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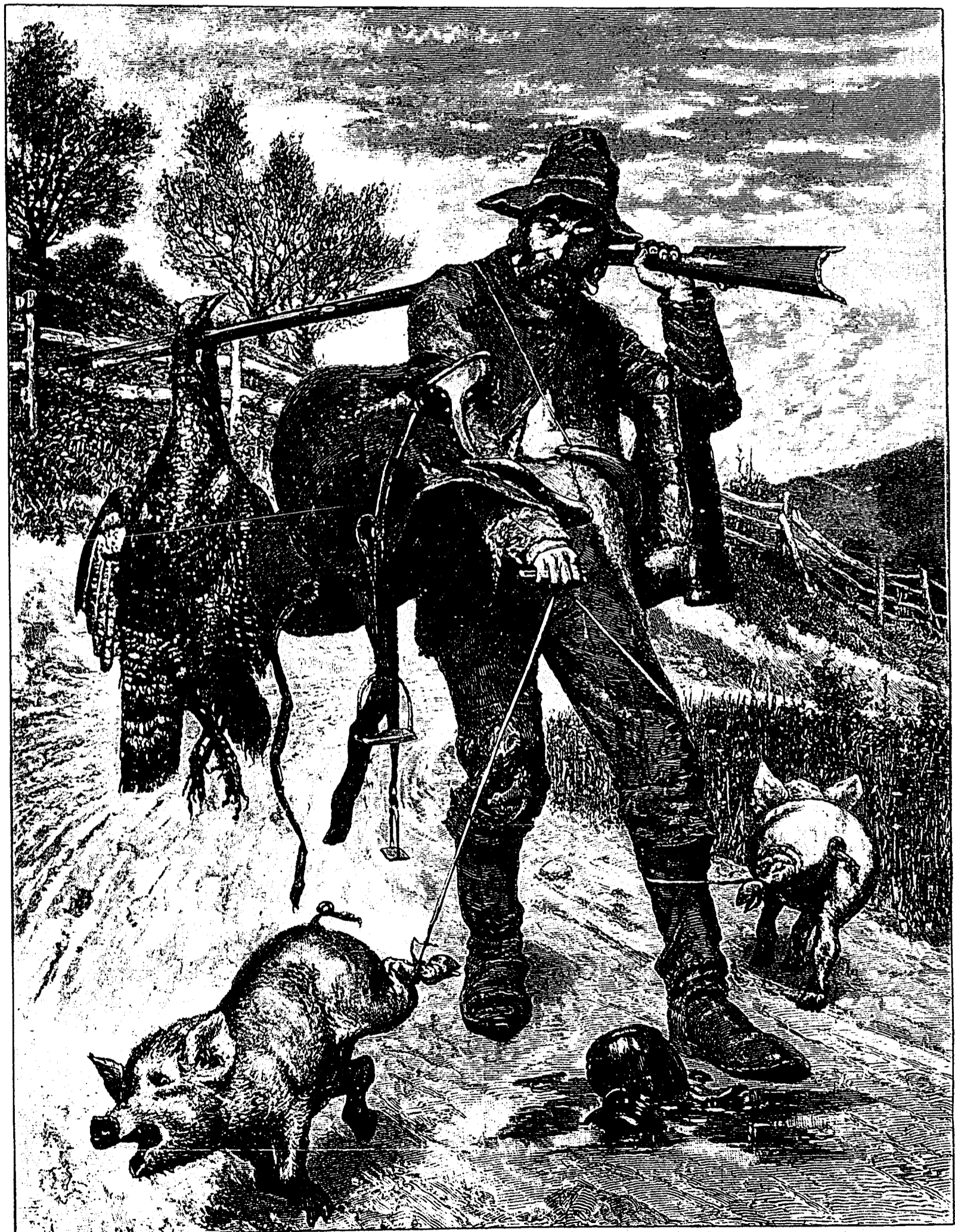
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Whitbread News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1882.

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THE WINNER OF THE RIFLE MATCH.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for dates (March 12th, 1882) and corresponding week (1881), with sub-columns for Max, Min, and Mean temperatures for each day of the week.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Winner of the Rifle Match—Navigation in Winter—The Jealousies of the Chase—Sleighting in Central Park—Temptation—The Duel of the Olows—Ex Fumo Dare Lucem.

THE WEEK.—"Tunnelphobia"—A Question of Time—The Troubles of M. Gambetta—Handsome Is, etc.—Rational Dress—And Dress in General.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Doings at the Capital—Correspondence from Ottawa—Our Illustrations—News of the Week—Bonny Kate (Illus.)—A Girl Wanted—Echoes from London—An Eastern Woman—A Safe Anchorage—English Society—Music and Sympathy—Hymns and Hymn Tickers—Humorous—March—Parrots—The Wandering Jew—A Romany Ballad—An Awkward Predicament—Patience and Impatience—The Old-Fashioned Banker—Amusements—Varieties—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 18, 1882.

THE WEEK.

THE agitation in England against the Channel Tunnel, led by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has been productive of a good deal of amusement in Paris. The Charivari says that JOHN BULL has got a new malady—"tunnelphobia." Dr. GLADSTONE has been called in, and has prescribed fortifications and electric guns. But JOHN BULL is not satisfied. He reminds Dr. GLADSTONE that Sir HENRY TYLER, another great physician, has declared that the only remedy for "tunnelphobia" is not to make tunnels. Dr. GLADSTONE is naturally much impressed by the opinion of such an illustrious personage as Sir HENRY TYLER, but suggests that if no Channel Tunnel be made the French may turn their attention to balloons. What is to prevent a cloud of balloons landing at some exposed point on the coast? JOHN BULL will await Dr. TYLER's opinion of this new danger with breathless interest. Meanwhile the tunnel itself is proceeding despite the critics and alarmists. A select party, amongst whom were Mr. YATES, Mr. G. A. SALA and the Lord Mayor of London, descended recently to view the work, which show a reasonable degree of progress, and suggest the likelihood of the tunnel being finished considerably before the expiration of the time originally allowed, and what will be even more to the shareholder's liking, at a large reduction in cost upon the original estimates. Meanwhile the best commentary upon the facilities for invasion which the tunnel is said to offer, is given by the old saying which is attributed, we believe, amongst others to BISMARCK. This great general—or somebody else, it may be—remarked to an eager questioner: "I have a dozen plans for invading England, but, so far, not one for getting back again."

A "question of time" in the fullest meaning of the word is the first dramatic work, at present exhibited by GUSTAV VOIGT in Berlin, and constructed under the direction of FERDINAND NOTT, of Bradenburg. The bold innovator intends to reduce the hours of the day to the

number of twenty, which are no longer to be divided in two series but to be counted in regular succession from one to twenty. According to the motives ably set forth in his pamphlet, it can scarcely be denied that his new system may have many advantages, but surely it will be some time yet before we shall accustom ourselves to seeing it announced on the play-bills "curtain rising at 17^h" or to read in one of our novels "As the clock struck twenty."

THOSE unhappy householders who look forward with unpleasurable anticipations to the first of May will be able to sympathize with M. GAMBETTA in his late experiences in moving. Within the last three months he has moved from the Palais Bourbon to the Rue Saint-Didier, from the Rue Saint-Didier to the Quai d'Orsay, and now from the Ministerial palace of the Quai d'Orsay back to the Rue Saint-Didier.

TRULY the domestic troubles of the great orator are but little inferior to his political ones. And now TROMPETTE, the inimitable TROMPETTE, is gone to grace an English kitchen. It will be remembered that the possession of TROMPETTE, the greatest practitioner in his line of art now existing in Europe, was numbered amongst the many offences laid to the score of GAMBETTA by the opposition party, and the minister has more than once been accused, in consequence, of seeking, like TALLEYRAND, to reach the brains of his supporters through their stomachs, and with the help of the talented TROMPETTE to stifle their scruples in his sauces. Rumors are afloat that many of our English gourmets hurried to bid for the services of TROMPETTE after the downfall of his master, but that he had long since promised to undertake the command of the batterie of the most important cuisine in the country. Truly the mighty are fallen.

We have been for long looking, in common with many others, a large number of them editors, for some chance to make a fortune at a single jump. We have felt that we had it in us, if only we could get it out. We have known well that we were possessed of colossal genius, if only we could get the world to view the matter in the same light. But our chance has come at last. BARNUM, the great, the only original, has offered a prize for the most beautiful specimens of the male and female sex in America, to be served up in what is described as a banquet of beauty for the admirers of his gorgeous and transcendent procession and his chaste and unequalled show. It is somewhat humiliating however to our sex to notice the distinction in marketable value which Mr. BARNUM makes between the sexes. Why should the handsomest man be considered worthy of a less prize than the most beautiful woman. Banish the thought. We decline to take second money under these peculiarly humiliating circumstances, and withdraw entirely from the contest. It is to be feared however that Mr. BARNUM's fiat will stand and will do much to establish the standard of relative value between the beauty of man and woman. Twenty thousand dollars for the handsomest woman and ten thousand dollars for the handsomest man is a decision in hard cash which all can understand, and from which hereafter we presume there will be no appeal.

LADY HARRINGTON's plan for the establishment of "Rational Dress" amongst the sex which have hitherto been trammelled by the requirements of society and the inconvenience of the petticoat, has made very little way in London. The fact is it is neither one thing nor the other, and half and half measures will not do in all ages of extremes. Meanwhile the latest commentary upon the inequality of the petticoat and petticoat combination to

provide for the comfort of its wearer comes from one of the other sex, who gravely assures the ladies that "You will never know the real pleasure of trousers until you can put your hands into the side pockets."

AN English contemporary is compelled to admit that American women are unquestionably the best dressed now-a-days. Why it should be so is a question too profound to enter on here. Much and subtle analysis would have to be expended on that problem. One explanation which seems to lie on the surface may be that while deciding with authority on questions of taste, and fully competent to judge them, they bring to the business a certain originality of conception and national freshness of idea which pervades the result, making it not only charming in itself but exactly suitable to the wearer. American women have generally the pull over English women in money matters, and as we said before they not only have the money to spend but like spending it on dress. But, beside that, there is a discernment of the fitting, a happiness of choice, which they bring to rather than find in the studios of high art in dress. High art, by the way, is woefully wanted just now to ward off certain deformities the feminine part of the human race is threatened with. Tight lacing, a vice always lying in wait, is now openly advocated and enjoined. The waist is to resemble in roundness and hardness the mainmast of a ship, only it must not be thicker than a spar. High square shoulders are "in," and ladies whose graceful sloping lines were once the admiration of the world, now insert hoops of whale-bone in their sleeves to preserve unbroken the straight line from the neck to the top of the arm. Horrible to behold are certain recent fashion plates, representing victims cuirassed to the point of apparent torture. Compared with these really vicious rules the imbecility of such arrangements of fashion as "with this style of bonnet, the mouth is worn slightly open" sinks into insignificance. That a foolish woman should try to make herself look more foolish than she is is a matter of small consequence, but that she should push folly to the point of danger to health is a thing for gravest reprehension.

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Ottawa, March 11th, 1882.

A good deal of talk over the Budget since my last. The most notable speech was that of Mr. Rinfret, the member for Lotbinière; it had been carefully prepared, and was well delivered.

During the course of the week the capital was visited by a Blackfoot Indian, by name Pokahnee-kah-pee, or "the Slim Young Man," a son of "Running Wolf." In charge of a clerical Barnum, he visited the Parliament Buildings, and was given a seat on the floor of the House, during a pow-wow of the pale faces. The young brave is having his portrait painted by that talented young artist, Miss Richards, for presentation to him whom white men call "the Great White Mother's daughter's husband," but whom Indians simply call Kitchee-ogima, or Omak-inny, i.e., the Great Chief. Such is "His X's" name from the Landing to the Rockies.

A Committee on Militia Dress Reform is sitting just now. One of those fabled walls which have ears, has a tongue also, and informs me that in future gold lace is going to be used extensively in the militia, together with a distinctive or really territorial mark, Canada's maple leaf having been chosen for that purpose. The blue patrol jackets are going to be discarded for scarlet serge, such as worn in India.

On the 16th inst., the "King of the Gatincau," Mr. A. Onzo Wright, M.P., is to be presented with his portrait, an address, and five hundred photographic copies of the said por-

trait, for distribution among his constituents, by a number of his friends in the House. The idea emanated from Mr. Casgrain, member for l'Islet.

Mr. Justice Henry was elected President of the Rideau Club on Wednesday last. Mr. Ernest Whyte, a young amateur, who is said to play Beethoven's music with some ability, gave an invitation concert at St. James's Hall on Thursday night. The concert is shortly to be repeated for the benefit of the Protestant Hospital. Prume and the Misses Labelle, of Montreal, give a concert to-night at the Grand Opera House. Mrs. T. Chas. Watson's reading, which takes place on Tuesday next, will doubtless be largely attended. It is announced as coming off under the presence of His Excellency the Governor-General.

Lawn tennis has been all the rage this week. At the drill-shed appeared

"The girls who were nice and who knew it, The girls who were nicer and didn't."

all competing for the handsome solid silver prizes presented by Lord Lorne, and made from designs furnished by him. The first prize is a looking-glass in the shape of a racquet.

The following were the competitors: Misses Fremantle, of Halifax (2); Misses B. Lewis, Fleming (2); Maunsell and Scott, of Ottawa; Miss Allan, of Toronto, and Miss Moony, a young lady who is on a visit here, from Ireland.

Misses Schreiber and Lewis, with Captain Waldo, acted as judges. The Halifax belles played a bold, dashing game, and did not give their opponents many chances; Miss Moony is an energetic player, and won considerable admiration; Miss B. Lewis has been unfortunate so far, although really one of our best players; as I write this, she is fighting for the sixth and last prize.

The winners of the four first prizes have challenged four players of the Ottawa Club; if they lose, they intend working four flags for the use of the club; should they win, the club intends—well, I do not know what it intends doing, so I am unable to tell you.

But I am informed, on very good authority, that, taking the players all round, the two best are universally admitted to be Misses Lily Fleming and Fremantle.

The winners in the Lawn Tennis Tournament are Misses Pamela Fremantle, Fremantle, Lily Fleming, Moony, Fleming, and Bee Lewis, who take the six prizes in the order named.

Private theatricals are shortly to be given at Rideau Hall; there will be two nights, as usual. The dates are not fixed yet.

Public theatricals are conspicuous by their absence. The profession says it cannot compete with the "show" in the Parliament Buildings.

On Friday night Mr. Irvine made his maiden speech, and kept the House in good humor for a couple of hours. From time to time his language was slightly unparliamentary, when he would remark, "If what I said is unparliamentary, I will withdraw it, Mr. Speaker."

The match between the winners of the four first prizes at the lawn tennis tournament and Messrs. A. Montzambert, E. Waldo, C. J. Jones and J. W. O'Grady, resulted in two double ties, each side winning eight sets and seventy games. The gentlemen are to present the ladies with silver daggers in honour of the occasion.

NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, March 11th, 1882.

This is the fourth week of the Session, and matters have so far gone very smoothly for Ministers. The Address was passed almost as a matter of course, after the English fashion, which now seems to be fairly established here, in place of those long and wearisome debates about everything in general which formerly prevailed, before an Address was allowed to pass. The Budget was brought down almost immediately after, a promptitude in this particular being exhibited which was never before known in Canada. Ministers had clearly an object in this. Sir Leonard Tilley had a story of glowing prosperity to tell, such as has probably never happened before to fall to the lot of a Canadian Finance Minister, and this he claimed, and fairly claimed as the crowning triumph of the N. P. It was contended that Sir Leonard's measure would not produce revenue. The sufficient answer to that is four millions surplus, and there is prosperity along the whole line of commerce and manufactures. The answer of the opponents of the measure has been that the present prosperity of

the country has arisen from increased exports of the products of the forest and cattle for the English markets. To this Sir Leonard rejoins, the argument cannot be well founded as there have been relatively greater exports before without the corresponding prosperity. Sir Richard Cartwright replied to Sir Leonard's Budget speech at great length and with great bitterness, but much of his argument was entirely aside from the direct line of Sir Leonard's speech, which, in its main positions, cannot be controverted and there is nothing so successful as success. In fact, there are signs of wavering among the Opposition rank and file on this question, not only in the House, but in the Province of Ontario, and this is a fact which may make a possible complication when the next elections come; and it will not make the coast quite so clear for Sir John, as when there was a hard and fast line, and men of all parties rallied under the banner of fostering native industries. The debates on this question seem never to tire. We had again, yesterday, a field day in the House of Commons, on the subject. Mr. Charlton, of whom some speak as the coming man in the Opposition, made a set speech against the Government Policy, and he was replied to by Mr. Wallace and others. All these speeches were sufficiently able. But to my mind, nothing can be said of this question that is new, and these reiterated speeches are like threshing straw. I do not, therefore, propose to attempt to follow them.

This Session seems so far to be one of Returns. They are moved for by the hundred. Every member who wants to get a little information which might be obtained almost as a matter of course in any of the departments, has put a notice on the paper and moved for an order of the House to get it. It is like taking an Armstrong gun to shoot a sparrow, and the thing is carried to extreme absurdity. Sir John told Mr. Blake, who is the chief mover for returns, that they were quite innocent in one view, but he hoped that he (Mr. B.) would not object to the bill to pay for them when it came down, as it took an army of extra clerks besides putting an extreme pressure over the departments. Members seem to like to have their names attached to motions for orders of the House for Returns. It at least looks like business.

The much-talked-of Civil Service Bill has been introduced by Sir Hector Langevin. I think this Bill, whether it passes or not, is foredoomed to failure. It provides a good deal of the machinery necessary for a system of competitive examination without competitive examination. The Civil Service Commission which sat during the recess, did recommend a system of competitive examination, but the very able minority report written, it is understood, by Dr. Taché killed that. The principal feature of the bill is that it seeks to take out of the hands of the Minister as far as possible, both appointments and promotions. The Minister in fact is really only given a veto power, while the deputy and a board which is to be a sort of Examining Board are to have the substantial power put into their hands. The evil of this position is that the Board at best can know but very little of the business in the departments with which it will have to deal and the deputy is at best but a superior subordinate of the minister. The deputy under our system is not equivalent to a deputy under the English system, but really in the position of the English Chief Clerks of Branches; and it is an essential mistake if the deputy is not to go out with each succeeding ministry to give him any responsibility in the departments apart from the minister. The very life and essence of our system is the responsibility of ministers to Parliament for all Acts of Government and any attempt to take any of this away to place it in the hands of irresponsible Boards or other persons, is one of the greatest political mistakes.

A good deal of interest has been excited in railway matters. Mr. MacCarthy has again brought in his Bill to establish a railway commission. He wishes to clip the wings of the railway corporations by binding them down to certain fixed rules, having specially for object uniformity of freights. But I see for my part a very great objection of principle to any legislation of this sort. I do not see why people who invest their capital in railways, and this is certainly not, in Canada, very productive should be debarred by legislation administered by outside commissioners from doing the best for their own interests. This is more particularly the case where there are competing railways. It is probably well in the case of a monopoly affecting half a continent, that it should be subject to certain rules to which it has voluntarily bound itself. There is the further point that many of the criticisms which we have seen respecting railway discrimination are very partial and do not at all go to the bottom of the matter with a full knowledge of the facts. I doubt very much if Parliament will pass this measure. I have not, however, any doubt that the information now before it is not sufficient to enable it to do so intelligently; or that the means taken to get it by the circulars sent out are sufficient for the end in view. A kindred measure having in several particulars the same principle is Mr. Kirkpatrick's Ticket Scalpers Bill. It has been referred to a committee for enquiry. That there is much roguery practised in the scalping of railway tickets by means of which innocent people are cheated, is undoubted, but it is very doubtful whether the unused portion of a railway ticket may not be fairly sold, and if this principle is admitted, the scalpers' trade is legitimised however disgusting it may be to the railway companies.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WINNER OF THE RIFLE MATCH.—If the marksman in Mr. Frost's picture on our front page had been a little less successful in the rifle match, he would have had a happier time in getting home with his prizes. He might have successfully borne the burden of the big turkey, the saddle, and the stout pair of boots, even with the addition of a single pig; but to drive two of these contrary creatures, encumbered as he is, is a task beyond the ingenuity of any mortal. Each pig is, of course, determined to go in an opposite direction, such is the perversity of the porcine character, and whichever way one may pull, the other immediately tugs to the contrary. Perhaps if the jug which lies in fragments at his feet had fallen earlier in the scrimmage, the rifleman might have kept his prizes under a little better control.

NAVIGATION IN WINTER.—Our illustration on page 165 represents the arrival of one of the Allan mail steamships at Halifax, after a stormy voyage. The spray which the violence of the storm has dashed over the rigging and deck of the vessel has been frozen into masses of ice, the beauty of which is more apparent than its comfort. The sketch from which our picture is taken was made by Mr. J. J. Henderson of Halifax, N. S.

TEMPTATION.—One of the most interesting of American artists is Mr. F. S. Church, whose charming water color drawing of "Temptation" was engraved for *Harpur's Weekly* by permission of the owner Mr. Lawson Valentine, and is reproduced here. It is one of the most attractive pictures in the present water-color Exhibition, and as engraved is seen in a new frame-work of Church's design, which is quite effective, and wholly characteristic of the artist.

PATIENCE AND IMPATIENCE.

Like all the other virtues and vices, patience and impatience need to be treated with discrimination. The former is not wholly and always right, nor the latter wholly and always wrong. Patience has, indeed, so much to recommend it that it is not strange that good people think there cannot be too much of it, and the miseries and bad effects of impatience are so glaring that we cannot wonder it is totally condemned. Yet they sometimes change places as regards right and wrong, patience ceasing to be a virtue and impatience becoming the vital germ of human progress. There are some persons, for example, who are naturally patient to a very injurious degree. Sympathetic in temperament, hating labor, agitation, and struggle, they are quietly contented with things as they are; they do not worry over the evils of the world, or the misdoings of humanity; even for themselves they betray no wearing anxiety; they can wait with perfect equanimity for any length of time, for waiting is passive and pleasant to them, while the activity of earnest effort would be disagreeable. It need hardly be pointed out that such patience as this is simply the absence of life, leading to nothing, producing nothing, improving nothing. He who is never dissatisfied with himself or others, and never discontented with things around him, cannot be expected to make any strenuous efforts at improvement. He may live out a life of ease and serenity, but it will be a life of torpor, and the serenity of indolence. There are others, differently constituted, who, believing that patience is always a duty, cultivate it with unremitting diligence, but without perceiving its proper limits. They school themselves so rigidly that they will suffer wrong that ought to be repelled, and accept injustice that ought to be attacked. If they feel a burning indignation at tyranny or oppression, they struggle to quell it, and thus they actually crush in the bud much good that might have been developed. If they have authority, they seldom exercise it; if people are slow and idle, they seldom hurry them; if they are rude and impudent, they seldom reprove them; if they are dishonest or deceitful, they seldom venture to censure them. Thus, while by their self-control they avoid the manifest evils of impatience, they also, by going to the other extreme, prevent the rightful repression of much wrong doing. In fact, the feeling of impatience with evil underlies all progress, all upward climbing, all reformation; and could it be wholly crushed out of the human heart, which fortunately is impossible, one of the chief vital forces of life would be obliterated. On the other hand, however, there is an impatience that cannot be too strongly reprehended. It is that which, instead of producing earnest effort, expends itself in useless and irritating complaint. There are persons who are impatient with everything which thwarts their wishes, and vent their unreasonable temper on whoever is so unfortunate as to be near them. As a large portion of the events of daily life do happen to be contrary to their desires, it is evident that they must inflict untold annoyance upon many persons, and real suffering upon some. They do not pause to consider whether their outbursts are of any use; whether anyone is to blame; whether there is any excuse for thus causing pain—in short, they do not consider at all, but selfishly scatter their thorns broadcast. Even when they attempt to do good their impatience is fatal to success. As parents or teachers, their failure is a foregone conclusion. They might as well try to cultivate a garden by tearing up the seeds and pulling open the buds as to train the delicate mind and tender heart of a child without patience to wait for its gradual development. So, the impatient reformer, how-

ever sincere he be, renders his efforts futile by his unreasonable vehemence or intolerance. He does not comprehend the situation, nor appreciate the other side, nor sympathize with those whom he believes to be in error. He has yet to learn that gentleness, forbearance, pity, and love are stronger forces than stormy passion or harsh condemnation, and that they are born of an infinite patience, without which even the most generous efforts will amount to nothing. The real difference, after all, between the right and the wrong impatience is not so much in the feeling itself as in the way we deal with it. If it is made to result in some good and wholesome action, it is justifiable, but if we suffer it to lead us into fretful complaints, irritable speeches and violent denunciations, then it is to be condemned and restrained. Let the reason sit in judgment on this feeling, and it will not overstep its bounds. So with its counterpart, patience—if it be simply a slothful love of ease that causes us to shun exertion, or an excessive restraint preventing rightful efforts at improvement, it is unworthy and should be driven away; but if it be that tranquility which is in harmony with nature and all her plans—which can afford to wait the appointed time for all things, and yet is never wearied in well doing—which can endure with fortitude the inevitable, and yet lose no opportunity for helping what can be helped, and improving what can be improved—which speaks of power held in reserve, but only waiting the right moment to spring into action, then we may well hope that such a "patience may have her perfect work."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

BY NED P. MAH.

My name, as is pretty well known by this time to the readers of the *C. I. N.*, is Edward Percy Mah; but it is not so generally known that the name was originally Mahar, and was contracted to its present form by one of my ancestors, who thus made what might have become, through me, an Irish family name of distinction, an Irish family name of extinction. But as I have a vast respect for my ancestors, I have no doubt he acted for the best.

Being thus, as you perceive, of Irish origin, it is no wonder that I am inflammable, and, granted that I am Irish and inflammable, it is no wonder that once, when wandering through the Townships on a sketching tour, with no luggage except my sketch-book, a tooth-brush, and a paper collar, seeing a pretty girl leaning over a cottage gate, surrounded by roses and climbing plants, herself the freshest, rosiest, and brightest flower of them all—I should stop to ask my way, and the ice being thus broken, and pretty Bridget proving as ready with her tongue as she was provoking in her beauty, that joke should follow joke until one of those sudden, but heavy, thunder showers that sometimes catch mortals unawares in July or August, burst upon us.

"Lawks, sir," said Bridget, "you'll be wet through in a minute in that thin suit. Come into the house till it's over."

The drops were as big as halfpence, and much more plentiful, so I consented.

"No, not there," said Bridget, turning back from the parlor door, towards which she had first made a motion. "That stupid old Hannah, the cook, will be wanting to know who you are, and all about it, if she hears us talking. Come up to Miss Tabitha's room, just atop of the first flight, and then we can see her when she's coming from the meeting in the school-house."

Any port in a storm, and into Miss Tabitha's room I went.

Then came thunder and lightning, and Bridget was terrified, and I tried to console her, and under cover of her confusion to steal a kiss. There was a laughing struggle and a scuffle, and then came a gleam of sunshine and I prepared to go. But I had scarcely taken my hat and stick when the shower suffered a relapse, and the rain came down in bigger drops than ever. We had meanwhile forgotten all about Miss Tabitha, nor dreamed that she should have taken advantage of the gleam of sunshine to start for home, until we heard the house-door bang, and the rustle of drapery ascending the staircase.

"Under the bed, quick!" ordered frightened Bridget, as she threw herself in the doorway to cover my retreat.

"Lawks, Miss Tabitha!" I heard her cry, "how wet you must be."

"Never mind me, child," said Miss Tabitha; "run and shut the parlor windows. How could you be careless enough to leave them open in such a rain?"

And Miss Tabitha rushed into the room, threw off mantle and hat, and, by the rustle of drapery, was proceeding to make a change.

Now, reader, I am a painfully modest man. If a lady buckles a bracelet in my presence I look another way; and I am always extremely particular to precede a female up stairs. I once had the misfortune, in the days of crinoline, to pass a fortnight in Quebec, and the time was a misery to me, because it was impossible to precede all the ladies up the steps. Imagine, then, my anxiety and terror, in thus finding myself, surreptitiously, in the chamber of an elderly single maiden. The cold sweat stood upon my brow. But relief was at hand. Suddenly the rustling ceased, and the vestal, hurrying to the door, closed it carefully behind her, and double-locked it on the outside.

I saw it all. Before my mind's eye floated a future paragraph in the *St. John's News*:

"Miss Taylor" (I had read the name on the door-plate), "being a lady of great fortitude and rare presence of mind, did not scream, but went quietly to the door and locked it on the outside."

I rushed to the window, threw up the sash, which fell by its own weight behind me, and precipitated myself headlong on the flower bushes beneath. Gathering myself up I glanced around. A brick wall at the back of the garden offered no chance of retreat, so I hurried at once to the front, where I saw Bridget scuttling out of the garden gate. I had just reached the path when I heard the front door open. With great presence of mind I at once went right-about face on the gravel, and advanced towards the house. Miss Tabitha, her array of toilette hidden beneath a woollen shawl, blocked the door.

"Mr. Taylor at home?" I inquired, politely raising my hat.

"Mr. Taylor is in the city for a few days," she returned, in a voice betraying extreme agitation, but which struggled to be calm.

I hurriedly selected a harmless "John Smith" from a lot of friends' cards which lay loose in my pocket book, and, murmuring I should, possibly, "run against Mr. Taylor in the city," with another bow I retreated in good order. How I trembled lest she should confide in me, and invoke my aid to unearth the ruffian! But she didn't, having faith, no doubt, in Bridget's quick raven with the police.

Bridget was loitering down the lane with her finger in her mouth, uncertain how to act. I overtook her at the corner.

"Lawks, sir," said she, "so you've escaped. I'm so glad. I wondered whatever I should do at all at all. You see, policeman George he's my sweet heart, but if he was to find out as you'd ki sed me—"

"Well, now you can fetch him with a safe conscience, and you'll have the laugh against Miss Tabitha for ever," said I, catching her suddenly and kissing her again.

"Oh, sir, that's wrong."

"No," said I; "that's all right."

"That's more than you can prove, sir."

"Not at all," said I. "I am doing unto you as I would you should do unto me. If you don't like it, give it me back again."

"But George, sir—"

"There are plenty left, and George would never miss it."

"Ah! but put yourself in his place, sir. How would you like it?"

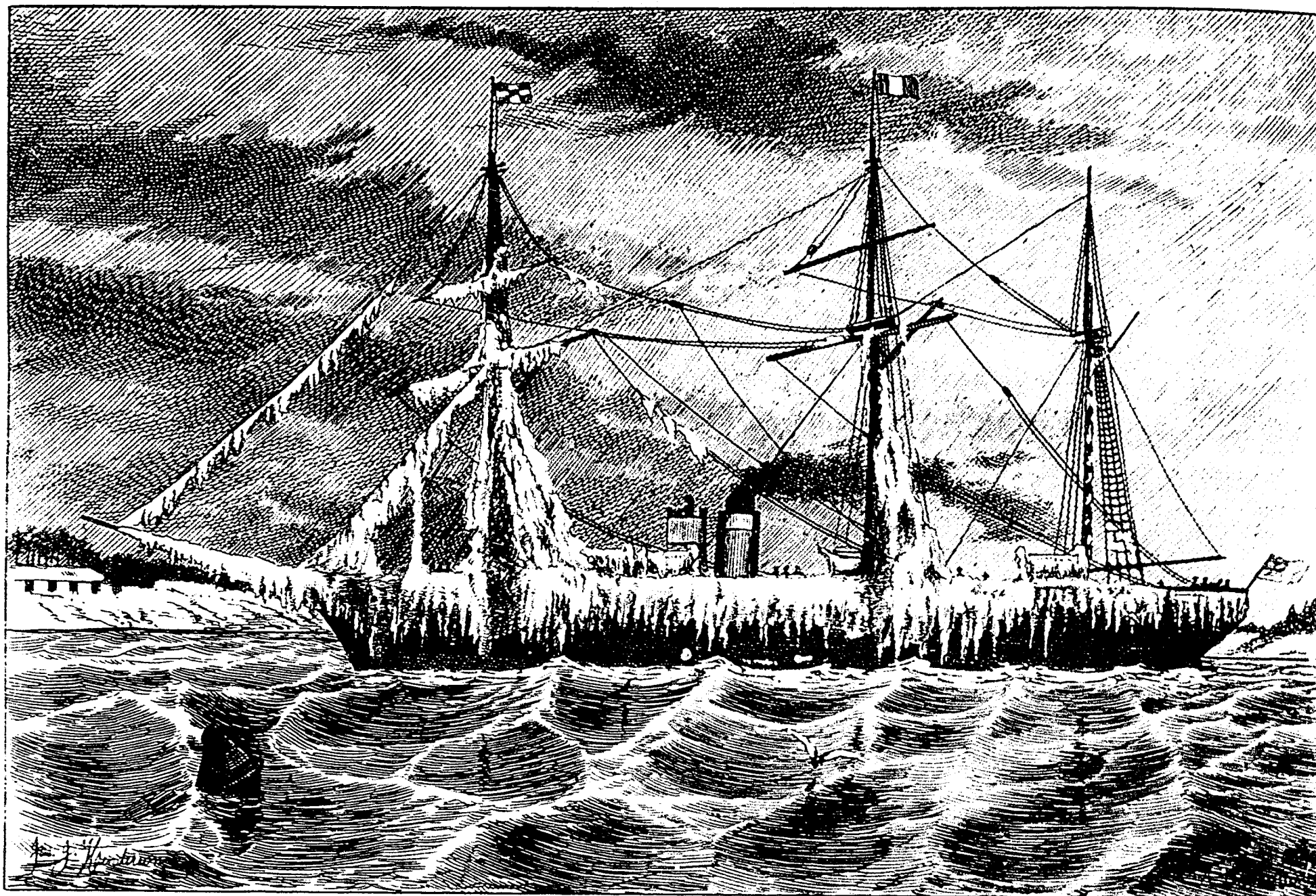
And with a blythe "Good-night!" the true-hearted maiden tripped on her way to the station-house.

AMUSEMENTS.

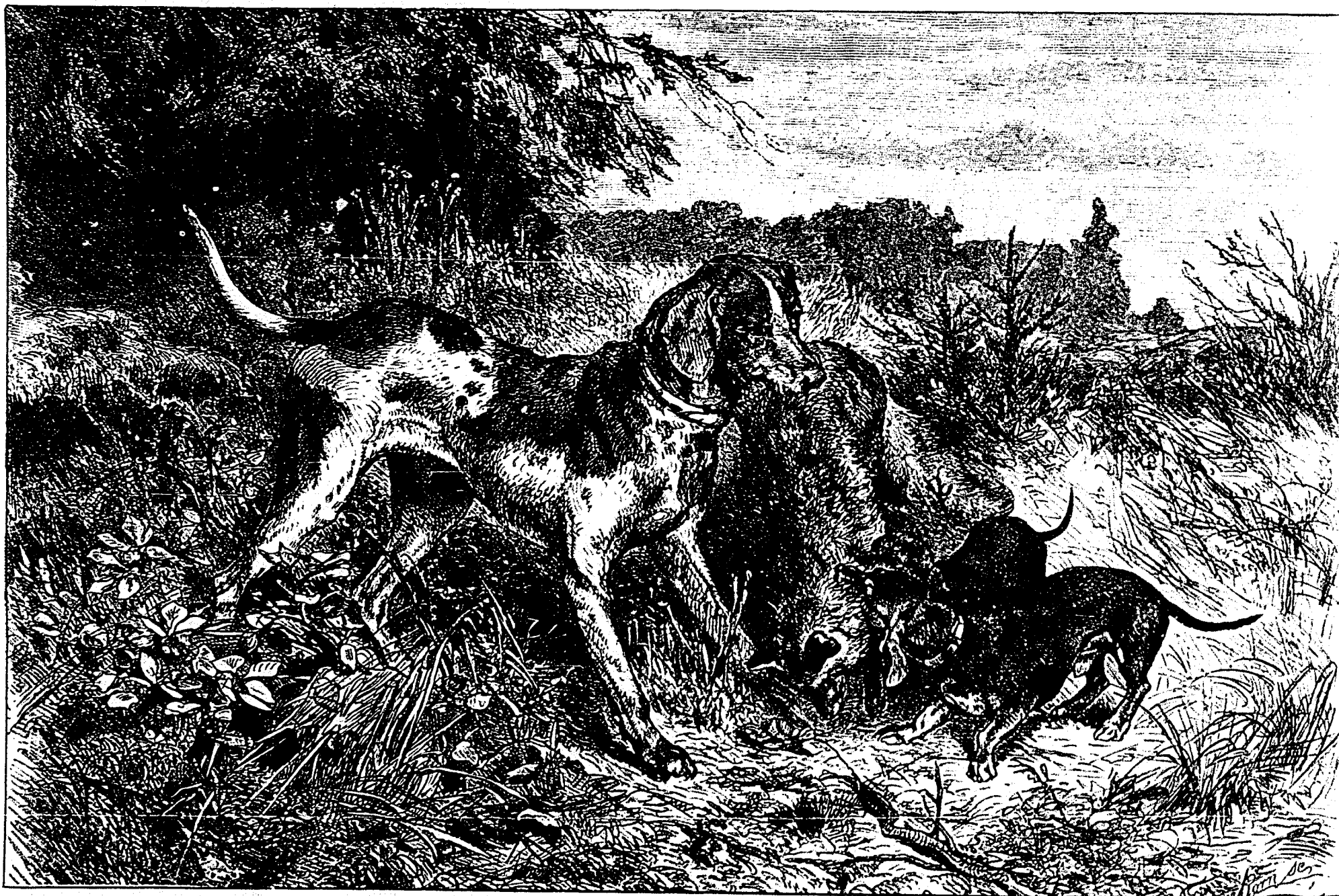
Madame Five-King's two concerts, although not apparently appreciated by the public as they deserve, to judge from the scanty attendance, were a treat to all musicians. Mme. King is undoubtedly deserving to rank in the very first class of piano-forte players. She is perhaps a little lacking in animation, though never in force, and fails, as it seems to us at times to interpret the exceeding tenderness of Beethoven, for example, but her execution and phrasing are alike admirable, and her power is, in a woman, most remarkable. The concert included the Sonata Pathétique, and the Rhapsodie Hongroise Liszt the latter of which I have seldom heard better played. Her working up of the crescendo was in itself a *tour de force*. But the most remarkable display of her power was found in the last movement of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, her own transcription, which she played in response to an "encore." The endeavor at all adequately to represent such a work on the piano is attended with enormous difficulties, but Mme. King not only overcame this but succeeded in representing the general effect of the concerto in its orchestral parts in a truly remarkable manner. Miss Mason who accompanied Mme. King as vocalist has a pleasant voice, but should be more careful in the selection of songs suited to its compass and timbre. She sang Gabriel's "When Sparrows Build" in a very satisfactory style, but her attempt to give Ardit's Polka was simply ridiculous. She has neither the notes nor the execution.

The Gorman Philadelphia Church Choir Opera Company have been playing "Patience" at the Royal during the week to capital houses. You will not need any description of the opera which will be given again this week by the Haverly. Of the company their voices are far better than their acting. The opera was excellently sung throughout, but lost a good deal from the want of humor exhibited by the principal characters. Mrs. Dow, for example, with a magnificent voice and a good method, has not an atom of fun in her, and a serious Lady Jane is more than most of us can stand. The male chorus were most capital, and the work entrusted to the dragoons was done in excellent style.

On Saturday Mrs. Throver and Herr Heinrich Böhrer gave a recital in the Synod Hall. Mrs. Throver was in excellent voice and fully realized the expectations of those who were anxious to be present at her first public appearance since her return to Montreal. Herr Böhrer is well known as a vigorous and correct player; but why oh! why does he thump so? The accompaniments suffered most, the exquisitely soft passages of Clay's "I'll sing the songs of Araby" suffering much, and the unfortunate vocalist more. For the rest the concert was poorly attended, but the applause was most enthusiastic.



WINTER ON THE ATLANTIC.—THE ALLAN MAIL STEAMER *NOVA SCOTIAN* ARRIVING AT HALIFAX.



THE JEALOUSY OF THE CHASE.—FROM A PICTURE BY J. SCHMITZBERGER.

"BONNY KATE," A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY
CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXII.

" Ah! why to that which needs it not,
Methought, should costly things be given?
How much is wasted, wrecked, forgot,
On this side heaven!"

Mr. Proctor has no opportunity to make his declaration that night. Kate does not appear again. She is tired, she has a headache, she has gone to bed—this is the report, when he

she shows no sign of her vigil. Apart from this she bears herself so well that even Miss Vaughn, looking at her, thinks, "She has not been very much hurt."

Let us own that courage is a good thing—a thing to be not only highly esteemed, but sedulously cultivated. The soul that weakly cries out under pain, lacks an element of nobility as well as of strength. Even a criminal



Taking a lunch with them, they plunge into the depths of the forest.

finally induces Bessie to see what has become of her. Bessie herself is shrewdly aware that Kate is crying when she finds her in the dark room, cast heedlessly on the outside of the bed; but she is too discreet to mention this fact, and consequently Mr. Proctor's feelings are not lacerated by hearing it. To what depth of despondency it would have cast him, it is difficult to say, for he is already sufficiently despondent. "It really seems as if I shall never have an opportunity to speak to her!" he thinks; and then he registered a solemn vow that the important words shall be spoken to-morrow, let what will interfere.

The next morning is brilliant in cloudless beauty, and the races are the theme of every tongue at the breakfast-table—every tongue, that is, save one, for Kate, who comes in late,



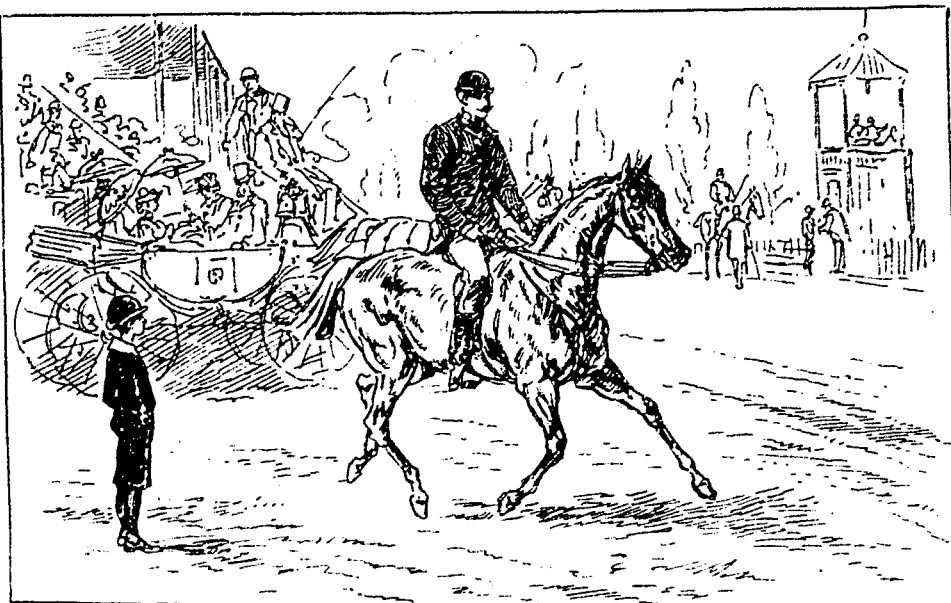
So hour after hour goes by.

has nothing to say regarding them. She looks very much as usual—a trifle paler, perhaps—but, like most brunettes, she is often pale in the morning, so this excites no remark. Her night has been sleepless; but it takes more than one sleepless night to set a mark on healthy youth, and save for the paleness already mentioned, and a slight languor of the eyes,

"But you told me last night that nothing was settled—that you had not accepted Miss Brooke's invitation!"

"I gave you a wrong idea, then. I have accepted it—at least my uncle has accepted it for me. But even if this were not so, I should decline your invitation all the same."

"May I ask why?" says Miss Vaughn, grow-



He draws back, bows, and canters away across the field.

ing cold in turn, for surely there is a limit to the forbearance of even the most suave of women of the world.

"I should not think you would need to ask," replies Kate. "If I accompany you, I should imply—with regard to your brother—what can never be. As for Mr. Ashton, I have not the least desire to know him. He declined to form my acquaintance when my father left me to his care. Now I decline to take any step whatever to form his."

Miss Vaughn looks at her as one might look at some strange phenomenon. "Absurd and impracticable!" are the words that hover on her

and ringing of gay laughter; the horses stamp impatiently; then,

"Low on the sand, and loud on the stoue,
The last wheel echoes away."

and, with the exception of the children, Kate is left in the house alone.

A very considerable exception these are; and when they presently gather about her, with entreaties to go with them into the woods—where haw-trees are waiting to be rifled and chestnuts to be gathered—she yields without much demur, being herself not averse to doing so.

Taking a lunch with them, they therefore go



"There's something the matter with the horse."

lips, but she restrains them. "I think I am safe in predicting that a few years hence you will be sorry for this," she says; "but if you desire me to regard your decision as final, I will do so."

"It is certainly final," Kate answers. A moment after this, Janet's face looks out of one of the drawing-room windows. "Sorry to disturb you both," she says, "but is it not time for us to be thinking of our toilets? Will says we must go into Arlingford early to-day if we want to secure a good place at the races."

Neither Miss Vaughn nor Kate is averse to their conversation being ended. They enter the hall, where the former takes her way up-stairs, while the latter enters the sitting-room in search of Mrs. Lawrence.

"Aunt Margaret," she says, "I have come to tell you that I don't care to go to the races to-day. Bessie or Lucy can have my seat in the carriage."

"Why, what is the matter?" asks Mrs. Lawrence, looking up—for this is something altogether without precedent. "Are you sick?"

"Not much. I have a headache"—which is true enough—"and I would rather stay at home."

"Very well. Tell Bessie that she can go."

So the matter is settled; but great is Mr. Proctor's concern and dismay when the party assemble for starting and he finds that Kate is not among the number. He would fain go and remonstrate with her, but is informed that she is not to be seen.

"She says her head aches, and she's lying down," Bessie states. "I told her that I wouldn't let a headache keep me from seeing Cavalier run; but she says she don't care anything about Cavalier, and she is tired of races."

"Something serious must be the matter," remarks Sophy, "for Kate to say that."

"Perhaps she over-exerted herself yesterday," says Miss Vaughn, opening her parasol.

The rest acquiesce in this view of the matter, and then settle themselves in the different equipages, with much interchange of gay words,

out into the still beautiful woodlands. It is one of those autumn days which seem touched with ineffable melancholy—a melancholy which even the happy must feel, and which, to the sorrowful, is like an echo of their own souls. The Great Spirit is smoking his pipe, say the Indians of such days as this—and to-day he is smoking it with a vehemence which has ob-



"Why didn't you come to me at once?"

scured the distant mountains, and makes the sun like a red ball in the heavens. There is not breeze enough to move the lightest spray, the air is dreamlike in its mellow softness, the hills have drawn a mantle of haze about them as they stand wrapped in silence, and only the babble of the streams is heard in the valleys and glens.

Kate never forgets the effect which the hush of the great landscape has upon her. It cannot still the pain which is like a dagger at her heart, but at least it does not jar it with discordance. She thinks with a shudder of the noisy race-course in Arlingford—of the crowd, the horses, the empty, unmeaning laughter. How much better this hill-side, covered with bright fallen leaves and fragrant pine-needles, the tender sky above, the distant scene melting in hazy softness! Even the children's shouts from the hollow below, where they have found an untouched haw-tree, come in subdued tones to her ears. She is usually a leader among them in such romps, but to-day they accept the fact that she has a headache, and leave her in peace.

So hour after hour goes by. She sits with her back against a tree, her hands clasped idly before her, gazing with absent eyes at the bounding horizon, all sights and sounds merging in the one great, bitter consciousness that she has been trifled with and deceived; that her heart has been made a plaything, to serve the idle amusement of an hour, for a man whose own heart was long ago given to Florida Vaughn. She has not surrendered her trust lightly; she has gone wearily and repeatedly over the whole ground, and summed up the evidence against him, only to find it overwhelming. Warnings were not lacking—she does not forget that—but she put them all aside; and now she must pay the penalty. "I deserve it all!" this is the sad burden of her thoughts. "I heeded no warning, and I let him persuade me that secrecy was not deception. Yes, I deserve it all, and though it seems too bitter, too cruel for belief, yet it is true! I must have had some instinct of it, when, only yesterday, I told Janet that if I was wrong in trusting him, I should suffer enough to atone for my mistake. Well, the suffering has come, and it is worse, a hundred-fold worse, than I ever dreamed that it could be! But, by God's help"—clasping her slender hands together, like one in extremity of pain, and lifting her brave, sorrowful eyes to the blue, remote sky—"I will live it down! One would be made of poor stuff indeed who could not live down such a thing as this! I have always been proud of my courage, and now I shall see what it is worth. I do not think it will fail me—I suppose, at last, I shall conquer this terrible pain—but oh, my love, my love"—she utters the words aloud, like a child's piteous plaint—"to think that you could treat me so!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Merrily skimming in upper air,
The year's last swallow lingering there
Catches the slight, the sound of the fray,
The line, as it mingles in silken array,
The lightning rush, as they break from slip,
Thunder of hoof and echo of whip."

The day which passes in this manner with Kate, is, meanwhile, one of unexampled excitement on the Arlingford race-course.

The Wilmer equipage has hardly entered the ground, when Tarleton rides up to it, and is greeted with a storm of salutations and questions from all whom it contains. He answers them very much at random, while his eyes almost incredulously take in the fact that the one person whom he has come to see is absent.

"Where is Miss Kate?" he asks, quickly.

"Kate remained at home," answers Sophy. "She said she had a severe headache—and we felt sure that it must be severe to make her willing to stay away."

"Perhaps, like one of Charles Reade's heroes, you entertain a rooted distrust of women's headaches," says Janet, fixing her keen glance on Tarleton's face, where disappointment is plainly legible.

"A headache is a kind of malady one can't verify, and, therefore, I have no doubt women often make it an excuse for other things," he replies, "but I am sure your cousin would not do so. I am exceedingly sorry that she is not here. The racing to-day will be very good. Apart from the great race in which Cavalier and Orion run, Bonny Kate is to risk her laurels of yesterday against some of the best horses—notably, Hargood's Khedive."

"Do you think she will win? Shall we bet on her?" asks Sophy, eagerly.

"I am afraid to advise you to do so, unless you hedge by betting on Khedive also," answers Tarleton, smiling.

With this he draws back, bows, and canters away across the field.

"How fond I am of him!" says Sophy, looking after him affectionately. "And oh, how I hope Cavalier will win!"

"It will be a very serious matter if he does not," says Will. "Tarleton is not only certain of selling him to Burdock in case he beats Orion, but he has bets laid on him to a very heavy extent."

"Have you laid much on him?" asks Wilmer.

"Not a great deal—but enough to make me sympathize with Tarleton's anxiety."

"He does not look anxious," says Sophy.

"He is too game for that," responds Will, "but you may be sure he wishes it was over."

"He has not long to wait," says Wilmer.

"Here come the horses for the first race."

This race—a mile and a quarter dash—does not occupy much time, or excite a great deal of interest. Then follows the great event of the day—the race, in two-mile heats, for which Cavalier and Orion are entered. When the horses appear and the blankets are removed, there can

be no question that Cavalier stands without a peer in beauty, but neither can there be a doubt that he will find a formidable rival in Orion. The latter is a dark-brown horse, in appearance and movement less graceful than Cavalier, but with every indication of the remarkable powers of speed and endurance which all turfmen know him to possess. So well are the horses thought to be matched, that the private betting is even on them, though Cavalier is selling ahead in the pools.

Presently the bell rings the horses to the post, and, without delay, the flag falls and they are off—Cavalier leading for the first quarter. Then Orion comes up to him, and, by the time the half mile is made, has taken the lead. As they come round the turn and enter the home-stretch, he is three lengths ahead; but it is not until they pass the stand—Orion leading by four or five lengths, and Cavalier not more than as much again in front of the other horses, of whom nobody except their owners made much account—that murmurs of astonishment are heard, and Cavalier's name is tossed from lip to lip in the swaying crowd. In truth, matters begin to look very serious for him. He is plainly running laboredly, and it is only the urging of his rider that keeps him in his present position in the race. The distance between the horses increases, and, by the time the third half-mile is made, astonishment has reached the point of dismay in the minds of Cavalier's backers. Orion still leads, and now—what is this? The other horses pass Cavalier, who—falling farther and farther behind—brings up the rear.

"By Heaven, he will be distanced!" cried more than one excited voice in the crowd.

The horses are coming down the home-stretch at this moment—Orion still leading triumphantly, following him the varied colors of the field, and last Cavalier, whose rider is making a frantic effort to escape the threatened disgrace. In vain. A cry of amazement, rather than a shout of triumph, goes up, as Orion sweeps by—with the favorite hopelessly distanced!

Never has anything like the excitement that follows been seen on the Arlingford race-course. A hundred throats vociferate that the race has not been a fair one, and men throng on the track as Cavalier comes up, to ply his rider with a host of questions. The jockey himself is in such a white heat of excitement, that he can hardly answer—but he finds his voice when Tarleton breaks through the crowd and comes to his side.

"There's something the matter with the horse," he says. "I've done the best I could. I hope you don't think it's my fault, Mr. Tarleton."

"Not the fault of your riding," Tarleton answers; "but there is something very serious the matter with the horse. Before he ran the first half-mile, I saw that he would lose the race. Take him off," he says, addressing one of the stablemen.

His manner is so quiet, his tone so authoritative, that the crowd involuntarily falls back—nobody caring to question him; for, quiet as he is, there are certain lines about his face, and an unmistakable gleam in his eyes, which show that he is in no mood to be trifled with.

Hence it is that Will Lawrence is the only man who accompanies him as he follows the defeated horse from the track.

"In the name of all that is unfortunate, what do you think is the matter?" Will inquires, after several minutes' silence.

"I think that he has been tampered with," Tarleton replies—still speaking with a calmness very foreign to his usual manner.

"I thought of that myself. But how has it been done—and by whom?"

"That I cannot tell; but I shall discover. Where is Pierce?" he asks, speaking to the groom who has gone to work on the horse.

"Here I am, Mr. Tarleton," answers the voice of the person inquired for, who comes up at this moment, looking the most pale and crestfallen of the group. "Bad spot of work, sir," he goes on. "The horse must be sick—yet he seemed all right when we brought him out."

"If he is sick, it is because he has been made so," Tarleton says. "I believe there has been foul play of some kind with him, and if it is so, you, who are accountable for his safety, should know of it."

"There can't be anything of the kind, Mr. Tarleton," answers the man steadily—but it is only Will's fancy that he grows a shade paler. "I should know of it if it had been, for I've watched him as close as could be. No horse was ever better watched, and he hasn't shown any signs of being out of condition before to-day."

"He has not been out of condition," says Tarleton, with stern decision. "I have never seen him in better condition for a race. I have not a doubt that he has been tampered with, and shall not rest until I discover what has been done, and who did it. When I have discovered this—"

He says no more; but if his speech breaks off abruptly, the flash of his eye, and the hand that involuntarily tightens its grasp on the riding-cane which he carries, express significantly all that is left unsaid.

Again Will asks himself if it is his imagination that Pierce changes color. He, certainly turns without speaking, to the horse, and begins to examine him. While they discuss his condition, a shout goes up from the crowd around the course, which tells that Orion has won the second heat, and the race is at an end.

It is impossible to describe the consternation

which has fallen over the Lawrence party, at the crushing defeat of the horse on which their bets were laid, and—as they well know—Tarleton's hope of retrieving his fortune was staked. When the cry goes up that tells of Orion's triumph, Sophy fairly bursts into tears.

"Poor Frank!" she says. "Oh, this is too hard!"

"I should like to murder that jockey!" cries Janet, passionately. "It must be his fault! He has been bribed to let the horse be beaten! Everybody says that such things are done!"

"But it would be carrying the matter too far to let him be distanced," says Wilmer. "No, the jockey is not to blame. I saw that the horse would lose the race before he made the first mile."

"What on earth can be the matter with him?" says Mr. Proctor. "Why did Tarleton bring him out if he was no more able to run than this?"

Nobody can answer—in fact, nobody makes the faintest attempt to do so. There is a hubbub of voices on all sides, everybody talks at once, and nobody listens to anybody else.

"Tarleton is tremendously hard hit, I know," says Wilmer presently; "and I am afraid that Will has a good deal more on Cavalier than he can afford to lose. He had better put as much on Bonny Kate, and try to make things even at any rate. Her name ought to make her bring him good luck."

"For Heaven's sake, don't such a thing to him," says Janet. "He would be foolish enough to do it. But I am ready to stake anything on Bonny Kate. Mr. Proctor, will you invest for me in the—pools, do you call them? And you mean to back her yourself, do you not?"

Mr. Proctor looks dubious over this; but he proceeds to the stand where the pools are sold for the next race, and buys one for Janet. Here he learns that Khedive is the favorite for the race, and being eminently cautious, and not inclined to trust his own judgment outside of agricultural matters, he thinks it wisest to purchase a ticket on that horse, also.

It is to be supposed that strokes of inspiration sometimes occur to sympathetic minds at the same time; and, if this be the case, it is not surprising that the idea of making Bonny Kate retrieve his losses on Cavalier should have occurred to Will as well as to Wilmer. He hesitates over it, for the odds are heavy against the filly's winning, and if she loses, affairs will unquestionably be rather desperate with him. "I'll play a bold game at any cost," he finally says to himself—and then he tells Tarleton what he intends doing.

"I've backed her heavily myself," Tarleton answers, "but I cannot advise you to do the same. Luck has turned against me, I think. Nevertheless, I'll go and see her brought out, to be certain that no trick has been played on her."

That Bonny Kate is greeted with enthusiasm when she makes her appearance on the track, is owing not only to the name she bears, and to her success of the day before, but also to the popular sympathy with Tarleton in his late misfortune. The rumor of foul play with Cavalier has got abroad, and been generally credited, so that public indignation is in consequence deeply stirred. Khedive also belongs to the owner of Orion. Hence, looking at the matter from every point of view, the good wishes of the multitude are with Bonny Kate.

When the bell rings to mount, the temper of the latter, now, as on the day before, is displayed to her great disadvantage. There are several false starts, which worry her to an almost ungovernable pitch, and in one of which she gets her head and bolts almost as far as the quarter, before her jockey can bring her to order. At last, however, they are off—the pretty willful creature leading like a greyhound.

The three horses behind her are all good ones, however, and Khedive's rider soon begins to press the running, knowing that the bottom as well as the speed of his horse is to be depended upon. The pace becomes tremendous, a cloud of dust envelops the horses, but through it anxious eyes strain to see now a purple, now a green, now a scarlet jacket first of the field. When they sweep round the track opposite the stand, Khedive is leading, with Vigilant second, and Bonny Kate third; but when they enter the home-stretch, Vigilant has fallen back, Khedive has taken the second place, and Bonny Kate is leading triumphantly. A moment later she has swept like a meteor by the grand stand, while men cheer, and women wave handkerchiefs like flags, from all directions.

"By Jove, she is a splendid creature!" says Mr. Burdock, watching her with enthusiasm.

"She has remarkable speed," says Mr. Vaughn's voice at his side, "but she lacks bottom. She has won the first heat, but she'll win no other, depend upon it."

As if to justify his opinion, Khedive wins the second heat; but Bonny Kate proves that she has bottom as well as swiftness. The race is a close one, and she comes in second.

This result exceeds the hopes of her most sanguine supporters, and now follows the winning heat, for which only two start. After the usual interval, they are once more off. For the first half-mile Khedive holds the lead, but Bonny Kate presses him to his utmost speed, and, on the third quarter, the space between the two steadily diminishes. "She is gaining!—she is gaining!" eager voices cry. She is certainly gaining. Her pace grows faster—she reaches the saddle-girths—now they are neck-and-neck! The suspense is intense in the excited crowd,

and Tarleton's eyes follow the straining horses with an anxiety that almost brings a mist before his sight.

When they enter the home-stretch, they are running side by side, and as they approach the stand it is impossible to tell which will come in first. Then Bonny Kate startles every one by a headlong burst of speed, and, passing Khedive, comes in winner.

When the hurdle-race, which closes the day's programme, is over, Will Lawrence, who has not seen anything of Tarleton for some time, goes in search of him. According to the tendency of human nature to look at events of all kinds through a personal medium, Will, whose own prospects are brighter since he retrieved part of his losses on Bonny Kate, regards Tarleton's affairs with a cheerful philosophy which he did not feel before.

"After all, what is one race?" he thinks. "Frank may have lost heavily on it—I've no doubt he has—but to a man as much involved as he is, a little loss, more or less, hardly matters. Whether Cavalier was tampered with, or whether he's merely out of condition, he'll come all right and be as valuable as ever, while, on my soul, I believe there is a fortune in Bonny Kate. Hallo, Frank!" he adds aloud; "I was just looking for you."

It is in turning a corner of the club-house that he comes upon Tarleton, who stands near to one of the stablemen—a youthful person of shrewd countenance. He looks up as Will draws near, and the latter reads at once on his face and in his eyes that something has occurred to rouse all the indignant wrath of which his nature is capable. Yet—as one who holds a firm leash on passion which else might wholly escape control—he speaks coolly:

"You are exactly in time, Will. Here is the first development in the case. This boy swears that Pierce himself drugged Cavalier. He looked through a crack in the back of the stable, and saw the scoundrel give the horse a dose. Why didn't you come to me at once?" he breaks off, peremptorily addressing the boy.

To which the latter replies that he could not credit the idea of any injury being intended to the horse, until he lost the race. "Then I think that dose must have had something to do with it, and I better tell what I see," he adds. "Since I was with him all the time, you might think I had some share in it; but I'd a cut off my hand before I'd let any harm happen to him."

"You have done perfectly right in coming to me," says Tarleton. "And this is not all," he goes on, turning to Will. "Pierce has been seen several times with Ashton Vaughn. Only yesterday they were together."

"Tarleton!" Will recoils a step. "You had better take care what you say. You are excited now, you know."

"I never was cooler in my life," Tarleton asserts; "and as for taking care, you may be sure I shall do nothing rashly. But you know me well enough to be also sure that I will make this villainy recoil on the heads of all who, directly or indirectly, have had a hand in it."

"I know you well enough to be sure that you will be absolutely reckless of consequences," says Will. "This is too grave a charge to make without the best possible proof."

"I shall not take a step without proof," Tarleton answers, "and I am going after it now."

He turns as he speaks, and, followed by the groom, walks away, while Will stands like a statue of perplexity—uncertain whether to follow and endeavor to prevent serious mischief, or to act upon the safer and altogether easier policy of minding his own business.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"It was thine oath that first did fail,
It was thy love proved false and frail."

The crimson evening light is on the hills, when Kate and her retinue take their way homeward. The day has been one of infinite satisfaction to the children. They have enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent, devoured haws and persimmons in enormous quantities, filled their basket with chestnuts, romped, and quarrelled, and "made up," all with undiminished spirits. Having a mile or two to walk, it chances that they reach Fairfields at much the same time that the party from Arlingford do. The carriage is just drawing up before the entrance, when they approach from the side of the grounds.

"O mamma," they cry in chorus, "we've been out in the woods all day, and had a splendid time!"

"O Kate, you don't know what you missed!" cries Bessie in breathless haste, lest some one shall anticipate her in telling the news. "Cavalier was beaten!—and they say he was drugged! But Bonny Kate won a splendid race. She beat Khedive—oh, if you could have heard the people shout when she came in!"

Kate stands amazed. She thought she had lost all interest in any possible result of the race, but this unexpected news proves to her that she was mistaken.

"Are you in earnest?" she asks. "Was Cavalier really beaten? Did Orion win the race? I am very sorry."

"Yes, Orion won the race," says Mrs. Lawrence, "and Cavalier was not only beaten, but distanced. There was some talk of his having been drugged; but nobody seemed to know whether it was true or not."

"Bonny Kate's triumph made amends for his defeat, however," says Miss Brooke. She turns as she speaks, and laying her hand on

Kate's shoulder, looks kindly into her face. "You are glad to hear of your namesake's triumph, are you not?" she asks.

The gray eyes gaze at her with something very sad and wistful in their depths. "Yes, I am glad," the girl answers; "not because she is my namesake, though. I do not care at all for that. But what is this about Cavalier? It seems very strange—how could he be drugged?"

"That is the mystery," says Miss Brooke. "Every one was excited about the matter, and reports of all kinds were flying about—but I don't think any one knew very much. The gentlemen may be able to tell us something definite when they come."

"Yonder comes Randal, with Miss Vaughn," says Bessie.

"I know what Randal will say," remarks Kate.

She is right—Randal's opinion is a foregone conclusion, being, indeed, only an echo of that which Mr. Vaughn has seen fit to express. Cavalier lost the race simply because he could not beat Orion; it is absurd in the extreme to talk of his having been tampered with.

"One never discusses such things with women" (loftily). "They are always partisans. Tarleton has certainly been unlucky—but he has only himself to thank. Bessie, tell my mother that I shall not be back to dinner."

He is about to spring into the buggy, from which he has a minute before alighted, when Miss Vaughn's voice detains him. "Why are you going back to Arlingford?" she asks.

"I promised your brother to return," he answers, "and I don't like to break an engagement."

"Is there any difficulty between Ashton and Frank Tarleton?" she asks, in a low, quick voice.

"Why should you think such a thing?" he says, with a surprise which reassures her. "There is no ground for difficulty that I know of. What do you know?"

"Nothing," she replies. "I only feared that something might cause trouble between them."

"I don't think there is anything in the least likely to do so," says Randal; and with this they separate—she going into the house, he driving away.

At the gates he meets the Wilmer equipage just turning in. The horses are drawn up abruptly at sight of him, and Wilmer, springing down, comes to the side of the buggy.

"Are you going back to Arlingford?" he asks.

"Yes," Randal answers, in a tone which plainly signifies, "What is that to you?"

"I think if you are wise, and can possibly do it, you'll bring your friend Mr. Vaughn away," Wilmer says, very gravely. "I heard one or two rumors before I left. How much truth there was in them I can't tell—I could not stay to ascertain—but I don't know a more dangerous man to deal with than Tarleton under certain provocation."

"You are talking in riddles," says Randal. "Why should I bring Vaughn away?—and what were the rumors about?—and who the deuce cares for Tarleton's bluster? He is a hot-headed fool; but he certainly ought to be content with to-day's work."

"I am afraid to-day's work is not ended yet," says Wilmer, more enigmatically than ever. "Well, go on—you'll hear all about it soon enough. I only hope that what I heard was exaggerated. But you had better bring Vaughn away—if you can."

With this, he returns to the phaeton, and Randal drives on—rendered more uneasy than he would like to acknowledge by this very vague warning. It may as well be said here as in another place, that, although thoroughly under the influence of his friend, he has neither directly nor indirectly borne a part in certain plans and schemes which are at present likely to bring that gentleman into trouble.

As a matter of course, both Wilmer and Proctor refrain from mentioning any reports which they have heard to the feminine part of the household. At dinner, however, matters begin to look grave. Neither Mr. Lawrence nor Will has returned, and this fact—taken in conjunction with the reports already mentioned—puts the two young men on thorns. They manage to contain their impatience within moderate bounds while the ladies are with them; but as soon as they are alone they look at each other, and the same words rise to the lips of each:

"Suppose we ride into Arlingford and see what is going on!"

No sooner said than done. Horses are ordered, and they go to the drawing-room to make their excuses. These are very readily accepted. The ladies themselves are inclined to be restless and curious, and will welcome any authentic news.

"I trust nothing unpleasant will come of the affair," says Mrs. Lawrence; "but I can't help feeling a misgiving—Frank Tarleton is so impetuous and reckless!"

"I had a strong misgiving when I parted with him," says Wilmer, "and from Mr. Lawrence's absence I fear something has occurred."

"If so, I hope to Heaven he will keep Will out of it!" says Will's mother, fervently.

Kate does not hear this conversation, but, from the fact that the two young men are returning to Arlingford, she easily imagines what draws them there. "If only I might go, too!" she thinks, watching them as they ride away in the faint moonlight.

This being impossible, she leaves the drawing-room with its group over whom dullness has

settled, and throwing a light shawl round her, goes out on to the piazza. How long she sits in the soft semi-darkness, she scarcely knows. The stars, "which are the poetry of heaven," as Byron sang, look down upon her with their myriad bright eyes, and the moon slopes westward, finally disappearing behind the hill over which Mr. Proctor saw it hanging the night before. Voices float out from the drawing-room, but conversation plainly flags within, and now and then some one comes and draws the curtains aside to listen for the sound of returning horses' hoofs.

So far they have only listened to be disappointed, and at least two hours have passed when Kate is startled by a dark figure which suddenly bounds up the steps on which she is sitting, and springs upon her. "O—h!" she says, with a gasp, for she has been nearly knocked over. Then she sees that the unceremonious intruder is a dog, and putting out her hand she touches the silken coat of a setter.

"Rex!" she says. "It is Rex, is it not?" Rex wags his tail violently in assent. "What are you doing here?"

For Rex is Tarleton's dog, and the sight of him sends her heart into her throat. Is Tarleton coming?—is he at hand? She cannot tell whether she most dreads or desires to see him. The sickening thrill, in which anticipation and apprehension are mingled, makes itself felt to the tips of her fingers. "Is he coming, Rex—is he coming?" she whispers.

As she speaks, she puts out her hand again to the dog, and then she perceives that he is offering her something which he carries in his mouth. She touches it, and takes in her hand a slip of paper. It is the work of an instant to open it, to lean forward where the light from a window falls, and read the lines scribbled almost illegibly within:

"MY KATE: Will you come to me in the garden for a few minutes? I want to see you alone, and this is the only hope of doing so."

Kate hesitates a moment—only a moment. Then a passionate impulse rises within her to speak the thoughts which have been burning at her heart all day, and without pausing to consider whether or not this impulse is wise, she acts upon it. Drawing her shawl more closely round her, she darts away, followed hard and fast by Rex.

On the southern side of the house is the terrace, below which lies the garden. As she descends the flight of steps that lead down to this, she perceives the dark outlines of a man's figure on the path beneath, and when she reaches the bottom, the figure advances and catches her in its arms. "Is not this a romantic mode of paying a visit?" says a gay voice—the voice which, let what will come between them, is music to her ear. "I saw you on the piazza, and I knew that if I went to you there, we should not have two minutes of uninterrupted conversation; so I decided to send Rex after you. He went like a trump, while you—"

"Never mind about me," says Kate, drawing away from him—with what a wrenching pang it is difficult to say—"I came because I thought it might be best; but I do not understand why you wish to see me like this."

"Don't you?" he asks in a tone of surprise. "I should think you would understand that there could be no satisfaction to me in seeing you in the society of a dozen other people. Why do you draw back from me? Why do you turn your face away? Kate! what is the matter?"

"Nothing of any importance!"—she puts her hand aside—"nothing that I might not have anticipated, I suppose. But why not be truthful? Why not say at once that you tend for me to meet you by stealth because you do not wish Miss Vaughn to know that you are here?"

"Neither Miss Vaughn nor any one else," he answers, "for the simple reason that I wish to see you and you alone."

"Ah, yes, I comprehend," she cries. "For the moment you have a fancy to see me alone—but I do not care to serve as your plaything, Mr. Tarleton. You have no right to ask me to meet you clandestinely. It is dishonorable alike to you and to me. A gentleman should woo the woman he loves openly and bravely. You have not done so, and therefore I have come to tell you that for me your wooing is at an end. You have only sought to amuse yourself with me, so it will cost you nothing to hear that from this minute everything is ended between us—if, indeed, anything ever existed save trifling on your part and folly on mine."

Tarleton is thunderstruck. For a minute he can answer nothing. Of all things in the world, he least expected this. He stands gazing blankly at the face of which he can only see the outlines.

"Kate!" he cries, "is it yourself? What do you mean? Why do you talk to me like this? 'Everything ended!' Have you forgotten that I love you, and that you belong to me?"

"I have forgotten nothing," she answers. "But you are mistaken—I do not belong to you. Even if you had been sincere, my folly the other day would bind me to nothing; but since you only meant to amuse yourself—"

"Amuse myself!" he interrupts. "This is the second time that you have used that expression. Tell me at once what you mean. Who has been talking to you?"

She utters a low laugh—a sound so different from the usual mirthful cadence which comes from her lips, that he is scarcely able to believe she has uttered it. "I cannot imagine that you find it difficult to tell who has been talking to

me," she answers. "I do not betray any confidence in saying that Miss Vaughn has been enlightening me with regard to some facts of your past history!"

"Ah!"—he draws his breath sharply—"I feared that she would make mischief, and so I tried to keep our engagement secret until she was gone."

"You own that!" cries Kate, with a keen thrill in her voice. Until this instant, she hardly knows how much she has hoped against hope that he would shatter the whole fabric of proof by one bold denial.

"Yes, I own it," he answers. "You do not know much good of me, my Kate, and you have heard much ill. Can you blame me, therefore, for wanting to keep more ill from your ears—at least until I had won your trust and could tell you everything myself? My past has been reckless enough, God knows; but I never meant to add deception to my other faults. No doubt Florida Vaughn has told you only the truth—but the truth can be tinged with different colors."

"She told me—though, indeed, I had heard it before—that you have been her lover for years," says Kate.

"A man's folly, as well as his sin, finds him out," he says. "It is true. For many a long day she played fast and loose with me—but her chains were broken the first day I saw your face, my bonny Kate!"

"Stop!" she cries, putting out her hand as if in pain. "I am young and ignorant, but even my credulity is not equal to believing that you could forget a woman whom you have loved for years, for the sake of one you have known for a few weeks. But even if this were so, I should not value such a shifting heart. Another fact, a fresher fancy, and I should be forgotten as you would fain make me believe that she has been. But all this is very useless!" she adds, abruptly. "I did not come to reproach you, but to say that all is at an end. For every reason it must be so. Good-night."

(To be continued.)

A GIRL WANTED.

"I desire to advertise for a girl to do general housework," said a Laramie lady to the manager of the intelligence office. "I have had some little trouble and annoyance during the past year, and would like, if I could, to get a good girl different in many respects from those I have been wrestling with. Last fall I heard of a good girl who was working for a neighbor of mine, and went to work systematically to get her. I found out afterwards that it was a put up job on me, and that my neighbor wanted me to get the girl more out of revenge than anything else. The girl's name was Cleopatra. She wanted \$27 per month, and the use of the piano. I was so sure that she was a good girl that I engaged her on that lay-out. Cleopatra had so many lovers that we had to move the sofa into the kitchen on Sunday, and my husband and myself sat around on the floor while Cleopatra wooed the festive mule pancher. We wanted to throw all the home influences we could around Cleopatra, so that she would feel perfectly cheerful, and like one of the family. She used to wear my dresses when I was away, but when I asked her to let me wear her wardrobe she seemed hurt, and her whole system was churned up with convulsive sobs. By-and-by my dresses got kind of shabby as the result of continuous wear, by Cleopatra and myself, and so she got discontented and went away. Then I got a nice girl from Nebraska; but just as she had learned to make a pie that would yield to the softening influences of time, she married a man from Bitter Creek, who was so cross-eyed that, when he wept, the scalding tears would roll down the back of his neck. I then secured a girl from the old country. She could not speak the English language fluently, and so didn't have a very sociable time of it. When I would tell her to wash the dishes, she would generally black the stove or bring in a scuttle of coal. I used to pour out my soul to her soul to her sometimes and ask her to confide in me, but she had a far away look, like a man who cannot pay his board bill. One day at dinner I asked her to bring in the dessert, but she didn't grasp my meaning, and through some oversight brought in the dish rag on a tray. She used to wash the children's faces with the shoe brush; and in that way soon won their esteem and regard. One day while we were at the table she brought in the soup, and in an unguarded moment stuck about seven inches of her thumb in the hot soup in order to get a more secure grip on the tureen. In the first impulse of ego and maidenly surprise she thoughtlessly dropped the tureen in my husband's lap. My husband is a shy and reticent man, but he rose with a graceful movement to his full height, and killed her with the carving-knife, and kicked her gory remains under the table. After the inquest I got a hollow-eyed girl from Fort Collins. She was an orphan, with pale hair that she used to work up in the wash. She was proud and impulsive in her manner, and ate everything in the house. We used to hear her in the middle of the night fering around after cold pie and fragments of rich and expensive grub. She had singular yearning for jam and an impassioned longing for preserves that we never succeeded in quenching. When the jelly and fruit cake gave out, she would sadly turn her attention to cold ham and mustard, with smouldering ruins of baked beans and cold cabbage and vinegar. We stood it till

groceries came up so, and apples got to be \$7.50 a barrel, and we asked her to send in her resignation. Shortly after that my husband made an assignment. What I would like now is a good girl, not so much as a companion confidential promoter of financial ruin, but more to wrestle with manual labor in the kitchen, at so much per wrestle and board. I'm not difficult to please, but I don't want to pay the same salary that the cashier of a bank gets just for the sake of having a pampered maiden in the house who doesn't do enough work to drive away her ennui."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Marquis of Queensberry has written a letter to say that he declines to go in for an agitation to seat Mr. Bradlaugh, because he does not see the use of banging his head against a brick wall, which will by and by come down of itself.

LORD Y., whose popularity was not excessive in a certain Scotch town, having refused an importunate beggar, she renewed her application, "Now, my lord, if ye'd just gi' me a little saxpence, I could treat every friend ye have in the town."

UNREAD authors should take heart of oak from this good story going around about the Duke of Cambridge; a military report being sent to him, he directed his secretary to send the following reply: "His Royal Highness has read with much pleasure the report forwarded to him, a report highly creditable to the army in every way."

THE report read that there were 158 cases of disorderly conduct, 56 desertions, 48 of dishonesty and more cases of dissolute conduct and drunkenness than had ever before come under notice.

THE number of English residents, now passing the winter at Wiesbaden, is greater than during any previous year. This is especially noticeable during the services at the English church, St. Augustine's Chapel, which is planned to hold three hundred persons, but which is now always so over-filled that an extension will have to be built as soon as possible.

It is rumored that the Canadians are desirous of absolute independence in the matter of copyright, and that the Hon. William Macdougall will introduce a bill on the subject in the present session of the Dominion Parliament. The complaint of the Canadians is that English books are too dear; yet our sixpenny editions are cheaper than any which you can produce yourselves or import from the United States.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Duchess of Argyll is dangerously ill.

PRINCE WILLIAM has been proclaimed King of Serbia.

MARTIAL law is to be proclaimed in Clare county.

MR. BEECHER'S illness is attributed to the bad water of Chicago.

THE steamship *Chilkan* has been wrecked at Salamanca Island.

MR. BRADLAUGH intends to present himself again in the House on Tuesday.

EMINENT physicians state that MacLean's insanity is of long standing.

LARGAN beat Gookin, an American, recently, over the Thames course, for £100 a side.

ROBERT PASHA has been specially charged to look to the efficiency of the Turkish fleet.

MR. FORSTER has declined to appear and give evidence before the Lords' committee on the Land Act.

THE Prussian Chamber has appropriated the necessary funds for the establishment of a Legation at the Vatican.

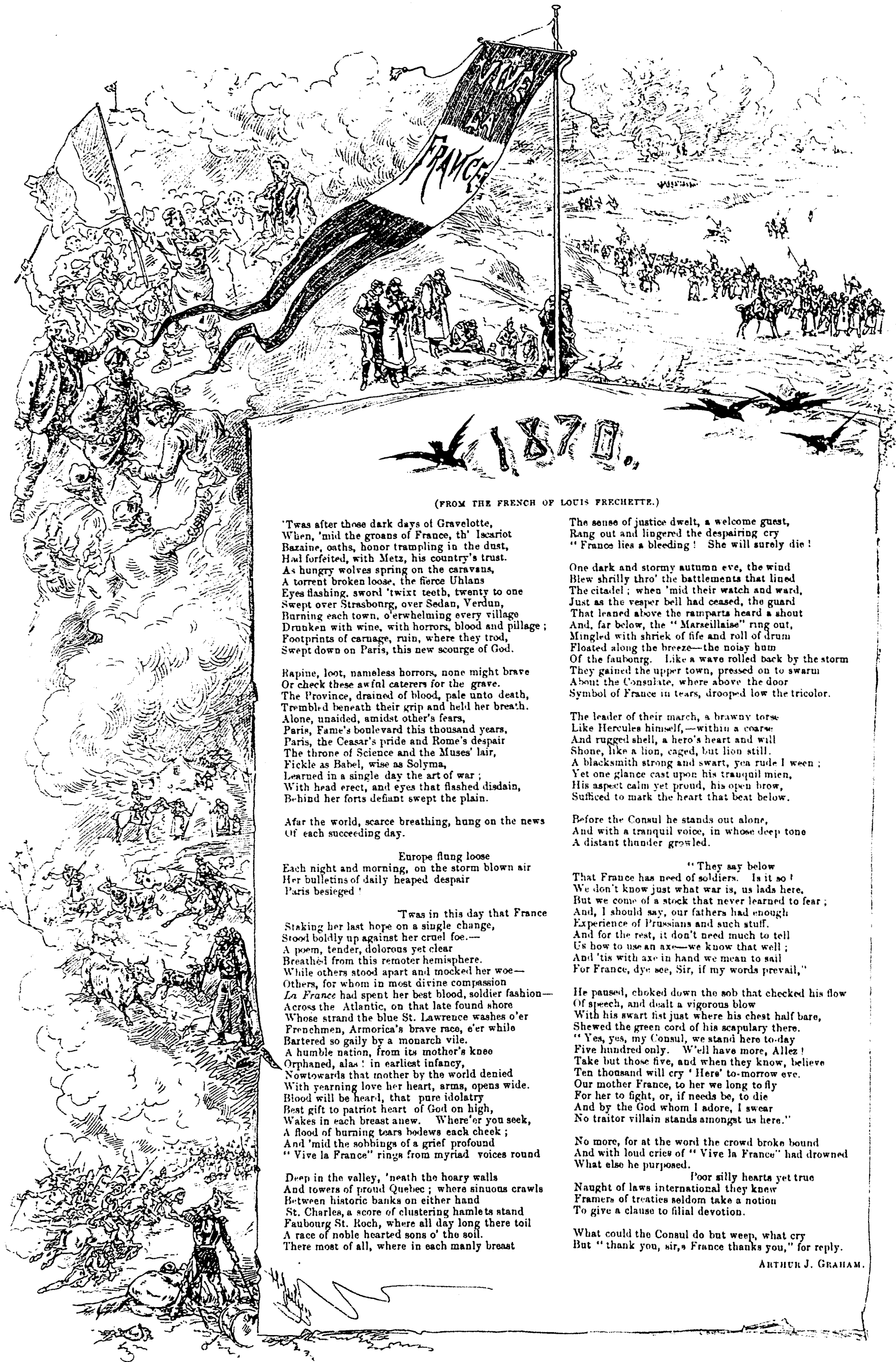
HAZARD, the winner of the six days' international pedestrian tournament, receives besides the trophy, \$21,750.

THE House of Lords has read for the first time Lord Redesdale's measure for excluding atheists from both Houses of Parliament.

THE Russian Government has ordered that foreign correspondents shall be prevented from holding telegraphic communication with their newspapers.

THIRTY-THREE thousand Jewish colonists are to be evicted from Crown Lands in Russia, on the ground of their not engaging in agriculture.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discovered. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electric city is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.



(FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUIS FRECHETTE.)

'Twas after those dark days of Gravelotte,
When, 'mid the groans of France, th' Iscariot
Bazaine, oaths, honor trampling in the dust,
Had forfeited, with Metz, his country's trust.
As hungry wolves spring on the caravans,
A torrent broken loose, the fierce Uhlans
Eyes flashing, sword 'twixt teeth, twenty to one
Swept over Strasbourg, over Sedan, Verdun,
Burning each town, o'erwhelming every village
Drunken with wine, with horrors, blood and pillage ;
Footprints of carnage, ruin, where they trod,
Swept down on Paris, this new scourge of God.

Rapine, loot, nameless horrors, none might brave
Or check these awful caterers for the grave.
The Province, drained of blood, pale unto death,
Trembled beneath their grip and held her breath.
Alone, unaided, amidst other's fears,
Paris, Fame's boulevard this thousand years,
Paris, the Caesar's pride and Rome's despair
The throne of Science and the Muses' lair,
Fickle as Babel, wise as Solyma,
Learned in a single day the art of war ;
With head erect, and eyes that flashed disdain,
Behind her forts defiant swept the plain.

Afar the world, scarce breathing, hung on the news
Of each succeeding day.

Europe flung loose
Each night and morning, on the storm blown air
Her bulletins of daily heaped despair
Paris besieged !

'Twas in this day that France
Staking her last hope on a single change,
Stood boldly up against her cruel foe.—
A poem, tender, dolorous yet clear
Breathed from this remoter hemisphere.
While others stood apart and mocked her woe—
Others, for whom in most divine compassion
La France had spent her best blood, soldier fashion—
Across the Atlantic, on that late found shore
Whose strand the blue St. Lawrence washes o'er
Frenchmen, Armorica's brave race, e'er while
Bartered so gaily by a monarch vile.
A humble nation, from its mother's knee
Orphaned, alas ! in earliest infancy,
Noughtwards that mother by the world denied
With yearning love her heart, arms, opens wide.
Blood will be heard, that pure idolatry
Best gift to patriot heart of God on high,
Wakes in each breast anew. Where'er you seek,
A flood of burning tears bedews each cheek ;
And 'mid the sobbings of a grief profound
"Vive la France" rings from myriad voices round

Deep in the valley, 'neath the hoary walls
And towers of proud Quebec ; where sinuous crawls
Between historic banks on either hand
St. Charles, a score of clustering hamlets stand
Faubourg St. Roch, where all day long there toil
A race of noble hearted sons o' the soil.
There most of all, where in each manly breast

The sense of justice dwelt, a welcome guest,
Rang out and lingered the despairing cry
"France lies a bleeding ! She will surely die !

One dark and stormy autumn eve, the wind
Blew shrilly thro' the battlements that lined
The citadel ; when 'mid their watch and ward,
Just as the vesper bell had ceased, the guard
That leaned above the ramparts heard a shout
And, far below, the "Marseillaise" ring out,
Mingled with shriek of life and roll of drum
Floated along the breeze—the noisy hum
Of the faubourg. Like a wave rolled back by the storm
They gained the upper town, pressed on to swarm
About the Consulate, where above the door
Symbol of France in tears, drooped low the tricolor.

The leader of their march, a brawny torso
Like Hercules himself,—within a coarse
And rugged shell, a hero's heart and will
Shone, like a lion, caged, but lion still.
A blacksmith strong and swart, yea rude I ween ;
Yet one glance cast upon his tranquil mien,
His aspect calm yet proud, his open brow,
Sufficed to mark the heart that beat below.

Before the Consul he stands out alone,
And with a tranquil voice, in whose deep tone
A distant thunder growled.

"They say below
That France has need of soldiers. Is it so !
We don't know just what war is, us lads here,
But we come of a stock that never learned to fear ;
And, I should say, our fathers had enough
Experience of Prussians and such stuff.
And for the rest, it don't need much to tell
Us how to use an axe—we know that well ;
And 'tis with axe in hand we mean to sail
For France, dye see, Sir, if my words prevail,"

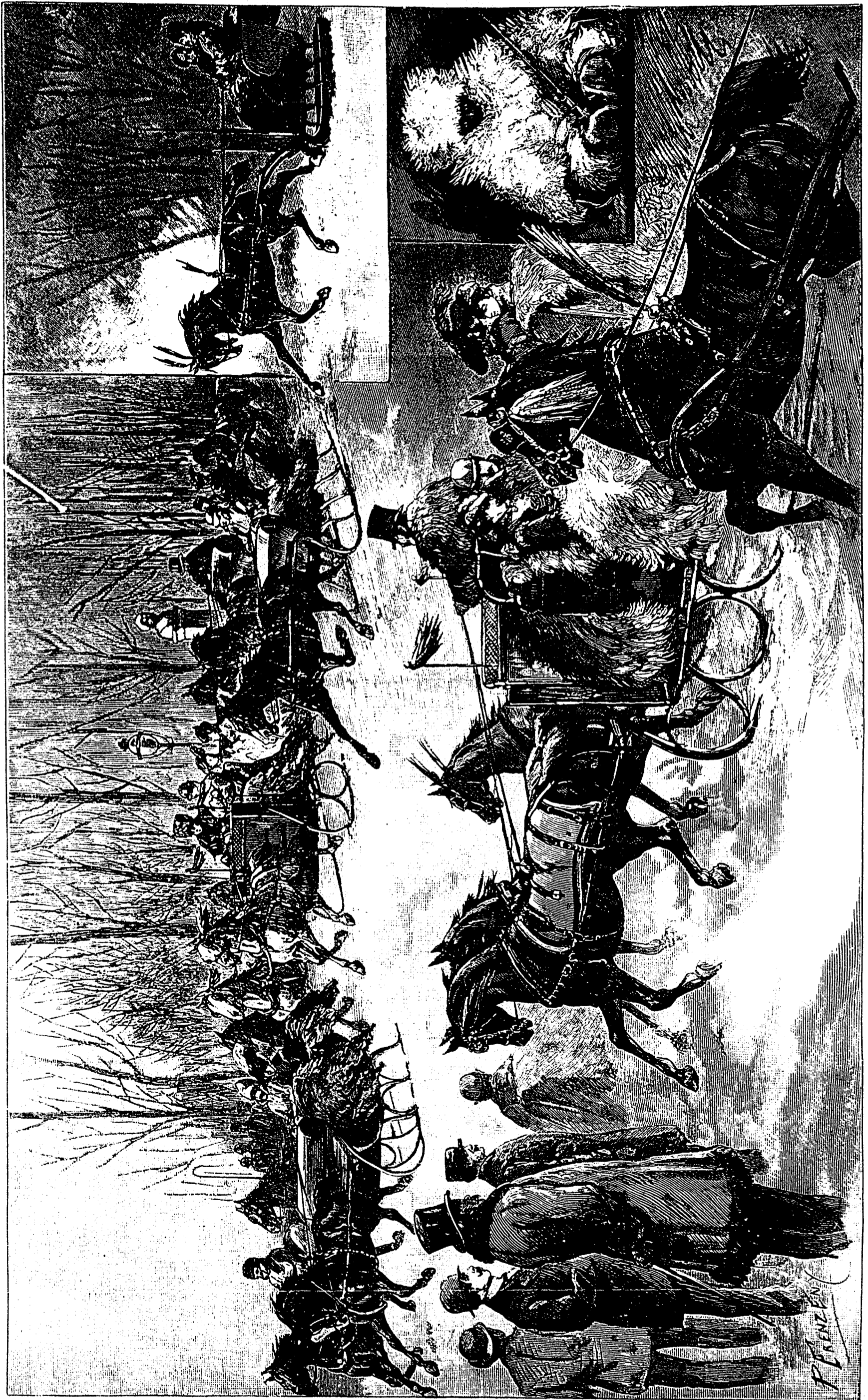
He paused, choked down the sob that checked his flow
Of speech, and dealt a vigorous blow
With his swart fist just where his chest half bare,
Shewed the green cord of his scapular there.
"Yes, yes, my Consul, we stand here to-day
Five hundred only. We'll have more, *Allez !*
Take but those five, and when they know, believe
Ten thousand will cry 'Here' to-morrow eve.
Our mother France, to her we long to fly
For her to fight, or, if needs be, to die
And by the God whom I adore, I swear
No traitor villain stands amongst us here."

No more, for at the word the crowd broke bound
And with loud cries of "Vive la France" had drowned
What else he purposed.

Poor silly hearts yet true
Naught of laws international they knew
Framers of treaties seldom take a notion
To give a clause to filial devotion.

What could the Consul do but weep, what cry
But "thank you, sir, France thanks you," for reply.

ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.



NEW YORK.—SLEIGHING IN CENTRAL PARK.

and together had entered their eternal rest? Who shall say?

How could I tell my poor heart-broken girl of the double desolation that had fallen on her? And yet it must be done, and that soon, for now she began to speak of her father, and to wonder how he would bear this great sorrow, and whether she should go to him at once, and not wait for his coming to her.

"Mary, are you alone now?" "No; aunt Fanny is with me. She came before dear mother died, and will stay a little time if papa wishes. She is out now, but will go home to tea."

Aunt Fanny was Mrs. Lorraine, a widowed sister of Mrs. Mostyn's. I knew her well—a sweet motherly woman, just the one to comfort Mary in her trouble; and to know that she was with her took a load off my mind.

So, as gently and as tenderly as I could, I told her. May such a task never fall to my lot again! I will pass over the details of that scene. Even now I cannot think of it unmoved, for until then I had never even imagined such utter woe, such an agony of sorrow. I will pass over too the sad hours that followed, until at last the efforts of Mrs. Lorraine and myself had been so far successful as to bring some little rest and calmness to our poor Mary. As soon as she had somewhat recovered, she made me give her every particular of her father's illness and death; and she did not seem at all astonished when I told her of the vision that had brightened his closing eyes.

"They loved each other so much," she said simply, "that Heaven just let them go home together; and it comforts me to think it was so."

During the time which elapsed before we paid off I came once or twice again to Greenbank; for I had to bring home all my dear old friend's belongings; and who does not know what a heart-rending task that is? Poor Mary! What bitter tears rolled down her cheeks as she handled tenderly all the pretty things that her father had been so carefully collecting all through our commission for his two dear ones at home—West Indian baskets, Bermuda shell-work, Canadian furs—all so many silent witnesses of the constant, thoughtful love that ceased only with his life.

When the first terrible shock was over, I was thankful to see that Mary bore up bravely under her double sorrow, though her wan face, heavy eyes, and feeble step told too true a tale of the sudden and terrible blank in her life. It was not long too before I learned that the impending anxiety of a straitened income was added to her other trials. All that her father had to leave her was the sum of a thousand pounds and Greenbank, which had been bequeathed to him some years before by an uncle.

Modest as was Mary's establishment, and simple as were her tastes, it was impossible for her to remain at the cottage on an income of fifty pounds a year, and the only conclusion at which she and her aunt could arrive was that Greenbank should be let furnished and that they should join households. But how could she leave the old home where she was born and had lived all her life?

As yet I had not hinted at my own hopes and wishes, for I thought the time had not come for me to speak; I had not yet discovered what Mary's feelings towards me were; for she was just the same as ever—kind, frank, sisterly, but nothing more. But at this new crisis of affairs I saw that I must delay no longer, for already preparations were being made to let the cottage. And it was not long before I found my opportunity.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH SOCIETY.

BY AN AMERICAN.

When an American's ideals of the speech and manners of the English nobility and gentry have been originated, nourished and developed by Tennyson's Lady Clara Vere de Vere, or the high-born Lord Burleigh, they are sure to be distorted, if not quite upset, by familiarity with these fortunately-placed persons.

The social tranquillities, of which the American proverbially falls short, when found by him in their British utterance, appear so very like the stupidities, littleness or indifference of his own people, that, much as he may have longed to behold them, and eagerly as he may have striven to attain in his own person to his beautiful conception of a noble composure, his enthusiasms vanish when in the presence of that standard of manner which was bestowed by the poet upon Lady Clara. Indeed, it is not uncommon for him to prefer impetuosités, whimsies, and even petulance, to this semblance of stolidity. Of course he does not give voice to his changed estimates of the conduct of English social life, because, to do that, he must be absolutely without timidity; and no American gentleman or lady is ever quite that.

In one set, or in one stream of blood, it is considered in good form to be unruffled and apparently indifferent under all noticeable circumstances.

There is another set who claim to have modernized their manners. These are they who choose the opposite extreme in the conduct of their emotions. They cultivate a giddiness that is full of surprising activities, curious expletives and the slang words and phrases of the field, turf and stage. Of course there is a broad, happy

medium, but happy mediums in character or manners are sure to fail of rousing or holding the observant faculties of the student of human differences. The pictures of respectable inabilities, or of the shrinking, or perhaps the indifferent, are not strongly in them; consequently they pass without attention.

Of course the composed Englishman now and then raises himself upon supreme occasions, and frees his mind of some rare incubus or crisis of feeling, either physical or intellectual, but even then he utters his sentiments in a deliberate but thoroughly epigrammatic manner, which is as easily quoted as it is distinctly remembered.

This peculiar talent, whether cultivated or natural, crowns its possessor with the reputation of being a wit or an oracle. Of such men there are few outside of Great Britain; but in that kingdom they are so amazingly frequent that one is always wondering why they should be so highly regarded, especially as peculiar mental qualities are usually valued or perhaps dreaded according to their infrequency. The sworn devotee to the tranquillities is almost as exasperating as his opposite, the man who is an irrepressible exponent of effervescent sensations or explanations, but he is not quite so wearisome. Generally the latter, if not a tuft-hunter, is a sort of semi-buffoon who is unacknowledged as such, and yet who performs this service for certain tranquil types of the men and women of rank.

The barometrical and emphatic visitor says to her composed host: "It is a charming day, really perfect, and quite too heavenly, you know," and the tranquil person languidly replies: "Is it really? I did not know." "Yes, and if I hadn't been so knocked up by the ball last night, and so set down by a dinner which I must accept for three weeks from Monday, and so beastly out of sorts with my milliner, and Lady Peters hadn't bagged me for a week down in Yorkshire, which I loathe and abominate and detest because of that croaking old baronet who thinks I ought to marry him, debts, wig and all, I should have been round yesterday at five o'clock to see your delicious new tea gown, with cups and tray to match. If you were an angel in heaven you couldn't have handsomer china, nor more of it—could you now?—nor could you win a more charming vassalage to your drawing-room. I'm dead sure you couldn't, dear Lady Eleanor. You needn't trouble to answer, because I am sure you couldn't. Ta-ta, I am off for an interview with that divine creature whose address you gave me for dancing slippers with gilded heels."

The emphatic visitor passes out of the morning room of her intimate contrast with a swirl, while the impostor answers "Ta!" To double this timely syllable would have been too emphatic an au revoir for the calm Lady Eleanor, and quite outside her rôle.

The English lady who approves of speech asks you not to be hasty when your engagements compel you to deny a request she has made. She informs you that the day is nasty, opposing circumstances are nasty, that she has a nasty headache, a nasty mannered maid, a horse with a nasty gait, a dog with a nasty snarl, a complexion with a nasty blowse, a lock of hair with a nasty kink, a bonnet with a nasty habit of being tilted the wrong way, and indeed nasty is a word that makes a fitting expression of condemnation altogether easy in England.

Even the most refined of English ladies chooses a turf or fox hunting sentence to explain that she is not quite well, or is uneasy or annoyed. She says:—"I am quite knocked up," when she is a little out of her best conditions, but on no account would she utter so horrible a word as b-u-g, but she might be able to call the little insect upon a rose leaf or a lichen—a-vermin!

When it comes to be a moving necessity to mention those unpleasant creatures which crawl or hop, and that love the human species as if they were cannibals and which are not—mosquitoes, the English lady mentions them metaphorically as flats and sharps.

After all the thing is the thing itself, and when one is ill the unpleasantness of one's condition is sure to be the same, no matter how variously the ailment may be mentioned and it is only the small matter of orthography, after all, that disturbs the temper of sensitive Americans, and irritates the supersensitive Englishman. Because the latter is conscious of being the elder and because a patriarchal strain in his blood persuades him that he is clearly in possession of the right to establish forms of speech, standards of behavior and social usages, and more than likely because he really has inherited a claim to obedience when he invites us to follow his examples, he lays down the law, but we who are stiff-necked, hot-blooded and obstinate resent and rebel, or else we are almost craven in our subjection. Our foolish resistance to those things which are best in English manners, or else our silly and abject imitation of those which are worst, make us to appear not wholly unlike those "Little Tin Gods on Wheels" at which all that large world which is neither in revolt nor yet in subjection, laughs with great glee.

In England a man who parts his hair upon the side of his head runs the risk of being counted eccentric or affected. In America he who parts his locks on the top of his crown is of no account among the commonalities. In fact he runs the risk of being mentioned as an idiot. So much importance is placed in both countries upon insignificant things, forgetting that the true gentleman and gentleman all the earth round are so very much alike in the spirit of their lives and its conduct, that it matters very little whether their custom and speech be pat-

terned after a similar or a dissimilar formality. Thereby they will each understand and respect the customs of the other, and feel neither arrogance nor humility.—Home Journal.

MUSIC AND SYMPATHY.

Among the many pleasurable anticipations of a winter in the city, the enjoyment of good music takes a high rank. Every year the proportion of our citizens who delight in it and take pains to secure it increases; every year the popular taste improves, and every year our musical entertainments occupy a higher level, and musical culture receives a new impetus. Whoever will take the trouble to study the history of this art, from the monotonous dance chants of barbarian tribes, or the early Greek lyre, which had but four strings, representing the four notes which formed the probable limit of song at that time, to the present age of complex and wonderful symphonies and the countless and subtle modulations of vocal harmony, will discover that music, as an art, has ever kept pace with civilization, and has been an unfailling test of national advancement as a whole. Even yet, however, we have but a faint glimpse of its power and meaning. We value it chiefly, if not exclusively, for the enjoyment it gives, and we do not generally consider that it ministers to any higher end. It is true we hear something of its refining effects upon the character, and of its negatively good results in drawing people away from low amusements and debasing pleasures, but that it has any positive influence, save that of the immediate pleasure of listening to its delicious melodies, seldom occurs to our minds. Yet, were this the case, it would differ from all other sources of innocent enjoyment. The pleasure we experience in satisfying our hunger conduces to physical vigour and health. The mother's love for her child, delightful as it is, is chiefly valuable as the means of her child's well-being. The desire for success in an enterprise does not end merely in the satisfaction of that desire, but leads to more permanent advantages involved in the enterprise itself. Just so all other legitimate pleasures have further ends to subserviate than their own existence, nor can we think that music forms an exception. In an essay of Herbert Spencer's, on the origin and function of music, suggests what is now perhaps generally admitted, that as speech is the natural expression of thought, so music is the natural language of emotion. Certainly, if the words which we speak convey our ideas, the tones in which they are uttered convey our feelings in regard to them, and the various emotions of pain and pleasure, of discontent or satisfaction, of cordiality or aversion, of eager interest or utter indifference, are much more apparent in the emphasis, cadence, and intonations of the voice than in the words themselves. All these may be called the music of speech, and just as words multiply in order to express the new and delicate shades of thought that increasing civilization and culture bring forth, so the intonations of voice are even more and more delicately representing the increasingly complex emotions of which we become capable. If, then, music is itself the very language of a notion, must the habit of listening to good music, which is true to its character, have a double effect upon us, over and above the pleasure it creates—first, to develop within us and to intensify the very feelings which it is translating; and, secondly, to enable us the better to convey to others the feelings which actuate us, even in the cadences and modulations of ordinary conversation? To share our thoughts with others by the use of well-chosen words, is an art which is fully recognised and cultivated; but to share our emotions by any truthful and adequate expression of them, is an art which the future has yet to teach us. Indeed, the very effort is regarded by many with something like contempt, and he who succeeds best in hiding his feelings is most approved. This is an injurious error, except in so far as the emotions are themselves unworthy and need restraint. If we are swayed by anger, impatience, jealousy, envy or hatred, the less we express ourselves the better. The sternest silence which we can maintain at such times is the surest method of subduing the rebellious moods. But to restrain and conceal feelings of love, kindness and good-will—to preserve an impassive exterior, when the heart thrills with affection and gladness—this is to crush out sympathy, and to silence the best promptings of humanity. The language of the emotions, whatever it may be, deserves the most earnest and careful cultivation, for by means of it is developed that sympathy which is the grand bond of human society. Upon it we are dependent, both for our direct happiness and our permanent well-being. This it is which leads men to deal justly and kindly with each other, which heightens every pleasure and softens every pain, which gives rise to all domestic and social happiness, and makes life's hardest passages endurable. To sympathize, truly, however, we must in some degree partake of the feelings of others; and this can only be done in proportion to the truthful and delicate delineation of them. Whatever can aid in that will also aid in promoting human happiness, and as the feelings become more worthy of expression, so every means of expressing them should become more and more eagerly welcomed. There is certainly no doubt that the effects of good music upon the feelings themselves are of a most beneficial kind, allaying evil passions, calming undue excitement, soothing sorrow, and inspiring fresh hope and courage in the despondent. If it shall be found also to have the power of developing and improving the language by which heart speaks to

heart, and thus of drawing humanity nearer together in sympathy, an additional reason will arise for its culture and extension, and the delight which it now affords will be but a foretaste of the richer and deeper happiness it has in store for us.—Philadelphia Ledger.

HYMNS AND HYMN-TINKERS.

BY A. P. HITCHCOCK.

"Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honor to reprint many of our hymns. Now, they are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are; but I desire they would not attempt to mend them, for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore, I must beg of them one of these two favors: either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better for worse; or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page, that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men." So wrote John Wesley something over a hundred years ago in the preface to A Collection of Hymns for the Use of the People called Methodists. The outburst is both amusing, as showing the decided opinion the Rev. John Wesley, M. A., held in regard to the merits of his own and his brother's work, and instructive, as indicating the extent to which the practice of hymn-mending had been indulged in, even at that day. It has had but little effect, however, as a restraint upon the tinkering tendencies of succeeding compilers. There is hardly a stone in all the noble temple of our English hymnology which has not been chipped or beplastered, some-times quite out of its original form and color, by the literary deformers. In a few cases they have done really good service, removing ugly projections or filling up unsightly cranies left by the carelessness of the original artist, but as a rule their work has been fearfully and wonderfully bad.

Looked at from the literary point of view, it is as disfiguring as are the names of John Brown and Ezekiel Spriggins cut into the cap-stone of the pyramid of Cheops. Seen from the moral side, it is hard to understand how these emendators defend their work from the charge of absolute dishonesty. Forgery is an ugly word, but there is no other which applies. The attempt to eliminate from Paradise Lost all references to hell, in order to make that poem edifying to such as disbelieve in eternal burnings, would probably be received with little favor, even if honestly undertaken. The words which people of good taste would use in reference to the man who should make it would be either very severe or very contemptuous. Yet the hymn-book compilers, of every denomination, have unhesitatingly and freely remodeled the hymns written by members of other sects, in order to adapt their phraseology to the creeds of the churches in which they were to be used. It is fair to suppose that such divines as Watts, Doddridge, Newton, and the Wesleys had certain well-considered opinions upon the subjects of which they wrote. It is not fair, nor is it honest, that their carefully chosen words should be so transposed or changed as quite to reverse the original sense. Nevertheless, this is frequently done, so that the singer, acquainted only with the hymn-book versions, is often led to suppose that the writers whose names are appended to them were sharers in his peculiar belief, when, as a matter of fact, they would have condemned his faith as absolutely heretical.

HUMOROUS.

AN EPITAPH ON AN ANGLER.—Here's bait for worms.

WHEN a man has no mind of his own, he can always find a woman who can give him a piece of hers.

AT a recent school examination the son of a coal dealer was asked how many pounds there were in a ton. He mis-*ed*.

BEFORE marriage she was dear and he was her treasure; but afterwards she became dearer and he treasurer.

THE potato is a belligerent vegetable. It frequently gets into hot water and burst its jacket.—Boston Commercial.

WHY should the whale be called the politician of the sea?—Because he frequently comes to the surface to sput.

"When I was very young," remarked the late M. Thiers once, "I was so little that I needed a pole to knock down the strawberries."

EVERY man is fond of striking the nail on the head; but, when it happens to be the finger-nail, his enthusiasm becomes wild and incoherent.

SAID the lecturer, "The roads up these mountains are too steep and rocky for even a donkey to climb, therefore I did not attempt the ascent."

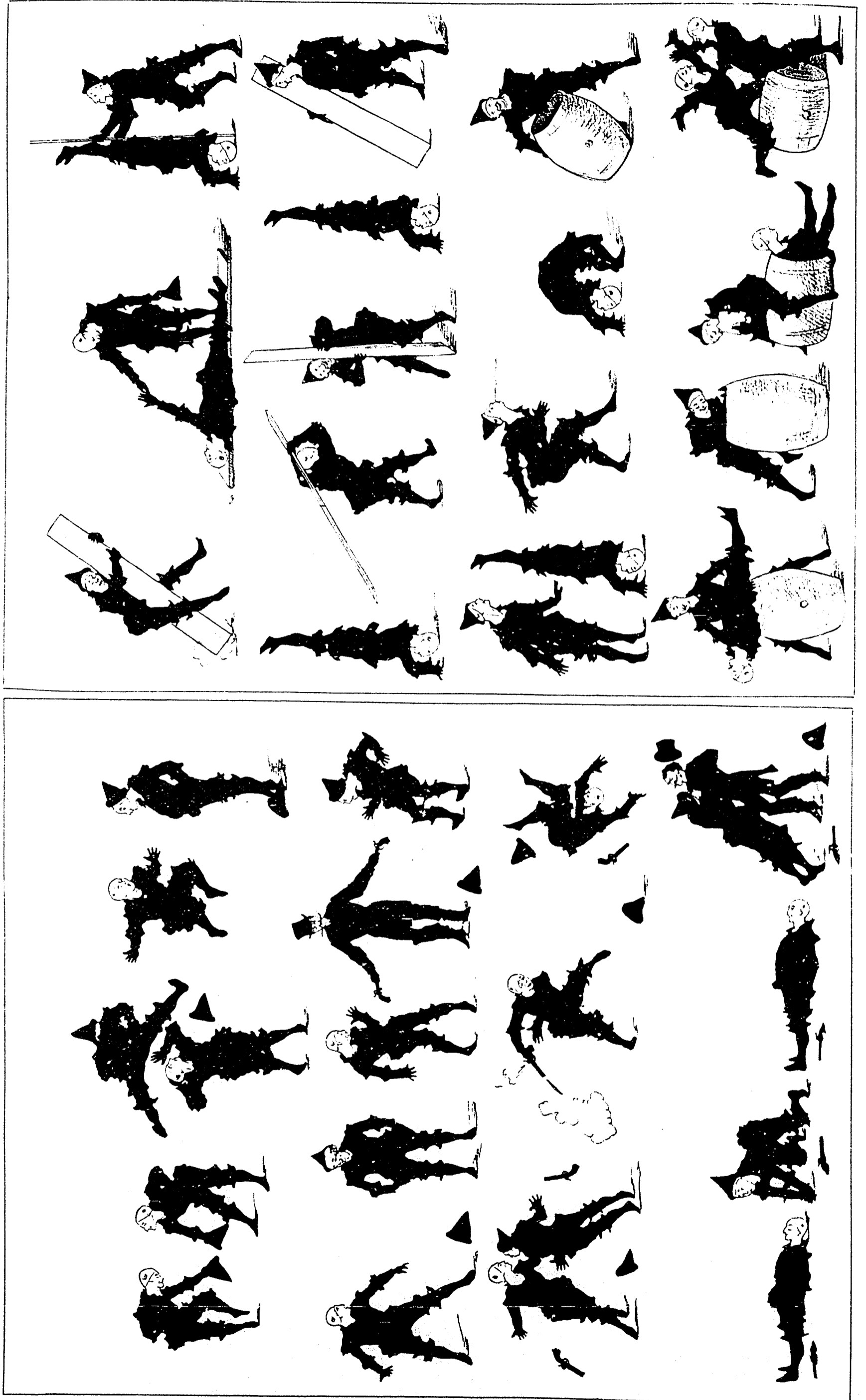
The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 126 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

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

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

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



THE CLOWNS' DUEL.



"TEMPTATION."—FROM THE WATER COLOR PAINTING BY F. S. CHURCH.

[For the NEWS.]

MARCH.

The early Spring its charm will keep
While sight and other sense remain,
For Nature then from Winter's sleep
Awakens slow to life again.

The leaden clouds are rolled away:
The skies assume a deeper blue:
The sun pours in a brighter ray:
And earth again seems young and new.

Now March has reached its middle stage:
From plain an hill its fied the snow:
The swollen streams have spent their rage,
Once more within their bounds they flow.

We mark along the streamlet's course
How wild its recent ride has been:
How here its banks are rent by force;
How there its mud and drift are seen.

The plains are russet still and bare,
No buds are bursting yet in trees;
But plants are struggling up to air,
Called forth by whispering Zephyr's breeze.

The Blue bird warbles in the grove,
And lightly floats on azure wing;
The Robin too,—whose voice we love,—
Announces sharp and clear the spring.

Across the lawn a race he takes,
Then hops upon his favorite trees,
And frequent exclamations makes
About the sights that there he sees.

He scowls as yet will sing at all,
But spends his time looking round,
To see if on some tree or wall,
A place for nest of his be found.

Song—Sparrows too are northward come,
And pour their sweet ecstatic trill,
From out some bush, their modest home
By forest side, or sheltering hill.

Joy blazes in the vernal sun,
And warbles in the wild bird's lay:
Great Nature starts her course to run,
And sows bright light upon her way.

CROWQUILL.

Toronto, March, 1882.

PARROTS.

The varieties of parrots generally kept are six in number, parrots, cockatoos, macaws, parakeets, love birds and lorries, though these latter are more rarely kept on account of their not being so proficient in speaking as most of the other kinds, though their plumage is exceedingly gay and beautiful.

The parrots of Asia and Africa were known to the Greeks more than two thousand years ago, and we find frequent mention of their powers and mimicry in such writers as Plutarch and Euripides; and we have occasional mention also that they were favorites in the palaces of kings and princes. About the time of our Saviour's birth frequent notice is found in the writers of that day of parrots and macaws. Ovid, for instance, speaks of the emerald hue of their plumage, while Pliny draws attention to their rose-colored collar and brilliant green plumage.

It is said that macaws are the best talkers of the whole species, providing they are reared from the nest. And not only are they able to talk, but they also sing in a peculiar, soft voice. Though, perhaps not in volume, certainly in sweetness and softness, they are excelled by certain kinds of parrotlets, particularly the green or grass parrotlet. While the cockatoo is the hardest of the parrot tribe, and most easily tamed, it is at the same time the most difficult to teach to talk at all well. Its disposition is, however, more gentle, and its obedience more implicit than that of the other species. The gray or ash colored African parrot is very docile, and receives its lesson with great aptitude, hence it is the most general favorite though the common green Amazon parrot, from the little attention it requires, and being easily taught to speak, shares the favor bestowed upon the gray-colored one.

We know a green parrot who, as soon as its owner opens the door of the room in which it is usually kept, in a most natural voice, exclaims—

"Pa, dear, come in and kiss your pretty green beauty!"

Or, if its master knocks at the door it immediately shouts:

"Come in; come in, pa, and give us a kiss and a thousand more."

This done, the parrot shouts, "Hip, hip, hurrah! Three cheers for the Queen," and instantly begins to dance to the tune. "Polly, put the kettle on and we'll all have tea," repeating or rather singing the words perfectly.

Again, she frequently says, "Let the dear waiter bring pretty Polly a pot of beer, for she really wants her dinner." Then, sometimes, she says, "Who'll give thirty guineas to the pretty green beauty, and then she will ride in her carriage." Or,

"O you, Cockey rough, why did you promise to marry me and did not?"

This bird is most affectionate, and never allows its master to leave the room without giving it a kiss or shaking its foot. It has lovely green plumage, and belongs to that variety which is not commonly supposed to talk namely, the parakeets; but it is said when they do talk they excel the rest of the tribe.

A captain of a large sailing vessel, which frequently touched at the ports of the Western Coasts of Africa, at different times possessed two gray parrots, one of which from having had some hot water thrown on its head accidentally, lost all its feathers permanently. Being frequently asked what was the cause of his strange

bald pate, he used to reply, "I was scalded," but whenever he saw an old gentleman passing by in the street or enter into the room with a bald head, he would be sure to shout out, with a correct changing of the grammar, "You've been scalded!" and then, turning to the company, he would add, "He's been scalded."

Another of this man's parrots had been brought up by one of the sailors and taught to swear in a most horrible manner, and he was ducked in the water whenever he was heard to swear; this tended to cure him of the habit; but one day when a man was washed overboard, and upon the body being recovered and placed on the deck, the parrot hopped around it several times, shaking its head from side to side gravely, and saying,—

"You've been swearing, you've been swearing."

This reminds me of what once occurred in a clergyman's family. The bishop of the diocese had been holding a confirmation in the neighborhood, and was lurching at a rectory with several of his clergy. In the middle of lunch, one of those dreadful pauses in the conversation took place. No one seemed able to break it when, to the astonishment and dismay of all present, a most horrible swearing tongue poured forth a torrent of blasphemy and abuse upon the assembled guests. Every one looked aghast at these unusual sounds, and for a minute or two the cursing and swearing continued unintermittently; but, though every one looked at his neighbor, the mystery was not detected until the hostess, hastily rising from the table, and drawing aside a muslin curtain from the window, discovered the offender in the person of a gray parrot, which she had purchased that morning, at the door, from a travelling bird dealer, and, thinking to show off her new acquisition, had hung it in the room.

A tradesman, occupying a shop in the Old Bailey, just opposite to the prison (Newgate), possessed two parrots, a gray and a green one, which had been taught to speak. When a knock was heard at the street door the green parrot used to speak; but when the street-bell was rung, then the gray parrot answered. Now the house in which their owner lived had one of those old-fashioned projecting porches, so that when a person stood on the same side of the street as the door he could not see the first floor. One day the parrots had been hung outside the first floor window, and so, hidden from a person approaching the door. A man knocked at the shut door:

"Who's there?" said the green parrot,
"The man with the leather," was the reply.
"O, O," answered the bird, and then was silent.

After waiting some time and not finding the door opened, the person knocked a second time.

"Who's there?" repeated the green parrot.
"Who's there?" cried the man outside;

"Why don't you open the door and see?"
"O, O," repeated the parrot.

This so enraged the man that he rang the bell furiously.

"Go to the gate!" shouted a new voice.
"To the gate," said the man, not seeing one;
"what gate?"

"Newgate," responded the gray parrot, which so enraged the man that, stepping back into the road to have a view of his mockers, he saw for the first time that he had been outwitted and teased by a couple of parrots.

The parrot that belonged to O'Keefe, the actor, was, perhaps, the most remarkable in all England. Among other accomplishments, it would sing "God save the King" through without missing a single word, or losing the tune. While doing so it would also keep time, moving its head from side to side in a perfect manner. This bird could never be induced to sing on Sunday. Various tricks were played on it to effect this purpose, but without avail; it was kept in confinement, placed in darkness, etc., etc., but all devices failed; it was never known to sing on the Lord's day. King George III, heard of the fame of this parrot, and of its proficiency in singing the national anthem and resolved to witness its performance in person. This was arranged, but not a note would the bird utter in the presence of the King. Disconcerted and disappointed, the King turned away, but no sooner had his majesty reached the threshold, than the parrot, in a peculiarly sweet tenor voice, began to sing "God save the King." His majesty turned, and with his hand raised to keep silence among the attendants, listened in respectful attention to the bird's song, which is said to have been perfect. He offered O'Keefe a large sum of money for the parrot, but it was refused. Its owner was often in difficulties, being of an extravagant disposition, and resorted to the strange expedient of raising money by pawning poor Poll. He always redeemed it, however, and regained possession. It is said when this bird died its skin was purchased by the trustees of the British Museum, while the skeleton is preserved in the museum at Oxford.

Another friend of mine possesses a parrot who always discriminates between the sexes and condition of life of its master's visitors. If a gentleman comes, well-dressed, he is invariably saluted with,—

"What a get up! What a swell you are!"

If an old lady comes,—

"O what a fright! What a pair of nut-crackers!"

If a young lady, he begins in a soothing tone.—

"Isn't she nice? Isn't she nice?"

But when a clergyman comes, he instantly, in the gravest and most solemn tones, such as for-

bid, at the moment, any feeling of levity, addresses him with the words,—

"Let us pray! Let us pray!"

An American parrot, that had been taught to whistle in the way which generally attracts the notice of dogs, was sitting in his cage one day, at the shop door, whistling with all its might. By chance a large dog passed by. The animal, imagining that he heard the call of his master, turned suddenly about and ran towards the cage of the parrot. This movement rather alarmed the bird, who instantly screamed out,—

"Get out, you brute!"

Which caused the astonished dog to hastily retreat, leaving those in the shop convulsed with laughter at the joke.

Some of these anecdotes seem to imply the existence of more than merely imitative power.—*Quiz.*

THE WANDERING JEW

There are some legends so universally spread through the popular folklore of various countries that one naturally looks for their origin in something more than arbitrary invention or local superstition. To this class belong the legend of the Wandering Jew—that is, of an eye witness of the Crucifixion of our Lord, condemned, for having insulted the Saviour, to a joyless immortality and a perpetual wandering over the face of the earth. The myth appears to belong essentially to a class of great antiquity, which occurs in every part of the world. Early peoples who had not as yet formulated the natural tendency to belief in the immortality of the soul, were unwilling to allow that their national heroes and the mighty chiefs who had led them to glory and prosperity, had gone from them for ever; and the wish being father to the thought, such personages were supposed to have sought repose in some secluded earthly paradises, from which they should issue in due time to continue their work of conquest, or to revive the fortunes of the race. To this class belong the legends of Odin, King Arthur, Barbarossa, and Charlemagne; as well as such minor sages as those of Tannhäuser, Thomas of Erloune, and even Rip van Winkle. Side by side with the heroes too holy or too great to die come the stories who for their sins were forbidden the repose of the grave. These are the legitimate congeners of the Wandering Jew, and believers in them could appeal to the Bible for instances of both class of the undying and unresting ones. Cain, the first murderer, is also the first wanderer; Lamech is another sufferer from the same curse, as shown by the ancient lines:—

"Adah and Zillah, hear my voice!
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken to my speech!
For the man I slew for my own wound,
The child I struck dead on account of my own hurt!
Was Cain avenged seven times?
Lamech will be seven times seven times!"

Enoch, who "walked with God, and was not, for God took him;" Moses, who disappeared amidst the mountains of Meab, and no man knew where his resting-place might be; Elias, who was carried up to heaven in a chariot of fire, and who in later Moslem legend disappeared in his search for the "water of life"—these are all types of one and the same idea. Early Aryan mythology has a similar story of the mysterious disappearance of the Iranian god-king, Yima, or Jamsheed, who is hidden away in a terrestrial paradise, and bides his time to usher in again the Golden Age; while later Teutonic myths have a more sinister version of the story in the legend of the Wild Huntsman, who follows the chase amid the storms of the Hartz mountains, and in the fantastic story of the Flying Dutchman, who is beating about in a vain attempt to round the Cape, which is to last till Judgment Day. The popular Messianic idea, also—not the Christian promise, but the Jewish and Moslem notion of a temporal King who shall come to life again to restore the supremacy of his people—and the opposing Antichrist or Dujjal, are types of the same primitive conception. Classical mythology, also, furnishes us with apposite illustrations in the stories of Prometheus, Tiresias, and the Glaucus myth. It is curious to note the close approach which Greek mythology occasionally makes to the Semitic; the myth of Perseus and Andromeda being the counterpart of Bel and the Dragon, of Seth and Typhon, of Michael and Satan, and of our own St. George and the Dragon. Perseus is, in fact, a mere anagram of the Phœnician Apollo Resef, whose attributes and story are the same as those of the Archangel. The legend of the Wandering Jew, however, embodies another and more recent idea; it is the expression of that undying popular hatred of the Jewish race which found vent in the terrible persecutions of the middle ages, and which is again showing itself in the *Judenhetze* which disgraces modern Germany. The Christians looked upon the Jews as a race as the chosen of Satan rather than of Jehovah, and regarded them with a deadly and unreasoning hatred, not only because they had been the instrument in the death and sufferings of our Lord, but because they were a foreign race, and because the natural instinct of an uncultivated Aryan is to "heave half a brick" at the unknown. A well-known story aptly illustrates the common feeling of the uneducated against the Hebrews. A settler from the backwoods of America came into a town, and meeting a member of the chosen race whose lineaments too surely betrayed his origin, proceeded to inflict upon him grievous bodily injury. On being taken before a magistrate and charged with the crime, he pleaded that the prosecutor was a Jew, and therefore, by implication, a murderer of the

Savior, and consequently deserving of punishment. The humane magistrate pointed out that the era of persecution had gone by, and that, however creditable the Christian defendant's zeal might be, the event which had kindled his wrath had taken place some eighteen hundred years ago. "Now, do tell!" said the ingenuous backwood-man, "and I only heard of it last Tuesday!" The story, which is probably true, is paralleled by that of the old Englishwoman, who, having the same events detailed to her by a sympathetic clergyman for the first time in her life, said it was all very dreadful, but it was a long way off and a long time ago, and she hoped it wasn't true. The miracle plays had much to do with keeping alive this race-hatred, and the Jew was long considered to be merely a creature to mock at, to torture, and to rob, and any pain or indignity inflicted upon him was thought to be a work of Christian zeal. The legends of the Wandering Jew has had great attractions for poets and artists of Europe. In Germany Schubert first conceived the idea of making "this antique cordwainer," as Carlyle says, as it were, "a raft at anchor in the stream of time, from which he would survey the changes and wonders of two thousand years." Goethe also contemplated a poem on the same subject, but was diverted by the more national legend of Faust. Many others have written on the same theme; but Chamisso, in his "New Ahasuerus," has perhaps clothed the whole myth in the most picturesque dress. In France its chief exponent is Eugène Sue, whose romance of "The Wandering Jew," published in 1844, has done more than anything else to revive the popular legend of the middle ages in our own day. His hero is, as Mr. Moncreux Conway points out, closely allied to the mysterious undying wanderer, El Khidhr, mentioned in the eighteenth chapter of the Koran. Moses, meeting with an ancient man, who, he is miraculously informed, is wiser than himself, travels with him, but not until the stranger has exacted a promise from him that he will not ask any questions, whatever he might see. El Khidhr, in the course of their peregrinations, commits various crimes; and Moses unable to control his indignation, at length asks for an explanation. The old man then reveals to him that the apparent wrongs were really either retractions or blessings in disguise, and, leaving the Hebrew lawgiver, goes on upon his endless journey through the world. Eugène Sue's Wandering Jew at length finds rest, together with Herodias, who had expiated her foul murder of St. John the Baptist by a similar restless doom. Pierre Dupont's poetical version of the romance, and Gustave Doré's imaginative designs which accompany it will be familiar to most of our readers. The last, especially, are a faithful transcript of the wild and weird conception which, having its origin in the vague yearnings of a primitive people, has survived until the present time in the ghostly figure of the ancient Jew who literally paid with his life for insulting our Lord. Mr Moncreux Conway deserves our gratitude for having given a graphic and exhaustive account of this ancient and most curious myth.

THE OLD FASHIONED BANKER.

The old-fashioned banker used to go to his office so punctually that you might set a town clock by him. When he dined at the club or hostel he used to observe the manners of his customers, and, if he thought them extravagant, he showed them little mercy in "the shop" or the "sweating-room." He would stay in the office till the accounts were balanced; and we have known of clerks being kept up for hours until the error of a penny could be rectified. Old Simeon of Cambridge gave a man £20 to detect the error of a penny in his accounts. The old-fashioned bankers were the men who kept up to the last the powder and pigtail, the top-boots and knee-breeches. The half-holiday was an institution totally unknown. The country bankers sent up to town heavy parcels by Pickford's van, a guard with a blunderbuss keeping watch over them. In those days of expensive postage it was a great object to send letters by private hands. A Manchester bank calculated that it saved the pay of two clerks by this system. If any of their customers were found to have booked places at the coach offices it was soon arranged that they should take letters to town. Sir Rowland Hill's innovations have nowhere been more efficacious than in the province of banking. The banker in old times never concerned himself with literature. He would be regarded as going to professional perdition. He would be looked upon as the Cambridge candidate for honors who falls in love or betakes himself to poetry. When the news came to Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough that a young banker named Rogers had just published a poem on "The Pleasures of Memory," he exclaimed, "If old Gobby"—alluding to the respect a head of the firm with which he was banking—"ever so much as says a good thing, let alone writing, I will close my account with him the next morning!" An absurd story is told of an old banker, of a single pint of porter being invariably placed at the bottom of his staircase for his landress. In course of time the pint was exchanged for a pot. A customer forthwith remonstrated with him: "I must say, sir, that if you go on doubling your expenditure at that rate, it may be time for your customers to look after their balances.—*Society.*"

The French Government has approved the scheme for a scientific expedition to the South Pole.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ROMANY BALLAD.

Mr. Charles G. Leland contributes this ballad to an illustrated article by Elizabeth Robins in The Century. In the magazine the original text accompanied the translation.

"TO TRINALI.

"Now thou art my darling girl, And I love thee dearly; Oh, beloved, and my fair, Lov'st thou me sincerely?"

"As my good old trusty horse Draws his load or bears it,— As a gallant cavalier Cooks his hat and wears it,—

"As a sheep devours the grass When the day is sunny,— As a thief who has the chance Takes away our money,—

"As strong ale when taken in Makes the strongest tipsy,— As a fire within a tent Warms a shivering gypsy,—

"As a gypsy grandmother Tells a fortune neatly,— As the Gentle trusts in her And is done completely,—

"So you draw me there and here, Where you like you take me; Or you sport me like a hat— What you will you make me.

"So you steal and know my heart, For to that I'm fated! And by you, my gypsy Kate, I'm intoxicated.

"And I own you are a witch, I am beaten hollow; Where thou goest in this world I am bound to follow,—

"Follow thee where'er it be, Over land and water, Trinali, my gypsy queen! Witch and witch's daughter!"

THE STORY OF A DOG.

A lady in Lowell owns a very intelligent dog, of which she desired much to have a picture. She accordingly took him to a photographic gallery, and with the assistance of the artist endeavoured to make her pet take and keep a suitable position before the camera.

But the spoiled dog was in an unaccommodating mood that morning, and after repeated trials the attempt to conquer him was abandoned in despair.

"Go home," the lady said at last, pointing to the door. "You are a bad, naughty, naughty dog."

The culprit changed instantly his saucy manner, and drooping his tail between his legs, slunk away in confusion. All the rest of the day he seemed to realize that he was in disgrace, crouching in the corners and wearing a shamefaced air. The next morning he was missing, and all search failed to discover him. About noon he reappeared much elated, and having fastened to his neck an excellent tintype of himself.

Inquiry disclosed the fact that when the photographer went down in the morning, the dog had been at the door of the gallery awaiting his admission. As soon as the door was opened Carlo ran joyously up stairs and leaped into the chair on which his mistress had posed him the day previous. Seizing the situation, the artist made his preparations with all possible speed, and the result was the delightful picture which the four-footed penitent had taken home as a peace offering to his mistress.

A NICE LITTLE PLAN FOR ONE.

One day a constable who had long been trying to collect a claim of forty dollars against a sharp citizen, went to a worthy burgher and said:

"See here, Jones. I've got a plan to collect forty dollars of that sharper Perkins. But I want you to help me."

"I'm willing—but what's your plan?"

"Why, I want you to bet him twenty dollars that he doesn't weigh 120 pounds. If you'll do that I can fix the rest."

"All right," said Jones, and the two walked round to the grocery where Perkins was known to hang out. After a little talk, the constable kept him in the shade, Jones began bluffing, and when he stated his fiendish desire to bet twenty dollars that Perkins wouldn't tip the beam at 120 pounds, his greenbacks were covered instantly. As the money was put up the constable slipped out for a gamishier, and was back in time to serve it on the stakeholder. Perkins weighed 148 pounds, and the forty dollars in the hands of the stakeholder evidently paid a claim against him; but it has never been made plain to Jones how he made anything out of it. It has always seemed to him that he was twenty dollars out, and ever since that day he has refused to walk on the same side of the street with that constable.

VARIETIES.

ENGLISHMEN are not, as a rule, fond of mixing up religion with business, but under some circumstances the combination has produced desired results. A case in point came under our notice the other day. The story is briefly as follows:—"A City man had lent to a certain M. P., equally known for ability and for habits of carelessness and unpunctuality, some important papers with a request that he would give his opinion on them. After a reasonable time had elapsed, he wrote to ask for the promised opinion, as well as for the papers, which were of great importance. He got no answer to this or to several successive applications. Out of

all patience he then placed the matter in the hands of his solicitor, who demanded the return of the papers. No answer. After sending two or three letters progressively imperative without receiving any reply, the solicitor threatened legal proceedings. Still the M. P. made no sign. At length the City man, who was a person of ingenuity and humour, and who knew his man, wrote to the M. P. to say that if within two days the papers were not returned, he should request Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY, who were then in the country, to offer up public prayers for the offender. Within a few hours the precious documents were returned.

A GREAT many theatre-goers have noticed of late years that actresses have acquired a peculiar manner of wearing the fingers. They get the fingers in such shape that the third finger looks as though it had been broken, and the doctor had put it on wrong. The younger class of actresses play the finger act more than the older class do, and it is not uncommon to see a variety girl get her hand in such shape as to make it look as though an old-fashioned clothes-pina had been put on the finger straddle. They hold up the hand and pose them for people to look at, acting as though they expected to mash a whole audience. The old-fashioned fat, chubby fingers, that are made straight, are good enough for most people, and when a girl shows a decent-looking hand with one or two fingers sticking up like a sore thumb, she is fooling away her time on the average audience. It is said some girls in society practice months at a time to get their fingers to stay crooked, like dizzy actresses, but unless they watch the fingers pretty close they will get back the way nature arranged them. Affectation goes too far when it spoils a handsome hand for a girl, to make it look as though she had been playing shortstop in a base-ball match, and muffed a hot ball. Girls, let nature's hands alone, and they will make you all the "mashes" you will need in business.—Sun.

"THE SUPERLATIVE" AT PUBLIC DINNERS. —I once attended a dinner given to a great state functionary by functionaries,—men of law, state, and trade. The guest was a great man in his own country and an honored diplomatist in this. His health was drunk with some acknowledgment of his distinguished services to both countries, and followed by nine cold hurrahs. There was the vicious superlative. Then the great official spoke and beat his breast, and declared that he should remember this honour to the latest moment of his existence. He was answered again by officials. Pity, thought I, they should lie so about their keen sensibility to the nine cold hurrahs and to the commonplace compliment of a dinner. Men of the world value truth, in proportion to their ability, not by its sacredness, but for its convenience. Of such, especially of diplomatists, one has a right to expect wit and ingenuity to avoid the lie, if they must comply with the form. Now, I had been present, a little before, in the country at a cattle-show dinner, which followed an agricultural discourse delivered by a farmer; the discourse, to say the truth, was bad; and one of our village fathers gave at the dinner this toast: "The orator of the day; his subject deserves the attention of every farmer." The caution of the toast did honor to our village father. I wish great lords and diplomatists had as much respect for truth.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

Beginner in Chess.—Neither player wins. When a stalemate occurs the game is drawn.

We learn that the Telegraphic Chess Match between Toronto and Quebec was resumed on the evening of Saturday, the 4th of March, but only one game was concluded, as the wires were wanted for other purposes. The game won was in favour of the Quebec club. We are convinced that this match, however it may terminate, will be stubbornly contested, and that each club will do its best to obtain the victory. The fact that such a contest has been set on foot is creditable to the players on each side, and independent of the pleasure which it must afford to those actually engaged in the match, it will undoubtedly create a healthy interest in the game in two of the most important Provinces of the Dominion. To produce such a feeling in regard to the royal game is one of the functions of a chess club, and it is satisfactory to perceive that the amateurs who brought about the present contest, so well understand what is required of them.

Mr. Blackburne has recently been exhibiting his power as a blindfold player at the Chess Club. As usual in such performances, he won almost all the games. If we mistake not, he played in a similar manner at the same club last year. We almost envy the members of this club the great advantage they annually secure by themselves of testing their powers against such an antagonist, and to speak of the intellectual treat they have of witnessing such feats of mental ability. That the amateurs on the other side of the Atlantic are in a degree of showing their appreciation of this great player's skill is very plain, from all the accounts of him that reach us, and we cannot be surprised at the honors recently showered upon him.

It seems doubtful if Mr. Blackburne, who has recently returned from a highly successful provincial tour, will go to Vienna this year. His present inclination, if not his determination, is decidedly opposed to going; but he appears to be quite conscious that his resolution would not hold out against any considerable amount of pressure. His reasons against going are chiefly three—his engagements would not allow him a sufficient period of repose before the commencement of the tournament; May is a month which does not usually agree with his health; there is a projected great match between Yorkshire and Lancashire in which he is interested, and which would interfere with the Vienna tournament in point of time.—Glasgow Herald, Feb. 14.

The Boy's Newspaper announces a chess competition, with five pounds' worth of books as prizes, the same to be equally divided between the problem and solution competitors. Any reader of the Boy's Newspaper, at present under twenty years of age, is eligible to compete in either contest, or both of them. The problems are to be ordinary two movers. Each competitor may contribute two, viz., one on or before March 1 and the other on or before May 1. The other conditions will be found in the paper itself. We advise our younger readers not to miss the chance of distinguishing themselves in a fair competition, wherefrom adults are most properly excluded.—Land and Water.

The twelfth annual tourney of the New York Chess Club ends this day (3rd), and the following is the final score of the prize-winners:

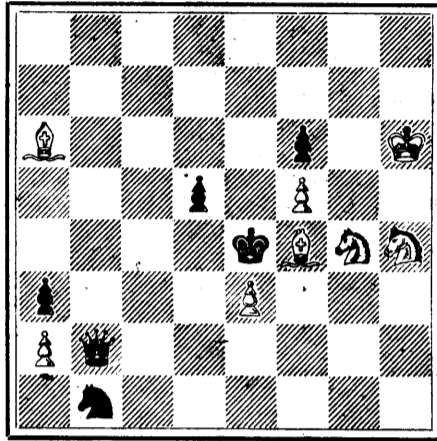
Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. A. E. Blackmar, 1st prize 14 1/2; G. A. T. Limbeck, 2nd prize 14; A. Vorrath, 3rd prize 12 1/2; A. Blome, 4th prize 11.

Messrs. W. B. Orr and E. P. Cahen tied for fifth place with 10 games each.—Turf, Field and Farm.

PROBLEM NO. 372.

By W. T. Pierce.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 370.

- White. 1. R to Q Kt 4, 2. Q to K 4 ch, 3. Mates acc. Black. 1. P takes R, 2. Any

GAME 497H.

(From the Globe-Democrat.)

CHESS IN LONDON.

Played more than twenty years ago between the late Mr. Boden and Mr. Mackenzie, in the Cigar Divan, London.

Chess game record between White (Mr. B) and Black (Mr. M). Moves include P to K 4, Kt to K B 3, P to Q 4, B to Q B 4, Castles, P to K 5, P takes Kt, R to K ch, B to K Kt 5, B to R 6 ch, Kt to Q B 3 (b), Kt to K 4, R takes B, Kt takes Q P (e), Kt takes K B P, R to K Kt 4 ch.

and after a few more moves Black surrendered.

NOTES.

- (a) B to K 3 is a better defense. (b) The attack is carried on in beautiful style from this point. (c) Here we believe Black's only chance lay in retreating B to K B, but in those days the "gentleman who managed the Black men" thought more of developing his pieces than of looking out for the best move. (d) Labouring under the delusion that this drove the Rook back, and gave him a chance to play Q K B 3. He has, however, no better move. (e) This elegant and unexpected stroke decides the game in White's favour, as he must now win with the adverse Queen for Rook and Bishop.

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Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

MARCH, 1882.

Table with columns: DELIVERY (A.M., P.M.), MAILS (ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES, QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES, LOCAL MAILS, UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN, &c.), CLOSING (A.M., P.M.). Lists various routes and times for mail services.

