so to this day, I'll wager a pair of gloves. What could have put it into his dear old bald pate to make it over to you?"

(Bald pate, indeed! Not as bald by half as your father's, Miss Bessie. Impertinent minx! Not another word do I write in your favour, you may wager your pair of gloves upon that, madam.)

"I don't know why he gave it to me," said Carry; "but I am sure he meant it in kindness." (Bless her dear heart!) "I daresay he thought I might wear it, even you know," she continued. "What should he care about fashions? I really did put it on the first day after he had presented it, and perhaps—perhaps I was a bit naughty in saying how much I admired it, meaning only the material, you understand," anxiously; "but I always feel as if I had been punished enough, for I am sure it lies on my conscience how I have never made the slightest use of it, and never shall."

"Wicked creature! But what made you bring it out to-day?"

"Why, poor grandmamma's wardrobe that was left to me, only arrived a few days ago; and so, when I was arranging it, I remembered Mrs. Oldham's gown. Something in the curious old scent about the things brought it to my recollection, and I mean to lay it by with the others."

"You got the whole wardrobe? What was there in it? Laces? Furs? Anything worth having?"

"Lace? yes, there was a good deal of lace, but all of one kind. She seems to have had a mania for that old Venetian point. For my part, I don't admire it. The furs were spoilt, except one sable boa, which I mean to have made into a muff. Some of the things I sent off to Madame R., to see if anything could be done to them; and now the question is, when shall I see them again? Not till she has copied every single thing worth copying, you may be sure."

"Was there nothing wearable? No dresses?"

"Not one. Nothing to compare with this in splendour, and yet you see what a guy it is! They are something the same in shape, but not made of half such rich material. It is really a pity that this is so far gone, that one can do nothing with it, is it not?"

"Far gone? My dear Car, I don't believe it has been worn half-a-dozen times; and that is nothing, no wear at all, for a gown of this kind. Quite different from our flimsy things," said the elderly Maria, who had been examining it narrowly, and now stood with a piece between her fingers.

"I did not mean far gone in the way of being worn out," replied Carry. "I mean too entirely out of date; too far back in the dark ages of fashion, to be capable of any transformation. Before you go, Maria, I must show you the others. You are a *savant* in matters of this kind and can deliver a lecture on all the different trimmings. By the way," continued the lively prattler, "what a pity it is that my worthy grandsire had not taken the precaution of laying in camphor some of his velvet suits and ruffles! What charades we might have had! With Chauley Thorne for manager, too!"

"The ruffles would have been valuable; old point," said Maria.

"Yes, but where are they? There is nothing whatever but female attire, and that principally consists of useless dresses."

"Useless dresses! I had once heard Car say that this poor Maria was dependent, and one whom it was difficult to help. Why then did she not observe that wistful glance? Why not let the dresses be no longer 'useless'?"

"Oh, indeed!" was all she said, and there was a great show of indifference. "Are they all the same?"

"All? yes. But you shall see." (Perhaps then she had noticed the look. I had hope for Maria.)

"You shall have a regular turn-out," continued Car (my hopes were now a certainty), "and you will give me the benefit of your experience. This, however, is really untranslatable."

"Oh dear, yes! I should faint with horror if you were to appear in it!" cried an affected creature, with a lisp. "I really should. I can't stand anything *outré*—it makes me quite ill."

"You need not be afraid, Selina. I will spare your feelings, for I tell you frankly that nothing should ever tempt me to be made into a fright. I am far too vain." (She is not vain, and she knows she is not,—from behind the curtain.)

"Of course," continued the young lady, seriously, "I should not have ventured downstairs had I not known we had the house to ourselves. What *would* the men have said to such an apparition? I had a narrow escape too, for they did not go out so soon as usual."

"There is always the recess," observed one.

(The chink in the curtain was hastily closed.)

"Of course; but I had passed that door," replied the fair one; "and, you know, I did want to hear what you thought."

(The curtain slipped apart again.)

"Besides, I fancied, it would amuse you," concluded Mrs. Brand, growing aggrieved.

"So it does—so it does. A perfect comedy." She was assured of this on all sides.

"Such a waist!" cried one. "Where could the dear old lady's waist have been?"

"Such a neck! A yard below the throat!"

"Such a petticoat! A mile above the ground!"

"Do look here! Look at this tucker! All the pattern of the stuff woven in. That part is really *rather* pretty, though so odd."

Every one seized a piece of the tucker.

"Carry, I think it's beautiful," said a small voice, in accents that had not been heard before; and little Nelly Bertram, who had been altogether swamped in hoops and flounces hitherto, was now visible sitting on a stool among the geraniums, with her hands folded in her lap. "I saw one like it in London last week," continued the child; "and I think it was in the British Museum. It was in *some* museum, I know. Why don't you send this gown to the British Museum too?"

"Oh! what a good idea of Nelly's!" cried one. "Send it, by all means, Car. Say you found it wrapped round a Pharaoh, and in high preservation. A few bones inserted down the sleeve would make the illusion complete."

"Tom would do that for you," suggested Bessie, who had a roguish brother. I say, Carry, do let Tom see it, and see you in it. You might—just for once."

"Nonsense," said Carry, shortly.

"Oh, do. Tom admires you vastly, as you very well know, and he will take your picture in it, if you will sit to him. I wish you would—it would be quite a curiosity."

"No doubt of that!"

Others, however, took up the cry, and she was unmercifully urged. She grew peevish, she certainly would do nothing of the kind; but if any one of the others was ambitious of sitting for her portrait in the antiquated robe, she should be made heartily welcome to it, for the occasion.

Then began the excuses.

"It would be different for me, with my fair hair; but you dark people can wear anything you please," alleged a pretty little milk-and-water blonde done up in pale blue.

"And I don't affect white, either," said another, of a sallow complexion.

"I'm too tall for anything *outré*," said Bessie.

"That is to say," seeing her mistake, for Mrs. Brand overtopped her by an inch and more, "considering that I have no special good looks to fall back upon."

"It is a world too wide for me," thought a sylph, who was strapped in until her figure resembled an hour-glass.

"Take my advice, Car, and make it over to your maid," suggested the affected Selina, who had before promised to faint, and now meant to be thought exceedingly fine.

"Indeed I shall do no such thing," retorted Carry, for once roused by so base a proposal. "It is a very great deal too good for her. If it is old-fashioned, it is a splendid brocade, and I wonder what Mr. Oldham would say if he knew I had given away his mother's gown to a servant."

(Ay! What would Mr. Oldham have said? His eyes had opened at the suggestion.)

"Well then, dear, I'll tell you what to do," nodded the hour-glass, seriously. "Make an ottoman of it. Whenever we have any work or material that we are puzzled what to do with, I devise an ottoman. They always look well, you know, and fill up a room. Beside, people like to sit on ottomans; every shy person pokes about in search of a humble inoffensive seat, and he is sure to seize upon an ottoman, if he pos-

sibly can! One does not even take up the whole of it! Oh, there is no doubt the vocation of this dear old gown is to be an ottoman!"

"Why, you would not use the half of it! Try curtains," said Bessie.

But the ingenious ottoman-projector was not to be foiled. "An ottoman is such an easy thing to have made," she said. "Any one can make some kind of other. Your own carpenter would have it ready in a day. Make two, if there is enough material. We have ours always made to open, and they are delightful; perfect abysses of rubbish!"

The abysses of rubbish carried the day, and the garment was doomed.

"It would be so nice, really, to use it," said Carry, "that I don't think even Mr. Oldham would object."

"He did, but then was neither the time nor place to do so."

Accordingly, seeing the discussion was at end, and as it was unlikely that the sentence would be carried into immediate execution, I bided my time for expostulation, and was just turning away when there was a flutter and stir in the midst of the small assembly. A cane was tapping at the low window, and there, behold! a black head and Turkish fez.

"Captain Thorne! It's Captain Thorne!" tittered the girls.

"Oh, hide me, dears!" cried the hostess.

"Run up-stairs! Quick!" exhorted one, moving towards the window with very evident intentions of opening it.

"Pray don't, yet—pray don't," besought Carry.

"He'll think it odd, won't he, if we take no notice," replied the other. "He wants us to come out, I am sure. See, he is climbing up now. Slip out by the side door, and we will stand between you and the window."

Carry bounded towards the recess, discovered me, and stood still, confounded.

"Dear Mr. Oldham, you have been here all this time listening to—to our silly talk!"

"Even so, my dear, and it has entertained me much. We will discuss it another time; but come, I must now assist your escape. Get away as fast as you can, for I observe the Captain's head and shoulders are already half-way through the window."

Away she flew, too much flattered to attempt another word; and I speedily followed, for the knickerbockers and heather-mixture stockings of Captain Thorne were now following their owner's upper story into the room; "and," thought I, "when one silly young man is the centre of attraction to a dozen silly young women the case is worse than any I know, unless for 'young' you read 'old.'"

All this happened on a bright summer day, and we were in the glorious Highlands, surrounded by blue waters, blue mountains, blue skies. I felt drawn to a solitary ramble. Resisting, therefore, every entreaty to join the riding and boating parties, I vanished from among them, but little regretted, no doubt.

It was six o'clock when, on my return, I sank down into the depths of a soft arm-chair, beside an open window which fronted the golden western sunshine, and proceeded to enjoy a delightful hour of rest and Elia's Essays. Taking fright, however, after some length of time, that I should for the one-and-twentieth time be late for dinner, I resolved neither again to look at my watch nor begin another tempting chapter, but commence at once the tedious task of dressing.

It was not until this was complete, until the well-worn luxuriously easy garments were one and all donned, that I ventured to pause, and found, with satisfaction, that for once in my life I might have the credit of descending to the drawing-room in really good time. To the drawing-room, therefore, I went, and behold! it was empty, I was the first. I fancied I could even detect, as I waited a moment in the hall, a subdued shuffle of feet across the passage, as of some of the excursionists returning, anxious to slip to their chambers unobserved. I had paused in the hall to enjoy the first brilliancy of the sunset, and the next comer did the same, as she speedily made me aware.

(To be continued.)

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

The bonds of country and of class have from the very nature of the case scarcely existed for Lord Beaconsfield. The non-personal elements which bind most men by a thousand ties to the community of which they are members, and to the lesser communities, local or of organized sentiment and opinion, into which every nation is divided, have been for him as if they were not. The circumstances of his birth, the legislation and social temper of the country to which his ancestry transferred themselves a century and a quarter since, the inherited qualities of a race whose habits of mind and character have been formed by nearly two thousand years of persecution and social slight, have hindered Lord Beaconsfield from cultivating that subordination of mere personal greed, whether of fame, or wealth, or power, to the well-being of a sect, a party, a class, a nation, without which a genuine community is impossible. In this moral banishment the social and even human element in man is suppressed, and grows up but feebly from its root in what is individual, self-seeking and animal. The one apparent exception in Lord Beaconsfield's case is, when properly viewed, simply an illustration of the general rule. He has been true to the Jewish people who are

really his country and church. He has quitted them in semblance, but in so doing he has helped them, to plead for them the more effectually. For the rest a certain fidelity, as of a Swiss mercenary to the chief or party in whose service he has enlisted, belongs to him conspicuously.

It is scarcely Lord Beaconsfield's fault, all things considered, that his career has not been in its main features that of an English statesman, but rather that of a foreign political adventurer. An unfair standard is applied to it when it is judged by the tests by which we try politicians of English blood and training. The Philippe Daims, the Alberonis, the Ripperidas of countries and times different and remote from our own, are the politicians with whom at least during a great part of his public life he may most naturally and fairly be compared. Among political adventurers, admitting the lawfulness of the calling, he holds an intellectually conspicuous, and even by comparison a morally respectable place. The hatred of the Whig oligarchy which runs through the "Letters of Bunynmede," and which has inspired many a gibe and scoff from Lord Beaconsfield's lips and pen during half a century, is probably as genuine a sentiment as either he or any one else has ever entertained. It springs from the same root as his admiration of Bolingbroke. A personal rule, the monarchy of a patriot king holding himself above the strife of party, and therefore beyond its control, gives the adventurer and the favorite opportunities which it is not easy to find under any other system. It opens doors which an oligarchy, Venetian or Whig, tries to keep closed. Lord Beaconsfield has not only defended Bolingbroke's doctrines in his "Letters to a Noble and Learned Lord in Vindication of the English Constitution," and elsewhere, but he has striven in later years to give effect to them. He has done so, it is true, by the instrumentality of that very system of government by party, which in his more candid moments he decries, and of that aristocratic class for which he every now and then intimates a sort of good-natured contempt. Circumstances made Lord Beaconsfield a political soldier of fortune. In the reign of Queen Anne he would probably have been the pamphleteer of a faction. Under George III. he would have been the dependant and Parliamentary spokesman of a great noble, as Barre was of Lord Shelburne, whom Lord Beaconsfield admires only less than he admires Bolingbroke, and in part for the same reasons. Under the reign of Queen Victoria he has passed through both these embryo stages, as is the law with fully developed animals. He has been the pamphleteer of a party, and the Parliamentary spokesman of aristocratic chiefs. He was the Barre of Lord George Bentinck and of Lord Derby. But he has brought the art of political adventure to a higher point than it has reached in England since the full development of Parliamentary institutions. Probably two things were needed for this perfect and final success. The formation, under the personal and hereditary influences which we have endeavored to trace, of a typical adventurer was one of these conditions. The reign of a female sovereign was the other. It was Queen Anne who made Bolingbroke possible. Queen Victoria has been as essential to Lord Beaconsfield. The faint parody of Bolingbroke's career and doctrine which Lord Beaconsfield has been able to exhibit has required a state of things resembling, though but distantly, that which prevailed under the latest preceding queen regnant.

GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners bear something of the same relation to character that the flower does to the plant; though not necessary to its existence, it is needful to its full development and beauty; and though not itself of tough and enduring texture, it yet gives evidence of the strength of root and vigour of stem which gave it birth. It is a popular notion that manners are something only on the surface, something that, like dress, can be put on or taken off at pleasure, without affecting what is underneath. But this is not so. They are not a garment, wholly distinct from the nature, covering and perhaps hiding it, but are rather themselves its own surface, like the delicate skin which by its bloom speaks of youth and health and happiness, or by its pallor and wrinkles, tells of sickness, sorrow or age.

Thus, the finest manners, those which all instinctively admire and respect, are the natural offspring of dignity, self-possession, gentleness, benevolence, sympathy and tenderness. They presuppose a certain force of character and firmness of purpose, which invest the owner with composure and self-respect, and suffer him not to be driven about by circumstances, flurried and disturbed by trifles, or abashed by the presence of others. On the other hand, they also betoken a gentle spirit, a kindly heart and a broad sympathy. No one can simulate the manners which naturally spring from the characteristics any more than they can bring fresh and living flowers from a decaying plant, or place the ruddy bloom of young and healthful life upon a frame racked by disease or enfeebled by the weight of years. No set of artificial rules, however elaborate, no code of social etiquette, however strict, can ever produce that true courtesy which, at once dignified and affable, is the natural and unstudied expression of a character that is both self-respecting and sympathetic.

Can we not, then, mend our manners if they are faulty? Cannot politeness be learned as an art? May not gentle and courteous demeanour be acquired? Or must we be content to let the nature, whatever it be, express itself as it lists,

and so let rudeness flourish unchecked, because it is the native language of a hard heart or a coarse mind? Certainly duplicity can no more succeed in manners than in anything else, and the man or woman who strives to hide a selfish soul under a bland and specious exterior will soon find the task an impossible one. Yet culture can do much in this regard without sacrificing truth. There are germs of sympathy and good-will in every breast which need cherishing and developing into sturdy plants, and a chief means of doing this is to regulate the conduct in unison with them. Thus when we perform the kindnesses and amenities of life, and even the lesser acts of staidy and politeness, we insensibly quicken our own good feeling and nourish the benevolent impulses within us, while they, in turn, by their activity, react again to produce acts of gentleness and love. Habit is rightly called second nature, and those who habituate themselves to treat their fellow-men with civility and kindness, to show deference to age and wisdom, to practice continually small self-sacrifices for the benefit of others, will soon find their own hearts becoming softer and their spirits sweeter under the influence. In all this there is nothing deceitful, nothing artificial; it is only the true culture which must be applied to every faculty to enable it to grow to its full proportions.

No better test can be applied to manners to distinguish the good from the bad than their effects in helping or hindering fellowship. Good manners always facilitate social intercourse, set people at ease, induce them to forget what is awkward or disagreeable, and draw them nearer to each other in thought and feeling. This is effected by no studied rules or diplomatic art, but only by a keen perception of what is agreeable and a ready effort to promote it, even at the cost of some personal inconvenience. Even this acute perception, though sometimes a natural gift, may be cultivated and increased. By extending our sympathies and observing closely the preferences of those with whom we mingle, we may sharpen our powers of insight, and learn how to give pleasure easily and gracefully. If to this perceptive faculty we add a liberal share of what is commonly known as good nature—that is, a hearty, cheerful and generous desire for others' happiness, and a corresponding effort to promote it, we shall need no formal rules of etiquette to teach us how to be kind, courteous and polite. Good sense, good character and good-will naturally express themselves in good manners, and he who would possess the flower in its delicacy and sweetness must cultivate the root in all its strength and energy.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

You can tell by the way a lady brushes off her husband's coat collar whether she loves him or not.

NOAH WEBSTER defines a bonnet as "a covering for the head of a female." Oh, Noah!

WOMEN have carried off eight of the ten prizes in political economy offered recently by the Cobden Club of London.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* insinuates that Lot's wife looked back because there was a woman behind her with a new bonnet on.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL boy, upon being asked what made the tower of Pisa lean, replied, "Because of the famine in the land."

SCENE in a railway carriage—Fond wife: "Let me see your paper a moment, dear." Husband: "Yes, as soon as we get to the tunnel."

YOUNG precious: "I shall never marry, ma, dear." Mamma: "Marry, dear! what do you mean?" Young precious: "You know, I couldn't stand your being a mother-in-law."

WHEN the Princess Helen was born it was told the Princess Royal that she had got a young sister. "O, that is delightful!" cried the innocent royalist: "do let me go and tell mamma."

Mrs. Congressman Blackburn has the smallest and prettiest feet in Washington for her size. Mrs. Catawazy and Mrs. Belknap were famous for the possession of pretty feet, but Mrs. Blackburn, a larger woman than either, wears number one shoes.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SULLLEY, author of the powerful novel "Frankenstein," and other works, and daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft, was a woman of great beauty. She had golden hair, exquisite white skin, and beautifully-molded small hands. She usually wore a black velvet dress.

THIS is the way one of the ladies who belong to the *Atlantic Monthly's* Contributors' Club remembers things: "Gen. Forest was buried the day my new hat came home. Hayes was inaugurated the spring I made over my old silk. Dickens died when Jennie was a baby. Lincoln was killed when Mary was creeping. The civil war broke out when Sallie was cutting her teeth. The King of Spain was born the year I was married."

JONES was always complaining of his wife's memory. "She never can remember anything," said poor Jones; "it's awful!" "My wife was just as bad," said Brown, "till I found a capital recipe." "What is it?" asked Jones, eagerly. "Why," said Brown, "whenever there's anything particular I want the missus to remember I write it down on a slip of paper and gum it on the looking-glass. See?" Jones is now a contented man.

FASHION NOTES.

GRAY is the colour of the season.

VERY wide belts are coming in vogue.

SPANISH lace scarfs are again worn around the neck.

THE favourite buttons for wash goods are of porcelain.

DOTTED muslins will be very fashionable this summer.

SOLID silver ornaments are taking the place of silver flagee.

SMALL gilt buttons are used for the waist-coats of dressy black suits.

BELTED habit basques will be much worn this summer for wash-goods dresses.

STEEL springs are used in the place of whale-bones in the latest imported dresses.

THE new Spanish lace scarfs for the neck are either black, white or beige coloured.

JABOTS of lace appear down the front of many handsome Nainsook morning wrappers.

THE latest novelty in belts are of wide broad-clothed belting ribbon, fastened with large mother-of-pearl buckles.

WIDE broad-clothed belts, of many colours, with broad-clothed ribbons to correspond, are worn on many white muslin toilets.

BUTTONS of horn, jet and rubber are cheaper, more durable, and more fashionable than those of velvet or crochot.

THE new brocette damasses of this season are changeable, and frequently show two or three different colours in the effects produced in the wearing.

THE raw silk tapestries which are shown in A. T. Stewart's upholstery department are as cheap as wool tapestries, and have the advantage of not attracting moths.

WHITE muslin dresses for afternoon wear are made with long princess pobilonaises, with embroideries down every seam, and trimmed with satin-faced moire ribbons in several tones of colour.

BEADED clasps are among the newest and prettiest ornaments for jackets. These clasps are used instead of bows upon sleeves, and to fasten the drapery upon princess skirts.

CRAPE batiste is one of the novelties for summer dresses. It is a thin fabric, woven in crape effects. It comes in all delicate shades of pure, bright colour for evening wear.

THE prettiest white morning wrappers are made with a deep square yoke entirely of open needle-work, wide embroideries down the front, a Watteau plait in the back, and the sleeves and deep Spanish flounce also embroidered.

RIBBONS are in many varieties. The reversible, satin on one side and moire antique on the other, and satin on both sides in two delicate contrasting colours, are hand-some. Some of the new watered ribbons have satin backs.

BROAD EDGED grenadines of two colours or of two shades are among the richest dresses shown for summer. They are made over silk, with usually a basque and an elaborately trimmed train skirt. Satin is very often associated with them as trimmings; also the new satin ribbons barred with velvet.

HUMOROUS.

RED blossoms indicate an early fall.

A POPULAR sovereign—one pound sterling.

THE man who made a point—the proof-reader.

IT is business that is unhealthy when there is a "fever of speculation."

NEVER put off till to-morrow what can be done just as well the day after.

THE phonograph is like the small brother of a young lady. It will repeat everything said in its presence without regard to blushes.

IN all the parks is the frequent warning "Keep off the grass." And people have done so pretty thoroughly in some places, having walked there so much that they keep it off completely.

NINE out of every ten men who carry pistols are afraid to use them, and would jump and turn pale and look as if they had swallowed a chew of tobacco if they happened to hear a parious match go off in the dark.

IN what two cases are precisely the same means used for directly opposite purposes? Why, bars to be sure. They are put on bank windows to keep thieves out, and on jail windows to keep them in.

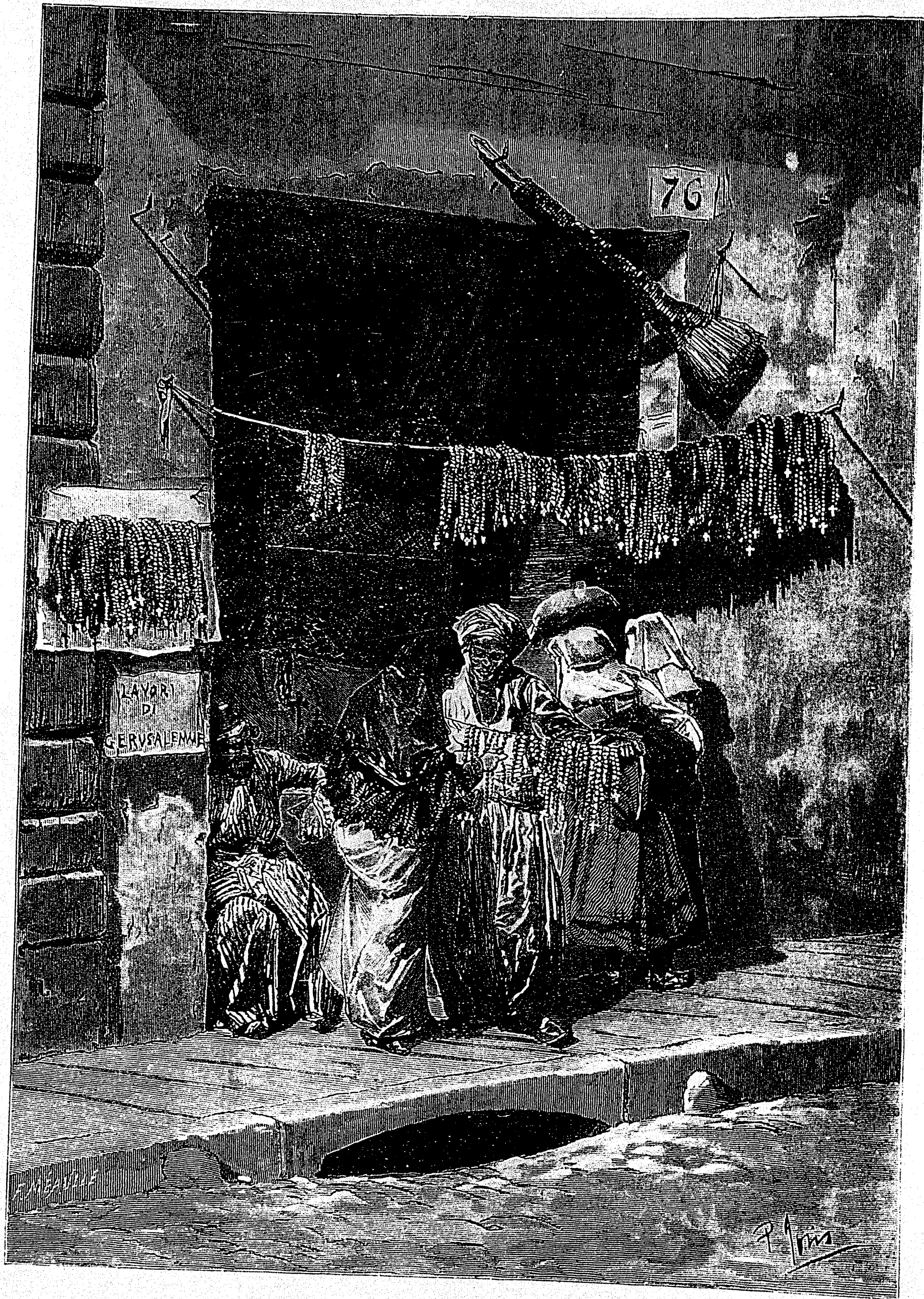
A YOUNG lady said a pretty good thing the other evening. She has many admirers among the limbs of the law, and on being asked how she escaped heart-whole, said she supposed that it was owing to the fact that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety.

THE gentleman who attracted attention in church last week by crying out, "Holy Moses," had no intention of disturbing the congregation. He had been "kicking down carpets on the day before, and just as he sat down in his pew he suddenly remembered that he had had a paper of tacks in his coat skirt pocket. We make this explanation in justice to his family who are highly respectable.

PERHAPS the meanest thing, speaking artistically, is the way they run the gum department at Vassar College. Gum, for reasons best known to the faculty, is left off the catalogue; and so the girls have to chew it all over the twenty-four hours. In the history class, for instance, just as the girls get all the gum soft on the molars, along comes the question, "What year was America discovered?" And then comes the distressing answer from the whole class, "Ajum, wajum, oigh, oeh, oeh, wab." This is gum for 1492.

If we had no pride we should not complain of that of others. Send for samples and card for self-measurement, and get six of **Treble's Perfect Shirts** for \$12. TREBLE'S, 8 King Street East, Hamilton.

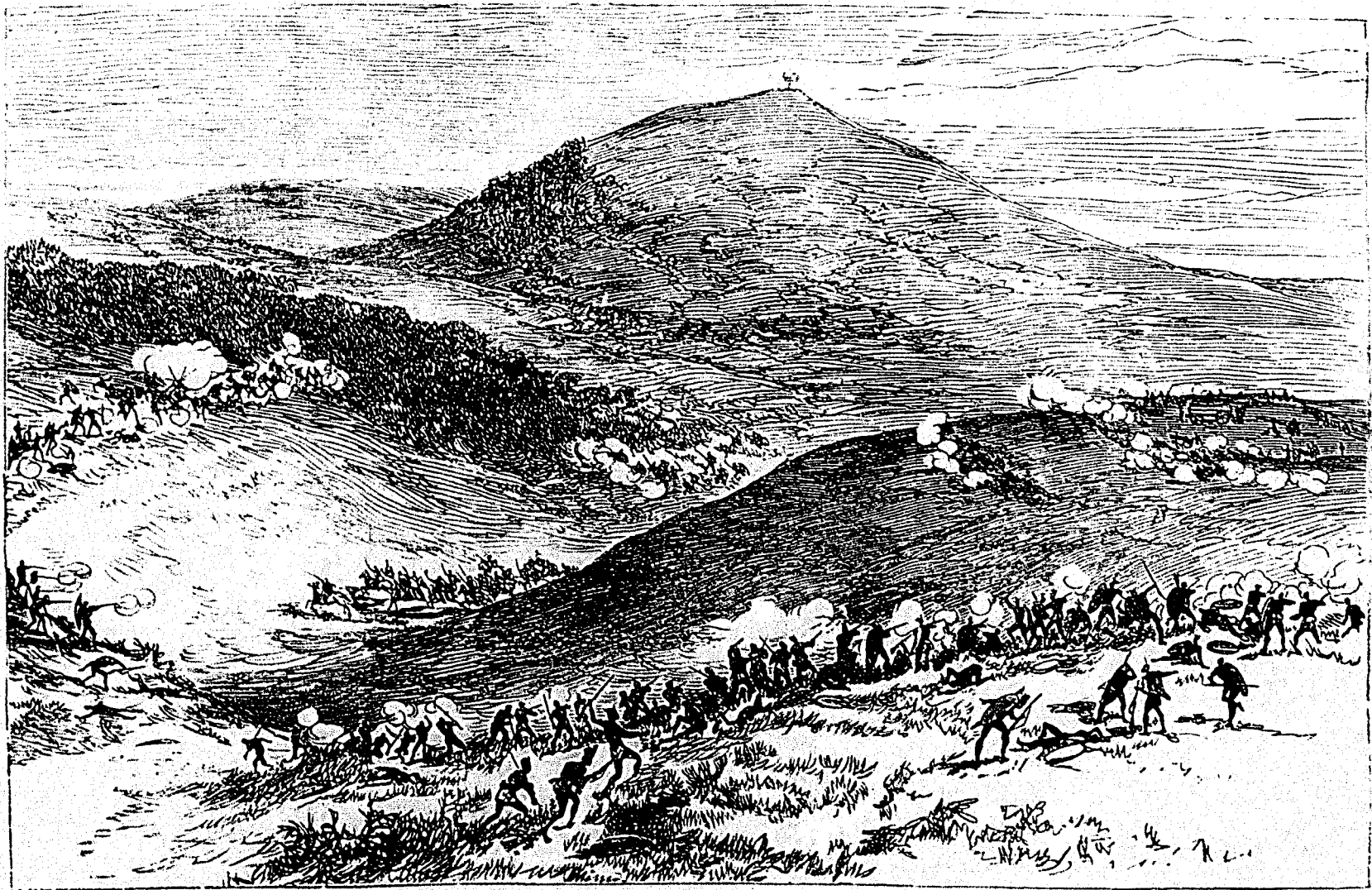
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A ROSARY BOOTH IN ROME.



RIGHT HON. F. A. STANLEY, BRITISH SECRETARY FOR WAR.



THE KAFFIR WAR: BATTLE OF QUINTANA.

SOUTHERN MEN OF NOTE.

The stories of Tom Marshall, the Congressional wit from Kentucky, are numerous, and some of them have been so often told that he would be a bold man who should attempt to re-tell them for a newspaper. Attention having recently been called to his visits to the old Batterton House, at Danville, it may be well to give one story in reference to events that probably happened. If these events had not occurred, Tom would not have been in such a fury about them, nor have sworn so solemnly to whip the man who should mention them. Tom Marshall is dead, and all kind men who can appreciate his great heart and mind hope that Christ, who died for sinners, and who will be their judge, has found means to cure and save so worthy a creation of His hand. How often has Marshall, faultless in dress, calm, and perfectly sober, stood on the platform before hushed and expectant audiences of beauty, fashion and best manhood of Kentucky, and, with every nerve of his being braced for the supreme effort, his eyes flashing and his form towering, told how he had been before a magistrate and sworn on the holy evangelists never to touch or taste intoxicating drink.

I seem to see him now, pale with growing excitement and unusual abstinence, with his hands lifted, as in thanksgiving and prayer, apparently willing to die rather than go back to the old degradation of the cup, while his audience was thrilled as he shouted out his joy at self-emanicipation, and thanked God—now with streaming eyes—that he was free forever from a drunkard's life; free, and free forever, from the horror of a drunkard's death. It seemed to me that the poem of N. P. Willis was written expressly for Marshall, the victor over self, as he quoted it, and acted it:

Then dash the brimming cup aside
And spill its purple wine,
Take not its madness to thy lip,
Let not its curse be thine,
'Tis rich and red, but grief and woe
Are hid in its rosy depths below.

Or, again, in sad emphasis:

Within the goblet's crystal drops
A stinging serpent unseen sleeps,
There's not a bubble on its brim
That does not carry food for him.

Or, in very rage and scorn:

I hate, abhor, detest the smell
Of this dark beverage of hell.

Sometimes for three months this ecstasy and inspiration would last, and then the need of artificial stimulation for so over-wrought a condition would at last return, and "Tom," "Old Tom," "Poor Tom," as men called him, would be drunk again.

Once Henry Bascomb, LL.D., the able and eloquent Bishop of the Methodist Church, saw him leaning for support against the outer walls of a Methodist Chapel at night, and said in a better jest, not knowing him: "I suppose you are a Methodist from your attachment to that building?"

"I lean that way, Bishop," said Tom, in his best Congressional manner; "give me your arm and I'll see you as far as my door," and the Bishop did.

Professor Shannon, since President of the Kentucky University, and now of St. Louis, once thought to reprove him as he staggered up the steps of the Harrodsburg Court House. "Oh, dear Mr. Marshall," he began, "drunk again?"

"Never mind," said Tom, "so am I," and he went in, and holding himself by a table, made a speech that saved a man from the gallows.

Like Daniel Webster, who once soaked up a pint of brandy in a loaf of bread and ate the bread, being retained in a case during the trial of which he had promised not to drink anything, Tom Marshall was brilliant in his cups, and only at the heel of a week's "constitutional" did he ever get so oblivious of facts as to make the following story of the Batterton House a possibility. It has been told in many ways, but Mr. Talbot, of Boyle County, who was his friend, says that this is the true one.

Tom had gone to his room, after lecturing a group of medical students on the vice of drinking, but soon came out, partly dressed, and called excitedly for the landlord. That large gentleman responded, and Tom said: "Ain't I respectable 'nough to have a private room. What 'dye put that feller in there with me for?"

"It is a strictly private room, Mr. Marshall," said mine host.

The landlord went to see, and Tom, holding his arm, soon had him in the middle of the room, opposite a large and handsome mirror. "There," said Tom, "I told you so; see him yourself don't you? Don't think I am drunk now, do you? Two of 'em, by George! One of 'em 'nough like you to be your brother, and 'tother one the drunkest, silliest-looking fool I ever did see!" Marshall, when sober, said the whole thing was made up to tease him, which was not improbable, save that his tendency to shoot made jokes about him very like torpedo warfare, i. e., dangerous to the holder.

A good story is told of George D. Prentice, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, of which Henry Watterson, the Kentucky Congressman, "with one eye and a new baby," as his servant once described him, is now editor, and who has recently made fame by saying on the silver bill debate, "Universal suffrage can make soft soap a legal tender if it has a mind to."

When George D. Prentice arrived in Louisville, it was not as a brilliant young journalist, looking for a position in which to shine, but as

a drunken loafer, utterly uncertain about a place in which to sleep. In this condition he met and made friends with a fellow who was as near a tramp as any that existed in that day, and who was known as a "strolling tinker, or travelling mender of tin pots. They made a day of it, to the extent of the funds they both had, and such credit as they could get, at the risk of boots being applied to their coat-tails. Night came on, and George D. Prentice bewailed his lavish and open drinking, which left him without the means to get a bed. The tinker said, with the lordly hospitality of a very tipsy man, "You shall go home with me."

George assented to his "Comerlongerme," and arm in arm they started for their "home." The man seemed to know where he was going, and soon reached an obscure street, not far from the Ohio River. He paused at a shed, let down a bar, and again mumbled out his word, which could be divided in "come-er-long-er me." Then he at once rolled over the bar, and fell into some straw, and Prentice following, there were some small squeals, and some loud and angry grunts, as of disturbed swine.

Prentice shook his friend, who was already half asleep, and said: "See here, is this your home?" "Yes, sir-ee," said the sleepy tinker. "It sounds and smells like a hog-pen," said the half-sobered Prentice. "What-er that—they'll have to stand it," said the fellow, and went to sleep.

Prentice was still too drunk to know how to get out again, but he lay and thought. His thoughts were: "Here am I, a man of good education, and of good parents and well brought up. I have been enjoying myself and living high, and having a good time. Let's see how high I have got. I am out of clothes, out of money, out of character—that's three outs; and I have risen to be the companion of a strolling tinker. That's my outing and elevation. Now what have I got in to—let me see? Oh, I see, or rather smell—into a hog-pen. If I ever get out, I'll quit, and serve God for better wages."

He did quit, and became the first journalist and wit of the Southwest. A man once said to Prentice, as an excuse for his dishonesty in trade, "I must live, you know." The latter adopted Dean Swift's famed reply, "I don't see that at all, sir," by saying, with greater and sharper emphasis, "What for? I'll let you off." An elderly but rather unsound contemporary of the press once spoke of him in his early days as the "green editor." Prentice replied, "Better green than rotten." To another, who was in bad odor as to political honesty, he sent a box of disinfectant, marked, "for personal use."

All things considered, vulgar and duelist as he was, George D. Prentice was the truest friend that ever shot an intimate acquaintance, the kindest man that ever kicked a bore down stairs, and the sweetest poet who ever wrote editorials that made even Western men blush.

He gave to Amelia B. Welby, the sweet poetess of the West, her opportunity for fame, and her compensation when she reached it, and God might forgive his worshipper who first printed her "Rainbow."

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings,
How brilliant its circle, how radiant its rings,
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air,
If I looked on the earth, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a globe as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow encircling my soul.

As a matter of fact, Amelia Welby did not "look on the ocean," for her inspiration was obtained wholly from viewing the Ohio River. Thus in her poem on the stars of night she wrote so beautifully:

Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand stars on the sea,
For every wave, with dappled face,
That leaped into the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

GLEANER.

THE English go into the country in the winter, and into the city in the summer.

TEN per cent. of the husband's income is what it is legally decided in England he shall pay for his wife's dresses.

It may interest some to know that the poet Southey was the originator of the phrase, "By the living Jingo!"

A RECENT sanitary congress in England recommended portable crematories to follow armies in their movements and burn the dead after battles.

PRINCE Louis Napoleon, who lately drew a number subjecting him to service in the French army, has obtained exemption as the only son of a widow.

THE Turin Municipality is considering the propriety of purchasing for £200 the manuscript of Silvio Pellico's *Prisons*, for which he himself only obtained £21.

A MISSISSIPPI Judge was just saying that no one but a coward would carry a pistol, when his own fell from his pocket and was discharged, and the bullet hit a lawyer in the leg.

IN Brazil no one walks, even beggars riding on horseback. In fishing, the horse is ridden into the stream as far as he can go, and the fisherman throws the line as he sits on the horse.

THE daughter of Klopstock, the author of the *Messiah*, has just died at Metz. She was born at Hamburg in 1792, married a French functionary, and was in receipt of a French pension.

IN one of the mean, narrow streets of Paris excavations have been made for widening, and there have been found skeletons and other signs which show that here ran the old Roman military road.

ON a certain occasion, while conversing with a party of friends on the subject of physical strength, General McClellan took a silver quarter from his pocket and bent it between his forefinger and thumb.

BARON ROTHSCHILD who dines with Lord Beaconsfield every Sunday is reported as saying the other day: "I do not know anything more about it than this mustard pot, but I believe there is going to be war."

WHEN Lady Roseberry entered her husband's house in Scotland, the other day, the house-keeper met her at the door, and in accordance with an old Scotch custom, broke an oatmeal cake over the bride's head.

A CINCINNATI reporter has discovered that sewing women in that city are paid ten cents apiece for making the cheap ready-made suits for women, which will sell for ten and twenty dollars. It takes four hours hard work on a machine to make one.

THERE is scarcely any part of the Kingdom so badly off as London for free libraries. However, the Vestry of Hackney has decided by its votes to 13 to take the opinion of the ratepayers upon establishing a free library in that intelligent parish.

It appears that Cardinal Franchi was somewhat scandalized to learn that Leo XIII. required a billiard table to be installed at the Vatican; but when his Holiness said that to play an hour, at least, daily was necessary for his health, the Secretary yielded.

MR. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, known hitherto mainly as a critic, is going to tempt criticism by publishing a volume of poems of his own composing. Not that he is altogether a novice at this kind of writing. He has published Michael Angelo's sonnets in English rhymes.

SECRETARY CHASE used to wear a gold dollar on his watch chain, which he put on when he issued the first greenback, and which he hoped to wear till the greenback was equal to gold in value. He confessed once that he had had seasons of great discouragement and had laid away the charm.

EUGENIE, the ex-Empress, lives at Chislehurst in dignified retirement, on her income of \$250,000 a year. Sundays, fast days and the ninth of every month, she visits the church where lie her husband's remains. She breakfasts at noon, has tea at five, when she receives visitors, and dines *en famille* at eight o'clock.

THE total expense of the deportation, salvage and erection of Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment will be about \$50,000, all of which is defrayed by Dr. Erasmus Wilson. The removal of the obelisk of Luxor from Thebes to France, and its erection in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, cost the French Government \$100,000.

THE new Cincinnati organ, the largest in America, also ranks as fourth or fifth in size in the world. It is sixty feet in height, thirty feet in depth, and fifty feet in width, with 6,287 pipes and ninety-four stops. The largest organ in the world is in the Albert Hall, London. It has 111 stops and 7,872 pipes.

At eighty, the venerable William Cullen Bryant refuses to avail himself of the elevator in the *Evening Post* building, preferring to climb cheerfully up the pine flights of stairs to his editorial sanctum. He still uses the dumb-bells before breakfast, too. No wonder he is able to stand up with Bayard Taylor and the Germana diversity boys.

THE Municipality of Ferney have memorialized for a revival of the appellation of "Ferney-Voltaire," which was conferred by the Assembly of 1790, but was afterwards dropped. The place not only looks up to Voltaire as the founder of its prosperity, but owes to him its orthographic form, being previously spelt Fer-nez after the fashion of the neighbouring Swiss villages.

ONCE when the *Herald* was urging Horace Greeley on the Legislature for United States Senator, the elder Bennett of the *Herald* sent for one of his editorial writers, and objected to his prefixing "Mr." to Greeley's name. "You would not speak of Mr. Socrates, would you? Greeley's a greater philosopher than Socrates ever was." The dashed editor promised never to repeat the offence.

PROFESSOR BLENTSCHLI, the famous jurist, has celebrated his seventieth birthday by sending a present of 700 francs to Zurich, his native city, which is to be expended in buying money boxes for the children of the working classes in the schools. "In order to train them," as he says, "by the regular laying by of their little savings, to begin the collection of a small capital early in life."

ON an average 3,000 vehicles pass daily through Eastcheap (London), 7,000 through Gracechurch street, and 2,000 daily heavily laden through Thames street. During a week last month 32,700 boxes of oranges, each weighing about 125 pounds, were sold in Pudding Lane and its immediate neighbourhood, and passed through lower Thames street, where sixty or seventy wagons may often be seen at one time loading with that fruit.

THE Societe des Voyages d'Etudes Autour du Monde have made arrangements for the sailing of the steamship *Neosidis* on an educational voyage round the world, the trip to occupy 320 days. The vessel is admirably fitted up, and the commanding officer appointed is Lieutenant G. Riard, of the French navy. On board there will be professors of mineralogy, industry, commerce, physiography, meteorology, zoology and botany; also a chaplain, surgeon, chemist, photographer, and naturalist. Any further particulars can be obtained on application to Captain G. de Saint-Clair-Stevenson, 8, Place Vendome, Paris.

A REDUCED order has been given to all of the British Fleet in the Sea of Marmora. It is a memorandum remonstrating with officers for writing to English newspapers, on the ground that it was undesirable that the movements of the ships should be published—the fact being that all movements are telegraphed by a dozen war correspondents to every part of Europe, seven days before any letter can reach England, and every mail takes hundreds of letters to England. This order has excited ridicule. It originated in complaints of some Captains of the cruisers to which they have been subjected and which have attracted the notice of the Admiralty.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

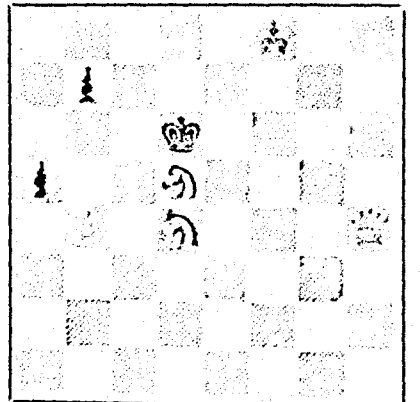
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal—Letter received. Many thanks. Solution, Montreal correct solution of Problem No. 172 received.
Amateur Montreal—We will communicate with you by letter.
F. A. K. Montreal—The position shall be explained. Thanks.
G. J. Eggenfeldt—Have sent to you by post.
E. H. Montreal—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 100 received. Thanks.

PROBLEM No. 172.

By W. ATKINSON, Montreal.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

We have received the April number of the *Chess Player's Chronicle*, and we have no hesitation in saying that it ought to be in the hands of every Chess student in Canada. Among its contents we find an excellent sketch of the life of the late Mr. Cochrane, and also a notice of the late Earl of Ravensworth, who, it appears, united high classical attainments with Chess skill of more than ordinary character. Independent of the games to be found in the *Chronicle*, which appear to be a choice selection, the Problems are of a nature to be very acceptable to those who delight in difficult positions. The Chess Intelligence ranges from notices of Clubs in London and the Province to interesting matter in connection with the game from Mexico, Australia and Tasmania. We must not forget to state that the Editor calls attention to the appearance of new Chess Columns in several established periodicals of the day, as evidence of the rapid increase of attention which the game is receiving in different parts of the Mother Country.

THE UNIVERSITY CHESS MATCH.

This annual contest between the great seats of learning in England took place on Tuesday, April 9th, and resulted in a great victory for Cambridge. Space prevents us from saying more respecting it at the present, but we hope to give it a longer notice in our next Column.

THE CHESS CHAMPIONS.

Herr Steinitz, a native of Bohemia, but for a number of years located in London, where he acquired his great reputation, is the Chess champion of the world. Captain MacKenzie, an Englishman, is the best man in America. Louis Paulsen, who recently defeated Anderssen, may be considered the champion of Germany. Dr. "Sunny" France, Rosenthal is undoubtedly the first player. In our own Australia it is not easy to say who is the champion, as the distance between its capital cities renders the settlement of the title by matches over the board a matter of difficulty. The competition for the championship would, we think, meet between Messrs. Wislizer, of Brisbane, Fisher, of Sydney, Burns and Gohmish, of Melbourne, and Charlek, of Adelaide.—*Sydney Town and County Journal*.

The American Problem composer seems to be trending in the British lion's tail. In the Problem Tourney of the *Huddersfield College Magazine*, recently closed, Mr. William A. Sinkman carried off the prize for the best two-move Problem, while Mr. F. W. Martindale tied for the best four-mover. That'll do.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times*.

CHES IN MEXICO. GAME 258111. (From the *Chess Player's Chronicle*.) (Evans' Gambit.)

- WHITE: (A. C. Vasquez.) BLACK: (Sen. L. Reim.) 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to B 4 3. B to B 4 4. P to Q Kt 4 4. B takes Kt P 5. P to B 3 5. B to B 4 6. Castles 6. K to K 2 (a) 7. Kt to K 5 (b) 7. P to Q 4 8. P takes P 8. Kt takes P 9. Kt takes B P (c) 9. K takes Kt 10. Q to B 3 (ch) 10. K to K 3 11. P to Q 4 11. Q Kt to K 2 12. R to K sq 12. P to B 3 (d) 13. R takes P (ch) 13. K to Q 3 14. B to K Kt 5 14. B to K 3 15. Kt to Q 2 15. K to Q 2 16. R takes B (e) 16. K takes R 17. R to K sq (ch) 17. K to Q 2 18. K B takes Kt 18. P takes B 19. R takes Kt (ch) (f) 19. Q takes R 20. B takes Q 20. K takes B 21. Q takes P 21. P to Q Kt 3 22. Kt to K 1 22. P to K R 3 (g) 23. Q to Kt 7 (ch) 23. K to K 3 24. P to K Kt 4 24. Q to R Q sq 25. P to K B 4 25. P to K Kt 3 26. P to Q B 4 26. R takes P 27. Q to Q B 6 (ch) 27. K to B 2 28. Q to K R 6 (ch) and wins

NOTES.

(a) A move which brings disaster; the Kt in such positions should always go to B 3. (b) We should have preferred playing P to Q 4 here; for if Black then Castles, White wins back his Pawn, with a free attack, by P to Q 5; and if P takes P, White can either retake, or play Kt to K 5, with an excellent game. (c) If this move is sound in the two Knights' Opening where White has not Castled, it might be naturally supposed to be still more powerful now; nevertheless, owing to White's Q Kt being unable to go to B 3, and also to the fact that Black's Bishop being out, leaves room for his Rook to come into action, we must question its soundness. (d) A serious error; the Kt should of course have been played to K 3. (e) Brilliant, but it strikes us that Q R to K sq was at least equally decisive. (f) He might also have played— 19. R to K sq or 20. Q to B 3 (ch) 21. R to K 6 (ch) and wins 19. Q takes B 20. Q to Q 3

CHES IN AUSTRALIA. GAME 259111.

Played by correspondence between Mr. Charluk, of Adelaide, and Mr. Holloway, of Wilkesborough. (Q B P Opening.)

- WHITE: (Mr. Charluk.) BLACK: (Mr. Holloway.) 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 2. Kt to K B 3 3. P to B 4 3. P to K B 4 4. P to Q 4 4. P to Q 3 5. P takes K P 5. K B P takes P 6. Kt to K 2 6. Kt takes P 7. Kt takes K P 7. P to Q 1 8. Kt to K 3 8. Kt to K B 3 9. B to K 2 9. B to Q B 4 10. B to K Kt 5 10. B takes P (ch) (a) 11. K to E 6 11. Kt to K 5 (ch) (b) 12. B takes Kt 12. Q takes B 13. B to B 3 13. Castles 14. Q takes P (ch) 14. B to K 3 15. Q takes B (ch) 15. K to R sq 16. R to Q sq 16. Q R to K sq 17. Q to Q 5 (ch) 17. Kt to K 5 (ch) 18. K to B sq (ch) 18. Q to K 6

NOTES.

(a) The commencement of a bold combination, counterattacked by Mr. Holloway, with Morphy-like vigour and energy. (b) Q takes R, followed by Kt to Q 2, is a better line of play. (c) If K to Kt sq, Black gives "smothered" mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 171.

- WHITE: BLACK: 1. Kt to Q 5 Anything 2. Moves accordingly

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 169.

- WHITE: BLACK: 1. R to K Kt 5 1. Any move 2. Kt mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 170.

- WHITE: BLACK: K to K 7 K to K Kt 2 R to Q R 8 B to K Kt sq B to K B 4 Pawns at K to K Kt 6 K R 2, K R 3 and P to K R 4 K R 4

White to play and mate in two moves.

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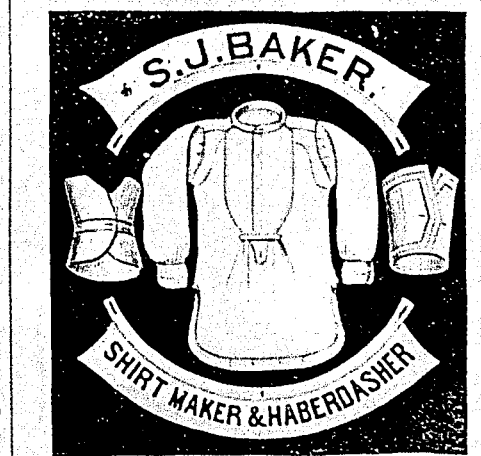
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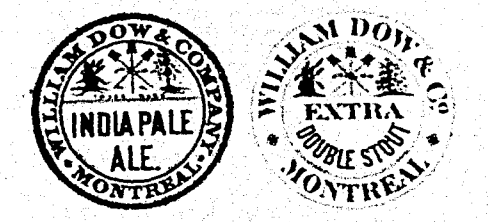
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