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# Illustrated News

VOL. XXIV.—No. 25.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1881.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



LOST IN THOUGHT.  
FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY E. TOFANO.

## TEMPERATURE

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

Dec. 11th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880				
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.		
Mon..	40°	20°	30°	Mon..	33°	23°	28°
Tues..	40°	20°	30°	Tues..	33°	27°	30°
Wed..	44°	35°	39°	Wed..	32°	17°	24°
Thur..	19°	15°	17°	Thur..	18°	6°	12°
Fri....	39°	15°	27°	Fri....	22°	8°	15°
Sat....	15°	10°	12°	Sat....	19°	-3°	8°
Sun....	13°	4°	8°	Sun....	16°	zero	8°

## THE COMING NUMBER OF THE

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Dated Dec. 24th, will be the

**Christmas Number,**

and will contain an unusually fine selection of original illustrations.

**TWO ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATED STORIES**

and other matter suitable to the season.

Notwithstanding the additional outlay necessary to produce this number, the price will remain unchanged, and the number will be sent to all Subscribers without additional charge.

## CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Lost in Thought—Incidents in the Life of a Modern Warrior—Round the World in the Ceylon—Sport in the Maritime Provinces—Cartoon—A Deer Park in Germany—Nellie's Dream—The Problem Solver.

THE WEEK.—Mr. Davin on President Garfield—The Logic of Emotion—Vesuvius.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Modern Decorative Art—Mr. Mallock Nellie's Dream—Round the World in the Ceylon—Incidents in a Soldier's Life—Echoes from Paris—News of the Week—Musical and Dramatic—Humorous—Beneath the Surface—The Ball Scandal—The Diary of a City Waiter—Musical Burglary—Phantoms of Youth—Selwyn Seaforth's Ward—The Creation of Woman—Chiffon Gossip—Bogus Coins—A True Ghost Story—Single Blessedness—Echoes from London—The Beggars' Well—A New Bait for Snobs—Varieties—Our Chess Column.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

There is a prevalent idea in certain quarters that a newspaper is run entirely for pleasure, and that such sublimary questions as money never enter into the proprietor's consideration. It does not probably require a very elaborate argument to prove the falsity of this notion. A newspaper, like every other business, is run upon business principles. Moreover, it requires a large sum of money to support the daily and weekly expenses of a paper, an illustrated paper especially, and unless the money is regularly forthcoming in the way of promptly-paid subscriptions, the proprietors are compelled to provide for heavy outlay without corresponding returns.

The moral of which is, that a newspaper is dependent not only upon the number of its subscribers, but upon the regularity with which their subscriptions are paid. We need large sums of money to meet our weekly expenditure, and we naturally look to those who are in our debt to supply them.

We ask, then, all those who are indebted to us to send us the amount of their subscriptions without delay. Do not say "Four Dollars is a small sum; it can't make much difference to the ILLUSTRATED NEWS if they have to wait a little for it." Four Dollars is little enough, to be sure, but a thousand times four dollars is a respectable figure, and there are nine hundred and ninety-nine others in the same position as yourself. Moreover, if you are in arrears, there is an additional reason why you should settle them without delay. The subscription to the NEWS, which is only four dollars, when promptly paid, becomes four dollars and a half when neglected, and those who leave their subscription unpaid have only themselves to blame if they have to pay the additional sum for expenses of collection and interest.

Save us, then, the annoyance and trouble of collecting the money; remember that the future of this paper, like all others, is in your hands. It is your money that must support it; it is your help that must improve it; it is your fault (if you don't pay) if it is not all you would like it to be; it will be your doing if it is good enough to satisfy you and the public generally.

In conclusion, we beg earnestly to request of all those who owe us for subscriptions that they will remit the amount due up to the first of January next without fail, ASSURING THEM THAT UPON THEIR PROMPT ATTENTION TO THIS REQUEST DEPENDS, IN A GREAT MEASURE, THE FUTURE OF THE PAPER, AND IT MAY BE ITS VERY EXISTENCE.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 17, 1881.

## THE WEEK.

MR. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN gives us some interesting reflections upon President GARFIELD's death in the current number of the *Canadian Monthly*. Mr. DAVIN's writing is always readable, and though the story of the late President's life has little that is new in it, it is a tale that will bear telling off.

THE writer in the *Contemporary Review* who attempts to appeal to the American nation over the President's grave with the "logic of emotion," to admit English trade to her ports more freely, is as roughly handled by Mr. DAVIN as he deserves to be. No doubt there was much that was insincere in the display of emotion which followed the death of GARFIELD, but the outburst of grief as a whole, was, we believe, genuine. None the less, the Yankee is probably the last man we should seek to reach with the "logic of emotion." They are, as a rule, no great believers in emotion anyway, but we may be sure at least that they will never forget their interests in mingling their tears with their neighbours, or confuse the legitimate uses of pocket and pocket handkerchief.

VESUVIUS, according to report, is about to enter upon a grand eruption of lava, or upon the career of a permanent volcano, like Stromboli, and now is a fine time to see Vesuvius changing its crater, while it is brilliant and yet not dangerous. The experience of Doctor Lavis on Tuesday, the 8th inst., was of a very interesting nature. He has long been watching the gradual filling up of the crater of July, which was 400 yards in diameter, and the formation of the new crater. He discovered, not far from the summit, a cave, about thirty feet long and twenty feet wide, filled with the most wonderful stalactites. The question was how to get them, as the heat was about sufficient to boil an egg. But the courageous doctor, who is a great mineralogist, determined to make the attempt. With rope tied around his waist, and having two or three attendants to give a quick pull and a forced exit from the cave, he held his breath and "dived for it." The Doctor rewarded himself by bringing up a number of the most beautiful stalactites ever seen; they are about two feet long, some of pure white, others shading off to the slightest suspicion of green; several are of a light ultramarine; others still tinged with what the French call *vert d'eau chrome*, and robin's-egg blue. Also many of beautiful shades of salmon and rose colour. And yet these heavenly-looking stalactites are composed of the drippings in a heated atmosphere of various common substances. There are in the ingredients common salt, soda, iron, copper, etc.—glorified salt, copper and iron—muriatic acid, sulphate of potash, sulphate of copper and chloride of iron. Such as are in Dr. Lavis' cabinet no museum in Europe possesses, and even he would not have had them if he had not been ready to make a sacrifice for science.

## MODERN DECORATIVE ART.

The Art Association of Montreal deserve the thanks of the public for their last departure in the way of educating our tastes in the matter of decoration. The loan exhibition which is now open contains some very choice specimens of Decorative Art well worth studying by modern students of decoration, while the gallery is arranged with a taste that may give to those who can appreciate it many valuable hints as to colour. It would have been interesting to have had side by side with the valuable products of ancient looms and the triumphs of the skill of the *moyen-age* decorators, a collection, such as might have been furnished by the Decorative Art So-

ciety, of modern decorative work. Some such idea was mooted, we believe, but the objects sent in by the Society in question were not hung, and were disposed in odd places on the staircase, etc., a method neither satisfactory in its general effect, nor, we should suppose, highly gratifying to those who had sent work in anticipation of some such arrangement as that indicated.

Had the modern work been hung in one place by itself the contrast would have taught both the decorators and the public exactly the lesson which it is the mission of the Art Association to teach. Decorative Art is very rightly assuming a prominent position in the Art world, and its exponents rank to-day as true members of the Artistic guild. But Decorative Art, to properly deserve the name, must proceed upon true principles, must be guided by true precepts—above all, must work strictly within its own province.

These are rules more generally understood by the early decorators than they are by our modern artists, in Canada especially. Decorative Art is new to the present century, in the sense that the last was almost destitute of it, but its principles are the same as those which guided the decorators of the Renaissance. The mistake we make is in the application of the term. A noble painted landscape, broad in tone, rich in colouring, possessing all that goes to make a great picture, may be yet utterly out of place on the panel of a door, where a flat conventional design on a gold background, laid on by the ordinary decorator will produce, it may be, a far superior effect.

This is not to say that all decoration must necessarily be conventional. Far from it, only it must be remembered that the first principle of true Decorative Art must ever be appropriateness and harmony with its surroundings, and general effect is to be aimed at in the first instance, even to the exclusion, if need be, of particular beauty. That is to say, in the case mentioned, we do not care to look at the landscape on the panel to the exclusion of the other decoration to which it is, or should be, subservient, and the moment our eye is compelled to rest upon one point in the design, the general effect is, to a great degree, destroyed.

Thus it is that one of the main objects of a decorator should be to produce a pleasing general tone. Crude contrasts of colour are always to be avoided, and the background tints should blend harmoniously and according to the fixed rules of colouring, such as any student of the Art may readily make himself acquainted with.

As to design, it will not do to take a flower or a vine and copying it directly from nature upon your plaque or panel, say, There is a decorative design of a rose, it may be, or a lily. It may be a beautiful picture of the one or the other, and yet may have no value as a design or for decorative purposes. Composition in Decorative Art is deserving of much study, of which, in truth, it gets very little. The main lines of the design should flow in harmonious curves; the high lights in the painting should lead the eye insensibly over the whole work, arresting it for a moment to point out a special beauty, and then carrying it forward to lose itself in the harmony of the whole. All this and more can be done by a little study of method, and its presence or absence make the real difference between true Decorative Art intelligently treated, and the copying of Christmas cards on to ill-shapen pieces of wood, which so often passes under that head.

Space does not permit of a longer definition of the means to be employed to reach the end proposed. If this article succeeds in persuading any of our decorative artists that they have something to learn, and sets even one of them to learn it, it will have served its turn.

HERR ARNOLD RUGE has left behind him "A History of Our Own Times," from the year 1848 till the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, which will be shortly published (Leipzig: C. F. Winter). Not the least interesting feature in this work may be expected to be the author's personal recollections of the revolution in Germany in 1848.

## THE AUTHOR OF "A ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."

"That man has never known either the glory or the good of truth," I said to myself, while I watched the eyes of a silent person who sat apart from many genial people. Deep set, rather small and almost weird in their alternations of fire and dullness, they touched incisively, swiftly and furtively one after another of those who were speaking and also those who listened, as if he desired to detect in their utterances a meaning that was not articulated, or to discover in the countenances of the listeners an opinion which they did not, and would not for worlds, give to the wings of speech. He fascinated but he did not please me. He looked as if he were an unpleasantly determined but a passionless man, from whom all the fever heats of human feeling had long since died into ashes that corroded and smothered even his powers of speech. Conscious as I was that he knew that I was observing him too closely, I could not withdraw my attention from his subtle face and his small, curiously posed figure, in which there was neither grace of form or attitude and yet in which was emphasized a power which was evidently concentrated upon a purpose that was vital, most carefully guarded, unalterably fixed, and which was utterly remote from all the sweetest and gentlest of humanities. His countenance was not unrefined. On the contrary it was distinguished by lines of an unhappy thoughtfulness. His hue was of that peculiar pallor which is sometimes born of illness and sometimes of mental misery. His thin nose suggested, but did not assert, a Hebrew ancestry, and his nostrils lifted and fell as passing thoughts informed them of pleasant or unpleasant impressions. His hair was dark, as were also his eyes; but the former expressed neither care nor taste, but rather hinted at a studied neglect. His mouth was small, his lips firm and apparently thinned by compression, as if trained to manage this person's beliefs and intentions according as he desired that his thoughts should be given out or withheld. No, they were not the lips that tell secrets.

His chin was not large, nor yet was it retiring and purposeless, the square lines upon its lower edges being eloquent of that quality which would be called obstinacy in a woman, but is honorably mentioned as resolution when belonging to a man. His throat was unusually long for an Englishman, and he dressed it with tasteful care, as if he intended it to serve as an atoning grace for the gaunt, unhappy and really unpleasant countenance above it. His hands were small, finely expressive, and were held in a fixed composure very nearly to his finger tips, the latter every now and then fluttering or quivering with or approval without conveying to their possessor a knowledge of their eloquent betrayals. He sat with his handsome feet placed very close together, as is almost universally the habit with persons who are on guard because they have thoughts to conceal.

Having become strangely stirred by the thin, sallow face, piercing, eager eyes, restless finger tips, and compressed lips of this one silent guest, I turned to my hostess and said:—"Poor fellow! he is ill, dyspeptic without doubt. He looks as if he had become his own ghost."

"Yes, he is ill, miserably ill, with a mental and moral dyspepsia, and he is doing his cunning uttermost to produce an epidemic of his own ailment. Has he not been presented? No! Why, he is Mr. Mallock, a zealous convert to the Church of Rome. His religion has proved unwholesome to him, and he is suffering tortures in consequence as doubtless his writings have informed you."

Again I look at the strange man, and thought the repellent sharpness of my instincts remained steadfast in their protective and defensive attitudes, yet this revealed person suddenly appeared to become more naturally set in his present time-stained, social and religious surroundings, and doubtless he was silently suffering a keen hunger after a contentment that would evade him if he bowed under the yoke of any religious dogma that the world has yet devised. He had thrown off one chain and assumed another one with which he is apparently galled already, but is far too proud to cry out. He may be seeking a revenge upon fate by deftly fastening his own fetters upon his fellows. It is predicted by those who know Mallock that he will yet become a materialist because, while assuming that a disbelief in things spiritual is providing a delirious joy for the arch enemies of human peace and purity, his writings testify to his own unholy revels in things which are unspeakably material.

Perhaps like one who went before him, as it was fitting that he should, and who wrote of fleshly things in order, as he said, to "rid his bosom of its perilous stuff," Mallock may find his pen a more satisfying confessor than a man, who might reply, remonstrate, and perhaps reproach him for his many spiritual vanities, and for his too fervid revealings in the language of a certain devouring passion which he assumes to loathe. Mallock is not a dangerous man for susceptible and romantic women to meet, and yet it is impossible not to believe that he would be if he could. His pen is artfully poisonous to such unhealthy blood. It is diplomatic, even strategic, and so dexterous is its aim at its fixed purposes, and so temptingly is its point concealed in poisoned honey that many an unguarded soul has been slain by it. Happily for the world his hives are very nearly drained, and all his bees are dying. After "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century," whose appetite for Mallock can be revived? I know not one survival.

NELLIE'S DREAM.

(See Illustration.)

One Christmas eve our little Nell,
Sated with sweets delectable,
And longing for a little quiet...

First, looking through the window, she
By the fast-fading light can see
Some stragglers only, walking slow...

Who crouches on a doorstep sitting,
With all these snow-lumps round her fitting.
They bend to her with courtier grace...

But suddenly the scene takes flight,
More quickly than it came to light.
Nell rubs her eyes with some surprise...

What was the tallman that broke
The charm her fancy delvesake?
The conjurer was her brother Fred!

Thoughts of the girl vexed Nell's breast:
Was she a phantom like the rest?
Or some fallen one, doomed to roam...

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING.

In a recent issue, we gave a full description
to our readers of the Inter-Oceanic Steam Yachting
Company's vessel Ceylon, and of her proposed route.

It will be sufficient, therefore, to remark
here that the voyage is intended to last nine
months and will comprise visits to the chief
ports of the Mediterranean, of India, China, and Japan.

The Ceylon, which is under the command of
Captain Lunham, left Southampton Water on
the 25th ult., and had a splendid passage to
Panama. Panama, which is situated just where
the broad estuary of the Gironde begins to narrow...

The triangular tongue of land which lies between
the Gironde River and the Atlantic is the
chosen home of the wine which Englishmen call
"charet," and still maintains its reputation, in
spite of the dreaded phylloxera.

From the mouth of the Gironde to almost the
mouth of the Tagus, the Ceylon had to work
her way against a strong south-west gale. As
the passengers could scarcely as yet be expected
to have their "sea-legs" on, such scenes as the
"After Dinner Tragedy" depicted by Mr. Fripp
were of not infrequent occurrence.

We need not here describe so well known a
city as Lisbon, famous for the great earthquake
of 1755, famous also for the beauty of its situation,
which is held by many good judges to be
equal to that of Naples, and to be only excelled
by Constantinople. It must have also been a
great pleasure to leave the chilly gloomy weather,

which prevailed when the Ceylon left England,
and find weather like that of an English July,
as the special correspondent of the Daily News
observes. From the telegrams published in that
enterprising journal, which has arranged to
maintain electric intercourse with the Ceylon at
all the principal ports during the entire voyage...

Concerning his remaining sketches Mr. Fripp
writes thus:—"No. 3 represents the quay
crowded with fishermen and fishwives receiving
very strongly-scented fish from the late-rigged
boats; No. 4 is a Lisbon peasant mounted on
his mule; No. 5 shows how Lisbon porters
(chiefly Gallegos) carry all weighty articles; No.
6 shows the market,—the market women wear
coloured kerchiefs under their broad-brimmed
hats, on which they balance their baskets."

INCIDENTS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE AND CAREER.

1. HE ENLISTS.

Our engraving represents the recruiting sergeant,
at his trade, exciting the imagination of
what appears to be a country yokel; and persuading
him to become a soldier, and make a
man of himself. The sergeant, from long practice,
is well able to draw the long bow. In former
times very irregular tricks were resorted to
to obtain recruits; such as making the man
drunk, forcing a shilling on him, and saying he
was enlisted, &c. Happily such practices no
longer exist; the custom of giving the shilling
having been for some time abolished.

The recruit represented here seems to be
rather a promising one; and we fear much
above the average obtainable now. The first
thing to be done, after the recruit agrees, is
to have him medically examined, when, if
neither mental nor physical defect can be
detected, he is brought before a magistrate and
attested. He is then sent to join some military
depot or regiment, where he is

2. HE IS FINALLY APPROVED OF.

The approval is by the commanding officer, as
shown in our illustration. We believe that this
is merely a matter of form, for the commanding
officer can hardly have any authority to reject
the recruit, if the doctor can find no fault with
him. Having passed this ordeal, his
clothing is served out to him, and he starts,
with others, to learn

3. HIS FIRST STEPS.

Regarding which it may be remarked, that
although to a looker-on it appears very simple
to stand on one foot and hold the other out for
thirty seconds or so advanced to the front, or
extended to rear, still, if an unpractised person
tries it, he is nearly sure to find it difficult. Fig.
3 illustrates this difficulty, which is caused by
the man leaning back instead of throwing the
whole weight of the body on the fore part of the
foot, and leaning forward.

4. HE IS ORDERED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

On this subject nothing new can be said, for
the matter has been exhaustively commented
on. But one remark will not be out of place,
we hope, although made by many before us. All
evidence goes to prove that lads and young men
not fully matured are unable to endure the
fatigue that set men, and even old men, can;
and more especially they are not to be depended
on, if unmixed with seasoned soldiers, under
critical circumstances.

5. HE JOINS THE RESERVE.

The provision made by the Government that
every soldier should have 2d. per diem put by
for him during his six years' service, or during
his twelve if he prolongs, is most excellent. It
prevents the soldier being thrown destitute on
the country, and supports him while seeking
employment. Besides, the men of the First
Class Army Reserve receive 6d. a day until they
have completed twelve years.

Our engraving shows the soldier leaving
India, and apparently cracking a joke with the
native women in passing, a subject they are
never slack at.

We trust that the soldiers of our time, through
their short military career, will endeavour to
earn [the gratitude of their country, and that
those in authority over them will use every
effort to make the soldier's life as comfortable
and attractive as possible.

SERGEANT Y. Z.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Mlle Croizette, the charming and clever
actress, is about to be married to M. Stern, the
rich banker.

A ROOM at the Elysee has been fitted up with
telephones connected with the Theatre Francais,
the Opera, and the Opera Comique, so that six
persons at one time can listen to the perform-
ances.

During the absence of the Empress Eugenie
from England extensive alterations and addi-
tions have been carried out at the mansion

which the Empress has purchased at Farn-
borough, Hants.

THE pecuniary result of 387 representations
of Michel Strogoff at the Chatelet is 2,500,000
frances—an amount almost unparalleled in the
annals of Paris theatres.

At the atelier of Hans Makart, in Vienna, a
highly interesting double-pose took place in the
early part of the week. Makart "took" Sarah
Bernhardt, and the great tragedienne in return
took the great painter's portrait.

A CURIOUS wager has been won by the Vis-
count de Civry. He made a bet with the Mar-
quis de Fiffitz that he would swim his mare
Ophélie, one of Gladiateur's progeny, across the
Seine. The mare, taking kindly to the water,
started with her rider from the Bois de Boulogne
side, and got safely over to the Suresnes bank,
about two hundred yards lower down, having
been carried that distance by the current, which
is tolerably strong at this point of the river.

THE Figaro contains the following paragraph:
"Each year at the anniversary of the birth of
the Prince of Wales the three young princesses,
his daughters, are in the habit of playing before
him a short dramatic piece, to show their pro-
gress in the languages they are engaged in study-
ing. Last year the selection was from the Ger-
man; this year it was French. The young
Princesses Louise Victoria and Maud acquitted
themselves admirably in their respective parts,
and the Prince complimenting les artistes, re-
quested the name of the author. The perform-
ance was under the direction of Mlle. Vauthier,
the French governess of the princesses.

Not only do the fails et gestes of our royal
family furnish subject of comment to the Paris
papers, but what is eaten and drunk at the royal
table is discussed and criticized. The gelée de
hier, one of the dishes often brought to table
at Abergeldie, is much extolled, and the receipt
for making it generously given—gelatine, sugar,
cloves, lemons, a quart of pale ale, two eggs
and a quart of cold water! "The royal family
of England," says the informant who gives this
receipt as just despatched from Abergeldie—
"appreciates the dish so highly that no dinner
at Windsor, Balmoral, or Abergeldie is consid-
ered complete without it."

"I SHALL never act anything of Victor Hugo's
again," said the elder Coquelin a short time ago.
"Hugo's parts," he continued, "are easy for
actors who do not know their business; but a
man who is in the habit of playing Moliere, of
studying out the characters he is to act—in a
word, of mastering them—finds he can do
nothing with them. The character is all on the
surface; there is nothing below. Victor Hugo
is a great poet, the greatest lyric poet who ever
lived, and he scatters beautiful lines throughout
his plays; but the effect of these beautiful lines
does not compensate the actor for the want of a
living, breathing human being to personate."

ONE of the finest vistas in Paris is that which
strikes the eye at the extremity of the axis of
the Rue Lefebvre, from the Boulevard des Italiens.
Far away, and high up in the sky, are perceived
the summits of Montmartre, clothed with little
houses, which, in the distance, seem like an
agglomeration of clots of plaster. At present, a
new feature of the Montmartre heights is the
immense scaffolding which has arisen, as though
by magic, during the course of the work on the
new church. The cost of this scaffolding alone
will not be less than 400,000frs. Four hundred
workmen are now occupied in the erection of
the Eglise du Sacre Cœur, which will certainly
be one of the finest religious monuments ever
built. Subscriptions are still being formed,
eleven million of francs having been taken in
of late.

WHAT the auld Scotch wife calls "a sight
for sore eyes," must surely have been furnished
by the aspect of Louise Michel, who is described
as having appeared at the last meeting convoked
by the Commune on Friday and as being rather
out of temper, hysterical, over-come by blue devils
as well as red—and consequently, like most
ladies under the same influence, "earing her
troubled mind by fretted speech." She wore
her usual wreath of blood-red roses in her black
silk bonnet, and her customary cravat of crim-
son ribbon beneath her chin. The roses trem-
bled on their wiry stalks as she shook her head
with threatening gesture when the name of
Gambetta was pronounced. She wore, moreover,
for the first time, a pair of knitted dark-red
gloves, and when she extended her hands towards
the audience the effect was really horrible.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MR. JOHN DILLON, M.P., is to be released
from prison.

A LAND LEAGUE fund of \$30,000 is being
subscribed in Chicago.

THE name of Sir Evelyn Wood is mentioned
for the Governorship of Natal.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has taken up his resi-
dence at the White House.

SIXTY people were killed by an explosion of
a coal mine in Belgium recently.

A TELEGRAPHIC line to connect the United
States, Chili and Peru, is under discussion.

THE number of lives lost by the fire at the
Ring Theatre in Vienna reaches over 800.

THE cause of the Vienna fire is supposed to
have been a spark from the electrical ma-
chinery.

THE London Standard states authoritatively
that H. R. H. Princess Louise will return to
Canada before the spring.

BRITISH trade returns for November show a
decrease of £4,159,000 in imports and an in-
crease of £1,848,000 in exports.

IT is reported in Quebec that the Dominion
Government will take over and complete the
harbour improvements in that city.

THE Lord Mayor of London is raising a fund
for the assistance of ladies in distress through
the non-payment of rent in Ireland.

THE statue of O'Connell, to be placed in Sack-
ville street, Dublin, has just been completed, at
a cost of £12,500.

THE British steamer Saxon-Monarch is sup-
posed to have foundered in the Bay of Biscay
with all on board, some 40 persons.

AN angry discussion is going on in the west
over the statement that an amalgamation of the
Great Western and Credit Valley Railways has
been effected.

CONGRESS is to be petitioned in favour of a
scheme to unite the Mississippi with Chicago
harbour by canal, thus furnishing an outlet for
grain from the West.

DIPHTHERIA is said to have killed 2,000 per-
sons in Nova Scotia within the last year, and
the Medical Society is consulting with the Go-
vernment to devise means to stop the ravages
of the disease.

HUMOROUS.

THEY fined a Denver man \$25 the other day
for carrying a revolver. It should be stated, however,
that he carried it off when it belonged to another man.

DIVORCED parties in New York are not allow-
ed to marry again in that State. This law bears very
hard on people who cannot raise three cents to cross the
ferry.

"LIE still, Bridget," said Pat to his wife
when the burglars got into his house; "an' of the spal-
peens find anything, bejabbers we'll get up and take it
away from 'em."

COMFORTING.—"Mr. Boatman," said a timid
woman to a ferryman who was rowing her across a river,
"are people ever lost in this river?" "Oh, no, ma'am,"
he replied, "we always find them again within a day or
so."

A SOUTHERN legislator is actively advocating
a bill requiring the name of the physician who attended
the deceased to be engraved on the tombstone. The con-
sideration this causes in medical circles may be imagi-
ned, but never, no never described.

A CLERGYMAN in Scotland preached a few
Sundays ago from the text "If you do not repent, ye
shall likewise perish." The wife of a farmer who was
present went home and told her husband that the text
was, "If you don't pay rent, you shall leave the parish."

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

THE Athenaeum mentions "under all re-
serves" a rumour from America to the effect that Mr.
Walt Whitman has resolved on a visit to England.

MESSRS. W. A. Mansell & Co. are holding an ex-
hibition of published Christmas cards in their show-
rooms, 271 and 273 Oxford street.

ABOUT one hundred of the choicest pictures at
the Luxembourg, in Paris, were terribly damaged by
water a few days back.

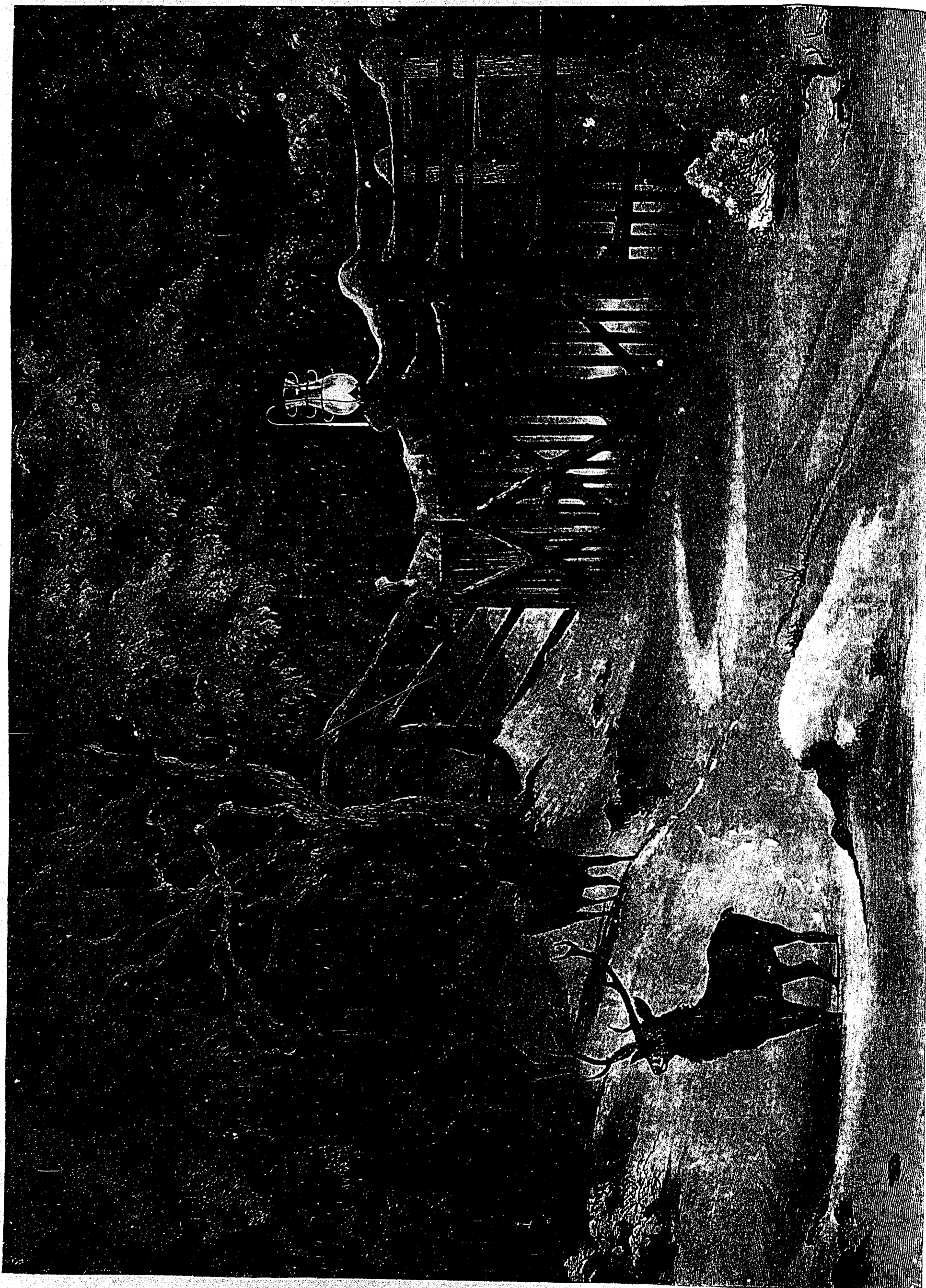
THE main feature of the approaching Gros-
venor Gallery Exhibition is to be a retrospective col-
lection of the works of Mr. G. F. Watts, which is to be
made as comprehensive as possible.

HERM MAKART intends shortly to exhibit in
London the enormous picture of "Christ" which during
the last season attracted much popular attention and
provoked technical controversy in Paris.

MR. ALEXANDER MILNE CALDER, a Scotch
sculptor, has been awarded the first prize of \$1,000 for
his sketch model of the "Meade Memorial," about to be
erected in Philadelphia. The memorial is to cost
\$30,000.

SOME French journals were much exercised in
spirit by a report that the "Charge des Cavaillers," by
M. Meissonier, had been destroyed by fire in New York.
These journals were comforted by a correction to the
effect that only a Murillo was burned.

A PROLIFIC SOURCE OF DISEASE.—A trifling
indiscretion in diet may lay the foundation of
confirmed dyspepsia, and there is no fact in
medical science more positively ascertained or
more authoritatively asserted than that dyspep-
sia is the parent of a host of bodily ills, not the
least of which is contamination of the blood and
the maladies of which that is the direct conse-
quence. Their original cause is, however,
thoroughly eradicated from the system by
NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY
AND DYSPEPTIC CURE, a medicine which only
requires regularity and persistence in its use to
cure dyspepsia and the many ills that arise from
it. No deleterious mineral ingredient is con-
tained in it, and though its action is thorough
in cases of costiveness, it never produces griping
pains in the abdominal region, or weakens the
bowels like a violent purgative. It invigorates
the system through the medium of the increased
digestive and assimilative activity which it pro-
motes, and is also a most efficient remedy for
kidney complaints, serofulous and all diseases of
the blood, female weakness, &c., &c. Price
\$1.00. Sample bottle 10 cents. Ask for NOR-
THROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and
Dyspeptic cure. The wrapper bears a fac simile
of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.



A WILD DEER PARK IN GERMANY.



NELLIE'S DREAM.—(SEE PAGE 387.)

## BENEATH THE SURFACE.

(From the Norwegian of Peter Andreas Jensen.)

BY NED P. MAH.

Saw you ocean  
Billow wounded,  
Storm surrounded,  
Hidden in its foam's commotion  
Till from the black and lowering strand  
The storm-sprite, his fell progress winging,  
Seemed to you a giant, swinging  
The mighty universe in hand!

This your error—  
What lay under  
Storm and thunder  
You forgot, possessed by terror.  
There the sunlight rests like balm.  
In those pale blue and sapphire halls  
Mid gems of pearl and coral walls  
While the storm rages there is calm.

## THE BALL SCANDAL.

FROM THE PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF PETER STONNOR, ESQ.

It will scarcely be credited, notwithstanding my unswerving neutrality during the periodical parliamentary contests, and the strict impartiality which directs my actions in any political excitement, important changes are sometimes made in the county without my even being consulted. My reserved attitude pleases neither party. You must be either for them or against them. They do not seem to be able to comprehend that, standing aloof as I do from party influence, unbiased by excitement, and unambitious of power, I am therefore the more able to give judicious advice. Upon my word, they almost seem to imply that unless you join in their petty strifes and place-huntings you are not entitled to an opinion at all.

Now who, I should like to ask, can be a better judge of what is good for the county than one who, like myself, has a traditional interest in the land? Of course, one party says, "It is your duty to do so and so," and the other, "It is your duty to do so and so." As a Stonnor I will not submit to be dictated to; nor will I see my constitutional rights assailed without protest. Have I not always performed the duties of my station? I am liberal to my tenants, entertain without stint, religiously preserve foxes, and if I am hard on a poacher it is because I look upon him as an impudent thief.

When our Lord-Lieutenant, old Sir Thomas Anstruther, died, I certainly did not think the Government would like to have the opportunity of paying me the compliment of appointing me his successor; indeed, my social position in the county almost gave it to me as a right. They ignored me, however, and appointed my friend and neighbour, Lord Forton.

Now, I have not a single word to say against Lord Forton (and to show that there was no ill-feeling I cheerfully allowed myself to be made his Deputy). He is a good fellow—in fact, I may say a very good fellow; but do all he can, he can't get his people farther back than the first George. Somewhere about this time there was a Dawlish (his family name) who managed to make a huge fortune out of the notorious James Law speculations in France. I believe it was further supplemented during the South-Sea Bubble. He certainly assisted the Regent Louis in France; and report says, George also in England. At all events, he was raised to the peerage as Lord Forton, taking his title from his Hertford estates. I have known the present man all my life. He is about ten years my junior, sowed a great number of wild oats, which considerably impoverished his rent-roll, is a careless, brave, little man, and when young notorious for many absurd escapades. His declarations and former propositions of marriage would fill a volume. On one occasion he proposed to a belle at the county ball, and wrote the next morning to apologize for his rudeness. For this he was called out by the brother, and after two ineffectual shots proposed they should practice at a target for ten minutes and begin again. Then, wishing to be impressive with the daughter of a very aristocratic house, he took her to the family mausoleum, and asked her if she would allow her bones to repose with his ancestors! He married the wrong woman at last. He made up his mind to propose to the second daughter of Lady Bowmaster, and went fast asleep while cogitating on the form of his proposal. When he awoke in the twilight she was, as he thought, still by his side, upon which he dropped on one knee, and said what he had to say as tenderly as possible. The voice, however, that answered, "It shall be as you wish, Lord Forton," was that of the elder sister, who had by chance come in during his nap. Forton married her, and she has made him an excellent wife. To a nature so naturally careless as his she must have proved invaluable. She is very agreeable, and knows by instinct the exact amount of consideration to be given to each person. He may be the Lord-Lieutenant, but it is she who rules the county with an iron hand, though you only see the kid glove. She has frequent sources of worry, either with Mrs. Randall Rawson, who opposes her sway in the county, or with her husband's young brother and sister.

The Hon. Percy Dawlish (commonly known as Dawley) is twenty years younger than Forton, and as mad a little scapegrace as ever entered the British army. He is always in some shocking scrape, always impetuous, and always bothering his brother for help. Her ladyship

is for ever financing, arranging, or taxing her energies in some way on his account. Then there was a young sister Emilia (about Dawley's age), with whom she was always bickering, and who in consequence of sustained disagreements was living with the Dowager Lady Bowmaster.

A few weeks before the ball at Stonnor Hall Lady Forton was greatly perturbed, for not only had Dawley done some dreadful thing that entailed the sale of his commission, but she had received a letter from the Dowager Aunt Bowmaster, which quite alarmed her. Forton told me that whenever she came into his smoking-room with papers in her hand, and closed the door carefully, he lit a fresh cigar and prepared for the worst. He knew he was in for a bad half-hour. On this occasion she was unusually excited.

"This is a wretched business, Forton," she began. "What do you mean to do?"

"Haven't the slightest idea—unless we cut down the trees and go to Boulogne."

"Don't be absurd! The money must be paid somehow, and then what is he to do?"

"Perhaps you'll tell me. Why, there isn't a single respectable calling he is fitted for. He has a remarkable genius for iniquity, but where else his talents lie I know not. The first question is, 'What has he let me in for?'"

"These bills appear to be drawn in conjunction with Captain Benson of his regiment. You remember him? Benson has had none of the money, but is in some way or other responsible for £2,000. He has paid £1,000. Then Dawley's other debts are terrific!"

"Well, he must make a clean breast of it. We had better see him and hear the worst."

"I won't have him here. Why, he would upset the household."

"I don't believe he would stop here, if you asked him, for any length of time. Write up to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and get Lawson down to meet him for a day or two. He may invent a plan to get him out of the country with a clear stage."

"Now about Emilia."

"What about her?"

"Something most unpleasant. Lady Bowmaster writes that she is starting for Cannes, and that Emilia refuses to go with her. She also says that Emilia has been in close correspondence with Captain Benson, and that she believes they are engaged."

"Whew! Why, she can't marry without my consent, and I'm not going to consent to the marriage of two mendicants. She must come here, too."

"Exactly. But remember, Forton, she is very quiet and very obstinate, exasperatingly so. Benson cannot have any money, and she has given all she could of her own to Dawley. The engagement is nonsense, and must not be listened to."

"Well, you had better talk to her," said his lordship.

"I! I may as well talk to your cigar. It is for you to speak; you have authority over her."

"I can't sermonize," said her husband. "It is out of my line. But let 'em both come, and see if we can't put things straighter."

In due course brother and sister appeared at Forton House. Dawley I had never seen in my life, but Emilia I remembered as a little girl some—well, a good many years ago. She was now grown into a tall young woman, who carried herself with extreme grace and dignity. Her face was not what is termed beautiful, but had regular, classical features. Her chief charm was her carriage. She stepped like an empress, and had that indescribable thoroughbred air which to me is more captivating than a pretty face.

As to Dawley, he was a dissipated-looking little fellow, with light hair and moustache. He wore an eye-glass, and drawled out the latest London scandals with irresistible humour. Rather bad some of them; but it was impossible to be angry with this wicked little gentleman, for at the end of each story he would put his eye-glass in his eye and say, with the most comical drawl, "Pin my sawl, it is the best thing I ever heard in the whole course of my life!"

With Mr. Lawson's aid the Fortons got him clear of his present embarrassments without any exposure. With Emilia they were not quite so successful. Lady Forton had high words with her, and Forton reminded her she could not marry without his consent. She merely kept a dignified silence, wouldn't budge an inch or promise anything. After a time Forton left it all to his wife, so the two ladies were soon at daggers-drawn. At last Lady Forton confided her troubles to me.

"What a pity," she said, "to see such a noble creature throwing herself away! Could you not, Mr. Stonnor, as an old friend, speak to her quietly?"

"A very delicate task!" I answered. "But your ladyship must remember that my acquaintance with Miss Forton is quite recent."

"Oh, you have known her since she was a child. But come oftener, Mr. Stonnor; come and help us. She is really destined for a higher sphere than to be the wife of a poor captain."

She was quite right. Emilia was fitted for a higher sphere. She was the sort of person who had presence enough to grace the house of any country gentleman.

I don't think Lady Forton could have confided the task to better hands than mine. It required much patience and delicate tact; but by degrees Emilia gave me her confidence, and ultimately told me all about her engagement with Captain Benson. I induced her to allow me

to teach her billiards, so our conversations were generally undisturbed in the neglected room.

"I would not tell you one word, Mr. Stonnor," she said, during one of our games, "did I not feel sure you would keep my secrets?"

"Pray, be sure," I replied, "that whatever you say to me will be held sacred."

"I do believe it. You are a man of too much refined feeling and good breeding to do anything underhand. I feel I can trust you."

"Stonnor et Honour!" I said, bowing.

"Lady Forton can think of nothing but money. As if money was everything! I suppose you believe there are such things as love and affection, Mr. Stonnor?"

"Assuredly, most assuredly," I replied warmly.

"Now, suppose, Mr. Stonnor, you had a very intimate friend—one, in fact, with whom you had daily intercourse—and your relatives were suddenly to take upon themselves to tell you peremptorily to drop his acquaintance, what would you do?"

"I certainly would not submit to be dictated to, unless—"

"Ah! there would be no 'unless' about it. You of all others, Mr. Stonnor, would stick by your friend loyally; you wouldn't give him up."

"I don't think I would."

"Well, then, you cannot expect me to give up Pierce all at once, can you?"

"Perhaps not. But by degrees—"

"And you would never so far forget yourself as to burn and intercept letters that did not belong to you?"

"Do you mean to tell me that this is done here?"

"It is. Lady Forton bribes my maid, and I am not sure she does not open my letters."

"I can scarcely believe it."

"No man of honour could believe it; but it is now, oh! ever so many days since I have heard from him, and I am sure our letters must be intercepted, for he was most regular in correspondence. I want you to post a letter for me, Mr. Stonnor, and I shall, at all events, be sure he gets that."

"I will gladly take charge of your letter; but don't you think—"

"I think of nothing but getting my letter posted; perhaps it is giving you too much trouble?"

"Not at all! not at all! It shall be done."

"And will you also take charge of the answer, if it is addressed under cover to you?"

"Now really, Miss Emilia, this seems equivalent to being privy to a sort of clandestine correspondence. I really—"

"I cannot congratulate you on your choice of adjectives," she said in her most dignified way, "and if the first little office I ask of you is so distasteful, pray return me the letter."

"Believe me I am anxious to serve you, but what will Lady Forton say?"

"Ah, there it is—Lady Forton. Perhaps you would like to show my letter to her? You are like the rest. I inferred from your kind expressions of interest that you were prepared to go a little farther than ordinary courtesies. I am sorry I have been mistaken."

Now nothing could be better than this little allusion to myself. It forthwith identified me with her interests and made the future easy. "Be assured," I said tenderly, "that you may count on me as a true friend. Don't say another word. I will take charge of your letters." This was a little bit of finesse on my part. I yielded simply because our object could not be gained by direct opposition with such a temperament as hers. The worst of it was that this first letter and its answer led to others more bulky, till my self-imposed duty as postman became rather too engrossing. One day I found Lady Forton in the billiard-room alone.

"Ah, you cunning man!" she said playfully.

"—you expected to find Emilia here! Let me say two words before Lord Forton and Dawley come in. Do you know I really cannot tell you how delighted I am at your progress with Emilia. I wouldn't have believed it. She is fitted for any sphere, Mr. Stonnor! I don't know what you have been telling her, you wily creature you; but Forton and I both notice that she is far more cheerful. Here come the men to consult you about some prospective gaiety."

"Ah, Stonnor!" Forton cried, as he entered, "you are the smartest man in the world. I verily believe that is the third new spick-span suit I've seen on you within the last fortnight."

"Poole's cut too, I swear!" said Dawley.

"Oh, he is teaching Milly pool, you know," said his lordship.

"Pin my sawl, that is one of the best things I ever heard in the whole course of my life," Dawley drawled, popping up his eye-glass.

"What about this proposed gaiety?" I asked.

"Let us hear her ladyship's opinion," said Forton, taking up a cue.

"All we could do here would be a tennis party with marquees. A ball is impossible, the floor is in such a wretched condition that a wax cloth would be useless. People don't care to dance on carpets. What is your opinion, Mr. Stonnor?"

"Tennis parties are pleasant enough," I answered, "and you may see a great number of people; but a Lord-Lieutenant's ball would be the thing. It would be immensely popular."

"Let Milly decide," said Forton as his sister entered the room. "Shall it be a ball or a big afternoon affair, Milly?"

"A ball of course," she answered.

"I cannot have a ball here," said Lady Forton peremptorily.

"Look here," said Dawley, leaning on his cue: "let us have both—Lieutenant gives big kettledrum and Deputy a ball. There's something for you Stonnor."

"Fie, fie! Dawley, said her ladyship; "this is really asking too much. Positively, Dawley, you have no compunction."

"Compunctions! 'Pin my sawl I'm smothered in 'em. Stonnor is dying to give a ball."

"A ball in your dear old-fashioned house would be very charming," said Emilia.

"Well," I replied, as gallantly as I could, "if you and Lady Forton think it would be a success, and would kindly help me with the arrangements, I shall be delighted."

"You are quite too dreadfully good," said her ladyship, "but really—"

"But, now no buts," said Forton. "It is all arranged. I give an afternoon and Stonnor an evening. Let us get over it as soon as possible."

After this all was hurry and bustle. Invitations were sent, marquees hired, and the continual fine weather seemed to promise success. The ball, however, was the object, and my lady-helps were most useful. Not a day now but there was a grand confab at Forton House or the Hall about it. Emilia showed a lively interest in all the details, and I took care that she should understand that it was she I consulted and Lady Forton. This required tact, but my success was apparent, by ever so little increase of tenderness in her manner towards me. Really once or twice the pressure of her hand fairly electrified me. What a noble mistress she would make for Stonnor Hall! How imperial she looked, standing in her brown velvet dress under the old escutcheon with Stonnor et Honor over her head! Oh yes, doubtless she was born for a high social position.

Then these day dreams would be cut short by the knowledge that I had in my pocket letters for her from this fellow Benson. Bah! I don't think I was sorry when a regular row occurred at Forton House about this gentleman.

A few days before the "afternoon," Lord Forton received the following letter, which he threw across the table to his wife, saying it was another kettle of fish for her to cook. He told me all about it afterwards.

"Dear Lord Forton,—

"I am staying with our mutual friend, Randall Rawson, and he proposes taking me to your party on Tuesday next. Nothing would give me greater pleasure, but before I come, it is only fair to tell you that your sister Emilia has promised to be my wife. The engagement is not of long standing, and she has probably apprised you of the fact. With compliments to Lady Forton,

"Believe me, yours faithfully,

"PIERCE BENSON."

"Well, what next?" said her ladyship, laying down the letter. "What shall you say?"

"Don't know! I suppose he must come."

"Come! Forton, you must be mad. Emilia certainly thinks less of him, because there has been no correspondence between them for a long time; but I doubt if she is prepared to give him his congé. He must not come on any account."

"What am I to say to him?"

"Suppose you let me write. I could write a friendly letter, and imply that Emilia would rather he did not come here just at present. I wish he was anywhere but with these disagreeable Rawsons!"

"That sounds well—and it would get me out of a noose—awfully clever of you!"

This was her ladyship's diplomatic note, written under the impression that there had been no late correspondence between the two.

"Dear Captain Benson,—

"We are so truly sorry not to be able to see you on Tuesday, but I have ventured a little note of friendly explanation, which I am sure you will take in the same kind spirit with which it is dictated. The fact is, dear Captain Benson, that Forton and myself, after the most careful consideration, have come to the conclusion that we ought to ask you to release Emilia from her engagement. Your friend Dawley's extravagances have impoverished us all, and I am sure you, as a man of honour, would not like to deprive Milly of the comforts to which she has always been accustomed. I think, too, that she herself is now beginning to see the truth of these remarks, and with great regret,

"Believe me, dear Captain Benson,

"Yours faithfully,

"CAROLINE FORTON."

The upshot of this was that Captain Benson drove straight off to Forton House, and desired to see his lordship. The ladies were out. Benson began by producing the letter and asking if it was written with his lordship's sanction. Forton replied, rather inconsequently, that it was, but he didn't know what was in it. Then the letter was read.

"Ah, that's it!" said Forton. "Don't you see, you can't marry Milly if you can't keep her!"

"I suppose not," said Benson.

"I mean," Forton went on, "that you have no right to deprive her of the comforts and luxuries which she now enjoys."

"She herself is the best judge of that."

"No, no! Lady Forton and I are the best judges. If Milly marries without my consent, she forfeits what little Dawley has left her."

"Am I to infer from this, Lord Forton, that you will only give your approval to a rich suitor, and that you would exact your authority under that will in this arbitrary manner? Would you not consider her happiness?"

"I am consulting her happiness by forbidding this engagement."

"Why, and how?"

"I mean to say," said his lordship, floundering, "that we do not think the marriage with you would be judicious."

"I will only take my dismissal from her own lips. I don't believe one word that Lady Forton hints about Milly sharing in your ideas. Her letter of last Saturday was as full of affection as ever."

Lord Forton's eyes began to glisten. "It's an uncommon awkward thing to say you don't believe what Lady Forton writes."

"For all that," replied Benson, waxing wroth, "for all that—I repeat it, word for word, I repeat—I don't believe for one moment that Milly wants to throw me over. I will only take my dismissal from her own lips. Let me see her."

"She is out! and you should not see her if she was in! I shall deny you admittance too, if you call again."

"Do you mean to tell me," said the Captain slowly, "that you will so forget yourself as a gentleman as to attempt to prevent our meeting again?"

"That's another very awkward speech, but I'll be hanged if you shall see her."

"In that case," said Benson, rising to go, "I shall take another course."

"You know where to find me," said Forton, bowing him out politely, but white with rage.

Dawley and Lady Forton found him pacing the room like a caged tiger. "Shut the door," he said. "Where is Milly?"

"In the billiard-room with Stonnor," replied his wife.

"Look here! I've had a nice rum-pus with Pierce Benson!" Then he told them.

"Did he say he had heard from her lately?" asked her ladyship.

"He said her letter last Saturday was full of affection."

"Dawley," she said, confronting him solemnly, "you have been at mischief again. You have been carrying letters. Don't deny it! Really there is no shame in you!"

"No shame!" cried Dawley. "Pin my sawl, I'm smothered in it! I haven't carried a letter or a note. Postman does that."

"That is just what the postman doesn't do," she said. "There is some underhand work somewhere. If it isn't you it is Mrs. Randall Rawson. But mind! not one word to Emilia. Leave me to manage it."

It was not to be managed so easily. On the morning of the Forton House party I was the innocent carrier of a letter to Emilia from Capt. Benson, in which he told her about his interview with Lord Forton and its results. I gave it to her in the billiard-room while we were preparing to play a game. She read it, dropped the cue, and stalked straight into the morning-room.

"Why didn't you tell me that Pierce Benson had called to see me?" she asked abruptly.

"Ah, Dawley has been blabbing, has he? Just like him," replied Forton. "Well, I didn't tell you, because I thought it best you shouldn't know."

"What right have you to prevent his seeing me, or my seeing him?"

"Your brother," put in her ladyship, "has a legal right to prevent your marriage with Capt. Benson."

"Pardon me, Lady Forton. Under the will he has only a legal right to my money if I marry without his consent. But I shall not remain any longer under your roof if I am to be submitted to such insults."

"What's that you say?" roared Forton in a towering passion. "Who dares to say we insult you? I tell you, miss, I'll bring you to your senses. I'll lock you up! I'll lock you up till Pierce Benson is out of the country, and if he shows his face here again I'll tell the keepers to shoot him!"

The man was beside himself with rage; but I can fancy the look of contempt and scorn she gave him. "She stepped out of the room like that well, Ristori," said Dawley to me afterwards. "Pin my sawl, it was the best thing I ever saw in the whole course of my life!"

The following day was all sunshine for their party, but his lordship was as black as thunder. It was as much as Lady Forton could do to prevent him carrying out his threat of locking Emilia in her room. As it was, he actually told his wife and the servants to keep strict watch on her, and bid the lodge-keepers to prevent Captain Benson from entering the park. There was an unnatural calm about her, which was only the lull before the storm. She would not appear at the party, and the Randall Rawsons, in a huff at Lord Forton's behaviour to their guest, declined to come. The next morning Emilia appeared at breakfast as placid as ever, and afterwards drove over to the Hall with Lady Forton to complete the ball arrangements.

Her ladyship was uneasy. "We are in trouble about Milly and Benson," she whispered to me. "There has been a dreadful scene! Get her to tell you all about it, while I go and ask your gardener for some flowers."

I was alarmed, but the *l'le-adlle* reassured me.

"Dear Mr. Stonnor," she said slyly, "I feel I have asked too much of you. I never ought to have placed you in such a position; but this is the very last time I shall ask you to carry a letter for me. What was I to do! Dawley was not to be trusted, because Lady Forton can draw the simple fellow round her finger.

Please, dear Mr. Stonnor, send this and bring me the answer. I assure you it is the very last!"

"The very last," I murmured passionately. "The very last," she replied softly.

I took her hand and kissed it gallantly; she sighed, and I felt indescribably happy. When I put Lady Forton into her carriage, I said with much meaning, "I think you may rest content about *L'Affaire Benson*."

She squeezed my hand by way of thanks and drove off.

It was now but three days to the ball, during which matters quieted down at Forton House. His lordship was still surly and savage with Emilia, who remained placidly silent, and studiously avoided mentioning Captain Benson's name.

The old hall looked very splendid on the night. It was really a brilliant scene. The light dresses against the dark oak panelling were charmingly picturesque. Lady Forton's black velvet dress was the only sombre dress in the room; but the Forton diamonds glistened on her like stars. Emilia was simply angelic in white silk and sherry gauze trimmed with pearls; she also carried a quaint Persian scarf—one of the gifts of that fellow Benson; certainly she was the belle of the room. For the most part the men wore dress hunting-cos-tume; Lord Forton and myself wearing our Lieutenants' uniforms, which may be described as Field-Marshal's uniforms with naval cocked hats.

It was an early ball, as some of my guests had long distances to travel. About nine o'clock we had taken our places for the Lancers, when Lord Forton's servant came in and whispered something to him. He turned white, walked hurriedly up to me, took me by the arm, and when we got outside said, "Milly's gone off with that beast Benson. Don't lose a second; there are heaps of carriages about; you must come with me—I insist on it. We'll catch 'em yet!"

I was speechless with shame and confusion. I remember Forton talking to the servant about the road they had taken, and telling Lady Forton to look after my guests; then shouting some directions to the postillion, and finally shoving me into the carriage.

"Off we went at a gallop. 'I'll cut that fellow's throat!' he said as he lit a cigar. In about an hour, just as we were mounting the hill to Dartown, the horses began to flag. 'Drive faster. Twenty pounds if you catch 'em!' he shouted out of the window.

"It's all right, my lord," said the postillion, "they are just in front of us. We shall nab them in the town."

"Capital," said his lordship, lighting another cigar.

The carriage stopped abruptly.

"What now?" asked Forton.

"Carriage in front stopped at cross-roads; lady getting out," said the postillion.

At this we both popped our heads out, and sure enough by the gas-lamp there was Emilia in her white dress and Persian scarf stepping quickly out of the carriage, with a black hood over her head.

"Ah, my lady! I know your dodge; you are off to the railway-station," said Forton; "jump out, Stonnor; we'll run her down easy. Postillion! follow us closely."

I found words to say, "Mind, Forton, there must be no violence."

"There need be no violence with *her*. All I shall do is to take her back to Forton House."

We could just see her white dress as it passed the gas-lamps towards the station. It occurred to me afterwards that it was rather lucky it was dark, as the appearance of two gentlemen in Field-Marshal's costumes, with cocked hats and plumes, chasing a young lady in evening dress, must have been diverting. We gained on her rapidly. Then she became aware of the pursuit, and, after a fruitless endeavour to escape, sank all of a huddle on the dark side of the road. My heart bled for her. "Mind, Forton!" I said, "no violence; I will not permit any violence!"

"Violence be shot!" he answered, as we came up to her with the carriage. "Now, Milly," he said, "no more of this abominable non-sense! Into the carriage this moment!"

Nothing but a shiver and a moan for answer.

"Do you hear? Listen! I shall settle with Pierce Benson by-and-by; but if you don't get in quietly, I tell you I'll put you in!"

As there was still no answer but sobs, he attempted to lift her, upon which she threw him off with great force and clung to me for protection. I put my arm round her. "Now, Forton," I said, "you promised me there should be no violence. Let me try to persuade her to come quietly. Emilia, you must go back with us; don't create a scene. Believe me it is your wisest course; get in with your brother."

Forton took his seat and held out his hand. She shrank back from him with loathing, and just whispered faintly in my ear, "Outside, pray take me outside!"

"She must go in the rumber with me," I said; "I'll take care of her. Hurry back to Forton House."

With some trouble we seated ourselves and started back. She would not speak, but her sobs were pitiful. Her whole frame shook with emotion. I kept my arm round her, supporting and soothing her to the best of my ability. At last the poor thing dropped to sleep with her head on my shoulder.

Within a mile or two of Forton House, just as we gained the crest of the hill on the common, she awoke with a start, turned her head about

in a dazed sort of way; then with an unearthly, mad little cry leaped from the seat into the road. How I managed to follow I don't know; but when I found myself in the road the carriage was disappearing at a brisk trot one way and her white dress the other. The faster I ran, the faster she ran. The poor girl had evidently gone mad, for her eldritch laughter was occasionally wafted back to me on the breeze. On I panted, determined to save her if it cost me my life. At last she paused before the open door of a roadside-inn, then suddenly darted inside. I followed, dreadfully fagged; my cocked-hat was lost and my legs covered with mud. Good heavens, what a sight confronted me at the bar of that public-house! Emilia, my delicate and sensitive Emilia drinking beer out of a common metal vessel! She drained it to the bottom, and putting it down with a smack turned to me and said, "Pin my sawl, this is one of the best jokes I ever heard of in the whole course of my life!"

It was that wretch Dawley! He had positively been villainous enough to help his sister to elope with Pierce Benson! Elope! it was scarcely an elopement after all. He had conducted her unnoticed from the room, and while she was changing her dress conceived the idea of using the white silk, Persian scarf, and hood by way of personating her, should the pursuit be too keen. He then put her into a carriage that had been standing unobserved among the rest, and in which were seated Captain Benson and Mrs. Randall Rawson! When we came up with their over-weighted carriage he popped out and misled us, while his sister drove on to the Randall Rawsons.

She was married to Pierce Benson the next day in the little parish church, where their banns had been cried for the last three Sundays without the Fortons knowing one word about it!

I believe myself that Mrs. Randall Rawson was at the bottom of it all, and that it was all arranged by her to spite Lady Forton. Her ladyship, however, was too diplomatic to make a quarrel about it. She soothed the matter over so cleverly with her husband that Dawley was sent abroad and Benson brought his wife to Forton House after the honeymoon. I was afraid that he might feel some disinclination to come to the Hall after his wife's late *betress* for me, but they both came as if nothing had happened!

Truly, as I said before, there is no understanding the ways of women!

THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.  
(FROM PUNCH).

I don't know a better field for studvin Human natur than behind a Dinner Table. You see men at their best and at their worst. There's the mere Goorman, I think they call theirselves, tho' we call 'em something else, who comes only for eating and drinking, who takes everything you offers him, and if there's any special Luxury to be had, helps himself to about half the lot, and never gives a thought to anybody else, not even to the poor Waiter, who has his likings like other folk. When Sparrow Grass first comes in you see this Gent's amiable Tray, and the same with the early Peas. I couldn't help saying to one of 'em, when he quite emptied a dish, "You seem to like Grass, Sir." He wasn't at all offended, but abashfully said, "Yes I do, bring some more!" Well these Gents we all know and we all despise. Then there's the Comic Gent, who's always looking out for a chance of telling his jokes, forgetting as we Waiters has heard 'em all over and over again, till we're quite sick on 'em. Then there's the Important Man, probably a Deputy Alderman or a Past Master, who looks as if it was rather a condishun on his part to eat or drink anything, but yet if you don't serve him fust, he treats you more like a Wurm than a Man and a Brother. I like Past Masters for one thing. They allers speak of all important events as having happened when so and so was Master, like the people as writes Histery dates things from different Kings or Queens. So instead of saying, that was in the rain of His Most Religious and Gracious Majesty George 4th (my model of a truly grate King), they will say, that was when Alderman Mugnuts was Master.

Well, then there's the terrible Kritik, who thinks he knows all about Wine. Ah, I must confess, many and many's the trix we pays him to return for the deal of trouble he gives us. And then there's the good-tempered, good-natured Gentleman as we all likes. He never comes in without saying to me, "Well, Robert, how are you, Robert?" He's something like a Gent he is, He's ready to laugh at a good story, or make a good speech if asked to, or to sit quiet, without looking as glumpy as a neglected M. P. if he has nothing to do. Ah, he's the Gent for me, and them's the Gents it's a pleasure to wait on, and may their children after them be like Olives about the Table!

One of the most trying parts of our duties is that we're all supposed to be Def.

However funny a story may be, we musn't laugh, however affectin' we musn't cry, however exciting, we musn't appear interested, however long the bow that is drawn, we musn't look doubtful. And, to tell the naked truth, some Gents do draw it very powerful, I could's one tales unfold—but no, so long as confidence exists it shall be mutual. No names shall from my pen to excite a ribbald laugh. I likes my plate too well to quarrel with my Wenson.

I don't know a greater change for me than to assist at one of the great Gills when they invites their Ladies to Dinner. Brown and me we both

thoroughly enjoys it. All so genteel, so quiet so slow. Why it's no more like the real thing than a Mellow Dram is like Farce. Any one can see with half an eye that it's nothing but a great Sham.

Where's all the old jokes and the old fun and the old chaff? No more there thyn the old Mad-eery and the old Port. The poor Ladies, God bless 'em, are not supposed to be able to apprehend any on 'em, so they gives them instead a box o' sweets for the dear children. And at the end of the dinner they drinks their healths, and they always says, oh how they wishes they could have 'em oftener, but they never says why they can't, and how as they never enjoys themselves without 'em. Ah, that's something really grand to hear them say, that is, seeing what I sees, and hearing what I hears, and knowing what I knows!

Ah, if there's a nice bit of Gammon just done to a turn, and served up with plenty of melted butter, it's the Chairman's speech at a Ladies' Dinner.

(Signed) ROBERT.

MUSICAL BURGLARY.

A good many years ago, when Fourierism was much talked of, an ingenious artist prepared a cartoon for *Yankee Doodle*, the first New York comic weekly, which represented a company of harvesters engaged in a wheat field cradling the grain to the strains of music furnished by a number of performers, who alternated on a line with the harvesters, each having for his instrument a fiddle. It was a co-operative rhythmical experiment, and, as far as the case presented itself, it seemed to work well. The harvesters were all alert, swung their cradles to good time, and promised to turn in a good day's work. This seemed to be a perfectly legitimate employment of music, to inspirit, harmonize and ennoble labour.

Up to this time the possible applications of music are unknown; if music be the universal solvent, the spiritual and intellectual ether of the universe, nobody can tell the infinite uses and innumerable occasions where it may be introduced.

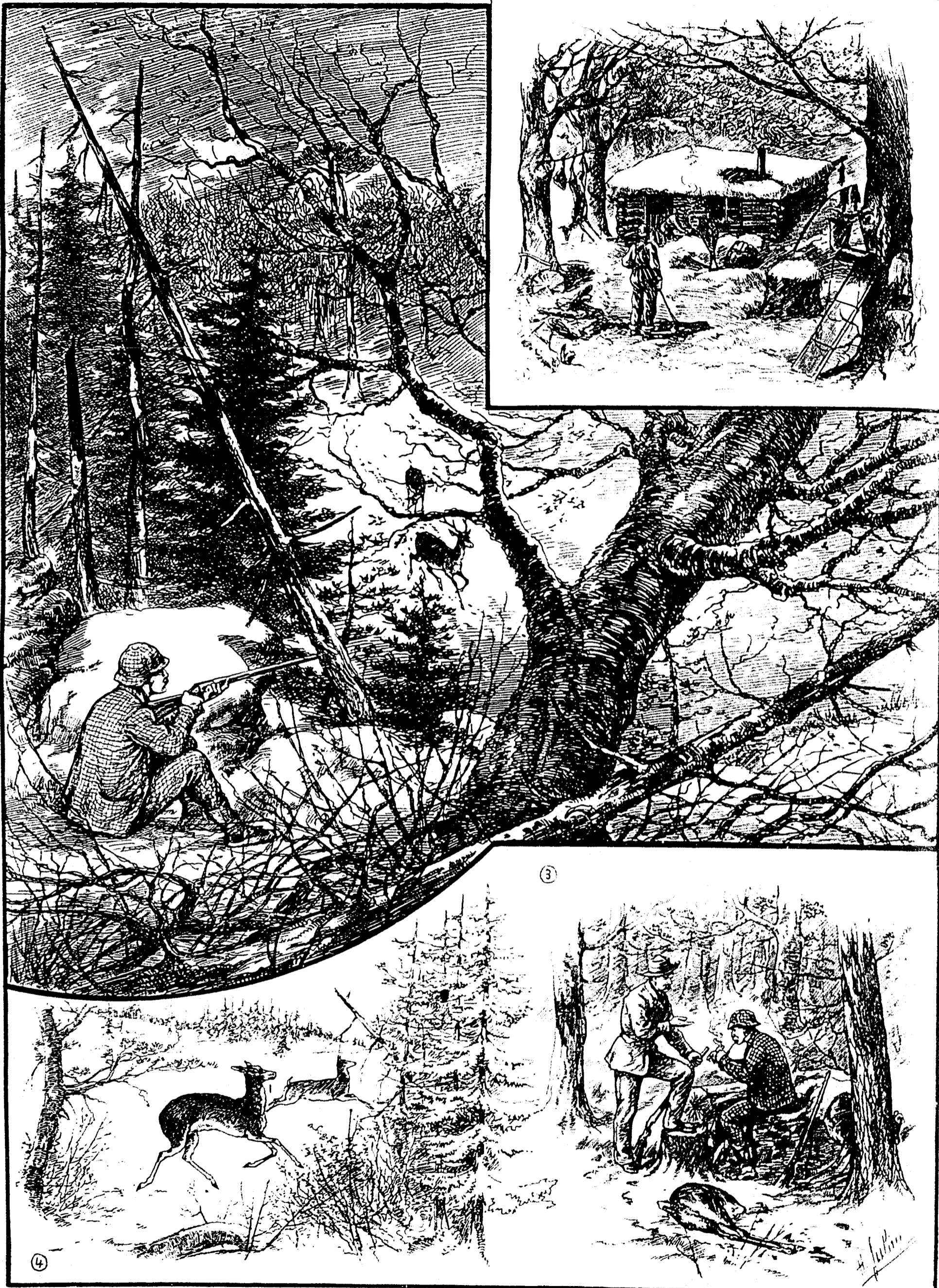
Sheridan, in *The Critic*, by the mouth of Sneer, the professional author, makes an avowment in these words in answer to Dangle's question (looking at a fresh MS.), "But what have we here? This seems very odd." To which Sneer rejoins: "O, that's a comedy on a very new plan; replete with wit and mirth and yet of a most serious moral! You see it is called 'The Reformed Housebreaker;' where by the mere force of humour, house-keeping is put into so ridiculous a light, that if the piece has its proper run, I have no doubt but that bolts and bars will be entirely useless by the end of the season." Dangle naturally exclaims, "Egad! this is new, indeed."

That Mr. Sneer was not so very far out of the way seems to be demonstrated by a recent case of harmonic felony, which is thus reported:

A well-known lady musician, having apartments in the upper part of this city, gave her servant a holiday and went out sight-seeing. During her absence thieves broke into her room and carried off a lot of jewellery, silk dresses, etc. The lady is a professional singer. Her piano is usually open, with the song she is practicing on the music stand. When she left the house Ab's "Irene" was in hand. Another lady who lives on the floor above says she heard a sudden sound as though something was being forced open in the musical apartments. She was not alarmed, because immediately afterward the accompaniment of "Irene" was played on the piano, followed by a slumber song by Kucken, which the artist had left lying on the lid of the Upright. Then she heard several scales rapidly played in good style, and she was satisfied all was right. It is supposed that the thieves moved off in good form, as the music died away pianissimo. Her musical neighbour had evidently "gone out" for the afternoon. When crime takes for its partner the fine arts, we may hope, as Mr. Sneer partly suggested, that a noble sentiment will prevail among our cracksmen, and that penal offenses will take on more the character of an aesthetic performance. The aesthetic who has figured elsewhere in other company will now show himself frequently in the parlour or elsewhere as a light-fingered performer on the Grand, Upright, Square, or Baby Grand, as it may be, and all go "merry as a marriage bell."

CONSUMPTION CURED. — Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East India missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Threat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, using this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English. W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.





1. THE HUNTER'S HOME. 2. WAITING ON A RUNAWAY. 3. TAKING BEARINGS. 4. HARD HIT.  
 DEER STALKING IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.—FROM SKETCHES BY LIEUT. C. H. LANE.



PARADISE LOST.

"And Death  
Griin'd horrible a ghastly smile to hear  
His famine should be filled."—MILTON.

## PHANTOMS OF YOUTH.

BY MARY KAVANAGH.

The house is very silent now,  
I sit by the fire alone,  
And out of the beautiful olden time  
The ghosts of my dead youth come.

And one, from among the loved and lost,  
Sits in the chair by my side,  
And turns to my gaze the self-same face  
I looked upon as a bride.

My own 's old and wrinkled now,  
My golden locks are white,  
But my heart is young with dreams of the past  
That have come to me to-night.

And the silent figure sitting there,  
Brings back one golden day,  
When I was a girl, knowing naught of the world,  
Careless, happy, and gay.

And with tender, earnest pleading,  
He, the one love of my life,  
Asked, as if asking, earth's greatest boon  
That I would be his wife.

I hear them now, those tender words,  
As when first they swept my ear,  
Like music from a wind-harp breathed—  
"Ah! say that you love me dear!"

My darling! there's now no need to tell  
How dear you've been to my heart,  
I have proved my love through a long, long life,  
Till God called us apart.

You, to His home in Heaven above,  
I, to await His time,  
To bring me back through the gates of Death,  
The love of the olden time.

MARY KAVANAGH.

## SELWYN SEAFORD'S WARD.

Mr. Seaford was opening his morning mail. The letter-tray was always well filled, for Mr. Selwyn Seaford was one of those pleasant, good-looking, easy-tempered bachelors who have, as the saying goes, "hosts of friends."

Perfumed invitations to lawn-tennis breakfasts and archery trees; confidential little notes from young ladies who were in despair about masquerade costumes; commissions from pretty young matrons regarding zephyr worsted and Languedoc lace; long letters from chamois-shooting friends among the Bavarian Alps, and chatty epistles from *attaches* at Paris and Vienna—this was what formed the staple of his correspondence. And at the very bottom lay a black-edged missive, bearing the stamp of "Long Branch."

Slowly Mr. Seaford broke the seal—slowly he read it over.

"So poor Fulton is dead at last," was his first thought. "But, by Jove! it's rather cool of him to leave me his daughter to educate and bring up, seeing that we are neither relations nor connections. It is true that he was my college friend; but there were plenty of others with whom he was far more intimate. A girl—here in my bachelor den! What on earth was poor Fulton thinking of?"

The first idea was that he would entirely abjure the bequest; the second, a superstitious feeling that he *could* not.

"Pshaw!" said Selwyn Seaford, tugging fiercely at his brown, silk soft moustache. "Governance, music-lessons, chocolate caramels—all that sort of thing. It will turn my quiet home into a regular carnival; but I don't see that there's any evading it."

He got up and pushed his letters away, and walked through the house, surveying the various apartments.

"Yes," he mused, "by giving up my cabinet room and changing my library, I can manage to spare quite a respectable suite of apartments. Of course, I shall have to invite old Aunt Balestierre to come and live with me, to play propriety. It will be the old story of ward and guardian over again. She will probably fall in love with me, or I with her, and there'll be the deuce and all to pay. Why on couldn't Fulton have lived long enough to bring up his own daughter?"

But Selwyn Seaford was thoroughly conscientious, and, once convinced that it was his duty to receive Diana Fulton into his house, he lost no time in telegraphing to Aunt Balestierre, preparing the pretty suite of rooms, and hastening down to Long Branch.

"Yes," the polite hotel clerk told him, "Miss Fulton was on the beach—she spent most of her time there." ("Sentimental, I suppose," thought Seaford, with a grimace)—"with her maid." ("Oh, a maid into the bargain—a French flirt, to carry notes on the sly and foster all kinds of intrigue," inwardly groaned our hero.) "Would the gentleman step that way, or should he, the clerk, send a porter down?"

Mr. Seaford preferred to walk down himself—and presently he found himself standing on the shores of the sounding sea, waiting for the conclusion of a brisk but scientific encounter between a little girl of six and her nurse, before he should inquire his way to the Point Breeze sands.

The little girl was small, but desperate. She writhed herself like a serpent about her attendant's ankles, bit, scratched, and finally settled matters by flinging a handful of sand into the nurse's eyes.

"There!" said she, panting, lovely and venomous. "Now will you let me alone?"

"Well, I never!" spluttered the woman. "And your new silk stockings all salt-water, and your elegant black satin ruined—clean ruined, miss!"

"I don't care!" screamed the child. "I don't! I don't! I don't! I'll run away and drown myself, so there, now!"

"Come back, Miss Di, there's a jewel!" coaxed the stout Milesian, wiping the sand out of her blunt features. "Come back, and—"

But here Mr. Seaford stepped forward. "My good woman," said he, will you tell me that child's name? Fulton? Miss Diana Fulton? Indeed!"

And this little black-browed vixen, with the mane of tangled, jetty hair, the slim, serpent-like figure, the flushed, angry face, was the queenly orphan he had pictured as a young lady just ready to be launched into society.

Involuntarily his heart gave a great throb of relief.

"Come here, you little gipsy!" said he, "or I will whistle to the biggest shark off the coast to come and eat you up!"

He held out his hand with a smile. Gradually the frown faded out from the olive forehead, and without hesitation the small Diana accepted his overtures.

"Oh, I know!" said she. "You're old Bachelor Seaford!"

"Laws, miss!" gasped the scandalized maid.

"Exactly," said Mr. Seaford, gravely.

"Then it's all right," said Diana. "Papa said you would take care of me. Couldn't we go onto the Iron Pier and see the Punch-and-Judy show now?"

Aunt Balestierre could hardly believe the testimony of her double eye-glasses when Miss Diana skipped into the room with a doll in one hand and a package of candies in the other.

"I do declare," said the *enfant terrible*, "here's an old lady who is just like the ugly old witch in my fairy-book! Is she your grandmother, Mr. Seaford?"

"Grandmother!" gasped Aunt Balestierre.

But she was a sensible old soul, and recognized the truth of Di's description.

At the end of the first week, however, Di was found to have wrought a terrible devastation. The precise butler gave warning, the housekeeper shed tears over her pillaged preserve-closet, the old Sevres china had been used for a doll's tea-set, and windows and a *diaphe* statuette of Psyche were broken, and a bottle of ink had been upset on the pale-blue moquette carpet of the drawing-room.

"What shall we do?" cried Aunt Balestierre, in dismay.

Mr. Seaford smiled. The elf amused him, after her quaint, stormy fashion.

"She is only a child," said he.

"But such a child!" said Aunt Balestierre.

"Let her stay here," said Mr. Seaford. "She'll improve with age."

So Diana Fulton stayed, and queened it over the little household, apparently quite unaware that her slender inheritance was insufficient to pay a tithe of her daily expenses. The boundless possibilities of youth were hers—the sunshine of a cheerful spirit, and a quick imagination—and she seemed perfectly happy where she was. Affectionate, impetuous, frank and willful, even Aunt Balestierre could not but be fond of her, after a little.

And then, just as (to use Diana's own words) "they were all so happy together," came the news of an insurrection among Selwyn Seaford's West India coffee plantations, and his presence was required immediately on the spot.

"I shall probably return in three months," he said. Or four, at the latest.

"Oh, Mr. Seaford!" sobbed Diana, clinging around him, "can't I go, too—I and Aunt Balestierre?"

"Pshaw, pet, pshaw!" said Seaford, more moved than he cared to evince. "Why, I shall be back before you have had time to miss me!"

When Mr. Seaford spoke the hopeful words, he never dreamed that twelve long years would elapse before he returned, broken down in health, with hair prematurely whitened and fortune considerably lessened, from the West India plantations. But good Aunt Balestierre was there to welcome him, and Di also.

Diana, grown into a royally beautiful young creature, slim, stately, deer-eyed, with a colour like roses and lilies, and an unconscious grace in every motion! Mr. Seaford sighed when he saw her. Never, until then, had he realized what an old man he was getting to be—old, even for fifty-one years.

Some people are young of their age; but he—even the years and months seemed to have had a special spite against him!

"Yes," said Aunt Balestierre, looking triumphantly at Di, "she's quite a woman now. And she has had two offers—two good offers, mind, Selwyn! I was quite vexed at her for refusing young Poole, who had a quarter of a million of his own."

"How is this, little girl?" asked Mr. Seaford.

"I didn't care for him," said Diana, simply.

"But you must marry sometime," urged Mrs. Balestierre, piteously.

"I don't see the necessity of it," retorted the girl.

Mr. Seaford said nothing just then; but he spoke to Diana, in his capacity of guardian, a few days afterward.

"My dear child," said he, gently, "you are a young lady now, and you have your future to look to. I should like to see you settled in a home of your own before I die, and—"

"Oh, Mr. Seaford," passionately interrupted Diana, "don't talk so."

He smiled sadly.

"In fact, my dear," said he, "you are now

exactly what I fancied you to be, twelve years ago, when first I heard that your poor father was gone. I was sitting, I remember, in this very room, opening my letters, and I imagined you to be a tall young woman with whom I should fall in love"—at this, Di laughed and blushed exquisitely—"or who might, perhaps, fall in love with me. You see, my pet, I was twelve years younger then, and now I am reluctantly compelled to acknowledge to myself that all that remains to me is to play the part of the old father on the stage, and deliver you over to some handsome young lover's care."

He spoke lightly, but there was an undertone of deep sadness in his voice.

Diana came and perched herself on the arm of the pillowed chair in which he was reclining.

"But I don't want any handsome young lover," she said. "Oh, Mr. Seaford—dear guardy, as I used to call you—can't the old times come back again?"

"Ah, little Di," he said, mournfully, "old times never do come back."

"But they must—but they shall" cried the girl, with energy. "Now shut your eyes—now fancy yourself opening your letters. *Could* you fall in love with me, guardy?" holding her hand playfully over his eyes. "Because—because the last half of your prediction has come true. I *have* fallen in love with you. There—now I have told it all!"

And then Diana slipped down to her knees on the floor, and hid her burning face on his arm, as he sat there among the pillows.

What did Selwyn Seaford answer? He could answer nothing just at first. He was like the pearl-fisher, who, coming toilsomely home after a hopeless day of failures, suddenly discovers a pure pearly lying at his feet, his own, and his only.

"Di," said he, faintly. "I am old enough to be your father."

"You are just old enough to be my husband," she saucily retorted.

"And I have but half of what little fortune I originally possessed."

"In my eyes," said Diana, gravely, "you are a rich man. But tell me first, one thing—"

"Well?"

"Do you love me?"

"My little love, I cannot remember when I have not loved you!"

"Very well," said Di, "then it's all settled. We are engaged."

Mr. Seaford never would have dared to ask Diana Fulton for the treasure of her love; but now that he knew it was his, it represented to him an earthly paradise. And Aunt Balestierre said she couldn't understand it all.

"But if Seaford and Diana are pleased, I am!" she said.

So the adopted daughter became the dear and cherished wife!

## A RHYMING ROMANCE.

A LOVER AND SWEETHEART—HOW THEY LIVED AND ACTED.

He was young, he was fair, and he parted his hair, like the average beau, in the middle; he was proud, he was bold—but the truth must be told—he played like a fiend on the fiddle.

Barring his voice, he was everything nice, and his heart was so loving and tender that he always turned pale when he trod on the tail of the cat lying down by the fender.

He clerked in a store, and the way that he tore off calico, jeans, and brown shirting, would have tickled a calf and made the brute laugh in the face of a quarterly meeting.

He cut quite a dash with a darling moustache, which he learned to adore and cherish; for one girl had said while she drooped her proud head, it would kill her to see the thing perish.

On Sunday he'd search the road to the church, unheeding the voice of the scornee; and demurely he sat, like a young tabby cat, with the saints, in the amen corner.

He sang like a bird, and his sweet voice was heard fairly tugging away at long meter; and we speak but the truth when we say that this youth could outsing a hungry mosquito.

She was young, she was fair, and she scrambled her hair like the average belle of the city; she was proud but not bold—yet the truth must be told—the way she chewed wax was a pity.

Barring this vice, she was everything nice, and the world admired her bustle; and the Evanston boys, being calmed by the noise, walked miles to hear it rustle.

She cut quite a swell, did this wax-chewing belle, and men flocked in crowds to meet her; but she gave them the shirk, for she loved the young clerk, who sang like a hungry mosquito.

So she hemmed and she hawed, and she sighed and she chawed, till her heart and her jaws were broken, then she walked by his store, where he stood at the door awaiting some loving token.

She raised up her eyes with a mock surprise, and tried to enact the scornee, but to tell the truth, she grinned at the youth who loved the amen corner.

\* \* \* They met—alas! what came to pass was soft and sweet and precious; they wooed they cooed, he talked, she chewed—oh! how how she loved! Good gracious! They had to part, he rose to start; her grief cannot be painted; these are the facts; she swallowed her wax, then screamed, then choked, then fainted.

Her pa appeared; her beau quite scared, rushed out to get some water; the watch-dog

spied his tender hide and bit him where he "oughter."

The tale is sad, the sequel stern—so thinks the youth thus bitten.

He sings no more, as oft of yore—he gave the girl the mitten.

She pined apace, her pretty face looked slender and dejected, her father kind, but somewhat blind, beheld her and reflected.

His income tax he spent for wax—she smiled, and called him clever.

She went to work, forgot the clerk, and chawed in bliss forever.

## MISCELLANY.

THE BEST OF A BAD LOT.—A nervous looking man went into a store the other day and sat down for half an hour or so, when the clerk asked if there was anything she could do for him. He said no, he didn't want anything. She went away and he sat there half an hour longer, when the proprietor went to him and asked if he wanted to be shown anything. "No," said the nervous man. "I just wanted to set around. My physician has recomended perfect quiet for me, and says above all things I must avoid being in crowds. Noticing that you did not advertise in the newspapers, I thought this would be as quiet a place as I could find, so I just dropped in for a few hours of complete isolation." The merchant picked up a bolt of paper cambric to brain him, but the man went out. He said all he wanted was a quiet life.

OH, by the way, did you ever have a man come around to your room in the night to borrow a couple of pills? One such man came on that errand recently, and took occasion to mention an incident which occurred in his boyhood. His mother gave him four pills to take, which he didn't want to take, of course, and left him a small plate of plum jam to escort the pills. He got one down after considerable hard work, and the balance he put in the jam to await a more convenient season. Shortly after his father came in, and noticing the preserves, calmly disposed of it. He chewed it some, and after a while swallowed it, but it was supposed that the flavour was not exactly pleasing to him, for he was heard to hallo upstairs to his wife, "Mary Jane, you'll have to bile that plum sass over again. It's beginning to work, I think." An hour or so later he could have sworn to it.

SHE WANTED A STAMP.—She was a pretty bread and butter, peaches and cream style of a green country girl, and she almost broke the hearts of the clerks in the post-office when she came up to the window and asked to buy a three-cent postage stamp.

"Ah," said Oscar, with a smile of killing variety, as he noticed she had a yellow envelope in her hand, "why not buy a plain white stamped envelope?"

"I don't want a stamped envelope," she simpered, "I want a stamp."

"Oh, very well, miss, but you know stamped envelopes are all the rage now."

"I don't care; I want a stamp."

"Well, you are just too utterly utter. Won't you tell me why you want the stamp?" and the young man wrapped a smile around his face like a sheet around a ghost.

"You won't tell anybody?"

"No, of course not."

"Nobody?"

"No."

"Well, then—te he—te he," she laughed, "you see my beau he didn't like stamped envelopes. He lives away out in Colorado, and he says he never gets to see me, but if I lick the stamp and stick it on he can take it off and chew it, and it is the next thing to kissing me." Then she blushed and looked teased, and Oscar got so red in the face that he gave her a stamp and seven cents change for a five cent piece.

A SOUTH African correspondent of the *Times* recently gave an account of an interesting and pathetic ceremony which took place last month at Bronker's Spruit, the scene of the terrible slaughter of the 94th. The ceremony was the consecration of the graves of those who fell in that disastrous combat, by the Bishop of Pretoria, who, arrayed in his full ecclesiastical robes, proceeded from grave to grave over the great extent of the field. At each he read a psalm and blessed the spot. The first visited was the officers' grave, in which lay Colonel Anstruther, Captains M'Swiny, Nairne, Lieutenant Harrison and Commissary Carter. These graves, as those of the men, have been beautifully arranged by a party of men of the 94th from Pretoria, and handsome stones placed at the head of each. Having performed the service here, the party next proceeded to the main grave—one huge sepulchre, in which are 60 poor fellows, who died by the first volley poured in upon them by the Boers. Further down the road are three others containing several men each who had fallen while defending the long line of wagons. Over this wild, rocky, battlefield, blackened by the passage of a great fire, the little party walked slowly from grave to grave headed by the Bishop—a tall, strong, handsome man, with a great, full voice. The sun had sunk behind the rocky hills to the west before they turned their backs on the fatal spot.

## ORGAN FOR SALE.

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

THE CREATION OF WOMAN.

(From the Swedish of J. L. Runeberg.)

BY NED P. MAH.

"Twas evening of Time's seventh day, and seated Amid eternal glory, with wide glance The great Creator saw His work completed And myriad worlds join in far circling dance, Saw angels wing their way with joyous power, Hastening to nestle in His open arms; Saw, in glad homage, on its stem, each flower Head low its perfumed charms.

The earth stood like a lovely bride of heaven, Crowned with the glories of the sunset's flame, While from the world's far ends, in blessing given, Pure Love and Peace, like banded heralds came, In the fair parks of Paradise asserted The ruler Man, his kindly majesty, And every creature that therein divinity Owned his mild sovereignty.

This dignity, from all things else estranging, Deprived him of the joy which reigned around; Mute smiled to mate. Alas! his eye far ranging, No creature fashioned in his image found; No being that from the base soil uplifted, With a proud consciousness its head on high Towards God and towards the light, with bright hope gazed up into the sky.

Then from his troubled breast a sigh ascended To the Creator in a child-like prayer, Gently He took it to His bosom, tended And nursed it into blessed being there; Gave it warm life and made the living thing human, Till the fair vision a sweet substance stood; Then saw His finished work thus crowned with woman, And saw that it was good.

CUISINE Gossip.

Charles II. once drew the attention of the Count de Grammont to the fact that, when dining in state, his servants knelt on one knee in serving him, an evidence of respect not usually observed in other courts. The witty Count remarked: "I am greatly obliged to your Majesty for the explanation, for I imagined they were begging your Majesty's pardon for serving so very poor a dinner." How many people go on suffering from much state, splendid porcelain, heaps of silver on the sideboard, with poor cookery and a dull or clumsy artist in the kitchen. Yet we have advanced far ahead of our British cousins as regards, not perhaps the splendor, but, at any rate, the excellence of our dinner parties. This result is as much from our good luck as from our good management, however; for while the month of June, which has always been maligned by pictures as the most barren one in the almanac of gastronomy, is that in which British hosts spread all the splendor of their plate and give their most gorgeous dinner parties, our season occupies the Winter months when flesh, fowl and game are in their prime. Winter, too, is more congenial to the cosy gathering round the "festive board"—where the warmth, brilliancy and comfort within form a delightful contrast to the possible snowstorm without, or, at any rate, to the zeroish tendency of the thermometer—than is hot Summer weather, when appetite is usually wanting.

We are now entering upon that season of the year which, above all others, brings the joy of infinite variety to the epicure. Farm and forest, flood and field, all present their best treasures for the delicate manipulation of the sagacious chef. The half-enforced game laws have ended the close season, and yet our cooks will probably take as little advantage of the game birds thus brought within their province as ever. The quail, for instance, and what we call the partridge, are although essentially dry birds, susceptible of conversion into agreeable dishes. With us, however, when they are not served broiled on toast to the consistency and flavor of a pine-chicken, they are roasted and occasionally piqués, too—which is an improvement—but always accompanied by a sort of poultice known as bread sauce. Yet abroad how many ways have cooks invented for giving welcome to the partridge. As *salmis* based upon truffles and crowned with their own juices and livers, they may claim equality with any dish of game. We might have *quail au chasseur*, or *choufroid* with truffles, *sautés à la diplomate*, or *à la Périguenz*—the list is too long even to select from, but they ought to be very good *à la Sylarite*, with a sharp cream sauce.

Then, as soon as the prolonged warm weather will permit, we shall have the usual Autumn deluge of venison; but the venison we get is apt to be rather poor. Most of the deer appearing in our markets are killed a long way from New York, usually in Michigan or Kansas, and are lean kine at the best. Our own Adirondack bucks are very different creatures, possessing rich flavor and affording fine juicy saddles, as the recently returned hunters from that delightful region well know, especially if the same after hanging in the pure mountain air for a week, be roasted to a turn by the skillful hands of Jack Sheppard, or another of the few guides who have learned his art. This is, indeed, the only true way to enjoy venison in absolute perfection, for it is well known that Western deer do not compare with ours in flavor, and the reason assigned is, that the former have very little access to water, while the latter find a lake or stream at every turn.

A GOOD SUNDAY DINNER.

- Oysters or hors-d'œuvres.
- Purée Crécy.
- Codfish, Sauce Cancale.

- Quail à la Financière.
- Fried Cauliflower with scrambled eggs.
- Roast leg of Mutton.
- Salad of string beans.
- Bombes Panachees.
- Dessert and coffee.

GOURMET.

CONDUCTORS AND BOGUS COINS.

"Some 'em made of lead, you know, said a street car conductor, apologetically, as he pocketed a silver half dollar after giving it a vigorous scrape with his steel punch. Some of 'em lead and some of 'em brass; so we have to look sharp. It's easy enough to tell the silver half dollars by scraping 'em with a punch, but you never know a brass coin until the silver is worn off from the outside."

"Where do the bad coins come from?" was asked.

"That's more'n I know—where they come from in the first place. It's mostly women who gives 'em to us. You see, when a man gets hold of a bad half dollar, he don't feel just like passing it off himself; so he just gives it to his wife and don't say anything about it. And even if she does know the piece is bad, it doesn't make a mite of difference. A woman, young man, is one of the queerest things in the world—one of the queerest rest things in the world. I often stop and say to myself: Well, now, what in thunder did she do that for? A woman has no idea of other people's rights at all. So, when she gets hold of a bad half dollar, she just naturally passes it off again. Dishonesty! Why, bless you, no, she doesn't mean to do anything dishonest; it's just her natur; she can't help it. She don't want the half dollar—of course she don't—so there is just one thing to do, and that is to pass it off on someone else. But you have to be powerful careful how you treat a woman. Some of 'em want you to help 'em on the car, now, and others want let you touch 'em. So either way you do, you're sure to make half of 'em mad. I stopped the car—it was only yesterday morning—to let a woman get off; gave her plenty of time, and she got both feet on the ground, then the car started; but she wanted it to wait until she was a yard away, so what does she do but jump on again, and make the car come to a dead stop. There is no accountin' for 'em no way."

"Most of them go by the elevated road now, do they not?"

"Yes, a good many of 'em do. Before the elevated road was built I used to carry the girls to the Normal School every morning. They used to come all at once, so many of them they had to sit in one another's laps. They made four rows, and I just tell you they looked as fresh and sweet as a basket of peaches all arranged in rows. But I don't see much of 'em now."

"You regret that, I suppose?"

"Well, now, I don't know. I'd rather carry a car full of men any day. They know what a conductor's business is and don't get mad for nothing. They give us fewer counterfeits, too. Why, I have a glass dollar up at the house that a woman gave me. I was a fool to take it, but I'll pass it off on some man again. When the car is pretty dark, they won't notice it. You see they're not used to it as I am."—*New York Tribune.*

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

While the "Truth about Ghosts," as set forth in the papers, still occupies the public mind, we feel authorized to relate a story which we have from a most reliable source, as the incident confirms, in every particular, the prevalent idea of the outward object becoming impressed upon the brain fibre even when the sense is all unconscious of the impression. The late Dowager Lady Elgin, who had taken much trouble to verify the story, vouched solemnly for its truth. One autumn afternoon, a Miss D., who lived with her father, the vicar of a country parish, near Exeter, feeling ill and out of sorts, determined on shaking off the incipient bilious attack, of which she felt the approach, by taking a sharp brisk walk across the heath, which separated the vicarage from the other houses of the village. She started languid and oppressed, but the bracing air and free exercise restored her wanted cheerfulness, and she returned home "cured," as she told her father, who was sitting alone in the dining-room awaiting her return. She thought it better, however, to spend the evening in her own room, and so bidding her father a cheerful good-night she went upstairs to find a blazing fire, the lamp alight, and all things fitted to contribute to ease of body and tranquillity of mind. She seated herself in the armchair by the fire, but presently arose to reach a book she had been reading before leaving home, and which she had left upon a side table near. When she had taken the book, and turned to resume her seat, what was her surprise to find the armchair occupied by a little old man, wrapped in a large blue serge cloak, with a worn and faded red plush collar, a seal-skin cap upon his head, and a pair of gold rimmed spectacles on his nose! Miss D. was not a nervous, hysterical young lady, but a strong-minded, middle-aged woman. She felt at once that she was suffering from hallucination, and that the thing she beheld before her had no existence. So summoning up her courage she deliberately turned round and sat herself down in the armchair, just as though she had not seen the vision. She felt rather frightened, and her

heart beat high as she grasped the elbow of the chair and looked around—then after awhile laughed at her fears and resumed her book. The thing was too ridiculous to tell. A little old man in sealskin cap and spectacles was too absurd to hear describing, and she only confided to the doctor for whom she sent, on the next morning, the hallucination to which she had been subjected. The doctor laughed heartily at the form her attack of bile had taken, bade her take air and exercise, wrote his mild prescription, and nothing more was thought of the adventure until the vicar was sent for, to take down the deposition of a labourer who had discovered the corpse of a little old man lying in a claypit on the heath. The "little old man" was attired in the blue serge cloak and the faded plush collar, the sealskin cap was on his head. A bottle having contained prussic acid was lying by his side, and it was evident that he had crept into the pit unobserved, in order to commit suicide. Miss D. recognized the figure on the instant—the only thing missed was the gold-rimmed spectacles. These were found imbedded in the clay at the bottom of the pit. Never was there a finer subject for investigation of the cause and effect of such visions, and by giving the incident publicity we may induce some competent medical man to examine the influence wrought upon the brain of the heroine of this strange ghost story.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

They two were seated together, side by side, on the sofa, in the most approved lover fashion—his arm encircling her taper waist, etc.

"Lizzie," he said, "you must have read my heart ere this; you must know how dearly I love you."

"Yes, Fred, you have certainly been very attentive," said Lizzie.

"But, Lizzie darling, do you love me? Will you be my wife?"

"Your wife, Fred! Of all things no! No indeed, nor anyone else's."

"Lizzie, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Fred. I've two married sisters."

"Certainly, and Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Skinner have very good husbands, I believe."

"So people say; but I wouldn't like to stand in either May's or Nell's shoes; that's all."

"Lizzie, you astonish me."

"Look here, Fred: I've had over twenty-five sleigh rides this winter, thanks to you and my other gentlemen friends."

Fred winced a little here, whether at the remembrance of that unpaid livery bill or the idea of Lizzie sleighing with her other gentlemen friends, I can not positively answer.

"How many do you think my sisters have had? Not a sign of one, either of them. Such pretty girls as May and Nell were, too, and so much attention they used to have."

"Now, Lizzie—"

"I am fond of going to the theatre occasionally as well as a lecture or concert sometimes, and I shouldn't like it if I proposed attending any such entertainments to be invariably told that times were hard and my husband couldn't afford it, and then to have him sneak off alone."

"Lizzie, Lizzie—"

"And then, if once in a dog's age he did condescend to go with me anywhere in the evening, I shouldn't like to be left to pick my way along the slippery places at the risk of breaking my neck, he walking along unconsciously by my side. I'm of a dependant, clinging nature, and I need the protection of a strong arm."

"Lizzie, this is all nonsense."

"I'm the youngest in our family, and perhaps I've been spoiled. At all events, I know it would break my heart to have my husband vent all the ill-temper which he conceals from the world on my defenceless head."

"But Lizzie, I promised you that I—"

"Oh, yes, Fred; I know what you're going to say—that you will be different; but Mary and Nell have told me time and again that no better husbands than theirs ever lived. Now, Fred, as a lover you are just perfect, and I shall hat-awfully to give you up. Still, if you are bent on marrying, there are plenty of girls who have not married sisters, or who are not wise enough to profit by their example, if they have. And don't fret about me, for I've no doubt I can find some one to fill my place."

But before Lizzie could proceed Fred made for the door, muttering something "unmentionable to ears polite."

"There!" exclaimed Lizzie, as the door closed with a bang. "I knew he was no better than the rest. That's the way John and Alex swear and slam doors when things don't go just right. He'd make a bear of a husband; but I'm sorry he came to the point so soon, for he was just a splendid beau."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

FRISCK Herbert Bismarck, the eldest son of the German Imperial Chancellor, is to be temporarily attached to the German Embassy at London.

A HINDOO gentleman, living in London, recently wrote home that "the English upper classes have given up Christianity and now worship the sun-flower and the lily"—instead of the rose of Sharon.

It is said that a large part of the capital required to start a Conservative evening paper has

been obtained, and that this addition to the evening press will begin publication at the beginning of next year.

M. TELLER intends to cross the Channel from France in a boat 18 feet long, driven by electricity. This will be a startling event, and no doubt the *avant courier* of a mighty revolution in ocean navigation.

At many recent fashionable weddings a youthful nephew, or other relative of the bride, has acted as page, and borne the bride's train. The costume chosen for him is always fanciful, such as that of the Charles I. period, or old Venetian, or even the man-of-war dress.

THERE is no chance of the scheme for holding an International Exhibition in Rome coming to maturity. The cost would be forty million lire, and the Government say they cannot afford to provide the money, as they want just that amount for the new armaments.

Two of our great poets are immediately to produce new works. Mr. Browning, satisfied with the success of two series of dramatic lyrics, among the best things he has done, is about to give us a third. Mr. Swinburne who has written already "Chastelard" and "Bothwell," is about immediately to publish a third volume, which will deal with the ill-fated Queen Mary of Scots.

It is now pretty generally understood that the author of "The Private Secretary," an anonymously published novel which has excited considerable attention, is Colonel Chesney. If this be true it is not the Colonel's first essay in fiction. He is the author of the "Battle of Dorking," and has written some short stories for *Blackwood*. He is now in India, whither he went to join the Staff of the Viceroy, and will as yet scarcely have heard of the success of his book.

MR. BRADLAUGH, when he carries his appeal to the House of Lords, will find that "illustrious" assembly with their hands full of work. Their lordships begin their sitting with a list of twenty-four appeals—a number considerably above the average. The absence of the Lord Chancellor is much felt in this unusual crush of business, the situation being aggravated by the absence of Lord Cairns, who, if not absolutely on the sick list, is not at present in a state of health that would permit him to undertake judicial duties.

THE new Austrian five florin bills have this remarkable "feature" about them: that, in holding them up to the light, the vignettes of the Emperor Francis Joseph, on the face and reverse of the bill, are so peculiarly blended in one as to produce the likeness of the German Emperor. This is looked upon as a good augury by the German population of Austria, and the bills themselves are called "alliance bills."

THERE is hope yet. We are now told that the position of the sphinxes at the base of the Needle is not that which they are finally to occupy. They were placed with their heads towards the monolith, and their tails towards the spectators, "to see how it looked." Well, there can be no two opinions on this point; and probably, as they have had enough time to contemplate the inscriptions on the shields, the sooner they "right about" the better. Meanwhile it is not reassuring to read the reports concerning the crumbling away of the sister Needle in the Place de la Concord.

SOME English Mrs. Stowe might find a suitable theme for the tale of white slavery which comes from Turkey. Mr. Littler's account of what he saw in Constantinople is truly disgusting. Of a troupe of twenty boys performing at Constantinople as the "Beni-Zoug-Zoug Arabs," fourteen he discovered were English children procured by their owner, Hadjali Ben Mohammed, in London from their parents at prices varying from 30s. to 50s. per head. They have, of course, been claimed and sent home, but it is not pleasant to think that there is probably not a city in Europe but London, not a Government in Europe but that of England which could permit of such a scandal. What is worse, it does not appear that any law exists preventing this form of child apprenticeship by needy, vicious parents.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.

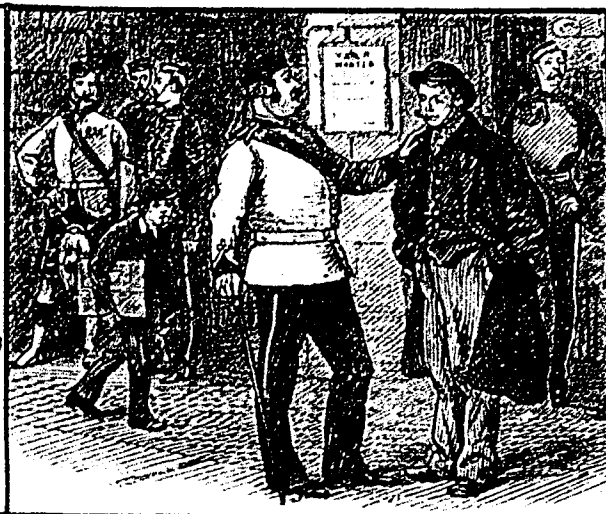


1. The Last Train to Pauillac : No Porters.—2. An After-Dinner Tragedy : Scene the Steam Yacht *Ceylon* ; Trim Rough.—3. At Lisbon : Fishermen on the Quay.—4. Muleteer.—5. Porters.—6. In the Market, Lisbon.

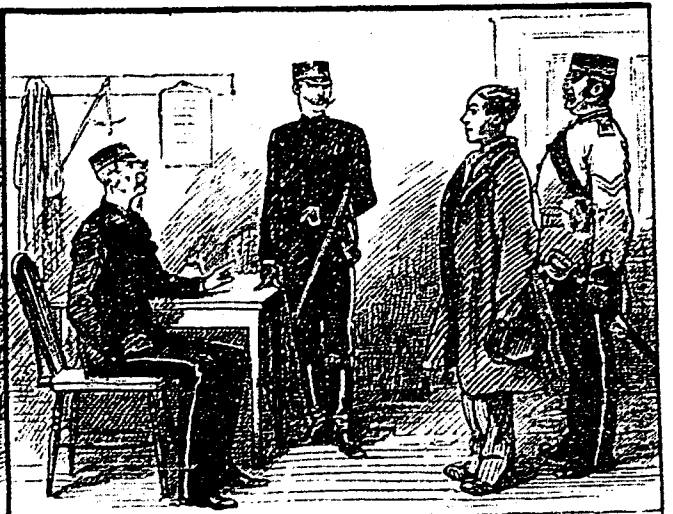
ROUND THE WORLD IN THE CEYLON.—(SEE PAGE 387.)



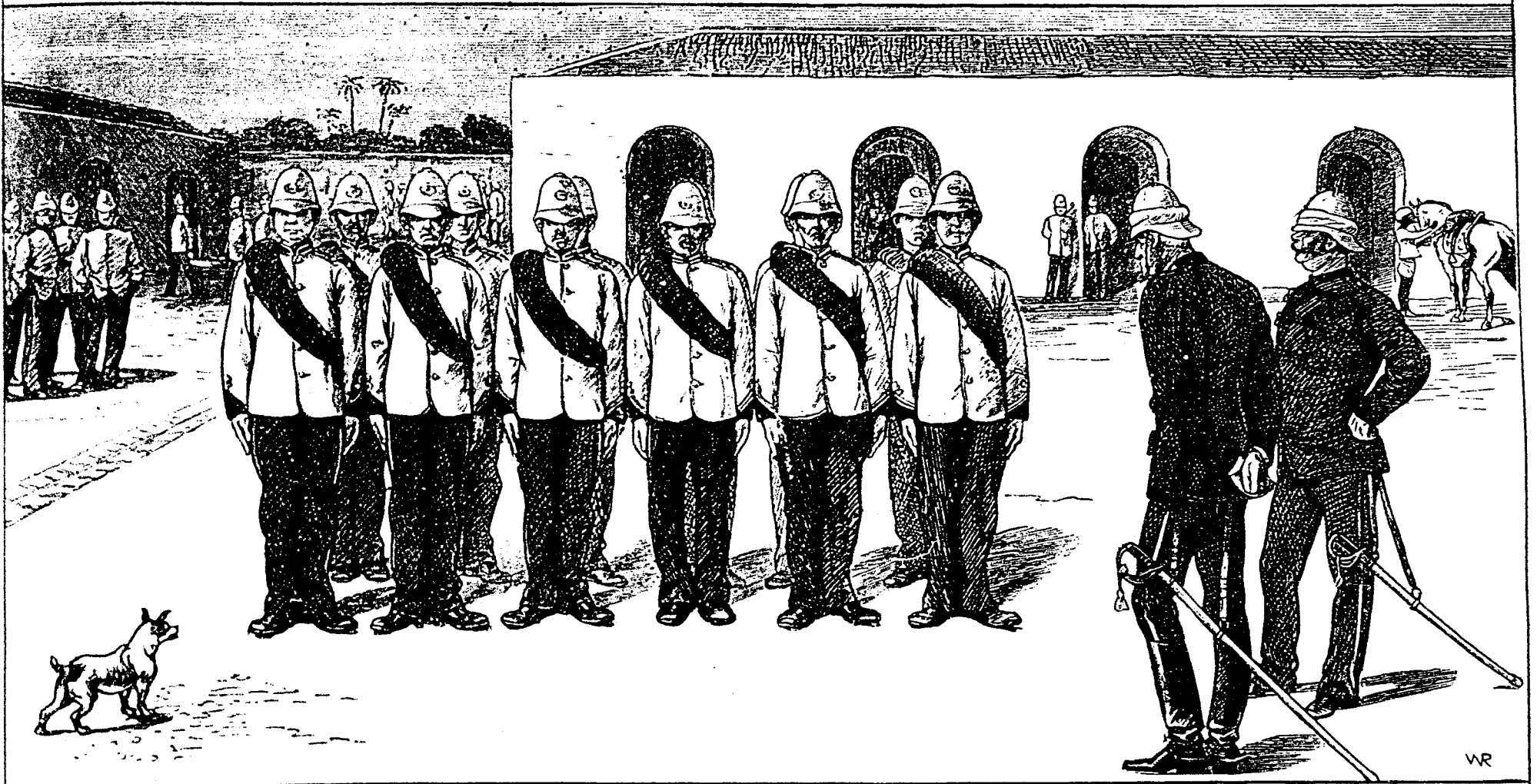
3. FIRST STEPS



1. HE ENLISTS



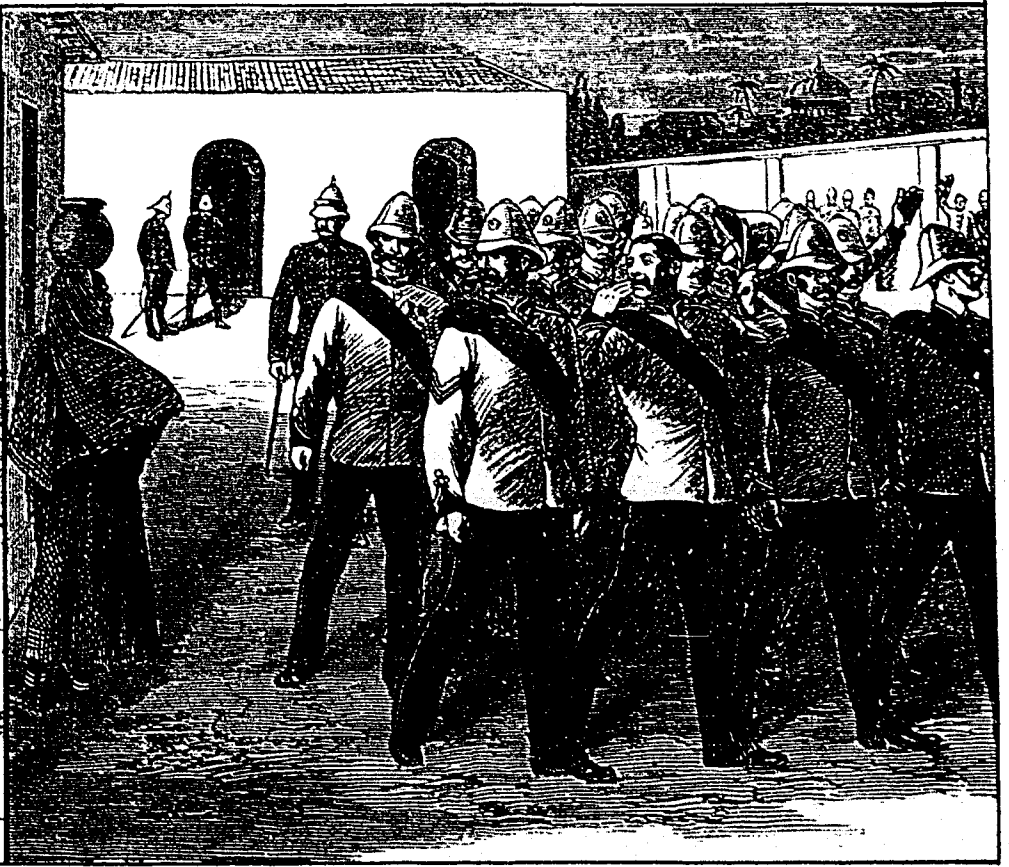
2. HE IS FINALLY APPROVED OF



4. WHERE HE JOINS HIS REGIMENT



5. ON ACTIVE SERVICE



6. AFTER SIX YEARS GOES TO JOIN THE RESERVE

SOME SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A MODERN WARRIOR.

THE BEGGARS' WELL.

Beyond St. Barbara kirk and town, As through Glentyan dell, The traveller passing up or down, May see the Beggars' Well.

Nae fountain framed wi' art or skill Its simple virtues tell; But man and beast may drink their fill Gaun past the Beggars' Well.

A grassy bank, a shady lane, Where gurgling waters swell,— A broken pipe, a mossy stone; That's noo the Beggars' Well.

But though it hath deserted been, A charm I scarce can tell Still lingers round the lonely scene Beside the Beggars' Well.

For oftentimes, in days gane by, When gloamin' shadows fell, The weary pilgrims gathered nigh To taste the Beggars' Well.

A motley crew,—but human still, They had their tales to tell; They talked, and laughed, and drank their fill, And blessed the Beggars' Well.

And when the darkness hid the fel's, The hills, the moor, the dell, They wandered down to Jenny Neil's, And left the Beggars' Well.

But times are changed! Auld Jenny Neil Now fills her narrow cell; Nae mair at eve the gangrel's steal To taste the Beggars' Well.

They wander round some ither gate, And nae are left to tell The glories of the former state That graced the Beggars' Well.

O, were I lord of yonder wood That shades of Glentyan dell, No more those broken emblems rude Should mar the Beggars' Well!

A new and fairer fount I'd raise, And former days excel, And thrifty wanderers still should praise And bless the Beggars' Well.

Kilbarhan. VANDUARA.

A NEW BAIT FOR SNOBS.

Many are the resources, and meritorious is the ingenuity of fishers of men with the line and hook of the modern advertising system. An ingenious and impartial student of human nature, reasonably desirous of having his subject made as easy as possible for him, would find a vast amount of useful and entertaining information, suggestions, and illustrations in the advertising columns of the daily and weekly press. The broad flatteries, the brazen fictions, the undisguised bids for every kind of human folly, masculine and feminine, which are to be found together with genuine announcements on the real and actual side of human life of its veritable needs, are too plain to require pointing out—these *saudent aux yeux*. They are chiefly valuable from the point of view of a student of human nature, as indicating the various phases of popular imbecility, their shifting, and their intensity. The flatteries that cajole, the fictions that delude, the bids that are accepted by which it was caught yesterday; and the line, the fly—in fact, the lie—will have to be varied for the victims of to-morrow. The fishers of men are very skillful in their accommodation of themselves to the changing aspects, whims, and vanities of society. Indeed nothing is more edifying, in the cynical sense, than a periodical examination of their flies and their hooks, or an investigation of the waters into which they cast them, and the fish that rise to them, very freely indeed, it would seem, judging from the perseverance with which they whip the streams of credulity.

There is a river which makes glad the fisher whose apparatus is advertisement; an overflowing, deep, and bounteous stream; one whose finny tribes are to be caught by cheap and gaudy lures, and which demands little skill, but a good deal of impudence. It is the river of British Snobbery, that inexhaustible tribute-bearer to the vast ocean of vulgarity. What the yield from its waters must be yearly it would take a calculator of Gladstonian *doublets* with Mephistolian ability to tell. We might get side-lights from the organizers of the "fayres" and bazars, whose prey is decoyed by that bait to which the British Snob invariably rises—the chance of staring at Royalty or nobility. A more interesting and a subtler point to determine would be the success of the bait recently adopted by the fishers of men of the "educational" or school-keeping class. The old-fashioned "To Parents and Guardians" style of advertisement; and even the florid and sentimental manifesto, as used by the Reverend Laurence Veal, when Amelia Osborne confided her Georgy to the care of that mild young pedagogue, who was so delighted to be introduced to his pupil's "carriage friends," have fallen into disuse. The last new thing in snob-bait is much more ingenious. School-masters and schoolmistresses, ladies'-maids and lady-housekeepers no longer advertise themselves in very "first-chop" cases of merit and desirability. They blush unseen. An irrepressible sense of their transcendent value to an ignorant world causes third parties—with titles—to rush into print at so much per line, and proclaim their excellence. "A lady of title wishes to recommend as lady's-maid" an individual with all the Christian perfections and a "very pretty talent" for dressing hair, and is so desperately bent upon bestowing this paragon upon her neighbour, that one wonders to what height of evangelical self-renunciation she means to rise next, after having parted with such a treasure. But

one sees a little more distinctly Mrs. Snob, much elated at securing the prize, and carelessly mentioning to her friends (and namesakes) that she has at last such a good maid, and that she "got" her from Lady Fudge! The snobism in the school business is a trifle more ingenious, and there may be perhaps a thin layer of reality in the pretence. The mutual accommodation system is not absolutely unknown in those regions to soar in which the British snob aspires with an ardour which would be touching were it not contemptible; the irrepressible desire to "recommend" the guide, philosopher, and friends of the sons and daughters of titled mammas is not always unconnected with a valuable "consideration" in the quarterly accounts, nor is "commission" absolutely unheard of (by the receivers) in cases where the pupils whose "life-long gratitude is due to the care and zeal of Mr. So-and-so" are some considerable way out of school.

Let us take an imaginary case, and contemplate such an announcement as the following: Lady N. wishes to recommend very highly a school on the north coast, where her nephew has been educated for several years." (Lady N.'s own education has not been so well cared for, or she would probably handle her tenses more prettily; but that is a detail, and does not matter.) "The education given is thoroughly good, and the domestic arrangements are excellent. The head-master is a Senior Wrangler of Cambridge and a clergyman.—Address Lady N., care of Mr. Brass, B St., D—." How would the preacher of anti-snobism have addressed his "brother snobs," had the fishers of men "tried on" bait of this kind in his day? Would he not have said; "Hearken, O my brother, and give ear, long ear, and plenty of it, to my sermon! Who the deuce is Lady N., and what do you care about her nephew, more than the nephew of Ramsbottom round the corner, or Shuffelbottom over the way? Why does not the Senior Wrangler and reverend person blow his own trumpet, and state his own terms like a man and a school-master, and tell you to write or go to him to know what he will knock into your boys' heads and put into your boys' stomachs, and at how much per annum, instead of getting you to write to a titled initial at a shop, like a sneaking lover with a dread of his future father-in-law's top-boot, or a burglar out of work for the moment! Why! why! why! Because the Senior Wrangler and reverend person is, in virtue of his wrangling and his reverence, "up to snuff;" because he knows you to be snobs, real, true, clear-grit British snobs; and that you will be proud to write to a titled initial at a shop, and to send your sons to the highly-recommended and privileged instructor of a Master—or who knows but it might be a Lord—N. And so the learned and reverend fisher of men baits his hook with Lady N., and casts his line (in the weekly papers that instruct the world on matters-educational), and lands you, O my brethren—and serves you right!"

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. J. W., Halifax.—Letter received. The game shall appear. Thanks.

We have no doubt that at the next meeting of the Dominion Chess Association at Quebec some important subjects connected with Provincial chess will be brought forward.

There is one thing which we cannot permit to pass without comment, and that is the apparent unreasonableness of allowing the members of two clubs in Canada to bear the whole expense of a Trophy which may be contested for, at any time, by all the chessplayers of the Dominion. The generous Mr. Ledroit, President of the Quebec Club, last year presented a silver cup for competition, and this year the same gentleman contributes one-third of the value of another, and the other two-thirds are to be provided by the members of the Chess Clubs of Quebec and Montreal. This seems injudicious, to say the least of it. The Province of Ontario has a Chess Association upon which is concentrated the interest of all its players, and we imagine that they can do more for the benefit of those who belong to them, than they were able to accomplish, when they gave their attention to amateurs scattered all over the Dominion. Why cannot we have in the Province of Quebec a similar society of chessplayers who would limit their exertions for the advancement of the game to their own members in the first instance? Quebec and Montreal could well support such a society, and, if we mistake not, Sherbrooke, St. Johns, Waterloo, Three Rivers and St. Hyacinthe contain many lovers of the game who would willingly join a society of a strictly Provincial character.

The recent telegraphic match between the clubs of Toronto and Detroit showed a difference in the number of games scored by each side which was rather singular, the former gaining 34 games, and the latter 14 games; but this was outcome in a contest played lately in London, (Eng.) between the North London Club and the Athenians Club, when the score of the former was 104 games to the latter's 44 games.

At the beginning of last month Mr. Potter gave the first of a series of exhibitions in simultaneous chess at the City of London Chess Club by playing twenty games with a similar number of opponents. The play occupied four hours and a half, and was witnessed by a large number of spectators.

This week's number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS contains a sketch of a chess amateur which cannot fail to be of interest to all our readers, even to those who care little for the chessboard and its allurement. The problem solver is a character of the day, and well has the artist depicted the condition of one who has been led astray by the fascinations of an artfully contrived position. Problem makers have much to answer for, and the worst of the matter is, that the more they perplex and worry, the more they are thought of.

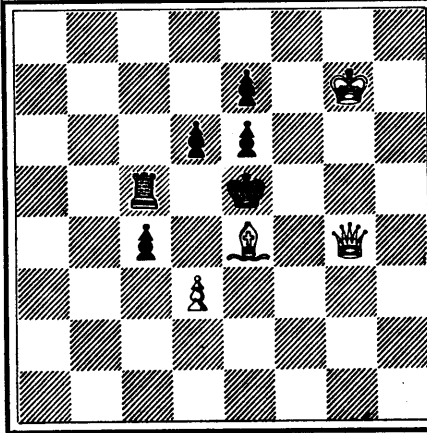
In looking over the artist's production one thought enters the mind, and that is the possibility of the solver being the victim of misplaced confidence. Any mistake in the problem would be unparadisable. We hope such things never occur.

We have received the programme of the tenth annual meeting of the Canadian Chess Association, which is to take place at Quebec on the 27th inst. It came too late, however, for insertion to-day. The particulars shall appear in our Column next week.

PROBLEM NO. 359.

By C. W. (of Sanbury.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 486TH.

Played at Berlin Tourney between Messrs. Tschigorin and Riemann.

(Evans Gambit)

- White.—(Mr. Tschigorin.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. B to B 4, 4. P to Q Kt 4, 5. P to Q B 3, 6. P to Q 4, 7. Castles, 8. Q to Kt 3, 9. P to K 5, 10. Kt takes B P, 11. B to E 3, 12. Kt to K 2, 13. B to Q 3, 14. Kt to R 4, 15. Kt takes B, 16. Q to B 2, 17. P takes P, 18. Q R to Kt sq., 19. R to Kt 3, 20. B to Kt 2, 21. B to B 4, 22. R to K B 3, 23. R to K 3, 24. R takes Q. Black.—(Mr. Riemann.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. B to B 4, 4. B takes P, 5. B to R 4, 6. P takes P, 7. P takes P, 8. Q to B 3, 9. Q to Kt 3, 10. K Kt to K 2, 11. Castles, 12. P to Q 3, 13. B to K B 4, 14. Q to K 3, 15. Kt takes Kt, 16. P to K Kt 3, 17. Kt takes P, 18. Q R to Q sq., 19. K R to K sq., 20. Kt to Q B sq., 21. Q to K 5, 22. R to Q 2, 23. Kt to Q 3. After several more moves Black resigned.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 357.

- White. 1. Q to K Kt sq. 2. Mates acc. Black. 1. Any

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 355.

- White. 1. Q to K Kt sq. 2. Mates acc. Black. 1. Any

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 356.

- White. K at K 2, R at K B 5, B at K 6, B at Q B 7, Kt at Q B 2, Pawns at K Kt 3, KR 5, Q B 3, and Q Kt 3. Black. K at K 5, Pawns at K B 3, K Kt 4 and 5. White to play and mate in three moves.

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The proprietor has pleasure in submitting the following unimpeachable testimony from a large collection of letters by best known CITIZENS OF TORONTO:—

Upper Canada College, Toronto, 8th Sept., 1879. Dear Sir,—Dr Goldsboro's Anti-Rheumatic Remedy has proved of great service; a few hours after using it I

experienced very much relief, and I am now almost entirely free from pain. I shall certainly take every opportunity of recommending the use of the medicine to all who may be suffering from the pains of chronic rheumatism. To John Webb, Esq., Toronto.

M. BARRETT, M.A., M.D.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the great value of your Goldsboro's English Remedy as a thoroughly effective tonic and restorative of digestive and nervous power. You may be sure I shall recommend so excellent a medicine where I have opportunity.

W. W. FARLEY, Alderman St. Andrew's Ward.

I have very great pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of your Anti-Rheumatic Remedy. It has entirely cured me of a very bad attack of rheumatism.

JOHN TURNER, ex-Alderman.

H. E. Casto, Esq., Barrister, Toronto, writes, March, 1881:—

Dear Sir,—During several recent months I suffered severely from rheumatism, and relief from ordinary treatment not being as satisfactory as I had hoped, I was induced to try "Goldsboro's Remedy," and am pleased to inform you that I received great benefit from it, and which improvement still continues. I think the medicine a very valuable one.

Mr. James Warin, the well known Toronto Boat-builder, says:—Early in the fall (1880), I suffered, chiefly from over-work, from deranged liver, bad digestion, want of sleep, and low spirits, and I felt altogether and utterly played out. After trying other remedies without the least benefit, I heard of and used your medicine. I was very soon much restored and the improvement continued. I have recovered my strength, and feel perfectly well and cheerful. I can hardly say enough in favour of the "Goldsboro," to which I owe so much.

Mr. Humphreys, the well-known sportsman of this city, contracted rheumatism from severe exposure to cold and wet while duck shooting. He writes as follows:—

Having suffered greatly for the past eight months, being confined to my bed part of the time, I tried almost every other remedy, but without obtaining any relief. I was persuaded to try one of your bottles, from which I have obtained instant relief. I have now taken four, and feel better than I have done for years.

The Goldsboro' Remedy relieved me in a very few hours of a dyspeptic oppression from which I had suffered for some time, and gave me an excellent appetite. You may say or publish this in any way you think of most service. ALBERT H. FURNISS.

159 George street, Toronto, 20th May, 1880.

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in stating that your Goldsboro' English Remedy, as a restorative of the bilious and digestive organs, has proved to me a very valuable remedy, and I take great pleasure in recommending it to others afflicted with complaints of either of the above. JOHN BACON.

City Treasurer's Office, Toronto.

I have pleasure in stating that Goldsboro's English Remedy has been of great service to me in restoring lost appetite and strength, and affording great relief from chronic rheumatism, from which troubles I had long suffered. J. PATTERSON, Cashier.

I had been troubled a long while with a severe sickness which made me feel quite played out, and I seemed all wrong, full of aches and pains and out of spirits all the time, nothing did me good. Often I had been told to try your Goldsboro' medicine, but did not do so till lately. Since taking it I am rapidly recovering health, strength and cheerfulness. CHAS. McCULLOCH.

Or. wa Lands Dept., Toronto, Sept. 16, 1870.

I have pleasure in saying that the Dr. Goldsboro's Remedy did all that was claimed for it. I felt very languid, run down and out of condition, with very little appetite. A few doses thoroughly set me up. I believed it to be a very valuable medicine and one that I can heartily recommend to my friends.

THOMAS DEVINE, F.R.G.S., Dep. Sur. Gen., Ont.

T. C. Patterson, Esq., Postmaster, Toronto, says:—It acted like a charm. I had been in low spirits and generally out of order, and, as you remember, had no faith in the prescription. A few doses banished the blues and restored the tone of my digestive apparatus.

Angus Morrison, Esq., Ex-Mayor of Toronto, says, Nov. 27, 1879:—I had been suffering from a railway accident, which happened on the 10th of May last, and inflicted severe injuries upon me, an additional result being rheumatism, loss of appetite and want of sleep. After I took the Goldsboro' Remedy, I found myself very much improved, especially in regard to rheumatism and sleep, and my appetite became, and continues, greatly restored. I hereby recommend the medicine to all my friends and the public generally, as very valuable and beneficial to whoever may be afflicted.

Donald C. Ridout, Esq., (Ridout, Aird & Co.) says:—Having suffered from rheumatism for several months, I was persuaded to try Goldsboro's Remedy. I soon found a considerable improvement in my health, and am glad to say that I am now almost well.

About the end of last July I had suffered for several weeks from severe and very painful neuralgia, so painful in fact, as to almost unfit me for business. Two-thirds of a bottle of the Goldsboro' Remedy gave me perfect relief in a few hours, to my surprise and gratification. The medicine cannot be made too widely known, and I shall do my part towards that end. ALEXANDER DIXON.

I have suffered for many years from dyspepsia, and have found greater relief from Goldsboro' Remedy than from any other medicine. JOHN R. CRAIG, Sec. Ag. & Arts Ass. of Ontario.

Dear Sir,—I am happy to state that the Goldsboro' Remedy which my wife used recently, acted splendidly. I shall have great pleasure in giving personal testimony to the excellence of the Remedy. J. B. RILEY, Proprietor Bevere House.

82 Gerard St., W. Toronto, May 24, 1880.

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in recommending Dr. Goldsboro's Remedy to any one suffering from rheumatism, having suffered myself for five or six years with it in my knee. Trying everything prescribed for me had no effect. I only used one bottle of the above remedy, and now I have not the slightest pain or rheumatic symptom. E. BROWN, Detective Officer.

155 John street, Toronto, March 8th, 1880.

Sir,—I have used your Goldsboro' Remedy and found great relief from it. I was troubled with a settled case of dyspepsia and liver complaint, with a very dissy head, and after taking three bottles of your medicine I find myself very much improved, and intend to keep on taking it. JAMES MYERS, Assessor St. George's Ward.

Price \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists, and by the Proprietor John Webb, 64 King St., East, Toronto, Wholesale Agents, Lyman Brothers & Co.

PATENTS

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**ERYSIPELAS, ACIDITY OF**  
**SALT RHEUM, THE STOMACH,**  
**HEARTBURN, DRYNESS**  
**HEADACHE, OF THE SKIN,**  
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## Montreal Post-Office Time-Table

DECEMBER, 1881.

DELIVERY.		MAILS.		CLOSING.	
A. M.	P. M.			A. M.	P. M.
<b>ONT. &amp; WESTERN PROVINCES.</b>					
8 00		(A) Ottawa by Railway	8 15	8 00	
8 40		(A) Province of Ontario, Manitoba & B. Columbia Ottawa River Route up to Carillon	8 15	8 00	
<b>QUE. &amp; EASTERN PROVINCES.</b>					
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.		8 00	
12 50		Occidental Railway Main Line to Ottawa	7 00		
9 20		Do St. Jerome and St. Lin Branches	4 30		
8 00		Do St. Jerome & St. Jovier	7 00		
11 30		St. Remi, Hemmingford & Laprairie Railway	2 15		
8 00	12 45	St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, Contrecoeur, &c.	6 00	2 15	
8 00		Acton and Sorel Railway		8 00	
10 00		St. Johns, Stanbridge & St. Armand Station	7 00		
10 00		St. Johns, Vermont Junction & Shefford Railways	2 15		
9 00		South Eastern Railway	4 45		
8 00		(B) New Brunswick, Nova Scotia & P. E. I.	8 00		
Newfoundland, forwarded daily on Halifax, where despatch is by the Packet leaving Halifax on the 7th and 21st November.					
<b>LOCAL MAILS.</b>					
9 45		Valleyfield, Valois & Dorval	4 30		
11 30		Beauharnois Route	6 00		
11 30		Boucherville, Contrecoeur, Valerius & Verchere	1 45		
9 00	5 30	Cote St. Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace	9 00	1 00	
5 00	5 30	Hochelega	8 10	2 15	
11 30		Huntingdon	6 00	2 00	
10 00	5 30	Lachine	6 00	2 00	
10 30	5 30	Laprairie	7 00	2 15	
10 30	5 30	Longueuil	6 00	1 45	
10 00		New Glasgow, St. Sophie, by Occidental Railway Branch	4 30		
10 00		Longue Pointe, Pointe aux Trem & Charlemagne	8 00	2 00	
8 30	2 30	Point St. Charles	1 15	5 15	
11 30		St. Onogene	6 00		
10 00		St. Lambert	2 15		
10 00	1 30	St. Laurent, St. Martin & St. Eustache	7 00		
11 30	5 30	Tanneries West (St. Henri de M.)	6 00	2 00	
10 00		Sault-au-Roussel & Pointe aux Trem	3 30		
10 00	5 30	St. Jean Baptiste Village, Mile End & Coteau St. Louis	7 00	3 30	
<b>UNITED STATES.</b>					
8 40		Boston & New England States except Maine	7 00	5 40	
8 40		New York and Southern States	6 00	2 15	
8 00	12 30	Island P. and Portland & Maine	5 40	2 30	
8 40		(A) Western & Pacific States	8 15	8 00	
<b>GREAT BRITAIN, &amp;c.</b>					
By Canadian Line on Thursday					
By Canadian Line for Germany on Thursday					
By Canadian Monday					
Do Supplementary, 13th and 25th December					
By Packet from New York for England, on Wednesday					
By Hamburg American Packet to Germany, Wednesday					
By White Star Line on 16th and 30th December					
(A) Postal Car Bags open till 8.45 a.m., and 9.15 p.m.					
(B) Do 9.00 p.m.					

**Mails leave for Lake Superior and Bruce Mines, &c.**  
 Mails for places on Lake Superior will leave Windsor on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Mails for Bruce Mines, Garden River, Little Current, &c., will leave Port Huron on Tuesdays.

**Mails leave New York by Steamer:**  
 For Bahamas, 8th and 21st December.  
 For Bermuda, 1st, 15th and 29th December.  
 Cuba, 10th December.  
 Cuba and Porto Rico, 3rd, 17th and 22nd December.  
 Cuba, Porto Rico & Mexico, 3rd, 15th & 24th Dec.  
 Cuba and Mexico, 5th and 23rd December.  
 Curacao and Venezuela, 10th & 24th December.  
 Jamaica and West Indies.  
 Jamaica and the U.S. of Columbia (except Panama), 13th and 30th December.  
 For Hayti direct, 16th, 17th and 25th December.  
 Hayti, St. Domingo and Turks Island, 13th Dec.  
 Hayti and Martinique.  
 Porto Rico, 10th December.  
 Santiago and Centagoes, Cuba, 6th December.  
 South Pacific and Central American Ports, 10th, 20th and 30th December.  
 Brazil and the Argentine Republic, 5th and 23rd December.  
 Windward Islands, 10th and 28th December.  
 Greytown, Nicaragua, 16th December.

**Mails leave San Francisco:**  
 For Australia and Sandwich Islands, 17th December.  
 For China and Japan, 3rd and 21st December.

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## TRUSTEES FOR THE BONDHOLDERS.

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**HON. JOHN HAMILTON,** *President of the Merchants' Bank of Canada.*  
**SAMUEL THORNE, Esq.,** *Merchant, of New York.*

The Bonds are secured by a Mortgage Deed of Trust to the said Trustees which confers upon them, under the express authority of the Charter, ample powers for entering payment of the Bonds, Principal and Interest, and effective means for securing to the Bondholders the entire net proceeds of the lands. Before its execution the Deed was submitted to the Government, which has since accepted the \$5,000,000 to be held by it as security for the completion of the contract in accordance with the provisions of the Charter.

The Mortgage, thus created, constitutes a first charge upon the entire Land Grant of the Company, amounting to 25,000,000 acres of the best farming lands, situated in what is known as the "The Fertile Belt" of the Canadian North-West, which is now admitted to be the largest tract of uniformly rich land suitable for growing the best quality of wheat, &c., to be found on the Continent of America, and the Company may locate its entire Land Grant exclusively in this tract, rejecting all sections unfit for settlement.

The Bonds will be accepted by the Company in payment for lands at 110 and accrued interest.  
 By the Mortgage Deed the Company expressly undertakes to pay the interest on the Bonds, semi-annually, when it becomes due, and the principal at maturity. The net proceeds of all Land Sales must be handed over to the Trustees to be held by them, in the first place to secure the performance of the Company's obligation to pay the interest on the Bonds, and, so long as that obligation is punctually performed, to be applied to the purchase of Bonds for cancellation, provided the price does not exceed 110 per cent. and accrued interest; but if the Bonds cannot be bought at or under that price, then the Trustees are authorized and required to designate by lot, from time to time, as funds accumulate in their hands, the bonds that shall be presented for payment and cancellation at 110 per cent. and accrued interest.

This Contract provides that the whole issue of Land Grant Bonds shall, in the first instance, be deposited with the Government, and that the proceeds of all sales thereof shall also be deposited with the Government, and only be paid to the Company as construction proceeds. The interest, at four per cent. per annum, upon the amount remaining in the hands of the Government is, by the Deed of Trust, expressly pledged for the payment of the interest on the Bonds, and cannot be applied to any other purpose.

It will be seen by reference to the accompanying official statement, made by the President of the Company, that the Directors are aiming to have the line of Railway to the Pacific Ocean completed and open for traffic, without availing themselves of their right under the Charter to issue Mortgage Bonds on the Road; and that they fully expect that all the additional capital required to complete the contract, and equip the line, can be obtained by the issue of Common and Preferred Stock. In that case, the only fixed charge on the revenue of the Company will be the interest on these Land Grant Bonds, taking precedence of any Dividend on both Common and Preferred Stock.

These Bonds will be taken by the Receiver General on deposit from insurance companies under the Act 40, Vic. Cap 47.

Provision is made for the Registration of the Bonds at Montreal, New York and London.

Copies of the Act of Incorporation of the Company may be inspected, and copies of the Mortgage Deed of Trust, the President's Statement and the Prospectus may be obtained at the offices of any of the undersigned.

These Bonds are now offered to the public by the undersigned at par and accrued interest, the right being reserved to advance the price at any time without notice.

Applications for the Bonds may be addressed to:—

## THE BANK OF MONTREAL, Montreal,

Its Branches in Canada, and its Agencies, U. S., and at 9 Birchin Lane, London, England.

**J. S. KENNEDY & Co.,**  
63 William Street, New York, or

**W. WATSON & A. LANG,**  
Agents of the Bank of Montreal,

59 Wall Street, New York,  
Montreal, 25th November, 1881.





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**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

Emory's Bar to Port Moody.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Tender for Work in British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of FEBRUARY next, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West-end of Contract 60, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 25 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge at the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.

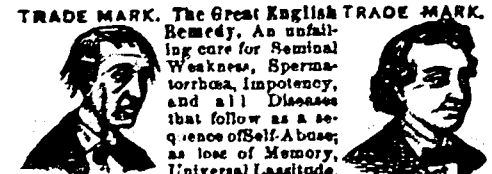
No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. BRAUN, Esq., Sec. Dept. of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R."

F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, }  
Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881. }

\$777 a year and expenses to agents. Outfit free.  
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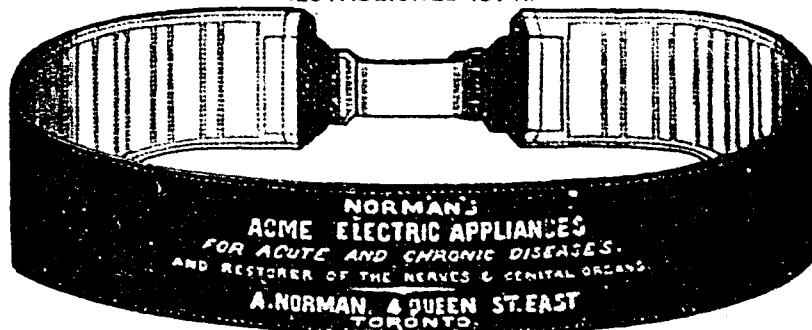
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Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

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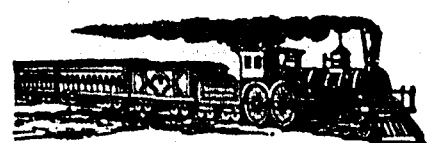
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**Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.**

**Change of Time.**

COMMENCING ON  
**Monday, July 25th, 1881.**

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelega for Ottawa.....	8.30 a.m.	8.15 p.m.	
Arrive at Ottawa.....	1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.	
Leave Ottawa for Hochelega.....	8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.	
Arrive at Hochelega.....	12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.	
Leave Hochelega for Quebec.....	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	
Arrive at Quebec.....	9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.	
Leave Quebec for Hochelega.....	10.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.	
Arrive at Hochelega.....	5.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.	
Leave Hochelega for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.		
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelega.....	6.45 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelega.....	9.00 a.m.		
Leave Hochelega for Joliette.....	5.00 p.m.		
Arrive at Joliette.....	7.25 p.m.		
Leave Joliette for Hochelega.....	6.00 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelega.....	8.20 a.m.		

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)  
Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later for Hochelega.

Magnificent Palace Cars on all Day Passenger Trains, and Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.

Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m. All Trains Run by Montreal Time.

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