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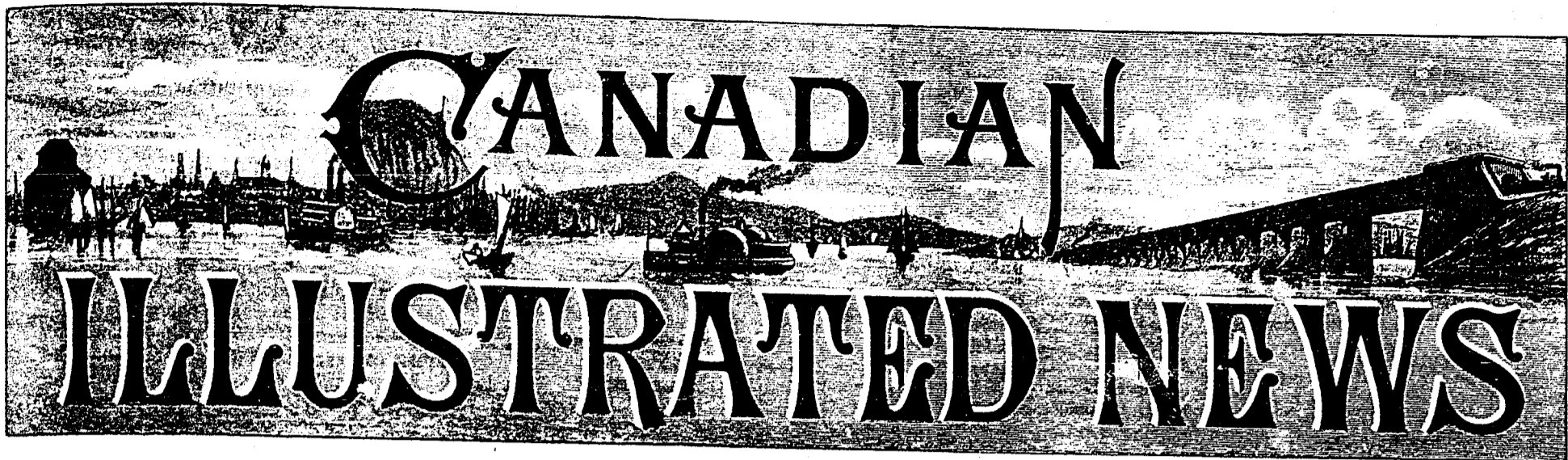
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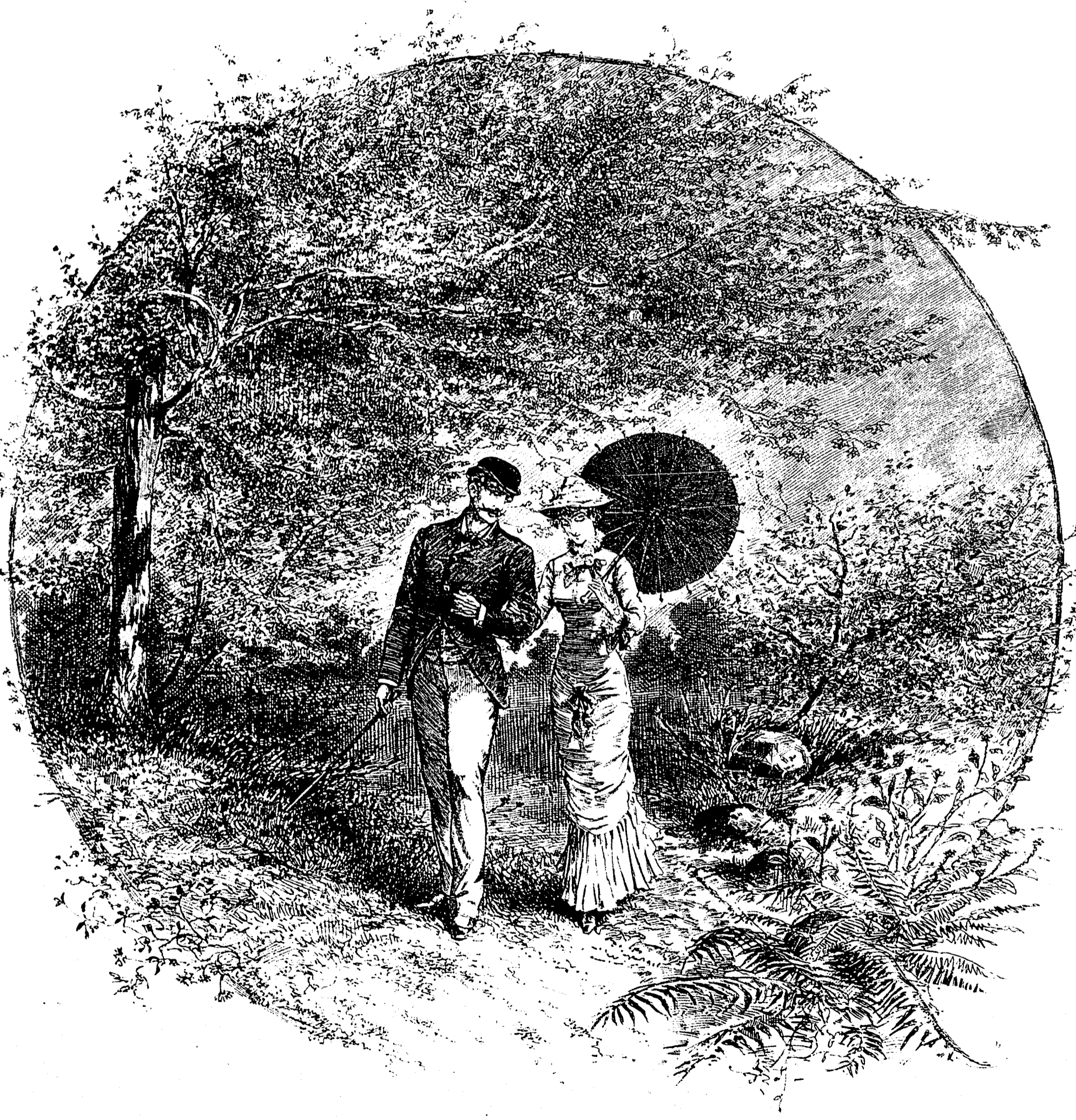


CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVI.—No. 1.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 1st, 1882.

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A HOLIDAY RAMBLE.

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

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

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

June 25th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 78°	65°	71.5°	Mon.. 76°	55°	65.5°
Tues.. 72°	58°	65°	Tues.. 72°	56°	64°
Wed.. 76°	55°	65.5°	Wed.. 62°	50°	56°
Thur.. 80°	58°	69°	Thur.. 68°	48°	58°
Fri.. 84°	61°	72.5°	Fri.. 88°	50°	59°
Sat.. 84°	66°	75°	Sat.. 74°	55°	64.5°
Sun.. 88°	70°	79°	Sun.. 76°	54°	65°

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A Summer Ramble—The Rev. B. B. Usher, M.D.—Jesuits' College and Church, Quebec—Arabi Pasha Shad Fishers on the Delaware—The Lachine Canal Withered Flowers—The Loss of the *Jeannette*—The Messengers Coming to Job.

LETTER-PRESS—The Week—The Elections—The American Science Association—Personal—Our Illustrations—To Women of the Period—An Aesthetic Flirt—A. T. Stewart's Charity Failure—Dr. Zay—Musical and Dramatic—News of the Week—Sir Jones and His Bride—The July Magazines—Varieties—Dr. Usher—Echoes from Paris—A La Mode—Legendary Lore of Scotland—Echoes from London—Our Chess Column.

PROSPECTUS OF VOLUME XXVI.

The commencement of the twenty-sixth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS marks a new era in the history of this journal.

During the course of this volume we propose to somewhat change the method of illustration, hoping thereby to effect a material improvement in its general character. To the public we need only say that we expect this change to result in illustrations of a greatly superior type and more nearly allied to the best productions of the English and American illustrated press.

The rapid growth of the artistic element throughout the Dominion during the past few years has led us to the conclusion that some such step was necessary in order that the character of our illustrations might keep pace with the general progress in Art. It will be easily understood that any change of this character is synonymous with an increased expenditure, and we trust that our patrons will appreciate this fact and by their liberal support enable us to carry out the proposed improvements.

We have further determined, with a view of obtaining a large number of Canadian sketches, as well as for the encouragement of Art outside, to offer inducements to Artists and Amateurs throughout the country to produce work of a character suited to our paper. For all such work we will gladly pay on a scale calculated according to the suitability of the subject and its facility of reproduction. We invite the cordial cooperation of all Canadian artists in this matter, and as a further inducement to them to send us pictures for reproduction, we will undertake, in all cases in which they are accompanied by a request to that effect, to return all drawings and sketches to their owners after using them. Such drawings as may be found unsuitable for our purpose we will in like manner return as soon as possible after they have been examined.

In our reading matter we intend to introduce some new features. Fresh departments will be opened and we propose to avail ourselves here of the services of the principal writers of the Dominion.

The present number contains the first chapters of a new and delightful serial by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps entitled

"DR. ZAY"

The right to publish which we have secured for Canada by special arrangement with the authoress and her Boston publishers Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., proprietors of *Atlantic Monthly*.

Besides this we have arranged for a series of papers to which the following gentlemen amongst others are expected to contribute.

R. W. BOODLE, Esq., Montreal.
REV. A. J. BRAY, Montreal.
J. G. HOUBINOT, Esq., Ottawa.
S. E. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.

F. L. DIXON, Esq., Ottawa.
N. F. DAVIN, Esq., Toronto.
GEORGE M. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.
MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, Esq., Ottawa.
J. GEORGE HODGINS, LL.D., Toronto.
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JOHN READ, M.A., Montreal.
LINDSAY RUSSELL, Esq., Ottawa.
GEORGE STEWART, JR., Esq., Quebec.
THOMAS WHITE, Esq., M.P.

This new departure will be, we trust, fully appreciated by the Canadian public, and we look to them confidently to support our efforts. Our paper will be from this out more than ever a national enterprise, and we mean our patrons to feel that in supporting it they are not only helping to produce a work of the vast improvement in culture and artistic feeling throughout the country, but that they are getting good value for their money.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
Montreal, Saturday, July 1, 1882.

THE WEEK.

With this number we commence the first chapters of "Dr. Zay" by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. This story is published by special arrangement with the authoress and with her publishers, Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin of Boston, Mass. Its main purpose is to shew the career of a pure and modest woman who has taken up the profession of medicine, and the difficulties with which her sex naturally surrounds her. Besides teaching an admirable lesson upon these points, the story itself is full of interesting incidents and bright with that charm of style for which Miss Phelps is so well known and loved.

This week there is little to record. The elections passed off quietly throughout the country resulting, as was almost a foregone conclusion, in the emphatic endorsement of the policy of the Government. The question at issue in almost every individual case was the National Policy, and the result has shown, what thoughtful men had long foreseen, that the country is not ready for any decided change. That the National Policy is perfect theoretically even its best friends will hardly affirm; but its bitterest enemies can hardly show wherein they have anything better to offer. In point of fact the country is prospering under existing conditions. Hopes of even greater prosperity are dawning upon us. Whether all this can be said to be due directly to the policy of Protection is perhaps an open question. Certain it is that it exists whether by reason of or in spite of the N. P. Wherein then are we to be benefited by any change? This is the question really which has been asked at the polls, and the answer has been plainly and straightforwardly given.

The banquet on Saturday given by the French citizens of Montreal to General Charrette the late Commandant at Rome of the Papal Zouaves, passed off with considerable *éclat*. The General has made for himself many friends during his stay in Montreal, a result to which his charming wife has contributed in no small degree.

Almost everything may be put to some use or other. Even legs of mutton, according to the dandy of fable, can be converted into glue. Seeds of unregarded plants, with some saccharine matter and rosaniline dye, make a substitute for raspberry jam. Soapstone is not only capable of being manufactured into pipes, but, when ground small and reduced to paste, is believed to be an essential ingredient in some cheap butters. It has been maintained that snippets of leather, cut off in boot-making, are useless, but we imagine that they are really converted

into a popular sauce. At all events, certain sauces taste of boot leather. The refuse which is left after dyeing magenta stockings is a valuable destructive agent when applied to shorten the career of the Colorado beetle. Almost everything, then, has its functions, except the majority of young men. They can find nothing to do; there are no "nice openings" for them like that which according to the profane riddle was discovered by Joseph's brethren for their dreaming kinsman. All the doors are now barred by examinations, and even the army itself demands intellectual labor too painful to contemplate with tranquility. In these straits the profession of alligator farming has been developed in California. The extremely scaly skin of the alligator is an article of commerce, and is made into cigar cases. The breeding of alligators has thus become a branch of industry, and, in cultivating the alligator—in feeding, sheltering, slaughtering and preparing for the market this engaging animal—we perceive a profession for the younger sons of the landed gentry. They may become alligator farmers.

THE ELECTIONS.

Now that the elections are over and the heat of mere partizanship has somewhat cooled off, we are able to take a calm view of the position of things, see just where we stand, by what way we have come, and what the future seems to offer us. This calmness is incumbent upon all the political parties and all the press-men, for once more the battle has been fought out, the issue has been decided, and be it for good or for evil, Liberals and Conservatives will have to abide together under conservative rule for five years to come, not as mere political factions, when dollars and cents and comforts of life are considered, but as fellow-countrymen, all having equal interest in the general prosperity of the nation. If the vote cast to prolong the present *regime* is for the good of the Conservatives, it is for the good of the Liberals; if it is bad for the Liberals, it is also bad for the Conservatives. At any rate, partyism has no place in our legislative enactments, and no kind of gerrymandering has yet been devised which can make a trade policy tell for one political party against the other. The tariff blesses or curses all alike, and if the Conservatives support and the Liberals condemn, it is because each is actuated by personal and not by patriotic motives. In truth, when we deal with tariffs, it is simply impossible to separate the personal from the patriotic. The only question was: How to do the best thing unto ourselves. Reciprocity with the United States all would have assented to gladly; but the United States refused to give a trade reciprocity; we accepted the alternative, and, as the Conservatives say, became a nation under stress of circumstances.

When it became generally believed that Sir JOHN MACDONALD had decided to submit his policy to the test of a general election, a panic took possession of the common mind which dare not trust itself to words. Much capital had been invested under the protection of the N. P.; factories were flourishing and industries were being fostered which made the Dominion prosperous, but Mr. MACKENZIE, the real leader, and Mr. BLAKE, the nominal leader, and the *Globe* backing both, declared that this was only seeming, and in the mistaken idea that a general election would change the appearance of things, precipitated an appeal to the people. The confident assertions of the *Globe* caused many people to halt, and Sir JOHN MACDONALD was right in saying that much capital was kept out of our country because many investors, or intending investors, were kept aloof by the predilections of the *Globe*. Such a state of suspense was by no means healthy, and with patriotic motive, Sir JOHN forced the issue. The *Globe* declared that the nightmare of 1878 had been flung off, and that the country was against the N. P.; Sir JOHN bravely took up the gauntlet and said: Let the country declare itself.

The country has declared itself emphatically, and Sir JOHN MACDONALD has been returned to office by a majority, almost as

great as when he swept the country in 1878. The knowing among the party profess to have anticipated the result, but it must be confessed that to ordinary on-lookers it has come as a surprise. The elections of 1878 were explainable: Sir JOHN stood forth with a promise to substitute action for inaction, hope for fatalism, and the people were willing to try any change, believing that matters could not well be worse. But this time he had to ask judgment, not upon promises, but upon actual and practical efforts, he had to submit not merely a policy, but a result. Year after year with monotonous persistency, Liberal orators and the Liberal press have been declaring the policy a blunder and the result a disaster; new issues arose which seemed to give them a chance to wrest the governing power from the Conservatives, such as the Pacific Railway contract, the Ontario Boundary Award, and the disallowance of the Streams Bill, which the *Globe* used with furious avidity to destroy the Conservative cause in Ontario. Under such circumstances it would hardly have been matter for wonder had Sir JOHN's majority been seriously reduced. But the people of Canada, and in particular the people of the Province of Ontario, have made it manifest that they were not to be drawn away from the broad issues by any side Provincial questions.

The main motion before the country was the policy of the Government—its protective tariff, Pacific Railway contract, and land laws for the North-West—a policy which could but be connected in their minds with revived industries, railway extension, and a flood of immigration from across the Atlantic. Against this they had to place the uncertain utterances of Mr. BLAKE, the well-defined but impossible free tradeism of Mr. MACKENZIE, and the furious incoherencies of the *Globe*. The Liberal party was pledged to little less than revolution, for although some of its members were willing to accept the N. P. and scoffed at all talk of Free Trade; and some others had faith in the Pacific Railway contract, they were all in some more or less defined manner bound to reverse the policy of their opponents. The people are not ready for this, and they rejected the Liberal programme *en bloc*.

But it must be admitted that popular judgment was pronounced at the polls, not only on measures, but on men also. It may be that "comparisons are odious" but electors will make those comparisons and be influenced by them none the less. No one will deny that Mr. BLAKE is a man of ability, and those who are capable of judging say that he is the first Equity lawyer in the Dominion, but that as a Statesman he is in any way comparable to Sir JOHN MACDONALD no one caring to preserve a reputation for Sanity would affirm. Mr. BLAKE's speaking is always after the manner of special pleading, he prepares a new programme for each place on each occasion and when these are compared it can but prove inimical to his cause. As a man he is cold, cynical and repellant, and being without personal enthusiasm he never succeeds in speaking to the crowd. On the other hand Sir JOHN MACDONALD is a born leader of men, not only because he is a man of great intellectual ability—a Statesman without a peer in Canada—but because he is a man of unbounded enthusiasm which inspires friends and wins over the indifferent. Mr. BLAKE's *confreres* in the leadership of the party were scarcely more richly endowed with attractive qualities than himself. Mr. MACKENZIE is in many ways an excellent man but lacking that fine element which draws people and holds them in allegiance; and, in fact, altogether, when Sir JOHN's colleagues are compared with Mr. BLAKE's followers, the elections cease to be a surprise.

The Toronto *Globe*, however, was the main negative cause of this defeat of the Liberal party. While Mr. BLAKE was shifting his position and changing his programme, promising not to alter the tariff much, the *Globe* was screaming for an impossible Free Trade: it insulted

every manufacturer in the country; it heaped unmeasurable scorn upon the Province of Quebec; it blundered with a foolish and shameless attack upon the mill operatives; it flung about charges of corruption in a manner as false as it was reckless; no epithet was too foul to apply to a political opponent, no personality was too coarse, no weapon too cowardly—the *Globe* took them all and used them all, until many an honest Liberal held down his head in shame at the tactics of the organ of the party. SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S triumph at the poles, he owes in some measure to the *Globe*.

A. J. BRAY.

OUR SCIENTIFIC VISITORS.

During the last week of August the members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will hold, in our midst, their thirty-first meeting. This will be the second occasion on which Montreal will have had the honor of receiving such important guests, the eleventh meeting of the Association having been held here in 1857. Since that remote period, a quarter of a century ago, both the American Association and Montreal have changed in many respects—both have grown in extent and in importance. In 1857 the Association met in the Court House and listened to and discussed some fourteen papers, that being the number on the published list, which concluded with the announcement that "when this list is exhausted the Chairman will call for papers that may be found on the Register since yesterday, and it is hoped some gentlemen will come prepared to respond." This year the nine sections will occupy rooms in the large group of buildings at the University of McGill College, and will have to dispose, somehow, of probably more than one hundred papers on all sorts of scientific subjects. These papers are the result of the work of the past year, in some cases of the work of many years, on the part of members of the Association, and the reading and publication of them serves as a most valuable record of scientific progress. The systematic discussion of such matter is extremely useful, too, as affording laborers in the fields of science opportunities to exchange ideas and to place on record their claims to valuable discoveries in the special departments of their work. While the Association will, this year, bring very much more work with it than it did last time, the arrangements for its reception and the conveniences at the disposal of science in Montreal are so much greater now than they were formerly that no trouble whatever will be experienced in allotting to each section a sufficiently spacious hall with every necessary appliance at hand. Section C (Chemistry), for instance, will meet in the lecture room adjoining the laboratory of McGill College; Section G (Histology and Microscopy) in a hall in the Redpath Museum.

The number of visitors expected is very large—it may, perhaps, be larger than at any previous meeting of the Association. Canada, in August, has great attractions for Americans, and Montreal and Quebec, not to mention Ottawa, besides being favorite places of resort, offer a greater change to our American cousins than Cincinnati, Boston, or St. Louis. Then there is the powerful attraction sure to be exerted by the presence at the meeting of an unusually large number of distinguished scientific men from Europe. Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, Russia, Austria, Hungary, Roumania, will all be represented by such men as HAUGHTON, of Trinity College, Dublin; DR. WILLIAM CARPENTER, HERBERT SPENCER, and others, and there is the bare possibility of the presence of a real Prince of scientific tastes from Japan. All this will, probably, result in the presence among us of some fifteen hundred strangers from among the most intellectual and cultivated of our American and European neighbours. This large influx will, undoubtedly, tax to the utmost the resources of the city at a time when we are accustomed to see our streets

full of visitors; but we do not think that we need fear the result. The committee of citizens is not only large, but it consists of the leading men of Montreal, and they have shown a willingness to work and a determination to make perfect the mechanical arrangements that have, already, placed the entire matter on a perfectly safe foundation. These gentlemen are ably led by Dr. DAWSON, President of the Association for the current year, and by Dr. HUNT, Chairman of the Citizens' Committee. No one, probably, has had more experience in meetings of this kind than Dr. HUNT, and all the details are carefully supervised by him. Dr. DAWSON'S tact and ability as a Chairman and President are too well known in Montreal to need mention, and he possesses, besides, that happy faculty of making things go off well, which is so valuable on occasions of this kind.

The programme of proceedings, outside of the scientific discussions has already been provisionally arranged for almost the entire week during which the Association will be in Montreal. These arrangements include Excursions to Ottawa, Quebec, Newport and St. Hilaire; Steamboat trips on the Harbour and to the Victoria Bridge and G. T. R. Works, and numerous receptions and garden parties. The daily programme will consist merely of morning and afternoon sessions for business, reading of papers and general scientific work, a lecture in the Queen's Hall by some of the most distinguished guests from eight to nine o'clock each evening that is not taken up with some special ceremony such as the inauguration of the Redpath Museum; after which the remainder of the evening will be spent at the various receptions or in resting for the labours of the morrow. The Excursions will be arranged to take place on Saturday and at the close of the meeting.

All the meetings and lectures are open free to the citizens who may, also, become members of the association by causing their names to be presented and by payment of the usual fees. This, however, is not enacted as a necessary condition of attendance at any of the meetings or lectures. There is little doubt but that the meeting in August will be creditable to the American Association and to the City of Montreal. Our guests will come in large numbers and with much scientific work prepared, and we shall be able to afford them every convenience for their labours and ample amusement and relaxation for the intervals of their labours. In this age when science seems to reach every where and to affect everything, the gathering together, in our midst, of its representatives and exponents is an event of no small importance, and it is to be hoped not only that the presence of the Association may do good to science in Montreal, but, also, that Montreal by careful preparation and by a fair exhibition of its scientific and economical capabilities may produce a favourable impression on our scientific visitors.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

A SUMMER RAMBLE.—Who has not experienced the delight of such a stroll as is depicted upon our first page is indeed to be pitied. When the sun has lost its power, and the evening shadows begin to fall, lucky indeed are those who can find so fair a scene in which to stroll; luckier still those who are blessed with a companion to whom to whisper soft nothings to the accompaniment of the evening breeze.

THE NEW JERSEY SHAD-FISHERIES.—The shad-fisheries on the Jersey shore of the Delaware River have always been an important interest, but have become especially valuable since the State undertook the work of encouraging and protecting them. In all, some 3,500 men are employed in the drift-net business on the Delaware below tide-water. Some of the most important fisheries are at Gloucester City, to which an official visit was recently made by the State Commission. The spectacle of casting the nets and hauling them in is a most attractive one. A correspondent thus describes it: "A long flat-boat manned by a score of men darts out from the beach like an arrow. The net, piled up in the stern, is allowed to drop off as the boat proceeds until it is all stretched out in the river. Then the boat turns and the lusty fishermen pull one end towards the shore to the point of starting. It is hard work, but they make quick time, and in a

few minutes both ends of the rope to which the net is attached are fastened ashore. They are then fastened to two great windlasses and the fishermen take hold of the bars, and with the aid of two horse's wind the rope slowly, drawing the net towards shore. More than half of the men are colored, and when they are fairly started they raise their voices, with weird and beautiful effect, to the melody of the plantation songs. There is a pause while each man is served with an extra gill of grog, and then the work goes on. Soon the net itself approaches the shore and the men wade into the water to aid in hauling it. The windlasses are next stopped, and as the long oval made by the net-buoys grows smaller the men go further into the stream, and their song rises higher and stronger as they pull at the seine in time with the music. When the net has been reduced to a circumference of perhaps one hundred feet they begin to 'bag' it. A circle is formed about it and the size is constantly decreased until the great weight of fish is gathered in one small pouch of the seine. The 'market-boat' is brought alongside, and stout men with a great basket scoop up the finny beauties and roll them into the boat, which immediately starts for the city market."

A delicacy peculiar to Gloucester City is the shad "planked." Epicures agree that the fish is never so toothsome as when served in this form. The shad is fastened to an oak plank, placed before a hot fire of coals, and in that position slowly toasted, the cook meanwhile industriously "basting" it with a savory dressing. The merit of this process is that all the juices of the fish are preserved, while every part of it is equally well cooked. In South Jersey the man who is not able to dispose of an entire fish thus prepared is considered worse than a heathen and barbarian. Our illustrations show both the method of catching and of "planking" the shad.

THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.—The situation of affairs both at Cairo and at Alexandria continues to occasion the most serious anxieties. The Khedive of Egypt, Twilik Pasha, has been unable to reduce the military rebel, Arabi Pasha, to due obedience; and the Ministry of War, and command of the army and forts, are still in Arabi Pasha's hands. He has desisted, however, at the Khedive's urgent request, from threatening the British and French squadrons at Alexandria by constructing batteries which might be used against them. The Sulean of Turkey, through Said Pasha, Foreign Minister of the Porte, has replied to the French proposal, which the British and other foreign Governments had accepted, for holding a Conference of the European Powers, at Constantinople, to settle the Egyptian difficulty. The Sultan does not consider this necessary, but has sent his own Special Commander, Dervish Pasha, with two assistant diplomatists, to communicate his will to the Khedive and Arabi Pasha. Great excitement prevails among the Mohammedan population of Cairo, who resent the interference of Christian nations with their domestic concerns. Arabi Pasha, with Ali Fehmy Pashi, and Abdellal Pasha, his colleagues in the Ministry, do not spare appeals to Mussulman fanaticism, and to Egyptian national sentiment, against England and France. It is still hoped that no acts of violence will be perpetrated at Cairo; but a large number of the European residents, with their families, alarmed at the state of the country, have departed from Egypt; and business is quite at a standstill, to the great loss and distress of the trading and labouring classes.

THE JEANNETTE.—We have already given more than one account of the sufferings of the crew of the *Jeannette*, and this week we supplement them by an engraving of the terrible march across the ice-fields, in which the unfortunate men suffered so much.

WITHERED FLOWERS.—The engraving of "Withered Flowers" may be allowed to speak for itself, as may also the engraving from Mr. Melton Fisher's, Academy Gold Medal picture of the story of Job's losses.

IN continuation of the views of Old Quebec which we have before published, we give this week to our readers an engraving of the Jesuit College and Chapel as it appeared towards the end of the last century taken from the photograph of a picture bearing the date of 1790.

THE LACHINE CANAL.—We present this week a panoramic view of the Lachine Canal from Ogilvie's Mills to the Grand Trunk Railway Bridge (north side), shewing all the principal buildings and manufactures throughout its length. The Lachine Canal is in its present condition the principal Canal on the River St. Lawrence. Its entire length is eight miles and a half of which about one-half appears in the present drawing. It connects Montreal with Lachine and thus avoids the rapids of St. Louis, which are situated a short distance above Montreal and connect the termination of ocean navigation. The Lachine Canal was enlarged in 1877 to 200 feet in width from Wellington Bridge to Cote St. Paul, and 150 feet thence to the mouth of the canal. At this time the work of building new locks was also commenced, the present ones standing by the side of the old. These locks measure 270 by 48 feet. The Wellington Basin from which the canal starts out measures 1,250 feet by 225, and is nineteen feet deep. This basin was represented in the NEWS among the other improvements of the canal in the early part of 1877. Since then a second basin has been completed to the south of this measuring 500 feet by

300. The opening of this last year has afforded a double entry to the canal, the value of which will be easily recognized.

PERSONAL.

THE return of Canon Carmichael to St. George's Church is a most welcome event. When he left us for Hamilton a few years ago, the Canon was the recipient of a handsome testimonial even from his Catholic friends.

THE new Dean of Montreal comes from good stock. He is the nephew of Robert Baldwin, one of the few great statesmen that Canada has produced.

PRINCIPAL GRANT, of Kingston, has been taking his usual prominent part in the Presbyterian Conference in New Brunswick.

SEVERAL of our leading clergymen are preparing for their summer holidays.

THE Rev. Father Garceau has just founded a house of the Jesuit order in his native Three Rivers.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH is on his way home from Rome, and Bishop Duhamel has arrived at Ottawa, after a short visit to the Eternal City.

IT is expected that Hon. W. W. Lynch will assume the Attorney-Generalship of the Province on the 1st of July, thus standing forward as the leader of the Protestant minority in the Cabinet.

THE Hon. M. Chapleau is winding up important business prior to his departure for the south of France on the 22nd of July. He is in indifferent health and will be away some three months.

THE Hon. Mr. Fabre has not yet sailed for Paris to enter upon his new duties there.

IT is said that Mr. Bunting, ex-M.P., and proprietor of the *Mail*, will be raised to the Senate. Another tribute to journalism.

MR. KIRKPATRICK, M.P. for Frontenac, is already spoken of as the new Speaker.

THERE appears to be no doubt that in the event of his not succeeding in obtaining a constituency, Mr. Josiah Burr Plumb will be made a Senator. Sir John is much attached to him.

THE Marquis of Lorne is of retired and studious habits. He remains at work in the Quebec Citadel, while the Princess is off fishing down the river.

IT looks as if Hon. John O'Connor had retired altogether from public life.

IT would surprise no one, and please many, if Hon. Peter Mitchell were called back to his old Department—the Ministry of Marine and Fisheries. With her present stand against the Government, Prince Edward Island can expect no special recognition, while New Brunswick has partially wheeled into line.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S election for two constituencies is an unprecedented event in our legislative history, at least since the Union of 1840.

IT will be a novel and pleasing spectacle that of father and son sitting in the Commons together. Sir Charles Tupper has herein accomplished another *tour de force*. Did not the two Papineaus thus meet in the old days of the Canada Assembly?

THE Hon. Mr. Chapleau has done only right in promising that the Exhibition shall be held yearly in this city, and nowhere else. The permanent buildings which cost so much money will thus have their use.

SIR JOHN and some of his Ministers sent telegrams of congratulation to most of the newly elected members. Such attentions cost little and go a great way.

MR. MACMASTER and others of his successful colleagues, are to be tendered a public banquet in this city.

SO soon as he can finish some public business still on his hands, Sir John will go down and occupy his villa at Rivière du Loup during the canicular season.

MR. MACKENZIE is steadily recovering his health, at which the whole country will rejoice.

MGR. BOURGET is leading a quiet life in his retreat at Saint au Recollet. In spite of his great age he is in the enjoyment of good health.

MR. J. M. LEMOINE will entertain literary friends and members of the Royal Canadian Society of Canada on Dominion Day, at his charming residence at Spencer Grange.

M. LOUIS FRECHETTE will spend the summer months at Nicolet and devote his time to the composition of new poems.

AMONG the principal poems commemorative of the death of President Garfield, lately collected in a book, at Boston, that of Mr. John Read, M.A., F.R.S.C., stands pre-eminent.

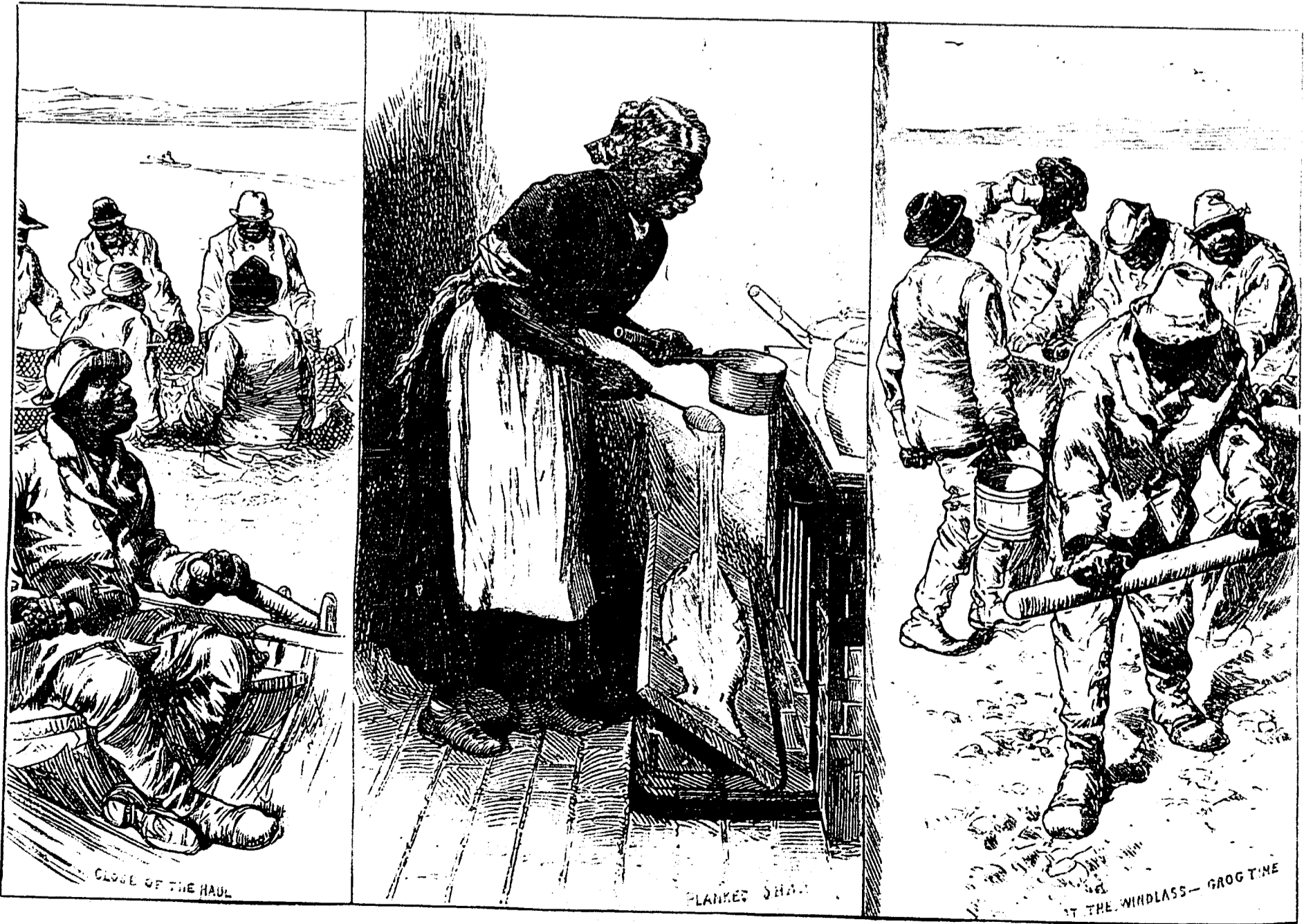
NOTWITHSTANDING the suspension of the *Canadian Monthly*, the versatile and graceful pen of Mr. Mercer Adam will not be lost to the cause of Canadian periodical literature.

HON. MR. JOLY will be invited to read a paper before the American Forestry Association which meets here in August.

MR. CHARLES GIBB, of Abbotsford, has gone to the Manchuria district of Russia to study its remarkable trees *in situ*, with the view of introducing some of them in this country.



ARABI PASHA, THE EGYPTIAN MILITARY LEADER.



CLOSE OF THE HAUL

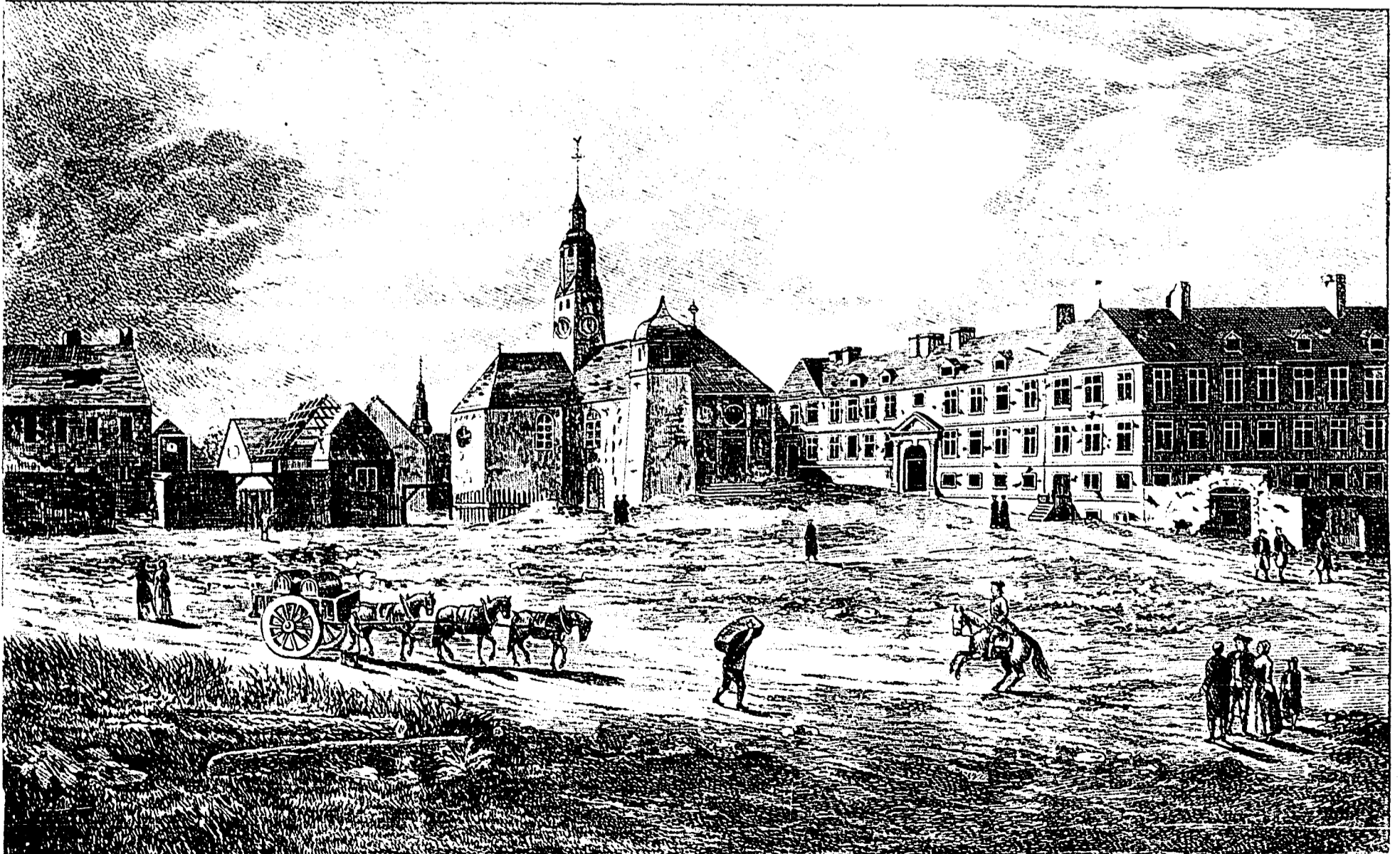
PLANKET SHED

AT THE WINDLASS—GROG TIME

SHIAD FISHERS ON THE DELAWARE RIVER.—SKETCHES AT GLOUCESTER.



THE REV. B. B. USSHER, M.D.



OLD QUEBEC.—JESUIT COLLEGE AND CHURCH A.D. 1750.

TO WOMEN OF THE PERIOD.

Is it because she cannot rule,
That curls her lip and a' that?
Such forward dame is but a fool,
And shames her sex for a' that!
For a' that and a' that.

She strives but for a gilded badge,
Herself's the gold for a' that.

What though we will not let her vote,
"Electioneer" and a' that;
'Tis best that man should wear the coat,
The "breeches," vest, and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
She's but a "rib" for a' that!
Man's work requires a man complete,
Not "half" a man for a' that.

She does not need Newmarket trife,
The walking-stick and a' that;
They but expose to jest and jibe,
The cause they plead and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their wrongs and rights and a' that,
The woman who respects herself,
Just looks and laughs at a' that.

"Master Henpeck," gives a lady place,
At vestry boards and a' that;
But she with bonnie modest face,
Will stay at home for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
"Equality" and a' that,
She was not made to rush and race,
And elbow man for a' that.

The hearth and home are woman's sphere,
Her proper place and a' that;
Where she may bear, and nurse, and rear,
The "Babe" of Grace and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
She shows most sense and a' that,
Who wins and wears the rank and name,
Of mother, wife, and a' that.

AN AESTHETIC FLIRT.

Perhaps because he was called Paul Clarkson, which, we must own, is a very romantic name, or perhaps because his family loved old china, or perhaps because he had five sisters and no brothers; from one of these causes, or from quite a different cause—what matters it, since the fact remains the same!—Mr. Paul Clarkson was without doubt an aesthetic flirt. How much of a flirt he was, perhaps he himself hardly realized; it all came so naturally to him. He was a handsome fellow, young Paul. He had a tall well-made figure, a pale but very expressive face, and a good deal of warm brown hair. No woman with such eyes could have kept from flirting; so let us not be too hard upon this man, especially as for some time he did no one any harm. He wrote poems, which his fair friends greatly admired. Ye gods, what sad poems they were! In them Mr. Clarkson flirted with Death just as he flirted with women. He sat at her feet and called her pretty names. If his stern mistress had turned round sharply, and made him take her for better or worse, I hardly imagine he would have been a very willing bridegroom; but as the grim lady just then seemed to want none of him—as lungs, liver, and heart were all they should be—this verse-flirting with death was all very nice.

Mr. Paul was apparently very much distressed at having to live. He wanted no good dinners, no he; he wanted no books—of course not; he wanted no club; he wanted no pretty woman to flirt with. What in the world did he want, then? He wanted to be absorbed into the spirit of things; he desired to grow part of the infinite; he yawned to be mingled with the heaven's blue, or to be a rose-leaf, or a cloud, or a sun-beam, or a weed; in short, anything but what he was. A very sad man was Mr. Paul Clarkson. Being so sad, was it not natural that he should turn for sympathy to the softer sex? One friend could not have satisfied his great nature; his comforters were many. Let us see now who they were.

To begin with, there was Miss Blandon, very strong on the question of women's rights—a clever, handsome, if somewhat masculine-looking woman, of whom men mostly stood in awe. Clarkson found out a tender place in her heart, and walked into it. I think she thought for quite a long time that he was going to ask her to be his wife.

Then there was the beautiful Miss Sanford, with the pale face, and the large, lovely, sad-looking eyes; was she not beauty itself, and, as such, should she not be worshipped?

Then there was Mrs. Clifford, quite young, and very nice to look at, too; and she wrote poems almost as sad as Mr. Clarkson's own. Her marriage had been a great mistake. She was thrown wholly away on the commonplace Clifford; so she resigned herself to the writing of melancholy verse. O bards, bards, what would you be without your griefs? Even as children are who have no pretty playthings.

Mr. Clarkson's grief was that he had once been engaged to a girl of whom he was really getting rather tired, when in the most unexpected manner she got tired of him and threw him over, and endowed him with a wrong. Mr. Clarkson felt very badly, or said he did. It is quite impossible to say what he did not get out of that grief of his. Of course its prime use was as a seasoning to his poems. Then it was a great help in those nice flirtations I have spoken of. A man with blighted affections may go much further in flirting than a man who is heart-whole. The dear creature comes naturally for consolation.

Did Clarkson make the best of his opportunity? I think he did. He wrote I don't know how many poems to his faithless lady;

these poems he recited to other fair ladies; he plunged into all sorts of dissipation, not because he was naturally addicted to such things, but because he was so extremely unhappy. He was a very desperate man, and cynical; why, he believed in nothing, always excepting friendship between men and women.

I have mentioned three of his friends; let me not forget Miss Kinlake, who played so beautifully, and, besides, composed such wonderful music.

The amount of friendship with women, and the amount of good wines Mr. Clarkson's grief required to console it, were most surprising; but we all know how bad is an affair of the heart.

It chanced one night that Mr. Clarkson met, at a reception, Miss Hilda Ford. She was not a girl. She was about thirty; she was very pretty, and not at all æsthetic. She had a good intellect, though, and loved poetry genuinely. Her voice was unusually low and sweet; it had a strange thrilling music in it. She lived with her mother in the country; but they made frequent visits to London.

Now when Clarkson saw her he fell in love at first sight. He loved everything about her: her full beautiful figure, her sensitive face, with the deep dark blue eyes, the red passionate mouth, the long slender hands, the way she carried herself. He was quite bowled down. His love-grief—that had seen so much service; had been paraded, O, in how many poems! had been talked over, sighed over, laughed over, with what awful laughter—was put away! Mr. Clarkson no longer wished to die, he wished to marry Miss Ford.

He loved his dear friends; but there had been, till now, no one that he had quite wanted to marry. Truth to say, he was rather hoping that some one in whom he could take a very decided interest would turn up; when lo, she appeared upon the scene! I think a man should respect a really useful grief more than Clarkson did. He thrust it away without a tear—what do I say!—without even a farewell sonnet! Heart and soul he went in for his new love. O bards, bards, are ye not an ungrateful lot!

Paul Clarkson, then, loved Hilda Ford; and what is very much to the point is, that the kind feeling he entertained for her she entertained for him. So, why not say at once that he proposed, and was accepted?

"Hilda," he cried, looking into her eyes passionately, "tell me how much you love me!" She pressed his hands and said,

"I love you with my whole heart. Your love is the crown and glory of my life; it is my supreme rapture and my supreme rest." And then, perhaps, because her face flushed so, she leaned it on his shoulder, while he kissed her thick gold hair.

All this was very nice, and just as it should be; but troubles came. As it happened, most unfortunately, Miss Ford had a jealous temperament, and she got to find out about Paul's flirtations, to which she very much objected. Of course, nothing would have been easier than for Paul to have given up such flirtations; to which I think Miss Ford was quite right in expecting. Only that was just what he did not do. Easy, I said; no, far more difficult than we dream of. To be in love, and to play at being in love, are two very different things; and, in their own way, they are both pleasant enough. Playing at being in love is a very fascinating game; and like most games, it takes at least two players. This game Miss Ford liked not; a fact which he could not tell to these dear co-players.

"When our engagement is made public," he said to himself, "I will knock all these affairs on the head."

So he very wrongly—wishing at the same time to have and eat his pie—told his beloved that he would forswear the close friendships that so much troubled her; and all the while he privately indulged in them. She found him out once. He rushed down to her house in the country; where, as can be easily imagined, a scene took place.

It was the beautiful Miss Sanford that Hilda specially objected to. He promised faithfully that he would see her no more; but the old habit was so strong that, as soon as he returned to London, he went back to his Platonic worship of her. He kept, however, his proceedings very dark indeed, I can tell you; but, as we all know, murder will out.

As ill or good luck would have it, an intimate friend of Miss Sanford went to visit some friends who were neighbors of the Fords. To the pleasure of all parties concerned, it turned out that Mr. Clarkson was a mutual friend. Then came the question from our friend's friend.

"Was Mr. Clarkson going to marry Miss Sanford?"

Every one knew what a flirt he was; still his attentions in that quarter were extremely marked.

"Perhaps so," said Hilda quietly. She wrote a few words to Paul that night, asking him to come down and see her.

Jam was nice when we were young, but was it nice to be detected in the act of priggish it; when we thought every one was far away, to hear a door-handle turn sharply, and be faced by a father, a mother, or an old servant sure to tell! It is with feelings similar to those then experienced that Paul read Hilda's letter. It contained only a few words, asking him to come down; but he had instantly a sense of something being wrong; he suspected the truth that his sin had found him out.

The Fords lived in a remote country village. It was a hot June evening when he found him-

self walking up the long garden that surrounded their house.

Mrs. Ford greeted him very warmly:

"I'll go and send Hilda to you," she said, in her kind cheerful voice.

She left the room, and a few minutes after Miss Ford came in. He heard her dress whispering as she walked.

"Good-evening," she said, "it was kind of you to come when I asked you."

She sat down in a low chair, her hands clasped loosely in each other.

"But I shall not," she resumed, "have to tax you again in this way."

"Have I done anything to displease you?" he answered, turning very pale. "Tell me at once, and let me have it over."

"What I have to say is," she rejoined, that everything between us must be over, now and for ever. If it is hard for you, it is harder for me; you meant my all of life."

"Some one has been telling lies about me," he burst out.

"It is you who have not told the truth," she said, with perfect quietude.

He turned on her desperately, seeing that she knew everything.

"Hilda," he cried, "I have acted meanly to you; but this shall never happen in the future."

"For us two together," she answered, there will be no future."

"You can't mean that!"

"What else should I mean! I love you, Paul; but I would never trust my happiness in the hands of a man who could deceive me twice. I forgive you, love you, but I trust you no more."

Outside the birds sang on through the still evening; the air of the room was heavy with the scent of roses.

"You must take back these words," he said; "you don't begin to know how I love you."

"Perhaps not," she answered; "but I mean what I have said."

"Hilda, till I met you it seems to me that I really never lived; you must show me some pity."

He threw himself on his knees before her, caught her hands and kissed them.

"Vain, vain," she cried. "It is done, and it cannot be undone."

"Do you really mean what you say?" he asked, his voice trembling. The man was in earnest at last.

"Yes," she answered sadly and unwaveringly, "I mean it most absolutely."

"Then I must abide by your decision," he said, rising, a certain pride in his voice. "Good-bye, then."

He had got as far as the door when she called him back.

"Don't be too angry with me," she said, laying her hand in his; "kiss me."

He did kiss her long and very passionately; then he left the room, left the house, left the village, and reached London by a late train, bringing a real grief in his sham grief's stead. Resolved on doing something desperate, he cast himself at the feet of the beautiful Miss Sanford; but to his surprise she did not appreciate her happiness.

"I never believed all the fine things you said," she remarked. "I knew you to be a flirt; but you amused me, and for that I am grateful."

He went away very considerably humbled. The real grief, unlike the sham one, was totally useless. It inspired no poem; it stimulated to no pleasant flirtations; it lay at Mr. Clarkson's heart a great, heavy, unremovable weight. Like a wounded animal, he shunned his fellows. He thought grimly to himself as he roamed about the London streets, now grown to him so dreary, that at last he knew what the real thing was.

In the course of a month or two, there came to him a desire in some way to do something which might at least lighten the gloom that wrapt him round.

"I've spoilt my own life," he mused, "still it might turn to some good account for others; I have money, and great sympathy with the people, and they need both. To spend my life helping them is what Hilda would approve of if she knew it, and that is what I will do."

The very next day he carried out his good resolution; for he was perfectly in earnest. Still the man had been so in the habit of posing that he could not help at first surveying himself with a little melancholy satisfaction as the people's helper, given to them by a great sorrow. When he got really into his work, however, he ceased this sort of exhibition upon the stage of life with himself as spectator. Things seemed to him too serious to incline him to strike an attitude before them. For the first time he forgot himself, in view of other people's calamities.

Truly his labors were not light; and he felt no disposition to toy with his work as once he had toyed with love. Daily he risked his life, sometimes from interfering to protect some woman from the drunken violence of her master, sometimes through long night watches beside a wretch ill of some frightful contagious disorder. He held not his own life dear unto him, and perhaps it was for that reason that he came alive out of every peril. Often, before the world was well awake, he would return home from a night passed beside the dying, only to snatch a little sleep and go forth again to his self-imposed tasks. He saw sights and heard sounds before which a less-determined spirit would have quailed; but his strong purpose upheld him.

Among his many friends at the East-end was a family of the name of White. Mrs. White was a widow. She let cheap lodgings. Her eldest child, Sara, added to their small income by playing humble parts at East-end theatres.

She was a good girl, this Sara, with laughing blue eyes, a prettily-shaped sensitive face, and a great deal of fair hair.

Mrs. White would exclaim:

"It's not, sir, because some folks never look where they are going and drag their skirts through every puddle they can, that others can't walk in clean places."

Clarkson became very fond of Sara—not at all in a sentimental way; he had quite done with that. He regarded her more as a father might regard a pet child. She believed in him too; and that was nice. Often, on fine Sundays, would he come and take her off to Richmond or Kew, or somewhere where she could gather wild flowers, if it were in the season of them. To see her pleasure always pleased him.

Mrs. White herself was not at all an ill-meaning woman. She was shockingly untidy though in her appearance; and she had a temper of her own.

One gray October Sunday afternoon Mr. Clarkson found himself, after a two months' absence on his summer holiday, again near Mrs. White's house.

It was a depressing day, and at its most depressed time—between three and four o'clock. As he walked down the dingy streets, with the dirty houses on either side of him—houses that had a look of grim content about them, as if they had now grown proud of their dirt, and would not, if they could, be different—I say, as he walked along, smoking a very good cigar, he heard the melancholy cry of "Water-cresses; fine water-cresses!"

In front of him, with a short clay pipe in his mouth, a man was forcing a reluctant donkey drawing a barrow, the contents of which the driver roared out, from time to time, in a voice suggesting that he would speedily do violence to the passers-by if they did not purchase his nuts and apples. "Tang, tang" kept on all the time from what, to judge by the sound, must have been a very cracked church bell.

Mrs. White resided at 19 Upper Poplar-row. I wonder if, at any time, any poplar had grown there or thereabouts?

Nineteen was the dingiest house in the row, it certainly was, thought Clarkson, as he once more came in sight of it. The bell-handle was off; the knocker had long parted from the door. Clarkson applied his walking-stick. Mrs. White's voice could be heard within.

"Go down-stairs, do, Bob, you had best; you're enough to kill me, that you are! Take that now, and be off!"

And very evidently Mrs. White's hand came in contact with her offspring's face. Then followed a howl—perhaps, under the circumstances, not wholly unjustified—a sound of feet hastily retreating to lower regions; then the door opened and disclosed Mrs. White. It cannot be said that her face was clean. Her dress was in holes; it was fastened at the throat by a tawdry brooch. Once, however, she must have been quite a pretty woman.

"Ja, air, is it you? I'm glad to see you back. Such worries as I've had—these people in the first-floor not paying their rent. I'll tell you what that man is, sir. He's a nasty, low, good-for-nothing, rum-drinking fellow. And as for beer, he was at home one day, and it was nothing but send, send that young Bob to the King's Head round the corner for pints of half-and-half, till the child got that tipsy with the sips he took going, that I assure you I put him to bed in a really disgraceful condition. As for his wife, she's no better than he is. She's the kind of woman that I wouldn't trust for five minutes with sixpence of my money—no, nor a penny neither!"

With this Mrs. White, who had spoken at a breath, paused. What she had said had been delivered in the passage, probably for the benefit of her first-floor lodgers.

"Now, sir, come down. You aren't too proud, I know, to come into my kitchen. It's not tidy. I thought I should get to cleaning it yesterday, but no; and my children worrit me so. It's my impression, sir, that they would like to see their mother dead and in her coffin; young Bob would, I know!"

His mother always called him young Bob; though the truth is, that he was a singularly old-looking child for his age, with a very crafty expression. They were, by this time, in the kitchen, which certainly was, as the landlady had described it, in no nice state. She cleared a chair for her visitor, then rushing to the window addressed a boy smaller than Bob, who was examining with grave interest the contents of the dust-hole.

"Well, my son, you are a nice clean, little boy, aren't you? Upon my word, you are. I wouldn't leave off, if I were you. Look long enough, and you'll be sure to find something—a roast shoulder of mutton with baked potatoes under it, perhaps. Or, I shouldn't at all wonder, a fine turkey and a plum-pudding."

Then finding her withering irony produced no effect on Master Tommy, who continued just as gravely, and just as silently, his careful inspection of the dust-hole, the enraged mother darted from the room and swooped down upon him with a heavy hand, and an impressive admonition.

"There! take that for being a bad dirty little boy, and for not doing what you're told; and look you, my young gentleman, every time I find you out here playing with dirt I'll serve you just the same."

At this alarming prospect of *ennui* on the one hand and of punishment on the other, the hero of the dust-hole roared louder than ever.

"I see, my dear Mrs. White, that you are a

good deal troubled," remarked Clarkson, when the sound of grief had somewhat subsided "but now let us leave the culprit, and tell me how is Sara."

"That's just the worst part of it, sir. Sally's down with something dreadfully bad; the doctor says it's consumption, but I don't believe in what doctors say."

"Tell me about it at once," said Clarkson, who was most genuinely pained.

"Well, sir," began Mrs. White—"well, you haven't been gone above a week when it seemed to me that she was getting a bit lazy and off her food; but I didn't think much of that, girls often are that way. Perhaps she may have eaten less than I noticed. Lord, when you're as worried as I am, you can't be counting how many mouthfuls of food a child takes to-day, and how many to-morrow; there's no fear of my boys not doing their share. We got some very cold weather just at the end of July; and one night, when she was playing at the Crown Theatre, it came down one of those nasty cold rains. She was much later than usual coming home that night; perhaps I wasn't in the best of tempers, for Young Rob had been more troublesome even than he is generally. It was just one when she walked in, the rain streaming down from her. "I couldn't get a bus," she says; "that's makes me so late. It's so cold and wet mother, I thought you might have had a bit of fire." "Fires in July!" I said; "we can afford that, can't we? Perhaps you expected a cold fowl and a bottle of port-wine? Eat your bread-and-cheese and drink your beer, do," I says, "and get to bed; that's the best place for you." She took a little bread and beer, but I saw she couldn't stomach the cheese; then she began shivering and crying, and saying she was so cold. Well, I got her to bed, but she coughed through the night. In the morning she felt very hot, and didn't seem to know what she was saying, so I sent for the doctor,—not that I, in most cases, hold with doctors. He said that she had taken a bad feverish cold, and that it had gone to her lungs. However, she seemed to get over the worst of it; only she don't get her strength up, and sometimes she has bad fits of coughing. The doctor says he can't do anything more. I say it's a good thing we don't depend on doctors; it's Nature that will bring her round. You see she eats hardly anything—not even that nice fried fish, which I get from King's opposite, where you can always count on getting it sweet, and just done to a turn."

"We must see what can be done, Mrs. White; I suppose I may see her?"

"Yes; and it's my belief it will do her good. She has often wondered when you would come back. I'll just go and tell her that you're here." And away went Mrs. White.

As Clarkson sat there in the dreary room, littered with unwashed things, he thought very sadly of the sick girl up-stairs. He was in deep reflection when Mrs. White returned and showed him up to Sara's room. It was a very small room half way up the stairs; it had no fireplace; there was just space for the bed to stand between the door and the window. It looked a hard, uncomfortable bed on which the sick girl lay. One hand, which had grown painfully thin, rested on the thrushbare coverlet. Her long golden hair brushed out looked like sunlight on the pillow.

"Well, Sara, my child," began Clarkson, "you haven't much room for receiving visitors here, have you? It isn't the room I should desire for an evening party."

"No," she answered, with a faint sweet smile; "and I wish the bed wouldn't shake so every time the street-door closes."

Here Mrs. White put in with, "Now don't you mind that. She's got a fancy into her head that when the bed shakes a little bit it does her harm; just as if it could!"

"I am so glad you have come," Sara went on, in a tone of voice that sounded hollow and already far away. "It has been so dull. I've been very ill; I can't eat anything now, and I'm not strong enough to get up; but I suppose I shall some time get stronger, and then I shall be all right."

"And hungrier than ever."

"O yes, hungrier than ever, because I sha'n't have eaten for so long, you know. Please tell me where you have been, and all about it. Have you been far?"

He sat down in a very rickety chair, and told her as amusingly as he could, though heavy at heart, all that he thought would interest her. When he had rattled away for half an hour she was quite in spirits. She must have Mrs. White produce the new dress and hat she had bought before her illness out of some extra money she had made. He admired hat and dress to the full.

"I must wear them the first Sunday you take me out again, mustn't I?" she said as simply as a child, and her eyes brightened. "I got something for them all;" then, rather shyly, "and I got you a cigar-case, if you don't mind." Here she produced her offering. He took it from her hand, admiring it, and thanking her.

"I filled it with cigars. Bob got them. They cost threepence each; is that too little to pay? They were the best I could get here."

"Little! why, it's ever so much too much, you dear child. Why, you can get a cigar for a penny."

"Yes, but not such as you like to smoke." He laughed, and said that she oughtn't to spoil him. Then she made him try one, saying it would be like old times; adding very piteous-

ly, "If you don't smoke you will never like to come and see me again."

"Smoke or not smoke," he answered gaily, "I am coming every day till I see you really better; and to-morrow, as I don't think much of your present doctor, I shall send down a man in whom I have confidence. Now I must be off; I shall come round early to-morrow;" and kindly pressing her hand he was gone.

The next day Sara received all the comforts that an invalid could desire, and early there appeared upon the scene the noted and kindly Doctor Forman.

"Well," asked Clarkson, as the physician came down from the sick-room, "what do you say?"

"Say, my dear sir!—alas, I have nothing to say that you would like to hear! All we can do is to make the end as gentle as possible, and I don't think that it can be far off."

"Thank you," said Clarkson, "for coming so far;" and there were tears in his eyes.

He went to break the sad news to Mrs. White, who, poor woman, quite broke down, though, through her tears and sobs, she again and again protested her utter disbelief in all doctors. While she was trying to calm herself, Clarkson went to sit with Sara.

"What did the doctor say about me?" she asked.

"He said you were ill."

"Did he say I was going to die soon? I want the truth, please; let me have it."

There was something swelling in Clarkson's throat. He strove to speak, but vainly.

"Please tell me," she entreated; "I want to know at once which way it is."

Then Clarkson just managed to articulate, taking her hand in his,

"Dear, he does think that you are in great danger."

"Thank you; that means that I am going to die."

Then she was silent; but her eyes had in them a strange look, as if they were trying to picture the land whither she was going. At last she said, with a pressure of his hand,

"I don't mind much. I almost think it's better as it is. You have been always so good to me. I know you didn't mean me to care too much for you, and I myself didn't seem to know how it was going till you went away this summer; and then I knew—when I found everything so hateful just because there was no chance of seeing you—I knew then that I loved you too much."

"Sara," he said, much moved, "I never thought of that as possible; you will believe that, at least."

And, indeed, he spoke truly. No shade of anything warmer than friendship had ever stained the purity of this kind feeling for the poor, pretty child. With the passion of love he believed himself done for ever; and it never so much as crossed his mind that he could inspire it in another, least of all in such a one as Sara, so young, so out of the pale, of all the thoughts and associations of his life. That she could feel towards him other than as a sister towards an elder brother had never crossed his mind. Nor had even Mrs. White, a far-seeing woman in her way, foreseen the slightest possibility of danger to her daughter's peace of mind. She was only glad that Sara should have so kind a friend. "A true gentleman," she used to say, "and just as much to be trusted as a Bank of England note." "How blind he had been!" he thought, as he waited for Sara's answer.

"Yes," she said, after a little silence, "I do know that you never thought of it."

She spoke very gently and very sadly, and tears were darkening her eyes—the eyes that had once been like streams, the wind and sunlight surprised together.

He put his arm round her, and very tenderly kissed her lips, that even then, with death waiting so near at hand, thrilled under that first pressure of his.

"Heaven bless you, Sara! as my child I have loved you."

Then they sat for some time without speaking, and all the things incident to the daily life of a house like No. 19 Upper Poplar Row went on. The lodgers at Mrs. White's did not trouble themselves because poor, pretty, good little Sara lay there dying. They scrubbed out their rooms; they called messages to each other from floor to floor; the pot-boy from the King's Head tramped up the stairs to Mrs. Smith, who occupied the third front room, and announced his long desired presence by a great bang at the door, and by a shrill cry of "Cans!"

Presently Mrs. White came in and made, poor soul, a desperate attempt to seem gay!

"Have you told Mr. Clarkson about your grand visitor that came this morning?" she asked.

"No," answered Sara; "you tell."

Then Mrs. White unfolded how a fine lady, who busied herself a great deal with East-end folk, had heard of Sara, and came to see what she could do.

"She wished to send a doctor of her own, but was told how a kind friend had already sent us one. She stayed some time chatting, and said she should come again," continued Mrs. White. "She seemed to take to my young lady; but then most people do."

Again Mrs. White had to disappear to prepare something for the invalid. It was then about two o'clock of a bright, rather warm, October afternoon. A bell was heard; that noise, one of the very dimmest, poor school-board children know, for it summons them back to their lessons.

"Shall you care to keep your cigar-case?" asked poor Sara.

"I shall always keep it, and prize it dearly."

"Then don't tell your wife or she might make you put it away; some women are so very jealous. I want you to use it; it is nice enough to use, isn't it?"

"I shall use it always."

"I'm glad of that." After a pause she said, "Say good-bye to me now, while we are alone, then go as soon as mother comes back."

He understood. He kissed her, and laid her head upon his shoulder, and called her many a dear and tender name. "Good-bye, Sara," he said, as they hear! Mrs. White making her slow way up.

"Good-bye," she answered, almost passionately. "You will never know how I love you; it is much better for me to go, much better." Then once more, and for the last time, their lips met. Weak with that strain of love, she fell back quite exhausted, only able to whisper "Go,"—nothing after that.

He did as she wished, feeling almost sure that he should see her no more; and he was right. That very night the sweet pure spirit passed away, to make its unknown journey all alone. Poor child, young as she was, she had known one of life's greatest experiences—that of loving where there was no hope of love being returned.

When Clarkson the next morning saw the blinds down in Sara's room, he was not surprised. He had brought with him, on the chance that she might still be able to enjoy them, some beautiful flowers. The door of the house stood open, so he walked straight in and up to Sara's room. As he entered he saw that some one, who was kneeling by the bed, rose hastily; then he saw that it was Hilda Ford.

They took hands silently; he went over to the bed, and placed the flowers on the girl's bosom. Then, leaning down, he kissed, very reverently, the cold lips that this time did not thrill under his; he looked long and lovingly on her face, which wore a look of unearthly rest; then he rose and turned to the door.

"Do you know where Sara's mother is?" he asked.

"Seeing after her other children. They have to be seen to. I promised Mrs. White that I would do some errands for her in the neighborhood."

"Are you going now?"

"At once."

"May I walk with you?"

"I should only be too glad if you would."

"Thank you, then, I will."

So together they left the house of death, and walked out into the bright October morning.

After they had walked on a little way in silence, his first question came,

"Was it you who called at the White's yesterday?"

"Yes; and even in the short time I saw her, I grew quite fond of Sara. Poor child! she is at rest now. I have heard a great deal about you from them. You seem to have been their good angel; nor are they all whom you have befriended about here. Before yesterday I heard of you from more than one household; you have been doing good work."

"Thank you," he said simply, hardly able to realize that he was with the one woman he had ever really loved. The minutes were passing. Soon she and he would part to meet no more. She was a little pale, paler than usual but lovelier than ever. He would have liked there and then to have gone down on his knees before her.

O bards, bards! ye who prate of the romance of lovers in gardens, lovers in woods, and where not beside, so long as it is a place where romantically-inclined persons would like to be, why not at once own the truth that there is often as much sentiment connected with places of the most unromantic kind!

Write, O poet novelist:

"The scent of lilies growing in a high-walled garden; the nightingale's passionate strain; all the charm and music of a summer night—will these not always bring to his mind, if he could ever for one moment forget it, that face of hers as he saw it in the full moonlight, and recall the low music of her voice!"

Write, O prose-teller of facts:

"The sound of jingling tram-bells; London Bridge with great ships visible therefrom; open stalls, with men calling out their wares; the smell issuing from overflowing gin-palaces—these, though he is perfectly familiar with them, will for all time be to Paul Clarkson associated with the woman he loved."

He was so silent, that at last she said to him,

"Why don't you talk to me?"

"Because I'm thinking of you so much. To see you again is like great light falling on eyes but just opened. I am dazzled by you."

She did not answer, but walked on in a very business-like manner.

Presently she said, "Sara was very fond of you; do you think she was too fond of you?"

"I am afraid she was getting to care for me at the end. I never meant her to; but I suppose you won't believe that?"

"Yes, I will. I don't think you did flirt with Sara, poor child."

At length the commissions were all of them executed, and they returned to Upper Poplar Row. What a strange day it was for Paul and Hilda! Mrs. White was too much upset to see after anything; and as she was a woman who quarrelled with her neighbors right and left, there was no one to whom she could turn but the friends who were with her, poor dear!

She sat in her dirty kitchen and sobbed; while Hilda, with the sleeves of her dress rolled up, displaying her large, lovely arms, washed-up accumulated cups and plates. Paul looked after the fire, and kept Bob in order. At length Mrs. White grew quieter, and by evening they came to the conclusion that she might be left.

"Good-bye, and bless you both," she said.

"No one had ever a word to say against my Sally; well, she's out of the bother of this bad world. I don't see what's the good of being in it, slave, slave, day and night, and then some day, like an engine driven hard, the boiler bursts; but what's the good of talk? I say, if there's any power looking after the world, it doesn't trouble itself much about us that's in it."

So they left her, and stood out in the cold clear night.

"Now?" said Paul.

And she answered "Yes."

"What are you going to do now?"

"The most natural thing I can do—take a hansom to our apartments in Westminster; and you?"

"I!" he answered, somewhat listlessly, "I! O, I feel in a mood of exploring London by night. I might come in for an adventure. Perhaps you will see in the morning papers, 'Murder in the East End.'"

"I think," she replied quietly, "you had best see me home."

"That of course I should like to do; but I feared my presence would only be an offence to you."

"No, you were mistaken."

So a hansom was called, in which they rattled away. How pretty the lamps on London Bridge looked, shining in the water, as our two passed over it! "How very fast he is driving!" she said; "we shall get there quite soon, at this rate, sha'n't we?"

"Yes," he answered absently; he was thinking of something he wanted to say to her, and wondering, as we have all wondered in similar positions, whether he should say it or not.

"What are you thinking of," she inquired, "that you say nothing?"

"I was thinking of the past."

"I want us to forget that. I want us to be friends."

"Hilda, that could never, never be."

"And why?" in her lowest and most subtly sweet tones.

"Because I love you too desperately to make it possible."

"Do you still love me, Paul?"

"Love you? My God, I should think I did! Have I not shaped my life as I thought you would have me? To see you once again has been my prayer, yet what will it do for me but make me more in love with you than ever? I had a dream of you some nights ago. I thought I lay dying, and you came in, and leaned down over me, and kissed me, and I put my arms round you. O, the heaven of that dream! Hilda, I am a changed man. Is your love utterly dead! would it ever be possible for you to trust me again?"

She drew quite close to him, put her hand in his, and rested her cheek upon it as she said,

"What do you think, dear?"

"Hi! there, cabby, down with the glasses!"

What cabby himself has shut down, shall we seek to raise?

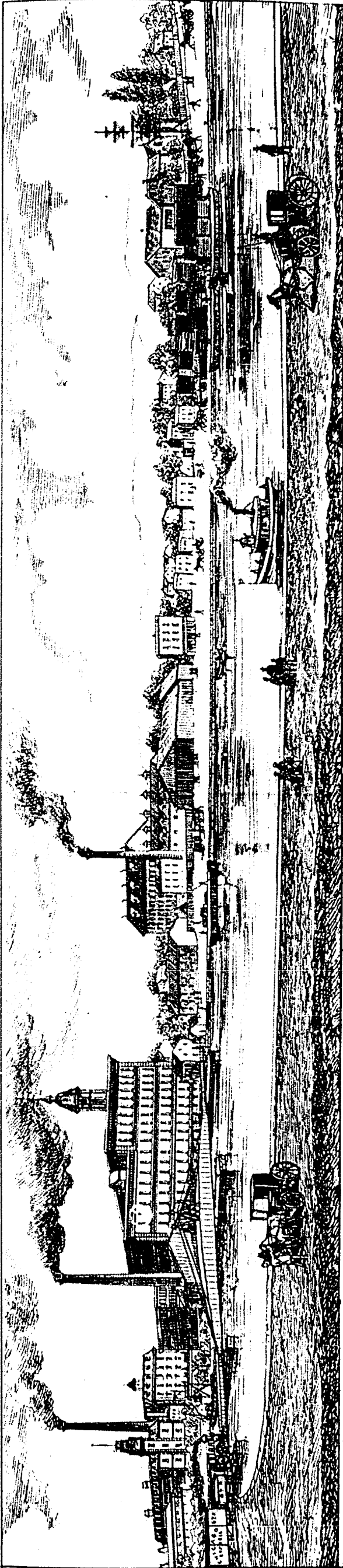
A. T. STEWART'S CHARITY FAILURE.

Mr. Stewart was a very gifted shop-keeper, whose rare talent in a single line gave him both fame and wealth. But he knew as little of charity as he cared for it; and when he came, at the close of his life, to attempt something in that direction, he blundered with a facility and self-confidence which ought to be enduringly instructive. It had been urged upon him that he owed something to the working-girls who had done so much to build up his fortune; and so, tardily and ignorantly, he set about a scheme in their behalf. He built a huge structure, capable of housing a thousand people. Every feature of this structure, in view of the purpose for which it was designed, was a glaring incongruity,—and then, when he had completed it, he condescended to ask the counsel of experts as to carrying his scheme into practical execution. He was informed by those whose counsel he ought long before to have sought that the very character of his building prohibited it from being useful. He was shown that to assemble one thousand young women under one roof in a working-woman's house, was to necessitate one of two things: either a police so vigilant and so intrusive as to be to any decent girl intolerable; or else, a laxity so provocative of evil as almost to guarantee it. He was shown that he ought to have built a series of small houses, each with a matron or housekeeper of its own, and each to contain a dozen girls, at most, where the surveillance could have been constant without being obtrusive, and where something like domesticity would have made a home in name a home in fact. But Mr Stewart believed supremely in Mr. Stewart. Successful men generally believe in themselves. He showed this in his architecture, which was hideous, where it might as easily have been graceful and pleasing. He showed it in his charitable plans to which he gave but little thought, and in which he chose to be sufficient to himself. And so his great wealth has resulted in no service to his fellow-townpeople and in scanty honor to his memory.

It is a story which may profitably be read by other rich men.—Century.



WITHERED FLOWERS—FROM A PAINTING BY C. PERUGINI.

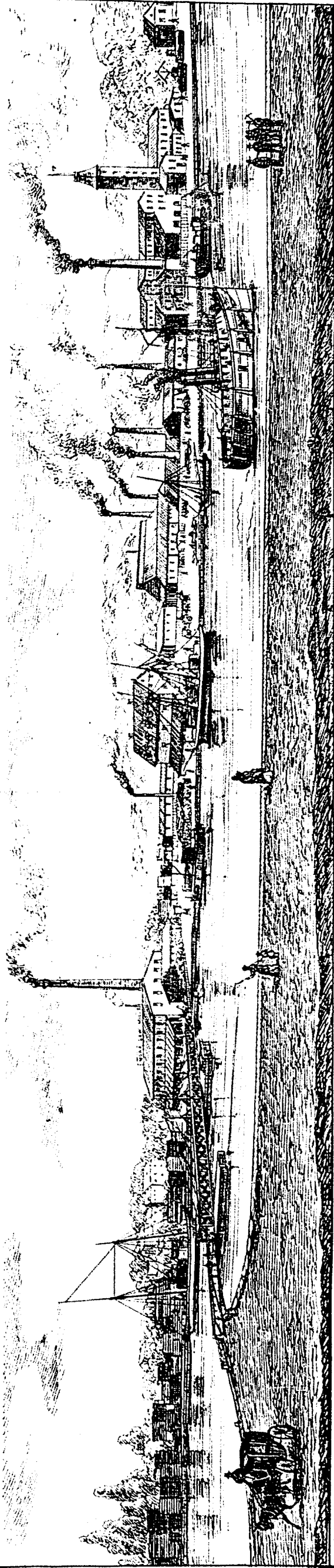


West End Abattoir Coy.

G. T. R. Bridge.

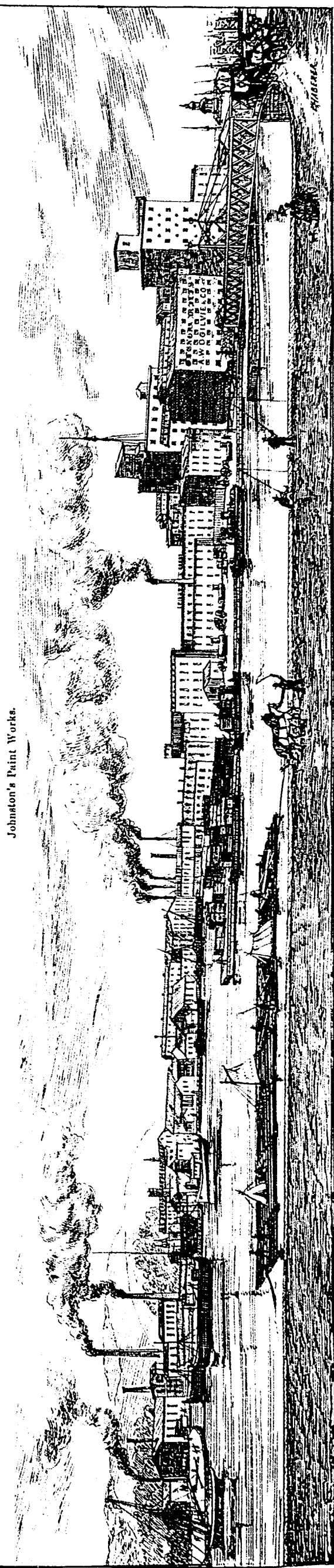
Merchants Cotton Coy

Mosley & Ricker's Patent Leather Factory.



Brewster's Bridge "Mona" Saw Mills and Lumber Yard, J. K. Ward.

Montreal Rolling Mills.



Johnston's Paint Works.

Canada Engine Works, E. E. Gilbert. Canada Marine Works, A. Canlin. Saw Mills, McConuynn, T. & McD. Forsyth's Marble Works. Montreal Wollen Mills, M. Fisher & Sons. "Glenora" Mills, A. W. Ogilvie & Co. McGe's Bridge (St. Gabriels Locks) Montreal Car Wheel Works, J. McDougall & Co. Stacey's Nail Works.

MONTREAL.—PANORAMA OF THE LACHINE CANAL.—(SEE PAGE 3.)

DOCTOR ZAY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

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NOTE.

BELMONT, October 28, 1881.

DEAR MISS PHELPS,—I am glad to learn from you that your story is soon to see the light; and I avail myself of the opportunity you give me to notice publicly that coincidence of some of its outlines with those of my novel, Dr. Breen's Practice, of which we have already spoken together. When you first mentioned your plot to me, I heard you quite through before I told you that I had already written and partly in type a story dealing with the same situations and the same characters in a certain degree; and then I strongly urged you to go on and complete your work, assuring you, as Editor of the *Atlantic*, that I should be all the more eager to publish it because of that coincidence. It seemed to me at that time, as it now seems to Mr. Aldrich, that this would give it an additional attraction with those interested in the problems touched; and that no one would suppose you to have borrowed any feature of your plot from so poor a contriver of such things as I am.

I shall fall back upon my good intention if, in the course of your story, this voluntary statement of mine appears, as I fear it may, a quite gratuitous impertinence. Yours sincerely,

W. D. HOWELLS.

I.

"To my nephew, Waldo Yorke, of Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts, all such properties of mine as are vested in shipping, timber, or lumber, in the town of Sherman, in this State."

This was vague, but the more stimulating. What can compare with the bewitchment of arduous pursuit for uncertain privilege? There is an Orphean power well known to reside in testamentary documents, whereby the most insignificant legacy will draw the most imposing fortune to dance attendance upon its possession. But it is doubtful if Waldo Yorke, of Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts, would have found himself inspired to a personal investigation of his departed relative's kind intentions concerning himself, but for a certain constitutional sensitiveness to this allurement attending the pursuit of unknown results.

"Send a lawyer, Waldo." His mother had said this over the coffee for which she delicately prescribed the proper Yorke admixture from the Sèvres creamer. She spoke with the slightly peremptory accent which certain mothers retain, either from force of habit or from intrinsic delight in the sound, long after the expectation of filial submission has become a myth of the Golden Age. Mrs. Yorke, although quite lame, was a handsome woman, who wore *point appliqué*.

Her son had reminded her that in sending Waldo Yorke he really was not far from doing the precise, if remarkable, thing of which she spoke.

"Quite true," said the lady. "I had forgotten. Your having a profession so seldom occurs to one, Waldo. And cousin Don would have been glad to go, now the season is over at the Club. He has nothing else to do."

"I am somewhat overborne with that calamity myself, mother," the young man had said, coloring slightly. "I don't think we will discuss the thing. I am going to hunt up Uncle Jed's legacy."

Mrs. Yorke had not discussed the thing. Although not yet even indulgently talked of as "rising" in his profession, this idle, strong-limbed, restless son of hers had incisive preferences, with which she was familiar, as well as with his somewhat sturdy methods of executing them. And although they had only each other to be "beholden to" in all the world,—that is to say, in Beacon Street,—they were accustomed to yield one another the large liberty of assured affection. A summer of separation was to be expected, when one was the lame old mother of a nervous young man. Mrs. Yorke had kissed her son good-by royally, and here he was.

Here he was, lazily riding at the laziest hour of the sleepy noon,—he and the senescent horse he had been so fortunate as to find in Bangor for the trip. He had been alone with the pony and his own thoughts, through the magnificent Maine wilderness, for now two long, memorable days. An older traveller than young Yorke would have found them valuable days. He had chosen the land route, seventy-two miles from Bangor. He had a certain kind of thirst for solitude, which comes only to the city born and bred; most keenly to the young, and most passionately to the overtaken. Waldo Yorke had never been overtaken in his life. He leaned to the splendours through which he journeyed, enthusiastically, but criticised Nature, like an amateur, while he drank.

He had chosen the land route partly, perhaps, in deference to faint associations with wild tales of it, told him years ago by that myth of a dead uncle, in course of the only appearance he ever made in Beacon Street,—Uncle Jed, whom his mother, somehow, never urged the child's going to visit, while never distinctly discountenancing

iteither. Poor Uncle Jed was a good man, but had never had papa's advantages, my son. But my son had conceived a passing chivalrous fancy for an uncle at a disadvantage, and remembered sitting in his lap, and stroking his grizzled cheek with the soft pink palm of first one little hand, and then the other, and asking him why he hadn't any little boys, and if God left them in heaven, or forgot to send them down. Poor Uncle Jed was a bachelor, as well as a myth.

So this was the wilderness where the good old myth had lived, loved—did he ever love? his nephew wondered. Lived, loved, died. No: lived, loved, got rich, and died, as you chose to put it. What a place to live and die in! Or to get rich in. Or to love in, either, for that matter.

The young man leaned against the cushions of the covered buggy, which seemed to arouse as much bewildered effort of the perceptive faculties in the stray natives whom he met as if it had been a covered mill-pond, and indulged in that hazy reverie which is possible only to ease and youth. What were his visions? What are the thoughts of a distinguished-looking young man, with one foot swinging for very luxury of idleness over the buggy's edge against the step, the reins thrown across one muscular arm, and both gloved hands clasped behind a rather well-shaped head! A young man with well-born eyes, and well-bred mouth; and he scorns to stoop to vices who carries just such a fashion of the nostril and the chin.

The route that young Yorke had chosen led him into the unparalleled deserts and glories of the wild Maine coast. Sudden reserves and allurements of horizon succeeded each other. They were finely-contrasted, like the moods of a woman as strong as she is sweet, and as sincere as she is either. Forest and sea vied to win his fancy. At the turning of a rein he plunged into impenetrable green, cool solitude. He became, perforce, a worshipper in Nature's cathedrals. Arch beyond arch, they lifted stately heads. Density within density, hung shadows in which it seemed no midday light could see to find a target. Welcome chills came from these shadows that struck upon the feverish cheek. Dry, unrecognised perfumes fled across them, clean and fine. Above, the dome of ether quivered with the faint, uncertain motion of hot air upon a summer noon. Drops of light fell through, upon the neutral-tinted shade that broke the sienna color of the winding road. As far as eye could see, the forest-locked mighty arms before the traveller, as if to hold him to its heart forever.

Then swiftly at the tripping of a cypress, at the surrender of an oak, at the fleeing of a rank of pines, at the shaking of a ghostly beard of moss, behold! the solemn barricade has given way. You have but turned a corner, yet the forest lets you go angrily, desperately, and yields you to the sea.

Now the straight noon sunshine palpitates before, behind, about you. The road sweeps, yellow and lonely, past a dreary little hut, a solitary farm. The ruts worn by the daily stage, passed an hour before you, begin to grow distinct in the white heat. Rocks loom, a mass of wealthy outline against unbroken sky, and curved and curious beaches kneel to wet their lonely foreheads in the sea.

Your cathedral has turned you out-of-doors utterly. Galleries of wonder beckon you on. Irregular sculpture starts, half-moulded, from the wild, gray cliffs. Sketches which Nature seems to have begun, but never cared to finish, unfold before you, vast, imperfectly interpreted, evanescent. Music, sweet from the now unseen birds in the deserted forest, sad from the waves upon the untrodden beaches, pulsates through the vivid air. It seems to the rider that the butterflies keep time to it; that the daisies in the gentle fields are nodding to it. Motionless cattle in the pastures, stray, solitary children on the fences, idle smoke from desolate chimneys, pass him by rhythmically. His thoughts, still busy with the forest, receive from all these things little else than vague consciousness of the presence of life and light.

Life and light! The words have a familiar and solemn sound.

Are they snatched from some forgotten sentiment of Holy Writ? John perhaps! John, the golden-lipped, happy-hearted young enthusiast! What a poet that fisherman was! No wonder that modern dispute centres battling about the authenticity of the Forth Gospel. *Life and light*. In all the universe, those only were the two words that could interpret the summer-noon meaning of this virgin State of Maine.

In all the universe—

Nonsense!

Yorke remembered that he was hungry, and would have his dinner. In all the universe,—what then? Heaven knows! It was some mad fancy about womanhood, or youth,—love perhaps, if the truth must out; how a woman sometimes came to a man's life—suddenly, thoroughly, as upon the reserve of the forest had flashed the glory of the sea. Meanwhile, a man must have his dinner; a matter not to be ignored in dealing with ideal wilderness or ideal woman. He pulled the rein smartly over the nervous pony, reflecting, with the hardened

cynicism of a bachelor of twenty-eight, that he would like to see the woman who would be Life and Light to him! I think, though, if we stop to look at it, that the young fellow preserved, after all, for his sacred metaphor something of the reverence which is native to all delicate natures; and that in the innermost of all consciousness, which we hide even from ourselves, the words held under covert of a sneer, the fugitive of a prayer.

With the fall from heaven to earth, discovering that he was hungry, the young man cherished a mild suspicion that he had strayed a little out of his way. Surely, the last reduced but hopeful sign-board had explicitly "arriisen to explain" that it was six miles and a half to the town of Sherman. If he had traveled six miles and a half he had travelled ten since then, and of other guide-boards those *ignes fatui* in which he confided with the touching faith of youth and inexperience, there were none to be seen. Two, indeed, he had passed, valorously guarding a cart-path, but wind, weather, or fate had long since decapitated them. Over against their corpses one patient fellow stood on duty in a whortleberry thicket, for what concrete or abstract purpose no mortal could divine, with his head, from which all recognizable features were washed away, held rakishly under his arm. Another, apparently a drunken, disorderly officer, seemed to have gone upon a spree, and tumbled face-down into a brook. But neither of these sources of Maine enlightenment had directed the dense Massachusetts mind to the town of Sherman.

Bringing the entire force of the Massachusetts mind now to bear upon the non-appearance of any visible means of dining, a process in which the Maine pony showed a sympathy above all provincialism, the traveller accosted the first native he happened to meet, and something like the following conversation took place:

Yorke: "Can you tell me how far it is to Sherman, sir?"

Native: "Hey!"

Yorke: "Would you oblige me by saying how near I am to the town of Sherman?"

Native, interrogatively: "Sherman?"

Yorke, decidedly: "Yes; Sherman."

Native, reflectively: "Sherman."

A pause.

"Travellin' fur?"

"From Bangor to Sherman."

"Oh!"

"I fear I have got out of my way. I hope you can direct me."

"Wall. You said Sherman?"

Yorke, emphatically: "I certainly did!"

Native, cheerfully: "Wall. If it's Sherman you're goin' fur, I sh'd ventur' it might be a matter of eight mile—to Sherman. Hancock's nigher. So's Cherrytown."

Yorke, explosively: "But I do not wish to visit Hancock or Cherrytown!"

"Oh, you don't. Wall."

Native's wife, coming to the door, and standing with heavy hand raised, gaunt forefinger stretching down the road: "That's the way to Sherman: down that there gully, and take your second left and your first right, and then foller the wind. But it ain't no eight mile."

Yorke, lost in thinking how much she looks like a Maine sign-post: "Thank you, madam. How far do you call it to Sherman?"

"It ain't a peg over six—Sherman ain't."

Native's boy, pushing between his parents, and appearing vivaciously in the foreground: "It's three mile'n a half, mister! And you don't take your second left. You just foller your nose, an' you'll make it. Folks hain't ben thar sence the old hoss died. I went one winter. I belong to the Sherman Brass Band."

"It's true," said the woman, apologetically, "me and Mr. Bailey don't get to Sherman very often. But Bob,—he don't know a mile from a close-pin."

A prolonged pause.

"Is there a hotel in this—this metropolis?" asked Yorke, looking vaguely about the beautiful wilderness.

"Sir?"

"Is there a tavern in this village?"

"No, Sir."

"Do you ever accommodate hungry travellers with a dinner in your family?"

"Wall, no; we never hev. They mostly go to Nahum Smithes."

"Can I get anything to eat, in this desert, of Mr. Smith or any other of your acquaintance?"

"Wall, mebbe you might. Might ask. Nahum Smith is a gentleman as puts up."

Yorke, reviving: "A gentleman that puts up? That sounds hopeful. How far is it to this gentleman's?"

Native: "Two miles."

Native's wife: "It's two'n a quarter."

Native's boy, disrespectfully and musically: "'Tain't ami-i-ile!"

Yorke turned away, with such gratitude towards this enlightened family as he could muster into expression, and set out grimly in search of the gentleman that put up.

The woman ran after him for some distance through the dusty, blazing, blinding noon. He reined up, and she called kindly, gesticulating with her lean arms. "If you come across a woman ridin' in a little frisky wagin with an amberal atop, just you ask her. She'll know!"

It was one of those coincidences which make, according to one's temperament, either the poetry or the superstition of life, that young Yorke, in the course of twenty minutes' savage and unsuccessful pursuit of the gentleman that put up, coming sharply to the top of a glaring

hill, saw at the foot of it, dimly through the dust, a sight as foreign to the Maine wilderness as a sleigh to Florida or a barouche to Sahara. It was a pony phaeton. It stood before a gray old farm-house door, and the clean-cut, slender gray mare who drew it was tied to the crumbling fence. It was a basket phaeton, with a movable top of a buff color,—a lady's phaeton evidently.

Yorke was, as yet, too inexperienced a traveller "across country" to know that in three cases out of five it is from a woman one will get most accurate geographical directions. He might have passed the pony phaeton with scarcely a serious remembrance of the advice he had received, but just before he reached the farm-house the owner of the carriage came suddenly out.

She came suddenly out and down the grass-grown walk, with the nervous step natural to a person in habitual haste; but a healthy step, even and springing. Yorke noticed as much as this in the instant that he balanced in his mind the advisability of addressing the lady.

For it was, unmistakably, a lady.

The young man,—being a young man,—took in with subtle swiftness a sense of her youth, for she was young; of her motions which were lithe. Of her face his impressions were hazy. It might have been fine, or not. He seldom suffered himself to acquire an opinion of a woman's face at first sight: he had so often learned to hold such impressions as frauds on his intelligence. Her dress, he thought, was blue, or black, or blue-black, or black-and-blue. What did it matter! She was already escaping him, and with her, apparently, his only mortal hope of dinner. What superhuman power could do for a man even in the Maine wilderness he would not dogmatically decide, but his confidence in human assistance was at that faint ebb produced by prospective starvation; and Mr. Nahum Smith, or any other gentleman that put up, he had begun to locate with other interesting and amusing myths with which his education had made him familiar.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A "SMOKING Concert Society" is being formed in Boston.

GILBERT and Sullivan's new opera will be produced at the Standard, New York, the Globe, Boston, and the Lyceum, Philadelphia, on the same night.

THE death of Mrs. Sullivan, mother of Dr. Arthur Sullivan, took place in London on the 27th of May.

THE new hall and club house of the Liedertanz Society will be opened with a fancy fair on October 1st.

GILBERT and Sullivan's new opera will be produced at the Standard Theatre on the 15th of September. The principal parts will be sung by artists quite new to the New York stage.

AN "International Brass Band Concert" is arranged to take place in Cincinnati, on June 19th, 20th, and 21st. Already three hundred applications have been made by bands desiring to enter the lists.

WAGNER will not give his consent to a French performance in Paris of his "Lohengrin." He says that the opera is essentially German, and that the "franking" ways of Gallic artists would spoil his work.

THE composer of "Uncle Tom" opera is revising his work, with a determination to produce it in New York, where he thinks, but why he does not explain, it will have a better chance of success than at Philadelphia.

SIGNOR PASQUALE FAVALE, of Naples, died in March last, and his will was proved in London recently. Among his bequests is his "most cherished work," a tragic opera—"Algora"—which he leaves to Her Majesty the Queen, with the hope that the royal lady will see to its immediate production and expend the "profits" on charity.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE suspects still imprisoned number 263.

POLITICAL disturbances have occurred in Servia.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S return to office has created a panic in Russia.

THE state of siege in Leipsic has been extended for another year.

THE House of Commons has passed up to the 10th clause of the Repression Bill.

THE military party in Egypt will petition the Khedive to abdicate.

FRANCE is opposed to armed intervention by England in Egypt.

THERE has been a change of ministry in the Sandwich Islands.

GEN. SMURLEFF has been appointed military governor of Wilna.

ARABI PASHA has issued a declaration concerning his future course in Egypt.

THE Home Rulers have decided not to offer any systematic obstruction to the Repression Bill.

THE House of Lords has refused a second reading to the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill by a majority of 4 votes.

THE Irish judges have passed resolutions protesting against trials being held by a Commission of Judges without a jury.

OBSERVATIONS at Dudley, N. Y., Observatory of the Wells comet have led to the discovery that the comet possesses a perfect nucleus.

SERIOUS riots occurred in Alexandria lately between hostile natives and Europeans. Several persons were killed. The British Consul was severely hurt by a gunshot wound, and the engineer of H.M.S. *Superb* was killed.

SIR JONES AND HIS RIDE.

Sir Jones he twisted his slight mustache,
And he gazed in the glass with pride,
"And if it were not," he said, "so hot,
I would take her this day to ride;
For she is wealthy and I am poor,
And she is fair to see,
And gayly she laughs at my little jokes,
And sweetly she smiles on me."

Sir Jones he pondered in thoughtful mood,
And he gazed in the mirror still,
Till at last right firmly he upstood,
And he said, "By St. George, I will!
For she hath ducats and I have none,
And she hath a house so brave,
While I in this garret must pine alone,
A wooden-goods-merchant's slave!"

Sir Jones he hired a stately steed,
And a buggy both narrow and high,
And he drove to the lady's door with speed,
And waited for her reply;
For it was a legal holiday,
Yclept the Fourth of July.

The lady graciously said him yes,
And she decked herself in white,
And he lashed the steed, and they went with speed,
Until they were out of sight,
And what he said will never be known,
Nor yet what she replied,
But he brought her back on that self-same track,
From a very short half-hour's ride.

Sir Jones he gazed from his window high,
And his face was sad to see,
And he ground his teeth, that Fourth of July,
Saying, "Curst shall this holiday be!
Yes, ever henceforth, this Fourth of July
Shall be a black-letter day,
For she said me nay, with scorn in her eye,
And I for the steed and the tall buggy
Must a whole week's salary pay!"

—MARGARET VANDEGRIFT, in the Century.

THE JULY MAGAZINES.

The July Century opens with a frontispiece portrait of Emerson from the bust by Daniel C. French, supplemented by a paper on "Emerson's Personality" by Emma Lazarus, with reminiscences, and an editorial treating of his character and influence,—and a close study of his poetry will be the next paper in the series of essays by Mr. E. C. Stedman. The illustrated papers include a carefully prepared and illustrated account of "The Evolution of the American Yacht," by S. G. W. Benjamin, and "The Horse in Motion," by Col. George E. Waring, Jr., both fully illustrated, the latter with forty-four cuts after Muybridge's photographs of running horses. The opening article is an interesting and richly illustrated paper of travel, by Lieut. C. E. S. Wood, entitled "Among the Thlinkits in Alaska." The conclusion of John Muir's "Bee-Pastures of California," is printed with illustrations by Fenn; and acute literary criticism, and an out-of-door flavor are found in an essay by John Burroughs on Thoreau. Of the unillustrated material—the most prominent is the third and last part of Thomas Carlyle's "Tour in Ireland,"—which is full of his characteristic slapdash, querulousness and grim humor. "A Great Charity Reform," by E. V. Smalley, sketches the remarkable work of the State Charities Aid Association of New York. "A Colorado Cavern" of Luray-like qualities is briefly described by Ernest Ingersoll. The fiction is especially readable this month. Besides the serials of Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Havells we have "Christiana's Wedding-Dress," by Mrs. Schuyler B. Horton, a *genre* story of Long Island, and "Damning the Sacramento," by Joaquin Miller. Poetry is contributed by H. C. Bunner, Annie R. Annan, Edgar Fawcett, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and others. In the "Topics of the Time" besides the editorial on Emerson, there are papers on "Institutional Charity," "A Successful Man's Failure," "American Art Students Abroad," and "Puritans and Witches." Eleven pages are devoted to book-notices, which embrace a large variety of subjects. The Bric-a-Brac poetry is sprightly and light, and in Home and Society is a valuable paper on House-Construction with Precautions against fire, accompanied by ten diagrams showing both safe and dangerous methods of building.

The contents of *Lippincott's Magazine* for July are of a light and lively kind suitable for summer reading. "Black-Bass-Fishing in Sunghaetuk," by Rowland E. Robinson, carries us to some of the least frequented streams of the Adirondacks, and is very agreeably written and finely illustrated. "An Afternoon in a French Hamlet," by Anna Bowman Blake, gives an animated description of peasant life amid the beautiful scenery of the forest of Fontainebleau. "The Tiger of the Sea" is the suggestive title of an article on sharks by C. F. Holder, of the New York Museum of Natural History. "In the Heart of the Alleghanies," by M. G. Van Rensselaer, is the first of two papers which, taking Cresson for a centre, treat of the scenery and early history of the surrounding country. In "Walks with Bryant," Horatius Nelson Powers gives a pleasant account of the poet's habits and daily life. A short illustrated article, by Ernest Ingersoll, describes "The Coal-Mines of the State of Dade," and the system of convict labor in Georgia. In fiction, a new serial, with the attractive title of "Fairy Gold," opens in a quiet but charming manner and promises well. "Love and Fire-works," by Henry A. Beers, is a capital Fourth of July story, full of humor and nice touches. "Like Cures Like," by Annie Elliot, and "Miss Matilda Jane and the Minister," by Susan Hartley Swett, are well written and amusing. Among the poems, "Kineo, the Legend of

Moosehead Lake," by Frances L. Mace, deserves particular notice, and in the "Gossip" a paper on "Girls at Mount Desert" is pointed and timely.

THE *St. Nicholas* for July is a Fourth of July number. In the first place, there is the amusing story by Sophie Swett of "The Boy who Lost the Fourth of July"; then an interesting account of "An Early American Rebellion" which was led by Nathaniel Bacon against the Governor of Virginia in 1676; and Noah Brooks contributes a spirited narrative of the famous sea-fight between the "Essex" and the "Phoebe" in the war of 1812. But perhaps the article which will be read with the most widespread interest is that on "Amateur Newspapers," by Harlan H. Ballard. This contribution treats of the rise of amateur printing and its development into an industry, with an organized Association. There is a history of the National Amateur Press Association, with specimens of, and extracts from many amateur journals, portraits of distinguished amateur journalists, and hints in regard to starting and carrying on an amateur newspaper. The number is completed with the usual departments, and a capital selection of clever stories, jingles, and pictures. The Letter-box contains a report of the Children's Garfield Fund.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for July contains the last poem written by Mr. Longfellow, entitled "The Bells of San Blas." The manuscript bears the date of March 15, which was but a very few days before Mr. Longfellow's final illness. The important series of articles, "Studies in the South," is continued. "The Political Economy of Seventy-Three Million Dollars," Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, who wrote the pungent "Story of a Great Monopoly" in the *Atlantic* a few months ago, discusses the way in which immense fortunes are made, and writes in a vigorous, trenchant style which makes his article peculiarly readable and intensely interesting. Other important articles in the number are on the "Care for the People under Despotism," by O. B. Frothingham; "Naval Courts-Martial and the Pardoning Power," by Henry Cabot Lodge; "Shall Members of the Cabinet sit in Congress?" by Willard Brown. Miss Sarah Orme Jewett contributes another of her delightful stories, entitled "The Mate of the Daylight." Mr. Hardy's excellent and most interesting serial "Two on a Tower"; Miss Phelps's story of "Dr. Zay," and Mr. Bishop's novel of New York society, "The House of a Merchant Prince," are continued. There are poems by Annie R. Annan, Susan Coolidge, and H. C. Bunner. Reviews of recent books, and the Contributors' Club, discussing literary and art matters, complete an unusually strong and interesting number.

"MISTHER WALES."

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was the subject of an amusing incident when he, like his brother Alfred, visited Kerry, and amongst other places in that part of Ireland, the far-famed Lakes of Killarney.

The Prince, with a noble marquis, his companion, having arrived at the entrance to the beautiful seat of the Earl of Kenmare (their means of conveyance being an Irish jaunting-car), desired their Jehu to demand admission. "Gate!" cried that worthy, in an authoritative tone. "Be the powers!" exclaimed the old woman in charge of it, "wan 'ud think it wor the Quane av England ye wor drivin' up, in her couch an' foor, instid av that old spavined mare av yours, Mike Connell." "Hush that roar, aroo!" cautioned Mike in his native tongue. "Hould my tongue, is it? You *oumthawen*—" "Come, come, no Irish," interposed the Prince's companion.

This silenced Mike, who had, with the usual sharpness of Killarney lads, discovered or, at any rate, guessed the quality of his passengers.

The Prince, who had by this time alighted, now approached the irate janitress with the query: "You can surely admit us, my good woman?" "Divil a bit, me good 'id: widout Misher Galway's pass ye don't cum in here." "Who's Mr Galway?" "Begorra, ye're an acher. *gosssoon*, ye don't know the *agint*."

The puzzled Prince turned to his friend to consult him. While they were in conversation Mike, half in pantomime, half in Gaelic whisper, informed the old lady of the rank of the gentleman she was refusing to admit, giving H.R.H. his title as "Wales, the Quane's son."

"Misther Wales! Quane Victoria's son!" cried the gate-woman. "Sure, an' I knew yer mother. May the Vargin make her bed! I wishes yer honner welcome. Och then, sir, an' ye'll not tell Lord Castleross. Walk in, Misther Wales. Walk in, yer honner. I've a dhrop av rale potteen, an' some new goat's milk to put with it. Walk in, gentlemen."

"Misther Wales" did walk in, and shortly afterwards left the loquacious old dame muttering to herself, "Faix, an' he's not a bad sort av a gosssoon, that same Wales, an' he thinks av a poor ould ooman. Glory be to God!"

I expect the royal *douceur* was the cause of this blessing, though no doubt "Misther Wales" treated the old lady with his usual suavity.

Two ladies had a duel the other night at the Paris opera—they both drew blood. The instruments of warfare were their fans. The cause—the heart of a young Secretary of an Embassy.

THE REV. B. B. USSHER, M. D.

In this number we present a portrait of the Rev. Dr. Ussher who was elected Grand Master of the Oddfellows for the Province of Quebec at the recent reunion of the Grand Lodge of that province.

Rev. Dr. Ussher was born in Dublin, on the 6th August, 1845, and is the youngest son of the late Captain Richard Beverly Ussher, and a lineal descendant of the celebrated Archbishop Ussher, Primate of Ireland. The family name in by-gone years was Neville, but the change was made by some members of the family of Sir Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, who died on the battle-field at Barnet, in 1471. The Rev. Dr. Ussher comes from a long line of churchmen, the Parish of Clontarf, near Dublin, descending from father to son over a period of 152 years. The Rev. John Ussher (afterwards Astronomer Royal for Ireland) was the last of the Ussher family to hold the incumbency; his sons were Admiral Sir Thomas Ussher, G.C.B., who figured in the history of the great Napoleon, and John Ussher, M.D., of Woodpark, who left four sons, the youngest of whom is the father of the Rev. B. B. Ussher, the subject of this sketch.

An interesting fact in the genealogy of the new Grand Master is his family connection with the hero of Waterloo. Mary Ussher (who married Henry Colby, of Castle Carberry, and was the mother of the first Lord Mornington, who was grandfather of the Duke of Wellington) was descended in a direct line from Arland Ussher, Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1469 and 1471, the great-grandfather of Archbishop Henry Ussher, and of Arlandus (or Arland) Ussher the father of James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate and Metropolitan of all Ireland, from what as we have already stated the subject of our sketch is lineally descended.

Dr. B. B. Ussher studied under the direction of the late Bishop Whitehouse for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal church, but for doctrinal reasons entered the Reformed Episcopal church, and received a call to the pastorate of St. Bartholomew's church in the city of Montreal, he being at the time rector of Christ's church, Toronto. He was lately elected Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal church, and will we understand, be consecrated at an early day.

Dr. Ussher joined the order of Oddfellows in the year 1866, in the city of Aurora, State of Illinois, where he passed the chairs both in the subordinate lodge and encampment. He has always been an enthusiastic worker in the ranks, constantly striving to imbue the membership with a proper conception of the higher aims and principles which are the superstructure of our noble Order, and without which the Oddfellow is only an outward semblance of that which our organization is designed to accomplish in the elevation of the human character. He has taken an especial interest in the encampment branch, and to his endeavors the Order is largely indebted for the adoption of the patriarchal uniform. During the administration of Grand Patriarch Jacobs, of Illinois, Dr. Ussher learned that a manufacturer of swords and regalia had designed a uniform for the encampment; he sent for a sample and brought the matter to the notice of his own encampment, and a circular was issued to the patriarchs of Illinois, accompanied with a photograph of a patriarch in full uniform. Considerable discussion grew out of the action, and at the succeeding session of the Grand Lodge of the United States (now Sovereign Grand Lodge), which was held in Chicago, he had a show-case placed in the Sherman House, in which the whole uniform was exhibited, and excited much interest. When afterwards a representative to the Grand Lodge of that State, he had it again exhibited and soon after this so many encampments throughout the country obtained it, and so strong was the vote in its favor that it was ultimately adopted.

Since the rev. gentleman has found his lot cast in the metropolis of the Dominion he has evinced the same interest in the progress and welfare of Oddfellowship which characterized his early career in the Order. Notwithstanding his ministerial duties have been onerous, he has always found time and opportunity to labor most effectively for the advancement of the cause in that Province. At the last session of the Grand Lodge he yielded to a numerously signed requisition presented by the brethren of Montreal, and allowed his name to be placed in nomination for the office of Grand Master. A large number of Past Grand's from the city lodges went to Richmond for the purpose of recording a vote in his favor, and made his election sure. Dr. Ussher is a clear, concise thinker, an able writer, and an accomplished gentleman in every respect. As the official head of the Order in that Province, his talents and position will secure for it a prominence which the many obstacles in the way makes it extremely difficult to attain. He is a man of great executive ability and mental force, and a beneficial effect is anticipated from his administration of the affairs of the Order during the present year.

DISCRIMINATIVE CRITICISM.

One of the most celebrated French landscape painters lives in the country, some distance from Paris. Being of a social disposition, he is on the best of terms with the peasantry, who are very proud of him, and who make a point of visiting him frequently, to examine and criticize his pictures. Having finished one of his masterpieces,

he ordered a frame for it from Paris. It soon arrived, resplendent with carving and gilding; the picture was placed in it, and set up in the studio. Some days after, an old peasant came in to see how the artist was getting on. He stood a long time before this picture, with his arms folded, and a wise look upon his face.

"How do you like my picture?" asked the artist.

The old fellow shook his head knowingly, but made no reply. But as he was leaving the house, he encountered the artist's wife, who asked him what he thought of her husband's picture.

"Did he really make that?" asked the countryman.

"To be sure he did," replied madame.

"But the frame—the frame; he did not make that, did he?"

"Certainly not; the frame came from Paris."

"Ah! I thought so. He makes very good pictures, but I knew he didn't make that frame."

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, June 10.

THE snares of the Suez and Panama Canal rose upon the announcement of the birth of the tenth child to M. de Lesseps. The admiration of the gentlemen of the Bourse was thus practically demonstrated. The infant has already cut—not through an isthmus—but a tooth.

THE fashionable world regrets to learn that the Princess de Sagan has been compelled to undergo an operation, which will deprive them of her society for some time. Her *fêtes* are at an end for this season, but these are of minor consequences to her loss for even a short time.

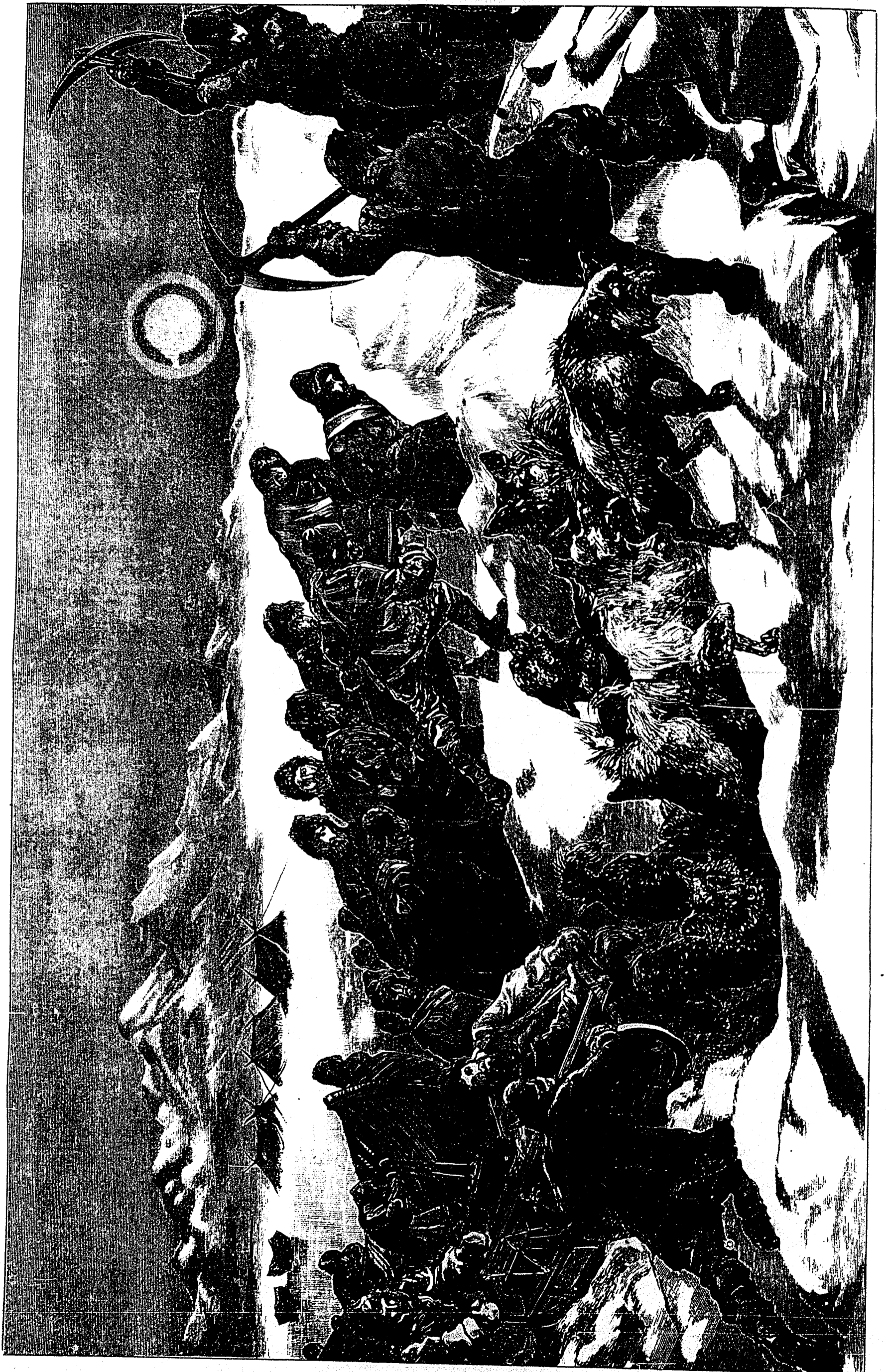
THE Count de Wimpffen, who will succeed Count de Buns as the Austrian Ambassador, is an antiquarian of renown, and brings with him a splendid collection of antiquities, but as a balance for those who have no taste for the aged, we may state he is accompanied by his charming countess, *née* Countess de Lynar.

ONE of the belles promised to Paris life, and who is said to be very attractive, is a lady whose complexion is described as chocolate. She comes from Havannah and has Mont-Cristo-like funds of cash to spend. Welcome, thrice welcome, La Dame au Chocolat!

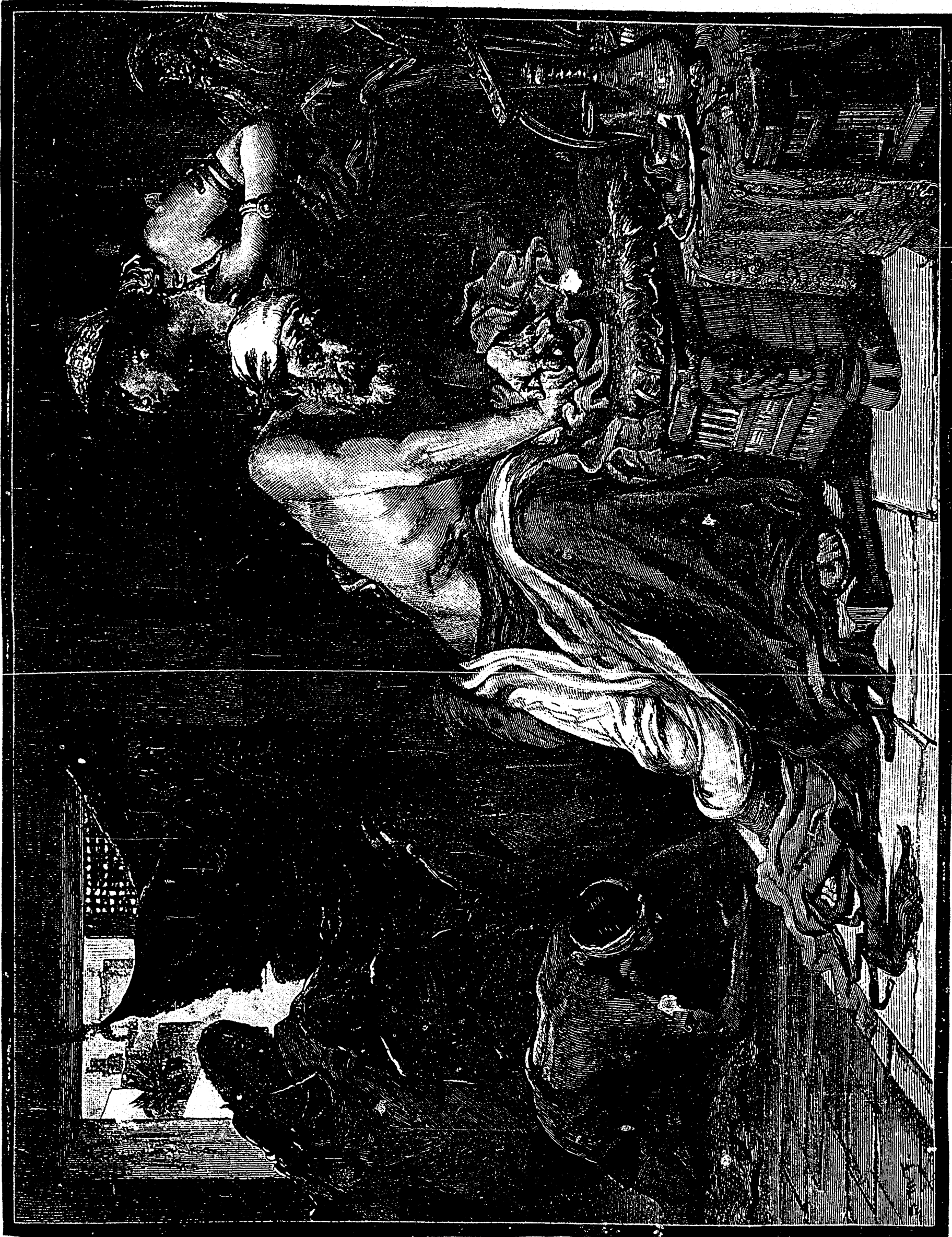
THEATRICAL chronicles would doubtless furnish many instances of actors thinking more of their art than of the pecuniary profit to be derived from it. An instance of the kind recently occurred in Paris. The parts were being distributed for the reproduction of "Madame Caverlet" at the Gymnase, and an appeal was made to M. Lafontaine, who appeared in the play on its original production at the Vaudeville some years ago. It came last of all, and not first, as is so often the case, to the question of remuneration, when the actor, interrupting the manager, said, "Oh, don't let us talk about money, you will give me what you like; the part is such a taking one that I could even play it for nothing." And yet there are pessimists who continue to say this is a mercenary age in which we live.

M. and Mme. Negro desired to inscribe their child at the Mayoralty as Lucifer Blanqui Vercingetorex. The mayor, however, being a mayor of the strictest principles, refused to make the required inscription. Lucifer he thought an insult to religion, Blanqui a defiance of orderly government, and Vercingetorex a name at once heathen, unusual, and significant of Druidical rites and other abominations. Against the decision of the mayor M. Negro has appealed, and in the meantime Lucifer Blanqui Vercingetorex cogitates the matter in his cradle. One of our Parisian contemporaries has undertaken to prove that the name of Lucifer is not only the appellation of the Prince of Darkness, but was once borne by an angel of light. This angel of light was a bishop of Cagliari, who lived in the year 354. The bishop was a scholar, and published a Latin treatise with a long name—"De non conveniendo cum hac reticis et de non parendo in Deum delinquentibus." Like his namesake the bishop had a weakness for fire, and at the Council of Milan held about the year 354 recommended that heretics should be burnt alive as the only means of keeping the Mother Church pure and orthodox.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative power in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.



THE LOSS OF THE *70 JAVETTE* - ON THE MARCH ACROSS THE ICE FIELDS.



THE MESSENGERS COMING TO JOB.—FROM THE PICTURE BY S. MELTON FISHER, IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

A LA MODE.

BY NED P. MAH.

Life is a mystery. 'Tis a good old saying; a feeble commonplace, a little trite. And still behind the scenes our hearts are playing parts from our public actions different quite. The placid, staid, unruffled rôle exacted by those who deem all show of feeling rude. Oft cloaks the direst tragedies enacted within the soul's unshaded solitude. Killing the germs within, as of springing love and truth, choking the sources of passion, and making us old in our youth.

And thus it was with Sara. Nature's teaching, striving with the restrictions fashion made. Wrought secret war within her being, blessing her cheeks fair roses to a death-like shade; And unseen floods of tears and storms of passion left her, in public, with a calm so grand. That she was envied by each dame of fashion, her easy grace and perfect self command; And just that interesting *blair* air that our ideal saints and martyrs wear.

And Horace saw and loved her—their meeting happened, I think, at the Gay Spankers rout. Or perhaps his heart first felt a quicker beating at Lady Tinfoil's, where she first came out— Won by her *tout ensemble* of perfection from her hair's glories to her satin shoe. But more than all charmed by the bright reflection of spirit light that gleamed and sparkled through Those windows of the soul, her lustrous eyes; brighter than brightest star in midnight skies.

With coldest courtesy they met and parted; with frigid forms of slight acquaintanceship. Yet their eyes kissed sometimes; and Sara started at the slight pressure of his finger tips. Then she would bite her lip and bridle, blaming her weakness, while an angry flush shone through her pallor, reddest roses shaming; and bid her loudly beating heart to hush, Fearful of trespass on that strict propriety to be observed at all times in society.

Yet there were times when love would make her bolder, when, for a moment, she would forget All her mamma and governess had told her, and fixing on his face bright orbs of jet, Watch the expression of each mobile feature, listening intently to the eloquent flow Of graceful language from her handsome teacher; opening her soul to much it longed to know, Till of his eager fire she caught a part; for he was an enthusiast in art.

Horace was poor, 'twas rumored; though so sweetly he sang, and thus became the *salon's* pet. And o'er the keys the fingers wandered fleetly, that wrote so prettily in albums, yet 'Twas understood—because he was so clever, so entertaining, he became a guest. To be regarded as an equal never, but just invited to amuse the rest; Nor as a possible suitor, though the fact is some ladies flirted with him—just for practice.

Yet, though he ran the gauntlet almost nightly, their empty favors never reached his heart. And he returned their mock love-making lightly, with polished compliments and practised art; Sara alone he weakly loved to madness, knowing his folly had no hope, and saw Parting alone could cure it; so, in sadness, he bade fare well and wandered to the war. Sara felt giddy and faint, yet dared not ask him stay; lay on her couch and sobbed and was "not at home" all day. And there came a letter. She reading the hand that she did not know. Learnt the heart of the writer was bleeding for a comrade stricken low; And it covered the portrait he painted, and in it a bullet hole. It had lain next his heart when he fainted, and through it had ebb'd his soul. The pictured face seemed smiling o'er the blood-stained office. Her pale lips smiled not now as they pressed one passionate kiss!

Accented by the world of fashion, where virtue is haughty and cold, Wholly ignoring all passion, and beauty is bought and sold— Sold to the pampered ill liver, not granted the man she loved— The rich sister has thousands to give her. Her idol can't pay for her gloves! But, Sara! inquired my friend. Is her story ended quite! She lives—is my Lady Goldengout—calm, and pretty, and white.

LEGENDARY LORE OF SCOTLAND.

There is no nation or country, with which we are acquainted, without its ancient fabulous traditions.

Egypt, Greece and Rome had their mythology; the Indian tribes their records of Pagan superstition, while our Christian ancestors were not lacking in abundance of wonderful legends, which have been so blended together, in many instances, as to leave their origin doubtful; yet a great many may be traced to that divine revelation given to the Hebrews. Now that the light of science hath arisen the superstitions are vanishing like darkness at the dawn of day. Stript of their superstitious coil, legends are received as pleasing absurdities—pretty allusions to embellish with imagery and comparisons the poems of modern bards.

No country stands so high in legendary lore as Scotland; whether owing to its romantic scenery or to the physiological development of the inhabitants let the philosophers say. True it is, however, that Scotland's every glen and mountain, wood and lake, moor and dale, streamlet and river, are consecrated by legendary tale and song. Wells had their saints; forests their *gnii*; castles their ghosts; dingles their fairies; kirk-yards their witches; mosses their spunkies, and waters their kelpies.

The peasantry relate from the oral traditions of childhood days—learned from Grannie—"doone honest woman"—that wizards, brownies and witches haunted every parish and—

"By their cantrips queer,
Kept a' the country-side in steer, as weal as fear!"

Allan Ramsay in his *Gentle Shepherd*, makes Bauldy give a recitation in true rustic simplicity

on the unsoucy, uncanny, supernatural beings who celebrated Hallowe'en by dance and riding on the backs of evil-eyed cats and broomsticks.

In no less masterly manner Burns portrays them in "Tam O'Shanter." The Ettrick Shepherd is famed for graphic description of same; and Sir Walter Scott—"the mighty wizard of the north" wielded his pen like the enchanting wand of a magician and kept his audience spell-bound—reason temporary dethroned—by the legendary lore of Scotland. Many a strange story is told of Druids and their circular temples which take us back to the days of Pythagoras; the mysteries of their religion were no less remarkable than the sorcery with which such were preserved among themselves. In astronomy and medicine they were supposed to be deeply skilled, and some seers even foretold future events. The opal chronicles of the nation were committed to them, which at sacrifices, under the *Sacred Oak*, they rehearsed and gave their precepts to the people. This Druidical order was succeeded by the Bard and Culdeepriesthood which abounded with still more of the marvellous, being a compound of both Pagan and Christian mythology. The tales of their day have come down to us in the pleasantly mournful strains of the voice of Cona, son of the mighty Fingal, *Ossian!* While those of more recent date, Tam the Rhymer, Alex Pedan and a host of stern covenanters survive by the writings of Blind Harry, Drummond, De Lansey and others.

Saints with their miraculous legends followed. The Western Isles or Galway produced St. Patrick, the famous apostle of Ireland. A curious dialogue is yet preserved in which Ossian and St. Patrick dispute the merits of their respective religions. The Bard contrasts the pitiful songs of the apostle with his own poems, and extols the virtues of Fingal, in reward for which he was believed to be then enjoying the delights of the aerial existence. The saint assured him that notwithstanding the worth of Fingal, yet, being Pagan, he was at that time roasting in hell. The Caledonian exclaimed, "If the children of Morni and the tribes of the clan Ovi were alive we would force brave Fingal out of hell, or the habitation would be our own!" The legend of St. Andrew, the nation's patron saint; St. Calhbert, St. Mungo, St. Fillen, &c., are already popularly known.

The establishment of Columba in Iona gave the death blow to Druidism. By conciliatory measures the people were gradually weaned from the venerated superstitious rites of their forefathers, and taught the simple yet sublime precepts of Christianity, long before any Papal bulls were heard of in Caledonia.

A few Oral traditions may be mentioned. Iona claims to have supplied the stone on which the Scottish Kings were crowned. The same kind of dark-colored rock susceptible of the finish polish is still found at Iona.

The history of said coronation stone begins far back of any authentic record. It is believed to have been Jacob's Pillow in the Holy Land. This famous stone associated for so many ages with the Sceptre and Crown of Scotland has continued to be used at the coronation of all British Sovereigns including that of our beloved Queen Victoria.

An oracular verse on this stone is still preserved in Gaelic and may be thus translated—

The race of free Scotmen for ever shall flourish
Else false this eternal prediction shall perish.
Wherever this stone of the fates shall be found,
By the right of high Heaven they shall be renowned.

The oak tree, combined with the amarantine tale of veneration and religious worship has descended in legendary lore to the Celtic race. Under the oak their God of thunder or fire (Bael) was adored; once a year fires were extinguished and re-lighted by Druids, hence the festival of Yule-log, Jack-in-the-green on May day, etc. The well-known chorus of "Hey derry down," according to Prof. Burnet is another relic and literally signifies "in a circle the oak moves round." National assemblies were often held under the "Monarch of the Glen." Wallace oak at Ellil-lee still flourishes in immortal youth. In Drysdale, Dumfries, Maxwell's Hawthorns, commemorative of the battle of Dryblesands, 1593, still continues to flourish, but are now more often associated with Lover's—

"Breathing out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk white thorn,
That scents the evening gale."

The golden fruit of *Hesperides*, which was one of the labors of Hercules to procure, noted by Greeks, Scandinavians and the Celtic tribes, is judged to be the same in kind that, on Hallowe'en gives so much merriment to the rustic youth of Scotland. The biting of the suspended apple and the evading of the candle; also the ducking for apples in a tub of water are well portrayed in Burns' legendary poem of Hallowe'en, where descriptive humor laughs in every line.

The ash of which Scandinavia Edda says man was made, was also believed to be significant of Cupid's arrows. The alder was used by the superstitious as a charm, and a twig of the rowan tree was supposed to be a sovereign preventative against witchcraft.

"A rowan-tree and a red thread,
Put the witches to their speed,
Aye! will even twist them dead."

Reference made in Scottish song to the heather, bloom, blayberry, gowan, and the thistle—her national symbol, must live while the gowan glint on her sunny braes or the heather

blooms on her everlasting hills, and while music and poetry have a single votary their praises will be sung.

The Gaelic alphabet is literally as well as symbolically and legendary a *grove of trees*, some of which are symbolically used in the heraldry of Scotland.

Many are the legends concerning animals and birds; the collie or shepherd's dog, and the noble hunting hound were in ancient times believed to accompany their masters beyond the grave. Hares were held to be synonymous with witches; should one of these harmless creatures cross the path of a rustic swain woe betide him for that day. The jolar or mountain eagle—king of the dizzy cliff—was used as the emblem of strength and independence, its feathers serving as badges of Celtic clanship.

"The 'howlet,' corbie, pyet and petral were ominous birds to which poets make many happy allusions, for instance:

"A mirkle black corbie sat croaking,
I dread he foreboded some ill."

Notions about the magpie are thus described—

"Ane's sorrow, twa is mirth,
Three's a funeral, four a birth,
Five's plenty, six a dearth."

As Petrels—"Mother Carey's chickens"—were supposed by sailors to cause tempests, so were some equally harmless, pretty, singing birds made victims to the contracted antipathy of rustics; for example the yellow homer was persecuted in consequence of the popular saying—

"Half a toad, half a paddock,
Half a yellow yoreling,
Drinks a drop o' the dell's blood,
Every May morning."

Other birds are great favorites, even the raven notwithstanding supposed unluckiness, is safe from the rustic's gun because it brought food to the prophet Elijah. The robin and kitty rhin go scot free, being unmolested by rustics wishing to excel at the target, bow, spear, dance, curling, putting the stone, wrestling, leaping, running, throwing the caber, or who expected to be recognized by their bards, minstrels and pipers, who in poetry and music were men of high rank and genius and worthy of the "garb of old Gaul."

So great is the change since King Edwin expelled the Danes from Scotland, cleared the coast of pirates, and founded Edinburgh that one might almost imagine the wizard's wand had something to do with the wonderful transformations wrought between then and now. To-day the capital of Scotland stands very high as a seat of learning, is the birth-place and home of numerous scientists, theologians, men of letters, poets and artists of world-wide renown. Educated tourists have often pronounced "the grey metropolis of the north" to be second to none in Europe for picturesque grandeur. Canadians have often stood on the breezy braes surrounding the lofty, precipitous rock upon which stands the old castle and exclaimed with the poet, "What a sight is here!"

Long miles of masonry appear,
Scottish gothic pinnacles arise,
Melville's statue greets the sky,
Grecian front and sculptured pile,
The pleased, yet puzzled eyes beguile.

To those contemplating an European trip I would say—go and do likewise; a visit to this modern Athens "will pay" any one who derives an atom of the pleasure it has yielded to your correspondent.

WM. DOUGHTIE.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, June 10.

AN "anti-fashionable journal," called *Rational Dress*, is about to be issued by those persons who are endeavoring to reform ladies' attire.

THE authority of Parliament having been obtained, there will be a tunnel made between Greenwich and Millwall.

NEXT year's Royal Academy exhibition will most likely present us with the result of Sir F. Leighton's travels in the East, Jerusalem being the centre-point of his pilgrimage.

A NOVEL idea has occurred to a Liverpool tradesman, who advertises that he is able to sell cheaper than others because he is a bachelor, without encumbrances, and does not want the profits of a married man with a large family.

A SIGNIFICANT sign at present is to be seen in Parliament street. Mounted police patrol the main road between Nelson's monument and old Palace Yard at intervals all the time that the House is sitting, giving a sad and serious eye to the great public buildings in Whitehall, and especially to the neighborhood of Downing street.

LADY violin players are increasing; they show great aptitude in acquiring a mastery over this difficult but thankful instrument. Among those who have recently appeared in London with great credit are Miss Hickling, of Nottingham, and Miss Emily Skinner, of Cheltenham. The

latter has had the honor of playing before the Princess of Wales and the Princess Louise.

APPARENTLY we shall have to wait another week before we are rejoiced by the tones of "Great Paul." Some moulding stones in the tower where the bell has been placed had to be removed before it could be hung, and must be restored before it can be rung. Part of the dedication ceremony consisted in "knolling" the bell, that is, swinging it until the clapper touched the sound-bow. This elicited a sort of murmur from "Great Paul" which must have been highly impressive.

I HAD occasion a few days ago to visit the lady barristers who practice conveyancing very successfully in their chambers in Southampton buildings, Chancery lane, in order to sign a small transfer deed, and I found them most agreeable and intelligent legal advisers. A lady much younger than either of the principals told me she was article to the firm, and was reading in chambers with them. I think they have demonstrated that clever and competent women can overcome difficulties and succeed in any calling in life on which they may enter.

THE prospectus of a Volunteer Service Club has been issued, the object of which is to "promote social intercourse among gentlemen serving, or who have served, in the Volunteer Force." The proposed site of the Club is in the vicinity of St. James's street. The general committee comprise many noblemen and gentlemen of influence, as well as position, including such well-known officers and friends of the volunteer movement as the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, Earl Waldegrave, Viscount Baring, Viscount Bary, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Robert Lloyd-Lindsay, V.C., &c.

EVERY year brings its new fashion in flowers as well as every other *article de luxe*. Last year we had the glorioxa, with its glorious incarnation, its violet velvet, and its dark purple blossoms. This season we have the offering of the Nyderinia—"a poem made flower"—as Oscar Wilde would say. The flower is of light blue, growing in the form of a fairy crown just fitted to place upon the head of Queen Mab. The heart is of the brightest red, and attracts immediate attention to the pale blossom which otherwise, being so fragile in form and so delicate in color, would escape notice.

THERE is to be a new restaurant in Regent street with the title of the Lion d'Or, the cost of which will amount to £100,000. It is to be conducted by a company, of which the Earl of Donoughmore is chairman, and we are told that the establishment will be conducted on the best French system, and made similar to the "Café Anglais," "Maison Dorée," and "Bignon," in Paris, which restaurants are so justly celebrated. An attractive feature will be the Winter Garden, with the terrace and galleries, while the decoration of the restaurant generally will make it one of the artistic curiosities of London.

WEDNESDAY last was the Jubilee of the great Reform Bill of 1832. From the general aspect of London one would not imagine that the most interesting political event of the century was being celebrated. London is too huge to be emotional save in the local way, and then its emotion appears not to run in the celebration of jubilees. The House of Commons, which enacted the great measure, went unaffectedly upon its way to day; and in the Reform Club itself no one could have imagined that an occurrence of so much interest to Parliamentary Reformers had impressed itself with special significance upon the dial of English time.

MR. WILLIAM CROOKES, the celebrated savant, who lives at 7 Kensington Park Gardens, has made experiments in lighting his mansion by incandescent electric lamp, obtaining his power from gas. He erected a 3½-horse power Otto gas engine, purchased a dynamo machine, and laid the wires in his principal room at a cost of £300. The gas engine required five minutes' attention at starting, and then worked unattended for six or eight hours, being overhauled every Saturday. In the first quarter of a year Mr. Crookes broke a number of lamps, of which there were fifty in all, but in the second quarter he only broke one. The cost of the electric lighting has been at the rate of £31 per annum, while gas, Mr. Crookes asserts, would cost £43. As Mr. Crookes did not previously use gas, but candles, his saving has been greater. The conclusion to which the savant has come is as follows: "When electricity is laid on to our houses as gas is, all extra expenses and difficulties will disappear; and if, as I hope I have shown, electricity, heavily handicapped as it is in a private house, compares favorably with gas even in the matter of cost, it will necessarily be far cheaper than gas when it is supplied wholesale from a central station."

A GENTLEMAN wishing to buy some roast chestnuts in the street, the lad who was selling them asked, "D'ye want 'em very good, or only good?" "You have two qualities, then?" said the gentleman. "Yes," replied the little fellow, coolly—"one for eating and the other for warming your hands. Them for warming your hands ain't got such a good flavor."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

THE GRAND VIENNA TOURNEY.

According to the last telegram received from Europe, the great chess contest was to terminate on Wednesday, the 29th ult.

Great will be the anxiety among amateurs to know the final results. Steinitz, Winawer and Mackenzie having an equal score each after 11 rounds, it is not easy to say which of those players has the greatest chance for the highest honors. That the fight will be a stubborn one, no one will doubt who knows the part each of these three gentlemen has played in the past history of the game.

The glorious uncertainty of Chess Tourneys, however, may manifest itself at the end, and Blackburne and Zukertort may forge ahead, to use a boxing phrase, and few would be surprised at their doing so.

Mason's record is highly satisfactory, and, considering the style of play which he has exhibited so far in the contest, great things may yet be expected from him. Before going to press, we hope to learn fuller particulars.

Since writing the above the following telegram has reached this continent, and the struggle at Vienna is over. We hope to be able to give in our next Column a table showing the whole of the scores.

INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT.

VIENNA, June 21.—In the international chess tournament Steinitz and Winawer won first and second prizes. Mason third, Mackenzie and Zukertort fourth and fifth, Blackburne sixth. Ties will be played off.

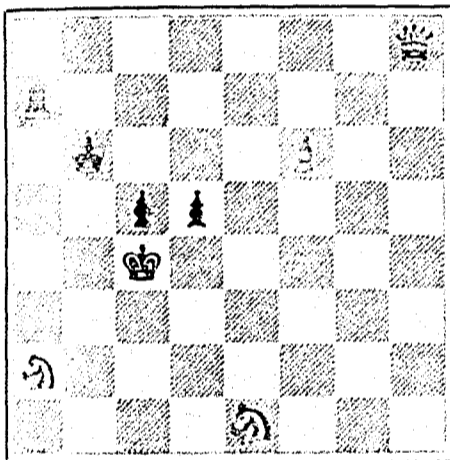
FRANCE.

The winners of the great annual handicap tourney at the Café de la Régence are: First prize, M. Clerc (1st class); second prize, M. Girou (2nd class); third prize, M. de Rivière (3rd class); fourth prize, M. Najotte (1st class). M. Clerc also obtained the special prize offered by the Vice-President of the Cercle des Echecs, having won every game he played in the handicap tourney of that Society. On his way to Vienna Mr. Steinitz paid a visit at Paris to the Cercle des Echecs, and played a friendly game with Messrs. de Rivière and Clerc in consultation, which terminated in a draw.—*British Chess Magazine.*

PROBLEM No. 387.

By Albert Kanders.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 385.

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Q to KR 8 | 1. B takes Kt |
| 2. K to R 6 | 2. Any |
| 3. Q mates | |

GAME 547th.

VIENNA TOURNEY.

(From Turf, Field and Farm.)

First game between Messrs. Steinitz and Fleissig.

(French Defense.)

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| White.—(Mr. Steinitz.) | Black.—(Mr. Fleissig.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 3 |
| 2. P to K 5 (a) | 2. P to Q 4 |
| 3. P takes P en passant | 3. B takes P (b) |
| 4. P to Q 4 | 4. Kt to K 2 |
| 5. B to Q 3 | 5. Kt to Kt 3 (c) |
| 6. Kt to K B 3 | 6. Kt to B 3 |
| 7. Kt to B 3 | 7. Kt to Kt 5 (d) |
| 8. B to Q B 4 | 8. P to Q B 3 |
| 9. Kt to K 4 (e) | 9. R to B 2 |
| 10. Castles | 10. Castles |
| 11. H to K sq | 11. Kt to Q 4 |
| 12. Kt to B 5 | 12. Kt to R 5 |
| 13. Kt to K 5 | 13. Kt to B 4 (f) |
| 14. P to Q B 3 | 14. B takes Kt |
| 15. B takes B | 15. Kt to B 3 |
| 16. R to K sq | 16. P to K R 3 |
| 17. Q to B 3 (g) | 17. Kt to Q 4 |
| 18. H to Kt 3 | 18. P to Q Kt 3 (h) |
| 19. Kt to Q 3 | 19. B to R 3 |
| 20. Kt to K 5 | 20. R to B sq |
| 21. H to B 2 | 21. Kt (R 4) to K 2 |
| 22. Q to Kt 3 | 22. K to R sq |
| 23. Q to R 4 | 23. K to Kt sq (i) |
| 24. Q to Kt 3 | 24. K to R sq |
| 25. Q to R 3 | 25. Kt to Kt sq |
| 26. Q to R 5 | 26. R to B 2 |
| 27. B to Q 9 (j) | 27. Q Kt to B 3 |
| 28. Q to R 3 | 28. Kt to Q 4 (k) |
| 29. P to Q B 4 | 29. Q Kt to B 3 |
| 30. Q R to Q sq (l) | 30. Q to K sq (m) |
| 31. H to B 4 (n) | 31. R to B sq (o) |
| 32. Q to R 3 (p) | 32. B to Kt 2 |
| 33. Q takes P | 33. B to R sq |
| 34. Q takes Kt P | 34. P to K 4 |
| 35. B to Kt 3 | 35. Kt to Q 2 |
| 36. Q to Kt 3 | 36. P to K B 4 |
| 37. P to B 3 | 37. F. to Kt 2 |
| 38. P to B 3 (q) | 38. Q Kt to B 3 |
| 39. Kt to B 4 | Resigns. |

NOTES.

(From Knowledge.)

(a) Not usually played; the object is to confine Queen's Bishop, and hamper Black's game.

- (b) Perhaps to be preferred to P takes P, as the two Pawns on the Queen's side would, at a later stage of the game, be subjected to attack.
- (c) With a view of eventually playing P to K 4.
- (d) Black was afraid of Castling, on account of the commanding position of White's Bishop, for after Castles, White might at once proceed with P to K R 4, Kt to Kt 5, P to R 5, &c., that is to say, proceed on the basis of attacking the Pawn on R 2, of which we indicated the general lines; therefore, Black wished to exchange the Bishop.
- (e) This again places another piece in a favorable position; should Black play P to K B 4 then his King's Pawn becomes weak, because unsupported by another Pawn, and therefore more liable to be captured.
- (f) All this is merely wrangling for good position, but Black is wasting time in trying to exchange pieces.
- (g) This is Mr. Steinitz's old style; Black cannot move P to Q Kt 3 now, even if he wished to do so; he suffers from the inconvenience of having his Bishop blocked in.
- (h) We shall see later on how the pawn on B 3 will fare.
- (i) Black would be satisfied with a draw.
- (j) Inch by inch of the ground is won; this is a fine move. He intends at the suitable moment to push on his Queen's Bishop's Pawn and use the Bishop for attacking on the Queen's side via Kt 4.
- (k) Playing into White's hands; the difficulty is what to do. He dare not move the King's Knight, as White would play B takes R P. Had Black played Kt to Q 2, White might have responded with K to Kt 4, threatening the dangerous Kt takes R P, which would yield White a winning attack.
- (l) White is in no hurry; he goes steady but sure; this move will further aid White, as the Black Queen's Bishop's Pawn cannot now be advanced.
- (m) With the object of avoiding a discovered attack on his Queen, but it cramps his pieces very much.
- (n) White changes the originally intended move, for if he had played B to Kt 4, then Black could advance the P to B 4, he having for that purpose played his Queen to King's sq. White now threatens to win the exchange by Kt to Kt 5 ch.
- (o) R to K 2 was the only other move at his disposal but White would have different ways of continuing the attack. Black's Rook is brought into awkward play on account of the necessity of defending Q B P, showing plainly how a strong player will take advantage of a very slight weakness.
- (p) White pressed on in sometimes almost an impetuous manner, and now he has gained the desired opportunity. He wins two Pawns and the game, he having by sheer good judgment outmaneuvered his opponent.
- (q) A fine move. It further tightens his already strong hold. He intends playing his Kt to Q 6.



TORONTO HARBOUR.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Toronto Harbour Works," will be received at this office until FRIDAY, the 7th day of JULY next, inclusively, for the construction of works in connection with

Improvements, Toronto Harbour.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of the Harbour Master, Toronto, on and after Monday, the 19th inst.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. H. ENNIS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, }
Ottawa, 11th June, 1882.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Pier at Phillipburg," will be received at this Office until FRIDAY, the 7th day of JULY next, for the construction of a

PIER

—AT—

Phillipburg, County of Mississquoi, Que.,

according to a plan and specification to be seen on and after Thursday, the 15th inst., on application to C. R. Choiceman, Esq., Mayor of Phillipburg, and from whom printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. H. ENNIS, Secretary

Department of Public Works, }
Ottawa, 12th June, 1882.

British American Bank Note Company.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Special General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company will be held in the Company's Offices, St. John Street, Montreal, on

Saturday, 8th July next,

at Three O'clock, p.m., for the purpose of taking into consideration and voting upon a By-Law passed by the Board of Directors, to increase the Capital Stock of the said Company.

By order, G. F. BOWLES, Secy.-Treasurer.

Montreal, 26th June, 1882.

BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO'Y. (Limited.)

NOTICE

IS HEREBY given that a Dividend of FOUR PER CENT. on the Paid-up Capital Stock of the Company, has been declared for the half year ending 30th June inst., and that the same will be payable at their Offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, on and after

MONDAY, 10th JULY, 1882.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 27th June, 1882, to the 10th July, 1882.

By order of the Board.

GEO. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Heating Apparatus, Montreal, P.Q.," will be received at this office until FRIDAY, 3rd instant, at noon, for the Erection and Completion of

HEATING APPARATUS,

FOR

INLAND REVENUE OFFICE, MONTREAL, P. Q.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of A. Raza, Esq., Architect, Montreal, P. Q., and also at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, on and after Thursday, 8th instant.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. H. ENNIS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, }
Ottawa, 22nd June, 1882.



TRENT NAVIGATION.

Fenelon Falls, Buckhorn Rapids, and Burleigh Canals.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Trent Navigation," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails, on WEDNESDAY, the Fifth Day of July next, for the construction of two Lift Locks, Bridge Piers and other works at Fenelon Falls, also, the construction of a Lock at Buckhorn Rapids, and for the construction of three Locks, a Dam and Bridge Piers at Burleigh Falls.

The works at each of these places will be let separately.

Plans of the respective localities, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after WEDNESDAY, the Twenty first Day of June next, where printed forms of Tender can be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works at Fenelon Falls will be furnished at that place, and for those at Buckhorn and Burleigh, information can be obtained at the resident Engineer's office, Peterborough.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that Tenders for the different works must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, as follows:—

- For the Fenelon Falls work..... \$1,000
- " Buckhorn Rapids work..... 500
- " Burleigh Falls work..... 1,500

And that these respective amounts shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and prices submitted, subject to the conditions and terms stated in the specification.

Chèques thus sent in will be returned to the different parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, }
Ottawa, 22nd May, 1882.

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In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature thus—



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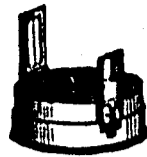
Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

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Montreal Post-Office Time-Table,

June, 1882.

DELIVERY.		MAILS.		CLOSING.	
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
8 9 00		ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES.			
8 8 40		(A) Ottawa by Railway	8 15	8 00	
		(A) Province of Ontario, Manitoba & R. Columbia	8 15	8 00	
		Ottawa River Route up to Carleton			
		QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES.			
		Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, Sorel, per steamer			
	5 35	Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, &c., by Q. M. O. & O. Railway		1 50	
	8 00	(B) Quebec by G. T. Ry.		8 00	
	8 00	(B) Eastern Townships, Three Rivers, Arthabaska & Riviere du Loup R. R.			
	12 50	Occidental Railway Main Line to Ottawa		4 00	
	9 20	Do St. Jerome and St. Lin Branches		7 00	
	8 00	Do St. Jerome & St. Janvier		4 30	
	10 00	St. Remi, Hemmingford & Laprairie Railway		7 00	
	8 00	St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, Coaticook, &c.		2 15	
	8 00	Acton and Sorel Railway		6 00	15 8
	10 00	St. John, Stanbridge & St. Armand Station		8 00	
	10 00	St. John, Vermont Junction & Shefford Railways		7 00	
	9 00	South Eastern Railway		2 15	
	8 00	(B) New Brunswick, Nova Scotia & P. E. I.		1 45	
		Newfoundland, forwarded daily on Halifax, whence despatch is by the Packet leaving Halifax on the 10th and 27th April		8 00	
		LOCAL MAILS.			
	9 45	Valleyfield, Valois & Dorval		4 30	
	11 30	Beauharnois Route			
	11 30	Boucherville, Contrecoeur, Varennes & Vercheres			
	9 00	5 30 Cote St. Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace		1 45	
	9 00	5 30 Hochelaga		8 00	1 00
	11 30	Huntington		6 00	15 5
	10 00	5 30 Lachine		6 00	2 00
	10 30	3 00 Laprairie		7 00	2 00
	10 30	Longueuil		6 00	2 15
	10 00	New Glasgow, St. Sophie, by Occidental Railway Branch		11 45	3 30
	10 00	Longue Pointe, Pointe-aux-Trem. & Charlemagne		8 00	
	8 30	9 30 6 Point St. Charles		2 00	
	11 30	St. Cenevide		6 00	15 5
	10 00	St. Lambert			
	1 30	St. Laurent, St. Martin & St. Eustache		7 00	2 15
	11 30	5 30 Tannerie West (St. Henri de M.)		6 00	
	10 00	Sault-au-Roccollet & Pointe Vin (also Bongie)		2 00	
	10 00	6 55 St. Jean Baptiste Village, Mile End & Coteau St. Louis		7 00	3 30
		UNITED STATES.			
	8 9 40	Boston & New England States, except Maine		7 00	1 40
	8 8 40	New York and Southern States		6 00	1 40
	10 30	12 30 Island Pond, Portland & Maine		6 00	1 40
	8 8 40	(A) Western & Pacific States		8 15	1 40
		GREAT BRITAIN, &c.			
		By Canadian Line on Thursday		7 00	
		By Canadian Line for Germany on Thursday		7 00	
		By Cunard on Monday		7 00	
		Do Supplementary, 11th and 25th December		7 00	
		By Packet from New York for England, on Wednesday		7 00	
		By Hamburg American Packet to Germany, Wednesday		7 00	
		By White Star and Ocean Line 14th and 28th April		7 00	

(A) Postal Car Bags open till 8.45 a.m., and 9.15 p.m.
 (B) Do 9.00 p.m.

Mail for St. Thomas, W. I., Brazil, Argentine Republic and Montevideo will be despatched from Halifax N.S., once a month—date uncertain.

Mails leave New York by Steamer:
 For Bahama Islands, April 12th.
 " Bermuda, April 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th.
 " Brazil, April 5th and 11th.
 " Cuba and Porto Rico, April 8th and 22nd.
 " Cuba, Porto Rico & Mexico, April 6th, 22nd & 27th.
 " Cuba and W. I., via Havana, April 15th and 21st.
 " Santo Domingo and Santiago, Cuba, April 25th.
 " South Pacific and Central American Ports, April 17th, 20th and 29th.
 " Windward Islands, April 5th and 29th.
 " Venezuela and Curacao, April 15th.

Mails leave San Francisco:
 For Australia and Sandwich Islands, April 8th.
 For China and Japan, April 19th.

70 Choice Chromo Carls, or 50 elegant new Chromo same as, 10c. Crown Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

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