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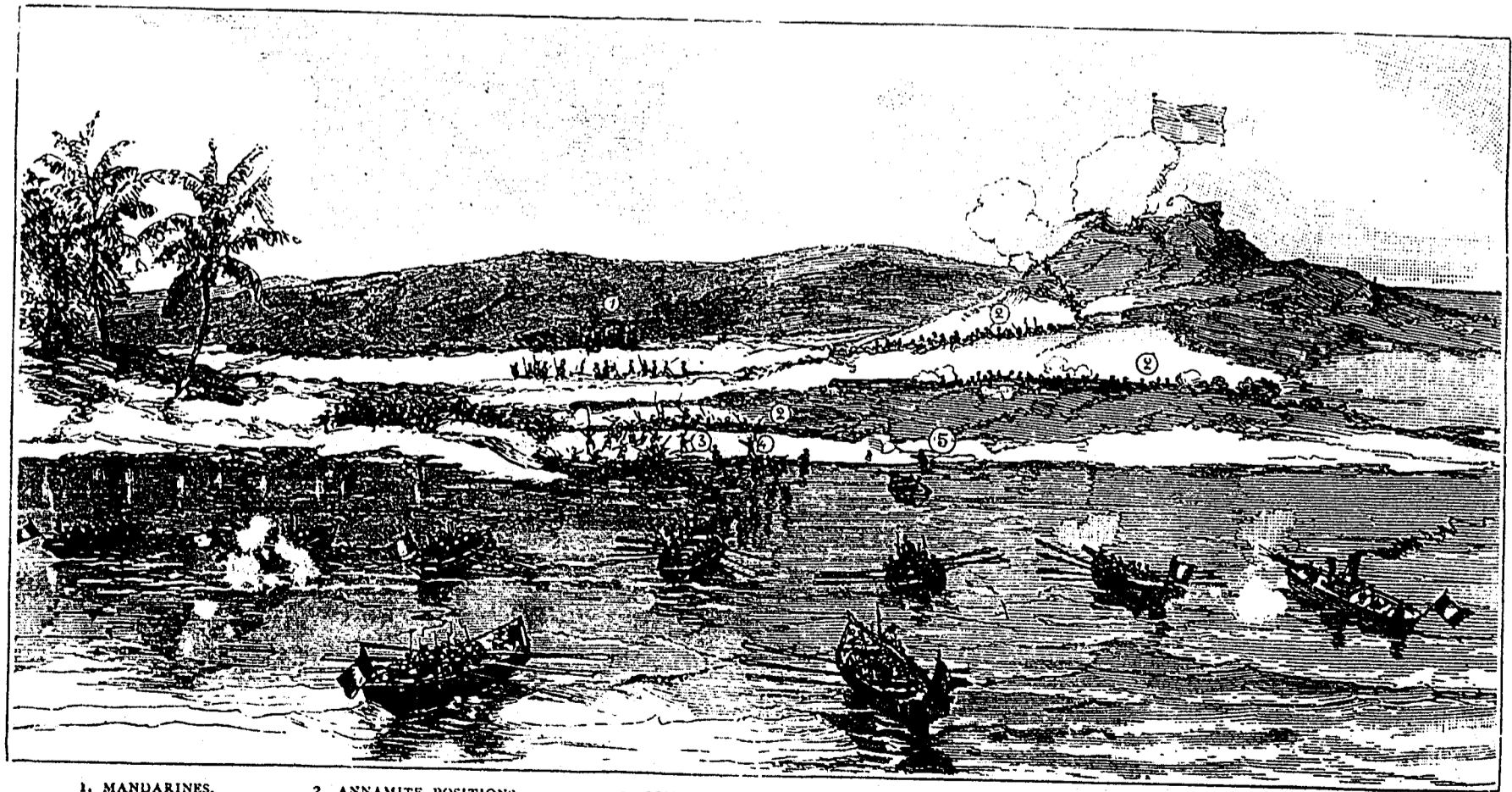
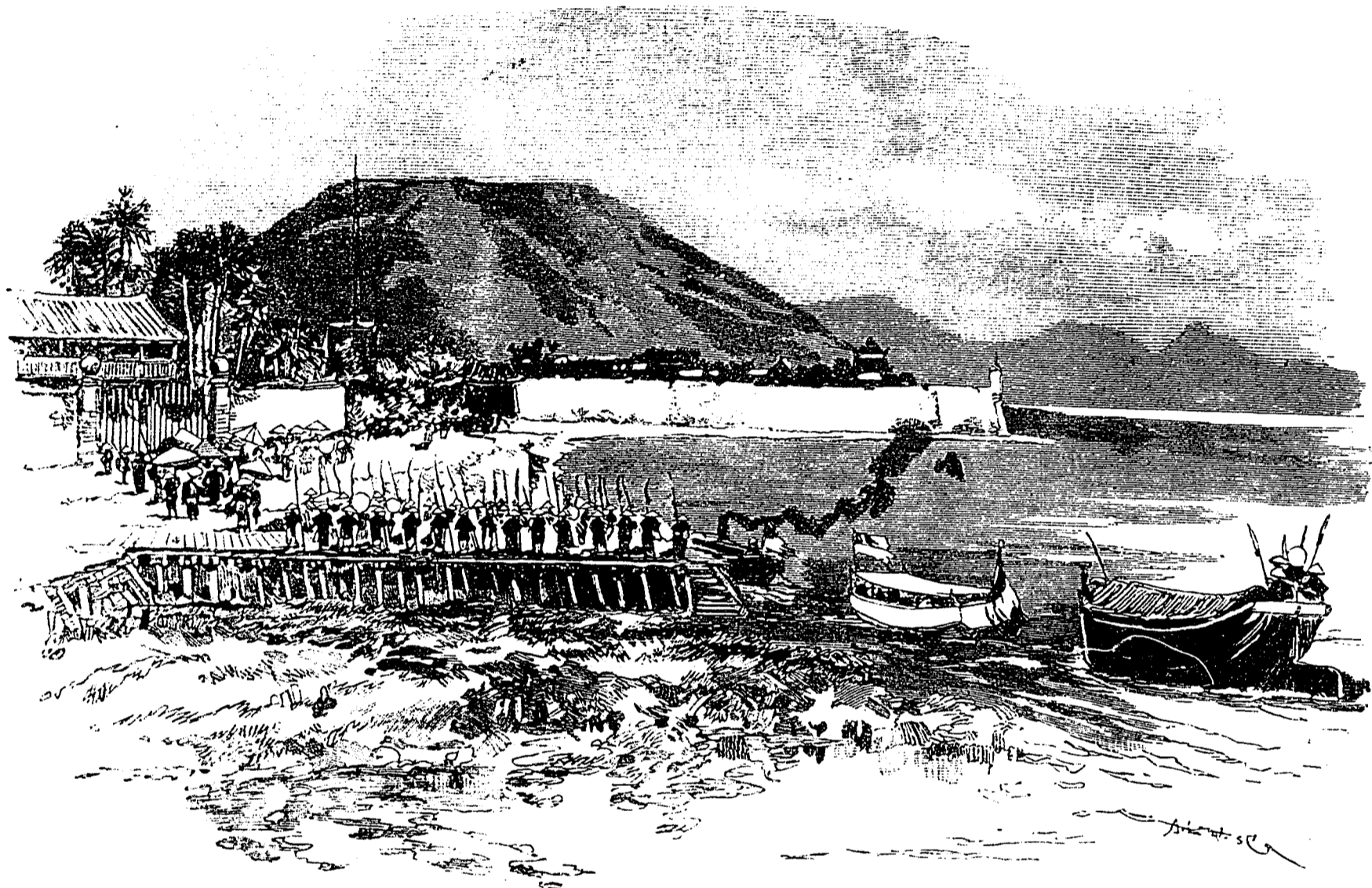
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1883.

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1. MANDARINES. 2. ANNAMITE POSITIONS. 3. COMMANDER POCCAYOR. 4. ENSIGN OLIVIERI. 5. LIEUTENANT GOURDON.
 ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT HUE. TAKING OF THE FORTS OF THUAN-AN.
 THE TONQUIN EXPEDITION.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 24, 1883.

THE WEEK.

WE may expect any day a declaration of war between France and China. The intervention of the Powers in favor of peace, seems not to be acceptable to either party.

THE German papers are once more advocating a hostile policy toward France. This is the more to be regretted that the better class of Parisian papers have moderated their tone of late. The visit of the German Crown Prince to Spain at this particular juncture, looks like an aggravation and must necessarily embitter the mutual feeling still more.

THE Nationalist cause is still making rapid strides in Ireland. The Limerick election created little interest and gave rise to no excitement, as it was a foregone conclusion that the Parnellite candidate would be elected. Meantime the Orange party are very active, and it is a question whether there will not be a collision in some of the Northern Counties.

THE election of Levis is a heavy blow for the Provincial Government. It is more than a Liberal gain, because the majority was largely recruited from discontented Conservatives. The people of this Province are at length awakening to the fact that something must be done toward getting out of the slough of despond. Speechifying and posing are not the proper means of recuperation. We require a strict business policy.

THE Government guarantee to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is still exercising the patience of certain New York journals written in the interest of a band of stock-jobbers. The answer is peremptory. Either the railway must be continued or it must be given up. It is clear that it must be continued as it is a necessity for the country. It is therefore equally clear that the Government ought to step in in its favor, especially as there is absolutely no monetary risk in the matter.

THE most important political news from England received for a long time, is the contemplated rapprochement between the Whigs and the Conservatives, as a bulwark against Radicalism. Argyll has filled Castle Inverary with a representative company of Scottish nobility and English Whigs whom he invited to meet Lord and Lady Salisbury. The Duke is said to have in contemplation plans for the actual going over to the side of Conservatives, and this really seems to be about the only course he will have left to himself should the Radicals carry forward all their schemes.

ECCLESIASTICAL news from Rome is rather of an interesting character. It is announced that the American Bishops there assembled have succeeded in persuading the Vatican to consent to the appointment of a Papal Nuncio to the United States. The same journal also announces that the conference is favorable to con-

sidering the project of having an American Cardinal resident in Rome and even of attempting to induce the United States Government to appoint an accredited representative from the United States to the Vatican with functions similar to those with which the British Government has invested Mr. Errington.

IN order that our friends may keep a record of the Standard Time, we append a few particulars. This standard time conforms to that of the 75th meridian and is known as the "Eastern time." It is exactly five hours slower than Greenwich time, and five minutes forty seconds slower than the time of the meridian of McGill College observatory. The change of local time in the principal cities of Canada to conform with the Standard time of the 75th meridian is as follows:—

Quebec puts the clock back about.....	15 min.
Montreal " " " " " " " " " " " "	6 min.
Ottawa " " " " " " " " " " " "	3 min.
Kingston " " " " " " " " " " " "	7 min.
Toronto " " " " " " " " " " " "	17 min.
Hamilton " " " " " " " " " " " "	19 min.
London " " " " " " " " " " " "	24 min.

A traveller leaving Montreal hereafter will find his watch corresponding with the local time of all these Canadian cities, and of the cities of the Eastern States; when he enters the Maritime Provinces his watch will be exactly one hour fast, and when he journeys westward it will be exactly one hour slow in the central division.

L. Z. JONCAS ESQ.,

ONE OF THE CANADIAN COMMISSIONERS AT THE LONDON FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

Mr. Joncas was born at Grand River, one of the principal parishes of the county of Gaspé, and one of the most important cod fishery stations of the Gaspé coast. His family has been for many years in the fishing industry. He received his early education at the village school and afterwards went through his classical studies at the College of Ste. Therese. Several years after his return to his native place he went into the fishing business, as merchant and fishery outfitter, in which business he continued for a while. He was afterwards appointed Sheriff of Gaspé. In 1875-76 he was private Secretary to Hon. P. Fortin, who was the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Quebec. When Canada had to be represented at the London Fisheries Exhibition, the name of Mr. Joncas suggested itself naturally to those who knew him as a person who is theoretically and practically quite competent to discharge the important duties of joint Commissioner at the great show. His principal part being what concerns the Maritime fisheries, their organization, the trade they give rise to, etc., Mr. Joncas has fully justified the expectations of his friends. He is still in the prime of life. Mr. Joncas is an honor to his Province and to the persons who have upheld him.

The London *Canadian Gazette* of the 5th of July last, has the following article:—

"At a conference held on Monday, the 2nd of July, at the Fisheries Exhibition, under the presidency of the Hon. A. W. McLellan, Minister of Marine and Fisheries of Canada, a remarkably comprehensive and interesting paper upon the various fisheries of British North America was then read by Mr. L. Z. Joncas, one of the Canadian Commissioners at the Exhibition.

"The subject is a large one, but Mr. Joncas' practical knowledge of it enabled him to do justice to all its branches, and he concentrated in his paper much information of great value upon all sections of the trade."

This lecture has been published by authority, at London, and circulated extensively. Besides, Mr. Joncas has addressed to the newspaper, *Le Canadien*, of Quebec, during the last three months several correspondences (nine in number), on subjects connected with the Canadian and foreign fisheries.

THE MISSING LINK.

It was not over-clean down in the fore-castle. The walls of the ship were grimy and black, and the row of bunks only slightly resembled the neat little cots with snowy spreads on shore.

The swinging oil-lamp could not compare with gas, but in the circle of its dim radiance were seated perhaps as happy a set of men as any who gathered round the cheery open grates or air-tight stoves on the mainland.

Our watch had just been relieved, and contrasted with the raw, foggy night-air outside, the snug, tight "fokesel" seemed a paradise of comfort. Nils Jansen, the Swede, and Cal Remnick had turned in for a few winks of sleep, but five of us had gathered round the lamp, engaged in various occupations and disposed in different attitudes.

George Brass, our Cornishman, was doing some clumsy tailoring to one of his spare flannel shirts. Evan Evans, a stout and jolly little Welshman, was crooning away to himself snatches of song in the soft vowels of his native tongue, while he dove deeper and deeper into his sea-chest to unearth that last letter from

his sweetheart, whose contents he had quite committed to memory after repeated readings.

Pierre Lafarge, not the light mercurial Frenchman indicated by his name, but a heavily-built, broad-shouldered Canadian, sal-low skin, and with high cheekbones, sat leaning his head on his broad palms and gazing fixedly into the darkest corner of the little room. It was a favorite trick of Pierre's, and had earned him the distinctive cognomen of "the dreamer."

As for me I half lay, half sat in my bunk, thinking of home far away and the little woman busy in the Cape Cod school-house, and waiting for her sailor boy.

Egbert Brandt completed our little circle. Egbert was a son of the sea, *par excellence*. Born in Holland, he had drifted around the globe from port to port, until now, though not over five-and-thirty, there was hardly a continent or island on whose shores he had not set foot and with whose languages and dialects he was not, as you might say, "on speaking terms." He was a quiet man, but could spin a good yarn when the mood seized him, and it was a favorite pastime of my own to draw him out.

To night he was in an unusually pleasant mood, and it took little persuasion to induce him to commence his narrative.

When I was about twenty-three, (he said) I was on an East Indiaman coasting along the shores of Java. You can talk of the neatness of our Dutch housewives, but I tell you, mates, Capt. Von Vliet would have made their rosy cheeks turn green with envy. All hands were busy from morning to evening as we sailed alongshore; the decks were as white as endless holystoning could make them; the brass-work was polished till it shone like gold; and the rigging was kept so taut and trim and clean that not a war vessel afloat could excel us. An East Indiaman is generally as clean and pretty a craft as floats; but when you come to a *Dutch* East Indiaman, you will realize that it is impossible for me to exaggerate the care spent on her good looks. Cleanliness and discipline were the two great hobbies of our captain; and had he been in the navy, he would have been rated the strictest of martinetes.

However, the old captain had a kind heart beneath all his stiffness, and not one of his men could complain of ill-usage or overwork.

We made the usual stopping-places along the coast, and gradually drifted along to the east, until we reached a place where the range of chalky hills approached the coast line closely, and the patches of snowy soil glistening in the tropical sun stood out clear and bright against the rich green vegetation of the lowlands. The streams flowing down the slopes of these hills were heavily impregnated with mineral substances, which made them disagreeable to the taste and not over and above healthy in their effects.

Accordingly we kept on still farther to the eastward, in order to replenish our stock of fresh water before we should set out on our long homeward voyage. The weather was uniformly pleasant, until one day the breeze began to freshen, and kept on growing stronger and more boisterous until it blew a perfect hurricane. We vainly tried to keep on our homeward course, but at last it became impossible to do so, and every sail was furled and the ship put about.

Night had come on early, and it was pitchy dark, save when now and then a stray flash of lightning lit up the gloom for an instant and then left it blacker than before. The great waves drove along, their white crests of foam seeming to race the heavy storm-clouds overhead. In spite of the utmost skill and strength of the helmsman, they would sometimes break over us and sweep our decks from stem to stern. One of the boats was stove in, and the other seemed preserved only by a miracle. It was impossible to stay on deck unless lashed to the foot of the rigging or the ship itself.

Suddenly a blinding flash, and a rattling, jarring roar was heard. The whole ship was flooded with light for a second, and then the mizzen-mast came crashing down, splintered and shivered from top to bottom. This was bad enough, but the bolt had done still more serious damage. When the helmsman had recovered from the stunning effects of the shock, he found the compass useless, the needle having disappeared, and nothing but a scorched and blackened card was left confronting him.

The wreck was out away, and we drove on before the tempest, which now seemed to have reached its height, but showed no signs of abating. It was a terrible experience. We were driving in the storm with no knowledge of our situation or direction. The wind, lulling for a moment, seemed then to blow at once from all points of the compass, shrieking and screaming like ten thousand furies let loose. The gray dawn came late and revealed no improvement in our situation. It was impossible to see double the length of the vessel in any direction, for the waves towered high above us and the ship seemed to be in the center of a vast chaos.

Entirely at the mercy of the wind and waves, we were hurried on, dreading that each moment we might strike a hidden rock, or find ourselves driving on a lee shore. The only task of the man at the wheel was to dodge the mountains of water that were threatening every moment to crush in the stern, or roll upon and overwhelm us with their tons of liquid destruction.

How long we progressed in this fashion I

cannot tell you. It was a time when minutes seemed weeks, and days centuries.

It was my first experience with a cyclone, and I found it a decidedly unpleasant acquaintance. What the sailor prays for at such a time is plenty of sea room; and when we found our craft at last driving straight for shore, all hands gave up their hopes for safety, and looked for nothing else than death. A bold rocky headland jutting out into the sea, and toward which we were whirling in the boiling waves with the speed of a race-horse, loomed up dead ahead. We tried to let out a sail, but it flung away in ribbons before it could give us any help.

The helm was jammed hard-a-port and three men held the wheel, while the great waves beat against the side of the ship and threatened to crush it in.

Provisionally, we ran by the point, so near that one could almost touch the frowning face of the cliff, and as we passed beyond, found that it was possible to swing around into comparatively smooth water. Here we cast anchor, and sheltered from the extreme fury of the blast, rode out the remainder of the storm in safety.

Then we set about finding out our position and repairing damages. We could not tell how many days the storm had lasted, but knew that we must have been blown many leagues away from our starting-point. It was with great surprise, however, that the captain found, as a result of his observations, that we were laying off the coast of Papua or New Guinea. The bay which sheltered us was perhaps some thirty miles across in its widest part. The headland, where we had so narrowly escaped shipwreck, projected out a long distance, reaching toward a spit of sand on the other side of the harbor and narrowing then entrance to a width of about two miles.

All around the shore was a thick tropical forest, ranging to the very verge of the sea, except upon the headland I have spoken of, which stood out a naked mass of rock. Two or three streams and one small river emptied into this basin, but the former were almost concealed by the dense jungle growth along their sides. All, presumably, had their source in a range of high hills or mountains, whose summits were closely outlined along the horizon.

It was necessary for us to lie off this shore for some time, while the necessary repairs were being made on the ship. Out of our few spare spars a "jury mast" was being rigged to replace the mizzen-mast, the injured boat was having new planks set, and the wounds received by the good ship in her battle with the elements were generally looked after and, figuratively speaking, "bound up." While all this was going on we had seen no signs of life on shore. Not a single native had put in an appearance, and the scene seemed, except for our party, a virgin world untrodden by the foot of man. Each day a party from the ship went ashore, returning laden with fresh water and fruits. Every nook in the bay was thoroughly examined, and the shores explored from headland to sand spit. The rocky point was evidently of volcanic origin, and numerous fissures and openings marked its roughened walls. It had little interest for most of our company, but to me it possessed some strange fascination. I clambered over it day after day, whenever I could get liberty ashore, until at last I made a discovery. Near the extreme end of the point stood a detached piece of lava, nearly rectangular in shape, and looking over it carefully, I found, ridged, carved in one corner, two figures. One was a poorly executed cross; below it was the representation of a man holding a spear. The outlines were badly worn by the wind and spray, and the marking must evidently have been done at some very remote period; still it was sufficiently clear for me to observe the curious fact that the figure holding the spear was provided with a well-developed tail. I reported my discovery to Capt. Von Vliet, and he visited the spot at once, but without making any fresh discovery. For several days the place became an object of universal interest to the crew, and many were the surmises as to the origin of the mysterious marking and its hidden meaning. The cliff was carefully inspected at different times, but nothing new was found to throw light upon the subject, and at last the captain's theory found general credence. This was that some Catholic missionary had, at some remote period, set foot upon this land, and traced the figure of the arch enemy of mankind, with the cross above it, to signify the triumph of religion over sin.

At last the ship was nearly ready to sail, the captain intending to make as straight a course as possible for the nearest port in Java, where he could replace his compass. Granted a clear sky, he could easily make his port, guided by the sun and planets.

We had grown more careless after each visit to the shore, and had gradually relaxed our vigilance, until, instead of keeping a constant lookout as we had done at first, we finally grew to feel perfectly secure, if only one or two of the party had guns. This last day we started for the shore as usual, and reached land near the mouth of the little river. Karl Nieman and myself landed on one side of the river, and armed with our long dirk-knives and revolvers, started into the jungle. The rest of the party pulled the light boat up the stream, following the opposite shore. They were just disappearing round a little bend, when I saw the bowsman throw up his arms and fall heavily forward on his face. As he fell, the shaft of an arrow protruding from his side gave evidence that he had been struck down by some lurking

native. A few scattering pistol-shots followed, and then we beheld a terrible scene. The river banks swarmed with natives, and our comrades were shot down one by one with the cruel shafts, while the boat floated aimlessly down stream. A large war-canoe shot out from the shore, and the little craft became an easy prize. Cut off from our ship, we could do nothing but hide ourselves in the jungle and watch the movements of our enemies. The war-canoe advanced slowly down the stream, towing our boat behind, and as it passed by we saw the dead bodies of our comrades lying as they fell. Parties from the ship had never before advanced farther up the river than where we had landed, until this day, and it was now evident that the natives had retired on the approach of the boat, and lain in wait far enough up the stream to cut off all hope of succor from the ship. They had not seen Karl and myself land, and thought they had destroyed the entire boat's crew, for they did not appear to even glance our way as they swept along. The canoe continued in its course until it drew near the mouth of the stream, and there, concealed by the heavy foliage along the river bank, the occupants, with their land allies, awaited the approach of the second boat from the ship. Our comrades on board had heard the shots in the distant conflict, and a fresh boat-load was coming with utmost speed to the rescue. As the crew neared the mouth of the river, they showed a commendable caution, however, and advanced slowly, keeping a careful lookout. The wind carried them over toward our side of the stream, but before they got within halting distance they spied the enemy. The latter, seeing that the chance for a surprise was gone, put out boldly to the fight. Several other canoes came down the stream, filled with howling natives, who joined in the attack, and shot their arrows in a perfect cloud upon the devoted crew. Half a dozen rifle shots responded, and as many of the natives dropped. The fight was too unequal, however, and seeing that the first party were beyond the reach of help, the crew headed for the ship, closely pursued by the natives. Karl and I crept carefully through the dense growth along the river bank, till we gained a position whence we could see the issue of the conflict. The boat, though hard pressed, had reached the ship, and the small arms of the latter, together with her light howitzer, were called into requisition, and made fearful havoc with the pursuers. The latter gained the side of the ship, however, and swarmed upon her deck. Meanwhile, the anchor was hastily raised, and speeding some of her sails, the gallant craft shook herself free from the clutches of canoes and headed toward the sea. The assailants fell like sheep before the fire of the howitzer, and the noble ship was soon freed. We watched her sail away, hoping that she would later on lay to off shore, but she steered straight out to sea, until at last darkness came on with tropical suddenness, and shut her out from our sight.

What to do we knew not. Alone on this almost unknown shore, surrounded by enemies, of whose cruelty we had just witnessed a significant example, the chances were a thousand to one that we should shortly meet the fate of our comrades. We dared not kindle a fire, for that would insure our speedy capture; and yet, without a fire, we were at the mercy of the wild beasts of the jungle.

We finally compromised by climbing high up among the boughs of a mangrove-tree, and there passed the weary watches of the night. At the first break of day we scanned the horizon anxiously, but there was no sign of the ship, not even a speck in the distance. They had evidently given us up for lost, and sailed away for good and all.

I have seen some pretty hard situations in my day, boys, and have been placed many times where it was a toss-up whether I ever got out alive or not, but I never was so near giving up all hope as I was that morning. After a few moments of unreasoning despair, Karl and I commenced to plan what we should do. We knew from what the captain had said that we must be somewhere about due north of Cape York.

Of course, if we could keep where we were, there was a possibility that some ship passing through the Torres Strait might come near enough to the shore to see our signals of distress and take us off. But how could we remain in this locality, with the natives so close to us? And was it likely that our signals of distress would be seen from a ship before our unwelcome neighbors would arrive to investigate? We crept carefully along through the thick forest, until we neared the river again, and then took observations from a lofty tree. They settled the question for us. On the other side was a gang of about fifty natives, clearing away the jungle and preparing to erect one of their communal dwellings. They were all as busy as bees, and showed plainly that they had come to stay, and were perfectly at home. Looking up the river, we saw more canoes coming down, and these seemed to contain the women and children of the tribe. It was evidently a migration to a new locality, and the quality of the newcomers made it obvious that intruders like ourselves had best leave the coast clear. There was no option in the matter. We must get away from this dangerous locality, and at once. Already the chattering and screeching of the myriads of parrots, disturbed by our successful tree climbing, was attracting the attention of our enemies, and it was quite probable that two or three, with their bows and arrows, might cross the river.

So we descended from the tree and started away from the river. It was hard work pushing through the jungle, and without our strong dirks it would have been practically impossible. Tall palms and mangroves, intermingled with durians, margostees, and other fruit trees, formed a very thick, dense covering of foliage, while giant brakes and flowering plants covered the ground. A perfect network of vines and creepers hung in loops, or crossed and recrossed from tree to tree. Had we been on a pleasure trip, we should have been charmed with the brilliant scene about us. Flowers of every conceivable color; gigantic butterflies, banded, striped, and dotted with crimson, blue, and gold; countless parrots, with bright, metallic, shiny feathers; and even the rare bird of paradise floated before our eyes. But we were too intent on getting away from the river to stop and admire. So plucking some bananas and shaking down a few coconuts for provision, we forced our way through the forest. Occasionally, we came face to face with some stray monkey, who would whisk at once up a vine and gaze on us from the tree-top, chattering in terror; but not a native crossed our path. Climbing a tall palm just before night, Karl reported that we had rather headed away from the coast toward the mountains. We thought it advisable to keep on in the same direction, as there seemed to be smoke rising from different points along the coast, indicating the presence of villages, which we must avoid at all hazards.

We were both very tired with our hard day's work in the forest, and sleep was a necessity. It was agreed that one should stand guard while the other slept, and cutting branches enough to form a rough bed, Karl stretched out at full length, and was soon fast asleep.

I let him slumber till about midnight, and then woke him to take my own turn. The next day was a repetition of the preceding one, a constant struggle to penetrate through the wilderness, and "watch and watch" at night. We were being driven still farther out of our course, we found, and our path was leading us more and more to the north. Thus far, we had lured luxuriously as regarded fruit, and the few pieces of shipboard we had found in our pockets had lasted wonderfully, so that it almost seemed like a pleasant jaunt. The absence of natives and wild beasts had revived our hopes, and although we considered our chances of getting back to Holland rather slim, yet we felt that we were not entirely lost as yet. At the close of the third day we found we were drawing close to the mountains, and our usual afternoon lookout from a lofty tree showed no fire or smoke for a long distance from us. We felt quite secure, and so knocked over two or three of the parrots that fluttered round us with perfect fearlessness.

Utilizing one of a precious stock of matches, we built a fire, and soon had the birds spitting and roasting merrily. A little stream near by, that we had crossed on a fallen log, furnished us with the best of liquor to wash down our repast, and a liberal supply of bananas and coconuts answered for dessert.

The next morning we were making our way as usual to the northwest, and were progressing rather better than ordinarily, the forest growth being less dense as we neared the mountains.

Our progress, although necessarily slow, was still quite perceptible, and after a few days we camped among the foot-hills. How well I remember the little glen where we rested that night. On three sides the rocky cliff rose a sheer hundred feet, bare and gaunt, and almost as straight as masonry. A large cavern opened at the rear of the glen, from which issued a gurgling, prattling little brook of the most delicious water. Indeed, had it not been for the brook, we should never have found this quiet camp, for a huge detached column of rock concealed the entrance almost entirely.

Once inside the little glen, we gathered wood and built a fire.

As we had started for a hunting trip on that memorable day, which brought with it our involuntary exile, we were still well supplied with ammunition for our revolvers.

The firelight shone far into the cavern, but revealed nothing except the dashing waters of the stream, and I lay down to rest, feeling almost as safe as if at home.

The natives villages seemed to be all near the coast, and Karl could not discern a single sign of human life that evening, as he gazed as usual over the landscape. So it was almost as a matter of form alone that he mounted guard, while I sank to rest on my soft spring mattress of boughs.

Poor fellow! He was slighter than I, and the exposure and hard labor of cutting through the forest had tired him terribly. I was almost tempted to exchange places with him this night and let him have the first nap; but I soon reflected that he would be fresher for the next day's work if we followed our usual arrangement. While I was thinking about it and looking into the fire, his form seemed to waver and grow hazy, and I fell asleep.

I awoke with a strange, terrible feeling of oppression to find a large, broad shouldered, big-whiskered native sitting astride my chest, while two others were quietly knotting a strong, twisted vine around my wrists and ankles. Just in front of me I saw, swung up on the sturdy back of a six-foot native, the trussed-up form of Karl. As soon as I was properly secured, I was slung up in the same manner, and we started off. It was a few moments before I sufficiently recovered my senses to realize where I was and what

was going on, and when in a measure I regained my mental equipoise, I made a strange discovery. I have said that the "old man of the mountain," who was calmly sitting on my chest when I awoke, had a heavy, bushy beard. But this was not the only peculiarity comprising in his personal make-up. As I was tossed upon his back, I saw a neat little tail, about a foot long, apparently growing from the base of his spinal column. Glancing at the others in the party, I found that one and all were similarly endowed. Were they men? Or had we fallen into the hands of a troop of monkeys? Either way, it made little difference, I thought, as our bones would soon be whitening under the tropic sun. I had little time to look around, for our captors entered the cavern at once, and the light from the fire faded away in the distance behind us, until it became a mere glowing star afar off, and finally disappeared altogether.

We could see nothing, but the constant plashing and tinkle of the streamlet told us that our captors were following up its course. Hour after hour passed away, and still the steady march was kept up. Occasional guttural sounds were exchanged among our bearers and the escort, but as a general rule a perfect silence was maintained.

I think it must have been about noon when we made a halt. Although our bonds were not loosened, we were carefully fed and treated to refreshing draughts of the cool, sweet water. This looked favorable, and we cheered up a little. As we had not been gagged, a little conversation was possible on the way, and Karl confessed, with much contrition, that he had fallen asleep at his post, and allowed us to become the victims of a surprise. I could not blame the poor fellow, for he had been completely overcome by fatigue. So I told him not to mind it, but keep up a good heart, for we could at least die together like men. After a short halt the procession started again. The leaders lighted torches now, and in the dim light which they gave, our bearers made their way over stones and through pools of water, sometimes crouching almost on all fours, then again walking erect as the cavern ceiling receded. At last a bright star appeared ahead, and as we drew nearer, the rays gleamed brighter and brighter, till at last we came out in broad daylight.

The spot where we emerged seemed to be the bottom of a great well. High up on either side rose the gaunt, rough cliff, till nothing but a narrow ribbon of sky could be discerned. I have called it a well, but I suppose canon would be a more correct term, as we found when we were carried along farther. It was a cleft in the mountain, and just wide enough to afford a narrow and uneven path along the brookside. Here we halted for the night. Karl and I were duly and liberally supplied with provision and fruit, and a cushion of soft boughs was provided for our bed. Thus far, we had met with kind treatment in all save the restriction upon our liberty, and as we were completely worn out, we fell asleep in the midst of our enemies with the trustfulness of childhood.

We were awakened at dawn, and the bonds about our legs released, but we were obliged to walk in single file along the narrow path. It was only a short uphill jaunt before we reached a small pool where the little stream found its source. Scirting the stones, we clambered up over the farther bank, and then commenced a descent. We twisted and turned and doubled on our tracks, climbed over small obstacles, and took detours around large obstructions, until at last, just before dusk, we reached a spot where we saw spread out before us a beautiful sight. We stood on the edge of a lofty cliff. Two hundred feet below, the feathery tops of the palm brushed against its rocky face, and the dark green leaves seemed like billows of an ocean of foliage. Here and there were glimpses of water, shining silver-white like molten lead, or touched with golden fire by the descending sun. About a mile away was a most charming lake dotted with islands, and far across the valley were the snowy caps of a sister range of mountains. As we walked on the scene dissolved as though shifted on the slides of a magic lantern, and we continued our descent. It was a long and arduous task, but our captors seemed resolved to complete it that night at all hazards. When it became dark, torches were lighted, and we kept on until finally we entered the forest.

It was only a few steps, seemingly, before we saw ladders made of fiber dangling from the lofty trees all around us. With a double escort, we mounted the one pointed out to us, and were soon snugly ensconced in what seemed a huge bee-hive, or thatched bird's nest, firmly built among the higher branches. Here we passed the night. In the morning we descended with our guards, and were marched off again through the forest; but this time we were surrounded by a swarm of these strange natives, who chattered incessantly among themselves, evidently making all sorts of comments upon our personal appearance.

Little and big, male and female, all rejoiced in the same caudal appendage, the lack of which in their prisoners evidently struck them as a matter of wonder and amusement. About noon we reached the shores of the lake, and here most of our escort left us, a few of our original captors still remaining. A long canoe lay almost concealed among the thick rushes at the water's edge, and into this we were pushed, and then paddled out into the lake. Our guards, like the rest of this strange people, wore only a breech-clout, and were covered with a growth of light,

downy hair, not nearly so marked as the thick-matted growth on the bodies of their monkey brothers. All were well-built, athletic fellows, and they propelled us over the water at considerable speed. We darted along, now skirting the shore of some little island, then crossing a belt of clear water, and then again gliding through a narrow passage between the clustering islets. At last we reached our destination, and were landed on what seemed the largest island of the lake. Here our coming caused the greatest commotion, and troops of these strange beings assembled from all quarters, running up and down their ladders like disturbed inhabitants of an ant-hill. Our guards conducted us to another "bee-hive" for our night's rest. What were they going to do with us? Since we had found our lives spared, we had never ceased to puzzle over this question. Could it be that the usual maneristic conditions were to be reversed, and that men were to become a traveling show for monkeys? With the dawn of day came a partial solution of the mystery. Embarking again, we set out in the midst of a large number of canoes, well loaded down with their human (?) freight. One craft was evidently a great object of interest to the tribe, and the calm, white-whiskered old personage who sat in the stern, clothed in a bright red tunic, seemed to be treated with great reverence and looked up to by all. When we landed opposite the shore we had left the day before, the patriarch gave a few commands in a guttural tongue. Three or four stalwart fellows immediately responded, and cutting the ropes which secured our hands, each wrist was firmly grasped, and we were run along into the edge of the forest. Here we were thrown into a large cage formed of rails of some tough, heavy wood, almost as hard as iron. Our dirk knives had been carefully taken away, but for some unknown reason they had left us our revolvers and our small but precious stock of cartridges. Once in the cage, the door was securely fastened by driving down several posts in front of it, and then the natives disappeared, leaving us alone. Looking around our prison, we found in its center a jar of water, and near by several clusters of bananas, a few coconuts, and some small water-like cakes of coarse bread. This did not look like starvation, and we felt somewhat reassured; but a further search brought out some ghastly developments. Opposite the door, and fixed on the wall of the cage, was a grinning skull, and following a line of the same height around the cage, we saw no less than nine of these horrible monuments.

It only remained a problem now, what death we were to die, and we awaited without a ray of hope some new and final phase of the situation.

Just as night fell, a solitary native drew near and threw inside the bars a junk of raw meat. As the darkness came on we crouched together in the center of the cage, and awaited our fate in silence, too frightened to move. Suddenly there came a mighty roar, and some dark, massive body dashed against the side of the cage, almost crushing in the wry bars. It was a lion of the largest kind, and his eyes blazed like glowing stars, as he tore away at the cage in his endeavors to get at the meat inside. His furious roaring was answered from all quarters, and hundreds of fiery eyes glared upon us from every side, until the whole forest around seemed sprinkled with glittering sparks. Lions, panthers, and leopards dashed at the cage, or hurled themselves down from the branches upon it, till it seemed that no structure could stand against the terrible force of their attacks. They clustered around us so close that we could almost feel their hot breath, and thrust their long paws through the bars, almost reaching us as we lay on the ground beneath. We could not rise to throw out the offensive meat, for to do so would be certain and immediate destruction; and so the long watches of the night wore on, until at last, after seeming ages of torture, the first faint light of the moon appeared through the tree-tops. This revealed dimly the figures of the beasts outside, and we determined to have a shot or two at our foes. Raising my revolver, I took a careful aim at the glowing eyeball of a panther, who was crouching above us on the top of the cage. The crack of the revolver was followed by a terrible blood-curdling yell, and the panther dropped dead on the bars. His body was quickly dragged off and devoured by his companions, and the taste of blood made them fiercer than ever. They shook the bars of the cage, and reached in their paws till their claws tore through the ground almost at our sides.

One leopard got a claw through Karl's shoe and stripped it off, cutting deep gashes in his foot. He became a victim to his greed, however, for Karl seriously wounded him with a lucky bullet, and he was torn in pieces at once by the savage brutes.

Several more of our enemies were shot, and day dawned, finding us still alive, but almost maniacs, after our night of horrors.

Our brute enemies withdrew with the morning light, leaving the last victim, a leopard, lying where he fell. Noon came and found us busy digging, with one of the skulls for a spade, a deep hole in the center of the cage, to creep into for refuge in the night to come.

Just at dusk the same native put in an appearance, carrying in one hand a rude wooden cross. He seemed thunderstruck at finding us alive and the cage unbroken, and stood looking at us fixedly.

A queer idea flashed into my mind on seeing the cross, and I put it into immediate execution. I took our last few matches from my pocket,



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MARQUIS TSENG
CHINESE AMBASSADOR AT PARIS.



AURACAMAN TYPES.

and moistening my finger, rubbed it over the phosphorus and drew a cross upon my forehead. How it seems to burn and smoke, and what a curious wavering glow it gives. The effect was instantaneous. The native fell on his face on the ground, and then rising to his knees, gave a curious, crooning cry, followed by a piercing whistle. At once the edge of the wood was alive with this curious people.

The stakes before the door were torn up, and we were brought out, raised high in the arms of sturdy bearers, and carried to the water.

All along the way the path was lined with natives on their knees, singing a quaint, crooning chant, and it seemed like a triumphal procession. The king received us at the water's edge, and seated us at his side in the canoe of state.

I need say but little, and that briefly, of our further experiences. How we found a people who were able to understand their monkey neighbors, as well as the savage "humans" near them, and formed the "missing link" between the two. How we gradually learned the language of this strange people, and how we aided them to repulse an incursion of their bloodthirsty neighbors from the coast, by bringing the "lightning and thunderbolt" of our little gods (or revolvers) to devour the foremost of their enemies, causing the rest to flee in terror. But the secret of their veneration for the cross we finally gained. It seemed that far back in the dim ages of their history, perhaps as long ago as the thirteenth or fourteenth century, a band of wandering Christians, numbering among them two knights, were cast upon the shores of New Guinea, driven far out of their course by the wild sea waves. At that time, all the southern shore of the islands belonged to this race of beings, and the shipwrecked crew fell into their hands. All were murdered except the two knights, who, protected by their armor, fought so long and valiantly that their assailants finally desisted in order to grant a truce and secure the two heroes as allies. The knights lived long among them, fighting their battles and gaining their love and respect. The natives heard the story of the cross for the first time, and though it never made much impression upon their shallow minds, the *symbol* grew to be respected, as having attached to it the prowess of the invincible knights. One of the knights had carved upon the rocky headland the emblems which I had discovered, hoping they might bring help at some time. After two years, as I have said, Karl and I finally persuaded the natives to guide us to the northwestern shore, or at least to the peaks of the mountain range, which at that point approached the coast quite closely. Here we watched for a sail, and when at last the long-expected white speck showed upon the distant horizon, we pushed our way through the jungle to the shore. On the beach we lit a fire, hoisted a white flag, and our efforts were rewarded by the sight of a ship being hauled to, and a boat putting off for the shore. Two hours later we stood on the deck of the British ship "Nelson," and in due course of time landed in Hong Kong. We had promised to return to our long-tailed friends; but I must acknowledge that this was a stratagem justified by the old adage, "All's fair in love or war," and from that day to this I have never set eyes or foot on the island of New Guinea. As for Karl, he is now a well-to-do burger in old Amsterdam.

FRANK M. FORBUSH

MY SATURDAYS.

(Concluded)

III.

Of course I did not like to visit Mead Cottage again in a hurry, as if I were anxious to hear what had happened in my absence; but I had not very long to wait. Mrs. Roper was one of those unfortunate persons whose mind and body act and react upon each other so closely that it is always open to kind friends to call their mental sufferings indigestion, and their bodily ailments "nerves." She was at Church on Sunday, but on Monday she was prostrate, and was very unwell for two or three days. Cherry ostentatiously blamed the damp, and I privately blamed Cherry. She would not send for me while her mother was actually ill, and there certainly was no occasion, as she was herself the cleverest and tenderest of nurses; but on Thursday I had a note from her asking me to spend the whole of the next day with them, and mentioning that I should have to go round by the road, as the little foot bridge was now quite under water.

"One more such victory and you are undone, my poor friend," I remarked that Friday afternoon after I had enjoyed Mrs. Roper's narrative of her encounter with Mr. Goldthorpe. It has taken too much out of you."

"What does that matter?" she said. "It has given Cherry time to think again; and she only needs time for thought. My child could not do such a thing deliberately. This little illness of mine has been a fortunate thing. It has given us both occupation, and allowed us to hold our tongues. We should have vexed each other if we had been shut up together these wet days and obliged to talk."

We were sitting in the drawing-room, Mrs. Roper reclining, invalid fashion, in an easy chair well lined with pillows, and wrapped in a large white shawl. Suddenly a loud knock came to the door. She startled and flushed painfully.

"It is that man again," she said. Oh, I did not think it would have been so soon!"

"Let me tell him that you are too unwell to see him," I said, making a move toward the door; but she stopped me.

"He does not want to see me; it is Cherry; and I promised that he should see her, if she chose. He must come in."

As we were speaking the door was opened. It was Mr. Goldthorpe who had knocked, and he did ask only for Cherry; but it never occurred to stupid little Jane to do anything but show him into the drawing-room, while she went in great excitement to tell her. Of course he fell into a confusion of apologies and explanations when he saw the state of affairs; but he did not offer the best of all possible apologies by taking himself away. On the contrary, he discoursed about his journey to Paris, until Cherry appeared. She looked flushed and serious and greeted him quietly.

After about ten minutes of company talk, she said:—

"You will excuse me, I am sure, Mr. Goldthorpe, but now that mamma is so unwell she is my first object; and when you arrived I was going a little cooking for her which I cannot leave to the servant. I must go back and see to it."

"Certainly," answered Mr. Goldthorpe; "don't mind me, I beg. I shall feel gratified by your not standing upon ceremony with me, and I am sure Mrs. Roper must feel an appetite for food cooked by your hands."

"Then I will say good-bye," said Cherry, holding out her hand.

"But aren't you coming back I don't mind waiting. I only came from Paris this morning, and I have come down here at once to see you." His voice grew quite piteous.

"Oh, yes, I am coming back," said Cherry, glancing at her mother rather uncertainly. "But, you see, we are a little put out just at present."

Mrs. Roper's hospitable instincts now came uppermost.

"Suppose, dear, you combine that cookery for me with tea for everybody. Mr. Goldthorpe needs some refreshment, I am sure, after his tiring day, and Mrs. Singleton likes to get home early."

There was general acquiescence. Cherry departed to her household cares, and Mr. Goldthorpe and I talked Paris with redoubled vigor. In about half an hour a pleasant and substantial meal appeared, over which Cherry presided. Her lover expanded in the presence of his goddess; he was radiant with good humor, paid compliments all round, especially to her, and actually told some anecdotes, at which he laughed very loudly himself. Cherry smiled amiably, and I thought of the days when she would know them all by heart, and have to laugh as dutifully the seventh time of hearing as the first.

After tea she sang us a couple of pretty songs, and Mr. Goldthorpe sat by the piano and beat time. If there is any practice calculated to drive a singer distracted it is that; and Cherry's forehead wrinkled, and she left out a verse of her song.

"That's the sort of singing I like in a lady," he remarked when she had finished. "No fuss about it, no screaming or running all about the place; but just a pretty little song that you can enjoy after dinner. When I want professionals, I can pay for them."

This dubious compliment perhaps accounted for the slight bang with which Cherry shut the piano; and I rose to say good-night, knowing that Mrs. Roper must be tired, and hoping that Mr. Goldthorpe would follow my example and postpone his proposal to a more favorable opportunity.

"I shall see you safe on the high road," said Cherry decisively. "Our lane is not in a state for you to travel by yourself in the dark. I'll get the lantern."

She speedily reappeared, cloaked and bearing the lantern, and of course, Mr. Goldthorpe could do nothing else but offer to carry it. We started off, but did not go far. We had barely gone round the corner of the house when a lapping sound close by startled us. Mr. Goldthorpe held the lantern lower, and it gleamed upon water lying on the ground walk. He held it higher, and it gleamed upon water covering the whole path, and we could hear the stream gurgling through the gate at the end.

"The flood must have risen tremendously fast," said Cherry. "Why, you came through this way three hours ago, Mr. Goldthorpe?"

"Upon my word, I couldn't have believed it," he said, much perturbed. "I never guessed anything of this sort was likely to happen."

"I wonder if I could wade it," I speculated. "Impossible," said Cherry decisively. "The ground rather falls than rises beyond the garden gate as far as the first turn of the lane. You would find the water deeper the further you went."

"And we could not manage the boat in the dark?"

"We could not get to it. It is laid up—as we thought, high and dry—on the mound near the shrubbery, and there is a stream between us and it now."

"Then, what is to be done?" asked Mr. Goldthorpe.

"There is only one thing to be done," Cherry answered gaily. "You must resign yourselves to circumstances and be our prisoners for tonight. We'll put up somehow—you must not be too particular—and in the morning if you can't make your escape in our own boat we shall easily be able to signal some one to bring us a punt."

"I, for one, shall be contented to be a prisoner to so fair a jailer," said Mr. Goldthorpe gallantly.

I reappeared in the house, feeling somewhat discomfited, but Cherry and her lover were in high spirits. Explanations were made to Mrs. Roper, whom Cherry insisted on taking off to bed; and after she had disposed of her for the night arrangements for the accommodation of her unexpected guests kept her busy away from us. Mr. Goldthorpe, sitting alone in the drawing-room with me, began to look on the shady side of his imprisonment.

"I suppose we are sure to be able to get a boat in the morning?" he questioned anxiously.

"It depends upon whether any come this way or not, I should say," I replied. "I must say I cannot think what is to bring them."

"But if I don't get a boat I can't get back to town, and I must be at my office at twelve tomorrow. I have a most important engagement."

"Then I hope you will get a boat."

"At any rate, this sort of thing can't last. The river will go down as fast as it came up, I daresay."

"Floods have been known to last three weeks without abating," I told him for his encouragement. I was willing that Cherry should see how cross he could be. In spite of his fine speeches he was rapidly falling into that state of mind, and when Cherry announced that our rooms were ready he made no attempt to detain her for the *deu à deu* which now at length was possible, but took his candle, and marched away gloomily to his chamber. Cherry gave me her room, and went to her mother's; but I did not sleep very well in her little white bed, for the river whirled confusedly through my dreams.

With the first gleam of daylight I was at the window, and looked out upon a sea of brown waters. I afterward learned that a weir had burst, which accounted for the rapid rise. The water was up to the very walls of the house, and flowing past it in a strong stream. Evidently, there was no possibility of escape from within. Was there any of rescue from without?

I did not feel very cheerful as I went down to breakfast, nor did Mr. Goldthorpe look so. He was standing at the dining-room window watching for boats.

"This is a bad business, ma'am," he said as I came in.

"I hope there is nothing worse before us than a few hours in comfortable quarters and pleasant society," I replied, trying to be cheerful.

"As to society there can be no doubt; the quarters are not quite the same thing. Had it, you know, ma'am, is a second nature, and I must own that I find it difficult to dispense with certain little comforts."

At this juncture Cherry entered, followed by Jane with a tray, and I must say that Mr. Goldthorpe did full justice to the little comforts that were still at his disposal. Mrs. Roper was reported not so well, having had a wakeful night, and I knew to what to attribute it.

Would Mr. Goldthorpe use his opportunity? No man ever had a better. Here he was, shut up with his lady-love for hours, her mother safe out of the way, and her other chaperon frequently sitting with the invalid. I knew at least one other who would have cared little in such a situation for floods outside and business in London, but thought himself in paradise. Mr. Goldthorpe was of a different opinion. He kept perpetually shifting over to the window, looking out for the boat that never came, and interrupting all attempts at talk or occupation.

"It's no use, Mr. Goldthorpe," said Cherry at last. "Nothing seems to pass us except some poor man's turnips. You'd better occupy yourself in fishing for them. We may be thankful to have them for dinner in a day or two."

"For dinner?"

"Well, seriously, things look somewhat blue. We have very little room for keeping anything in this house, and we get most things in small quantities. The butcher was to have called this very day, and unless he takes a boat to us now we shall be short commons at dinner time. The only things that we have a good supply of are flour, bacon, tea and jam."

"We can't starve, at any rate," I remarked, much relieved by the presence of tea on the list.

"But one can't live on flour and bacon," said Mr. Goldthorpe in dismay.

"Flour can be made into bread, and I shall proceed to effect the conversion if necessary," laughed Cherry. "If we can't live on bread, bacon and tea, for a day or two, we must be Sybarites."

"One need not be a Sybarite to object to living like a farm laborer," Mr. Goldthorpe muttered. "Really, when one lives in such a place, one should make provision for what may happen."

Cherry did not reply, but left the room rather offended. By-and-by she recovered her temper and her sense of duty toward Mr. Goldthorpe. She returned to the drawing-room and tried with all her might to entertain him. She sang to him until he got up and walked to the window, yawning and looking out for boats. She played cribbage with him until he grew tired of beating her and she grew tired of being beaten. She took her work and waited for him to begin making love to her, but he never began. In the intense *cunni* of that day the poor girl did ample penance for the sin of her flirtation with him.

At last, about the middle of the afternoon, an idea struck her.

"If you are so very anxious to go, Mr. Gold-

thorpe, can't you make an attempt to get the boat? It is only at the other side of the shrubbery, tied up, and the oars are in the house. I don't think the water can be above your knees anywhere between us and it, and once you had got to it you would be all right."

"Let me tell you, Miss Roper," he replied ill-temperedly, "that it is not so easy to walk in a current of water up to one's knees; I should probably lose my footing. And when I had got the boat, it would be of no use. I am not accustomed to rowing, especially in such awkward places as this. I should certainly be upset and drowned, and I prefer the chance of being starved."

Cherry subsided, and the day dragged through without any heroic attempt at remedy. We had what I should have thought a nice and sufficient little dinner, but for Mr. Goldthorpe's scarcely disguised disgust; and we ladies enjoyed an hour's peace while he slept after it. We all went to bed early, and if ever girl looked utterly fagged and worn out it was Cherry Roper on the night of that wet Saturday which was to have been her betrothal day.

IV.

Morning dawned, and a dreary light spread slowly over a dreary scene. We had agreed that ten o'clock would be quite soon enough for breakfast, and about that hour I wended my way down stairs. The hall door was open, and Mr. Goldthorpe stood at it, staring out dismally at the prospect and keeping up his everlasting watch for boats. So far from falling, the flood had risen in the night, and it was now nearly up to the step. Marked only by the tops of submerged hedges and palls, the brown water stretched in front of us over miles of country. We could not tell how far it spread, for trees bounded our view, but under and around every visible object there was the dull gleam of water. The trees swayed in the current across the meadows, the pines dipped their needles into the quiet stream that overflowed the shrubberies, distant roofs seemed to rise out of the river and we could hear a faint howling as of cows in distress. Every now and then something indistinguishable would float down the main stream, too far away for us to make out what it might be, though we strained our eyes; but never came a boat. Indeed, none could have come by way of the river; it would have been impossible for any to have lived in such a current. The sky was heavy and looked full of rain, and there seemed no reason why the flood should ever go down.

It was not a cheerful sight, and I turned from it to meet Cherry in the dining-room.

"Breakfast is ready," she said. "We have eaten all our bread, and so I have made some hot cakes. But matters are growing serious. I find Jane was mistaken in telling me that she had plenty of flour; we have only about as much left as I have used this morning. The moral of this is—to-morrow we shall probably starve."

"I don't think we shall be left to starve," I said, as cheerfully as I could; people will be sure to remember what a predicament we must be in."

"I don't know who there is to think much about us," said Cherry, drearily. "And that boat lying there, a few yards off! Oh, if we only had a man with us, instead of a fool!"

The fool was summoned to breakfast and told the state of affairs, and that it was necessary to make our provisions go as far as we could. He only replied that of course a boat would come, and it was nonsense to starve ourselves; he, for one, was not going to do it. And accordingly, while Cherry and I only ate enough to keep us going, he made extra havoc among the precious cakes, by way of protest against our abstinence. Cherry's patience at last gave way, and when he made a momentary pause she rose from the table and carried away the dish. Mr. Goldthorpe glared after her.

"Polite, upon my word!" he remarked.

I could not stand any more of him just then, and left the room. I was going up stairs when I heard a sudden call from Cherry in the kitchen. I hurried to her; she was standing at the back door, with clasped hands and gleaming eyes.

"A boat!" she cried. "A boat, coming here!" I looked where she pointed, and through one of the bare hedges could see something moving in a neighboring field.

"Let us call," I said. "It may not come to us."

"It is coming," said Cherry. "Don't you trouble."

"I wonder who it can be!" I remarked innocently.

She turned and flashed a look at me. "A friend of yours," she said, her eyes dancing with fun, "come to take you home to luncheon. There'll be all the more cakes for Mr. Goldthorpe's tea."

The boatman knew his way, apparently. He was feeling along the hedge for a thin place, where he could force his boat through, for of course it was impossible to open any gates. We could hear him breaking away boughs. Presently there appeared among the thorns what proved to be the bow of a light river gig, and slowly the inmate pushed and pulled himself and his boat through. The instant that he had done so, however, he was in the full current of the stream which flowed past the lawn; his boat was whirled round and swept away toward the river. He had been obliged to draw in his oars when passing her through the hedge, and now he could not at once get them into use. In that moment, how far he had been carried! Could he

recover himself! We watched helplessly and breathlessly. There was not only the danger of the boat's being carried into the river, but of its being wrecked against something under water, which he could not see or know of. But he knew his ground. He let the stream carry him past the garden and out into the meadow beyond. There, of course, the current was slack and he easily pulled aside out of it into the comparatively quiet water where he could turn his boat round. We had rushed to one of the upstairs windows, and could see the incidents of the perilous little voyage. Without encountering the stream a second time, the oarsman made his way into the garden through a weak place in the hedge at the bottom, as he had broken in from the field, and slowly poled himself up between the rose bushes. By that time the whole household was gathered at the door to welcome Hugh Carfield. Of course it was he; Cherry had known it from the first, and I had not been long in guessing who was most likely to have come to our rescue.

"Are you all well?" shouted the young man almost before he was within speaking distance. "All well," responded Mr. Goldthorpe, with an air of responsibility. I hope you have brought us provisions."

"Everything I could think of that would go in my boat," answered Hugh, bringing it up to the steps.

"You see I was right," said Mr. Goldthorpe, turning round to us. "I told you that a boat would come, and that such measures as Miss Roper proposed this morning were quite unnecessary. But young ladies always like to do the heroic."

It was so provoking that he had been right that if I had not been so hungry myself I could almost have wished that relief had not come so soon. But by this time Mrs. Roper was shaking hands with our deliverer.

"I don't know how to thank you, Dr. Carfield, she said, "for coming to help us—and at such risk, too!"

"Don't take too much to yourself, mamma," laughed Cherry. "Dr. Carfield would never have left Mr. Singleton to starve." Then, in a lower tone, she added, as he clasped her hand. "It was good of you to come. I was never so glad of anything in my life as to see your boat behind the hedge."

Hugh could find nothing nice to say, of course—Englishmen never can when they are the heroes of the situation—so he only asked how we had fared. After we had related our experiences (or some of them) a council of war was held, at which it was promptly and unanimously decided that Hugh should return to the town and send punts at once to remove the whole party, the men being provided with hatchets to cut away the gates which blocked the lane. Mrs. Roper and Cherry would return with me to my house. He departed, taking a more circuitous and safer route than that by which he had come. Cherry watched him out of sight; and then we made a hasty but very cheerful supplement to our short breakfast, and proceeded to devote ourselves to the task of packing up what they needed to take with them, and putting the house in a state to be left empty. We were so absorbed in our work that we never heard the arrival of the first punt. The sound of voices outside, however, drew us to the house door just in time to see it pushing off, with Mr. Goldthorpe seated inside. When he caught sight of us he waved his hand and called out:—

"Excuse my not saying goodby, ladies; important business—must catch the next train; your boat will be up in a minute."

Cherry stood for a moment in speechless indignation, then burst out laughing.

"He is gone," she cried. "Hurrah! I never was so rejoiced to see any one's back. The Old Man of the Sea was a joke to him; Michael Scott's familiar spirit was a pleasant companion. He is the worst incubus that ever set of unfortunate women had on their shoulders for two interminable days!" Then turning to her mother, she added with intense gravity, "I am quite satisfied now, mamma, that I did right in discouraging Mr. Goldthorpe. You must see for yourself that it never would have done."

That was Cherry Roper's only peccavi, but it was quite enough for her mother. I doubt that even Hugh got much more out of her at any time; but if she kept her contrition to herself, and made confession to nobody, she at any rate made ample satisfaction for her fit of worldliness. For when Mr. Goldthorpe recovered himself and wrote a formal proposal of marriage she refused him with equal formality, and a month or two later her engagement to Hugh Carfield was announced. He is not exactly a poor man, but he is not likely ever to be a rich one; yet Cherry seems to be perfectly contented. She herself accounts for it by saying that the great merit of a doctor as a husband is that you don't have enough of his society to get tired of him.—The Argosy.

ADOPTING A GRANDPA.

An old man, not ragged but clad in old and faded and time worn garments, and moving with feeble steps and weary air, sat down under a tree on John B street the other day to rest a bit. Three or four children were playing in the yard at his back, and directly a mite of a girl looked through the fence and asked:

"Would you hurt a little girl?" "Bless me, no!" he replied. "By, I'd even step aside to pass a bug or a v. No, child, I wouldn't hurt a hair in road for all the money in the world."

"Are you anybody's grandpa?" she inquired, as the other children crowded up.

"No, not now, child. There was a time—dear me! but it hurts my heart to remember it—when children called me grandpa. It was years ago—years and years, but I can almost hear their voices yet."

"Be you crying?"

"No-no. The tears will spring up as I recall the past, but I'm not crying. There are days when I can't keep 'em back—nights when I am a child, but I'm trying to be strong just now."

"I guess I'll come out and see you. My doll's broke her neck and is 'most dead."

"Come right along, child! I used to mend legs and necks when the children brought their dolls to me."

The little one passed through the gate and sat down beside the poor old man, and while he sought to save the life of the "most dead" doll by the means of a stick and a string the child observed:

"You must be quite old, grandpa; you are all skin and bones."

"Old? Bless you, yes. I was eighty-one only a week or two ago. Yes, I am poor in flesh as well as in purse."

"So your grand-children had dolls, eh?"

"Yes, dear—dolls and toys and fine clothes and books and everything they wanted. I was rich then."

"And did they comb your hair?"

"Oh, yes."

"And sing to you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess I'll sing you a song, for I'm going to ask ma if I can't adopt you as my grandpa. You must excuse my voice, for I swallowed a pin the other day and ma expects it to work out of my shoulder in the fall. I guess I'll sing about the three little graves. Don't look at me or I shall forget."

And in a voice of full of childish quavers and frequently stopping, as if to swallow some of the words, she sang:—

Under an elm tree three little graves—
Under the soil my children three;
The years may pass, but my heart will grieve
And sorrow will ever rest with me.

Under the elm I walked to-day,
I looked—

"Why, grandpa, the tears are just running down your cheeks!"

"Y-yes, child—I can't help it! My poor old life is full of graves and griefs!"

"Is your wife dead?"

"Long ago, child."

"And all the children?"

"Dead or scattered. I am all alone."

"Well, that's funny. You can wipe your eyes on my apron, if you want to."

"Here's your doll—good as new."

"That's nice. If I should adopt you I'd keep you mending dolls all the time. Have you got over crying?"

"Yes, child."

"Well, then, you must be hungry. I'm always hungry after a good cry. Wait a minute."

She ran into the house to return with a generous slice of bread and butter and a piece of meat, and as she handed the food to the old man she said:

"I've got to go in now, but we'll remember that I've adopted you as my grandpa. Don't cry any more and come back to-morrow. Good-by, grandpa!"

"Good-by!"

And men who passed by saw an old man with his face in his hands to hide his tears, and when they asked the matter a child who stood by explained:

"Why, sir, he's crying because he's all alone in the world and a little girl has adopted him."

TENNYSON'S EARLY FRIENDS.

I have heard them all speak of these London days when Alfred Tennyson lived in poverty with his friends and his golden dreams. He lived in the Temple, at 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields, and elsewhere.

It was about this time that Carlyle introduced Sir John Simeon to Tennyson one night at Bath House, and made the often-quoted speech, "There he sits upon a dung-heap surrounded by innumerable dead dogs;" by which dead dogs he meant "Ænone" and other Greek versions and adaptations. He had said the same thing of Landor and his Hellenics. "I was told of this," said Mr. Tennyson, "and some time after I repeated it to Carlyle; 'I'm told that is what you say of me.' He gave a kind of guffaw. 'Eh, that wasn't a very luminous description of you,' he answered."

The story is well worth retelling, so completely does it illustrate the grim humor and unalloyed candor of a dyspeptic man of genius, who flung words and epithets without malice, who neither realized the pain his chance sallies might give, nor the indelible flash which branded them upon people's memories.

The world has pointed its moral finger of late at the old man in his great old age, accusing himself in the face of all, and confessing the overpowering irritations which the suffering of a lifetime had laid upon him and upon her he loved. That old caustic man of deepest feeling, with an ill temper and a tender heart and a racking imagination, speaking from the grave, and bearing unto it that cross of passionate remorse which few among us dare to face, seems to some of us now a figure nobler and truer, a teacher greater far, than in the days when all

his pain and love and remorse were still hidden from us all.

Carlyle and Mr. Fitzgerald used to be often with Tennyson at that time. They used to dine together at the "Cock" tavern in the Strand among other places; sometimes Tennyson and Carlyle took long solitary walks late into the night.

THE SUBJECT OF "IN MEMORIAM."

Arthur Hallam was the same age as my own father, and born in 1811. When he died he was twenty-three; but he had lived long enough to show what his life might have been.

In the preface to a little volume of his collected poems and essays, published some time after his death, there is a pathetic introduction. "He seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world," writes his father; and a correspondent, who, I have been told, is Arthur Hallam's and Tennyson's common friend, Mr. Gladstone, and whose letter is quoted, says, with true feeling: "It has pleased God that in his death, as well as in his life and nature, he should be marked beyond ordinary men. When much time has elapsed, when most bereavements will be forgotten, he will still be remembered, and his place, I fear, will be felt to be still vacant; singularly as his mind was calculated by its native tendencies to work powerfully and for good, in an age full of import to the nature and destinies of man."

How completely these words have been carried out must strike us all now. The father lived to see the young man's unconscious influence working through his friend's genius, and reaching a whole generation unborn as yet on the day when he died. A lady, speaking of Arthur Hallam after his death, said to Mr. Tennyson, "I think he was perfect." "And so he was," said Mr. Tennyson, "as near perfection as a mortal man can be." Arthur Hallam was a man of remarkable intellect. He could take in the most difficult and abstruse ideas with an extraordinary rapidity and insight. On one occasion he began to work one afternoon, and mastered a difficult book of Descartes at one single sitting. In the preface to the Memorials Mr. Hallam speaks of this peculiar clearness of perception and facility of acquiring knowledge; but, above all, the father dwells on his son's undeviating sweetness of disposition and adherence to his sense of what was right. In the quarterlies and reviews of the time, his opinion is quoted here and there with a respect which shows in what esteem it was already held.

At the time Arthur Hallam died he was engaged to be married to a sister of the poet's. She was scarcely seventeen at the time. One of the sonnets, addressed by Arthur Hallam to his betrothed, was written when he began to teach her Italian.

"Lady, I bid thee to a sunny dome,
Ringing with echoes of Italian song;
Henceforth to thee these magic halls belong,
And all the pleasant place is like a home.
Hark, on the right, with full piano tone;
Old Dante's voice enircles all the air;
Hark yet again, like flute-tones mingling rare
Comes the keen sweetness of Patrarca's moan.
Pass thou the lute freely; without fear
Rest on the music. I do better know thee
Than to suspect this pleasure thou dost owe me
Will wrong thy gentle spirit, or make less dear
That element whence thou must draw thy life—
An English maiden and an English wife."

As we read the pages of this little book we come upon more than one happy moment saved out of the past, hours of delight and peaceful friendship, saddened by no foreboding, and complete in themselves.

"Alfred, I would that you beheld me now,
Sitting beneath an ivied, mossy wall,
Dilates immeasurable a wild of leaves,
Seeming received into the blue expanse
That vaults the summer moon."

There is something touching in the tranquil ring of the voice calling out in the summer noontide with all a young man's expansion.

It seemed to be but the beginning of a beautiful happy life, when suddenly the end came. Arthur Hallam was travelling with his father in Austria when he died very suddenly, with scarce a warning sign of illness. Mr. Hallam had come home and found his son, as he supposed, sleeping upon a couch; but it was death, not sleep. "Those whose eyes must long be dim with tears"—so writes the heart-stricken father—"brought him home to rest among his kindred and in his own country." They chose his resting-place in a tranquil spot on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel. He was buried in the chancel of Clevedon Church, in Somerset, by Clevedon Court, which had been his mother's early home.—MRS. TRACERAY-RITCHIE, in Harper's.

VARIETIES.

A book of Carlyle's notes is in preparation. A literary acquaintance was in the habit of sending him new books and magazines containing articles of special interest. Mr. Carlyle invariably returned them with characteristic annotations. It is proposed to publish a selection from these brief but pointed criticisms.

GABRIEL MAX's latest painting is at present exhibited at Munich where "The Vivisector" forms one of the chief attractions of the exhibition at the Odéon. The picture is said to be a marvel of technical execution, but the whole scene appears to be planned in order to create a sensation, which, like the artist's former works, it does not fail to do.

THE FIRESIDE.

I have tasted all life's pleasures, I have snatched at all its joys,
The dance's merry measures, and the revell's festive noise;
Though wit flashed bright the live-long night, and flowed the ruby tide,
I sighed for thee, I sighed for thee, my own fireside!

In boyhood's dreams I wandered far across the ocean's breast
In search of some bright earthly star, some happy isle of rest;
I little thought the bliss I sought in roaming far and wide
Was sweetly centred all in thee, my own fireside!

How sweet to turn at evening's close from all our cares away
And end in calm, serene repose the swiftly passing day!
The pleasant books, the smiling looks of sister or of bride,
All fairy ground doth make around one's own fireside!

"My lord" would never condescend to honor my poor hearth;
"His grace" would scorn a host or friend of more plebeian birth.
And yet the lords of human kind, whom man has deified
For ever meet in converse sweet around my fireside!

The poet sings his deathless songs, the sage his lore repeats,
The patriot tells his country's wrongs, the chief his warlike feats;
Though far away may be their clay, and gone their earthly pride,
Each godlike mind in books enshrined still haunts my fireside.

Oh! let me glance a moment through the coming crowd of years,
Their triumphs or their failures, their sunshine or their tears;
How poor or great may be my fate, I care not what betide,
So peace and love but hallow thee, my own fireside!

Still let me hold the vision close, and closer to my sight;
Still, in hopes elysian, but let my spirit wing its flight;
Still let me dream, life's shadowy stream may yield from out its tide,
A mind at rest, a tranquil breast, a quiet fireside!

D. F. MCCARTHY.

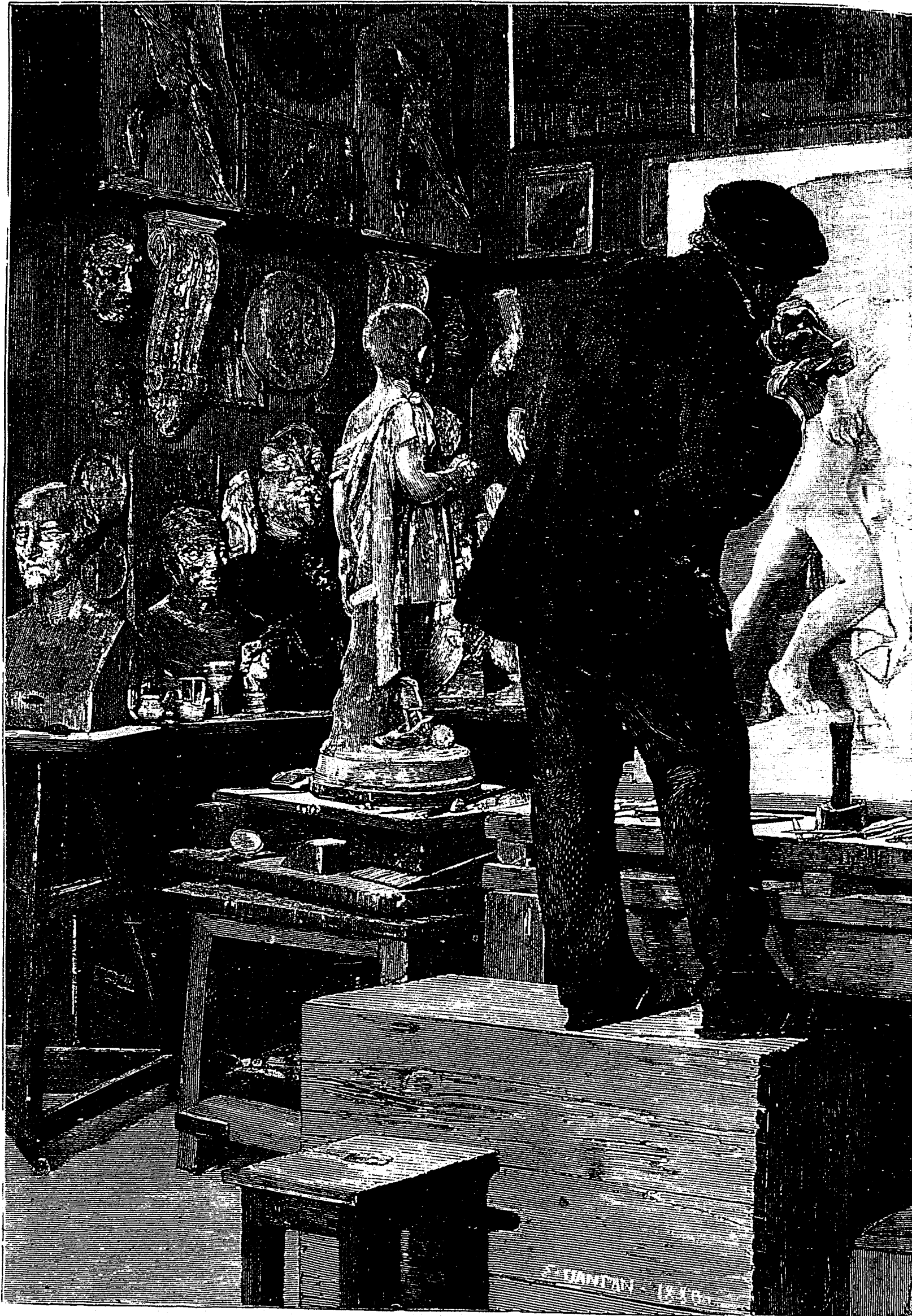
FOOT NOTES.

BOLD advertisement is the chief characteristic of the Augustan era of the drama. Mr. Augustus Harris has reached the highest pinnacle of fame in this respect. He actually tells us now what he thinks of the new play at Drury Lane, of which he is one of the authors. Augustus Harris says:—"By far the best drama I have ever been associated with." It is impossible to comment on this.

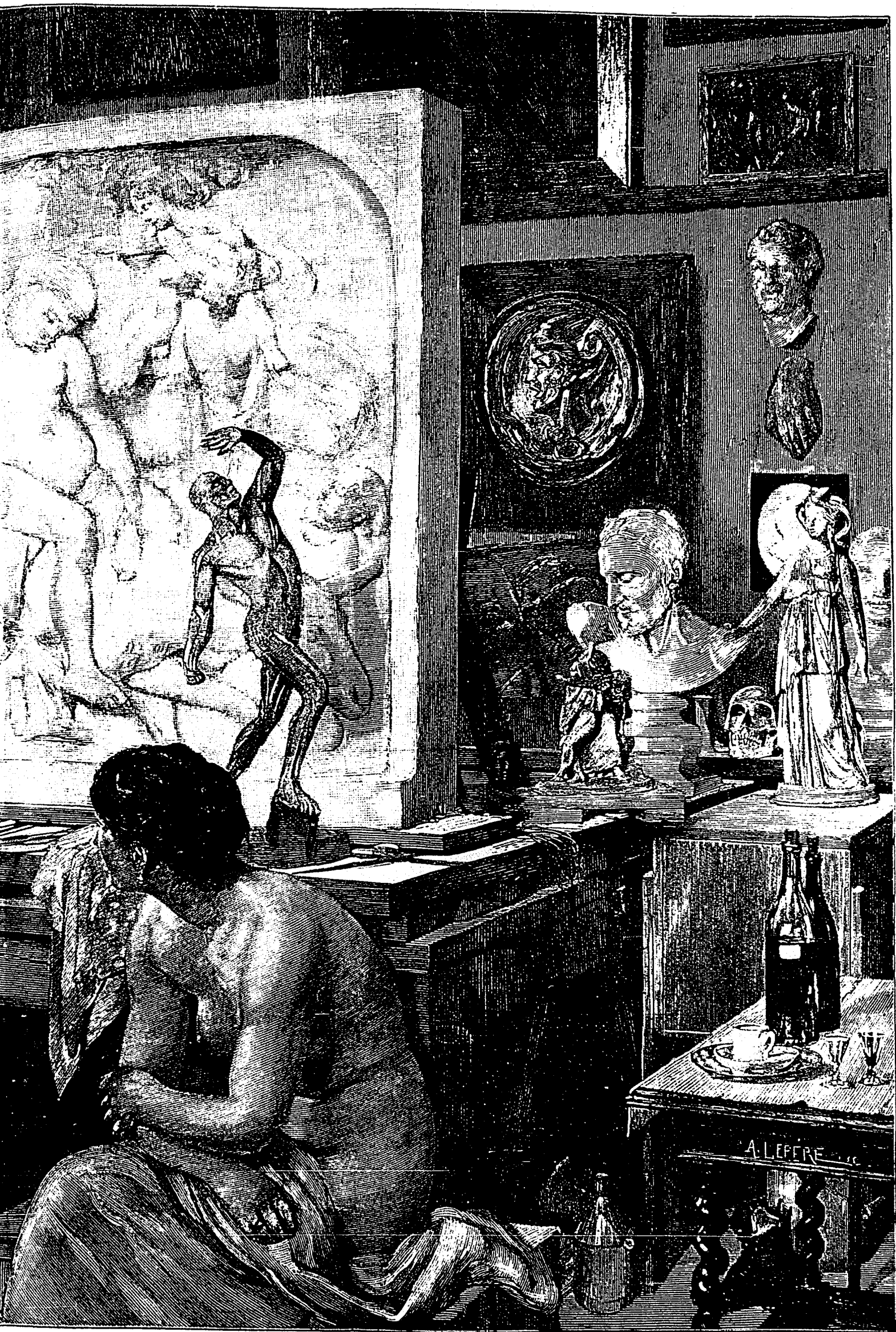
The project of raising a statue to Ratazzi, *L'homme fatal*, as he is called by French writers, is giving rise to great discussion and discussion throughout Italy. It seems that the lovely perennial Princess de Solens, the widow of Ratazzi, who, as she expresses herself in a letter to the committee formed for carrying out subscriptions for the work, "although never ceasing to regret the loss sustained by the death of that great and good man, has deemed it both politic and prudent to replace him," has been actively employed in furthering the undertaking, and has collected a goodly sum at Madrid, where she now resides as wife *en troisième nocce* of a grandee of Spain, high in office at the court. There never was a more striking example of the power of beauty than that afforded by the story of this fair daughter of Sir Thomas Wye. First married to the Prince de Solens, who died not long after the union, then for many years living a free and independent life in Paris, amply provided for by the Emperor, who was always remarkable for kindness to his relations, she was still young and beautiful enough to inspire the deepest attachment in Ratazzi, who frankly confessed that although himself long past the age of devotion to the fair sex, he would have been willing to give up all honors and distinction and retire from the world with her had she so willed it. The sacrifices of his time and the privacy of his life to the pleasures of society, to which she was always devoted, was, however, far greater; and people used to wonder when they beheld this grave and potent diplomatic seigneur displaying his attachment by attending his beautiful wife to every place of amusement in Paris. The lady's infirmity of deafness compelled him to express in a loud voice the admiration he could not control even in public, and the conversations carried on at the theatre between the husband and wife in a loud tone that all might hear used sometimes to fill the audience with glee. One night, when the Emperor and Empress were present at a gala performance at the opera, during one of the pauses in the orchestra the company were startled by an exclamation concerning the beauty of the Empress, uttered in an unconsciously loud tone by Madame Ratazzi, to which her husband replied by the compulsive shouting in her ear that she herself was far more beautiful than her Majesty. The publicity so unconsciously given to the observation produced, as might be expected, a boisterous roar of laughter amongst the audience in which their Majesties frankly joined, and the unconscious manner in which Ratazzi looked right and left for an explanation of the tumult excited redoubled merriment in the spectators.

PITTSFORD, Mass., Sept. 28, 1878.

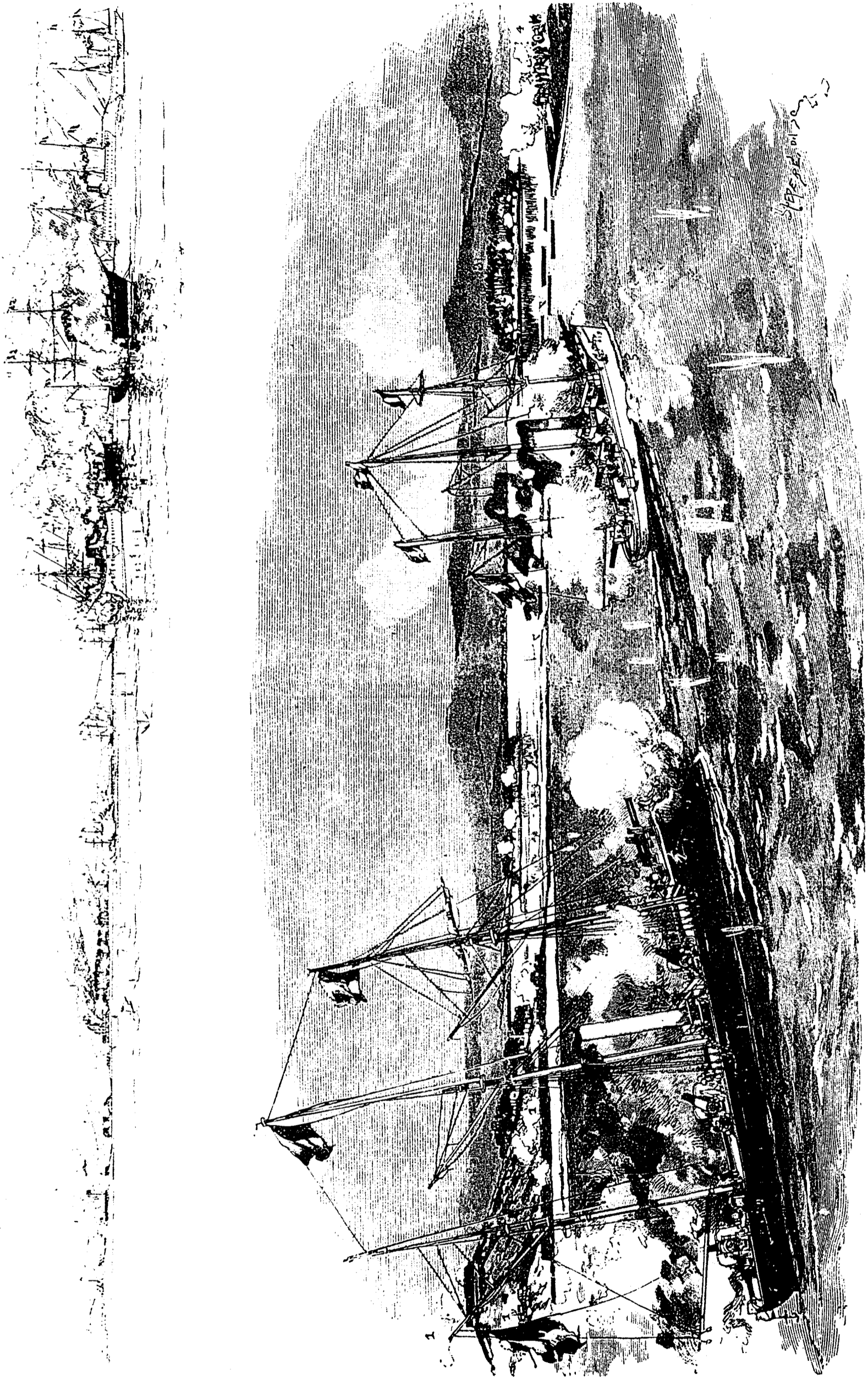
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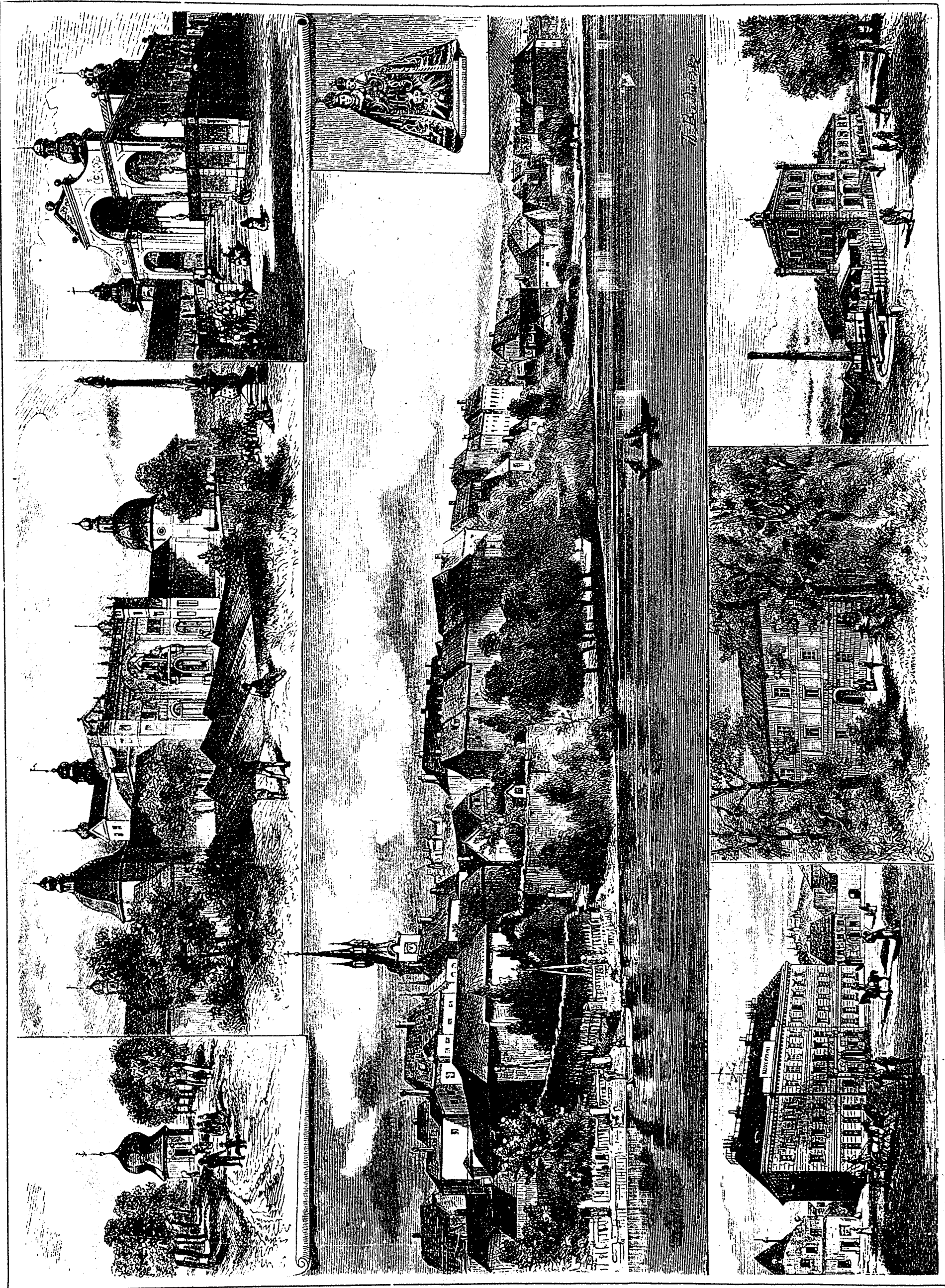


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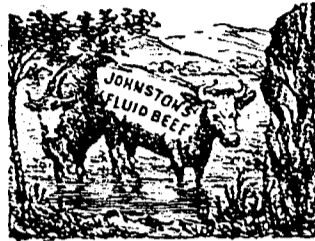
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