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#### **TEMPERATURE**

as beeved by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 6, 1882.

#### THE WEEK.

THERE are plenty of Temperance men who have at times been urged to drink spruce, mum, treacle beer, and even British wines, on the plea that they were non-intoxicating beverages, and they have always been urged by their leaders to eschew such beverages, because, though the proportion of alcohol they contained might be small, the only safe position was the rejection of alcoholic drinks altogether. To those who give such advice it came as a rather startling revelation a few months ago that some of the popular Temperance beverages, in which the presence of alcohol could not be traced by the taste, really contained a small percentage of stimulant. Not only ardent spirits, wine, and malt liquors, but fancy Temperance drinks and ginger beer stood some degrees above zero. The strict teetotaller might still fall back upon water, and upon water flavoured with infusion of tea leaves and ground coffee berries; but M. Muntz, a French chemist, has now cut away the ground from under his feet. He professes to have discovered the presence of alcohol in water itself. The proportion, of course, is very small—about one gramme to a cubic metre, or one part in a thousand, but, if M. MUNTZ is correct, we are all consumers of alcohol, more or less, and the Temperance question is logically only a question of degree. The strictest water-drinker will only be able to boast that he is an abstainer from alcohol in so far as it is artificially manufactured : unless, indeed, some ingenious inventor pat nts a machine for to the strictest letter.

#### QUEEN VICTORIA.

One of the immediate effects of the recent attempt upon the Queen's life has been the intensifying of that personal interest in Her Majesty's life and doings, which is never quite absent from any of her subjects. Several interesting papers have been published during the last few months, amongst which one in London Society deserves, perhaps, special mention. But, what is even more gratifying than this laudable ouriosity on the part of her own people, is the appreciation of her noble qualities shown by foreign nations.

To Le Figaro the ubiquitous and potent

sensible causerie "à propos de la Reine Victoria" at Mentone, which is full of regal and princely personages. The article is not only highly eulogistic, but marked by a sobriety of treatment comparatively rare in the French press. After describing her peaceable and quiet life in the Riviera, he adds;

"A strange destiny is that of the Queen! A woman born for domestic life and family joys, a roman who asked of G d but one thing—to live in peace with her children and her husband, and upon whom God has imposed the heaviest crown in the world and the longest reign of the century."

M. SAINT GENEST briefly discusses the delicate subject of the Queen's retiring disposition, hinting that, while the people certainly like a display of regal pomp and ceremony, they like it, to use the writer's own locution, "dans tes fêtes, dans les palais, mais pas dans les personnes." The finer the palace, the more the people appreciate the simplicity of her who inhabits it; the more splendid the crown, the more they admire the simplicity of her who wears it. There is much sterling sense in this passage, which may be commended to the study of those worthy folk who are for ever complaining that the Queen "doesn't do this" and "doesn't do that." A few extracts from this brilliant causerie may be of interest to our readers.

When the people have been overcome by the marvels of S. James' and the Kremlin, when they have looked upon the diadems, the sceptres, the precious stones, they find a peculiar charm in the sight of the Princess, who has the right to there splendors, passing through the streets in a simple costume.....

If, on the contrary, a sovereign seeks to please by other means, if size follows the fashion,—if her dress, her witticisms, her smart sayings are quoted abroad, far from augmenting her prestige, she will lose it day by day...

In a word, what the people like best, is to see the domestic virtues, the most simple virtues of the family practised on the throne.....

For a prince, we demand a different mode of life. He should be valiant, heroic at certain times. While he is young, we may even perdon him if he be somewhat of a mauvais sujet, but once a prince becomes the father of a family and the head of a great constitution, we claim that he should show an example of all private virtues.

M. SAINT-GENEST draws from his observations some profound philosophical reflections. He adds:

Well! Queen Victoria has had the rare merit of always sustaining her character of sovereign. She has done this not of calculation, but naturally, by yielding to the instincts of her heart—and she will remain as a grand example of the prestige which a sovereign can maintain be-fore her people, when she leads a modest family life, and respects the laws of her country.

In truth, what a happy people are the English! This little isle, without corn, or wine, or sun, which yet grows greater day by day, while our France, with her sun, her corn-fields, her wines, finds herself growing ever less.

We wish that space allowed the reproduction of this most excellent article in its entirety. Apart from the direct description of the Queen's life there are other points of interest in M. SAINT-GENEST'S account of the English and their customs, and the entire letter will be read by none, we are confident, with greater pleasure and satisfaction than the Queen herself. The causerie concludes with some observations highly satiric in character, the elimination of alcohol from water "Ah! si j'étais un grand personnage, on that ill-used person, Mr. BRADLAUGH. itself, so that conscientious Good Tem-comme je l'inviterai à venir me voir à plans shall be enabled to keep their pledge | Paris; quelle iête de l'entendre! et quel chagrin de mourir-sans avoir contemplé un pareil phénomène!"

#### QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER GOVERNESS.

The following anecdotes of Queen Victoria are from the pen of Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Lippincott), a very popular American author: When I was in England I heard several pleasant anecdotes of the Queen and her family from a lady who had received them from her friend, the governess of the royal children. This governess, a very interesting young lady, was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor her mother died. When she first received the news of her mother's serious illness, she applied to the Queen to be allowed to resign her situs. to the Queen to be allowed to resign her situation, feeling that to her mother she owed even a SAINT-GENEST contributes a lively and more sacred duty than to her sovereign. The

Queen, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice, but said, in a tone of the most gentle sympathy, "Go at once to your mother child; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. Prince Albert and I will hear the children's lessous; so in any event let your mind be at rest in regard to your pupils." The mind be at rest in regard to your pupils." The governess went, and had several weeks of sweet, mournful communion with her dying mother. Then, when she had seen that dear form laid to sleep under the daisies in the old kirkyard, she returned to the palace, where the loneliness of roy I grandeur would have oppressed her sorrowing heart beyond endurance had it not been for the gracious womanly sympathy of the Queenwho came every day to her schoolroom-and the considerate kindness of her young pupils.

A year went by, the first anniversary of her great loss dawned up in her, and she was overwhelmed as never before by the utter loneliness of her grief. She felt that no one in all that great household knew how much goodness and sweetness passed out of mortal life that day a year ago, or could give one tear, one thought, to that grave under the Scottish daisies. Ever morning before breakfast, which the elder children took with their father and mother in the pleasant crimson parlor looking out on the terrace at Windsor, her pupils came to the school-room for a brief religious exercise. This morning the voice of the governess trembled in reading the Scriptures of the day. Some words of divine tenderness were too much for her poor, lonely, grieving heart—her strength gave way, an i, laying her head on the desk before her, she burt into tears, murmuring, "Oh, mother mother!" One after another the children stole out of the room, and went to ther mother to tell her how sadly their governess was feeling; and that kindhearted monarch, exclaiming, "Oh, poor girl ! it is the anniversary of her mother' poor girl it is the anniversary of her mother's death," hurried into the schoolroom, where she found Miss——struggling to regain her composure. "My poor child!" she said, "I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning meant to have given orders that you should have this day entirely to yourself. Take it as a sad and sacred holiday—I will hear the lessons of the children." And then she added, "To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift," clasping on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet, with the date of her mother's death. What wonder that the orphan kissed, with tears, this gift, and the more than royal hand that bestowed it.

#### MCGILL COLLEGE CONVOCATION

The annual convocation of the School of Arts and Applied Science at McGill University was held on Tuesday last in the Molson Hall.

The Vice-Dean read the honor and passlists in Art, after which the Valedictory was delivered by Mr. N. T. Rielle. The following is the list of Graduates in Arts.

H. M. Ami, B.A. H. M. Ami, B.A.
T. J. Barron, B.A.
Henry Cockfield, B.A.
Leigh R. Gregor, B.A.
Henry J. Hague, B.A.
H. A. Lafleur, B.A.
D. Mackay, B.A.
P. C. McKillop, B.A.
C. W. Martin, B.A.
C. W. Martin, B.A.
C. W. Walker, B.A.
C. W. Hillens R.A.
C. W. Hillens R.A. J. L. Morin, B.A. A. W. Martin, B.A. G. F. Wall G. W. Hillans, B.A.

In Applied Science the list contains the following names, --

J. H. Burland, B. A. Sc. J. J. Collins, B. A. Sc.

T. Drummond, B. A. Sc. P. L. Foster, B. A. Sc. T. D. Oreen, B. A. Sc.

A. P. Low, B A. Sc. Fred. Miller, B. A. Sc. The Valedictory of the course was then de-livered by Mr. J. H. Burland, B. A. Sc. as

Mr. Chancellor, Gentlemen of the Convocation, Ladies and Gentlemen,—There are occasions in the life of every man when he may be excused for wishing for the talents which he has not. The student of applied science has but little use as a rule for the employment of soft words and honied phrases, yet he may perhaps be pardoned the wish on such an occasion as the present that to him were given the gift of eloquence which at ordinary times he would yield to the orator or statesman. Alas! such things come not to us by wishing, and perhaps the precision of the details with which we have been drilled during our four years of stuly, cannot be said to have been altogether favorable to the graces of rhetoric; but however the speech be made the theme at least is

The subjects of study in our course have in view of the yet vast, or to borrow a word used by a late English statesman, the "illimitable resources" of the Dominion, a bearing upon their development which may inspire us with

the greatest hope. has been said that this is the mechanical and scientific age, and certainly when we look upon the progress and discoveries which have been made within our own memories even as young men, we find indeed cause for wonder and admiration. No man can say that the discoveries of the future may not be as wonderful and brilliant as those of the past, or may not even surpass them as far as they in their turn have surpassed the efforts of a previous age.

The resources of science are far from being exhausted, and no one can tell the proportion of the known development to that of the unknown possibility; what we do know is that those subjects which pertain to the study of applied science will have their place in the onward march of scientific progress, and will, without doubt, largely effect the future development of our country. Some share in this triumph, it may be, is reserved for ourselves, at least those of us who, when we leave these halls, shall continue faithfully to apply those methods and principles in which we have been instructed. If such a reward be granted to any amongst our class of to-day, not the least part of that triumph will be the thought that to old McGill we owe our success, and upon her our glory is reflected. It has been a characteristic of many of the greatest men, that in the height of their triumph they have remembered with sympa-thetic love the place of their intellectual nur-ture, their Almus Mater, to whose venerable cairn their honors have added a stone.

I have said our studies have been largely confined to detail. Men in these days cannot study everything, and, in fact, many studies to be advantageous must be made special; it is for this reason that the Faculty of Applied Science which brings together young men to these walls from all parts of the Dominion, is ene of such general public importance and interest. And now ladies and gantlemen, I shall, with your kind permission address a few words to my class-mates and fellow students. I would say to that lowest or protozoan form of college life to that lowest or protozoan form of college life the Freshie think of what a late celebrated scientist has said,—"Natural selection almost inevitably causes much extinction of the less improved forms of life," and thinking study to improve and rise to represent a higher type of college life. I would advice those of the second year do not imagine as their predecessors have done that the presence of an atmosphere of H<sub>2</sub> S will so effect the elasticity of the ether, as to prevent its vibrations conveying to your ears a proof of the fact that old France lives to reply to whatever argument you may bring forward as to the importance of hydraulics, steam, &c., with the time-honored "Mais le Français, Monsieur le Français."

To the third year I hesitate to say anything.
You have followed in our footsteps so closely that you have already caught the mantle let fall from the chariot of '82; but do not imagine that the light which plays about you now is pe-culiarly characteristic of your class, but simply a reflection from the class of '82, as "sunset is a reflection from the class of '82, as "sunset is said to be the reflection from a hedge of roses which grows around the Garden of Eden." To my class-mates I have the pleasure of saying that we have at last reached the goal of our ambition "as birds of social feather, helping each his fellows flight, we soared into the skies and cast the clouds beneath. No more shall our slumbers be disturbed by hideous visions of Mesozoic Icthyosaur, Plesiosaur, or more modern Neozoic Professaur. No longer shall our imagination have reason to picture the fiendish delight of that Reptilean bird the Pterodactylus Crassirostris as with exultation he flaps his membraneous wings at the devastation wrought amongst the feathered tribes of McGill. We amongst the feathered tribes of McGill. We have crossed the Rubicon, the future lies before us. On its unwritten page, let each endeavor to inscribe a record worthy the class of '82. One other tribute it becomes a student who leaves with regret the scene of his pleasant labors, to pay to those who have smoothed for him the rough paths of knowledge. I should be indeed ungrateful were I to fail upon an occasion of this kind in expressing my gratitude to our Dean and Professors as well for their unremitting and and anxious labors in the class-room as for the kindness which has shown itself in the cour-tesies of the home circle, a kindness which has afforded a social advantage to many of the young men visiting the city from distant parts, which cannot be too highly praised; that it has been highly appreciated I know those students who are here to day will bear me out in saying.

I have often heard it said that the days spent

at college are to be numbered amongst the most hopeful and happiest of life, our experience has answered so far, to the experience of those who have gone before, college life is but the beginning, we have enough to make us remember our Alma Mater with feelings not only of pleasure, but of gratitude. Ungrateful sons would we be should we fail in the days to come to strive, in whatever walks of life we may find ourselves, or in whatever parts of the Dominion we may be placed with such means as Providence or forne or our own cool industry may place at our disposal, to do anything and everything that lies in our power for the honor or advancement of McGill.

We are as children just emancipated from the control of a loving and tender mother, our duties to the world are just commencing and for the moment they seen paramount, but our Alma Mater has after all the strongest claims to our love, to her care and training we owe whatever of success the world has adjudged us, whatever of success the world has adjudged us, and deep down in the heart of each, glows that true and pure love which while we breathe shall burn brighter and purer year by year. "Ear well" we say to-day, "Fare well" not to-day alone, but for ever. Yet it is hard to say, that word which "Must be and hath been" that "sound which makes us linger, whether we wish or not, and say it again and again, with severy inflection of tender yearning to take it severy inflection of tender yearning to take it back again. And when I look around, upon the faces of so many of the gentler sex who have

come here I am bound to believe, to cheer us in

our hopes at this stepping stone of our career on entering the world, have I not your pardon if I pause yet once again to express my appreciation and gratitude for that kindness, I am sure that on this point, at least, all my brother graduates and follow students will j in heartily with me in the expression of our feelings.

But I am treading upon dangerous ground and already like Bob Acres feel my courage oozing out at my fingers ends, since inded it is inevi-table and must be said let me at least try heartily to bid, my friends, my tutors, and that second home which our Alma Mater has kept for us during the past years, Farewell."

The following are the particularized results of the examination in the Faculty of Applied

Civil Engineering -- Advanced Course -- Frederick Miller.

Ordinary course (in order of merit )....Philip Lawrence Fester, Thomas Daniel Green, John James Collins, Thomas Drummond.

Mining Engineering—Albert Peter Low. Practical Chemistry—Jeffrey Hale Burland. Frederick Miller—Lorne Medal. Certificates of Merit in all the subjects.

Thomas Daniel Green -- Scott Exhibition. Albert Peter Low -- First Rank Honors in Natural Science.

Jeffrey Hale Burland-Second Rank Honors in Natural Science. Certificate of Merit in Practical Chemistry. Certificate of Merit in Theoretical Chemistry.

Note .- Certificates of Metit are given this year instead of Prizes.

#### A JOURNEY ACROSS SIBERIA.

Mr. A. Laisen, of the Riustrated London week writes from Irkutsk, in Elistern Silvere; "From Orenburg to the forcess of Petro paulovsk, there is no Government post for travellers. The horses are kept by the so-called 'voluntary' post. The price here is therefore much higher than in Siberia, the horses costing each four copecks per verst, whereas in Siberia the price varies from a copeck and a half to three copecks per horse. Nor are the stations kept by private enterprise so clean or so large as those on the Government post-toad. In my sketch of the interior of one of these post-stations (No. 4) are two travellers drinking tea. To the left hand is the Russian stove, brick-built, and whitened with chalk. An open door to the next room shows a woman standing by the cradle with a baby. The cradle is fixed to the ceiling; the walls are covered with pastures of the Im perial family and others. As we travel day and night, the only sleep we get is while driving on But on tolerably smooth roads one soon gets accustomed to this. We put a few pillows on the seat, lie down stretched out at full length, well muffled up in furs, and so make ourselves as com-fortable as possible (Sketch 3). A few days after our departure from Orenburg we reached the Ural Mountains. The snow had meanwhile become so deep, from the recent snows'orms, that we travelled with five or sometimes with six horses. In the Urals we were soon to experience the further effects of these snowdrifts (Rassian "buran") which we had already seen in Orenburg and along the railway line from Samara to Orenburg. One night I was awakened by the howling storm, and, looking out, noticed that we did not move from the spot. The drivers, called "yemtschiks" in Russian, were beating and swearing at the horses; but it was of no use. The horses were standing in snow up to their bodies, perfectly exhausted. After a few more desperate efforts to move on, they lay down in the snow, as if to say they had done their utmost, and would die before they would do any more. The yemt-chiks seemed to think the horses were right in this opinion. They came up to the sledge and told us that we could get no further; the snow was too deep. in a kind of valley, surrounded by high mountains. To the right and to the left were snow hills, which rose higher every moment. The wind was blowing with tremendous power, whirling the powdery snow high up in the air, making it almost impossible to keep our eyes open. The temperature was about twenty degrees of cold (Reaumur). So, what was to be done? Seeing that the horses were not able to bull, hardly even to stand normalit, we told the yemtschiks to put them out of harness, and take them to the next station, from which they were to bring ten fresh horses. They did accordingly; after some minutes we saw them disappear, with the horses, in the dense mist. When we heard the last tinkling of their bells, it may be imagined how lonely we telt. We were left to ourselves there amongst the mountains, with no other company than that of the roaring wind, and the wolves howling at a distance. But the wolves soon came nearer; so near, that we saw them on the next snow hill about fifty yards off, (See my sketch of this incident.) We got out our weapons and had a few shots at the wolves, but it seemed without killing any one. Yet they were frightened by the shots, and disappeared, and did not come near us any more. During five hours we waited there; the sledge became more and more buried in snow, and we had got inside it to keen outselves warm. At last, the bells were heard a second time, and then came the men with fresh horses, and wooden shovels to dig out the sledge, if necessary, or to clear the road of snow (Sketch 2). It appeared that our yemtschiks had lost the high road, and had consequently got into such deep snow that it was impossible to force a way through it. But all

this while, only about twenty yards to the right of us was the high road, which we found after an hour and a half shovelling away the snow. The new horses did their work splendidly, such work as only a Scherian horse can stand; and after a few hours more we set comfortably at the station, with a glass of tchai before us.

"Alougside the post road, in the steppe through which we travel, live many of the Kirghis. We had often seen them on the road, driving cattle to the next village, and had long wished to visit them in their winter dwellings. At the station Karakulskaja, twenty miles from Troitsk, we met a fine old Cossack named Pono mar if, who kept the post station. He was, as we afterwards learned, a rich man who owned a hundred horses, and the house where the station was established was his property. He gave us a very nice dinner, with a clean cloth, and even napkins to it, a great rarity among the Siberian peasants. In short, he tried, as well as his two sons, tall, fine-looking fedows, to make us as comfortable as they could. When we expressed a wish to visit the Kirghis, one of the young men offered to accompany us. Of course, we accepted his offer, with thanks; and presently started together. After an hour's drive we reached the Kirghis winter quarters, where the young Ponomareff explained, as the Kirghis did not speak Russian, that foreigners had come to see them. They were evidently much flattered, and invited us into their best hut. They order ed mutton to be prepared, with toward other things, all of which we, however, having sittle time, were obliged to refuse, not a little to the disappointment of our hosts. According to custom, we sat down on the divan; and while was taking a sketch of the room, the Kirghis who took us round stood beside me, and watched the pencil. When the sketch was finished he roared with delight, and asked if I would not be kind enough to sketch the children in the school. Of course I wished no better, and we went there. When the door was opened we saw a little room four feet below the ground. On the floor sat five children, from four to six years of age, with huge Kirghis books on their knees, reading half aloud. The reading was, to our eats, something like the humming of bees, but was accompanied by the bleating of some young kids, kept in the same room behind a straw lattice. This did not prevent the animals from coming out now and then, shoving their heads between the children's, and looking on at the school. We were rather surprised at seeing such young children able to read, considering the fact that a great part of the Russian people in Europe learn neither to read nor write. isked the schoolmaster, who sat by with his indispensable stick, to bid one of them read alone. Silence was then established, except the noise of the kids bleating, and every one of the pupils read a chapter of their prayer-book, having previously found the portion he knew best. After having distributed about five pounds of honeytakes among the children, and having given a trifling money present to the older ones, which they would hardly accept, we thanked our hosts and young Ponomarest and continued our journey, much satisfied with this visit to the normal

#### PICTURESQUE CANADA.

Under the above title the Art Publishing 'ompany of Toronto have for the past two years been preparing a work which will, when it is completed, be a credit to the country as a work of art, apart from the interest which its subject matter naturally lends to it.

The first half-dozen numbers of the work, which is published in parts by subscription, are already out, and fully bear out all the promises made for them. It is not at all too much to say that no work of the kind, as regards engraving and press work, has been turned out before in Canada. The greatest possible care has evidently been taken to secure only the best work in each department, and the result fully justifies the means which have been taken to secure it.

The work is in the form of a descriptive and in part historical description of the Dominion, its scenery, traditions and industries, accompanying, what is of course the chief feature of the book, the most copious and beautiful illestrations of everything that is picturesque throughout the country. To these plates our Canadian artists have been invited to contribute, and have availed themselves largely of the in vitation, the majority of the sketches being by members of the R.C.A., and others, assisted only by one or two well known American magazine illustrators. This department has been under the direction of Mr. L. R. O Brien, the President of the Academy, who is nimself a large contributor; while the letter-press has been entrusted to President Grant, of Kingston, whose name is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the work done.

We can only recommend our readers to see the work and indee for themselves whether our praise be not merited, and we most heartily congratulate the Messrs, Belden on the succes of their efforts, which, we are glad to say, bid fair to recompense them handsomely for their expenditure of labour, thought and capital.

MR. REDMOND, in the Imperial House of Commons recently, moved the second reading of the Irish Land Act Amendment Bill.

BRADLAUGH is sning the assistant sergeantat arms of the House of Commons for putting him out, and has also entered a snit against Mr. Newdegate for £5,000 damages.

AN ANECDOTE BY COL. BURNABY, THE SUCCESSFUL BALLOONIST.

Colonel Burnaby, who has succeeded in crossing the Channel by balloon, relates the following amusing story of a bargain for horses at Orsk:— A tall man, dressed in a long coat reaching to his heels, bright yellow trousers which were stuffed into a pair of relleather boots, whilst an enormous black sheepskin cap covered his head, came out and asked me my business. I said that I wanted three horses to go to the next tage, and asked him what he would drive me there for, the regular postal tar if being about two roubles. "One of noble birth," replied the fellow, "the roads are bad, but my horses will gallop the whole way. They are excellent herses all the people in the town look at them and envy me. They say, 'How fut they are! Look how round!' The governor has not got any horses like mine in his stable. I sport them I cherish them; and they gallop like the wind. The people look, wonder, and admire. Come and see the dear little animals." "I have no doubt about it. They are excellent horses," I replied. "But what will you take me for "" "Let us say four roubles, your excellence, and give mone on account. Let me put it in my packet, and we will bless you." "All right," was my answer. "Send the horses to the Isarskoe Li o Inn immediately." Presently the tellow rushed into my room, and, bowing to the ground, took off his cap with a grandiose air. Drawing out the money I had given him, he thrust the rouble into my hand, and exclaimed, " Little father, my uncle owns one of the horses. He is very angry. He says that he was not consulted in matter, and that he loves the animal like a brother. My uncle will not let his horse leave the stable for less than five roubles. What is to bedone? I told him that I had agreed to take you, and even showed him the money, but he is hard-hearted and stern." "Very well, I said, I will give five roubles. Bring round the horses. In a few minutes the fellow again returned, and exclaimed, "One of noble birth, I am ash uned. But my brother is vexed. He has a share in one of the animals. He will not let me drive him to the next station for less than six roubles, -and the man put on an expression in which cunning, avarice, and pretended sorrow were blended, stood on one leg, and added, "What shall we do?" I said, "You have a grand mother?" "Yes," he replied, much surprised; "how did you know that? I have a very old grandmother."
"Well," I continued, "go and tell her that,
fearing less she should be annoyed if any accident were to happen during our journey, and not wishing to hurt the old lady's feelings should the fore-leg of your uncle's horse or the hind-leg of your brother's suffer on the road, I have changed my mind, and shall not go with you to day, but take post-horses to-morrow." The to-lay, but take post-horses to-morrow." man now became alarmed, thinking that he was about to lose his fare. He rubbed his forchead violently, and then exclaimed, "I will take your excellency for five roubles." "But your brother? excellency for five roubles." "But your brother?" Never mind; he is an animal. Let us go." "No," I inswered, "I shall wait. The posthorses are beautiful horses. I am told that they gallop like the wind; all the people in the town look at them." "Let us say four roubles, your excellency." "But your uncle might beat you." "No," was the answer, "we will go;" and, the knotty point being thus settled, we drove off.

#### MISCELLANY.

A SAVING attributed to Rothschild gives evidence, if true, of some humor. Once, it is said, a German Prince visiting London brought letters of credit to the banker. He was shown into the inner room of the famous countinghouse in St. Swithin's Lane, where Rothschild sat busy with a heap of papers. The name being announced, Rothschild nodded, offered his visitor a chair, and then went on with his work before him. For this treatment the prince, who expected everything should give way to one of his rank and diguity, was not prepared. Standing a minute or two, he ex-elaimed—" Did y u not hear, sir, who I am! I am"—repeating his titles. "Oh, very well," said Rothschild, "take two chairs, then."

A GERTAIN Western Canadian paper published an item, saying that at the request of the citizens the briss band of P.-. would hereafter not perform in the town quare, because it disturbed people, but "hereafter oin the old graveyard." Atthough this was income? gravity, a certain chap on the Globe, full of his paragraphic profession, clips it out and gloated over it. "Fil print this as a joke," he said, with a grin, "and all the Yankee papers will copy it." And he did and they did. The Peterborough brass band story was lifted from Maine to California. Somebody went and woke the editor of the P. up, and told him the liberty that had been taken with his local notice. Then the literal-as the-translation-of- Enoch- Editor got angry, and put in another "local," which he said that it was utterly absurd to make a joke out of the notice; that it was not written in levity; that no disrespect was intended that the band could do no harm, for, as every body in P. knew, the dead tooles had been "removed a year ago!!!" And he did not think that it was a delicious local either !

ASTLEY'S BAND. The great Circus Master when he first started he riding school, had no ether music than a common drum, which was beaten by his wife. To this he subsequently added a file, the players standing on a kind of closed.

small platform, placed in the centre of the ring, and it was not till be opened the Royal Grove that he employed a regular orchestra. Although an excellent rider, and a great favorite of George III., old Astley was an excessively ignorant man. One day, during a rehearsal, a performer suldenly ceased playing. "Hallo!" cried Astley, addressing the delinquent; "what's the matter now?" "There's a rest," answered the others "A rest?" Astley repeated angrily; "I don't pay you to rest, but to play!" Upon another occasion, hearing a manager complain of the conduct of his actors, Astley said to him, "Why don't you treat them as I do mine?"—allu ling, of course, to his horses. "I never give them anything to eat till after their performance is Astley always kept a sharp eye on his instrumental performers. One evening he entered the orchestra in a rage, and asked the leader why the trumpets did not play. "This is a pizzicato passage, sir," was the reply. "A pizzi—what!" said Astley. "A pizzicato, sir." "Well, I can't afford to let them be idle; so let the trumpets pizzicato too!" Indeed, as an accompaniment to equestrian exercises, Astley always considered that loudness was the most desirable quality in music. And though he ever took care to have an excellent band, with a well qualified leader, he nevertheless considered them more as an indispensable drain on the treasury than a useful auxiliary to the per-formance. "Any fool," he used invariably to say, "can handle a fiddle, but it takes a man to manage a horse, and yet I have to pay a a fellow that plays upon one fiddle as much salary as a man that rides upon three horses.

FIRIN', BEDAD!- The following description of the collapse of the last armed rising in Ireland is extracted from the Fortaightly Review. After describing how three hundred Irishmen, armed with Eufield rifles, were drawn up in a formidable position on a steep hill-side, the writer proceeds -- A pig was cooking, and all was festive and hopeful, when the morning light displayed car after car of peelers and red soldiers below. Swiftly the British line was formed two companies of foot, a handful of constabula v. and a few country gentlemen on hors back. Up they went; but the Republicans were in position fully extended behind their cover, the distances had been marked with flags, and the rifles were loaded and capped. "Faix," says Burney Mar-tin to a triend of Brosna, it's little like a rebel-lion I feelfat all. "There's the chapel bell ringin" below, au' the people goin' to work like Christians, an' sarra a differ (difference) I see from yisterdy. I'm in the same frieze coat an' the same old hat, and shure I see no signs of the Irish Republic at all, at all, only the little green flag and the little chap with the sword, and us here like a lot of wanderin' rabbits waitin' for the poliss to shoot us; and sure here's out of The leader eyed the approaching host, and, without looking behind or to the right or to the left of him, began the morning's duties. 'Steady -at three hundred vards-prepare to fire! Now -three hundred yards - no man fires till I give the word! Aim low-steady - ' A minute passed; the soldiers reached the fatal spot. "Fire!" Not a bit of it. No sound broke the stillness of the morning air. "Fire!" reiterated the little show with the with the sword; and he turned wildly to look along his line. Alas the ditch was empty; and Jim Blake, the office is orderly. "amongst the faithless faithful only found," responded, "If it's firin' ye mane, bedad they're all tirin' - over the hill behint, for sorra a wan of them's left." It was true; the battle was over of them's left." It was true; the battle was over. The peasantry had grasped at facts, recognized the logic of circumstances, and preserved themselves, if not Ireland.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DR. LAMSON was hanged on Friday morning. Ar Degraff, Ohio, on Tuesday, small fish fell in the streets during a storm.

GEN. SKOBELEFF's illness is said to be dangerous.

THE remains of the late Charles Darwin were interred in Westminster Abbey.

THE Russian Government is taking steps to suppress anti-German demonstrations. A GERMAN colony at Elizabethgrad, in Prus-

sia, has been sacked by the anti-German party. THE annual consumption of distilled spirits in the United States is estimated at 70,000,000

The Czar has ordered the trials of persons arrosted for participation in the Jewish riots to be declare l'urgent.

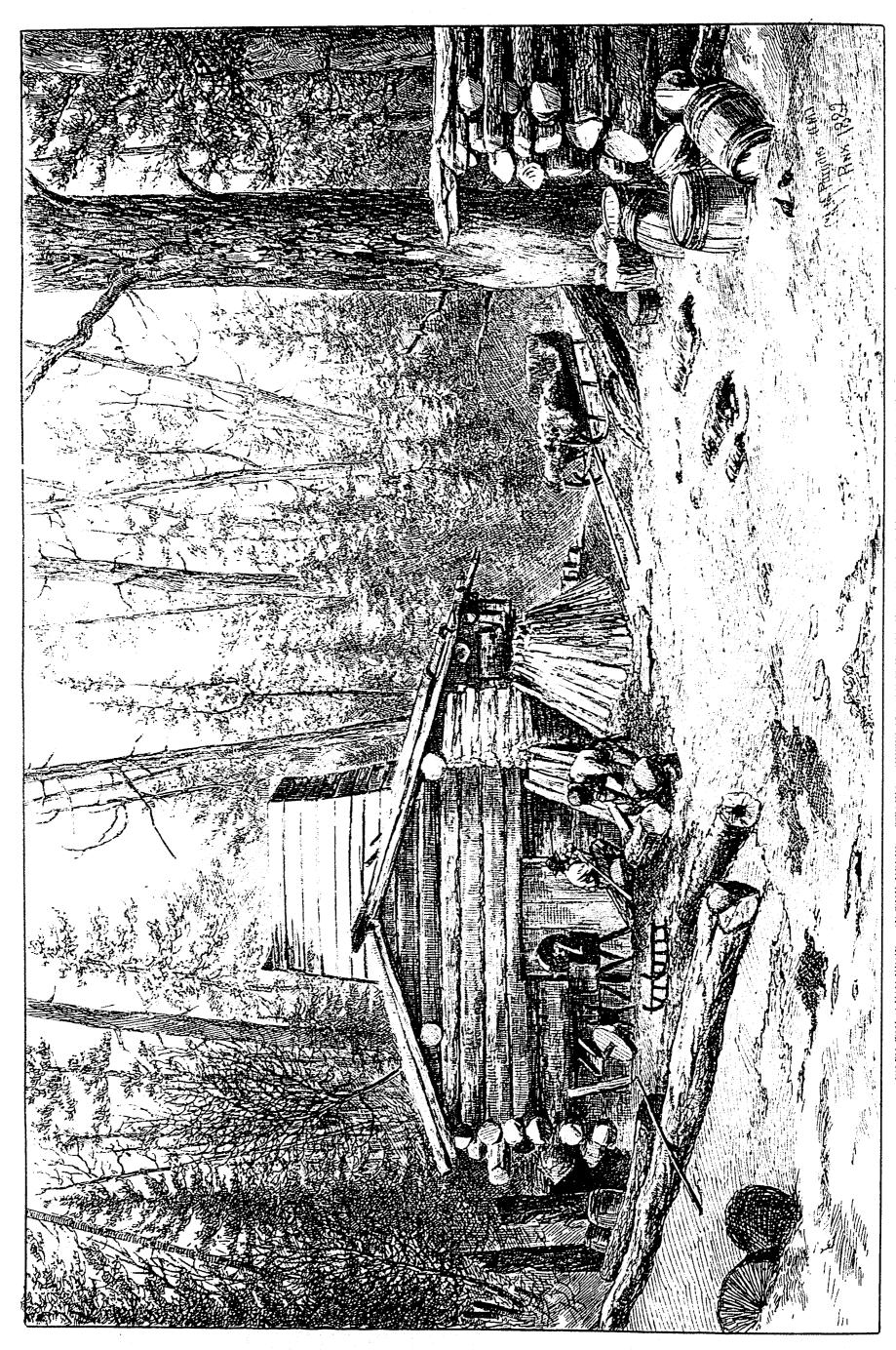
PATRICK McCARTHY, of Ningara, Oct., was shot dead by an Indian named Pendelton, at Ni igara on Saturday.

HANNAH REYNOUDS, a lady "no tenter," has heen sentenced to six months' imprisonment for intimidation.

THE laborers employed by the Saginaw, Michigan Broom ompany, have struck and virinally stopped the saw mills. MONEY is being collected in Philadelphia for

John Brown's fynile, who are in destitute circumstances in California. The Cabinet has considered the question of

American subjects in Irish prisons and steps are to be taken looking to their reliet. Ar Joliette, Illinois, twenty-seven cases of



#### "BONNY KATE,"

## TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY

#### CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Love me with thine open youth, In its frank surrender; With the vowing of thy mouth, With its silence tender."

That Tarleton is astonished is not remarkable. It is seldom in real life that things occur in this comedy-like fashion, and it is by no means desirable that they should. He looks at

the card with surprise.
"What is the meaning of it?" he asks.
"How does Florida Vaughu chance to be here? I could not possibly desire anything better than such an opportunity—but it seems almost too fortunate to be true."

harder thing than to touch for an instant that daintily-gloved hand. Even her beauty has grown odious to him, and as he gazes at her face he is filled with a fierce tense of self-contempt to remember how its fairness thralled him once.

"I was not aware that you were here," Vaughn goes on, gazing from one to the other, with surprise and an uneasy sense of fear. "Kate did not mention it yesterday."

"I did not mention it yesterday because I did not know it," Kate's bell-like voice says. "We met accidentally-half an hour ago. It seemed strange that we should do so, and that you should be here at the same time, for I have been repeating to Mr. Tarleton all that you were kind



their appropriation the subject.

"She came with Mr. Ashton to see me," says | enough to tell me on that—that night at Fair ate. "They are to be married—did you know | fields." Kate. "They are to be married—did you know that? But there is no time to talk of it now.

"Surely the question is unnecessary," he re-

He rises as he speaks, and she rises also. As they walk side by side, Kate feels a sensation of absolute bewilderment. It seems incredible that her doubt and irresolution of the morning should have such an unforeseen end as this! Am I dreaming V' she says to herself and then she glances at Tarleton. How changed he is 1 -how pale, how thin, and just new how grave. But there is no need to ask ever again whether she can forget him, whether she can marry another man. His presence has set that question for-ever at rest. No other face under the wide arch of heaven could be to her what his is; no other voice could sound like music in her cars; the touch of no other hand could thrill to the centre of her soul. For good or ill, for happiness or sorrow, she knows that her heart has found its king, and that it can never rest again save in one shelter.

The walk is short, and few words are spoken.

Both feel that during these minutes of uncertainty there is little to be said. To talk of ordinary common places would be impossible, and how can they speak of that which lies nearest the heart of both while Florida Vaughn is waiting for them ?

That young lady does not wait long. As she sits by one of the drawing-room windows, with a stream of sunsnine falling on her, and an édition de luxe of some popular book in her lap, the door opens, and she looks up with an air of relief. The room is large, and somewhat dim, but there is no mistaking Kate's graceful figure as it crosses the floor quickly. She is not expecting any one else, however, and who is this tollowing 1

Florida Vaughn is thoroughly trained in the ways of the world; so she does not utter a cry, as Kr's did, but there can be no doubt that her pulses heat with an accelerated rush as she recognizes Tarleton. It is a trying position, but she acquits herself well. She rises and advances

toward Kate.

"You see I am back again, like a bad shilling, she says, with a smile. Then, with a gracious air, she holds out her hand—not to the girl, but to the man on whose face a full light light falls

"Mr. Tarleton," she says, "this is a great

surprise, but I must beg you to believe that I am very glad to see you well again."
"Thank you," answers Tarleton, briefly. In all his life he has never compelled himself to a

"Indeed!" says Miss Vaughn, caimly,-but, despite this calmness, her heart sinks. It is no tritle to be arraigned on such a charge as this which she plainly foresees, with Tarleton standing by. Yet, like her brother, though she lacks principle, she does not lack courage, and she holds herself unmoved. In fact, she has sufficient presence of mind to send a shaft in return.

spoke on that occasion entirely for your good -1 gave you merely a friendly warning," she says. "But I should hardly fancy that you would care to reopen the subject, since it must have lost its interest for Mr. Fenwick's

"I am not Mr. Fenwick's fiancee," answers Kate, with a blaze of crimson on her cheeks, a flash of light in her eyes. "I told you that yes-

" But you also told me yesterday that you soon would be



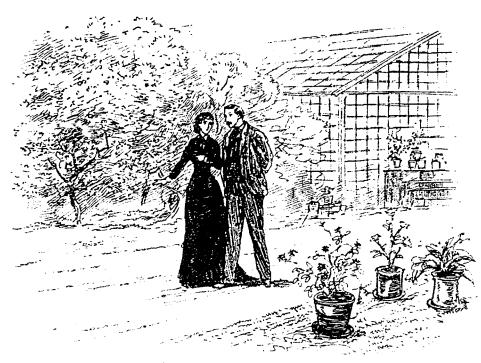
" Am I forgiven."

"That has nothing to do with the matter-

that is quite apart from the subject."
"It is altogether apart from the subject,"

have the right to ask you why you led her to be- ruin your life at last by trusting him?

says Tarleton, taking a step folward, and, as it were, putting Kate aside. "This matter rests between you and me. If Miss Lawrence were doubly engaged to Mr. Fenwick, I should still she says in a quick voice, "but do you mean to



"I have semething to tell you. Mr. Fenwick

here at Fairfields that I was your lover, and why you substituted, for an unimportant note which I sent from Southdale, another letter altogether?"

For once in her life a blush of shame, which has its origin in detection, burns on Florida Vaughn's face. But she gives no sign of falter-ing as she meets—steadily the indignant glow in Tarleton's eves.

"You have improved in courtesy since I had the pleasure of meeting you last," she says, in her crisp, clear accents. "I have already said that I gave Miss Lawrence a warning. In that warning I uttered nothing which was not true. You have probably forgotten the trifling fact that you were my lover for a long time." Tarleton answers, "but did I ever. directly or indirectly, fill that role after we parted last March when our engagement was broken by your own

"I decline to answer such a question, she says. "Do you fancy that I-I have any need to claim homage which was not rendered to

me!"
"Then," says Tarleton, quietly ignoring the last remark, "since you will not answer my question, you must allow me to make the assertion that, after we parted last March, I never spoke or wrote one word of love to you, I regret the necessity which forces me to say this, but you have placed me in a position in which I have no alternative. With regard to the letter, Thave assured Miss Lawrence, and Thope you will be kind enough to corroborate my state-ment, that the note which I sent from South-

dale merely contained a few lines respecting a trinket which you had requested me to return."
"I remember nothing about it," she eavy, haughtily, " and I am unable to see what connection it has with the letter which I showed her. She doubted that you were-or, it seems, I should say, had been—my lover; and, to con-yince her of the fact, I showed her one of your letters. It was no fault of mine if she imagined that it had been written from Southdele. I certainly did not assert the fact."

"But you implied it when you gave me the

lett.rin an envelope which you knew that I would recognize," cries Kate, breathlessly.

The other looks at her with an expression of scorn in her eyes. "If I had been childish enough to have my faith shaken by such a trifle as that, I should be ashamed to acknowledge it," she says. I know nothing of the envelope; Southdale. aliair. a movement toward the door as she speaks"this has gone far enough. You have insuited me by charges made, and accusations implied, which I decline to notice. In the warning which I gave, I desired sincerely to serve you. have never had other than kind feelings toward you, my presence here this morning is a proof. I came to beg you to make some definite arrange. ment to be present at my marriage. Of course, after what has passed, I shall not press that point, but will simply say good-morning.

As she sweeps across the floor—a beautiful, stately figure, carrying herself as proudly as a queen. Kate glauces with an involuntary appeal to Tarleton. Has she been guilty of injustice!...after all, was it only a mistake, a misconception? A generous nature is quick to imagine things like this—quick to shift blame from others to itself. She stands motionless for an instant, then, with an impulsive movement, follows Miss Vaughn.

"If I have done you any injustice, pardon me," she says. "No doubt I took things too much for granted. You have taught me one lesson, for which I thank you—hereafter I shall know better how to trust."

A look comes into Kate's face which answers the question before her lips do. "There is not anything with which I would not trust him! she says. Then she holds out her hand, and says, gently and simply, "Good-bye"

As Florida Vaughu takes it, she looks at the fair, frank young face with an expression more wistful than any one has ever seen her face were



"I suppose I may congratelate you,

"You are mad," she says, "but--who

knows!—you may be happy if there is such a thing as happiness. Good-bye."

So they part. Oscar, who is in the hall, opens the front door, the richly-artired figure passes out, the door closes again. That episode in life is over.

Kate thinks this as she turns back to the drawing-room. Over !-vet episodes as slight have wrecked unnumbered other lives! Her whole heart rises up in gladness and gratitude. It is characteristic of her that she does not look louly assert distinctly that I gave you no reason. It is characteristic of her that she does not look to believe that the letter had been written at beyond the present moment—she does not con-Your inferences were your own sider any of the troubles and complications of "she draws herself up and makes" which the future is full. It is enough that Tarleton is here, and that she loves and trusts him with all her heart.

When she enters the room, he meets her in the centre of the floor-holding out both hands, with one of the gestures which she knows so well. "Do you believe me now?" he says. "Am I forgiven?"

" Forgiven!" she cries. "O Frank!"

The next moment his arms are round her, and it is only after a minute or two has passed that, with her face hidden on his shoulder, she says:
"It is I who must be forgiven. If I had

trusted better, if I had waited more patiently-O, I don't deserve, I don't half deserve that yo should care for me like this!"

"And I—what de I deserve!" he says. "My bonny Kate, what have I to offer you i Nothing but the heart against which I hold you—and against which I have no right to hold you! cannot—I dare not—ask you to link your life with my ruined tortunes. You have not a friend in the world who would not cry shame upon me

if I did."
"I have but one friend in the world for whose opinion I care, and that is my uncle," she says, lifting her flushed face and shining eyes. "You say that you dare not ask me to share your for-

want me, and if you will gain his consent."

"If I want you!" He kisses her passionately.

"If you only knew how much I want you, how I have longed and hungered for you—but some things cannot be told! And so you are not engaged to Fenwick, after all ?"

I am not engaged, but oh !"-she clings to him like one who is near shipwreck—"if you had been a little, only a little later, I might have been! I am to give him his answer today—and it makes me sick to think of it!
What can I say? I have not meant to flirt; I thought I might learn to like him, and that it was my duty to promise to marry him; but now

"Now you know that you are mine, and that no power on earth shall come between us," he says, clasping her closer. "And yet—O my Kate, how mad and sellent I am to talk so! This man can give you everything, while I—do you know what is before me?"

"How should I know?" she asks, looking up

again with startled eyes. "They—I mean the people at Fairfields—have told me nothing about you. Surely—O, surely, you are not going to fight a duel!"

He laughs. "No," he says. having been deferred indefinitely by Mr. Pierce's bullet—I suppose by-the-by, you know that the rascal has never been seen or heard of from that day to this—it has a fair prospect of being deferred altogether. If Mr. Vaughn does not choose to resent the charge which I made against him, it is his affair, not mine. I am willing to meet him when and where he likes—he knows that. But I'll not deny that I am perfectly satisfied for the affair to rest as it is. One bullet through the lungs is enough for a man of moderate aspirations.

"It would be enough if you could have seen yourself as I saw you that evening by the river," she says. "O, what people can live through! I do not understand yet why I did not die, but I suppose it was because I knew that there was something to do."

"And you did it like a heroine. My Kate, my bonny Kate, who is like you in all the world? So sweet, so gentle, so faithful, so brave! God helping me, I will try and be a better man, to

helping me, I will tay and to deserve you."

"Don't talk so!" she says, with something like a sob. "I am not anything that you think me, but—but I am glad that you do think such things. I, too, will try to be better worth valuing. We will try together, shall we not, dear? Surely we should be poor creatures if we are not the latter for all that we have suffered: the better for all that we have suffered:

## 'What God deigns to try with sorro He means not to decay to morro

and he has deigned to try our love with time, and absence, and cruel doubt. And, since it has borne all this, it must be true and good, must it not? And nothing can seem hard that we face together, can it?"

Will Tarleton ever forget the radiant, trustful eyes raised to his, the tender, questioning lips ! Her words seem to lift the love of which she speaks out of the order of those fitful fevers of earth which waver and decay, into the realm of those great and steadfast passions which God

crowns with immortality.

"Nothing could seem hard that I faced with you," he says. "But how can I dare to link your life with one so ruined as mine! I have not told you yet that I have determined to leave this country, in which I have squandered my in-heritance, like the prodigal, in riotous living, and go to seek my fortune in a new world. Not long ago an old friend of mine, now an offi er in the Egyptian army, offered to obtain a commis-sion for me—and I have decided to accept his

"Do you mean that you are going to Egypt ?"

she asks, in a tone of consternation.

'Yes, I mean that. There is nothing else left to me. A ruined man more or less is of small account, so I shall take my services and sell them for what they are worth to the Khedive. Now you see what you are pledging yourself to share—exile from your home, your friends, your country! It is too much-is it

She throws back her head and looks at himher eyes steady and brave. "You have not yet asked me to share it,' she says quietly. "Perhaps you think that a wife who can bring you

nothing would be only an incumbrance."

"Have I deserved that?" he asks, finshing like one stung to the quick. "Do you not understand? It seems infamous to ask you to share such a life—and yet no life could seem hard that you shared! Would to heaven that you could read my heart and see whether or not I want you!

The passionate voice, the passionate eyes might carry conviction to a more incredulous person than Kate. She looks at him for an in. stant, and then her head sinks on his shoulder again

"If you want me so much, I don't see what is to prevent you from taking me," she says, with a soft little laugh. "Uncle is the only obstacle, and he—I hardly think he can hold out against us both. If we can obtain his consent, I will go with you to Egypt—or anywhere else.'

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

"And let us own the sharpest smart
Which human patience may endure
Payelight for that which leaves the heart
More generous, dignified and pure."

In the sweetest cup that life can offer to our lips,

there are always some drops of bitterness, and in Kate's cep of happiness, the thought of Fen-wick's—and Miss Brooke's—disappointment, forms a very bitter ingredient. She dismisse Tarleton before either of them returns, and spends the interval of expectation in a curious blending of rapture and dread. Her own happiness makes her feel more deeply, shrink more keenly from inflicting pain on others—though it is a sad fact that happiness has not always this effect. Very often it makes people selfish and in lifferent, though certainly the more natural effect would seem to be that of which Thackeray spoke, when he said: "Of all the gifts of heaven to us below, that of felicity is the sum and chief. I tremble as I hold it, lest I should lose it, and be left alone in the blank world without it. Again, I feel humiliated to think that I possess it, as hastening home to a warm fireside and a plentiful table, I feel ashamed sometimes before the poor, outcast beggar shivering in the streets."

Kate feels ashamed that she can hardly keep

her feet from dancing, her voice from singing. When she goes to a mirror, she is startled to see into what new and vivid beauty her face has bloomed. All struggle is over, all sense of weight is gone. She does not give a thought to the things which she is about to relinquish. They do not even seem to her worth casting into the balance beside this marvellous gift and grace of love, which, when it enters life—itself and not a poor counterfeit-transforms the drab warp and woof of existence into radiant cloth-

of-gold.
Miss Brooke does not return to luncheon, so Kate has to face the prospect of meeting Fen-wick alone. It were vain to tell how she shrinks from this necessity. "Yet how foolish of me!" she says to herself. "Must I not see him sooner or later ! I owe it to him to tell him the truth at once."

Repeating this as a sort of talisman to fortify her courage, she goes down. The moment that she enters the room, Fenwick perceives the change in her appearance—and is fairly startled by it. When has he seen such beauty in her face before? And this beauty is not heightened When has he seen such beauty in her by shining silks and soft laces, but is plainly an illumination which the spirit has sent to the glowing cheeks and starry eyes. His heart leeps with a sulden thrill of hope. He heart leaps with a sudden thrill of hope. He has never felt any certainty of winning Kate, despite the sanguine assurances of his aunt—he has always felt that the girl's liking was to be gained, but that her heart was far beyond his -but now, for the first time, he begins to believe that this heart will be won at last. Else why such radiant looks when she comes—bound by her own promise—to give his final answer?

Neither has any appetite for luncheon, but both go through the form of eating, with Oscar standing solemnly by. It is only a form, how-ever, and is soon over. When they rise from

table, Fenwick says:
"Since it is such a beautiful afternoon, I think we had better take advantage of its best part, and I will order the horses at once.'

Kate's heart rises into her throat. Now comes the ordeal! She changes color-from red to white and white to red again—and her hands close nervously one upon the other. But, despite these signs of perturbation, she controls

"It is so early that perhaps we had better wait, and—see what we think after a while. Suppose we take a turn in the garden? I—have something to say to you."

It occurs to Fenwick that it is reversing the order of things for her to have something to say to him—or at least for her to volunteer to say it; but he signifies his entire approval of che proposal, and they go into the garden together. Then Kate makes a desperate plunge into her

"I have something to tell you, Mr. Fenwick," she says. "Do you remember the other night when Miss Brooke was called away by that mysterious visitor? Yes, of course you remem-

ber—but do you know who it was?'

"Certainly not," answers Fenwick, greatly surprised. "I took no interest in the matter, and I have never asked aunt. Do you know?"

"Yes, I learned this morning, by accident. It was Mr. Tarleton."

"Tarleton !" says Fenwick. He is utterly amez d, and, if Kate had ever doubted—which in truth she never had—that his ignorance equalled her own, she would be convinced of the

fact at this moment.
"Yes," she says, "it was he. Miss Brooke thought that I ought not to see him, and so she sent him away and said nothing to me. "Don't think," the girl goes on hastily, "that I blame her. I know she meant to act for the best—she only did not understand."

"What did she not understand?" a wick. in a low tone. He knows now what is coming, he comprehends now what has brought such dewy lastre to the eyes, such soft rose-bloom to the face.

"She did not understand," answers Kate. that what I feel for him is far more than a fancy—that nothing could ever have made me give him up except a belief in his unworthiness, which is now set at rest. O, Mr. Fenwick,"—she clasps her hands unconsciously—"can you forgive me! Indeed I have not meant to trifle with you. You know I have told you from the first that I could not forget-and now I know that I never can! I am sure you would not

knows that the light on the sweet face will never be for him, that the thrill which comes into her voice when she speaks of Tarleton will never come when it utters his name. For a minute he is silent-fighting the while sharply with disappointment and regret—then the generous nature of this man rises up and asserts

"You have forgotten a great many things when you talk of my forgiving you," he say, if a little sadly, yet kindly. "In the first place, I have nothing to forgive. You have been open and candid, holding out no shadow of false hope; and as for trifling-the word cannot be mentioned in the same breath with your name. Do you remember that, when I first spoke to you on this subject, I told you that it was your you on this subject, I told you that it was your constancy more than anything else which had touched my heart? And shall I blame you now for this very constancy? Nay"—he takes her hand with a smile which is a brave and yet a transparent cloak for pain—"think better of me than that. I told you that in any event we have the state of the state should always be friends—will you let me tell you so again?"
"You can tell me nothing which I am more

grateful to hear," says Kate. Tears stand in her eyes and glitter on her lashes. With a sudden impulse she lays her other hand on his, and so stands looking at him with the sunlight falling on her head. "What can I say?" she goes on. "I have meant to do right—it seemed folly to wreck my life for a memory. Perhaps, if he had not come this morning, I might have promised to be your wife; but God has been good in sparing us both such a mistake as it would have been. You deserve, and you will find, a far better wife than a girl who had given her heart away before she ever saw you."

There can be no doubt that at this moment Fenwick is more in love with the girl who thus describes herself, than he has ever been. He seems to recognize, mere clearly than he ever did before, the faithful soul, the tender heart, the gentle courageous nature, and he feels that he would hesitate at no sacrifice to win her. But he is a man of sound sense as well as good mettle, and he knows when a cause is hopeless. He makes, therefore, no last appeal, but accepts

her decision as final.

"If indeed, you had given your heart away irrevocably," he says, "I am glad that your lover has com—in time, and proved his fidelity. But will you forgive me if, as your friend, I ask: Has he proved it completely? I should like to feel sure that the man whom you love is worthy of you."

"He has proved it completely," answers ate. "The fault is mine—mine altogether! Kate. am very glad to be able to tell you this. doubted his truth and faith when I had no right doubted his truth and ratti when to do so. It was he who was wronged—not I," to do so, her face, "I she says, with a glow of pride on her face. "I had pardon to ask—not to give."
"Then it is all settled—you will marry

him ?"

'So far from being settled, it is very uncer tain. When I saw uncle last, he said he would never give his consent to such a thing—and I could never marry without his consent, for I owe him more, a great deal more, than I can

express. Will you tell me what were the grounds of

his objection?"
"I hardly know. You have heard, perhaps, that Mr. Tarleton is ruined in fortune, and then

—uncle spoke of his reckless character."

"He is ruined, and he is reckless," says Fenwick, gravely.

"Have you counted the cost of casting your life—which now holds more than one bright promise—with such a man? His

"For the rest," says Kate, calmly, "his recklessness—which I do not defend—has harmed only himself. No one can point to a stain on his honor. As for the cost, I shall never count it; for I love him—and that is attain on his honor. enough.

Yes, it is enough," says Fenwick. "There is nothing left for those who love you, but to make the best of what must be. As you say, with all Tarleton's faults, there is no stain on his honor—and that is not a little thing. But what of his financial affairs?"

"They are hopelessly ruined, he says, and he is going to Egypt."
"Going where ?"

"To Egypt—to the army of the Khedive."

"To Egypt—to the army of the Khedive."
"Good heavens! and has he the audacity to propose to take you with him?"
"No—I think I had the audacity to propose to go with him," she answers, with a slight laugh, and a bright blush.
"But such a thing must not be allowed!" says Fenwick, with energy. "It is madness, Kate"—he has not yet released her hand, and now his grasp on it grows firmer—"do you remember what I said to you only a day or two ago-that I desired your happiness above all things! I asked you to trust me then—will you trust me now!"

"I do not understand—" she begins.
"Never mind about understanding," he interrupts. "Only tell me whether or not you can trust me to serve your interests as I would serve those of my sister—if I had one?"

She does not hesitate an instant. Her eyes meet his clearly and frankly. "Yes," she says, "I trust you with all my heart."
"Thank you," he says, with a smile—and as he speaks he releases her hand—"I will try to

wish me to marry you when even to catch the sound of his step—Ah, I cannot talk of such things, but you must know!"

Yes, Fenwick knows—only too well. He ining-room table." deserve your trust; and, by way of beginning to do so, I will go and break your news to my aunt, whose face I have seen for the past two

How grateful Kate is for this office it is difficuit to tell. The idea of facing Miss Brooke has been even more dreadful to her than the anticipation of seeing Fenwick. Consequently, she is only too glad to shift the burden of revelation to broader shoulders. Having expressed her thanks, she escapes into the by another entrance, while Fenwick takes his way to the presence of his aunt.

The latter receives him with a beaming smile.

She has not the faintest doubt but that everything is settled in the most satisfactory manner between the two, whose pretty tableau she has been admiring for some time.

"Well, my dear Herbert," she says, "I sup-pose I may congratulate you."

"There is no reason why you should do so,"
Fenwick answers, quietly. "Miss Lawrence
has not accepted me—if that is what you im-"Miss Lawrence

"Not accepted you!" Miss Brooke's countenance falls. "I am sorry to hear it; but I am sure she will do so."
"It is not likely." He sits down as he speaks,

"It is not likely." He sits down as he speaks, and, being thus on a level with her, she is struck by the expression of his face.

"Herbert," she says, quickly, "what is the matter?" Surely she has not rejected you?"

"That depends upon the manner in wich you define rejection," he answers, with a slight smile. "She cannot marry me, and she has given me her reason for not doing so frankly and honestly—her heart was given away before and honestly—her heart was given away before she ever saw me, and the man to whom she gave it has again come into her life."

"So she has seen him !" says Miss Brooke, with a start.

"Yes, she has seen him-they met accidentally this morning. Will you allow me to say that concealment never serves any good end? I know, and she knows, that your motive was good; but, believe me, you made a mistake in keeping the fact of Tarleton's presence from

her."
I did it for the best. Why should she have seen him!—what could come of such a meetseen him — what could come of such a meeting? She has admitted that she can under no circumstances think of marrying him; and yet she allows his mere presence to unsettle her mind and her purpose like this—it is incomprehensible folly!"

"Not altogether such folly as you think. He has made his case good—how I do not know; but she is satisfied."

"His case!" repeats Miss Brooke, with supreme contempt. "What is his case! Is Kate childish enough to imagine that any trifle of misconception or disagreement was the obstacle that made their marriage impossible?

must go and speak to her at once! I must remind her of what her uncle—"
"Stop a moment," says Fenwick. "Let me tell you that you will gain nothing by such a remonstrance—that you will only give pain and discomfort to one who is in your power. discomfort to one who is in your power, because in your charge and under your roof. The matter has passed beyond your control. There is nothing to do now but to yield with a good grace—and that, my dear aunt, I beg that you will do, not only for your own sake, but as a favor to me."

'Herbert!'' says Miss Brooke. She is so astonished that she utters his name almost

with a gasp. "Have I been mistaken after all?—are you not in love with Kate?"

"I have given very good proof of it, have I not?" Fenwick answers. "Do you think I would have asked her to be my wife if I had not been in love with her? But she has told me that she cannot marry me, and that she loves now, as she has loved all the time, another man. After that, what is left me to do? Certainly you cannot advise me to persecute her—in my own house, too-with addresses which she does not

"And is this to be the end?" asks Miss Brooke, in a kind of despair. "I hoped so much-

"Dead hopes are best buried out of sight, are they not?" her nephew interrupts—and something in his tone makes her realize for the first time what he is suffering.

She rises from her chair, and crossing over, lays her hand on his ahoulder. "My boy, my dear boy, forgive me!" she says. "It is my fault. I meant to secure your happiness, but

"Never mind," he says, taking her hand kindly. "I shall do very well. Don't trouble about me. But about Kate—do you not see kindly. that it rests upon us to secure her happiness? We have both desired to make her happy in our way, and we have failed; therefore let us now endeavor to make her so in her own. I think I

see how it can be done."
"How ?" asks Miss Brooke, a little bewil-

"In this way-I will offer Tarleton the assistance which he needs in his business affairs, and, if he allows me to help him, that will put a stop to a wild plan he has formed of going to Egypt. Meanwhile, you must use your influence with Mr. Lawrence to win his consent to their marriage. Will you do this, my dear aunt—for my sake ?"

To his surprise, Miss Brooke suddenly bursts into tears. "You could not ask anything of me that I would not do for your sake," she says. "But, oh, my dear, if it was only you!"

(To be continued.)

WANTED, at once, Nos. 2 and 23, Vol. xxxiii., of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. 25c. each will be paid for clean copies of either of the

### JESSE JAMES.

Lord Macaulay, in speaking of the stories concerning the eventful career of Claude Duval, the notorious English highwayman, says that it would be impossible in the wildest range of fiction to exaggerate the daring and deeds of outlawry, which thrilled Great Britain during the reign of terror exercised by the reckless robber. The future historian of America will find similar circumstances in the career of Jesse James, the son of a prominent Baptist minister. The sub-ject of this narrative was born in Clay County, Missouri, in 1845, where he led an uneventual life, until the breaking out of the war in 1861. From the district school to the tutelage of Quantrell, the guerilla, the James boys became initiated into the companionship of the most reckless and daring desperadoes of the time, Jesse acting as a spy for the rebel outlaw. The attempted hanging of his father by the Federals, their constant collisions with enemies fired the youthful bandit to deeds of blood and crime. From the brutal murder of Union soldiers in the hospitals of Missouri to bold robberies of banks and railroad trains, was but a step, and in 1868 Jesse James appeared before the public gaze with a band of desperado followers in the role of a border outlaw. His subsequent career, his many escapes and deeds of crime are recounted in this narrative, many inside facts and incidents being given. Taken altogether the career of Jesse James as here depicted forms as startling and strange a romance as was ever written.

#### THE BANKER AND THE DETECTIVE.

High-noon at Corydon, a beautiful Iowa town, located near the Missouri State line-the month April—the year not so far distant but that the occurrences clustering around that eventful spring day still thrill the inhabitants of the eaceful hamlet with a memory of their details

akin to horror and alarm.
A fier e political fight of words between two contending factions made the public square a scene of interest and excitement, elsewhere the slow tedium of rural trade flagged dearily. In one place alone, in the quiet village, outside of the public gathering, were the elements of a sen-sation present, the First National Bank of the place.

Seated near a window, engaged in earnest conversation, were two men, who, aside from the cashier in the counting-room withou, were the only occupants of the bank. The one, a keeneyed, intelligent-looking man, was listening at-tentively to the words of his companion, the president of the institution, engaged in discuss-

ing a theme of apparent great interest to both.

"Then I am to consider that your warning is

"Then I am to consider that your warning is based upon tangible grounds," the bank official said, in an inquiring tone of voice.

"Yes. The robbery of the Russellville and Gallatin banks coming so near together, and involving a loss of a faithful cashier and a small feature in money are applicated. fortune in money are sufficient causes for uneasiness, taken in connection with the suspicions I entertain.'

"And these are "The singular movement of a body of men ten miles west of the town at an early hour this morning. I came to you as a friend, not in my capacity of detective; for three years I have been on the track of these outlaws, and I speak advisedly. The quest, one of adventure and peril, will end only when I see the heart of Jesse James stilled in death, the murder of my bosom friend, Robert Wilson, avenged."

The bank president regarded the impressive face and manner of his visitor with gloomy, apprehensive interest. The features told of his sincerity in his words, of a fierce, strong will which would not hesitate to boldly fa e and some at difficultie conditions. combat difficulties standing in the way of the attainment of a cherished object.

"Have you ever met these desperadoes?" inquired, as the young detective seemed lost in

a reverie, abstracted and sombre.
"Never. Close upon their tracks, hunting them from Kansas to Texas, thence to Kentucky, and, finally, here, I have never been able to overtake them. But the memory of the killing of my friend is fresh in my mind. I only ask twenty paces and equal chances with the king of western bandits, the man who, beginning with the diabolical nurder of helpless Union soldiers at Centralie, has since that time made himself the dread and scourge of the Missouri

I admire your determination and pluck, Mr. Wardell, but your task is a venturesome one. Great Heavens! what was that?

As he spoke there was a loud report, a crashing of glass, and a bullet whizzed past the head of the frightened president and brought both men to their feet. They were at the door communicating with the counting-room at a bound.

One anick glanes and their vision embraced the As he spoke there was a loud report, a crashscope of a scene as thrilling and startling as ever border romance detailed. Outside the bank, mounted on superb steeds and holding two other horses by the bridles, were two men firing rapidly up and down the street and sweeping the thoroughfare free of people by their reckless fusilade. At his counter, pale and trem! ling in every limb, was the cashier of the institution, before whom stood a dark-featured man with a revolver presenting a perpetual menace to his

The bank president, as he saw the fourth member of the party inside the railing coolly help.

ing himself to the contents of the money vault, made an excited spring to gain his side, and pre-vent the robbery of his treasures.

A blow from the bandit's revolver sent him spinning back to the floor, a senseless, inert

"Jesse James!" cried the detective, as he recognized the bold robber. "At last."

The outlaw had turned at his words, flinging

the bags containing the gold of the institution and a portfolio of bank notes upon the counter. and whipping out his ever ready revolver. Bravo and assassin that he was he quailed

and cowered as he observed that the detective had the drop on him. His swarthy face paled; all the braggart insolence departed from his eyes, as Wardell raised his revolver. Crack!

But the bandit stood unharmed! the detective sank to the floor wounded in the arm, while Jesse James cast a grateful look at Cole Younger, who had removed his surveillance long enough from the cashier to interpose a friendly arm in behalf of his colleague in crime.

"A close call," muttered James, as he hurried out of the bank. "Quick, Younger, or the town will be aroused."

They secured the plunder in their saddle-bags and put spurs to their horses. The spirit of reckless bravado was aroused, however, within the breast of James by his timely escape.
"Halt!" he commanded, as they reached the

public square.

A score or more of men in the crowd, attracted by the unusual sight of a quartette of mounted strangers, gathered around them.
"Talking politics?" inquired James, care-

"I'll give you a theme of more startling interest to discuss."
"What is it!" inquired a curious voice.

"The bank's been robbed !"

"Robbed!"
"Yes," replied the outlaw to the startled throng. "Who did it ?"

"The Jesse James gang, and we're the men;

A cloud of dust obscured the daring highwaymen in the far distance ere the amezed spectators could recover themselves sufficiently to recall the exploit as possessing much similarity to the usual reckless deeds of the James boys.

Half a dozen citizens made a quick rush for the bank. They found the cashier paralyzed with terror at the counter; the bank president lying insensible on the floor, and Wardell, the detective, binding up his wounded arm.
"The bank's been robbed," ejaculated the

"Of how much !"

"Forty thousand dollars!"

They gathered around the insensible president, and finally succeeded in restoring him to consciousness.

His first inquiry was for the detective. "You warned me," he groaned. If I had

only taken due precautions. These men shall not be allowed to escape."
"They have escaped already," suggested a

citizen. The bank official's face plainly depicted his

chagrin and rage.
"Wardell," he said tremulously, earnestly, to
the detective, "you told me half an hour since, that you were hunting these men.'

"I spoke truly."
"You have a family, an aged father and mother, derendent upon you, and a dangerous, unprofitable mission to execute.'

Wardell bowed affirmatively. "For two years," pursued the banker, "these fiends have pillaged the border, defying the police, intimidating their victims. Go on your mission; I will provide for your family; I will reward you whether you succeed or not.

The detectives eyes sparkled with satisfaction.
"You premise to care for my family," he said.
"I promise," solemnly replied the banker.
The detective walked from the counting-room traight to the perment.

straight to the pavement, where his horse was standing.

As he sprang into the saddle, his face was pale but resolute. The banker, somewhat startled by his abrupt

departure, had followed him out.
"You are going away, so soon?" he asked in some surprise.
"Yes."

"And your mission ?"

"To avenge the death of my friend-to capture or kill Jesse James and his outlaw band.

Ten days later, a man disguised as a peddler, with the ordinary pack of the craft upon his back, struck out from the East into Clay county,

II.

#### INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

The confederation of crime against which wardell the detective had decided to proceed as, at the date of our narrative composed of light men, among them five of the most noted esperadoes the west has ever afforded. Fully her glance conveyed a silent warning to men. Wardell the detective had decided to proceed was, at the date of our narrative composed of eight men, among them five of the most noted desperadoes the west has ever afforded. Fully organized, superbly equipped and familiar with the country in which they operated, the daring band of outlaws were in the zenith of their notoriety and success.

It was in 1873. The deliberate robbery of the ticket office at the Kansas City fair grounds, in full sight of a horrified multitude, the fatal attack upon the Kentucky Bank at Columbia, and scores of similar robberies, had aroused the country. Night and day village bankers sat quaking in their offices, not knowing what hour a descent would be made upon their treasures, while detectives by the score were traversing the country on various clues anxious apparently to share the fate of Wicker and Lull, shot down while endeavoring to apprehend the band which had inaugurated a reign of terror in Missouri and

neighboring States.

The band was under the leadership of Jesse James, his lieutenant and brother Fank, and was comprised of the three Younger brothers, Cole, Bob and Jim, and three others. Each one of these men had served an apprenticeship to the devil's taskmaster, Quantrell, the guerilla, dur-ing the war of the rebellion, and neither asked nor gave quarter. Terrorizing over the public and exercising precautions of safety, when in hiding, as when in full operation, the lawless eight defied the authority of the police, and week by week added new crimes to the long list al-

ready scored to their charge.

It was against this formidable league of crime that Wardell had pitted his ingenuity and life, starting out upon his perilous quest at a time when the band were lying low, preparing for new schemes of pillage in their familiar haunts in Clay county.

The most dangerous element in the case against efficient detective work, was the fact that the band had so many hiding-places, that it was difficult to locate them and were surrounded by friends on every side. Fear impelled many to tacitly protect them, and money banded around them a safe-guard composed of men almost as desperate and unacrupulous as themselves.

The shades of night were just beginning to appear in the eastern horizon when at the close of a beautiful day in June, 1873, a pedestrian traversed a rarely-used highway, leading into a section of the county abounding in dense, thick forests and heavy undergrowth, sparsely settled. The stranger seemed not a little p'e sed as towards dusk he reached a clearing, at the edge of which he discovered a low dilapidated structure, before which swung the welcome sign :

#### BUCHER HOTEL.

Entertainment for Man and Beast. By JACOB BUCHER.

There were but few evidences of thrift about the place. The well-curb was broken, the windows of the old place patched, the veranda on a pitch which predicted rapid dissolution of its fram work, at no very distant day. No urbane host stood at the front of the place to welcome the tired pedestrian, but on the contrary, as the man with the pack on his back entered the bar of the hotel, the tavern-keeper turned from his task of rubbing a few old bottles, and scowled disagreeably at his tired guest.

e man unbuckled his pack and approached the bar.

" Are you the landlord ?" he asked. The tavern-keeper directed a suspicious look at his prospective guest and made a guttural sound, which was probably meant to express assent.

"Can I stay here all night?"

"Who be you?" demanded the landlord.

"A peddler."

"You've struck a mouty poor streak o'

"I agree with you there. Can I stay?"
"I reckin ye'd better turn back to Forreston,

stranger."
"You don't seem to be overcrowded," suggested the new comer.

"' Praps not, but my company gin'rally comes about dark. They're a tough crowd, given to fightin' and drinkin' an' I reckin ye'd be an aggravation to 'em."
"I'll risk it," said the stranger, and the land-

lord rather reluctantly ushered him to a room on the first floor, where he could stay, he inti-mated, if " he wasn't afraid of stray bullets and

airthquakes." The stranger once in the rough anartment apportioned to him, arranged his toilet and strolled ont upon the porch of the hotel. Beneath the close-fitting beard and low-drawn hat must have been a face somewhat dissimilar to what a casual glance revealed of his features, for the eyes were those of a keen sighted, intelligent man, and his general make-up indicated quite the reverse.

He started slightly and seemed somewhat flustered, as coming down the road and entering the lawn in front of the tavern, a tidy female form greeted his vision. The next moment a sun-browned, handsome-faced girl, shyly swing-ing a basket of garden-truck, walked upon the

The peddler bowed pleasantly, the girl return. ed the salutation, but accompanied the courtesy with such an entreating significant look that the

her glance conveyed a silent warning to me. I will try to see her and talk with her."

He had reason for apprehension. A mile down

disguise, and this girl coming suddenly upon him had seen him in propria personæ-Wardell the detective.

Would she betray him! had he made a mistake in coming? for only too well did he realize that he was in the very den of the James gang, and that here at night they came to carouse, afforded a harboring place by the tavern-keeper Bucher. He fancied that the girl's bright eyes conveyed a friendly sentiment towards him, but he was in doubt as to how far he could count on her fidelity.

He was somewhat uneasy, when at his soli-tary meal as she brought him a cup of tea, she whispered, unobserved by her father:

"Do not stay here to-night;" but the presence of the wife of Bucher immediately afterwards, prevented any explanation on her part, of the mystery of her words.

"I'll keep out of the way and watch without being seen," he decided, and after the meal he repaired to the little compartment apportioned to him, and throwing himself on the rude couch it contained, ordered Bucher to call him early in the morning.

The apartment was nothing better than a stall partitioned off, and he lay there knowing that by standing on his bed he could look out

into the bar-room when so inclined.

But his efforts at wakefulness succumbed to the demands of exhausted nature, and falling unconsciously into a heavy slumber he was in-sensible to all that occurred outside, until the loud babel of noises in the bar awoke him.

The air was foul with the taint of liquor and tobacco smoke, and in addition to the loudvoiced wrangling of several parties engaged at playing cards, he could discern voices in more moderate conversation in the partitioned-off apartment next to where he was.

His quick hearing was not a little startled when he heard a familiar voice, familiar because having heard it once, he never forgot it, speak the words, "train robbery."

Squeezing his body close to the partition, he seered through a crack. There were two men in the stall, and he recognized both at a glance.

Jesse James and Bob Younger.

The latter was speaking; the bottle of liquor

before them affording frequent interruptions to their confab.

"It's a dangerous business, Jesse." "No more so than robbing a bank."

"How will the gang like it ?" "They have to or get out. We cou'd get a hundred recruits anxious to join us in an hour's

time."
"What line will you take !"
"The Rock Island."

"The express train !"

" Yes. "Signal it ?"

"No.

"What then ?"

" Wreck it." "It may be a heavy train."

"What of it. One determined man can scare a legion. We'll make it to-morrow and start at midnight."

In his anxiety to hear all they said, Wardell crowded still closer to the partition.

Fatal movement! The bed upon which the detective lay was on a par with the general ensemble of the ricketty old tavern. The unusual strain sent it crashing to the floor.

An ejaculation of alarm in the next spartment told the detective that the untoward accident had aroused the conspirators. His first impulse was to run, for discovery would prove fatal to him. He lay quiet, however, awaiting developments, when he heard James call out:

"Bucher." The landlord came to where they were.
"Who's in the next room?" asked the outlaw.

Bucher stammered confusedly, but finally said:
"A stranger." "You're a fine man to take in lodgers when

we ordered and paid you not to do it,"

we ordered and pane you not to do it, said.
Younger, angrily.
"Who is he?" inquired James.
"A peddler."
"A detective more like; I'll have him out and see who he is."

The next minute the outlaw kicked in the door, and Wardell, arising to his feet, was clasped in the bandit's arms and dragged out into the bar-room. "Who are you?" demanded James, as he

drew his revolver. " A peddler."
" You lie!"

As he spoke he caught at the false beard on the detective's face, and tore it from its place.
A cry of rage went up from the bandits w had crowded around him.

The outlaw stepped back and raised his revolver. Wardell gave up all for lost, but at that mo

ment a fairy form darted in front of him. "E-cape !" she exclaimed, and drawing a re-

"Stand back," she cried in thribling tones, as Wardell disappeared through the doorway. "I will kill the man who fires!"

(To be continued.)

TRE United States Treasury agent at New He had reason for apprehension. A mile down the road preparatory to making his advent among strangers he had removed and re-arranged his laabella of Stain.

#### CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN.

This renowed naturalist, whose theory respect ing the origin of man has been the occasion of so much animated controversy, died on Thursday, April 20, at his residence Down House, near Orpington, England. He was the son of Robert Waring Darling, and was born at Shrewsbury on February 12, 1809. Mr. Darwin was educated first at Shrewsbury School under Dr. Butler, afterward Bishop of Lichfield; he went to the University of Edinburgh in 1825, remained there two years, and was next entered at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1831. His hereditary aptitude for the study of natural science must have been early per. ceived by his instructors. The Rev. Mr. Henalow, Professor of Botany at Cambridge, recom mended him, therefore, to Captain Fitzroy and the Lords of the Admiralty in 1831, when a naturalist was to be chosen to accompany the second surveying expedition of H.M.S. Beagle in the Southern seas.

The first expedition, that of the Adventure and Beagle, 1826 to 1830, had explored the coasts of Patagonia; the Beagle, which sailed again December 27, 1831, and returned to England October 22, 1836, made a scientific circumnavigation of the globe. Its main object was, by a continuous series of chronometrical measurements, to procure a complete chain of meridian distances; there were also important magnetic observations; but the zoology, botany, and geology of the different countries visited were examined by Mr. Darwin. Ha served without salary, and partly paid his own expenses, on condition that he should have the entire disposal of his collections.

Mr. Darwin discovered in South America three new genera of extinct animals. The President of the Geological Society declared that his voyage was one of the most important events for that

science that had occurred for many years. To the general reader few books of travel can be more attractive than Mr. Darwin's Journal of this expedition, which he first published in 1839, and which has since gone through many editions. A delightful book for young readers has been compiled from his Journal, and published,

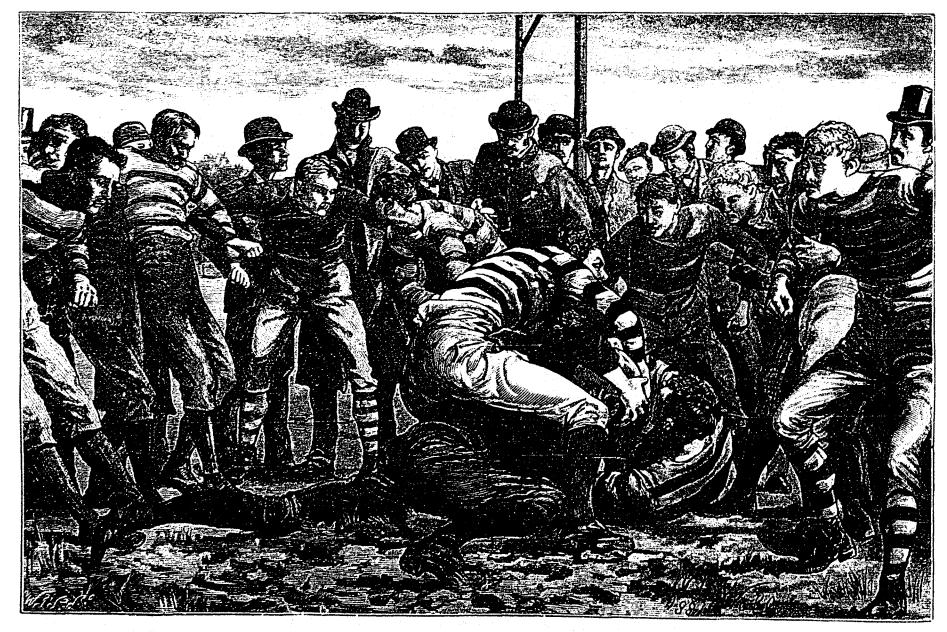
with many illustrations, by Harper & Brothers.
Since the voyage of the Beagle, we believe,
Mr. Darwin has not personally engaged in any



CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN, THE NATURALIST.

distant explorations. He has resided during many years past in Kent, having married his cousin, Miss Emma Wedgwood, by whom he has a large family. The honors of several British and foreign scientific societies have been con. ferred upon him-the Royal medal and Copley medal by the Royal Society—and he has been created, by the King of Prussia, Knight of the Order of Merit. He has frequently contributed to the transactions of the Geological, Zoological, the Linnman, and other botanical societies, and his treatise on the Cirripedia, published by  $\Omega_{\rm re}$ Ray Society, is one of his works held in much esteem. Botanists have appreciated his observations of the habits of climbing plants, and his very interesting book, published in 1892, upon the methods by which the fertilization of orchids is effected through the agency of ceresia insects. Mr. Darwin's reputation is thus there pendent of the philosophical theory which has propounds in his essay "On the Origin of Sec. cies by Means of Natural Selection." That head and ingenious essay, which first appeared an 1859, has been printed by tens of thousand of copies, and translated into French, German Italian, Spanish, and other European langu-

This is not the place to enter upon the mi sion of a subject which has excited the manter controversy in scientific circles; but we state that the great objection to the Darw theory is the want of that direct eviden facts in its support which would surely be for coming if it were true. Geology bears recern its fossils, of the existence during thousands past centuries of many species now extinct; ve do not learn from the geologists that have detected any one species in the act of trans forming-itself into any other Within the range even of human observation of some living col. tures, it might have been expected that, sethe rapidity of their generations succeeding other, short-lived as they are, we should some recorded instances of such mutatation. the animals which old Egypt worshipped those of which we read in old Egypt's fables w auch as we now meet. Allowing, however, allapse of hundreds of millions of years, autodent to all geological dates, for the change the simplest to the most complete living form is scarcely credible that the modification of a \*\* getating structure has produced in animals so an organ as the eye, much less the brain.



THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON—A MAUL IN GOAL.

#### THE LATE ARCHBISHOP HANNAN.

In the death of Archbishop Hannan all denominations alike in Halifax have sustained a severe loss. The daily pross, Protestant as well as Catholic, speak of him in the highest terms.

" For over forty years," says a leading journal of that city, "the Rev. Michael Hannan had labored among the people of Halifax, and endeared himself to the hearts of all. Beginning his ministrations here at a time when the priesthood numbered but few, and their labors arduous, Father Hannan by his unremitting zeal and genial manner cheered and encouraged his co-laborers, and by the utter absence of bigotry in his composition, and courteous intercourse with other denominations, did much to break down a sectional feeling in Halifax which in other places has been so bitter and so productive of evil results. If he was respected by other denominations and honored by the affluent of his own, the poor entertained for him a sincere affection, which was only exceeded by his own unbounded, large-hearted love and care for them. To the young too he was a wise and ready counsellor, ever ready to help their temporal as well as spiritual advancement. When nearly nine months after the mournful tolling of the Cathedral bell at midnight betokened the people that good Bishop Connolly was no more, the consecration of Rev. Dr. Hannan as his successor was hailed with the most sincere delight on all hands, for all saw in it a certain continuance of the cordial relations which, under Archbishop Connolly, had grown up between the Roman Catholics and other denominations. Nor has the promise with which he ascended the Arch-episcopal throne been without fulfilment. He has proved no unworthy peer of those great prelates of whom the Church of Rome has known in his day. 'Learned, sagacious, accomplished in all the accumulated lore of the Roman Catholic Church, which has invested her with dignity and lustre in all ages; with a mind profoundly observant of human nature, and broadened and made tolerant by thirty years' experience of the



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP HANNAN.

conflicts and points of agreement and difference existing among a mixed community such as ours, the new Archbishop brought to his lofty station qualities which made him an ornament as well as a tower of strength to his Church in Canada.' He who had been a revered pastor still proved as beloved and loving in his more exalted position, and his influence upon the masses of the people became more mighty than ever, and was always used for the advancement of the church and the public good. He was ever easily accessible to the humblest of his flock, and never did a deserving person seek charity from him unanswered. When his Grace made his pilgrimage to Rome last year he carried with him the earnest and heartfelt prayers of those he left behind. Every item of news bearing on his journey while it was in progress was watched for with eagerness and read with avidity and pleasure, as all told of continued good health. When he returned, evidently all the better for his continental tour, the vast concourse who thronged the streets on the route from the railway station and crammed every corner of the great Cathedral, and the sparkling, joyous expression on the faces of all, showed how widespread was the thankfulness of his people that their spiritual father had been returned to them. Nor while on that pilgrimage was he unmindful of those he had left behind. Advancement for well-loved co-laborers in his church and additional clergymen and other blessings for his diocese were among the advantages he sought and obtained at the foot of the Pontifical throne."

The Archbishop was ill only a few days, complaining on his return from one of his mission services at St. Joseph's Chapel of a cold, which had hung about him for some time. He was not considered in a dangerous condition until Saturday, the 15th inst., when he was found to be sinking rapidly, and the last rites of the Church were administered. At eight o'clock on Monday he breathed his last. Next week we shall give a page of illustrations of the funeral procession which is too late to appear in this number.



APPLE DUMPLINGS .- FROM THE PAINTING BY G. D. LESLIE.

#### THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

My eyes are bright, my heart is light, My purse is heavy with gold; Yet 1 am afraid I shall rest a maid Until I have grown old.

Some would take me for beauty's sake Some would wed me for gold; Such love would die did beauty fly— I will not be bought or sold.

But if I could find one who would Love me for my true self. I'd barter my dross nor feel the loss For what care I for pelf?

One who would screen no action mean: A man of noble mind
Who would with might defend the right:
Frank, loyal, brave and kind.

Could I but prove bow I would love Him, all my soul aglow! If I but knew his love was true, Or were he high or low

'Twere all the same, I'd yield my fame Into his hands, secure taint of shame could spot the name No taint of shame could sput bar.
Of one whose love was pure.

NED P. MAH.

#### MISS BESS.

BY NED P. MAH.

" Boat's late to-day, Jim. Telegraph man says she didn't leave Copper Head till 1 o'clock. So they'll have finished dinner long before we get aboard, and we'd better have our hash slung to us here."

"All right. Ask Miss Bess what's on the card, and order for the two of us. What'll please you 'll please me."

'Il please me."

An interview with Miss Bess resulted in a cosy little dinner being shortly served to the two hungry passengers, who, though from time to time they glanced admiringly at her superb figure and the dark beauty of her face, forbore any attempt at the rough jokes which they would have thought the correct thing with many

Miss Bess—they all, even the roughest of them, called her Miss—was a magnificent half-breed, with masses of raven hair, almost blue in the blackness, and a strange, abstracted, dreamy look in harlange dark wass—a look which would look in her large dark eyes—a look which would almost lead you to imagine that she was not attending to the orders that were given her; yet, deft-handed and silent, she served her father's guests quickly and well, and elicited everywhere a respectful admiration. Some of the commercial men professed not to like her, it was true, for they were afraid of her, and would as soon have thought of playing with a magnificent tiger as have dared to snatch a kiss from the ripe red lips, between which the milk white teeth gleamed; but they owned that nowhere else were they better served, or more quickly attend-

"Which boat is it to-day, Bill ?" asked the traveller addressed as Jim of his companion, as,

his hunger appeased, he at length thrust back his chair and threw his napkin on the table.

"It's the old Cormorant," replied Bill. "She's never very fast anyway, and just now freights are heavy, and to-day she's got the wind dead against her into the bargain."

"There she is now, at any rate," returned the

other, as a sonorous whistle boomed loud and quavered, as the mighty wind wrestled and toy ed with the volume of sound.

The two men rose and settled their score, and were issuing from the inn to take their way to the wharf, when in the middle of a gust of wind, himself like a hurricane, through the violently opened door a handsome stripling entered, and, rushing between them, knocked them right and left, like a ball striving to effect a double hazard

at English billiards.

"That youngster'll get his head in a sling one of these days," remarked Bill, as the figure rapidly disappeared in an irner room. "He's a smart lad, but madder than a hatter. He and Miss Bess would about make a pair of it when they've got their gas on, I reckon. Miss Bess is a fine girl, but I wouldn't like to be round when she was in her tantrums."

"I want a rare steak right away," affirmed a

guest, as, after repeated ringing of the bell on the restaurant table, Mrs. Gagnon herself ap-peared in answer to the summons. "Where's Miss Bess to-day, anyway. Not gone sick, is

she !"
"Oh no," replied her mother, laughing. "Bess is never sick. Guess she's just run into her room to fix her hair. I'll see your order attended to right off, sir."

Shortly afterwards, George Burton, the Cormorant's purser, with a flushed face, passed through the bar.

more than one of the idlers in the bar-room, for despite his

one of the idlers in the bar-room, for despite his quick temper and somewhat brusque manner, George was well known and very popular.

"Can't," cried George. "Don't you hear the old man whistling like mad?" I shall have a squeak for it as it is, if I don't want to be left cooling my heels on the wharf."

The last words were lifted over the roof and handlest as the maint ha

scattered broadcast on the prairie by the wind, for, before he had uttered them, the speaker was well outside the door of the Red Brick Inn.

Then Miss Bess re-appeared in the diningroom, her black hair very smooth and shining, and went about quick and quiet and dreamy-eyed as manal, deftly executing the orders that room, her black hair very smooth and shining, and went about quick and quiet and dreamyeyed as menal, deftly executing the orders that were waiting.

"Handsome, well-built fellow that George Burton," said one of the men who had asked George. "I did not know that it was of such

him to drink, as he came into the dining-room rom the bar. "Got one of the prettiest girls in New York, too, for a wife, and two children, a pidgeon's pair, boy and girl, regular cheru

"Didn't know he was married," returned the person addressed. "Looks so young. Only a

boy himself."

"I do know, though," said the other. "I was there when he was spliced. In fact his wife is a sort of distant cousin, and the boy—pledge No. 2—was born just before I left for Manitoba in the fall. Haven't seen any of 'em since, but I'll show 'em to you, if you have a mind, when we reach N. Y."

Meanwhile Bill Black, mate of the Cormorant, had done what he could, seeing the small amount of freight he had to deal with, to eke out the time and give George Burton a chance. He had landed six barrels that he knew were for Shemoganish and not for White Falls, and then ormoganish and not for write rans, and then ordered them on again, but they were all aboard now and no George in sight. The captain enraged, tugged the whistle angrily, the gangways were run off, and the Comorant began the manœuvres necessary to get out of the awkward little harbor. Then the Captain's sharp eye spied Bob, the porter, hovering anxiously about and called to him:

Mr. Burton ashore again ?"

"Didn't see him come aboard, sir." "That boy will break his neck with the Company sure as eggs," said the Captain. "I'll give him a lesson." And he telegraphed the engineer full speed, ahead, just as George's lithe figure burst round the corner of the freight shed, leapt the some fourteen feet of water between the wharf and the Cormorant's stern, caught the taffrails with both hands and vaulted on board over the heads of two nervous old ladies, whom he begged courteously not to be alarmed, and wormis way through the crowd to his little office amidships, there to ticket his passengers.

About nine o'clock that night the Cormorant

had to put in to Port Wilderness, with some slight disarrangem nt of her machinery, which would necessitate her delay until after the arrival of the train from Lake Head next morning, as the engineer would have to run up to the city and back to obtain some necessary article for the repairs. George Burton was soon ashore, negotiating the loan of a horse from a half-breed

farmer.
"Pity you hadn't come half an hour earlier,"
"Pity you hadn't come half an hour earlier," said his friend; "I had a pony in the yard Now they're all loose on the prairie, but you are welcome to any you can catch."

Presently George had lassoed a wiry little Indian brute, and soon was cantering gayly over the fifteen miles of green sward that separated

him from White Falls.

Meantime Miss Bess had moved among the guests at the Red Brick Inn, but her ripe lips were no longer parted with the b ight smile that showed the even rows of gleaming teeth, her bearing lacked its usual imperious erectness, her quiet tread had lost its wonted elasticity. The guests looked at her askance, and asked each other in whispers, what was wrong with Miss Beas to night? And when the day's work was at length ended, and the house was quiet, and all its inmates were at rest, Bessie Gagnon raised the sash of her little bed-chamber on the ground floor, slid out shadow-like upon the prairie, and flitted across it as 'ast as the lead-like weight at her heart would let her, towards the spot where the murmuring falls seemed to call her, with a constant refrain of importunate promises of peace, and rest, and oblivion.

Shortly after eleven George Burton reached the brow of the hill which overlooked the falls and the Red Brick Inn and the gleaming streak of canal. The night was wild, but fine. Scurrying clouds raced each other across the sky, throwing strange, weird, phantom-like shadows, interspersed with patches, and dabs, and gashes of brilliant moonlight. Checking his little steed in the shadow of a clump of brushwood, George surveyed the grandeur of the scene. Presently a hurrying figure caught his eye, making a beeline from the inn to the rock above the falls. It was the figure of a woman. "That's Bess," was the figure of a woman. "That's Bess," cried George to himself, "I'll bet my life. Is the girl mad? What is she doing there this time of night!" and, digging his heels into the flanks of his wiry little pony, he scoured down the slope at forty miles an hour.

When she caught sight of this flying apparition, Bessie Gagnon increased her speed, but, finding herself headed, halted, turned, made a movement to retrace her steps, but, feeling flight useless, faced about, and stood at bay, erect and George threw himself from his horse, and would have caught her in his arms, but she struck him passionately in the face and struggled from his embrace.

"Don't touch me, George Burton," she cried.
"You are a villain!"

Quick as lightning George caught her by the arms and pinioned her, grinding her elbows to-

arms and pinioned her, grinding her elbows to-gether behind her back.

"It's a straight waistcoat you want, Bess," he exclaimed, "but I guess I can hold you any-how until the fit's over. Now, perhaps, you'll explain why I am a villian at elever, when I was all that was nice at three o'clock to-day."

The girl ababased to the conditions of the conditi

The girl choked and trembled all over with rage and pain. Her struggles soon exhausted her, however, and hysterical sobs convulsed her

vital importance to you whether I was a bachelor or a widower. Poor Mary died soon after little George's birth, near upon eleven months ago."

#### GIVING AWAY A CHILD.

On board a ship, bound for the United States, were an Irish family—husband, wife, and three children. They were evidently in very destitute circumstances. But the exceeding beauty of the children—two girls and one boy—won for them the admiration of their fellow-passengers. A lady, who had no children of her own, was desirous of adopting one of the little travellers, and made application, through a friend, who gives the following touching account of the ne-

gotiation:—
"I proceeded," he says, "immediately on my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck, I thus opened the affair."
"You are very poor?"

His answer was very characteristic.

"Poor, sir!" said he. "Ay, if there's a poorer man than me troublin' the world, God pity both of us, for we'd be about aquil."

Then do you manage to support your chil

"Is it support them ! Why, I don't support them any way; they get supported some way or other. It'll be time enough for me to complain when they do."

"Would it be a relief to you to part with one of them ?"

It was too sudden. He turned sharply

"A what, sir?" he cried. "A relafe to part from my child? Would it be a relafe to have the hands chopped from the body, or the heart torn out of my breast? What do you mane?"

"You don't understand me," I replied.

now, it were in one's power to provide comfort-ably for one of your children, would you stand

ably for one of your children, would you stand in the way of its interests?"

"No, sir," said he. "The heavens knows that I would willingly cut the sunshine away from myself that they might get all the warm of it. But tell us what you're drawing at?"

"I then told him that a lady had taken a

fancy to have one of his children, and if he would consent to it the child should be educated. and finally settled comfortably in life. This threw him into a fit of gratulation. He scratched his head, and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle between a father's love and a child's interest was evident an I touching. The struggle between a father's love At length he said-

"Oh, murther! wouldn't it be a great thing for the baby! But I must go with Mary—that's the mother of them—and it wouldn't be right to be givin' away her children befere her face and she to know nothing at all about it."
"Away with you, then," said I, "and bring

me an answer back as soon as possible.' In about half an hour he returned, leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face pale from excitement and

agitation.

"Well," I inquired, "what success? "It was a hard struggle, sir," said he. "But I've been talking to Mary, an' she says, as it's for the child's good, maybe the heavens above will give us strength to bear it."
"Very well. And which of them is it to

be?"
"Faix, and I don't know, sir," and he ran
his eye dubiously over both. "Here's little
Norah—she's the oldest, an' won't need her
mother so much. But then—O, tear an' aigers, it's myself that can't tell which I'd rather part with least, so take the first one that comes wid a blessing. There, sir," he said, and handed over little Norah.

Turning back, he snatched her up in his arms, and gave her one long hearty father's kiss, saying, through his tears—
"May God be good to him that's good to

Then taking his other child by the hand he walked away, leaving Nora with me. I took her down to the cabin, and we thought the matter settled. It must be confessed, to my great indignation, however, in about an hour's time I saw my friend Pat at the window. As soon as he caught my eye he began making signs for me to come out. I did so, and found that he had the other child in his arms. to come out. I did so, and the other child in his arms.

"What's the matter now?" I asked.
"Well sir," said he, "I ask your honor's pardon for troubling you about so foolish a thing as a child or two, but we're thinking that maybe it'd would make no differ—you see, sir, I've been talkin' to Mary, an' she says she can't part wid Norah, becase the creature has a

can't part wid Norah, becase the creature has a look ov me; but here's little Biddy, she's purtyer far, an' av you plase, sir, will you swap?"
"Certainly, whenever you like," said I.
So he snatched up little Norah as though it was some recovered treasure, and darted away, leaving little Biddy, who remained with us all night. But, lo! the moment we entered the cabin in the morning, there was Pat making his mysterious signs again at the window, and this time he had the youngest, a baby, in his

"Whet's wrong now?" I inquired.
"An' it's meself that's almost ashamed to tell

Ye see, I've been talkin' to Mary, an' she ye. Ye see, I've been talkin to Mary, an' she didn't like to part with Norah becase she has a look ov me, an' sure I can't part with Biddy becase she's the model ov her mother; but them's little Paudeen, sir. There's a lump of a Christian for you, only two years old, and not a day more. He'll never be any trouble to anyone, for av he takes arfter his mother he'll have

the brightest eye, an'av he takes after his fa ther heve a fine broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Will you

again, sir ?"
"With all my heart," said I. "It is all the same to me;" and little Paudeen was left with

"Ha, ha," said I to myself, as I looked into his big, laughing eyes, "so the affair is settled

But it wasn't; for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed when Pat rushed into the cabin without sign or ceremony and snatched up the baby, and

"It's no use yer honor. I have been talking to Mary, an'we can't do it. Look at him, sir; he's the youngest and the best of the batch. You wouldn't keep him from us. You see, sir, Norah has a look ov me, an' Biddy has a look ov Mary; but, sure, little Paudeen has the mother's eye, an' my nose, an' a little bit of both ov uz all over. No, sir, we can bear hard fortune, starvation, and misery, but we can't bear to part with our children, unless it be the will of heaven to take them from us.

#### THE LEGAL LENGTH OF A LECTURE.

Archibald Forbes describes in the May Cen. tury, how he came to be sued by a Weish local agent for breaking an engagement to lecture. The lecturer had only an hour and a half to devote to the audience, owing to the necessity of catching a train for London. As the agent insisted on a preliminary speech of introduction, etc., Mr. Forbes refused to lecture, and was nearly mobbed at the depot. The case was tried, with the following result:

His contention was that he was acting in the

interests of the Newport people in prohibiting the curtailment of the lecture. Mine was that the lecture hour was eight, and that my lecture was only an hour and a half long; when the proceedings were protracted, it was because of unpunctuality and other people's oratory. In proof of my assertion I offered to read my lecture to the court, but the jury visibly shuddered, and the judge said life was too short for this kind of evidence. However, he summed up in my favor, and the jury followed his lead; so that I won my only law suit. The plaintiff appealed to a higher court in London, and the case came on before Lord Coleridge, who made very short work of the matter."

"It is acknowledged." said he "the the de-

"It is acknowledged," said he, "by the defendant that his lecture is an hour and a half long, and it seems the plaintiff wanted it longer. Now I hold," he continued, "that any lecture is a common nuisance that lasts longer than an hour, and so I dismiss the appeal."

#### VARIETIES.

WHEN Macready was playing Macbeth in the provinces, the actor cast for the part of the messenger in the last act was absent. So the stage manager sent a supernumerary on to speak the lines set down for the messenger, viz:
"As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought the wood began to move." Macbeth: "Liar and slave!" Super: "'Pon my soul, Mr. Macready, they told me to say it!"

In Good Hands.—He was a young fellow, a little awkward and bashful, but of sterling worth of character. She was a Cincinnati belle, and had sense enough to appreciate his worth. despite his awkwardness and bashfulness, and was his fiancee. On a gloomy Sunday evening last winter they were standing in front of the window in the parlour of her home, watching the snowflakes rapidly falling outside. He was not up in society small talk, and, being hard up for something to say, remarked as he watched the snow falling: "This will be hard on the old man's calves and sheep." "Never mind, dear," said she, slipping her arm around him, "I will take care of one of them."

ADVICE TO THIEVES.—History records that a for a sojourn among the mountains, posted upon the inside of the hall-door a conspicuous placard, with this inscription? "To burglars or those intending to burgle. All my plated jewellery and ether valuables are in the Safe Deposit Company's vaults. The trunks and cupboards contain nothing but second-hand clothing and similar matters, too bulky to remove, on which you would realize comparatively little. The keys are in the left-hand top drawer of the side-board, if you doubt my word. You will also find there a certified cheque to bearer for ten dollars, which will remunerate you for your loss of time and disappointment. Please wipe your feet on the mat, and don't spill any candle e on the carpet.

STREETS OF GOLD .- Thirty miles from Santa Placitas. It is built of adobe huts, founded on rocks. Prospector Jessie Martin detected mineral in this rock. He pounded up some of it and got a rich result in gold. He located the streets of the town whence the gold rock was taken, and had assays taken, which yielded \$4,000 of gold to the ton, the lewest grade of rock assayed being \$43. Governor Lew Wallace has just returned from the place. He paced off a lead, making it eighty-four paces in width. Its length is not known, but 9,000 feet along the vein has been located. Subsequent assays in anta Fa give from \$3,000 to \$6,000 page.

#### MARIE.

(Translated from Alfred de Musset.)

When some pale floweret of the Spring Uplifts her simple face,
At the first wave of Zephyr's wing She smiles with timid grace.

Her stem, fresh, delicate and coy, At each new blossom's birth, Trembles with vague desire and joy, E'en in the breast of earth.

So, when Marie, devout and calm, From lips half-parted pours a psalm, And lifts her asure eyes, Her soul in harmony and light, Seems from the world to take its flight, Aspiring to the shies.

#### DRIVING A COACH IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

"Did you ever meet with an upset on these mountain roads?" "No; but I had a terribly close call near Grand Canyon a year ago the 10th of August." Here Frank grasped the butt of his whip and curved the tip of the lash over the leaders' head. The handle of the whip was highly ornamented. On the broad band at the butt there was an inscription of several lines. "I seldom handle this whip without thinking of that ride," said Frank. Seeing that I was interested, he continued: "We had a load of nineteen passengers inside and outside the coach, and ten heavy trunks in the boot. We were going from Silver Cliff to Canon City. I had the best sixhorse out-fit on the line, and felt a pride in driving, although I knew the load was too heavy for the coach in some places. At my side sat a pretty little lady, and on the end of the seat was the wife of one of our directors. The director sat behind his wife. All went well until we came to the top of Greenhorn Range. The drive down the range for two miles and a half is one of the most perilous in the Rockies. In places there is scarcely six inches to spare to keep you from going over the precipice, and on the other side is a wall of rock. About half-way down is a point called Cape Horn. The road has been built out around this rocky point, and the turn is so sharp that when the leaders of a six-horse team have rounded the rock they are not of the team have rounded the rock they are out of the driver's sight. This place is the dread of all the drivers and teamsters on the road. The descent is about 260 feet to the mile, and when once you start there is no stopping until you reach the bottom. Of course, I felt a little anxious when the leaders went over the brow of the range; but my wheelers were powerful and game, and trained to obey every word of command and touch of the whip, while the others were steady and fast enough to keep me out of harm's way. As the coach began the descent I harm's way. As the coach began the descent is placed my foot on the brake with a firm hold. The heavy load required extra pressure, and I gave it steadily. We hadn't got more than twenty yards when the brake broke! In an instant the coach was on the wheelers, and they ere on their haunches, snorting and using their fore-legs like ploughs. It was no use. The leaders went in the air like wild horses, and to save themselves from being crushed the wheelers sprang to their feet and joined in the race. One yell came from the men on the coach pierced by a simultaneous shriek from the women. After that they remained still at death. The little woman grasped me round the waist at the first jump of the horses, holding my arms as if in a vice. 'For God's sake, woman!' I exclaimed, 'let go of me and take hold of the rods by your side. Our only house of safety lies in my thing side. Our only hope of safety lies in my being able to guide the horses.' She unwound her arms and I handled the reins as best I could. Down we plunged, the coach swinging and rocking like a toy. There wasn't a place wide enough to zigzag or break the velocity of descent. I turned my head for and instant toward the director. His wife had fainted, and he had all he could attend to in holding her in her seat. There were places where the outer edge of the roadway were places where the outer cage of the absuluty had been ground off, and, in hugging the bank, the wheelers nearly caused a collision several times, fairly bouncing and balancing the stage on two wheels. At last the horses dashed around Cape Horn, and there I gave up the stage as lost. These stages are so built that when they overturn a pin drops out that connects the pole and the horses to the coach, and the driver has a chance to save himself by being drawn off by the horses. When the leaders were out of sight around the rock it flashed through me that I might save the little woman. So I took a firmer h mvr ready to swing my left around her body. The stage swirled and actually made the turn on the two outside wheels. Then, thank God, she settled down again and went on bouncing down the range. It seemed an age before we reached the level, where the horses ran two or three hundred yards before I could stop them. When I did finally get at their heads to caress and encourage them for bringing us down safely, the perspiration was pouring out of every pore of my body, although it was a cold day in the mounbody, although it was a cold day in the mountains. When the director got in and related the incidents of the ride to other members of the company, they asked: "What shall we do for Frank?" 'Give him a cheque for \$100, replied the director. They gave me the cheque, and the passengers clubbed together and presented me with \$165 in cash and this whip, which I shall carry as long as I live."

#### OUR BABY.

I never could see the use of babies. We have one at our house that belongs to mother, and she thinks everything of it. I can't see any-thing wonderful about it. All it can do is to cry and pull hair and kick. It hasn't half the I can't see any. sense of my dog, and can't even chase a cat.

Mother and Sue wouldn't have a dog in the mother and Sue wouldn't have a dog in the house, but they are always going on about that baby, and saying, "Ain't it perfectly sweet?" The worst thing about a baby is that you're expected to take care of him, and then you get scolded afterwards. Folks says, "Here, Jimmy! just hold the baby a minute; that's a good how." And then as soon as you have the statement of the say and then as soon as you have the say a soon as you have the say of the say o boy." And then as soon as you have got it they say, "Don't do that! Just look at him! That will kill the child! Hold it up straight, you good-for-nothing little wretch !" It is pretty hard to do your best and then be scolded for it, but that is the way boys are treated. Perhaps, after I'm dead, folks will wish they had done differently. Last Saturday, mother and Sue went out to make calls, and told me to stay at home and take care of the baby. There was a base-ball match, but what did they care for that? They didn't want to go to it, and so it made no difference whether I went to it or not. They said they would be gone only a little while, and if the baby waked up I was to play with it and keep it from crying, and "be sure not to let it swallow any pins." Of course I had to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out, The baby was sound asleep when they went to see if there was any pie in the pantry. If I was a woman I wouldn't be so dreadfully suspicious about a verything locked up. When I got as to keep everything locked up. When I got back upstairs again the baby was awake, and was howling like he was full of pins. So I gave him the first thing that came handy to keep it It happened to be a bottle of French polish, with a sponge on the end of a wire, that Sue uses to black her boots, because girls are too lazy to use the regular blacking brush. The baby stopped crying as soon as I gave him the bottle, and I sat down to read the *Young People*. The next time I looked at him he'd got out the sponge, and about half of his face was jet black. This was a nice fix, for I knew nothing could get the black of his face was jet black. get the black off his face, and when mother came home she would say baby was spoiled, and I had done it. Now I think an all-black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all-white baby, and when I saw that the baby was part black I made up my mind that if I blacked it all over it would be worth more than it ever had been, and perhaps mother would be ever so much pleased. So I hurried up and gave it a good coat of black. You should have seen how that baby shined! The polish dried just as soon as it was put on, and I had just time to get the baby dressed again when mother and Sue came in. I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their unkind language. When you've been called a murdering little villain and an unnatural son, it rankles in your heart for ages. After what they said to me I didn't even seem to mind about father, but went upstairs with him almost as if I was going to church or something as didn't hurt much. The baby is beautiful and didn't hurt much. The baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctor says it will wear off in a few years. Nobody shows any gratitude for all the trouble I took; and I can tell you, it isn't easy to black a baby without getting it into its eyes and hair. I sometimes think it is hardly worth while to live in this cold and unfeeling

#### SHUTTING A DRAWER.

The man who will invent a bureau drawer which will move out and in without a hitch will not only secure a fortune, but will attain to an eminence in history not second to the greatest warriors. There is nothing, perhaps, that will so exasperate a man as a bureau drawer which will not shut. It is a deceptive article. It will start off all right; then it pauses at one end while the other swings in as far as it can. It is the custom to throw the whole weight of the person against the end which sticks. If anyone has succeeded in closing a drawer by so doing, he will confer a favor by sending his address to this office. We have seen men do this several times, and then run away from the other side of the room, and jump with both feet against the obstinate end. This doesn't appear to anthe obstinate end. This doesn't appear to answer the purpose any better; but it is very satisfying. Mrs. Holcomb was trying to shut a bureau drawer Saturday morning; but it was an abortive effort. Finally she burst into tears. Then Mr. Holcomb told her to stand aside and see him do it. "You see," observed Mr. Holcomb with quiet dignity, "that the drawer is all awry. That's what makes it stick. Now anybody but a woman would see at once that to move a drawer standing in that position would drawer standing in that position would be impossible. I now bring out this other end even with the other, so; then I take hold of both knobs and with an equal pressure from each hand the drawer moves easily in. See ?"
The dreadful thing moved readily forward for a distance of nearly two inches; then it stopped abruptly. "Ah!" observed Mrs. Holcomb, beginning to look happy again. Mr. Holcomb very properly made no response to this ungenerous expression; but he gently worked each end of the drawer to and fro, but without success. Then he pulled the drawer all the way out, adjusted it properly, and started it carefully back; it moved as if it was on oiled wheels. Mr. Holcomb smiled. Then it stopped. Mr. Holcomb looked solemn. "Perhaps you ain't got the end adjusted," suggested the unhappy Mrs. Holcomb. Mr. Holcomb made no reply. Were

it not for an increased flush in his face, it might

have been doubted if he heard the remark at all. He pushed harder at the drawer than was apparent to her; but it didn't move. He tried to bring it back again; but it would not come. "Are you sure you have got everything out of there you want?" he finally asked, with a desper-ate effort to appear composed. "Oh! that's what you are stopping for, is it? But you needn't; I have got what I wanted; you can shut it right up." Then she smiled a very wicked smile. He grew redder in the face, and set his teeth firmly together, and put all his strength to the ob-durate drawer, while a hard look gleamed in his eye. But it did not move. He pushed harder. "Ooah!" he groaned. "I'm afraid you haven't got the ends adjusted," she maliciously suggested. A scowl settled on his face, while he strained every muscle in the pressure. "What strained every muscle in the pressure. "What dumb fool put this drawer together, I'd like to know?" he snapped out. She made no reply; but she felt that she had not known such happiness since the day she stood before the altar with him, with orange blossoms in her hair.

"I'd like to know what in thunder you've been doing to this drawer, Jane Holcomb?" he jerked out. "I ain't done anything to it," she replied. "I know better," he asserted. "Well, know what you please, for all I care," she sympathetically retorted. The cords swelled up on his neck, and the corners of his month grow whites. neck, and the corners of his mouth grew whiter. 'I'll shut that drawer or I'll know the reason of it!" he shouted; and he jump up, and gave it a passionate kick. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed. He dropped on his kness again, and grabbed hold of the knobs, and swayed and pushed at them with all his might. But it didn't move. "Why in heaven's name don't you open the window Do you want to smother me?" he passionately cried. It was warm, dreadfully warm. The perspiration stood in great drops on his face or ran down into his neck. The birds sang merrily at the door, and the glad sunshine lay in golden sheets upon the earth; but he did not notice them. He would have given five dollars if he had not touched the accursed bureau. He would have given ten if he had never been born. threw all his weight on the knobs. It moved them. It went to its place with a suddenness that threw him from his balance, and brought his burning face against the bureau with force enough to skin his nose, and fill his eyes with water to a degree that was blinding. Then he went out on to the back-stoop and sat for an hour, scowling at the scenery.

#### POPULAR RESORT IN TOLEDO.

The people generally were very simple and good-natured, and in particular a young com-mercial traveller from Barcelona whom we met exerted himself to entertain us. The chief street was lined with awnings reaching to the curb-stone in front of the shops, and every public-door way was screemed by a striped curtain. Pushing aside one of these, our new acquaintance introduced us to what seemed a dingy bar, but by a series of turnings opened out into a spacious concealed café—that of the Two Brothers—where we frequently repaired with him, to sip chicory and cognac or play dominoes. On these occasions he kept the tally in pencil on the marble table, marking side of himself and a friend with their initials, and heading ours "The Strangers." All travellers in Spain are described by natives as "Strangers" or "French, and the reputation for a pure Parisian accent which we acquired under these circumstances, though brief, was glorious. To the Two Brothers resorted many soldiers, shop-keepers, and well-to-do housewives during fixed hours of the afternoon and evening, but at other times it was as forsaken as Don Roderick's palace.

Another place of amusement was the Grand Summer Theatre, lodged within the ragged walls of a large building which had been half torn Here we sat under the stars, luxuriating in the most expensive seats (at eight cents per head), surrounded by a full audience of exceedingly good aspect, including some Toledan ladies of great beauty, and listened to a zarzuela, or popular comic opera, in which the prompter took an almost too energetic part. The ticket collector came in among the chairs to take up verybody's coupons, with very much the air of being one of the family; for while performing his stern duty he smoked a short brier pipe, giving to the act an indescribable dignity which threw the whole business of the tickets into a proper subordination. In returning to our inn about midnight, we were attracted by the free cool sound of a guitar duet issuing from a dark street that rambled off somewhere like a worm track in old wood, and, pursuing the sound, we discovered by the aid of a match lighted for a cigarette two men standing in the obscure alley and serenading a couple of ladies in a balcony, who positively laughed with pride at the attention. The men, it proved, had been hired by some admirer, and so our friend engaged them to perform for us at the hotel the following

night.
The skill these thrummers of the guitar display is delicious, especially in the treble part, which is executed on a smaller species of the instrument, called a mandura. Our treble-player was blind in one eye, and with the care-Our treble. lessness of genius allowed his mouth to stay open, but managed always to keep a cigarette miraculously hanging in it; while his comrade, with a disconsolate expression, disdained to look at the strings on which his proud Castilian fin-gers were condemned to play a mere accompaniment. For two or three hours they rippled out those peculiar native airs which go so well

with the muffled vibrations and mournful Oriental monotony of the guitar; but the bag-man varied the concert by executing operation pieces on a hair-comb covered with thin paper— a contrivance in which he took unfeigned de-light. Some remonstrance against this uproar being made by other inmates of the hotel, our host silenced the complainants by cordially inviting them in. One large black-bearded guest, the exact reproduction of a stately ancient Roman, excepted the hospitality, and listened to that ridiculous piping of the comb with profound gravity and unmoved muscles, expressing either approval nor dissatisfaction. But the white-aproned waiter, who, though unasked, nung spell-bound on the threshold, was, beyond

u estion, deeply impressed.

The relations of servants with employers are cn a very democratic footing in Spain. We had admirable butler at Madrid who used to join in the conversation at table whenever it interested him, and was always answered with good grace by the conversationists, who admitted him to their intellectual repast at the same moment that he was profferring them physical nutriment. These Toledan servitors of the Fonda de Lindo were still more informal. They used to take naps regularly twice a day in the hall, and could not get through serving dinner without an occasional cigarette between the courses. labor, they would place a pile of plates in front of each person, enough to hold the entire list of viands. That last phrase is a euphuism, how-ever, for the meal each day consisted of the same meat served in three separate relays without vegetables, followed by fowl, an allowance of beans, and dessert. Even this they were not particular to give us on the hour. Famished beyond endurance one evening at eight o'clock, went down stairs and found that not the first movement toward dinner had been made. The Mozos (waiters) were smoking and gossiping in the street, and rather frowned upon our low born desire for food, but we finally persuated them to yield to it. After we had bought some tomatoes and made a salad at dinner, the mansgement was put on its mettle, and improved slightly. Fish in this country is always brought on somewhere in the middle of dinner, like the German pudding, and our landlord astonished us by following the three courses of stewed veal with sardines fried in oil, and ambuscaded in a mass of boiled green peppers. After that we were contented.—George P. Lathrop, in Harper's Magazine.

#### NOT QUITE WORN OUT.

A capital story is told of one of our public men—a man who had for many years held a lucrative office, which many other zealous workers in the political field greatly desired to fill. The office—of judicial character, and requiring considerable intellectual capacity in its incumbent—was not only an excellent paying berth, but it was honorable, and had considerable patronage connected with it.

Once upon a time, when the anxious waiters had fully made up their minds that it was time old Hartwell was retired, one of their number was deputed to wait upon him, and request him

The man found the old gentlemen in his office, with his coat off, and surrounded by papers of all sorts and descriptions.

The usual greetings were exchanged, and the visitor opened his business.

Out in the open court an organ-grinder was discoursing a very elegant selection of Strauss'

waltzes.

"Want me to resign, do they?" said Hartwell, throwing back his head, and passing his fingers through his plenteous silver locks.

"And for what reason, pray!"

"The last wall. We think you

"I'll tell you, Mr. Hartwell. We think you have been here long enough. You are growing old—altogether too old for the manifold duties

"Oho! Too old, am I! Now, look you.

Just you get up here, and dance a waltz with
me. Hi! There goes the 'Blue Danube!'

Just the thing—come!"

And he seized his visitor by the two arms, lifted him to his feet, and began to whirl him about the room, keeping step himself to the notes of the distant organ.

But the man, breathless and dizzy, broke away and begged off. He didn't know how to dance.

"No -not dance! Then try the gloves. We must have exercise in some fashion. And old Hartwell went to a small locker and brought forth two pairs of boxing-gloves, one of which he put on, and offered the other to his visitor.

But the man would not take them. He declared he had never boxed in his life.

"Never boxed! Then it is time you had a lesson. And, i' faith, I'll give you one. Now ! Stand by! Here is the position. One two

And he tapped the messenger, first on the forehead, then on the chin, then on the breast, and then, with a blow straight from the shoulder, he knocked him clean across the room and against the wall.

"Ho! I'll soon teach you the rudiments. Let me now show you the true knock-down blow. It is given in this manner."

But the breathless, bewildered, and utterly demoralized visitor did not wait for the finish. He caught his hat and made his escape, and, later, reported to his associates that Mr. well was not disposed to reliaquish his office at



THE HISTORY OF A BALL BOUQUET.



#### "C'EST L'AMANT QUI PARLE."

If I can bring thee with thinking
Theyboughts that are linking
Thy life unto mine—
It with fair seeming
You come in my dreaming
With soft eyes that shine
For me, as I think—
If your own pulse is stirred
By my voice dimly heard,
By my face dimly seen as you sink
In sweet slumber of long-lashed eyes,
Of bare arm so beautiful, hair that lies
In a golden quiet upon the pillow;
And all is at rest
About you, save for the gentle billow
Of girlish breast.
If your foot knows
When mine uprose
To go the length of the snowy street,
Hoping that they may chance to meet
Your own—do I call it chance?
Which, across the crowd of colder faces,
Reveals for a moment a sunny glance,
Something like love, but that love,
In its dawn, is gray with only traces
Of coming rose and gold,
You were glad with a gay young trouble,
You were glad with a gay young trouble,
Of dress and destiny, care and glamour
Of chatter and glitter, hate and clamor
Of ongue, not too pure, not pure enough
For you. Ah I if when you play to me If I can bring thee with thinking

Of chatter and glitter, hate and clamor.
Of tongue, not too pure, not pure enough
For you. Ah! if when you play to me
Some divinest melody.
You falter forgetting, because I s'and
So near you, that you fear my hand
May touch the shoulder or brush the hair—
Ah Lovel am I not with you everywhere,
As you with me; and can you swear
That a moment's thought or a minute's leap
Of pulse, or the sweet and natural fashion
Of breath, is your's alone? For a virgin passion
Has touched, with a touch so fine,
My wearied and wounded life,
And I rise up strong amongst men.
For you that I love with a love so deep
Are waiting to call yourself wife.

Ottawa.

8 FRANCES HARRISON.

#### ORIGIN OF THE " PICKWICK PAPERS."

The "Sketches by Boz" having attracted the attention of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, the publishers, in the Strand, led to an interview between Mr. Dickens and the late Mr. Hall, the circumstances of which are best related in the author's own words, extracted from the preface to the cheap edition of Pickwick, published in

"I was a young man of three-and-twenty when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the Morning Chronicle newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend Mr. Geo. Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose something that should be published in shilling numbers. The idea propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor (I forget which), that a 'Nimrod Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these-I objected, on consideratian, that although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had already been much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was a fraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick and wrote the first number; from the proof sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the club, and that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognized, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages intend of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death before the second number was published, brought about a quick decision upon a point already in sgitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages with two illustrations, and remained so to the end. My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be everybody knows

preface Mr. Dickens occurs in the :-- "Boz,' my signature in the monthly another point :-Morning Chronicle, appended to the monthly issue of this book, and retained long afterward, was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I dubbed Moses in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield; which being facetiously pronounced through the nose became Boses, and being shortened became Boz. 'Boz' was a every familiar household word to me, long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."

Here is an interesting record of the popularity of this masterpiece of humor. Mr. Davy, who accompanied Colonel Chesney up the Euphrates, was, for a time, in the service of Mehemet Ali Pacha. "Pickwick" happening to reach Davy while he was at Damascus, he read part of it to the Pacha, who was so delighted with it, that Davy was, on one occasion, called up in the middle of the night to finish the reading of the chapter in which he and the Pacha had been interrupted. Mr. Davy read, in Egypt, upon

another occasion, some passages from these unrivalled Papers to a blind Englishman, who was in such ecstasy with what he heard, that he exclaimed, he was almost thankful he could not see he was in a foreign country; for that, while he listened, he felt completely as though he were again in England.

#### RITTENHOUSE'S ORRERY.

He conceived the idea of endeavoring to represent by machinery the planetary system. Similar attempts had previously been made, but all had representend the planetary movements by circles, being mere approximations, and none were able to indicate the astronomical pheno-niena at any particular time. The production of Rowley, a defective machine giving the movement of only two heavenly bodies, was bought by George I. for a thousand guineas. Rittenhouse determined to construct an instrument not simply to gratify the curiou, but which would be of practical value to the student and professor of astronomy. After three years of faithful labor, in the course of which, refusing to be guided by the astronomical tables already prepared, he made for himself the calculations of all the movements required in this delicate and elaborate piece of machinism, he completed, in 1770, his celebrated orrery. Around a brass sun revolved ivory or brass planets in elliptical orbits properly inclined toward each other, and with velocities varying as they approached their aphelia or perihelia. Jupiter and his satellites, Saturn with his rings, the moon with her phases, and the coret time. and the exact time, quantity, and duration of her eclipses, the eclipses of the sun and their appearance at any particular place on the earth, were all accurately displayed in miniature. The relative situations of the members of the solar system at any period of time for five thousand years backward or forward could be shown in a moment. It is not difficult to appreciate the enthusiasm with which this proof of a rare genius was received more than a century ago, but it is entertaining to witness the expression

of it.

"A most beautiful machine......It exhibits "he setronomical world," almost every motion in the astronomical world," wrote John Adams, who was always a little cau-tious about praising the work of other people. Samuel Miller, D.D., in his Retrospect, said: . But among all the contrivances which have been executed by modern talents, the machine invented by our illustrious countryman, Dr. David Rittenhouse, and modestly called by him an orrery, after the production of Graham, is by far the most curious and valuable, whether we consider its beautiful and ingenious structure, or the extent and accuracy with which it displays the celestial phenomena.

"There is not the like in Europe," said Dr. Gordon, the English historian; and Dr. Morse, the geographer, added, auticipating what has actually occurred: "Every combination of machinery may be expected from a country a native son of which, reaching this inestimable object in its highest point, has epitomized the motions of the spheres that roll throughout the

His friend Thomas Jefferson wrote: "A ma hine far surpassing in ingenuity of contrivance, accuracy, and utility anything of the kind ever before constructed....He has not indeed made a world, but has by imitation approached nearer its maker than any man who has lived from the creation to this day.

Barlow, the author of that ponderous poem the "Columbiad," put in rhyme:

" See the sage Rittenhouse with ardent eye Lift the long tube and pierce the starry sky!
He marks what laws the eccentric wanderers bind,
Copies creation in his forming mind,
And bids beneath his hand in semblance rise
With mimic orbs the labors of the skies."

Two universities vied with each other for its possession, and after Dr. Witherspoon, of Princeton College, had secured it for £300, Dr. Smith, of the University of Pennsylvania, wrote, with slight touch of spleen: "This province is willing to honor him as her own, and believe me many of his friends regretted that he should think so little of his noble invention as to consent to let it go to a village." Smith was mollified, however, by an engagement immediately undertaken to construct a duplicate, and he delivered a series of lectures on the subject to raise the money required. Wondering crowds went to see it, and after the Legislature of Pennsylvania had viewed it in a body, they passed a resolution giving Rittenhouse £300 as a testimony of their high sense of his mathematical genius and mechanical abilities, and entered to an agreement with him to have a still large one made, for which they were to pay \$2400. even found its way into the field of diplomacy, for when Silas Deane was in France endeavoring to arrange a treaty of alliance between that country and our own against Great Britain, he suggested to the secret committee of Congress that the orrery be presented to Marie Antonnette as a douceur. It was somewhat injured by the British troops while in Princeton during the war.—Samuel W. Pennypacker, in Harper's Magazine for May.

#### HE GOT THE DOLLAR.

He lectured on "Tobacco and its Pernicious He told of the discovery of tobaccoeffects." how Sir Walter Raleigh had water thrown on him by his servant, who imagined his master was on fire when he saw the smoke coming from his mouth. All this and more he told in graphic terms. He then went on :-

powerful poison. It will do what few other poisons will do.

'Now ladies and gentlemen, let me show you an experiment. I will call from this audience a boy. We will take one who looks as though he never smoked. 'John, come here,' he called to a small boy who looked the very picture of to a small boy who looked the very picture of innocent health as though the foul weed hat never touched his lips.

John, did you never smoke?

'No, sir,' replied John, with smile that was childlike and bland.'

"Now, John, you say you have never smoked. I'll give you a dollar if you will eake this piece of tobacco as large as a pea, put it in your mouth and chew it. Don't let one drop go down your throat; spit every drop in the spittoon, but keep chewing-lon's stop but chew steadily.

"Now, gentlemen, before he is done with that piece of tobacco as large as a pea, simply squeezing the juice out of it, without swallow-ing one drop, he will lie there in a cold, deathlike per-piration. You will put your fingers on his wrist, and find no pulse, and so he will seem for two or three hours."

Innocent-looking John took a seat in a chair and having a spittoon placed near him, put the piece of tobacco in his mouth and began to

The audience by this time was very much interested. They craned their necks forward to get a glimp e of the boy lying there "in a cold death-like perspiration," but they didn't. Not much.

He sat there with a calm and solemn smile, and chewed and spit, and chewed. The lecture

"Ah, that was a mistake! I gave him a piece that was too mild; it should have been stronger," and he handed the boy another pill. The boy took it contentedly. In fact he seemed to enjoy it as much as though it had been strawberries and cream, or green apples. His jaws worked like a stonebreaker.

The lecturer was dumbfounded. "John," said he, "are you sure you never smoked?"

"Yes'r. I never smoked; but I kin chew more terbacker than you can shake a stick at. The lecturer concluded that it was best to give his prodigal illustration the Jollar he pro-

mised, and let him slide.

A CHINESE ROMANCE OF TRUE

LOVE. Sometimes, however, constancy and true love win the day. The widow Wang resided in the vicinity of the great cities of China, her family consisting of a young son and daughter, the only relics of her dear departed old man. In the next village there lived a gentleman and his wife of the name of Liu, who also had a daughter and son. The families were on terms of much friendly intimacy, and a marriage between the young people seemed only natural, so an engagement was arranged, by a professional mid-dle man, between the son of Mr. Liu and the daughter of the buxom widow. During the period of betrothal, however, and while preparations for the ceremony were going on, it so fell out that the bridegroom elect was taken ill. The widow thereupon suggested that the match should be broken off, as it would be folly for a young girl to bind herself to a confirmed invalid who might die at any moment, and leave his wife disconsolate for life. The Liu family, however, thought differently, and urged the widow to allow her daughter to come and visit the sick youth, in order, if possible, to arouse him from the state of apathy into which he had fallen. Mrs. Wang was scandalized, and re-fused; but as the Lius appeared to make such a point of it, she was quite at a loss how to act. Now it so happened that in the service of this discreet matron was a servant girl, who pro-posed to her mistress that they should have recourse to stratagem; the young people had never seen each other,—why not dress up the son to represent the daughter! No sooner said than done. Mrs. Wang wrote to say that her daughter would come and see her betrothed, though she would not be able to stay long; and meantime the artful servant dres ed young Wang, a lad of sixteen, in girl's clothes, and initiated him into the mysteries of feminine deportment with much ability. The only real difficulty lay in his large feet. The two then set out together, the false bride and her maid. They arrived at the bridegroom's house, and visit of sympathy to the sick youth's bedroom. But the Liu family would not near of the two guests leaving under at least three d ys, and Miss Liu took such a fincy to the supposed Miss Wang that they found it simply impossible to get away at all. The servant argued and chattered most energetically, for detention was imminent; what was the use of their staying ! she said; the young man was far too sick to be married. "Oh, as far as that goes," said Miss Liu, "the marriage had better take place at once; I will represent my brother at the ceremony, and they can be married by proxy !" this enterprising damsel dressed herself in boy's clothes, and the girl bridegroom was married in due form to the boy bride, much to the satisfaction of everybody concerned. The secret was not discovered by the parents until some months afterwards, when of course there was nothing for it but to confirm the marriage. The invalid having recovered in the meantime, the

"Tobacco in its ordinary state—the plug—is a originally intended wedding took place between owerful poison. It will do what few other him and the bashful lady to whom he had really been betrothed, and the two curiously matched couples lived happily together ever afterwards

#### A FISH " SELL."

One day an animated conversation took place among a party of Americans, who were staying at the Great Western Hotel, Birmingham, over a fish dinner; and several of them related marvellous stories about finding pearls and other valuables in the interior of fish. Oue gentleman, who had quietly listened, and said very little, at length remarked:
"I've heard all of your stories—now I'll tell

you one: When I was a young man I was employed in a large importing house in New York, and, as usual with most persons of my age then, I fell in love with a certain young lady, and in due course of time was engaged. About two months before our marriage was to take place I was suddenly sent to Birmingham on very important busines, occasioned by the death of one of the firm in England. I took a hasty and affectionate leave of my intended, with a promise to hear from each other often. I was detained somewhat longer than I expected; but just before I sailed for home I purchased a handsome and very valuable diamond ring, intending it for the wedding ring; and when coming up New York Bay, expecting shortly to be with her who was soon to be mine, I was glancing over the morning papers, which had been brought aboard by the pilot, when what should I see but an account of her marriage with another which we have been been soon to be the second of the se other, which so enraged me that, in my passion, I threw the ring overboard. A few days after I was dining at an hotel in New York. Fish was served up, and in eating it I bit on something hard. And what do you suppose it was ?'
"The diamond ring!' exclaimed several.

"No," said our friend, preserving the same gravity. "It was a fish bone."

#### CANADA AND THE QUEEN.

I remember a curious incident that happened in Canada in connection with the British national anthem. In one of my lectures I describe the pathetic abandonment of state ceremony at Sandringham, while the Prince of Wales lay sick there of what threatened so formidably to be a fatal illness. The audience listened spell-bound. I uttered the sentence: "The Queen strolled up and down in front of the house, unattended, in the brief interval she allowed herself from the sick room." Suddenly came an interruption. A tall, gaunt figure in the an interruption. A tail, gaunt figure in the crowd uprose, and, pointing at me a long finger on the end of a long arm, uttered the word, "Stop!" Then, facing the audience, he exclaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen! This loyal audience will now sing 'God save the Queen'!" The audience promptly stood up and obeyed with genuine forward. with genuine fervor, I meanwhile patiently waiting the finale of the interlude. When it had finished, I proceeded with my narrative, and, as a contrast to the sorrow at Sandring-ham, depicted the happy pageant in St. Paul's Cathedral on the thanksgiving day for the Prince's recovery. It is the custom in Canada to propose a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and the chairman rose and uttered the usual for-mula. Again the tall group forms are refermula. Again the tail, gaunt figure was on its legs. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I rise to propose an amendment to the motion. I move that the lecturer be requested to repeat the portion of the lecture referring to our gracions sovereign." And repeat it I did.—Archibald Forbes, in the Century.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

TENNYSON has just completed a new play.

SALVINI will return to America for a dramatic our next October.

MDME. RISTORI will not appear on the stage

MDME ARABELLA GODDARD'S appearance in ondon at Ma. Sims Reeves' last concert has created a

THE Royal College of Music is to start with 100 free scholarships, half of them to provide maintenance as well as tuition.

PROF. MACFARREN has entered a protest against the recognition of the Tonic-sol.fa by the Council of Education for use in elementary schools. WHILE English singers are crowd g New

ors and actr posite course. The Florences, Booth, and Fanny Davan-port are all booked for London.

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

#### SUB ROSA

Out in the arbor there
Who found you, dainty Claire,
And took you unaware,
Or seeming so?
Who played the coy coquette,
And ardent glances met
With downcast eyes of jet
And cheeks aglow?

Is there a cavalier
With frank blue eyes and clear,
Whom some one teased all year
With whim and wile—
The most devoted slave
Of one who seldom (save
To pique a suitor) gave
Him gift of smile?

Know you not how, one day,
Quite pale, he came to say,
"Our troops are called away
To face the foe?"
He, who ne'er dreamt of fear
With death and danger near,
Faltered and trembled here—
Was it not so?

But who, besides, grew white,
Feeling as though dense night
Had darkened all Earth's light
And joy of life?
One who, perchance, had sneered
At "carpet knights," and feared
That when the foe appeared
They woull shirk strife!

Sweet Claire, the little bird
That whispers many a word
By lovers deemed unheard
Has told me this—
That, ere to war he went,
Low words with hot tears blent
By twain sealed some consent
In one long kiss!

JOHN MORAN.

#### OSCAR WILDE ON POTTERY DECORATION.

At his lecture in Cincinnati, Oscar Wilde said that his artistic sense had received a shock at a School of Design, in -- by seeing moonlights and sunsets on dinner plates.

"At your school of design I did not find land-scapes upon soup plates," he said. "That gave me much pleasure; but I did find them upon round vases and wall plates. You are wrong in so decorating your pottery. Why! Because so decorating your pottery. Why! Because the difference between real landscape painting and using landscape as a motive for decoration is, that in one case you want to annihilate surface by producing the impression of distance, and in the other you want to glorify the surface only. So, far from wishing to give, from the centre of a dish, the effect that it is gradually fading away with the misty clouds and distant hills you want to be refeatly save that it does and using landscape as a motive for decoration hills, you want to be perfectly sure that it does nothing of the kind. You want to be certain that it remains there very solidly, and that it will support anything that you place upon it. Consider, also, how you spoil the effect of any vase by introducing perspective. All good de coration should follow out the lines, and specially the exquisite proportions of the vase should intensify its grace and not be at war with Moonlight is not appropriate on a vase or

Considerable merriment was caused by the description Mr. Wilde gave of a vase ornamentation of a rabbit contemplating, with infinite pathos, the moon on a prairie. "But, it might pathos, the moon on a prairie. "But, it might he said that the Japanese would decorate a vase with a rabbit gazing at the moon. Yes, the Japanese did so decorate. But the Japanese would have placed a little summit of a mountain high upon the vase, an exquisite little design in high the mount have hed the moon brought out. white; he would have had the moon brought out bright and beautiful, with, perhaps, a bird flying across it, or a single spray of hawthorne (but not a whole tree), and then a blue line of river-which the Japanese know how to paint so beautifully; and this spray of hawthorne he would have made crimson where it crossed the moon, and where it crossed the river he would have made it golden. And the rabbit—what a rabbit it would have been !—not a smudge with a couple of ears, but a little, diminutive, won-derful animal, drawn with a few masterly strokes, and with exactly the expression that a rabbit would have under the circumstances; but not in perspective to mar the lines of solidity of the vase, no middle distance trying to persuade you that the vase suddenly collapsed in the middle and went into nothing. And what is the secret, then, of the Japanese method of working? It is that the Japanese selects truth. He will look at any scene, and he will select some effects and reject others, with the calm artistic control of one who is in possession of the secret of beauty. He won't scribble and he will never scrawl. I am afraid I saw some designs on your pottery that I feel quite sure were done some one who had exactly five minute which to catch the train, and who thought he could decorate two vases and a dish in that time! Believe me, that all good art is perfectly delicate art—that roughness has nothing to do with strength, and harshness has nothing to do with power.

#### OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Al) communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Illus-rrated News, Montreal.

J. W. S., Montreal, P. Q .- Letter received. Thanks.

Through the kindness of an attentive correspondent we have seen a copy of an Australian newspaper, the Adelaide O'server, which furnishes some interesting facts in the way of local choses in a column which is a very full one, and is evidently intended for a large and widely spread class of readers.

The problem in diagram, of native production is a very good one, and the game, which, we suppose, is a

Contest between two of the strong players of Adelaide, may be played over very profit bly. We hope to be able to insert the score of this game in our next, or some future Column.

It is pleasant to notice that Canada and New York furnish correspondents to this chess column, and we have every reason to believe that they derive gratifica-tion from their intercourse with the chess amateurs of the Southern Hemisphere. .

We learn from a recent number of the Chessplayers' Chronicle that Mr. Blackburne had been invited to pay a visit to Brighton, Eng., on the 21st and 22nd ult., for the purpose of giving an exhibition of his wonderful power as a biluidful player. As this is the second visit he makes to the same place within a short time, we may fairly conclude that the Brighton players have a taste for intellectual feasts of this character. The contest which will consist of eight games played simultaneously and without boards by Mr. Blackburne against the same number of the strongest local players is to take place in a large public room, and the jublic are to be admitted by ticket, to be obtained by purchase. This payment for admission is, we believe, a new feature in connection with such contests, but it is one which is well calculated to show that an exhibition of chess skill of the highest order is considered a treat well worth paying for.

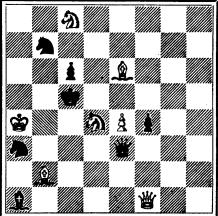
We are sorry to find that the contemplated chess match between the two English Counties, Lancashire and Yorkshire, is not likely to take place, owing to the fact that the former would not agree to an arrangement necessitating the bringing into the field seventy-five contestants on each side.

It is evident from the notes of busy preparation that reach us from every quarter of the "chess world," that the approaching Congress at Vienna, which opens on the luth prox., will be the most billiant and important assemblage of chess giants ever gathered together to discuss likely rival claims. From England we learn that Steinits, Zukertort, Blackburne and Mason will positively enter the lists: and our rieuds abroad will doubtless receive with unbounded applause the intelligence that America will be represented by at least three venturous aspirants. Mr. Max Judd arrived in this city on the 18th inst., and will proceed direct to Vienna via Paris; and if the entries should not be too numerous he will participate in the grand battle. Capt. Mackeuzie, we are assured, will certainly sail next week, and Mr. P. Ware, Jr., of Boston and Fifth American Congress fame, has absolutely departed for the seat of war, having taken every wise ptecaution, before leaving, to write to the Vienna Committee and ask for permission to enter. We have not yet heard that Mr. Grundy has sought the same privilege.—Turf, Field and Farm.

Negotiations have been opened by the Rev. G. M'Arthur, Hon. Secretary of the Edinburgh Chess Club, for snother match between the East and West of Scotland. Mr, M'Arthur proposes that the number of players should be limited to 20 saide, and that the match should come off in Edinburgh about the 6th of May.—Glasgow Herald.

PROBLEM No. 379.

By J. Pierce. BLACK



White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 377.

White.

Black.

1. Kt to K 7 2. Mates acc. 1. Any

GAME 505TH. CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Another brilliant specimen of the late Mr. Boden's skill. Played in a match between Mr. Boden and the Rev. J. Owen.

(Queen's Fianchetto.) White.--(Mr B.) Black .-- (Rev. J. O.) 1. P to K 4
2. P to Q 3
4. Q to K 2
5. P to K B 4
6, P to Q B 3
7. K K t to B 3 1. P to Q Kt 3 (a)
2. B to Kt 2
3. P to K 3
4. B to K 2
5. P to Q B 4
6. K Kt to B 3 7. Castles 8. K Kt to K 5 9. P to K B 4 8. QKt to Q2 9 Castles 10. P to K 5 11. P to K R 3 10. Kt to Q B 3
11. Kt to K R 3
12. P takes Q P 11. K tto Q Kt 3

13. Q Kt takes P

14. Q B P takes Kt

15. B to Q 2

16. Q R to Q B

17. P to Q Kt 4

18. Kt to K Kt 5

19. P takes Kt

20. P to K R 4

21. R to Q B 7

22. P to Q Kt 5

23. P takes Q B

24. P takes Q P

25. P to Q 5 (P)

26. Q B takes Kt P

27. B to B 6 c K P

28. P takes K P 12. P takes Q P.

3. Kt taker Kt

14. K to R.

17. Q to K.

16. KR to K Kt

17. Kt to K B 2 (b)

18. Kt takes K (c)

20. P takes P.

21. B to Q B 3 (e)

22. B to Q

23. B takes R.

24. Q to K B 2 23. P takes Q B
24. P takes Q B
25. P to Q 5 (f)
26. Q B takes Kt P
27. B to B 6 ch
27. K to R 2
28. P takes K P
28. P takes K P
29. K to R
29. Q R to K B
30. R takes K B P
31 Q to R 5 ch (s)
32. R takes R P (dble ch)
32. R takes R P (dble ch)
33. K to B
34. P to K 7 ch
35. B to Q K t 5 ch
36. B takes Q ch
37. P takes R
38. R to K R 8
39. P to K K 4 and Black resigns—(L)

(b) Black's last few moves have all been made with the intention of throwing ferward the K Kt P, but White declines to permit the alvance.

(c) A poor move, which would only be good in the improbable event of White's taking it.

(d) The beginning of a profound and beautiful com-bination. White knows perfectly well that this will cost him the exchange, but sees in the distance full compensation for it.

(e) Black, who has been patiently waiting for the rook to wa k into his trap, now shuts the door upon him. (f) All this is in the finest style.

(g) The only way to prolong the game; had he taken the K P with Q, White would win in a canter by B takes K B P.

(h) Again the only resource, but giving Mr. Boden an opportunity of winding up his adversary in splendid style.

(i) Leading to one of the most brilliant endings on record.
(k) If K to Kt 2 the sequel might have been:

K to Kt 2

33. R takes Q P take
34. R to B 7 ch and mates next move.

K to Kt 2 Q takes P P takes Q

(1) It is evident that the pawns must win, and Black cts most judiciously in gracefully resigning.—Globe-



## Penitentiary Supplies.

CEACED TENDERS will be received at the Office of the Warden of St. Vincent de Paul Penitertiary, endorsed "Tenders for Supplies," till thirteenth (13th) day of May, 1882, at twelve o'clock noon, from parties willing to enter into a contract to supply the Institution with such quantities of the icliowing articles, viz. : Mesta, Flour, Greceries, Dry Goods, Flannel and Woollen Cloth, Forage, Leather and findings, Coal and Coal Oil, as may be required f r consumption at the Prison, from the lat July, 1882, to 30th June, 1883.

The Flour to be inspected and branded before delivery. All supplies accepted, subject to the approval of the Warden, from whom any further information may be obtained.

Semples of the Tea. Sugar, Syrup, Tobacco, Coal Oil and Dry Goods, will be required.

The real signatures of two responsible parties, willing to enter into a bond with the principal for the faithful performance of the contract, must be given in the tender, forms of which may be obtained from the Warden, and no others will be accepted.

Parties tendering will state the price asked for delivery at the Penitentiary.

They will also be required to make out the extension of the price on the tender form for the specified quantity of each article required.

GODFROI LAVIOETTE,

Penitentiary. April 29th, 1882.

No other paper to copy above advertisement.

## BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT upon the paid up capital stock of this Institution, has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, and at its branches on and after,

#### Thursday 1st day of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May next, both days inclusive,
The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, will be held at the Bank on Monday the 5th day of June next.
The chair te be taken at one o'clock.

By order of the Board. A. MACNIDER.

Assistant General Manager.

Montreal, 25th April, 1882.

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# (a) Mr. Owen's favourite opening, and one which he adoubtedly conducts with great ingenuity. (b) Black's last few more than a conduct of the conduct of the

1					
	DELIVERY.		MAILS.	CLOSING.	
	A. M.	Р M.	ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES.	A. M.	P. M.
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			QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES.		
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(A) Postal Car Bags open till 8.45 a.m., and 9.15 p.m Do 9.00 p.m.

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

## Mails leave New York by Steamer:

For Bahama Islands, April 12th,

Bermuda, April 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th.

Brasil, April 5th and 12th,

Cuba and Porto Rico, April 6th and 28nd.

Cuba, Porto Rico, April 6th, 20th and 28nd.

Cuba and W I., via Havana, April 5th and 28th,

Sautiago and Cleufuegos, Cuba, April 25th,

Sautiago and Cleufuegos, Cuba, April 25th,

South Pacific and Central American Perts, April,

1 th, 20th and 29th.

Windward Islands, April 5th and 29th,

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THIS PAPER ASSESSED OF THE PAPER AND THE PAP



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THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN-(SEE PAGE 275.)

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SEALED TENDERS will be received by the under-signed up to Noon on WEDNEYDAY, the 17th day of MAY next, in a lump sum, for the purchase of the Go-vernment Telegraph Line (embracing the Poles, Wires, Insulators and Instruments), between Selkirk and Ed

the conditions to be that a line of telegraph communication is to be kept up between Winnipeg, Humbelt, Battleford and Edmonton, and that Government messages be transmitted free of charge.

The parties tendering must name, in addition to the lump sum they are prepared to give for the telegraph line, the maximum rate of charge for the transmission of measures to the position.

measuges to the public.

F. BRAUN. Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, & Ottawa, 18th April, 1882.



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The timber must be of the qualities described, and of the dimensions stated on a printed bill which will be supplied on application, personally or by letter, at this office where forms of Tender cap also be obtained. No payment will be made on the timber until it has been delivered at the place required on the respective cinals, nor until it has been examined and approved by an officer detailed to that service.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that an accepted bank cheque for the sam of \$500 must accompany each tender, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to center into a contract for auppiying the timber at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer aubmitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the re-

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the re-

spective parties who actenders are not accepted.

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

By order,

P. BRAUN, Secretary. Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, loth April, 1882,



THE "SKREI" Cod Liver Oil.

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ing Lather, and will not injure the skin.



Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1882.

_	MIXED.	MAIL.	Exime
Leave Hochelaga for			
Ottawa	8.20 p.m.	8:10 a.m.	5 60 p.
Arrive at Ottawa	7 35 a.m.	1.20 p.m.	9.30
Leave Ottawn for Ho-			
chelaga	10.00p.ms	6.10 a.m.	4.55
Arrive at Hochelaga	9.45 a.m.	1.00 p.m.	9 45 :
Leave Hochelaga for		•	
Quebec	6.40 pm.	3.00 p.m.	10 00 -
Arrive at Quebec	년 (#3 a. m.	9.50 p.m.	
Leave Quebec for Ho-		•	
chelaga	5.34 p.m.	10.00 a.m.	10.00%
Arrive at Hochslags	7.30 a.m.	4.30 p.m.	6 70 .
Leave Hochelaga for St.		•	
Jerome	6.00 p.m.		-
Arrierat St. Jerome	7.45 p.m.		
Leave St. Jerome for			
Hochelaga	6.45 A.m.		-
Arrive at Hochelaga	9.00 a.m.		***************************************
Leave Hochelaga for			
Joliette			
Arrive at Joliette	. 7.40 p.m.		*****
Leave Joliette for Hoche			
laga			
Arrive at Hochelaga	, P.50 a.m.		**********
(Local trains between			
Traits leave Mile-En-	d Station t	en minutes	later t'
Hochelaga			

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om Quebec. Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m All Trains Run by Montreal Time. GENERAL OFFICES-13 PLACE D'ARMES

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