

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

VOL. XXVI.—No. 24.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1882.

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



COMPARING NOTES.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 9, 1882.

THE WEEK.

In our last number we published a diagram of the transit of Venus, which takes place on Wednesday of this week. The cut was taken from an important German paper, and was accompanied by an article by a German *scrant* with an utterly unpronounceable name, in which, so far as we noticed, the majority of the words were upwards of six syllables in length, and the verb never came till we had got sick and weary of hunting for it. Is it wonderful that in face of evidence like this we considered that Herr Whatshisname had the best of us, so to speak, and that his diagram was as correct as his article was verbose? Imagine our horror, when Mr. Walter Smith stepped in to tell us that the whole thing was wrong, and that the planet crossed the sun's disc at the bottom instead of the top. Now the editor of this paper takes this opportunity of informing his friends that he is not a professional astronomer. He is, of course, like all editors, thoroughly acquainted with the Differential Calculus, all the ancient and modern Languages, draw poker, engineering civil and mechanical, the philosophy of Hegel, foot-ball, the use of the globes, deep sea soundings, the latest fashion in hats, and the price of gas, but beyond these infinitesimal accomplishments he is scarcely anywhere, and hence his deep reverence for the German gentleman already alluded to won him to error, until his still greater respect for Mr. Walter Smith convinced him of his mistake. However, fortunately the remedy is easy, and those who wish to observe the transit of Venus in connection with the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, will please turn their copy of the last number upside down before commencing observations. There! Mr. Smith, will that satisfy you?

It may be news to some of our readers that the profession of an umbrella maker is hateful to the gods. It would seem that the nine lives which tradition invests the ordinary domestic cat are, in the economy of nature, taken from the span of those who furnish us with those necessary but undeniably hideous products of modern civilization. So, at least, we judge from the communication of the correspondent of a Paris paper, who informs his readers that a young man flung himself off the Tarpeian rock, and was naturally killed, *as he was an umbrella maker*. The connection is obvious, though, so far as we have observed, this peculiar liability of the profession (or should it be trade) to mortal risks has never been before properly brought before the public. It would be a curious and interesting subject of inquiry as to the light in which umbrella makers are regarded by the Accident Insurance Societies. A gentleman who, if he does throw himself, in an excess of playful enthusiasm, off a rock, is certain to be killed then and there, is obviously not a risk with which a well-regulated insurance agent would care to meddle.

The passion for tobacco, in spite of Mr. Gerritt, and other opponents, is apparently spreading in the United States. The equanimity of the Philadelphia correspondent of the *Times* has been disturbed by a gunpowder explosion, which killed two men. "Parts of the corpses were found half-a-mile away. They had been smoking, and this had caused the disaster." A disaster caused by parts of corpses which had been smoking is too remarkable an event to be passed lightly over. It would be difficult, indeed to know exactly what steps to take for the conversion of a corpse which persisted in the noxious habit. Probably burial would be the best and most effectual way of putting out the pipe of a really obstinate cadaver. But this is only a suggestion, based upon no personal experience whatever. Our Philadelphia friend is still to be heard from on the subject.

The prosecution of the greatest of living historians by the greatest of living statesmen is a scandal, the magnitude of which is scarcely affected by its paltriness. A superior Court has quashed the decision of an inferior tribunal which had acquitted Professor Mommsen of the charge of libelling Prince Bismarck, and the trial

will begin again. Whatever may be the decision of the Court, the victory will remain with the eminent German scholar. Prince Bismarck's petty and vexatious proceeding is really an attempt to prosecute history. The pen which has drawn with graphic contempt, too faithful to the weaker sides of the characters it depicted, the tiresome respectability of Pompey and the fussy efforts of Cicero to convert a second-rate man of letters, according to Mommsen's injurious estimate of him, into a third-rate man of action, might take a signal revenge on Prince Bismarck. But the historian is probably more magnanimous than the statesman.

Some Philadelphians have formed a company to introduce a device intended to convey underground the telegraphic and telephonic wires and those for electric lighting, the disposition of which has become so serious a problem in all large cities. A public exhibition of the device has been given in Philadelphia during the past week, and experiments were made through some nine hundred feet of the various kinds of wires just mentioned. The device consists of a system of conduits, intended to be laid under the centres of the principal streets, containing several thousand insulated wires, and having room also for a passage-way from which the wires are accessible. In the side streets it is proposed to lay the wires under the gutter, with a removable iron curbing, which is to take the place of the gutter-stone.

The demand for some device of this character is unquestionable. But the disposal of the wires is only part of the problem, and perhaps neither the most important nor the most difficult part. The wires are certainly a nuisance and a very serious disfigurement, and the system will very soon break down under its own weight. Even if no pressure were put upon them to respect the rights of the public in the public streets, the companies must soon come to something better than the absurd method of stringing wires upon high poles along the highways.

As Commissioner Thompson's report showed, the chief nuisance and obstruction are already caused by excavations. The steam-heating companies which have dug up the streets of lower New York—some of them several times over during the last year—have interfered far more with the rights and the comfort of the people of New York than all the telegraphic and telephonic and electric-lighting companies put together. What it is most needful to stop is the constant excavation of the streets for sewers, for gas mains, for water mains, for pneumatic tubes, for steam-heating, and what not. If these excavations are not stopped, they will increase until the public streets will be given over altogether, underground and above-ground, to private enterprises or to public undertakings which equally interfere with the free use of the streets as places of transit. This excavation can only be stopped, to make a bull, by being done again, and done once for all. A system of subways which shall hold all the municipal appliances now carried underground, and for which every private corporation using the ground under the streets shall be compelled to pay an equitable rent, and in which the wires now carried over the roofs of houses and along the streets shall also be housed, is what is needed, and what we must finally come to. Any contrivance which is intended to deal with a part only of this problem, however ingenious it may be, and however successful for its own purpose, is but a make-shift.

ANARCHISM IN FRANCE.

L'Etendard Revolutionnaire one day remarked that Montcau-les-Mines had the glory of inaugurating the use of dynamite in France. The glory of having employed dynamite for the first time in the world appertains to the Russian Nihilists. A great number of those who were able to leave their country took refuge at Geneva, and Lyons was naturally found to be in the radius of their operations. It appears very probable that it is under their influence that French Anarchism has succeeded in giving a little consistency to its doctrines: the Anarchism of the associate Emile Gautier is in reality only the copy of the Nihilism of Bakunin. The near connection of the two parties is seen from more than one indication which is to be found in the collection of their journals. For example, in the first number of the *Droit Social*, we may read a letter from M. Elisée Réclus, who excuses himself for not being able to send anything for the moment, because he is occupied in writing the preface of a pamphlet by Bakunin; and in the sixth number we see Prince Pierre Krapot-

kin writing from London: "I cannot promise you an active assistance, but in all cases count me as your friend." Nihilism has not only given its theories to Anarchism, it has also handed over to it its means of action.

Under the titles "Revolutionary Tactics," "Anarchical action during the Revolution," "Dynamite and Pyrotechnism," "The Warfare of Barricades," the *Droit Social*, and after it *L'Etendard Revolutionnaire*, published a series of articles which contain a thorough system for the destruction of society, the origin of which is revealed by its coldly scientific method. I do not believe that any of our Anarchists, not even Gautier, would be capable of a similar plan, so minutely and thoroughly calculated. That belongs to the Russian student, who to the most cloudy and sickly mysticism in Utopia can join the most methodical mind in action. We are going to judge of this.

The ideal of Anarchism being the absence of institutions, its end is to destroy all institutions which exist at present. To arrive at this end it is necessary to recruit a certain number of adherents; the best means is to promote troubles which, by making the popular classes suffer, will exasperate them. That may involve many particular catastrophes—no matter. "We," said Fournière* to one of his friends at Besseges, not without a point of courage, "we are the sacrificed generation; we are *la chair de canon*."

The little Machiavel of the *Droit Social* expresses his opinion on this subject in the number of the 12th of March thus:—"It is not injurious that, from time to time, grievous conflicts should spring up, like those of Villefranche, of the Grand Combe, and of Besseges. Better than all written or verbal propagandas, these skirmishes awaken latent passions, rouse everywhere the germs of revolt, riveting the bonds of solidarity which unite the poor, and increase at the same time their experience and energy for more decisive acts."

When Fournière fired a shot from a revolver at M. Brechard in Roanne, the *Droit Social* recurred to this idea. Some of its readers being astonished that it should make the eulogy of a murderer, it replies:—"When an act of this kind, under such circumstances, takes place, the artisans first ask themselves why the authors of this deed have acted thus: then, from argument to argument—especially if these deeds, instead of being disapproved of, are upheld by an active propaganda—they end by telling themselves that if all the workers act in this manner, exploitation and exploiters would quickly be done away with, and then they would have their ears open to social questions."

Besides, a revolution prepared by a series of acts of this kind could be no other than social, for the first care of the workman would be to take possession of the workshops, and accustomed to act thus by themselves, they would overthrow any Government, whatever it may be, which attempted to levy a tax the day after the revolution."

The Anarchists find an excellent word to define criminal attempts of this kind. It is "Propaganda by deed." To support the propaganda by deed some money would be necessary. The revolutionary tactician on several occasions insisted on the necessity of the formation of a bank for revolutionary propaganda. On the occasion of an affray which had taken place between the police agents and the workmen refiners of Paris on strike, he showed the services that it could render:—

"Thus," he remarks, "if the revolutionary bank had been able to distribute to the most unruly malcontents a certain quantity of revolvers, do people believe that the latter would have retreated before having the satisfaction of using their instruments? Oh, no! they would have seized with alacrity the opportunity of making some police spies bite the dust."

The *Droit Social* ends by opening a permanent subscription for the constitution of this bank. But it only produces ridiculous sums. The revolutionary tactician sought other resources; twice he pointed out the manner in which the Anarchists could procure the money which was necessary to them. "We said," he resumed, in the number of the 14th of May, in recalling an article of the 11th April, "that it is necessary for labourers to resolve to knock boldly at the doors, even if they had to break them open, of safes full of gold and banknotes, in order to establish an abundantly provided fund to meet the needs of the counting house of the Revolution. A plague on foolish scruples. We said it, and we repeat it."

On the 11th of June it again reverts to this question. This time a much more precise idea has occurred to it on the means of procuring money. In each town there is a tax collector's office, which at certain hours possesses a chest filled with the money of taxpayers.

"Ah, well! can we imagine that in one or more cantons there can exist a revolutionist without prejudices and disposed to furnish the coffers of the cause? If we may suppose that the latter would be quite able and with the greatest facility, to study the ways and means of penetrating to the safe, that he might know when the collector goes to his club or to the chase, and abandons his treasure a moment (*sic*); once provided with this information, this revolutionist who will attempt nothing himself, and for a good motive, against the money of the Government, seeks in his interior and exterior connections for the ears of executors to confide to

*An Anarchist agitator implicated in the riots at Besseges.

them the fruit of his observations, and the latter themselves on the track of advantages of this kind, set to work, and execute the operation, which thus cannot leave any trace."

The tactician consents that, however Anarchist they may be, they may have still some old remains of *bourgeoise* conscience which, aided by the fear of the gendarme, would restrain them. Thus he discusses a long time the rightfulness of this sort of robbery. He endeavours to destroy "the foolish scruples" which might still restrain them:—

"What! should we recoil when we know that the gold we are going to recover possession of would perhaps have been made use of to pay the police who ferret us out, the informers who betray us, the judges who condemn us, the gaolers who torture and the soldiers who shoot us? And when we know especially that this gold is the fruit of the theft of our salary of each day?"

By virtue of this law, which makes one end by believing what is so often repeated, the *Droit Social* announces in all its numbers that the great struggle for the destruction of society is approaching, it ends by considering it as imminent; and the affairs of Montcau-les-Mines and Lyons have shown that this belief was partaken of by some of its readers.

HOW THE BANK OF ENGLAND WAS HUMILED.

Once, many years ago, a bill of exchange for a large amount was drawn by Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfurt, on Nathan Rothschild, of London. When the gentleman who held it arrived in London, Nathan was away, and he took the bit of paper to the Bank of England and asked them to discount it.

The managers were very stiff. With haughty assurance they informed the holder that they discounted only their own bills; they wanted nothing to do with the bills of private persons. They did not stop to reflect with whom they had to deal. Those shrewd old fellows in charge of the bank of the realm should have known and remembered that the bit of paper bore the signature of a man more powerful than they—more powerful, because independent of a thousand and one hampers that rested upon them. "Umph," exclaimed Nathan Rothschild, when the answer of the Bank was repeated to him. "Private persons! I will give these important gentlemen to know with what sort of private persons they have to deal."

And then Nathan Rothschild went to work. He had an object in view—to humble the Bank of England and he meant to do it. He sent agents upon the Continent, and through the United Kingdom, and three weeks were spent in gathering up notes of the smaller denominations of the Bank's own issue.

One morning, bright and early, Nathan Rothschild presented himself at the Bank, and drew forth from his pocket-book a five-pound note, which he desired to have cashed. Five sovereigns were counted out to him, the officers looking with astonishment upon seeing Baron Rothschild troubling himself personally about so trivial a matter. The Baron examined the coins one by one, and having satisfied himself of their honesty in quality and weight, he slipped them into a canvas bag, and then drew out and presented another five-pound note. The same operation was gone through again, save that the Baron took the trouble to take a small pair of scales from his pocket and weigh one of the pieces, for the law gave him that right. Two—three—ten—twenty—a hundred—five hundred five-pound notes were presented and cashed. When one pocket-book was emptied, another was brought forth; and when a canvas bag had been filled with gold, it was passed to a servant who was in waiting. And so he went on until the hour arrived for closing the Bank; at the same time, he had nine of the employés of his house engaged in the same work. So it resulted that ten men of the house of Rothschild had kept every teller of the Bank busy seven hours, and had exchanged somewhere about £22,000. Not another customer had been able to get his wants attended to. The English like oddity. Let a man do anything original and they will generally applaud. So the people of the Bank contrived to smile at the eccentricity of Baron Rothschild, and when the time came for closing the Bank, they were not a tenth part so much annoyed as were the customers from abroad whose business had not been attended to. The bank officials smiled that evening, but,—

On the following morning, when the Bank opened, Nathan Rothschild appeared again, accompanied by his nine faithful helpers, this time bringing with him, as far as the street entrance, four heavy two-horse drays, for the purpose of carting away the gold, for to-day the baron had bills of a larger amount. Ah! the officers of the Bank smiled no more, and a trembling seized them when the banker monarch said, with stern simplicity and directness:—

"Ah! these gentlemen refuse to take my bills! Be it so, I am resolved that I will not keep one of them. It is the House of Rothschild against the Bank of England." The Bank of England opened its eyes very wide. Within a week the House of Rothschild could be demanding gold which it did not possess. The gentlemen at the head of affairs saw very plainly that in a determined tilt the Bank must go to the wall. There was but one way out of the scrape, and they took it. Notice was at once publicly given that thenceforth the Bank of England would cash the bills of Rothschild the same as its own.

THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE.

On Tuesday last, the new buildings erected by the generosity of Mr. David Morrice, were finally presented by the donor to the College. The buildings are situated on McTavish street. To the right is the library, and near it Convocation Hall, with its tower and flag staff. Passing to the entrance of the tower, the Court with the Principal's residence on the left and the main entrance to the college in the centre of the building opposite, are seen. They are striking in appearance. The facades are all of Montreal limestone; the dressings are chiselled, as well as all moulded work, and the panels are filled in with a rock face, six inch course, also of limestone. The roofs are slated and finished with ornamental iron railings. Each entrance is marked, being bold in outline, the one to the Convocation Hall having gray granite pillars, and the one to the College red granite pillars, as well as the entrance to the Principal's residence. The main entrance to Convocation Hall is from the tower forming the angle of the Court and McTavish street. The entrance is to a large vestibule lighted with two lancet windows, and veiled with twenty square panels; also handsome dado. The doors opening from the vestibule into the entrance hall are wide, moulded below, with cathedral and stained glass in the panels above. The entrance hall has four lancet windows, molded panel wood ceiling, with two arches at the end and a cherry staircase ascending to the ladies' gallery and descending into the hall in the basement, with the ladies' and gentlemen's dressing rooms off, the main entrance to the Convocation hall being to the left. The height of the ceiling is 22 feet, having 35 deeply moulded panels, which are tinted with crimson and claret colored lines, the moulding of stained wood. This hall is lighted with 25 lancet windows; the walls are finished a Portland stone color, and on each pier is a gilt hanging pendant, with five lights to each—in all twenty one—making over a hundred lights. There is a deep recess in rear of the platform, with doors opening right and left to the private entrance and stairway. In the centre of the platform there is a cherry desk, the centre panel of which has the Morrice arms carved. On the chair are the coat of arms of the college, and leather back and seat. On each side also is a handsome chair. A reading desk is on the right of the Principal's desk, and movable, and is brass gilded. The seats are made of ash, with iron and nickel arms, giving a seating capacity for over 700. The platform will seat seventy persons comfortably. At the main entrance to the College is a vestibule 24 feet square, with tile and marble flooring, lantern and arched ceiling, and belfry above. It is lighted with four stained glass lancet windows, an oriel window filled with the Morrice arms, dado of wood, and four coils encased with iron screens and marble tops. On the right or left the corridor is carried each way, the one on the left to the former building having a flight of stone steps ascending to the entrance, and on the right to the Convocation Hall, board room, reception rooms and library. The walls of these corridors are finished in stone color, and the ceilings are all moulded in wood, panelled, arched, stained, and varnished. At the end of the corridor and opening from it are wide doors into the library, affording a very fine vista from the old building into the library, and vice versa. The library is octagonal in form, 38 feet in diameter and 45 feet high, with lantern ceiling, wood trusses and wood mouldings, forming 48 panels, tinted a brown stone color. It is lighted with seven windows, about twenty feet in length. From each angle are book-cases, forming eight deep recesses, with a gallery above them affording additional book accommodation, there being eight book cases on this gallery, and ample room for viewing them. There is accommodation in this library for about 25,000 volumes. Between the Convocation Hall and the connection with the library is the reading-room, which answers also as a Board room. Between the private entrance and the main corridor is the reception room for students to see their friends. The dining-room is in the basement directly under the library. This room is octagonal, 30 feet in diameter and 14 feet high, with fourteen windows. The ceiling is of wood, stained and varnished, formed into panels with deeply recessed moulded ribs. The tables are seven in number, with a round table in the centre of the room, and two sideboards near the entrance. This room is capable of holding 150 with comfort at dinner. Between the dining-room and kitchen, is the serving-room, fitted up with shelving, sinks and cupboards. The kitchen is a very large and spacious apartment, having seven windows and rear entrance. It is fitted up with a large cooking range, boilers, sinks, &c. Ascending the stairs from the private entrance on the first landing, you enter into the private gallery in Convocation Hall on the left, or to the right, into the Dean's apartments, which comprise two bedrooms, sitting-room, bath-room, laboratory, &c. Ascending you walk along a wide corridor lighted at the end as well as above, and from it you can reach 35 bed-rooms, averaging 14 by 20 feet, each fitted up with press and gas, all carpeted, furnished and well lighted. The entire effect of the whole of the inside decoration of the building is produced by novelty and simplicity, there being no ornamentation in the way of carving.

The following are the names of the various contractors, the architect being Mr. John Jas.

Browne:—Mr. Peter Nicholson, masonry; Messrs. Gardiner & Booth, bricklaying; Mr. Douglas Rutherford, carpentry and joinery; Mr. W. J. Cook, plastering; Mr. James Kimber, painting and glazing; Messrs. R. Mitchell & Co., plumbing and gas-fitting; Messrs. H. R. Ives & Co., cast iron railings and seats for Convocation Hall; Mr. R. Forsyth, marble work. The gas fixtures were manufactured by Messrs. R. Mitchell & Co. and Mr. E. Chanteloup, from designs of the architect, Mr. Browne, and are all very handsome.

The building, when complete, will have cost about \$80,000.

SALVATION ARMY METHODS.

The remarkable organization of revivalists known as the Salvation Army continues its operations with great success in England where the movement had its rise, and several detachments are at work in various places in this country. The methods employed by these singular crusaders are very peculiar. The organization is formed upon the army model, with a general commanding and subordinate officers of various grades, and a sort of travesty of military discipline is maintained. The leader of each band exercises supreme authority over the other members, and any attempt at insubordination is sharply rebuked. In further imitation of their army model, the Salvationists style the building where they hold their services "barracks," and the service is full of reference to army methods. The group of workers who have arranged to hold a meeting take their places upon a platform, and enter into the services with a fervor both of mind and body, loud shouts by the leader mingling with the prayers and exhortations poured forth. As the time goes on the excitement increases, and soon one and another of the hearers yields to the spirit of the occasion, sometimes crying aloud to know what they shall do to be saved, and not infrequently, especially in the cases of women, falling upon the floor and rolling back and forth in a sort of frenzy. When the excitement is at its height a spectator who should suddenly enter the "barracks" might well be excused if he should fancy that he had by mistake strayed into a lunatic asylum, so weird the scene, as the captain and other members of the army loudly pray and sing, and the converts no less vociferously respond. Not the least curious among the remarkable features of the occasion is the array of trophies depending from a cord hung across the back of the stage, which consists of a remarkable collection of leathers, carriages and sundry other articles of adornment which have been surrendered by converts when they renounced the world.

A few days ago a detachment of the army, consisting of twelve men and fifteen women, took up their position on the City Hall steps, in New York city. Some of the women were scarcely more than sixteen years of age, and all of them carried tambourines. Their hats were uniform and trimmed with red ribbon, inscribed: "Salvation Army; Blood and Fire," while the men wore helmets and badges. Two of them carried large American flags bearing the Salvation Army device. Having arranged themselves in a double row at the top of the steps the men in front, they sang a hymn beginning: "We mean to fight for Jesus," the women beating their tambourines and the men sawing the air vigorously with their hands. A crowd of about a thousand persons gathered in the Park. Short prayers and some testimony as to the saving powers of the army followed, interspersed at every few minutes by singing and tambourine-beating. Meanwhile three "hallelujah lasses," mixed with the crowd and offered for sale the *War Cry*. The saving efficacy of these peculiar methods may well be doubted.

A GOOD YANKEE STORY.

There was fun as well as fighting down in the neighborhood of the Rio Grande last summer; an inhabitant of that section, albeit a tolerably shrewd specimen of the genus, got "a fire in the rear" which raked down and demolished the best calculations ever made for a small fortune, and at the same time, raised a laugh which filled the adjoining chapparral for a mile in every direction.

Water was scarce, during the heat of summer, at Brazos Island, and the liquor not so plentiful at times, as the necessities of the sojourners required. It was at one of these thirsty seasons that our Yankee, by some hook or crook, got hold of a barrel of tolerably fair cider, and with this small stock-in-trade he at once "set up" in business. To make and scrape together a parcel of boards and odd bits of canvas enough to build a small shanty, was the work of but a short hour. To set his barrel upon a couple of skids in the back part of the tent, to tap it, and to commence retailing the cider at a dime a glass, occupied but a short time more. Customers flocked in by dozens; the cider went off at a rapid rate, and the Yankee was making his "eternal fortin" at a stride that would have elated John Jacob Astor in his early days.

Some of his patrons complained that a dime a glass for cider which was not worth more than two dollars a barrel at the outside, was an outrageous price; but the times were hard, the retailer's conscience easy, he had all the cider in the market, and could not afford to sell any cheaper.

This state of things went on for an entire day, the Yankee's quarters being beset by throngs of patrons. On the following morning, and before

the cider was yet half sold, they began to thin off gradually, and, by the middle of the afternoon, it was only now and then a straggling stranger that visited the shade and cider of the retailer. What was the matter? What had caused this sudden falling off of custom? The reader will soon see.

Towards night a new face appeared in the shanty and called for a glass of cider. It was drawn, swallowed, and the customer took out his purse and inquired the price.

"One dime," said the Yankee.

"One what?" retorted the customer.

"One dime," coolly replied the Yankee.

"Why, I can get just as good cider here at five cents a glass," snarled the customer.

"No y-o-u c-a-n't," drawled the Yankee; "there ain't a pint of cider, 'cept what I've got in that 'ere barrel, this side of Orleans. I'm darned if there is."

"I know better," ejaculated the customer, tartly, "I bought a glass of cider, not two hours ago, and only paid five cents for it."

"I'd like to know where you effected that small transaction?" queried the Yankee.

"Right round here," was the answer.

"I guess it was 'right round here.' Right round where, I'd like to know?" continued the cider vendor.

"Why, close by here, somewhere; just back of your place," returned the customer.

"I'll bet you tu drinks you didn't," spoke up the Yankee, "and we'll go right round and see."

"Done!" said the customer; and off they started.

Sure enough, "right round here" they found another cider establishment in full blast. A second Yankee had rigged a small shanty in the rear of the first Yankee's shanty, had tapped the other end of the latter's barrel of cider through a board, and was retailing it at five cents a glass to a perfect rush of customers!

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, November 15.

The marriage is announced of Viscount de la Ferté with Mlle. d'Abrantes, granddaughter of General Junot.

The dates of the masked balls have been fixed as follows:—January 6th and 20th, February 3rd, and March 1st. MM. Arban and O. Métra will be the conductors of the music.

A grand work, with splendid illustrations, on the art of fencing, is in the press. It is edited by Vegeant, who is a professor of great renown, and we shall now have to say, erudition.

The Prefect of Police has ordered an immense train to be constructed between the Théâtre Déjazet and the Boulevard du Temple. This benevolence on the part of the authorities is the matter of speculation, anecdote, and *bon mots*. It has at length been decided that it is with a view to the escape of the audience in case of fire.

TYPHOUS fever still rages in the French capital, where it is estimated that between 8,000 to 10,000 are suffering from the malady, over 2,000 being in the hospitals alone, and the mortality from the disease is serious enough to be alarming. The authorities, medical and sanitary, are doing their best to hush up the matter, but intending visitors to Paris should be on their guard.

It appears that the so-called memoirs of Mme. Cornu, which the foster-sister of Napoleon III. gave to Mlle. Noëmi Renan shortly before her death, consist really of some two hundred letters written to her by Prince Louis Napoleon from Ham and elsewhere. They are not to be published at the date of the coming marriage of Mlle. Renan, for Mme. Cornu expressly stipulated that they should not see the light until 1885.

THERE is a mingling of sexes at the principal and most fashionable of the *Salles d'armes*. In most of the salons one sees lady pupils, and these do not always fight each other; some prefer being matched against a monsieur—of course, with the purest idea and earnest desire of gaining proficiency in the art. No doubt, as the fair sex become "less timid," the number of the lady fencers will increase.

The suicide at Paris of Victor Cheri, brother of the late Rose Cheri, the distinguished actress and vocalist, is announced. An evil destiny, he said, pursued his family. His father, overjoyed at the marriage of his daughter Rose with M. Montigny, went mad on the night the contract was signed, and jumped from a fifth-floor window. Rose herself died of croup, caught in freeing by suction the bronchial tubes of a child attacked by that malady. The boy thus saved met with a more terrible end than his accomplished mother. When a young man he was bitten by a favorite greyhound, and died of hydrophobia.

The organization which manages the gambling houses of Paris is most perfect. There is a body

of directors, a chairman and manager, a committee of intelligence also, and there are agents of the company. The only thing wanting for the good of society is the Clôture. The band are said to meet daily to organize the plans for the night, and to receive reports of last night's transactions, and news from spies. In view of this fact, and that the men are well known, are the police asleep, or what may we not ask or suspect is the reason that such a scandal on civilization is allowed to exist in Paris?

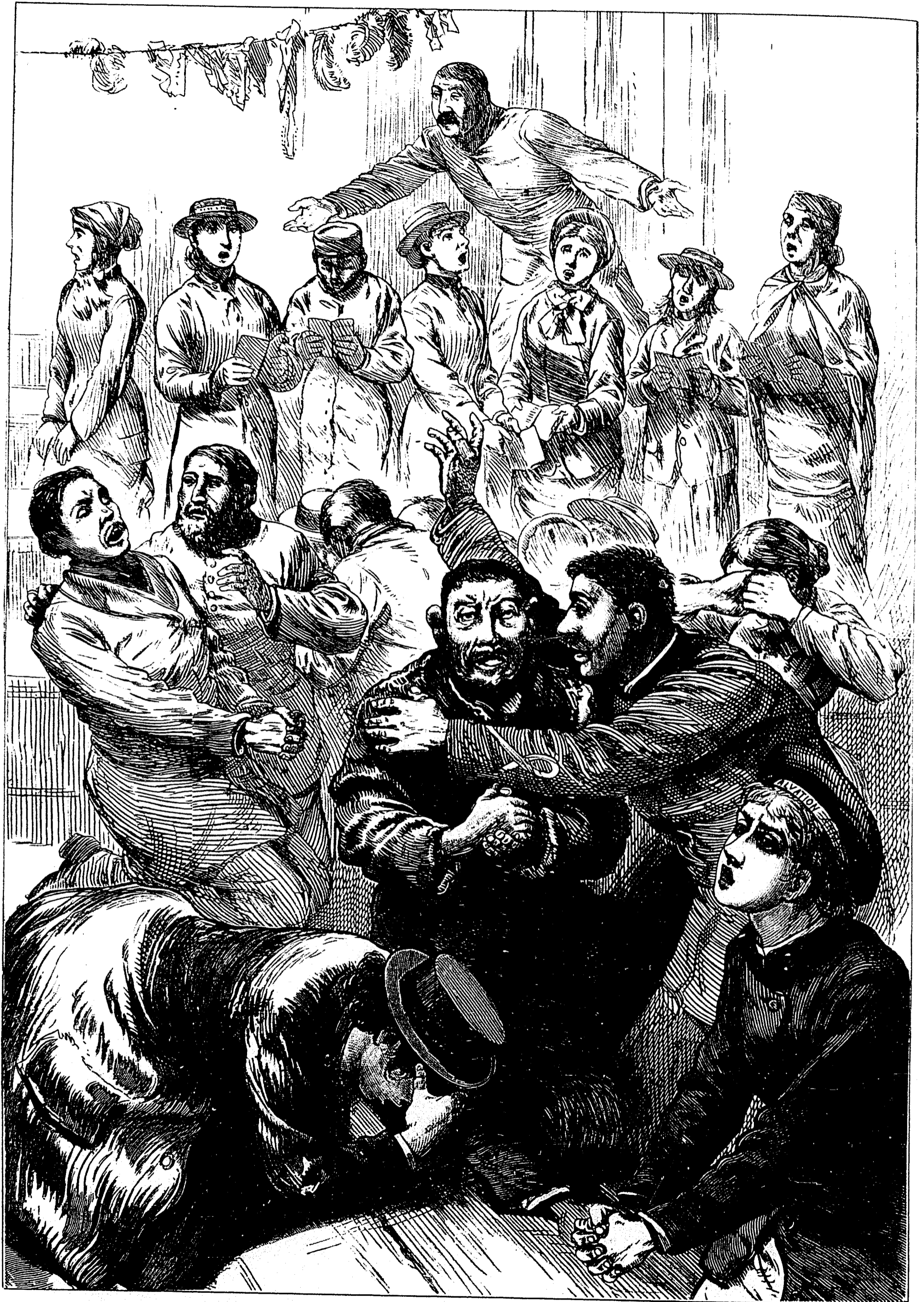
THE boxing event between M. Theo Villain and the distinguished English pugilist—not named—is postponed. In the meanwhile, a splendid, but rather too gentlemanly set-to has taken place, amidst the acclamations of the *élite* of fashionables, between M. Theo Villain and M. Michau. The latter is a veritable Hercules, but the rules of the art was precisely followed—of attack and defence—that there was no damage done, at which the *élite* expressed the greatest gratification. The slaughter must come later on if they pursue this rather serious business, and opinions may alter—boxing may be considered only fit for savages.

DUELING ought to be an affair of friendship—only those who are friends or acquaintances should encounter each other with a deadly intent. A duel with a stranger, one, say, proceeding from a row at a restaurant, or in a theatre, ought to be put out of the category; its origin is always contemptible. For instance, a distinguished sportsman overheard a Russian Count speaking lightly of a lady as he was dining at the next table; forthwith there was a demand for a retraction of the remark which he certainly ought not to have overheard, or if it came to his ears, he should have considered that it was dead language as far as he was concerned. The Frenchman thought differently, and challenged the Count, who accepted with revolvers à mort—a very tall issue of a stupid phrase, especially as the Count, who, we are told, is really Prince B—z, received a bill which damaged his forehead and another which struck his shoulder.

VARIETIES.

"A FUGITIVE THOUGHT."—The peculiar talent of Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., for the strongest characteristic delineation of individual types of humanity, with the impress of moral and intellectual habits contracted by their professional avocations, more especially those of ecclesiastical persons and students or scholars in past ages, has often reminded us of Mr. Robert Browning's creations of the same kind. This figure of a solitary writer, dressed in the cap and gown of his class, four or five centuries ago, or possibly a contemporary of Gower and Chaucer, occupied with some recondite theme of moral philosophy or poetical allegory, and with his mind fully absorbed in the subject of his composition, could be made to utter himself in a long soliloquy of intricate meditation; and it would add one more to Browning's numerous pieces of that nature. We must, however, refrain, for our own part, from any attempt to conjecture the purport and bearings of the "fugitive thought" which the young scholar is preparing to indite, by the aid of his grey goosequill, upon the paper that lies before him on his desk. It will no doubt seem to the author an idea perfectly original and worthy of preservation, though it may possibly be derived from an unconscious reminiscence of sentences that he has perused in some one of the thick set little volumes shewn lying on his table or ranged upon the shelves. *Preant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*. But the wisest of men has said, "There is nothing new under the sun." He has also said, not less wisely, "Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

Apropos of the recent discussion in the Berlin Diet concerning the desirability of checking "growing habits of luxury" in the Prussian Officers' Corps, an instructive little anecdote, of which the German Crown Prince is the hero, has obtained publicity in the *Kleines Journal*. It appears that about a year ago his Imperial Highness, having inspected one of the crack Cavalry regiments of the Guard at an early hour, accepted the invitation of its officers to breakfast with them. Upon entering the mess-room, however, he glanced at the table gaily decked out with hothouse flowers and costly fruit, and laden with expensive delicacies, and stopping short at the threshold, observed, "You will excuse me, gentlemen; I am not accustomed to breakfast in such an elaborate manner." So saying, he turned upon his heel and quitted the barracks, leaving the discomfited Guardsmen to digest his rebuke as best they might. About a twelve-month had expired since the occurrence in question, when the regiment's turn for inspection came round again, and again the Colonel in command conveyed to His Imperial Highness an invitation to breakfast on the part of the officers' mess. This time nothing more luxurious than cold meat and sausage cut in slices and brown bread met the Crown Prince's eye as he strode by the mess-table to his place at its head. Smiling pleasantly, he sat down, partook heartily of the simple viands proffered to him, and, when he rose to take his leave after an ample meal, thanked his hosts for their hospitality with the significant remark, "That, gentlemen, is the sort of breakfast I like."



THE SALVATION ARMY.—SOLDIERS PRAYING WITH RECRUITS.—(SEE PAGE 371.)



"SCOTLAND FOR EVER."—FROM THE PAINTING BY ELIZABETH THOMSON.

"Of course she is none the worse," Miss Buckley answered for her; "but I know quite well, Squire, that Milly's health is a matter of perfect indifference to you, and that you only came in for a cup of my good tea after your day's tramp. For I never will believe that your trusty old housekeeper ever gives you a decent cup; it is impossible that a woman with such an undeniable beard could accomplish that essentially feminine task."

Mr. Verschoyle admitted that Miss Buckley's tea was an irresistible temptation at that moment, though "the other fellows" would blow him up for deserting them.

"My friends came down yesterday," he explained; "and I should have come with them, only that North train was late as usual at Upcott Junction—a most fortunate accident," he added, "as it gave me the pleasure of meeting Miss Bland."

"You did not appear to think so as you threw away your cigar," said Miss Bland, with a demure smile.

"I did not then know of the compensations in store for me," smiled Mr. Verschoyle; "and you did not appear to think me an unalloyed blessing."

"No, indeed," admitted Milly candidly; "I thought that, armed with those dreadful breech-loaders, you would be demanding my money or my life."

Mr. Verschoyle thought that the cosy drawing-room had never appeared so delightful, and he mentally contrasted it with the chill splendor of the disused room at the Chase, with its glories shrouded in ghostly holland.

The trio sitting there in the soft afternoon light were worthy of their surroundings—the hostess herself, with her bright intellectual air, with the unusual contrast of black eyebrows and snow-white hair, brushed off the low forehead and shaded by rich black lace knotted with French grace under the firmly-rounded chin, Anthony Verschoyle, in his light gray shooting-suit, looking a perfect specimen of a high-bred English gentleman, and Milly, in her fresh pink cambrie, with a softly-tinted Gloire de Dijon rose in her belt, herself

An English rose
All set about with pretty wifful thorns.
As sweet as English air could make her."

"You will never find the dear old Chase comfortable, Mr. Verschoyle," said Miss Buckley, setting down her Crown Derby tea-cup. "until you bring a wife there!"

This advice was given in answer to some domestic grumbling from the young Squire, who was fond of relating his troubles to this old friend.

"My dear Miss Buckley! Such advice from you, who are always warning the village beauties about the perils of sweethearts and matrimony! Why, your last cook was so afraid of confessing her weakness for the village baker that she actually, at the mature age of forty-five, eloped!"

Miss Buckley stoutly defended her inconsistencies.

"I prescribe matrimony for you because you belong to the practically helpless sex," she affirmed.

"I protest against that," murmured Anthony.

"You have not the power of making your homes comfortable without feminine co-operation," continued Miss Buckley, regardless of the slight interruption. "For women—myself, for example—it is always a question whether the game is worth the candle. To me the candles always appeared the commonest tallow dips, whereas I always insisted upon the finest spermaceti."

For the generality of women the tallow dips give sufficient light," said Milly, with the usual feminine contempt for her own sex.

"I should, at least, like the very choicest spermaceti for you," rejoined Miss Buckley fondly, gazing with pardonable pride at the dainty figure presiding over the tea-table.

"I wonder in which category Miss Buckley would place me?" reflected Mr. Verschoyle, with sudden anxiety, but refrained from asking the question, preferring the ignorance which is so often "bliss."

The nominal master of Sherborne Chase—the bearded old housekeeper usurped the real authority—evidently found some irresistible charm in the cosy house lying so conveniently near his own gates. At first he devised the most ingenious excuses for his daily visits; but they soon became so much a matter of course that no excuse seemed needed. Miss Buckley also noted, with much internal amusement, the increased frequency of the pastoral visits of the Rev. Septimus Rugg, the High-Church and high-art curate of Sherborne, whose exalted ideas about the celibacy of the "priesthood" had not rendered him invulnerable to Milly's charms, and who wasted much of his valuable time in trying to teach her a proper appreciation of Browning, while Milly protested that she could not understand him and that his poetry gave her a headache.

Whether from the effects of reading Browning or some other occult cause, Miss Buckley noticed with some dismay that her pet niece was losing her soft roundness of outline, and that her bright gaiety had been succeeded by a feverish restlessness. While Milly thought her aunt severely absorbed in the last new *Quarterly*, that lady was intently studying the girl as she leaned listlessly by the window looking out at the battered autumn flowers, beaten down to the damp ground by the gray persistent drizzle, and thinking,

with forlorn self-pity, that life was a very poor affair after all.

Warning her toes at the cheerful fire in her own room that same evening, Miss Buckley summed up her conclusions.

"Evidently Milly has been making comparisons, and the silly little goose is conscience-stricken to find that they are not favourable to her rural Weston admirer. So many girls mistake gratified vanity for love! It is so pleasant to be called an angel of beauty and that sort of thing that we credit the first man that tells us so with a vast amount of penetration and taste, and we return the compliment by endowing him with all the heroic virtues. I'm glad Milly has found out her mistake in good time. Anthony Verschoyle is a nice fellow, and will just do for her," and Miss Buckley gazed at her feet with great satisfaction—indeed they were very pretty feet, and the black satin slippers fitted them perfectly.

The next morning she wrote to the Rev. Archibald, and, to her surprise, received an answer by return of post. It ran—

"Dear Miss Buckley,—Your letter, received this morning, has relieved me of a great anxiety. I heard in the village last Tuesday that Stephen Corcoran, the young fool, had eloped with the barmaid at the 'Red Lion,' an elderly siren of about thirty-five; they were married in London, and the old Squire is in a terrible state of mind. I suppose the beau has not had the grace to write to Milly, and I was trying to summon up courage to break the news to her; but, as you assure me it will probably be most welcome intelligence, I have written to her by this post. Both my wife and myself feel most grateful to you for your kindness to our little girl. Accept our united kind regards, and, believe me, dear Miss Buckley,
Yours very sincerely,
ARCHIBALD BLAND."

The post always comes in early at the dower-house, and the letters were generally taken up with the hot water, so that each inmate read her letters in the privacy of her own room. Aunt Margaret, who happened that morning to be the first down to breakfast, awaited with some anxiety her niece's appearance, and fidgeted most unnecessarily over the breakfast-equipage.

The door opened at last, and Miss Buckley felt a sudden thrill of relief as Milly came forward with bright eyes and a faint pink flush on her cheeks.

"Have you heard from home this morning?" Miss Buckley inquired as Milly buttered her toast and leisurely knocked off the top of her egg.

"Yes," answered Milly very cheerfully, "I have had a letter from papa." Then she continued, with some embarrassment, "Papa writes to tell me that Stephen Corcoran has eloped with a young person from the 'Red Lion.' Absence," she continued, with the gay old laugh, "has evidently made his heart grow fonder of somebody else."

Here she paused, with a quick blush, as an amused twinkle in the dark eyes behind the tear-reminded her that the aphorism might have a double application.

"That is very true—sometimes," said Miss Buckley, with most exemplary gravity; while Milly appeared suddenly concerned about an imaginary fly in the cream-jug.

Mr. Verschoyle, dropping in that morning, was pleasantly surprised by the bright smile that greeted him, and felt his heart beat with sudden hope as he saw the shy warm welcome in the dark blue eyes. He had been driven to the verge of desperation during the last fortnight by Milly's studied avoidance, and her freezing politeness when she was compelled to meet him, and had been wont, at the close of each miserable day, to mutter savagely some very sage remarks about feminine contrariety as he sought consolation from his trusty pipe. He had at last avowed never to meet the "heartless little flirt" again, and to take a trip to Africa, or join an expedition in search of the North Pole. Aided by forty-eight hours' perpetual drizzle, he had actually kept away from the dower-house for two days; but this morning the clouds had lifted, self-satisfied dahlias and sturdy asters raised their down-cast heads, while the rich golden leaves of venerable elms shone in the bright autumn sunlight. He would go to the dower-house just once to say "good-bye," and, as Milly's eyes looked into his with a smile, all his stern resolutions suddenly melted away in their light, and he found courage to suggest, with wistful humility, that, as it was such a delightful morning, Miss Buckley and Miss Milly should come out for a walk.

Miss Buckley smilingly shook her head; she had "a thousand things to do indoors;" but she added, pitying the young man's disappointment—

"I think you ought to make Milly go, Mr. Verschoyle. If she doesn't get her color back soon and do credit to Sherborne air, and my cow, I'm going to send her home again."

Milly's cheeks did full justice to Sherborne air when she found herself walking alone with Mr. Verschoyle on the quiet country road, where summer's cool green had been replaced by the coral of hips and haws and the gold of fading bracken. She answered all his remarks in monosyllables, until Anthony's hopes sank to zero, while his thoughts reverted to the North Pole as frequently as though they were a collection of magnetic needles.

"I am thinking of volunteering for the new Arctic Expedition, Miss Bland," he announced suddenly.

"Really!" said Milly unconcernedly. "I hope you will enjoy the trip."

"Just as if I were going to Brighton!" thought Anthony.

"I suppose it is rather cold?" she suggested calmly.

"I don't find it very warm here," answered Anthony lugubriously, quite overcome by this unspoken.

"Then I should think the torrid zone would be a better change," said Milly.

"Well, I've been thinking of Africa," assented Mr. Verschoyle; "but a fellow told me the other day that the lions were quite done up, and Taganyika had become as tame as Pall Mall."

"I suppose you find Sherborne very stupid?" remarked the young lady, with a sudden quiver in her voice which immediately raised mercurial young Anthony to realms of bliss.

"No, I don't," he replied inconsequently. "It is the dearest place in the world—when you are in it, Milly"—and his arm stole in-sinuatingly round her trim waist.

"Then why do you talk about going to the N-North Pole?" murmured Milly pathetically, submitting to the caress with a meekness that would have much disappointed Miss Buckley.

"Because I thought it couldn't possibly be more frigid than you—you cruel little darling! But now, sweet," he went on, with a happy thrill in his strong young voice, "you will be my own little wife—won't you, dear? Remember how lovely I am all by myself in that big solitary house. Look up into my eyes, Milly, and say 'Yes.'"

Milly did not say that important monosyllable; but she raised her eyes for one shy moment to his; and in their depths he read his answer, and was satisfied.

J. PEN.

BEAUTY'S FRIEND.

Though the day of the professional beauty is over, Beauty is still a factor—or should it be a factress!—in our social life. Beauty has always friends—lady friends, be it understood—and one has heard from a score of these, during the past two months, of the ravage which she has sustained, while her stripling swains have been battling with venomous insects, and occasionally exposed to the fire of Arabi under an Egyptian sun. Beauty has her own reason for being reticent on these points to all except to the friend of her heart. It is not, for instance, the subject she would care to select for conversation with her husband, if her husband happens to be, as is sometimes the case, a chivalrous gentleman, or to her brother, supposing that interesting relative is not one of the latter-day *gommurax* whom we have manufactured wholesale after the newest Paris fashion. The mature virgin in the time of Horace rejoiced to learn the Ionic dance, and the matron of fashionable Rome was always babbling of her amours to a confidant of her own sex. The fact is Beauty requires a safety-valve for the ebullition of her garrulity and gush; she finds it in the lady who is willing to perform the functions of Beauty's friend. Young men of the meaner sort brag of their conquests, real or imaginary, in smoking-rooms and other resorts. Beauty does so in scented drawing-rooms, about the hour of five o'clock tea, to the lady friend who piques herself on being the receptacle of the tittle-tattle of the town.

The first requisite in Beauty's friend is that she should have an innate gift of idolatry, and that she should be able to repress or dissimulate any symptoms of boredom. She need not be, and she ought not to be, an enthusiast; on the other hand, she must not sink to the level of a sycophant. She must have an immense capacity for being interested in the affairs of others, and must just have enough of the philosopher about her to isolate herself from all the topics which she hears discussed, and all the scandals which are ventilated, in her presence. This faculty of personal detachment, and of sustaining a really unselfish interest in Beauty's business, argues a strength of character and power of imagination which, if not expended on trifles, might do great things. But the functions of Beauty's friend do not end here. She has to be constantly by the side of Beauty in some of the most critical transactions of her career, without ever being compromised. She must be Ucalegon's neighbour, and yet she must never incur any danger of being burned. She must live close to the rose; and while she must not, in personal appearance or in character, suggest a contrast to her, she must not resemble her too nearly. She must inspire confidence, and never suggest even the faintest suspicion of rivalry. Only the possessor of a highly exceptional, and even epicene, temperament can perform all these operations. Women who elect to play this rôle are perpetually touching pitch and are never defiled. Young, or at least not elderly, themselves, with drawing-rooms which are the rendezvous of not a little that is most attractive, *risqué*, and sometimes equivocal in society, they must be absolutely above suspicion. "We live," as Wordsworth said, "by admiration;" and if Beauty's friend ceased to be admired for her circumspectness and tact, Beauty would give her the cold shoulder next morning. Nor will a single sex have the monopoly of her devotion. Like Plato, and the philosophers who followed him, she loves beauty for its own sake, and it is a matter of indifference to her whether the embodiment of loveliness wears the latest dress from Worth's or the newest garment of Poole. The truth is that, just as there are born diplomats, so there are persons born to be social intermediaries. If Beauty's friend had not been married, she would be the match-mongering spin-

ster; and if she had been born to a humbler station, she would still have found a useful vocation in a different sphere.

What are the rewards she reaps of her industrious and exacting occupation? what is her motive to exertion? and does she in the long run, find the game worth the candle? To give a satisfactory answer to these questions, it is necessary to look at the matter a little philosophically. The mainspring of human action of the less heroic kind is vanity; and the relations which exist between Beauty and Beauty's friend are formed on a basis of common interest, and are cemented by a reciprocal utility. If there were no ear into which Beauty could breathe her secrets and her scandals, existence would have lost half its charm; if Beauty's friend did not possess an ear, half her pleasure of life would be gone. In some way or another we, all of us—men and women—like to be constantly reminded of our own existence; and if there is to be noticed in Society a growing reaction against the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, it is largely due to the circumstance that we take so exaggerated an estimate of our usefulness in this life as to be unable to imagine there is any scope for its continuance in the life which is to come. Beauty's friend has indeed almost as good a time of it as Beauty herself; from some points of view she has perhaps even a better. She is exposed to no vicissitudes of favour, and to no rebuffs. She is always in request, and is always, in her own little way, a personage and it is not surprising if she shows a full consciousness of the fact. She has appropriated to herself the whole domain of beauty; she is omniscient within that fascinating area, and she resents any intrusion upon it as an act of personal aggression on herself. Beauty's friend insists on being Beauty's oracle.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THERE is very little that we do in the way of helping our neighbors that does not come back in blessings on ourselves.

THE next thing to excellence is to love excellence; and to love its opposite is to be its opposite. To hate excellence is to be at its opposite pole.

BIRTH, wealth, beauty, talents, may constitute eligibility for society, but to be distinguished in it persons must be admired for admirable and liked for agreeable qualities.

A FEAR that present joys are "too good to last," and that a sadder day is coming, is hardly less common, and not a whit more excusable, than the thought that the former days were better than these.

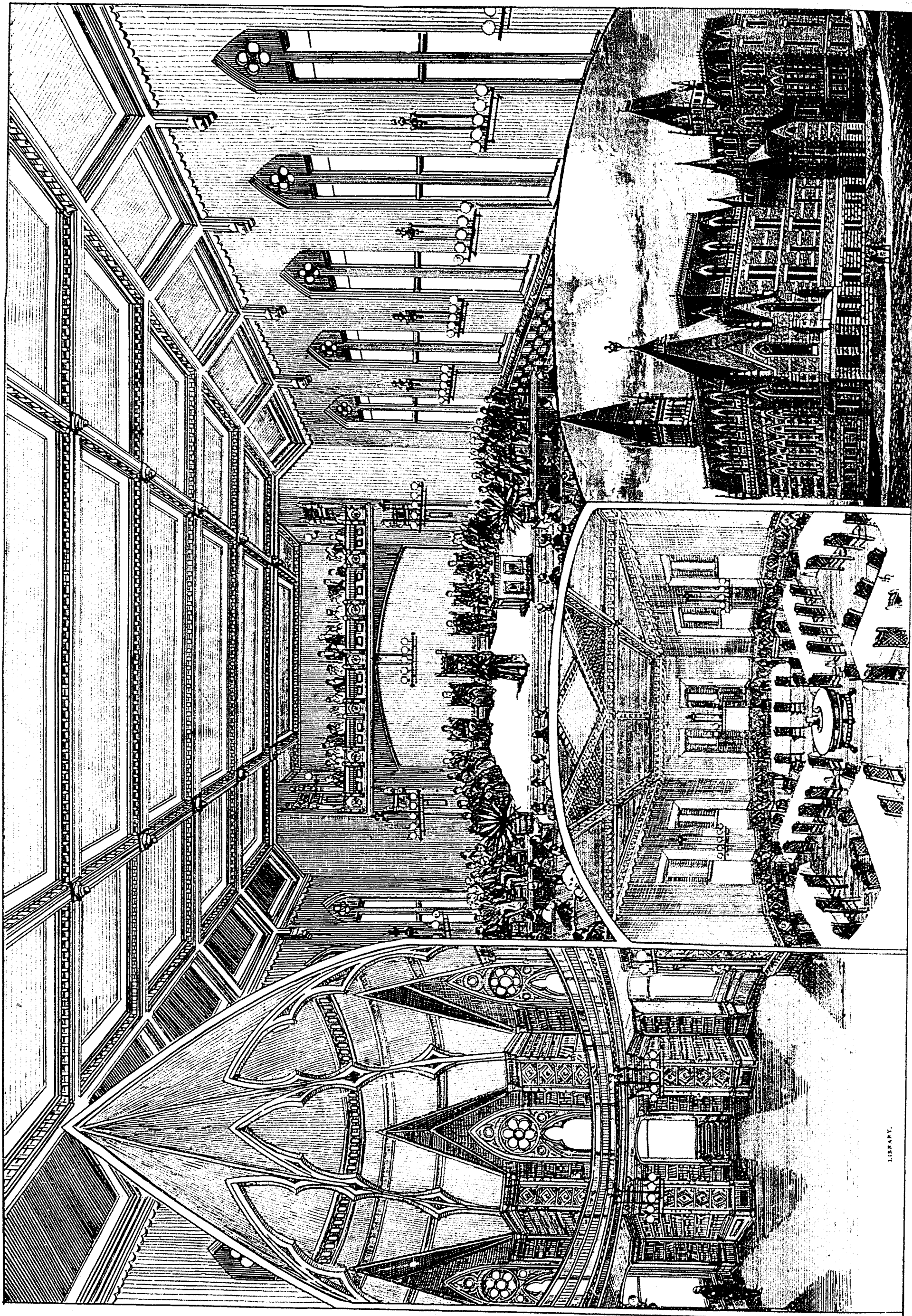
No man can be considered a sound moral teacher unless he somehow impresses people with the truth that feeling good is of no value, except as a condition precedent to doing good—in other words, that righteousness of conduct, not pleasurable emotion, is the true touchstone of moral character.

IT is a gratifying thought that whatever is good and true and pure is also durable. Evil has within it the seeds of decay; good, the germs of growth. The laborer who would have his work last long must do it well. The mother who would make her influence permanent must see that it is on the side of goodness and intelligence.

By example, a thousand times more quickly than by precept, children can be taught to speak kindly to each other, to acknowledge favors, to be gentle and unselfish, to be thoughtful and considerate of the comforts of the family. The boys, with inward pride at their father's courteous demeanor, will be chivalrous and helpful to their young sisters; the girls, imitating the mother, will be gentle and patient, even when big brothers are noisy and heedless.

REFORMATION.—The only really hopeful method of ascending the steep ladder of reformation, be the thing to be reformed what it may, is to begin early—to root out the poison-weed in its first sprouting from the ground, to make the ascent while that ascent is gentle and easy, while the steps are few and shallow. Like fire which has taken hold of a building, a habit once rooted in life is difficult to conquer, and sometimes it is impossible to conquer. But there was a moment when it could have been subdued with very little trouble; and we are guilty of high treason to all that is great and good, to all that is best in ourselves, by our remissness then.

TWO WAYS OF LIVING.—The old proverb says that every burden we have to carry offers two handles—the one smooth and easy to grasp, the other rough and hard to hold. One man goes through life taking things by the rough handle, and he has a hard time all the way. He draws in a tight harness, and it chafes wherever it touches him. He carries a heavy load, and he finds it not worth keeping when he gets it home. He spends more strength upon the fret and wear of work than upon the work itself. He is like a disorganized old mill that makes a great noise over a small grist, because it grinds itself more than it grinds the grain. Another man carries the same weight, does the same work, and finds it easy, because he takes everything by the smooth handle. And so it comes to pass that one man sighs and weeps, and another man whistles and sings, on the same road.



LIBRARY.
 MONTREAL.—THE OPENING OF THE DAVID MORRICE HALL, AT THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 25.
 COURTESY, P. C. M.
 EXTERIOR OF THE HALL AND LIBRARY.

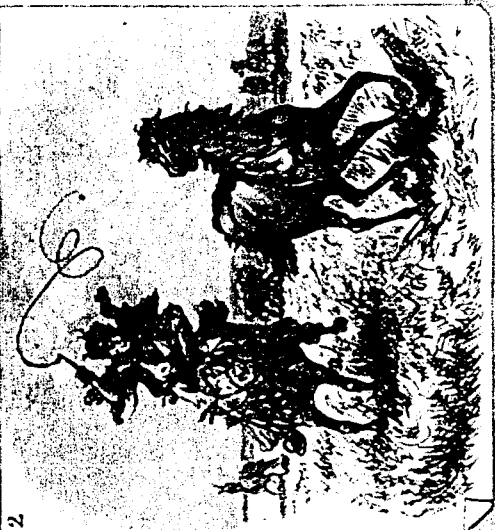


When Autumn touches with rosy finger
The leaves that linger
On bush and tree ;
When song birds leave us, the cold winds fearing,
When winter's nearing
I think on thee.

Wm. S. P.



AURORA.—FROM THE PICTURE BY JEAN LOUIS HAMEN.



1.—Wild Horses defending themselves against Wolves. 2.—Catching a Wild Horse. 3.—Ugrypes. 4.—Gathering Wild Horses. 5.—A disagreeable Accident. 6.—Going to the Horse-Market.

LIFE ON THE HUNGARIAN HEATH, PUSITA, HUNGARY.—(SEE PAGE 371.)

(For the News.)

ALONE.

BY J. B. N., LONDON.

Alone to-night? O not alone, While thy dear memory remains; For though the busy crowd be gone, No voice of solitude complains.

To-night, as silence reigns supreme, And solitary hours speed on, My true affection loves to dream And feel that I am not alone.

Has not thy spirit hovered near, And heard I not that voice of love? Fell there not music on mine ear In accents human and divine?

Alone? How can I be alone, While men's hearts there as a gem, Which tenderest affection won For love's immortal diadem! Nov. 25th. 1882.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

One of my father's brothers (says Mrs. Child), residing in Boston, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him; for he would soon be too ill to know who attended upon him. These arguments made no impression upon her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a life-long satisfaction to her to know who attended upon him, if he did not. She accordingly stayed, and watched him with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those who went round with the death carts had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told me she never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not quite extinct. The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it. The half-hour again came round, and again was heard the solemn words, "Bring out your dead." The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned to them was a painful one, but the health of the city required punctual obedience to the orders they received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the infected apartments. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears, continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea; but finally, overcome by her tears, again departed. With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreaded half-hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messengers began to think a little gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable energy of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances she answered, "If you bury him, you shall bury me with him." At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise that, if he showed no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to the removal. Having gained this respite, she hung the watch up on the bed-post, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half-hour would expire, and those dreaded voices would be heard, passing through the streets. Hopefulness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently; and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally the position of the head had become slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp, a struggle, his eyes opened, and when the death-men came again they found him sitting up in the bed. He lived for many years afterwards, and enjoyed unusually good health.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY IN NEW YORK.

There is no prospect, in fact, of desirable flats—that is, apartments of any size, convenient, light, and airy—being other than expensive in this city. It is twelve years since the first apartment-houses were built; hundreds of them of divers grades have been put up all over town; but those capable of accommodating a small family, with an elevator, and pleasant, well-ventilated rooms, can not be had for less than from \$1,500 to \$2,000. There are flats in poor quarters that rent from \$600 to \$800; but they usually have dark chambers, they are ill-arranged, and are seldom wholesome. As a generalization, it may be said that reasonable apartments are not good, and that good apart-

ments are not reasonable. The fond anticipations cherished eight or ten years ago that a nice, healthful apartment might be procured for from \$500 to \$600 annually have long been dispelled. They who have no more than that to spend for a home, so called, are obliged to put up with sundry discomforts, and to jeopard their health more or less by sleeping in dark, close chambers.

It would seem as if economy of any kind were impracticable in this the costliest of capitals. The mere decencies of life are well-nigh beyond the reach of men dependent on salaries or ordinary incomes. The average earnings here of men even of education and taste are not, it is alleged, in excess of \$1,500 to \$1,600, and as the majority of them have families (the unwritten law of Manhattan demands that no couple, unless financially independent, shall have more than two children), they are forced into a ceaseless contest for self-sustenance. They toil through life, endure vexation, disappointment, tribulation, pain, and quit the world leaving no provision for their families, but generally in debt. Comparatively few men who can command credit die, it is said, with all their liabilities discharged. The proportion of New Yorkers of whom this is true must be larger than of other citizens, for credit here is easily got, and the cost of living is far greater than elsewhere.

What can be expected of a husband and a father who can earn no more than \$1,500 or \$1,600? How is it possible for him to stem the current always running so strong against him, especially against the refined and sensitive poor of Anglo-Saxon strain? It is clear that he can not live in the city proper; he must pitch his tent, as it may justly be titled, in the rear of Brooklyn, along the lines of the New Jersey railroads, among the sand knolls of Long Island, or amid the pastures of Westchester. He must come and go daily to and from his business in every sort of weather, keeping mind and nerves on the stretch lest he miss the boat or train. His wistful life is regulated by schedule time; he is ever hurried, planning to save a few minutes, and yet wasting, from the perpetual stress of circumstances, his entire years. He has no leisure, no repose; he is absorbed in town, feverish in the country; he sees little of his family, nothing of his friends; he is engrossed with his petty affairs, which he may despise, but which he cannot afford for an hour to neglect. His life is a dull, wearisome round, his most serious thought how he shall get on, and while still thinking of it the cord snaps and the end comes. He has done his work. True; but was it worth doing? After years of grinding labor, what has he achieved? where is his recompense? He has been striving faithfully for his family, and at the close he leaves them the discouragement of his example, and probably a legacy of debt. Such is the inspiring destiny of the average New Yorker. Verily is honesty its own and only reward!—JUNIOR'S HENRY BROWNE, in Harper's.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and papers to hand. Thanks.

J. W. Fairfield, Huddersfield, Eng.—Have not yet received British Chess Magazine for November, 1882. Chess Editor, Brooklyn Chess Chronicle.—In answer to your published request, have sent copies of C. I. N. & S. magazine since 15th October last. Have obtained no copy of R. C. Chronicle in return.

F. H.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 407.

W. F. E., Lansing, Mich., U.S.—Paper received. Thanks.

We are pleased to learn that Captain Mackenzie has consented to become Chess Instructor to the Manhattan Chess Club. With a pleasant recollection of the Captain's visit to Montreal, we can appreciate the benefit this arrangement will confer on the New York amateurs. When the members of chess clubs do all in their power to bring themselves in contact with the best skill of the day, as regards their favorite pursuit, we may expect the most beneficial results, and it must be confessed that the members of the Manhattan Chess Club, in acting as they have done, have chosen the best of means to secure their progress in the royal game.

Now that the season has fully commenced, and that we have such players as Captain Mackenzie and Herr Steinitz on this continent, we may expect to hear of grand doings in the way of chess and chess matches. The efforts also, that are being made in England at the present time to obtain the means necessary to bring about in the course of a few months an International Tourney on a scale befitting a great and intelligent nation, is a subject of much interest, and one which will have strong claims upon the attention of chess-players in the course of a very short time. Altogether, on both sides of the ocean, chess amateurs have every reason to rejoice that there is so much in the future to which they may look forward with anticipation of both pleasure and profit.

We have received a copy of the "Cincinnati Commercial" of the 18th ult., which contains a table showing the games ended in the Cincinnati Commercial Correspondence Tourney to November 6th, 1882. This table we hope to find room for in our next Column, as it contains the names of several Canadian players, who are taking part in this interesting contest.

QUEBEC CHESS CLUB MATCHES.

The entries to the Senior and Junior matches for the championship of Quebec were closed on last Saturday, the following players having signed their names as competitors: Senior Match—Messrs. C. P. Champion, D. R. MacLeod, E. C. Burke, E. T. Fletcher, R. Blakiston, E. H. Duval, and E. Pope.

Junior Match—Rev. W. S. Vial, Messrs. G. C. Hosack, M. Kennedy, A. H. McCallum, J. O'Farrell, Edwin Jones, W. D. Campbell, R. C. Scott, A. Woods, and Dr. H. Ivers.

Play to be governed by the rules of Praxis. Each player to play one game with every other player in his class, and to contest two games a week. Entrance fee 50 cents, the amount to be applied to the purchase of a champion badge or prize to be presented to the respective winners at the conclusion of the match.—Quebec Chronicle.

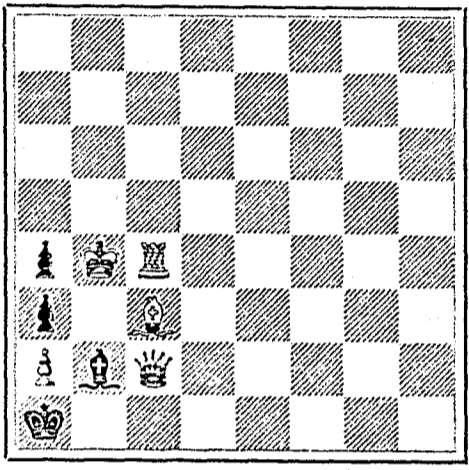
CHESS CLUB IN COLLINGWOOD.—A chess and whist club has been formed in Collingwood with the following officers: Mr. E. R. Carpenter, President; Mr. C. Evison, Vice-President; Mr. J. G. Hands, Secretary. The club will affiliate with the Ontario Chess Association.—Toronto Globe.

Wilhelm Steinitz, the great chess player of Bohemia, who arrived in Philadelphia the other day to play a series of games, is a little man, with a full red beard, moustache and side whiskers, a big shock of light brown hair, twinkling blue eyes, and a constant smile that gives one the idea that he couldn't look angry if he tried. He is forty-six years old.—New York Tribune.

PROBLEM No. 411.

By S. Loyd.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 409.

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

GAME 537th.

From Turf, Field and Farm.

Third game in the match between Messrs. Mason and Mackenzie.

(Four Knights Opening.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Mackenzie.) BLACK.—(Mr. Mason.) 1 P to K 4 1 P to K 4 2 Kt to K B 3 2 Kt to K B 3 3 Kt to B 3 3 Kt to B 3 4 B to Kt 5 4 B to B 4 5 Castles. 5 Q to K 2 6 P to Q 3 6 Kt to Q 5 7 Kt takes Kt 7 B takes Kt 8 Kt to K 2 8 P to B 3 9 P takes B 9 P takes Kt 10 B to Q B 4 10 P to Q 3 11 B to K Kt 5 11 B to K 3 12 B to Kt 3 12 B takes B 13 R P takes B 13 Q to K 3 14 B takes Kt 14 Q takes B 15 P to K R 4 15 P to Q R 3 16 Q to Q 2 16 Q to K 2 17 R to B 3 17 Castles K R 18 Q to B 2 18 P to Q B 4 19 P to B 5 19 P to B 3 20 R to K B sq 20 R to B 2 21 Q to R 4 21 P to R 3 22 R to Kt 3 22 K to B sq 23 R to Kt 6 23 P to Kt 4 24 R to B 3 24 R to R 2 25 Q to R 5 25 Q to K sq 26 P to K Kt 4 26 Q to K sq 27 P to R 4 27 K to K 2 28 P to Kt 5 28 R P takes P 29 R to Kt 3 29 K to Q 2 30 P takes P 30 P takes P 31 R to Kt 8 31 P takes P 32 R to Kt 8 32 Q to K 2 33 Q to R 8 33 R to R 2 34 R to R 8 34 R takes R 35 Q takes R 35 Q to Q sq 36 Q to Kt 7 ch 36 Q to B 2 37 Q to Q 5 37 Q to R 4 38 Q to Kt 7 ch 38 Q to B 2 39 Q takes R P 39 Q to Kt sq 40 R to Kt 6 40 R to B 2 41 K to B 2 41 K to B 2 42 Q to R 5 ch 42 K to Q 2 43 K to Kt 2 43 K to B 3 44 P to Kt 4 44 R to Q R 2 45 R takes P 45 R takes Q 46 P takes R 46 Q to K Kt sq ch 47 R to Kt 6 47 Q to B 2 48 K to B 3 48 P to B 5 49 K to Kt 4 49 K to B 4 50 P to R 6 50 P to Kt 5 51 P takes P 51 P to Kt 6 52 P takes P 52 P to Q 6 53 K to B 3 53 Q to K R 2 54 K to K 3 54 Q to R 6 ch 55 K to Q 2 55 Q to R 6 56 K to B 3 56 Q to K 7 57 P to Kt 4 ch 57 K to B 3 58 P to Kt 5 ch 58 K to B 2 59 R to Kt 7 ch 59 K to Kt sq 60 R to Kt 5 ch 60 K to R 2 61 R to Kt 7 ch 61 K to Kt sq Drawn; duration 4 1/2 hours.

This game was fully annotated, but we have only room for the following remarks on White's 44th move:

"One of these moves, which can only be explained through fatigue in consequence of several hours' constant strain upon the mind. White evidently intended to play the text move already before, and if the Black King had been still on Q 2, this move would have won; but now an easily won game is thrown away at the very last moment.

FREE! FREE!! FREE!!!

New Descriptive Catalogue and Price List of

Including many Novelties: Plays, Dramas, Farces, Guide Books, Scenery Paper, Ethiopian Dramas, Tableau Lights, Colored Fire, Pantomimes, Wigs, Beards, &c. Latest Assortment in the World!

In fact everything for Amateur Theatricals. SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 38 East 14th St. N. Y.

FURNITURE. FINE AND MEDIUM. AN IMMENSE STOCK. HENRY J. SHAW & CO., 726 Craig St. (Near Victoria Sq.)

THE NORTHWEST RAILWAY TRAVELER. When you Advertise Put Your Money Where it Will Do the MOST GOOD.

This paper is officially recognized by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway, over whose lines it has the exclusive right of circulation. It covers an extent of country, the greatest of any other paper of this character in the Northwestern Country, and is therefore far ahead of all others in the advantages it offers to advertisers in the following respects:

THE REASONS WHY: It is the only daily paper of the kind and has the largest circulation in Manitoba and the Northwest Territory. It reaches more cities, hotels, depots, reading rooms, real estate offices, and traveling men and incoming settlers than any other periodical of like character. Copies sent free on application. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to the manager. D. E. ROSELLE, 27 and 29 First Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn. P. O. Box 588, Winnipeg.

GRAY'S RED SPRUCE GUM. COUGHS & COLDS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. F. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET, WHELE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS NEW YORK.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER. Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible. THE COOK'S FRIEND SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS, 10-52-52a 55 Colborne St.

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

A SLIPPERY DAY.—By A. B. FROST.



"GUESS IF I'M CAREFUL I'LL GET ALONG."



"BY JOVE! IT IS SLIPPERY."



"OH, HANG THESE SLANTING PAVEMENTS!"



"A MAN DOES HAVE TO HAVE COMMAND OF HIS FEET ON THESE BAD SPOTS."



"STEADY DOES IT!"



"OH DEAR ME! I HOPE NO ONE IS LOOKING!"



"NOW WHICH WAY IS HE COMING, ANYHOW?"



"EXCUSE ME!" "I BEG YOUR PARDON!"



"HAPPY THOUGHT! WHAT'S THE USE OF WALKING?"



"—"

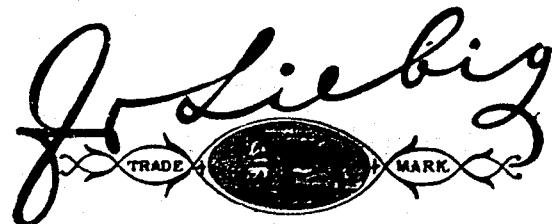


"IT'S A MIGHTY HARD WINTER, ANYHOW."



"IF EVER I GO OUT ON A DAY LIKE THIS AGAIN—"

LIEBIG COMPANY'S



EXTRACT OF MEAT

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

An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label. This Caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the Market.

LOOK! LOOK! THE MAGIC REVEALER. Examine the hidden beautiful and secret wonders of nature. Something that every young man and woman wants. Will magnify 100 times. This is something entirely new and a rare bargain to those who wish to see the beautiful in nature revealed. Price 25c. Is for \$1.00 (Silver or O. Stamps). All handsomely mounted in Orville and Ivory, and sent secure from observation, on receipt of price. When not in use its object can not be detected. With every order we will send free of charge, a New Wonderful and Here look, which will surely please you. (Cut this out & send with order.) Mention this paper.

BEEBYOOD & CO., Box 63 Williamsburgh, N.Y.

STEPHENS & LIGHTHALL, Advocates, Attorneys and Commissioners, 341 1/2 NOTRE DAME STREET, (Opposite Exchange Bank). C. H. STEPHENS, B.C.L. | W. DOUG LIGHTHALL, B.A., B.C.L.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



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

Lea & Perrins

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

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

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



THE "SKREI" Cod Liver Oil.

Pure, Pale and almost tasteless. No other Oil to compare with it. KENNETH CAMPBELL & CO.

CASTOR FLUID (Registered.)

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

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, Sole Manufacturer, 144 St. Lawrence Male Street.