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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

| June 26th, 1881. | | | Corresponding week, 1880 | | |
|------------------|------|-------|--------------------------|------|-------|
| Max. | Min. | Mean. | Max. | Min. | Mean. |
| Mon.. 72° | 56° | 64° | Mon.. 85° | 64° | 74° 5 |
| Tue.. 68° | 50° | 56° | Tue.. 79° | 64° | 68° 5 |
| Wed.. 68° | 48° | 58° | Wed.. 74° | 1° | 62° 5 |
| Thu.. 68° | 50° | 59° | Thu.. 70° | 35° | 62° 5 |
| Fri.. 74° | 55° | 64° 5 | Fri.. 84° | 65° | 74° 5 |
| Sat.. 76° | 54° | 65° | Sat.. 87° | 70° | 78° 5 |
| Sun.. 80° | 55° | 67° 5 | Sun.. 85° | 70° | 77° 5 |

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 2nd, 1881.

THE WEEK.

THE present number will find its readers preparing to enjoy the great national holiday. Dominion Day will be celebrated as in days gone by, and the seasons harmonize with the joy of the holiday makers. As the spring came to us with the Queen's Birthday, so the summer has come just in time to brighten our excursions and roast our excursionists. We do not know what weather Mr. Vennor has ordered for the day itself, but we shall be mistaken if it be not hot—pipingly, perspiringly, and yet withal pleasantly hot—for a good roasting in the sun hurts no man with an honest digestion and a large shade hat. All hail, then, most honored Phoebus! may you be with us on Friday (the name, by the way, is somewhat suggestive of the gridiron), and frizzle us to your heart's content. At least, if we do not like it, we can stay at home.

ALL the world and his wife (particularly the wife that is to be) have been star-gazing this last week. The object of attraction has been the comet, of which a good view may be obtained any night shortly after dark. That is, we say, the object as propounded by all the world to the responsible guardian of the aforesaid wife that is to be, whose own view of the comet is restricted to an observation from the window or stoop of her residence. But the youthful couples have been most persistent in their devotions to astronomy generally, and if they have seen the comet, we can only trust that in return the comet has not seen them, or, if he has, that he has kept quiet about it, as we certainly shall. The advantages of peripatetic philosophy have been long acknowledged, but its application to modern science has now received the approbation of society. Mothers with marriageable daughters are insisting upon astronomy being added to their ordinary school course. The connection is obvious even to the uninitiated. What better than Vesta can revive the dying spark in the breast of a recreant lover, while the intimate relations between Lucifer and match-making are patent to the world. Even the Great Bear is distinctly suggestive of a hug, and "Gemini," besides supplying material for a charming expression of surprise, needs only translation to admit of an easy application to "twin hearts that beat as one." And when you come to the double stars—well,

when you do, remember Kingsley's beautiful lines, and forget that we have been merely jesting as you quote:

So we through this world's waning night
May hand in hand pursue our way;
Shed round us order, love and light,
And shine unto the perfect day.

UNDER the head of "How to prevent drowning" a contemporary treats us to a sage comparison between the behaviour of the lower animals when thrown into the water, and that of man under similar conditions. The process of treading water is pronounced to be the simplest thing imaginable, and the writer comes to the wise conclusion that it is really as easy to walk in the water as it is on land, if we only knew it, and that hundreds of lives would be saved if people, instead of ridiculously struggling or floating on their backs, or any of the at present recognized methods of behaviour under the circumstances, would simply make up their minds to walk to land. Seriously, however, the process of treading water, though of course possible to man for a limited time, is not one for which he is as well constituted physically as many of the animals. A dog when he, so to speak, treads water, occupies a position which nearly resembles that of a man swimming, and we must demur to the statement that it is in fact any easier, if it even is as easy, to learn to maintain the upright position as to learn to swim. On the other hand, the most readily acquired position, and that which can be most easily maintained, even by an inexperienced swimmer, is that of floating on the back, in which position the body is most advantageously placed and which enables the mouth and nostrils to remain above water almost without effort. With all due respect to our correspondent, we think that a man who should enter the water without previous experience in the matter and attempt to walk ashore, would be likely to prove a bad advertisement for his system of the "Prevention of Drowning." If we may make a suggestion in this connection, there is a simple and effectual way of preventing drowning, which should have occurred to the writer in question. The plan we would suggest is, "Do not enter the water." But if this suggestion is disregarded, we do not recommend you to attempt to walk out again—unless, that is, the water is sufficiently shallow to enable you to plant your feet firmly on the bottom; in which case our contemporary's remarks would receive our unqualified approval.

THE great Tichborne case, which created so much sensation in England several years since seems likely to be revived by the discovery of not one, but two fresh claimants to the titles and property of the missing Sir Roger Tichborne. As the last gentleman who attempted to prove his identity and who did succeed in persuading a number of highly respectable people, including the Baronet's own mother, to recognize him, has been engaged ever since in digesting his ill-success, and the somewhat meagre fare allotted to convicts in the wilds of Portland, it seems that the game is not to be played without a certain risk; and it argues well for the courage of human nature that two men should be found to enter the lists simultaneously, of whom it is safe to predict, even without the assistance of Mr. Vennor, that one is not Sir Roger, whoever the other may be. The one who seems to be almost out of the running is an invalid in a Manitoba hospital, but the pretensions of the other, according to General Barnes, of San Francisco, are of a more serious character. It is said, moreover, that the new claimant has been interviewed by the Duke of Sutherland and Dr. Russell during their recent visit to the West, and that the latter has mailed a full statement to England. If the San Francisco gentleman should turn out to be the real *Simon Pure* it will be an amusing termination to the hopes of those fatuous individuals who still look upon the Portland convict as

what the author of "By the Tiber" would call "the rejected scion of a coronetted race," and who may still be found in considerable numbers throughout England. At any rate the new man will have a fair field and no favour, but he has been a long time about putting in an appearance.

EELS since antiquity have puzzled naturalists. Valenciennes did not agree with some authorities that eels were only larvæ, that is to say, the first state of another fish. M. Robin, an ichthyologist also of eminence, has recently described the anatomical differences which distinguish the sexes of eels, for, up to the present, we were ignorant of how they bred, of their condition, and the hatching of their eggs, for eels emigrate to the sea at this critical epoch—just like salmon, only inversely. M. Robin has demonstrated that there are male and female eels; all eels found in ponds and maritime marshes and between 14 and 20 inches long, are males. The latter live on the sea coast, only quitting it at the period of reproduction, to seek the bottom of the sea, where the female, quitting the fresh water, goes to rejoin her mate in November, and returns, contrary to an erroneous opinion, to the rivers at the close of December, as female eels have been captured 30 miles inland in early January, with their stomachs full of marine food. Sometimes eels quit the water, and make their way across meadows like snakes, in search of worms and leguminous plants. Often they take long voyages to gain inland lakes. Eels are notoriously productive, and two Dutch companies supply the London market with this much relished fish.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

I send you a few sketches of life in the North-West, taken chiefly in the neighbourhood of the Mounted Police posts of Fort Macleod and Fort Calgary. The representations of these posts are sufficiently like to render them recognizable. That of Fort Kipb, whose gateway is surmounted by a vast pair of elk antlers, was a trading post near Fort Macleod, and is connected with various local tragedies in the "good old times before the reign of law." Two pictures of the Rocky Mountains were taken from Fort Calgary, on the Bow River; their snow-capped summits appear to pierce the empyrean and possibly supply the "Fountains of eternal peace," which "from those cool cisterns flow."

That portion of the great North-West immediately north of the boundary line, west of Cypress Hills, extending to the foot of the mountains and northward as far as the Red Deer River, is the home of the Blackfoot Indians. The sub-division of the tribe, the Piegiens, the Bloods, and the Blackfeet proper. Crowfoot, head chief of the Blackfeet, whose Indian name, Sapomexico—literally translated is the big foot of the Crow Indian—records a deed of prowess done to redress a random wrong. A party of Crow Indians stole some Blackfoot horses, and Crowfoot tracked the marauders by means of an enormous foot-mark, and succeeded in recovering his own horses as well as in capturing those of the enemy. Crowfoot is a highly intelligent man, shrewd, far-seeing, deep-thinking and prompt in action; has the reputation of being the most wily Indian of the plains and the best horse thief. Hence his supremacy. He possesses great and undoubted influence over his tribe, and was greatly feared by the renegade white men of the Whoop-up country, who had doomed him to an early death, from which the advent of the police preserved him. He is conscious of this fact, and knows that the withdrawal of the police force will materially shorten the term of his natural existence. He is the Chieftain who offered to the great White Mother the services of 2,000 braves to repel a threatened invasion of the Sioux. He is represented in a chair, with an old hat on his head and a long pipe in his hand.

Sotana, or Rainy Chief, is head of the Piegiens. He has been Christianized, and has kept a record of events for a number of years. His diary is made up of short sticks, one for each day in the year; the long ones mark the Sundays; any event is recorded by a notch cut in the stick, which represents the eventful day. He is now very old and blind, and always wears a long peaked cap, pulled down close over his eyes. He says his prayers regularly, professes great friendship for the white man, and is very garrulous.

A few other gaudily-dressed Indian bucks, who expend a vast amount of time, care and attention upon their personal appearance—paint and adornments—fill up a few vacant spaces; also some of the children and ponies, with travoys attached. A group of Indian ponies is depicted, the horses in question having brought in to a trading post a quantity of buffalo robes

have been left standing on the prairie, while the squaws have gone into the Trading Post to effect the sale of the robes. There is a great difference in Indians in trading. The Sioux bring their robes in, throw them upon the counter, demand their full value in articles promptly named, and expect to be as promptly served. The Blackfoot has not decided what he wants, and haggles and is dazzled by the gorgeous array of beads, saddles, &c. displayed before his eyes, and demands this, that and the other thing, but is generally beaten by the trader, who depreciates the value of the robes while exacting the value of the goods demanded. After the trade is effected the Blackfoot always expects, and generally obtains, "tail," or a gift (?) of some little thing—a little coffee, tea, sugar, or flour. The Sioux, on the contrary, is very haughty, makes a moderate demand and adheres to it, seeking no "tail." A Blackfoot camp scene shows very well the manner in which their lodges are at times decorated. The lodges are made of cow skins, scraped very white and sewn together; the different patterns drawn upon the lodges become the property of the householder, and no one can infringe upon his rights, to copy his designs. Before pitching camp they always first pitch the "medicine bow," or "drum," to which some peculiar virtue is attached. Two of these are represented—one, a drum, suspended from a small tripod, the other a pipe contained in a number of coverings of skins. The squaws are shown returning from a wood-foraging expedition, the dogs aiding in this necessary work. A small family is depicted in another sketch on the march to their camping ground. In another place is shown the position assumed by a squaw dressing a robe for market. She is scraping the fat, &c., from a dried robe, in order to make it soft and pliable. The instrument used is a small iron blade, or hoe, tied to a short, stout handle of elk horn. A sketch of two or three Indians on the grass—one engaged in a kindly and useful occupation to his friend, while a little boy is enjoying the prospect, or the look of disgust on the artist's face—was drawn by D.B.R., a gifted friend of mine, to whom I apologize for making this use of his drawing. The scene is calculated to depress the Indian greatly in civilized opinion. The noble red man is a base fraud; he cannot properly be represented on paper, for the pencil cannot depict dirt and filth, nor the peculiar *fade* odour which emanates from the dusky skin of the denizen of the great plains.

The Kootenay Indians come from British Columbia. They cross the mountains annually in order to trade horses, which they breed in large numbers, for buffalo robes, skins and meat. They are all Christian converts to the Catholic missionaries. They are strict in their observance of Sunday, never travelling on that day; always say a grace before meat, and hold Vespers every evening. Father Scollen being present on one occasion upon the advent of a party of Kootenays into Fort Macleod, and it being Sunday, the Kootenays erected an immense council lodge, an altar was fitted up at one end, and Father Scollen performed Mass to a large congregation of Kootenays and Mounted Policemen. A feature of the service was the singing of a hymn in Kootenay to a weird, yet familiar air, pitched in the peculiar plaintive minor key adopted by all Indian musicians. The Kootenay, whose fine massive head is represented in the sketch, came into the Fort, and for his amusement was shown a photograph album. At the first woman's portrait we were astonished at his devoutly crossing himself and muttering a prayer, in which a few Latin sounds could be detected. Our astonishment was increased when he repeated this performance at every female portrait in the entire album. Father Scollen is the representative of the Catholic Church in the Blackfoot country. His little mission-house is situated on the Elbow River, near Fort Calgary, and is a most picturesque spot.

The Methodist Church is worthily represented by Mr. John Macdougall, by whose energetic endeavours a substantial church, school-house, and orphan asylum have been erected at Mosleyville, on the Big Bow River. His efforts have been most successfully directed towards the Stony Indians, who live in the mountains, roaming from the *Tête Jaune* pass far southwards. They are a branch of the Assiniboines, and speak a Doric dialect of that language. They are monogamists and good Christians; their word can be depended upon. They are the only Indians in that part of the country who understand the virtue of an oath, and can be sworn upon the Bible. Other Indians are sworn by Fire, Earth, and Water, and then care must be exercised not to tempt them to say aught but the truth. One quiet summer's evening at Morleyville I shall ever recall with the sincerest feeling of pleasure. The chapel bell was ringing, and troops of Stony—young men and maidens, old men and children, some ahorse, some afoot, covered the hill tops in picturesque disorder, devoutly hastening to attend Divine service.

Mr. Editor, I am afraid that I am growing prosy and diffuse, and my remarks are not very much explanatory of the sketches. Many changes have been wrought in that portion of the country since I left it. The beginnings of these changes are partially represented in the sketch of a trial of a whiskey trader, and show only one part of the multifarious duties of the Mounted Policeman. Without the police the efforts of men like Scollen and Macdougall would have been inefficient, and wickedness, whiskey, murder and all manner of distress would have been rampant amongst the inhabitants of this far-away corner of our Canada. R.B.

AMUSEMENT—A NEED.

It is an encouraging sign of increasing wisdom that our philanthropists are beginning to recognize pure and intelligent amusements as needful both to personal well-being and to good citizenship, and are making provision for them in the case of those whose poverty or ignorance calls for help and instruction. Once such enterprises as flower missions, free concerts or country excursions would have been laughed to scorn, or gravely reproved as a foolish waste of time or money. Charitable endeavours, it was thought, after administering to bodily necessities, might profitably be directed to the serious business of reforming vicious habits, improving character and enlightening ignorance; but to cater to the amusement of the poor would have been deemed a flippant and frivolous misuse of charity, calculated to produce only uneasy craving and discontent.

A deeper knowledge of human nature has taught us, however, that amusement in itself is a real need, which always makes itself felt, and in some way or other is sure to get supplied. It is not, as some suppose, a sort of superfluous luxury which should be patiently waited for till all other desirable advantages are secured; it is rather a deep-seated necessity, which under all circumstances must and will be satisfied, if not from fountains pure and sweet, then from sources unwholesome and corrupt. The young need it more than the old, the busy more than the idle, the poor more than the rich, but all need it, and all in some form obtain it. We have learned, too, that this element of amusement, while it cannot be postponed, and will not be ignored, is one of the most powerful influences of life. The manner in which it is indulged, largely decides the character of the people. For good or for evil, it is moulding the rising generation as much perhaps as the schools, and the older ones as much as their employments. The very vehemence with which well-meaning people sometimes attack low or impure or unhealthy amusements, which are too often the only available ones to the poor and ignorant, shows that they are fully awake to their power for evil. The strange thing is, that they do not see that in other forms they may be made an equal power for good, and that as either one or the other, they must exist. They exert all efforts to abrogate them, unconscious that it is a useless and impossible task, unless they provide a substitute. Thus we lament justly the evils of intemperance, but we overlook the natural craving for excitement, the love of social companionship and good cheer, the desire to forget the toil and trials of the day, which so strongly draw men to the places which first supply these wants, and then entice them on to ruin. Could these natural and wholesome appetites be gratified in innocent ways, who can tell in how many instances the temptation to strong drink might be entirely prevented? We rightly mourn over the corrupt literature that spreads its poisonous influence over so many of our youth, but we forget that the appetite for mental amusement comes with the art of reading, and the question for philanthropy to consider is how to meet its demands. It cannot be put down, it cannot be ignored, but it may be drawn towards pure and innocent fiction and works of interesting travel or biography. Good and thoroughly enjoyable literature, made available to all classes, and put liberally into the hands of the young, would do more to stem the baneful current than all our invectives or prohibitions. So with the drama. Let the universal delight which it affords to all classes and all ages be its own most perfect vindication, and let those who most vividly see its evils engage most earnestly in its purification and elevation. While we must admit that many of the prevalent amusements are largely tinctured with debasing elements, let us beware of the fatal mistake of trying to banish them on this account. The people are not in love with evil, but they crave and need amusement, and to separate the two, not to confound them, must be the work of future philanthropy. The truth is that, when we utterly condemn or ignore anything because evil is mixed up with it, we most effectually delegate it to the dominion of evil. The farmer who forsakes his field because of its stumps and stones, gives it over to continued barrenness. The honest citizen who refuses to take any share in political affairs because of the corruption in them, does just so much towards furthering their debasement. The same thing is often done by virtuous people in the matter of amusements. Seeing in them much that is objectionable, they resolve to have nothing to do with them; they condemn and forbid them, thus suffering them to become more and more coarse and demoralizing. Instead of this let the farmer labour on his stony field, let the honest citizen throw the weight of his character into the political scales, and let the philanthropist reach forth in sympathy to preserve the essence of cheerful recreation while purifying and elevating it by gradual steps and wise methods. The pleasures of the summer are, however, largely free from this admixture of evil, and we cannot too earnestly recommend to the benevolent the work of making these gratifications available to the large classes who cannot afford them for themselves or their children. Nothing can be more unmixedly good for the body and the mind of the city toiler than a glimpse of the country's loveliness and a breath of her pure, sweet air. When we remember the depressing and continuous heat of narrow streets and crowded dwellings, the fatigue and monotony of unrelieved labour, and the large mortality among the children during the summer months,

this philanthropy must win the unmingled sympathy and aid of all who wish to help to lift some of the heavy burdens of the poor. Music and flowers, too, with their tender appeals to all the finer susceptibilities of human nature, are among the most elevating and refining of all amusements. Let them be bounteously supplied to those who most need their joy-giving power, and the lives thus sweetened and refreshed will shed a brighter and a happier influence over the whole community.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE MENDELSSOHN GLEE CLUB.

Admirers of our own excellent Mendelssohn choir in Montreal, will read with interest the description in the last number of Harper of the New York.

A Mendelssohn Glee Club concert is one of the high-water marks of our civilization. The pretty hall, admirably adapted to display a brilliant audience is filled with a brightly dressed throng, mutually acquainted, so that, unlike the usual gathering at a public concert, there is a certain air of refined sociability. The hum of general conversation, the flitting of gentlemen from group to group, and the mingling of the singers with the audience during the interludes between the songs, pleasantly fill the eye and ear. Youth and beauty hold their evanescent court, and older eyes, touched with the sweet magic of memory, see other scenes and other forms in the bright panorama of the evening.

Suddenly the conductor enters upon the platform, strikes a few chords upon the piano, and disappears. It is the summons of the chorus. The active or singing members move from every part of the hall, the audience adjusts itself, seats are resumed, eyes furtively follow a manly form, perhaps, and even hearts may flutter at a gay farewell. "Read the language of those wandering eye-beams: the heart knoweth." But the door at the side of the platform opens, and the thirty or forty gentlemen who compose the chorus enter, and range themselves in a double semi-circular line, while Mosenthal, the field-marshal, who has thoroughly and severely trained these troops of tone, and whose ear no flattery or shuffling, no shirking nor silence, can escape or deceive, steps quietly and firmly forward to his stand, and with a solid forcible air like that of the older and original Strauss, gives the warning tap, raises his baton, and when there is perfect silence in the hall, begins. For it seems that it is he with his beating arm who plays upon a rich and delicate instrument of beautifully blended voices. He has drilled them as Napoleon drilled an army, and he inspires them as Napoleon inspired. A profound and conscientious artist, thorough and accurate, and full of the manly enthusiasm for his art which is the spring and secret of successful mastery, he has produced a very remarkable result. The sound is exquisitely shaded and graded, and without losing its variety, its melodic sweetness, and its rhythmical charm, he subdues and softens it to a whisper, fine and true, almost a shadowy sound, a fairy tone by moonlight:

"That strain again; it had a dying fall:
Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

There is a whole realm of part-songs which is revealed by such clubs and societies as the Mendelssohn, and which is exceedingly delightful. Glee and concerted pieces have always been peculiarly agreeable to the musical taste of England and Germany, and the cultivation of part-singing in this country has developed some excellent and promising composers among us. The Mendelssohn Glee Club lately offered three prizes, we understand for such songs, and upon trying and comparing and deciding, three compositions were selected for the first, second, and third awards; and upon opening the sealed envelopes with the names of the authors, the three successful compositions were found to be the work of the same composer, Mr. Gilchrist of Philadelphia. They have all been sung by the club, to the great delight and approval of the hearers, and the eye of expectation may be shrewdly fixed upon the young composer. Part-tastic of this kind is fascinating, and it is very hard to believe that in any other city there is better singing than that of the Mendelssohn. The charm of it is that it is the skilled and patient training of chance voices, so to speak, the voices of those who are not professional singers, but who are devoted to business and to professions.

Perhaps the musing listener, grateful for an enjoyment so inspiring, as he watches the quiet conduct of the leader, and observes the American faces of the singers, seems to see visibly and audibly typified the gracious influence of the German musical genius upon American life. Some future poet will say that of all the good fairies who came to the birth of the free nation none was more generous than Teutonia, who brought the refining, elevating, humanizing gift of music.—*EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, in Harper's.*

TWO BRAVE LITTLE GIRLS.

A long time ago, in the Indian country, two little girls slipped away from the Fort, and went down into a hollow, to pick berries. It was Emmy, a girl of seven years, with Bessie, her sister, not yet six.

All at once, the sun flashed on something bright, and Emmy knew that the pretty painted things she had seen crawling among the bushes must be hostile Indians, with gleaming weapons in their hands. She did not cry out, nor in any way let them know that she had seen them. But she looked all about, saw that some of the

creeping Indians already were between her and the Fort, and—went on picking berries, as before.

Soon, she called aloud to Bessie, with a steady voice: "Don't you think it's going to rain?" So they both turned and walked toward the Fort. They reached the tall grass, and, suddenly, Emmy dropped to the ground, pulling down Bessie, too.

"What are you looking for?" asked the little sister, in surprise.

Then Emmy whispered to Bessie, and both of them stole silently and quickly on hands and knees through the long grass, until they came to the road, when they started up, ran swiftly to the Fort, dashed through the entrance, and had the gate safely closed behind them.

Those girls are quite old now, but they remember very well the day they saved themselves, the Fort which their father commanded, and the soldiers and other people in it, besides.

TYLL EULENSPIEGEL.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS.

Of all the fools of fiction or of reality there is not one who stands out in such bold relief, as a good-natured rogue and insatiable mischief-maker, as Tyll Eulenspiegel. He is irresistible. Whether we follow him to the bee-hive where he set the two thieves to fighting, while he made his escape, undetected; whether we accompany him to the church spire in Magdeburg on that famous occasion where he assembled crowds around the church only to tell them they were bigger fools than he was himself: or whether we are witnesses of his imposture upon so august a person as the Pope, we cannot resist laughing heartily with him, while we admire his amazing ingenuity. His mischief began from his earliest years. His mother boasted that he had received three baptisms; for, as she carried him home from the baptismal font, she dropped him in the mud, and in consequence Master Tyll had his third plunge in a basin of water. Perhaps the mud counteracted the good which should have come from his Christian initiation. However that may be, from that day forward he became the scourge of every town to which he went, so that to many he could return only well disguised. His adventures were various. He assumed every profession and every character. Doctor, magistrate, missionary, cook, priest, baker,—he was all these, and many things besides. He passed through as many professions as Louis Philippe does in the caricatures of Gavarni. But his cap peeped out at the most solemn moments, and the ring of his bells revealed the jester. There is a single idea incarnate in every popular book, in which it recurs like the refrain in a ballad, and constitutes the true charm. That in Baron Munchausen is lying adventure; that of the Seven Subjians is great stupidity allied to petty cunning; that of the Hindu Guru Simple is the same, with pretence of superior wisdom; that of Eulenspiegel is the literal execution of every command in such a way as to defeat its object by carrying it out too literally. He obeyed to the letter, but never to the spirit.

Gifted with the wisdom of infinite impudence, nothing daunted him. He was no misshapen goblin, but like Le Glorieux, a handsome man. Added to this he possessed enormous physical strength and coolness. When the occasion required it, he could leave his mischief, and go forth from the town to slay a wolf. Slinging its dead body over his shoulders, he was as unconcerned as Thor was when he went on his expeditions against the troll. This denotes clearly his Northern origin. He was ready for every emergency. Where a greater man would have been lost forever, the rogue shone with increased brilliance. Tricks were played upon him in which he, in his sagacious folly, turned to his own profit. True to himself, his last thoughts were devoted to mischief. Dying, he made a will, in which he left his possessions, all contained in one large box, to be divided among his friends, the council of Mullen, and the parson of that town. But when his heirs opened the box they found only stones. Over Eulenspiegel's grave was placed a stone, on which was cut an owl, a looking-glass, and the following epitaph:

"Here lies Eulenspiegel buried low.
His body is in the ground;
We warn the passenger that so
He move not this stone's bound."

Eulenspiegel was the true child of his age. Had we no other records of mediæval Europe, we could read its home-life in the *Marvelous Adventures of Master Tyll*. Wanton playfulness—mischief for the sake of mischief—is the keynote to the whole book, as it is to the wonderful centuries which separated the barbarism of the Dark Ages from the light of the Renaissance,—a period little understood by the world of the nineteenth century.—*July Atlantic.*

VARIETIES.

A BOSTON writer in his native language thus speaks of an oyster:—"The cooling morsel of deglutition, in its saline baptism, comes to the alimentary with an assurance of health from external atmospheres."

A VERY VEAL DINNER.—At a dinner given by Lord Polhemme, a Scotchman, nobleman and judge, his guests saw, when the covers were removed, that the fare consisted of veal broth, a roasted fillet of veal, veal cutlets, a veal pie, a calf's head and a calf's-foot jelly. The judge observing, the surprise of his agents, volunteered an explanation. "Oh, ay, it's a calf;

when we kill a beast, we just eat up ac side and doun the tither."

GREAT discoveries have a humble origin. Truffled boiled eggs owe their discovery to the forgetfulness and negligence of the cook of an old *goumet*, a friend of the Marquis de Cussy.

The story runs that the epicurean master one day brought home some truffles and gave them to his cook with the injunction to keep them for the preparation of a pheasant that was to grace his board. The cook, not knowing where to put the precious tubercles, placed them into a glass jar where she kept her eggs. The next morning, at breakfast, the Marquis de Cussy and the *goumet*, his friend, had boiled eggs. "But your eggs are truffled!" suddenly exclaimed the sharp-scented Marquis. "Certainly they are," coolly replied the host. "But how do you manage it?" "I feed my chickens on rasped truffles!" "No, joking aside, call up your cook and let her explain," said the Marquis impatiently. The cook came, and said that she had put the truffles into a glass globe full of eggs, the globe had been shut with a cork plug and kept covered for twenty-four hours; the shell of the eggs seemed to be permeable, and the subtle perfume of the truffles had penetrated the meat of the egg, and the truffled egg was discovered.

A QUAKER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—At Westminster Abbey Isaac Hopper paid the customary fee of two shillings and sixpence for admission. The door-keeper followed him, saying, "You must uncover yourself, sir." "Uncover myself!" exclaimed the Friend, with an affectation of ignorant simplicity. "What dost thou mean! must I take off my coat?" "Your coat?" responded the man, smiling; "no, indeed; I mean your hat." "And what should I take off my hat for?" he inquired. "Because you are in a church, sir," answered the door-keeper. "I see no church here." "Rejoined the Quaker; perhaps thou meanest the house where the church assembles? I suppose thou art aware that it is the people, and not the building, that constitutes a church?" The idea seemed new to the man, but he merely repeated, "You must take off your hat, sir." But the Friend again inquired, "What for? on account of these images? Thou knowest Scripture commands us not to worship graven images." The man persisted in saying that no person could be allowed to pass through the church without uncovering his head. "Well, friend," rejoined Isaac, "I have some conscientious scruples on that subject; so give me back my money, and I will go out." The reverential habits of the doorkeeper were not strong enough to compel him to that sacrifice, and he walked away without saying anything more on the subject.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A CHANGE of Ministry has taken place in South Austria.

A CYCLONE has done much damage in the Blois district, France.

ONE hundred and fifty buildings have been destroyed by a fire at Tombstone, Arizona.

A HEATED term prevails at New Orleans and numerous sunstrokes are reported.

LORD DUFFERIN presented his credentials to the Sultan of Turkey on Tuesday last.

SERIOUS troubles have occurred at Sida, and one hundred Spaniards were killed by the insurgents.

THE Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien has opened a subscription list for the sufferers by the great fire in Quebec.

KANSAS has been visited by another terrible hurricane. The usual damage to property and loss of stock is reported.

AN aerial ship is to be constructed in New York to experiment as to the possibility of flying from America to England.

THE Passion Players of Ober-Ammergau are preparing to present a comedy, and on Sunday too—all, no doubt, in the interest of religion.

THE festival of St. Jean Baptiste was celebrated on Friday by the French-Canadians and the Masonic fraternity throughout the Dominion.

EIGHTY summonses have been taken out by liquor sellers in Paterson, N. J., against prominent temperance workers for violation of the Sunday laws.

THE position of affairs in Montreal regarding the ship labourers' strike begins to assume a serious aspect. Additional police protection has been obtained from Quebec.

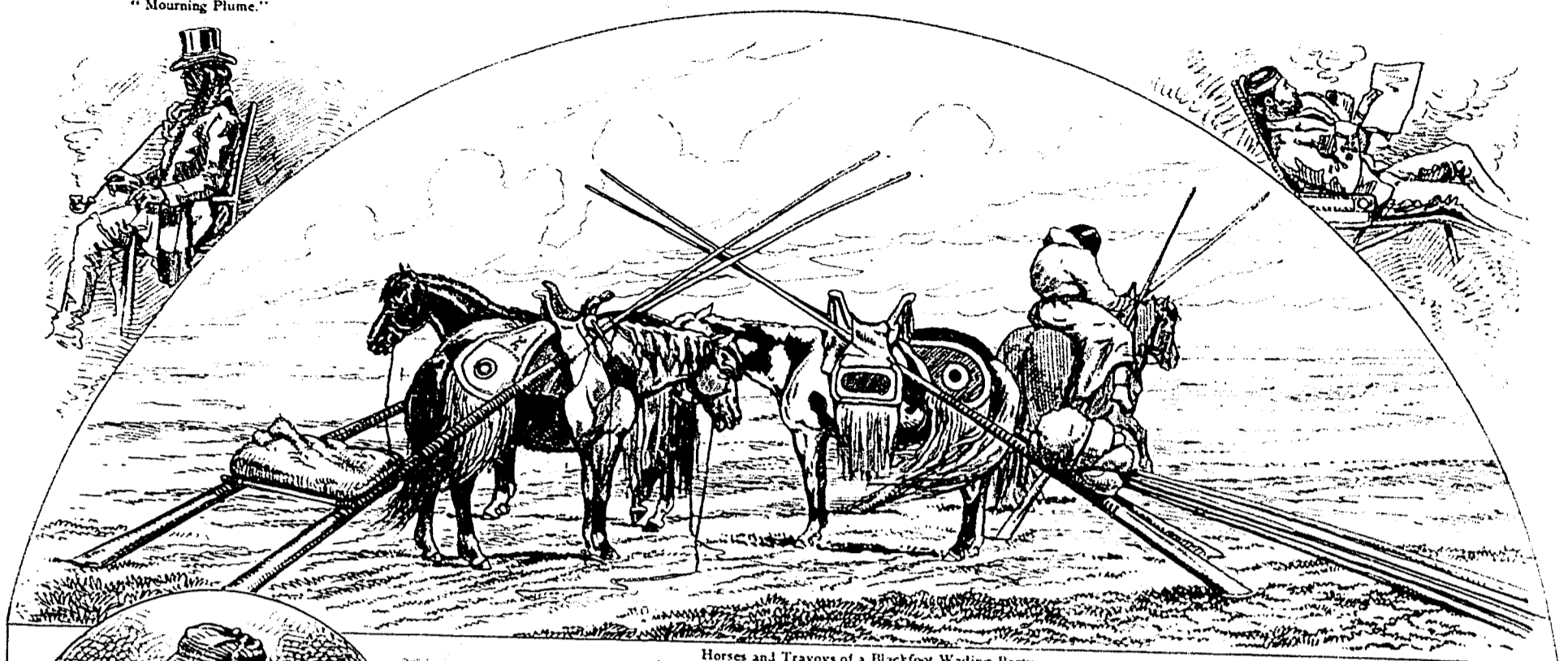
EXCURSION steamers were closely watched at New York on Sunday to prevent overcrowding. This is one of the beneficial effects of the lamentable tragedy at London.

A COMET is reported as visible in all parts of the Continent. In Arizona the nucleus appears to be half as large as the full moon, and the fan-shaped tail is very brilliant.

THE Tichborne claimant has again appeared, this time in San Diego, California. He knows the whole history of Roger Tichborne better than Mr. Orton, and has been interviewed by the Duke of Sutherland and Dr. Wm. Russell.

THE Pope is sending a prelate to Ireland for the purpose of ascertaining the true state of affairs. The Catholic bishops of America are instructed to exhort their flocks to abstain from any action likely to promote civil war in Ireland.

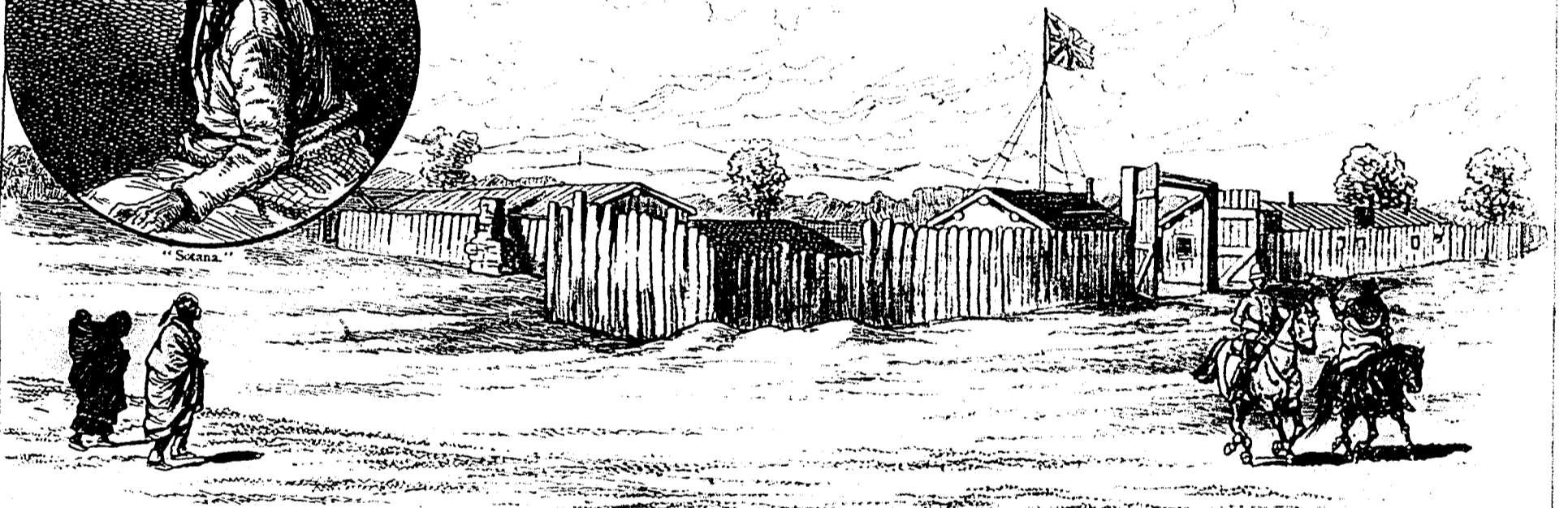
"Mourning Plume."



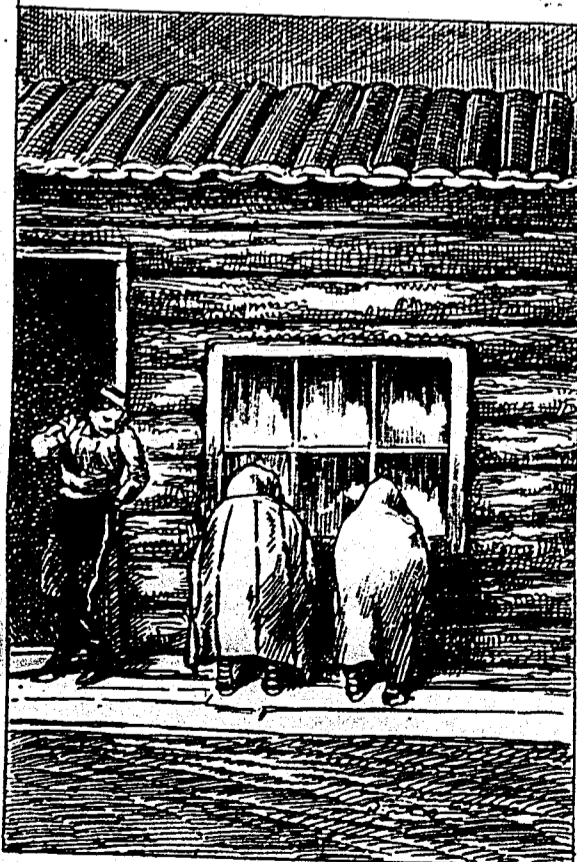
Horses and Travoys of a Blackfoot Wading Party



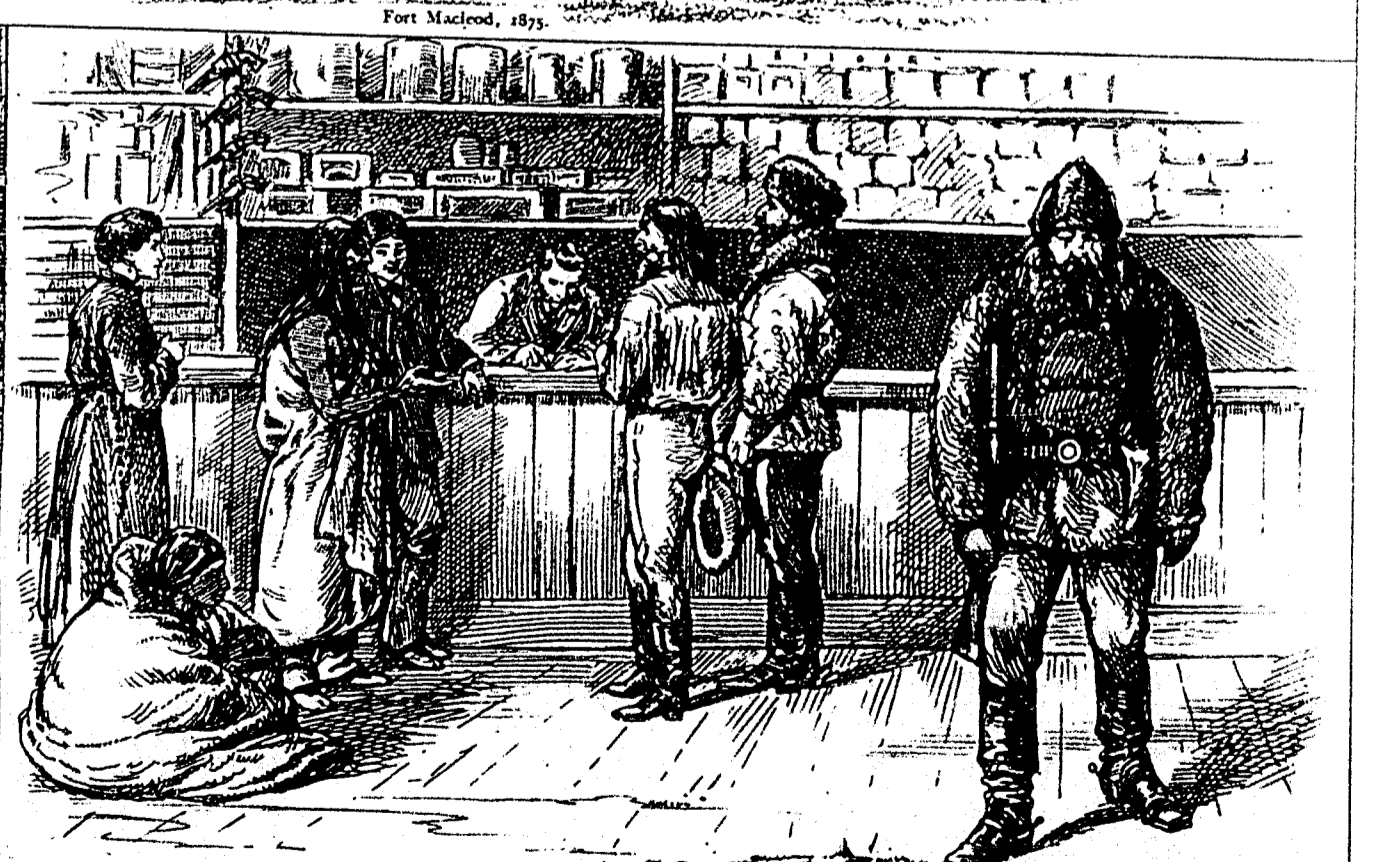
"Sotana."



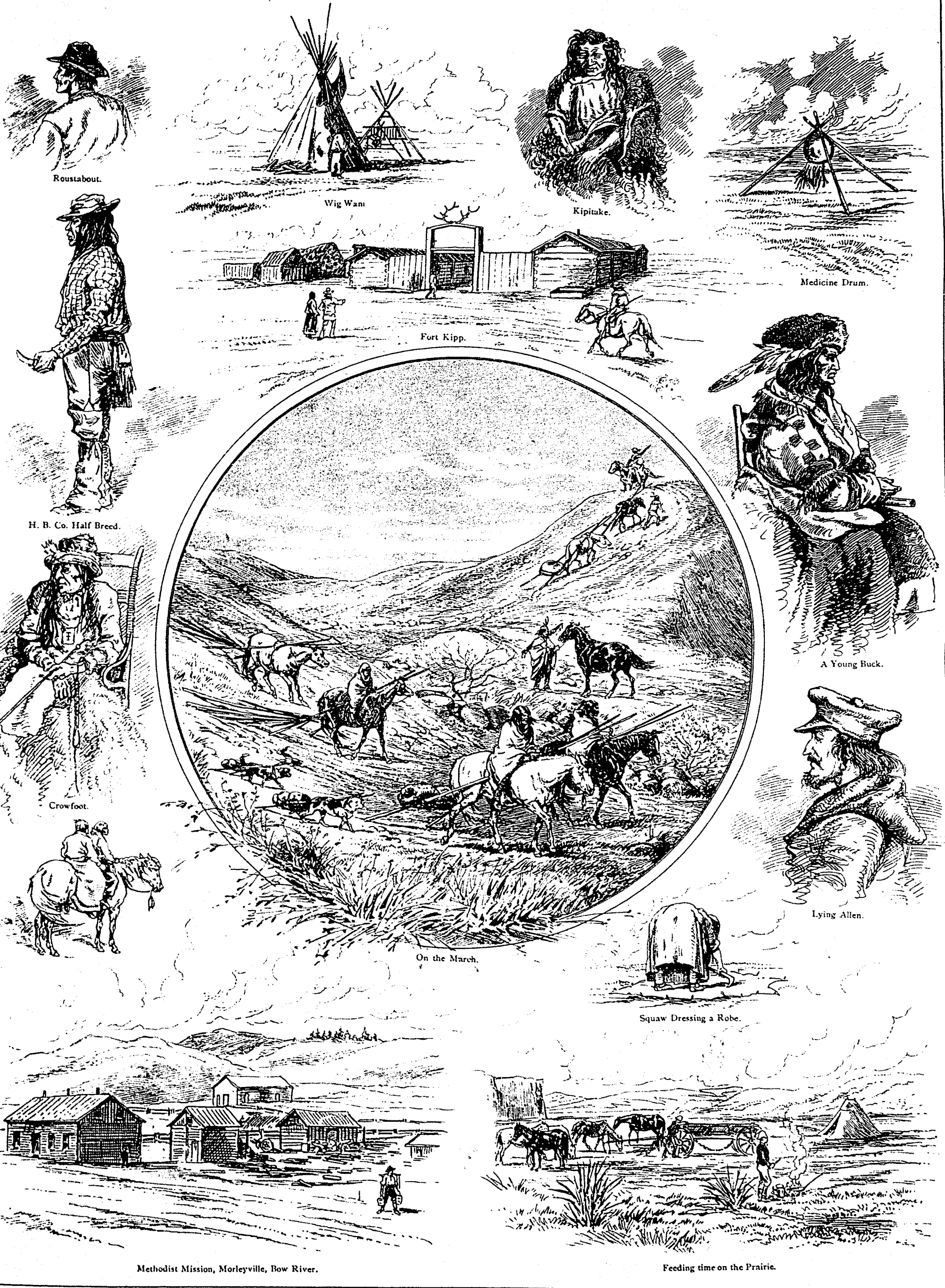
Fort Macleod, 1875.



Barrack Scene, Fort Macleod.



Trial of a Whiskey Trader, High River.



IN THE NORTH-WEST WITH THE MOUNTED POLICE.—No. 2.

FROM SKETCHES BY DR. NEAVITT.

OBSERVATIONS OF REV. GABE TUCKER.

You may notch it on de pali's as a mighty risky plan
To make your judgment by de clo'es dat kivers up a
man;
For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come
across
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar boss.
An' wukin' in de low-ground's, you diskliver as you go,
Dat de fies' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin' in a
row!

I think a man has got a mighty 'slender chance for
Heben
Dat holds on to his piety but one day out ob seben;
Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn chat
An' nebbet draps a nickel in de missionary hat.
Dat's foremost in de meetin'-house for raisin' all de
chunes,
But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloo.

I nebbet judge o' people dat I meets along de way
By de places whar dey cum fum an' de houses whar dey
stay;
For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty
high,
An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in de middle ob de sea,
An' you finds de smalles' possum up de bigges' kind o'
tree!

—J. A. Macon, Scribner.

SKELETON KEYS.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

III.

When Tiburce Menseau opened the stolen packet he found nothing but a tiny key and a little scrap of paper with an inscription:

"My dear Nell,—If Walter has been true to you, you will know what to do when you receive this package. This fits a box. The box will be found in the stable wall, five bricks from the fireplace in the left side, and six bricks from the floor. I mean, of course, the stable at Ashford Warren. If Walter has been true, you can have my blessing from the grave and marry him. I am dead more than a fortnight when you get this. Poverty is a great and true touchstone. You will know your friends by this time, I gave a bill of sale to test Walter.—Your dead Uncle,
JOHN LAUNCESTON BARCLAY.

What romance lay beyond this key troubled Tiburce Menseau little. He could weave his own romance out of the letter, and it even more than the key itself, was the key to wealth. The possession of the scrap of paper and the key put heart into his scoundrel body, and he walked like a new man. He began to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of Ashford Warren, but for a week or two he wandered off on false scents, and being at last set on the right track by a passing drover, he struggled on with his thievish fingers itching all the way to be at the box of which he held the key. John Jones's cry of rage at losing the key had such a tone of misery and trouble in it that some men, remembering it, might have found its echoes vexing. Tiburce went untroubled on that score.

Inquiries, carefully directed, led him to Ashford Warren. Renewed inquiries, carefully directed, led him to the fact that a Mr. Barclay had died there about a month ago—five weeks maybe—at a lonely house a long way from the village. Other inquiries led him to the house itself. He went by night, with a tallow candle and a box of matches in his pocket. He had walked about the lonely place by day and had ascertained that it was untenanted, but to his dismay had seen no sign of anything that looked like a stable. Now he prowled round the place in the dark, and having tried two doors and found them locked, he pulled out from his pocket his little rusted bundle of skeleton keys, and stealthily went through the bare and empty rooms. Coming on a third door, hitherto untried, he set his skeleton key to the lock and entered. The air of the room was damp and musty, and there was a scent of old straw in it. He closed the door, lit a match, and looked around. He saw a brick floor and bare walls, and a ceiling with rough whitewashed cross-beams. One one wall the remnants of a rack and manger, a rusted chain still trailing in broken bits of rotting straw, and facing these fragments a wide fireplace without a grate. High above the door was an unglazed barred window, covered by a shutter which closed from the outside. The thief lit his candle, locked the door, and made a survey. It was easy to see that the wide fireplace had never held a fire, for the white-wash on the bricks within its shaft bore no stain of smoke, but was green and yellow with old rains. Looking up it he could see the sky, almost light in contrast with the darkness of the chimney. The shaft had been left uncompleted, and rose to a height of not more than ten feet from the ground. A bar crossed it near the top, looking thin and spidery against the dull night sky. One glance showed this way of escape in case of any chance discovery. Tiburce was a coward, but he kept his wits about him in spite of the awful beating of his heart. "Five bricks from the fireplace on the left side, and six bricks from the floor." There was no mark of removal there. The whitewash was old and soiled, and seemed to have been undisturbed for at least a year or two. To the wooden trough which had once served as a manger, hung scraps of broken hoop-iron which had bound the rough boards together. With one of these scraps Tiburce went to work, and bit by bit he scratched away the sandy, yielding mortar until the brick was loosened and could be drawn away. To sharp wits like those of Tiburce Menseau there were signs

enough of a former removal when once the scratching had carried him an inch deep. It was evident that the brick had not been built into the wall as it then stood, and his heart beat with a pulsation more and more terrible as the obstacle yielded, and he peered into the hollow. He pushed in his hand almost as fearfully as if he had known of the presence of a rattlesnake there, and his fingers encountered a cold, smooth surface. The Box!

His heart gave one awful leap, and almost stopped. The sweat stood on his forehead in great beads. He was faint and giddy with excitement, but recovering himself he began to tear away the bricks surrounding the hollow already made. They came down easily, the sandy mortar having no cohesion in it, and now he gripped the box and held it with trembling hands upon the floor, and with greedy eyes knelt over it, panting and sweating and quaking, like the triumphant, cowardly, hungry, wayworn thief he was. His hand shook so he could hardly hold the key, and he was a full minute, which seemed eternal, in fitting it to the key-hole. It turned, the lid opened beneath his shaky fingers, and he saw a Bank of England note for five pounds spread out straight, and clean, and new. The Bank of England five pound note just fitted the box, and below it lay another, and another and another, for at least a hundred crisp and wealthy pages. Then came clean, crisp, and new, Bank of England notes for ten, for ten, for ten, until his greedy fingers turned up thirty or forty in a fold, and he was among notes for twenty, for twenty, for twenty, until the greedy fingers clutched another fold, and he was among notes for fifty, fifty, fifty, clean to the bottom of the cash-box. He laid his throbbing forehead against the cold wall, and drew the box to him, and feebly restored the notes and smoothed them down. Mechanically he took up from the floor the scrap of written paper which had enfolded the key, and laying that on the top of the notes he closed and locked the cash-box.

Now Ashford Warren enjoyed the advantage of belonging to a Parish Union, the centre of which was four miles away. The official centre of the Parish Union was the union workhouse. Two Irish tramps, woefully broken and amazingly hungry, had missed their way, and had got in the darkness of the early winter night into the road which led to the deserted house, under the impression that it was the road which led to Ashford Warren.

Tiburce Menseau heard footsteps, and listened with his hands on the cash-box, and his heart in his mouth. The steps came nearer, and he blew out his candle and listened again, quaking. Think how the thief and coward shook as the steps drew near! Then came a knock at the door of the house, and fell like the knock of doom on the shaking coward's heart. Could this be John Jones returned? Think how he shook at that fancy!

Messieurs the Irish reapers rapped again, and, finding no response, grew bolder and began to try the doors. Their footsteps came round the house nearer and nearer to the place where Tiburce crouched. Then desperation lent him sudden energy. He buttoned his ragged coat over the cash-box, and pushed one end of it between his hungry ribs and the waistband of his tattered trousers, and with stealthy steps made for the chimney. Up went his head as a hand was laid upon the door and shook its fastening. He felt about wildly with his hands and feet. The chimney was built with projecting bricks, and he began to ascend. He had only two or three feet to climb before his hand could grasp the bar at the top. Messieurs the tramps were setting their shoulders at the door, and he was half-delirious with terror. The space was growing narrower. Could he force himself beyond the bar? At any cooler time he might have hesitated, but now he struggled like a madman to get past it. The door gave way with a crash; he missed his footing, his hands failed, he dropped with his chin upon the bar, and the back of his head upon a projecting brick: three inches to this side or that he would have fallen clear. In the dead silence that followed the crashing fall of the door the tramps heard a horrible gurgling voice and a hollow sound of struggling, and with a superstitious terror pinching at their souls, they turned with one accord, and fled with the widespread fear of the dumb, dark night about them.

IV.

John Jones, after his second night in a workhouse, walked back along the gloomy road on which he had lost his packet. Day after day, with the stout heart aching, he tramped along, wearily, wearily, and at last reached the little village where he had left his love. She was penniless by this time, beyond a doubt. He had been eight days away. Eight days? It looked like eighty years. He had a week's beard upon his face, and he was caked with mud. He was as forlorn-looking a tramp as one might find in England. It was growing dark as he sat upon a stone fence and looked down at the little village. In the growing darkness a rustic boy of about ten years of age came up hill, making his way to the village.

"Are you going to Ashford?" asked the tramp.
"Ees," said the boy; "I be." And he edged away with one defensive elbow raised.
"Don't be afraid of me. I won't hurt you. Do you know Mrs. Norton's cottage?"
"Ees, I do," said the boy across his elbow, resentfully.

"Miss Barclay lives there," said the tramp.
"Will you go to the house and say that Mr. Mackenzie wants to see Miss Barclay at the railway station? Can you remember that?"

"Ees," said the boy again.
"Mr. Mackenzie. Don't forget. At the railway station."

"All right," said the youthful rustic, and clattered away in hob-nailed shoon.

Somewhat doubtful of the delivery of his message, the forlorn young man made his way towards the railway-station, and waited in the unlighted lane which led to it. He had not to wait very long. A light and eager footstep came down the lane, and dark as it was he fancied he knew the figure.

"Is that you, Nell?" he asked.
"Walter!" she answered in a startled voice.
"Where are you?"

"Here," he said; "don't be frightened. I'm such a spectacle, I didn't want you to see me in the daylight. I've walked from Liverpool."

"Walked from Liverpool?" she cried.
He told his story, and told it to his own disadvantage with many terms of self-disparagement. She heard it all, and then to his amazement she laughed—a little laugh of honest humor. If she could have seen him she would not have laughed, but she knew nothing of his hunger or his privations. These he had excluded from his narrative.

"Poor Walter!" she said. "I wondered why you did not write or come to me. I suppose the packet was about the money. It doesn't matter, for the money is found."

"Found?"
"Yes. Found. Mr. Netherley, the lawyer at Wharton, had a cash-box to be given to me three weeks after uncle's death. It was sealed three years ago, and there was a thousand pounds in it, all in new Bank of England notes. Everybody says it was like poor uncle to leave his money in that way. He made no will, it seems, but he had nobody belonging to him in the world but me. We have a thousand pounds, Walter."

"Was there a key to the cash-box?" he asked.

"No," she said. "We broke the wax away, and the blacksmith came and picked the lock."

"What an extraordinary jackdaw the old bird was," said he to himself.

"Everybody knows about it," said the girl, "and everybody says there must be more money hidden away somewhere in the same strange way. For at one time he was known to be quite rich."

"Ah!" said he, "very likely."

"How strangely you speak," she said. "You have caught a dreadful cold. Come to the cottage."

"No," he said, "I can't come in to-night."

Deadlock again in John Jones's affairs. Was there no way of banishing John Jones altogether?

"Why not?" she asked him.

"I've walked from Liverpool," he said. "I'm a shocking spectacle."

"Nonsense," urged Nell. "Mrs. Norton will let you wash and brush your hair, and you will be presentable enough. She will be glad to see you. Oh! she is such a dear old woman."

"Yes, I daresay."

"How oddly you talk to-night." She seized his arm in a girlish, imperious, loving way.

"Come with me. Why, Walter, what is this?"

He felt like a roughest wall. She ran her hands about his sleeves and shoulders, and felt his fluttering rags.

"Walter, what is it?"

"Mud," he said stolidly. "Mud and rags." Then he added, as though that explained it all, "I've walked from Liverpool."

She began to realize the situation.

"You had no money?"

"Haven't seen a cent this five days," said he doggedly.

"Then you have been hungry! You have walked to find me, starving all the way, to bring that wretched unlucky parcel. Oh! you poor, brave suffering dear."

"Don't cry, my darling," he said tenderly. "It's all over, and it wasn't much for a man. It sounds bad for a girl to think of, but, bless you, lots of men do it every year."

"You are hungry now!" she said reproachfully. "I know you are. And you cruel boy, you never said a word to me about it."

"Had other things to talk about," said John Jones defensively.

"Take my purse," she said imperiously, thrusting it into his hand, "and go away and make yourself decent, and eat something."

"Very well," said John Jones, accepting the situation. He had given her all he had, and he loved her too well to have any qualms about taking help from her. "My uncle has all my things."

"Where is he?" asked Nell innocently.

"He resides in London, my dear," said John Jones gravely. "In Holborn."

"Then you had better go to London," she answered simply, "and get your things from him. You can go to-night. Get something to eat before you start."

"No," he said, "I can't show up anywhere. I should disgrace you. It's only an hour by train. It's about time the train went, I think, isn't it?"

"That's the signal," she cried. Go at once. Good-bye."

The red lamp gleamed high in air two hun-

dred yards away. John Jones kissed Walter Mackenzie's sweetheart, and ran to the station. He slouched the shocking bad hat, and demanded a third-class for London. Then he saw that the purse held several sovereigns and a bank-note or two neatly folded. He reached Enston, and made for the Tottenham Court Road, where many of the shops were still ablaze with gas. Straight into the shop of a tailor who sold ready-made clothing, plunged John Jones, demanding to be clothed. The shopmen were at first for ejecting him, but became civil at the sight of the purse. A neighbouring bootmaker being summoned, brought many pairs of boots in a green bag. New underclothing, a new shirt, a new suit of clothes, new boots, and a new hat being set with John Jones in a private room, there ensued a rapid transformation scene. Walter Mackenzie, barrister-at-law, emerged from the apartment John Jones had entered, and John Jones, of the Seven Dials, went out of being forever.

From that time forth Walter Mackenzie's luck underwent a favourable change. An uncle of his—not the one in Holborn—died and left him money. He prospered at the bar, and he married and had children, and lived respectably and honourably. The dead hand enriched his wife with two more oddly rendered bequests. Nell used sometimes to excuse a little extra expenditure on the pretended supposition that John Launceston Barclay's funds were not yet all paid in, but years went by and the last of the old man seemed long since to have been heard.

The old house at Ashford Warren had been put into the market, but nobody would buy it, so it dropped out of the market again and was forgotten. But as time went on a new railroad happened to be started in that district, and the house had to come down. Walter Mackenzie on a spare day went to meet the company's lawyer—an old acquaintance—and discuss compensation. He would have left the mere business to an agent, but he had a whim about the matter.

"You won't want much for this tumble-down old shed," said the lawyer.

"I don't know, Wre-stall," said the barrister.

"I don't know. I valued the old place highly once."

"Oh! Ah, yes!" said Wre-stall. "Love's young dream. Mrs. Mackenzie lived there. I remember."

"They used that place for a stable," said Walter laughingly. "It was intended for a warehouse, I believe, but the old man bought a donkey for Nell when she was quite a baby. I broke the brute in, I remember."

He laughed and sighed at that romantic reminiscence, and setting a foot on the prostrate door, he entered the stable. The wood flew into tinder at his step and let him through to the brick floor—it was so old and rotten.

"Hillo!" cried Wre-stall, "what's that?"

"What's what?" asked the barrister.

His companion had stooped to pick something from the ground. The something brought a little old-fashioned square lock with it.

"Skeleton keys," he said. "Inside the door, too, and the bolt shot. I'm a native detective," the lawyer added laughingly. "Now, you know," he went on, with a half-smiling, mock gravity, "that a man can't lock a door on the inside after leaving a room. The only place of exit is the chimney."

"You establish your mystery," said Mackenzie lightly. "Where's the motive for locking one's self in and going up the chimney?"

"Never mind the motive," said the lawyer, laughing openly. "Let's investigate the mystery."

So saying he stooped and peered up the chimney, and withdrew his head so hastily that he knocked his hat off. Then it was Mackenzie's turn to laugh, but there was such a look on the lawyer's face that the laugh found an abrupt termination.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Look and see," said the lawyer, gasping scared and pale.

He looked and rose after the look almost as pale as his companion.

"There's a skeleton hanging there," he said.

"Ay, said the lawyer, "and a skeleton key to the skeleton keys, I fancy. That seems likely to be a true word, spoken in random jest, when I picked up these keys."

They stood looking at each other a long time, pale and silent.

"The few rags there look ready to fall to dust," said Walter, breaking the silence. He put his stick into the chimney and moved it slightly, when, as if there needed only a sign to bring it down, the whole ghastly thing came tumbling loose into the grateless hearth, and with the falling bones fell something with a metallic crash. The two recoiled and when the smother of woollen dust had cleared itself away, the lawyer advancing, cried, "the motive," and with the crook of his walking-stick dragged up a small cash-box by the handle. The key was in the keyhole, and with wrinkled features of disgust, and a finger and thumb which only just touched it, he unlocked the box, and there before them lay eight thousand pounds, in Bank of England notes, and on the top of them the paper which Tiburce Menseau, habitual criminal, had stolen from one John Jones, a tramp from Liverpool. There was nothing by which to identify Tiburce, but Walter Mackenzie had no doubt of him, nor had the lawyer, when he heard the story.

SONNETS FROM THE AFGHANESE.

NO. 1.—TO A MULE.

A weird phenomenon, O mule, art thou!
One pensive ear inclined toward the west,
The other sou'-sou'-east by a little sou',
The some explicate of peace and rest,
But who can tell at what untoward hour
Thy slumbering energy will assert its function,
With fervid eloquence and awakening power,
Thy hee-haw and thy heels in wild conjunction?
War, Havoc, and Destruction envy thee:
Go! kick the stuffing out of Time and Space!
Assert thyself, thou Child of Destiny,
Till nature stands aghast with frightened face!
A greater marvel art thou than the wonder
Of Zeus from high Olympus launching thunder.

NO. 2.—TO A GOAT.

Thou hast a serious aspect, but methinks
Beneath the surface, Billy, I discern
A thoughtful tendency to play high-jinks,
A solemn, waiting wickedness supern,
Within the amber circles of thine eye
There lurketh mischief of exorcise kind,—
A humor grim, mechanical, and dry;
Evasive, sly, and undefined.
I would I understood thee better, Bill,
Beseech thee of thy courtesy explain:
Now, doth the favour of a poster fill
Thy utmost need? Of old hats art thou vain?
I pry thee, goat, vouchsafe some information,
Oh, say! Come, now! Get out! Oh, thunderation!

NO. 3.—TO TAFFY.

Hail, Taffy, new-born goddess! Thou art come
Into the world emollient and serene,
With liberal hands dispensing balmy gum,
A sump-mouthed, molasses-visaged queen!
What art thou giving us, O gracious one?
Thou dost assuage our daily cares and toils,
Thine time to mollify the rasping duu,
Thine to alleviate domestic broils.
The lover seeks thy aid to win his joy,
The statesman looketh toward thee, and the preacher,
The interviewer, and the drummer-boy,
Who drummeth wisely, owning thee for teacher.
The clam-dispenser took thy useful praise,
The lightning rod-dust knoweth all thy ways.

—D. S. Proudfoot, Scribner.

MY LADY'S DIAMONDS.

I.

Those who are familiar with the environs of Dublin—their nooks and byways—are aware in how short a time even the pedestrian can transport himself from the stir and bustle of the City into sylvan scenery; among woodbine-scented lanes and rural spots, that might be miles away in the heart of the country. A ramble by the lonely sea-shore, on heath-clad mountain, or in quiet woodland, may be enjoyed by the dweller in the metropolis within the compass of a walk.

In the year 1862, when the circumstance about to be narrated took place, this nearness to the country was still greater than it is now, when the suburbs are extending themselves on all sides, and bricks and mortar invading the green fields and hedgerows.

A lady, whom we shall call Lady Mary V., lived at that time in a country place, situated in so isolated a position, and with such rural surroundings, that it was hard to realize the fact of its being within six miles of the Castle of Dublin. A granddaughter, the offspring of her only child, who had died in giving her birth at the age of nineteen, was her sole companion. Though not wealthy, she was in fair circumstances, and much sought after—winning a good deal in society, and attending with religious scrupulosity all court ceremonials and entertainments.

No more stately dame trod the vice-regal halls on festive occasions than Lady Mary V., as, accompanied by her pretty granddaughter, she made her way up St. Patrick's Hall to take the place on the dais to which her rank entitled her; and very graceful and dignified she looked in her sweeping velvets and old point lace, and a magnificent set of diamonds—bequeathed to her by an old Marchioness, her aunt—that often went nigh to eclipse those of "her Excellency" of the day, herself.

Lady Mary always made a point of returning to her country home after assisting at festivities, public or private, in town. She disliked the trouble as well as expense of sleeping at an hotel; and on winter nights she and her granddaughter—well muffled in furs and wraps—would ensconce themselves, each in her snug corner of the brougham; beguiling the way by talking over the party. Or else, while the elder lady calmly dozed, her young companion would give herself up to the dreams and air-built fabrics common to those before whom lies the garden of life to be laid out at their sweet will.

II.

Shift we now the scene to an humble dwelling in a back street in Dublin, occupied by a young tradesman, his wife and child.

The room is clean and comfortable; hearth swept up, tea things set out on a little table, the kettle singing on the hob, a nice griddle-cake browning before the bright fire. The man is seated, idle, before it, though it is four o'clock in the afternoon; his legs stretched out, a short pipe in his mouth, at which he takes an occasional pull while he stares moodily at the blaze. His wife glances anxiously at him from time to time and sighs.

Surely never was man so changed as Jim Ryan! So brisk and cheery as he was, working late and early at his trade, regular and industrious; and so loving and tender to herself and the boy. And now something had come over him—poor Susan could not tell what. He was

gloomy and morose; neglected his business, and was often away, at times for whole nights together. There was never any sign of drink upon him, and neither at the Emerald Isle, the Lifeboat, nor any other "public" was he to be seen. That she had ascertained. It was most unaccountable.

The regular earnings, so punctually brought home, had ceased. Some weeks they were short enough of money; and then again there was much more than sufficed. And once when Jim came in and threw down such a lot into her lap that she cried out in surprise to know where on earth it had all come from, he turned round angry upon her, and bade her in a surly voice to "ax no questions, but spend it."

Susan's perplexed and anxious thoughts were interrupted now by her little boy, who, for some minutes past, had been standing at the house-door watching. He was a delicate looking little fellow, of about ten years old, pale from the effects of an accident, and walking lame with a crutch.

"Mother," he said fretfully, "I don't think Aunt Nelly is coming at all. Sight or light of her I can't get all the whole length of the street; an' I'm watching till my eyes are sore. She'll not come at all, an' the lovely cake will be ruined."

"No, the lovely cake won't be ruined; and she will come, you onpatient little mite!" said his mother, kissing the small thin face. "There, sit ye down by the fire, my heart, and rest the poor leg. I'm going to wet the tea, and you'll see she'll be here before 'tis drawn. What would hinder her from coming? My lady has given her the day out!" (Nelly was Lady Mary V.'s kitchen-maid); "but in course she has heaps to do, shopping about the town, and diverting herself. And, sure enough, here she comes!" as a rosy-cheeked girl bounced into the room.

"How are ye all! and how's every bit of you, Suzy darling?" cried Nelly, throwing her arms round her sister, and hugging her over and over again, with the impulsiveness of her class and country. "And little Micky—I declare he's looking elegant since he came out of the hospital—he'll soon be as well as ever. The ladies will be asking—they're cruel fond of him! Here, Micky, is a parcel of lovely things Miss Edith sent you; and if you'll grope your hand in my pocket, maybe you'll find something I brought you myself, young man."

Nelly chattered on, displaying her various purchases and telling her adventures of the day, while Susan poured out tea and cut the griddle-cake. Ryan took no part in the merry talk or meal; he remained still glowering moodily over the fire.

"And now won't you tell us about the ladies?" said Susan. "Are they going out a great deal these times?"

"Ay indeed, that are they," said Nelly; "it's the 'saison' you know, nothing but balls and parties. Last month was the drawing-room at the Castle, and, O Susan dear, I'd give the wide world you could have seen them dressed. Mrs. Parks is very good-natured; and that's more than can be said of all lady's maids, from what I hear tell. She came down to the servants' hall, after she'd done dressing the ladies, and told cook and me and the rest of us we might go up and look at them before their cloaks was put on. And O, but it was a sight! The trains, yards and yards long, sweeping the ground! And the feathers and the flowers and the jewellery! My lady's diamonds blazing like anything! The flash of them, when she'd turn her head sudden, you'd think would blind you. Splendid they are!"

"And very valuable too?" said Susan.
"Valuable! you may say that. They're worth thousands! Mrs. Parks says that a single one of them—ay, even one of the earrings—would make the fortunes of the likes of us. If we had the price of them diamonds, we might live in plenty and comfort, and never soil a hand or do a turn of work for the rest of our days."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Susan.
"Yes, indeed. And isn't it quare now to think of carrying all that money's worth about one? I wonder my lady isn't afraid of travelling night after night along that lonesome road with them valuable jewels upon her, and no protection. If it was me I'd be thinking every whole minute I was going to be robbed and murdered."

"But," said Ryan, who had roused up, and laying aside his pipe now entered with interest into the conversation, "she has her coachman, sure."

"Is it Peter," exclaimed Nelly, bursting into a ringing laugh,—"ould Pether! O, 'tis he'd be the fine protector! Why, if you were to see him swathed up to go out at night, and scarce able to stir hand or foot, for all the world like an ould mummy in a pieter-book, you'd die laughing. My lady is that careful of him, and that afraid of his taking cold, she's always buying him wraps and rugs and shawls and comforters; and he thatches himself with them all, putting one on top of the other till you only see the end of his old nose peeping out. One time that I got leave to go into town for the night and sat up beside him on the coach-box, the horse picked up a stone. Well, to see him unrolling himself, and peeling off rug after rug to free first one leg and then the other, would wear the patience of a saint. 'Arrah, man alive,' sez I, 'hand us over the picker and I'll hop down and have it out, and be back again in half a clap.' 'You! sez he, facing round on me as if 'twas a young elephant was sitting beside him, 'you! A' what do you, a faymale, know about

horses? Ould Peter thinks no one knows any mortal thing but himself. He's one that fancies he understands everybody's business better than they do themselves."

"O, I know," said Ryan. "Sort of man he is, that would go for to teach a rat how to make a hole."

"Exactly. But he's a decent old fellow for all that; my lady thinks no end of him. She wouldn't keep him, nor the horse, waiting in the street at night one minute. They'll be ordered at a certain time, and she'll look at her watch, and when the time comes, home they'll have to start. Mrs. Parks says she do think if it was the Lord Lifenant himself Miss Edith was dancing with she'd have to come away straight and leave the ball, sooner than keep Peter waiting below. At di-entically the same hour every night. Yis, di-entically," repeated Nelly, proud (though with a slight misgiving) at having laid hold of an imposing word, and resolved to make the most of it. "If there was people living beside the road,—only there aren't—they could tell what o'clock it was precisely when they'd hear my lady's carriage wheels, she's that exact and punctual."

"And what time is it ordered?" asked Ryan.

"A quarter past two; reg'lar as the clock."

"And she always wears them diamonds?"

"O laws, no! only on grand occasions—the drawing-rooms and state balls and the like."

"An' when will the next state ball be?"

"O, myself doesn't know for certain. Mrs. Parks could tell; it's her business, you know. St. Patrick's night there'll be a tremendous flare-up, an' the ladies will—"

"Psha! Nelly, never mind the ladies and their dresses," broke in Susan; uneasy, she scarcely knew why, at her husband's changed manner, and the sort of greedy excitement with which he listened to the girl, "what does men folks care about clothes and jewellery? Can't you tell us about something else; the new garden, or the horses, or—"

"Speak for yourself, woman!" cried Jim, flinging himself round on his chair and glaring angrily at her. "Just hold your prate, and don't go answering for other people's likings. Go on, Nelly, about the ladies. Does the young one wear valuable jewels too, like my lady?"

"She does not," answered Nelly, "only flowers and simple things. And very quare it is, as cook and I were saying. But Mrs. Parks snapped vicious at us; and sez she, bridling up, 'Youth and beauty requires no ornaments,' Daisies Miss Edith had at the last drawing-room, and snow-drops she's to—"

But Ryan apparently took no interest in either youth and beauty or daisies and snow-drops.

"Where," he interrupted, "does my lady wear those diamonds?"

"Well, I'll tell you that," said Nelly, greatly pleased at the interest her gossip was arousing. "There's her head-dress, the valuablest are in front of it—a tiara 'tis called—and stars all round the head and behind. And the stars themselves in the heavens don't shine brighter. And then a lovely necklace and brooch and earrings. O, it'll be a sight to see, St. Patrick's night, when they're dressed for the ball. Cook and me and the rest of us will be allowed up as sure as sure; and I wish you were there too, Susan. No more tea, darlin', thank you kindly, I must be going now."

And with hugs and kisses, and many parting words, Nelly went off.

III.

A few days after her sister's visit Susan Ryan received a message from a friend in Sannymount begging her to come and spend the night with her there. The girl's mother was in a dying state, and the person who had hitherto shared her watch having been suddenly called away, she would be left alone with the dying woman if Susan did not come to her. Susan could not resist her friend's appeal, albeit very unwilling to leave poor Micky; for, thought she, with a sigh, "it's as likely as not his father won't be at home."

Micky slept in a little crib at the foot of his parents' bed. There was in the outer room, where the family lived and took their meals, a box bedstead, such as is often seen in country cottages, which "contrived a double debt to pay," made a seat when the lid was shut down. It stood in a snug corner near the fireplace, screened off by a bit of low partition, so that it could not be seen by those in the room.

"Now, do you know what I'll do, Micky honey?" said his mother, seeing the shade that came over the poor little face when he heard she was going out. "I'll make up the box-bed for you to sleep in, and the place will be as light as day with the elegant fire that'll be in it and will keep you company. So now, darlin', don't be frettin' or lonesome; I'll be back before you've time to miss me."

"The box-bed! O mother, that will be grand!" And Micky, in the eager delight of a child at anything new, forgot his trouble at being left by himself.

For some time after his mother had gone he lay awake, watching from his cosy nest behind the partition the reflections of the firelight flickering and dancing on the opposite wall. But soon even the charming novelty of the box-bed failed to keep him wakeful. Gradually the shadows grew fainter, and Micky fell fast asleep.

He woke with a violent start; and in a fright that seemed to take away his breath. There

were voices in the room. Men were talking and smoking—he could smell the tobacco—and the fire had been stirred into a blaze and candles lit.

"I think, boys, we've settled it all now," said a voice; "and surely there never was a job come so neat to our hands. As I said before, three of us is enough to be in it; and enough is as good as a feast."

"Right you are, Joe, and we understand well. One to seize the horse and deal with the old coachman, another to tackle the ladies, and the third to secure the diamonds as they're stripped off."

"No violence, boys, mind that!" Micky recognized his father's voice. "Remember my bargain with you. D'ye hear, Joe; there must be no violence."

"O lord, no!" said the man addressed as Joe; "by no means, not at all! Pelite will be no word for us; butter wouldn't melt in our mouths. 'You'll excuse us, my lady, for taking the liberty and making so bold as to trouble yer ladyship's honour; but, if it's plazing to you to be so kind as to hand us out the thrille of diamonds you have about you, we'll be obleeged. Axing your pardin' for the intrusion—"

This speech, delivered in mincing tones, provoked a roar of coarse laughter.

"They'll screech, to be sure," continued the man, ceasing his mockery, and resuming the brutal manner that was natural to him, "fay-males always do; but I've got some purty toys in my pocket will soon stop their noise. Don't be afraid, Jim Ryan, it isn't pistols or guns, nor neither swords or blunderblusses."

"Whisht!" cried one of the party under his his breath; "what was that? I thought I heard somethin'. Are you sure there's no one hearkening?"

"Sorra a one is there to hearken," said Ryan. "The wife's away in Sannymount till morning, and the child fast asleep in there," pointing to the inner room.

"That ditch at the three-mile stone will be the very place to lie in wait in; and by all accounts we won't be kep' long cooling our heels, as they're so punctual and reg'lar."

"And we'll be punctual and reg'lar too," said Joe, who was evidently the leader of the party. "And mind, boys, no Patrick's pot that day for any of us! We'll drown our shamrogue another time, and drink th' old lady's health and Jim Ryan's. It's the grandest haul that ever came in any one's luck. More power to the boy that put us up to it!"

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

TASTE IS EVERYTHING.—Dress is largely regulated by taste. One person always appears well-dressed; another never; yet the one who is ill-dressed may pay his tailor twice as much in a year as the other. So it is with the dress of women. One who does not understand the adaptation of style and colours may be loaded with costly garments and finery, and yet never appear well-dressed. To some persons, taste in everything seems natural; but in all it admits of cultivation. And the cultivation of one's taste not only saves money, but it is a source of much satisfaction and happiness.

A DIFFICULT CHURCH.—The faculty of one of our largest theological seminaries received some time since a letter, in which the inhabitants of a small town in Kansas applied to them for a young clergyman to take charge of their spiritual education. The long and formidable array of qualifications which the minister must possess, and the extremely meagre salary attached to the position, threw the good doctors of the faculty into something akin to despair. After much thought, one suggested that the reply should run thus:—"The only man of whom we know who could satisfy you is our revered college president, now dead some few years, and who, having accustomed himself to heavenly food (air), could perhaps eke out a bare subsistence upon the salary which you propose." This, after due deliberation, was rejected, and the next proposal listened to:—"We know of no one, excepting the Apostle Paul, who approaches to your standard of piety; he might preach a Sunday, and get his living by sail-making on week-days." This was at length also rejected, and the following finally hit upon and dispatched:—"We know of no man upon earth good enough for you, or who could possibly live on the salary you mention. We therefore advise you to make an effort to secure the angel Gabriel, who could board in heaven, and come down Sundays to preach."

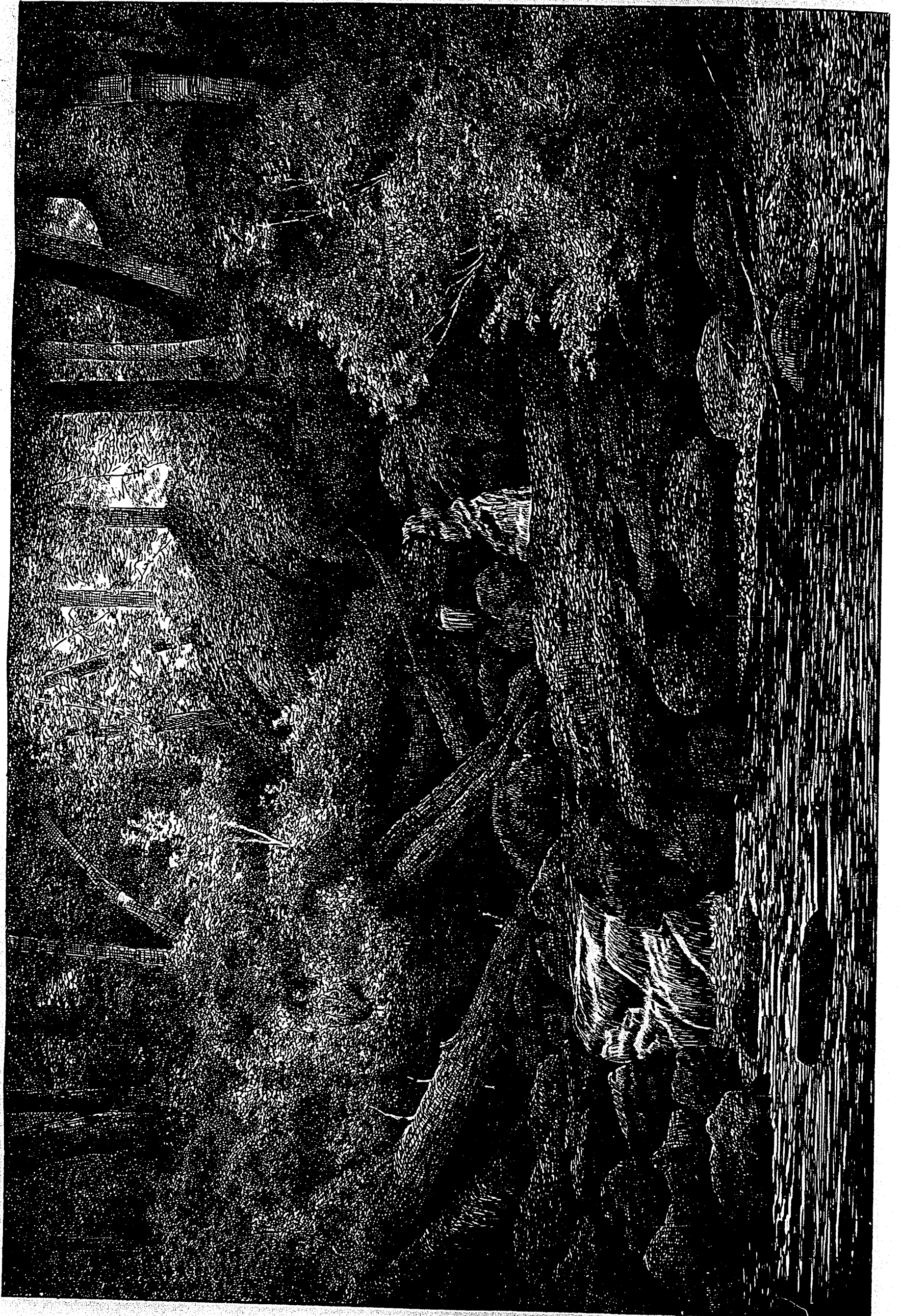
The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

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

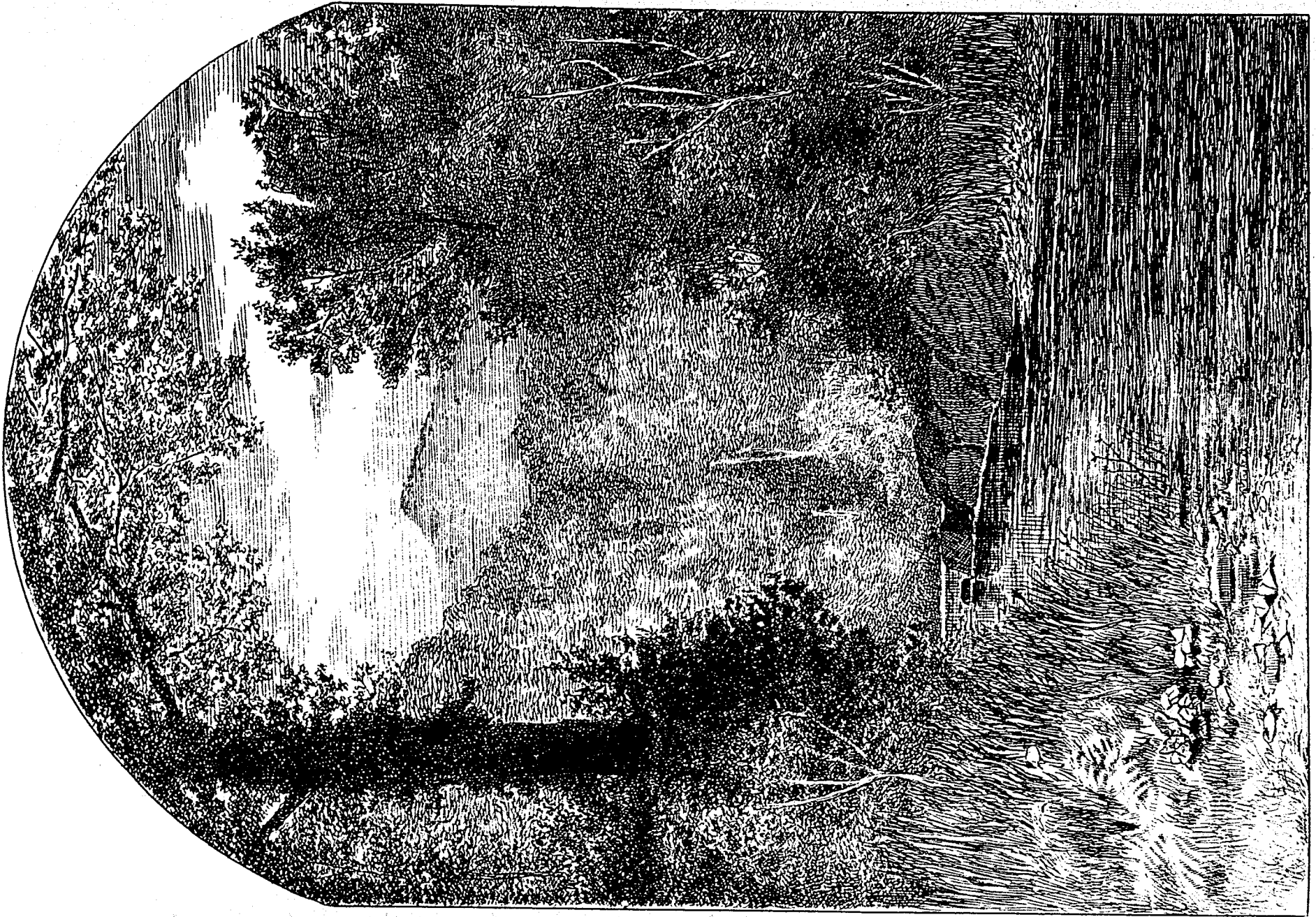
The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

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.



A STREAMLET IN THE BUSH --- FROM A PEN AND INK SKETCH BY J. VAN ELSBORN, R.C.A.



A WOODLAND RIVER.



ON THE LAKE.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES BY ALAN EDSON, R.C.A.

WHO SETS THE FASHIONS?

Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know
For the little people beneath the snow!
And are they working a weary while,
To dress themselves in the latest style?

There's Mrs. Primrose, who used to be
The very picture of modesty:
Plain with her dresses, but now she goes
With crimps and fringes and furbelows.

And even Miss Buttercup puts on airs
Because the colour in vogue she wears:
And as for dandelion, dear me!
A vainer creature you ne'er will see.

When Mrs. Poppy—that dreadful flirt—
Was younger, she wore but one plain skirt—
But now I notice, with great surprise,
She's several patterns of largest size.

The Fuchsia's sters—those lovely belles!
Improve their styles as the mode compels:
And, though every body is loud in their praise,
They ne'er depart from their modest ways.

And the Pansy family must have found
Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe underground
For in velvets and satins of every shade
Throughout the season they're all arrayed.

Pinks and Daisies, and all the flowers,
Change their fashions, as we change ours;
And those who knew them in olden days
Are mystified by their modern ways.

Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know,
For the little people beneath the snow!
And are they busy a weary while,
Dressing themselves in the latest style?

—Scottish American.

TOM BOLLIVAR'S WIFE.

Somebody knocked at the door. And such a night as it was! the snow and the wind making it dreadful to think of while you sat beside a roaring fire, let alone being out on the dismal flat where the little house braved the fury of the elemental war. It was quiet inside, the loudest sound being the moan of the wind and the hiss of the feathery snowflakes falling down the wide-mouthed chimney to the flaring logs below.

A woman was sitting by those flaring logs mending a little child's frock. The six little shoes, in various worn stages, placed before the fire told a story that oftentimes, louder noises than the moan of the wind and the hiss of lost snowflakes on the fire, disturbed the room. Sitting there sewing, and with a woman's mind far away from what she was busy at, and yet tied all the stronger here by reason of her wandering thoughts, the woman started—somebody knocked at the door.

She arose hurriedly, suppressing a cry, and unlocked and flung the door open. A man's voice in the snowy darkness said harshly:

"Where do Tom Bollivar's wife live at—here?"

"Yes," she answered, her hand upon her heart, her eyes peering out in the night. "I am Tom Bollivar's wife; what do you want of me?"

"Lass, will you ask me in? I've news of Tom."

"You have? Come in, sailor, and tell me what you know."

Into the light and warmth stepped a rough, brawny fellow, dressed in the slipshod manner of a sailor upon shore. He shook the snow from his shaggy coat and his beard, slapping his slouch hat upon his knee, and looking fiercely down into the little woman's face all the time as though to intimidate her. She returned the look with an odd expression—not frightened, but startled, bewildered—the look that had come in her face when she opened the door and peered out at the man; then from the bewildered look another came, one of understanding, comprehension, and she said to him calmly:

"Sit by the fire; you must be chilled through this gruesome night."

The startled look seemed to have flown from her face to his, but he said more harshly:

"I am chilled through. Tom Bollivar's wife, and that ain't no lie 'ordin' to Scripture. Are ye all alone here, woman?" and he glanced about him.

"No," she said, pointing to the six worn little shoes. The man looked at them and then turned his face away from her for an instant.

"Now, sailor," she said, "what's this great news o' yours?"

"An't ye afeared o' me, ye a lone 'oman?"

"Bosh! Tell me the news."

"Tom Bollivar's wife, ye frustrate me. But it's right ye an't afeared o' me—why should ye be? I—I kinder thought ye might be, though. But I'm a rough sailor, and—"

"O pshaw! hurry up with the news."

"I—I don't know how to commence the yarn, wi' you a settin' there so unskered."

"Oh! it is a yarn, eh? Well, wait, sailor, till I put some wood on the fire, then fire away."

She put the wood on, sat down on the stool in the red light of the blaze, and took up the little frock again.

"Now," she said, "I'm ready."

The man had his mouth open. Despite his bronzed skin and the fire from the logs, something else sent that flush over his face that now suffused it.

"He'n't ye a little nervous anyways?" he asked.

"O my! no, not at all. I'm steady enough to count the threads while I stitch this band of our Susy's frock. Nervous! Me! O dear!"

"Tom Bollivar's wife, I've that to tell as will not make ye brag of being steady. Tom Bollivar's been gone three years and over, eh?"

"If you know it, sailor, why do you ask me for? Don't you suppose that I can count the months that make three years?"

"When did ye hear from Tom last?" he gulped, and his eyes were wrathful.

"Six months ago," she said easily; "he was sailing for Madagascar, and hadn't time to say much."

"Tom Bollivar's wife," said the man solemnly, and suppressing his strange anger, "ye'll not be likely to hear from him agin in a hurry; he won't write soon."

"I expect not. There an't much use o' him writing, anyway, seeing I can't answer, not knowing if I'd send my letters to sea that they'd find him."

"Lass, he'll never write agin no more. Tom won't. There, now."

"That's a pity for Tom," she said, biting off her thread, "for he always likes to write a bit about the children. O dear!"

The man looked at her in blank amazement.

"Tom Bollivar's wife, I think I'll commence that there yarn I promised."

"Lor, sailor, you don't mean to say you an't begun it yet? What a tedious one you can be, to be sure! Bless my heart!"

Again the man gulped and gritted his teeth. He went on madly:

"Ye know, six months ago, Tom he sailed around Madagascar, don't ye? Well, I was along wi' Tom, I was. Me an' him we was chums; wheresomever he went, theresomever went I; whensomever he writ to ye, I seen that there letter, true as Gospel. When he was thinkin' o' ye I knowed it. But there's storms at sea, lass—oh! sich storms. Why, this here storm outside is a baby-squall compared with them there at sea, creaking and groaning, and cussing and ordering, and there's storms as makes ye think of home and your wife and your babies, and to look up into the face of the angry sky and try to peer out the pitying face of Jesus Christ as he walked on the waters, and told the waves to be still—storms as makes ye look up at that sky that seems to be fighting with the mad sea that rises up to clinch with it, and falls back all shattered and broke; there's storms as makes a sailor's heart cry for the help of God for them as he loves, even if the help don't save his own life. Who knowed more about storms nor me and Tom Bollivar! We'd followed the sea night on to twenty years, and never separated. I can't tell ye, for ye'll feel that bad."

"No, I won't, sailor: upon my word, I won't. I like it—I like to hear you talk; it seems old-fashioned!"

"Old-fashioned?"

"Yes; Tom used to sit where you sit, and I sitting in this blessed identical spot, sewing as I do now, and he'd tell his awful yarns and try to make me believe them. You see, I don't swallow all I hear."

"Ye don't think I'm a-deceivin' ye do ye?"

"I don't think much about it, so you needn't have that in your noddle. Go on, do; for mercy's sake, what ails the man?"

Such a look as he gave her!

"Well, there comes a storm one day, an' the skipper he comes to us and says, says he: 'It's all up wi' us, as ye see. Try to save yourselves.' The ship had sprung a leak, the whole side was stove in on a rock, an' the pumps was no use, an' we was a-goin' down, an'—O, Tom Bollivar's wife I how kin I say it!—your husband he wouldn't desert that there ship as he'd knowed, man and boy, since him an' the ship was both young."

"That's right in him," she said, shaking her head and setting herself on the stool, a light in her eyes; "that's right in him! I wouldn't own Tom Bollivar if he'd forsook his work because it got troublesome."

"Yes, but lass, Tom he was aboard till the last two hung together. He wouldn't go. He got the others off an' helped wi' the cargo; but there he stayed, a-lookin' out in the direction o' his home, and a-thinkin' o' ye an' the babbies."

"True for you, sailor," she said, her voice tremulous and almost glad, "and good for Tom Bollivar!"

"But why don't you get frustrated? Didn't ye kear nothin' 'bout Tom? Why don't ye get into a reg'lar tetter?"

"Oh! I'll get that way after a bit."

Again that dreadful look at her.

"Then ye didn't kear nothin' for Tom?"

"Now, look here, sailor," she said, "you know Tom powerful well, you say. Didn't Tom ever know of the time and time again when I've sat here all alone through the night, after I've tucked the children up in bed, and stayed at the window looking out at the raving storm, thinking of my husband? Didn't he ever know at such times that my heart went away over the cruel sea hunting for him—went further than the sea, up to heaven, to Him who holds the sea and the storm in the hollow of his hand? Didn't he ever know how I treasured up every hope, every dream of him, every word he'd ever said—that I searched the children's faces day after day, seeing his likeness there so that I'd never forget his looks and should know him always, no matter when or how I met him? And didn't he know how, when I was timider for him than usual and wanted him more than usual, I'd go the children and cry, 'Babies, babies, wake with mammy and pray for daddy on the wild, wild seas? and how we would kneel down and say 'Our Father,' and feel sure

that the Lord know what we were asking for and would answer our prayer? Didn't Tom ever know how I must have counted days, then weeks, then months, and at last years wanting him, writing, watching for him, ever true in words and thought? Couldn't he tell you that he guessed I loved all sailors for his sake, and I pitied lonely one that come to port here, and who made friends with me? For I've gone to them and said: 'Cheer up, my lads, I'm Tom Bollivar's wife, and he's on the briny deep. Let me help you all I can; if you're sick or lonesome, or want little jobs of woman's work done for you, why, come to me! I'm Tom Bollivar's wife, and he's on the briny deep. And how often has this room been crowded with sailor men! And how they've kissed the children, in case they'd pass Tom's ship, they said, and would seem to take the kisses to him; or they'd kiss 'em because they had little ones of their own far away, who must looking out to sea and thinking of their daddies. And I've helped 'em all I could—indeed, indeed I have; and me and the children, why, we've gone down to see their ships off, and have made the children wave their hands and say, 'Good-by!' right loud, and the men have called, 'Three cheers and a tiger for Tom Bollivar's wife, and God care for the babies!' And I've done all this for love of Tom. And you don't say that he ever thought of that, only that I don't care for him. If he didn't know me without words, then he didn't love me as I always thought he did."

And she wiped her eyes on the frock she was mending. The man looked at her for a minute, seemed to hold back something he was about to say, put his hands nervously in his pockets, and went on:

Well, lass, he knowed it. He thought he knowed it for a truth, but—and now comes the all-firedest, awful part o' this here Gospel-truth yarn."

"Yes, sailor."

"Well—now don't ye cry out, and don't ye flop down—but Tom Bollivar he won't never, never come home no more."

She smiled up in his face.

"Why?" she simply asked.

"Because—he's drowned dead," he replied.

"I don't believe it, sailor."

"But I was wi' him all the time; I orter know."

"Then why wasn't you drowned too? If you thought so much of him as you say, why didn't you drown trying to save him, if nothing else?"

"I—I—well, I washed ashore. But poor Tom!—O Lor! poor Tom, he's went."

"O dear if that's the case I might as well make up my mind to be a widow."

"I rather think so. Well—why don't ye get frustrated, Widder Bollivar?" cried the man aghast; "ye promised that, anyway."

"I'll get that way after a while, sailor."

"But I tell ye, Tom Bollivar an't no more; he's drowned dead, him that was your husband."

"Well, I can't help it, can I? I didn't drown him, did I? I'm a widow, ain't I? Now I'll tell you what I think about it. You see, sailor, I can't live here all alone, now, can I?"

"What do you mean, Widder Bollivar?"

"That's it—that's right—I'm Widow Bollivar. But I musn't be Widow Bollivar all my life, so I must get married."

"Married! My God! woman, your husband, he an't cold yet."

"I can't wait until I'm cold because you say he an't quite cold yet, can I?"

"Do you mean to say ye don't love him?"

"It would be foolish to love a dead man and marry a live one."

"Who—who'll have ye for a wife when they knows all I knows? Widder, I'll tell the whole town, I'll tell the whole world, I'll put ye in the 'log—I mean the papers."

"Bosh, sailor; that's nonsense. Who'll have me? Why you will, sailor; I know you will."

"Git out o' my way, Tom Bollivar's wife. Me have you? Lor! I thought I'd find you crazy mad at the idea o' him bein' dead and leyin' rollin' round wi' the sharks in Davy Jones's locker. An' now to hear ye! O woman, woman! ye don't know what ye've done. I'll go back to my ship; I'll hate all women for your sake; I'll never tell who I—"

"Sailor, you shall have me now."

"Let me out o' this here blasted house."

"Sailor, I'd lock the door. You shall not leave this room till you say you'll have me for your lawful wedded wife."

"Let me out! I'll never say sich words to you. Woman, you're a bad lot, that's what ye are—a bad, ungodly, vicious creeter. Ye've lied to me about lovin' your husband, so ye'd get me to marry ye; ye've saw so many sailors, an' thinks we're all green alike. I don't believe ye ever thought o' your husband; I don't believe even the babies thought o' their poor deceived father—"

"Not of their deceived father, sailor," she said, coming towards him, the tears running down her cheeks, her lips smiling; "but their father, who must always believe me to be true and loving—their father I saw this blessed night."

"Who—who—their father—this night? Where is he? Where is he—"

She threw herself upon his breast, her arms clasped wildly about him.

"Here, here!" she cried rapturously; "here is their father—my Tom, my dear old boy!"

And then cried aloud:

"Babies, children, wake up! Come to mammy, for daddy's come home from the cruel,

cruel seas, and he's tried to make mammy believe he was somebody else, and that daddy was drowned. O Tom! I knew when I opened the door; I never could be mistaken in you, never, never!"

And the patter of children's feet, the crying of children's voices drowned Tom Bollivar's voice deeper than any sea had ever drowned Tom Bollivar.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE ransom paid for Mr. Suter to the Greek brigands, £15,000, was, it is said, just Mr. Suter's weight in gold.

SOME young ladies who are draped *à la mod*, "pullback," and seem unable to breathe and bend in the "vice" they wear, have added steel spurs to their outfit.

DION BOURCAULT is busy writing a history of Ireland. Perhaps his desire is to show in plain language, how Ireland has through centuries oppressed England.

THE Registrar-General has just issued his report for 1880. In it, it is stated that on the 31st of December, London covered an area of 122 square miles, and contained 1,500 miles of streets and roads.

THE London branch of the Ladies' Land League has just met with a rebuff from an unexpected quarter. They proposed to hold a public meeting, and had selected Exeter Hall as the scene of the campaign. Application was made in due form for the Hall. But when the object for which it was required was made known the Hall was refused.

AN enigmatical paragraph appears in one of the morning papers to the effect that the Carlton Club has summoned a meeting, at which a motion will be submitted for the reduction of the club by one member. This diplomatic way of putting it refers to the case of a baronet, a member of the last Parliament, who has made himself obnoxious in the club.

A CONVALESCENT Home for Ritualistic Postmen is the latest novelty in the operations of the Ritualists. The Rev. A. H. Stanton, commonly called by his admirers Father Stanton, one of the curates of the notorious St. Albans, Holborn, has secured premises at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, which are to be used as a convalescent home for postmen of the St. Martin's League, or, in other words, ritualistic postmen.

THE promoters of coffee taverns have not yet been able to supply us with good coffee, but there is no doubt about their champagne. Recently was inaugurated the Queen's Bench Coffee Tavern and Model Dwellings in London Company. The feast was good, and the champagne very good. It has been said that religion is a good thing for other people, and the promoters evidently had the same idea about coffee.

MR. FRED GODFREY, the eminent musician, has been seized with a brain disease, and he had recently to be placed under confinement in an asylum. As for many years bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards, he has long been celebrated both in London and the provinces, and he is probably one of the best known military band and dance conductors of the day. Some time ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis which has directly led to the present unhappy attack.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT'S latest toilette is a dress dotted with white and black dots, with a silk scarf tied below the waist in the Turkish fashion; a coat-bodice in black velvet, with splendid white lace, and a bolero hat veiled in black and white blonde. Her figure looked splendid and charming, like a sword in a beaded silk sheath. This style of corselet is much in favour at present. It extends about half-way down the body.

A LITTLE fact is worth mentioning to show how London has grown in extent. A tramway line is in course of construction between East Greenwich and Plumstead. When this is finished there will be a continuous tramway from Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges to Plumstead—thirteen miles. On the whole route there are houses on either side, and this, bear in mind, is only on the southern side of the Thames.

YET another scheme for crossing the Channel by railway has been brought forward. The originator is Mr. Bradford Leslie, the Engineer of the East India Railway Company. Brushing aside such ideas as those connected with tunnels and bridges, he proposes that we shall travel into France through a cylindrical steel tube submerged 40 feet below the surface of the water. The tube would be so ballasted as to make it weigh 1½ tons to the foot less than the water displaced, its buoyancy being counterbalanced by moorings at every 250 feet. At the shore ends it would be laid in dredged or excavated channels, and would be made to rise from the mid-channel depths by easy gradients. The cost of carrying out this scheme is estimated to be £8,000,000.

UNDOWERED.

Thou hast not gold! Why, this is gold
All clustering round thy forehead white;
And were it weighed, and were it told,
I could not say its worth to-night.

Thou hast not wit! Why, what is this
Wherewith thou capturest many a wight
Who doth forget a tongue is his—
As I well-nigh forgot to-night!

Nor station! Well, ah, well! I own
Thou hast no place assured thee quite,
So now I raise thee to a throne;
Begin thy reign, my Queen, to-night.

A TRIP IN A PROPELLER

BY CLARE.

Few pleasanter ways of spending ten or twelve of summer's hottest days can be imagined, than to place oneself upon one of the propellers which leave Montreal weekly for the various western cities which have sprung up on the margin of the great lakes. All responsibility and worry are cast aside, the scenery varies continually and ennuui is an impossibility, when one is constantly on the *qui vive* for some new place of interest.

Last summer, a party of friends left Montreal for Chicago, on the *Prussia*, one of the Merchants' line of propellers. Time was no object to any of the tourists. All that they wanted was to have a pleasant trip and to enjoy themselves. And, as the sequel proved, thoroughly did they attain their end. With plenty of Lakesides, a good field-glass for distant views, cool suits for the warmest days, and plenty of wraps for the freshening breezes and evening air, our travellers started from the wharf near the entrance of the Lachine Canal. Farewell to Montreal, this hot July day with the noisy criers, bally horses, rolling barrels, tarry odours and French-Canadian objurgations in the immediate vicinity; in the distance Mount Royal smiling and calm, and the massive new Cathedral's solemn pile showing out strangely distinct against the sky.

Westward ho! on through the monotonous canal whose limpid depths, at some places cut out of solid limestone, we did not appreciate yet, not till we had seen the "dirty Welland" as the captain called the Upper Canadian water-link. Soon we entered upon the broad bosom of Lake St. Louis. The motion of our boat was remarkably gentle; one could write upon the saloon table without perceiving the slightest tremor. But not much writing did our tourists indulge in, except one or two conscientious ones who, having invested in bran new diaries and ornamental pencils, felt bound to record every incident *en chemin*, however trifling, and did so with fidelity, for at least the first twenty-four hours. We soon fell into the manners and customs rendered necessary by the regulations that prevail on board the *Prussia*. At first, horror was expressed by several when the early breakfast hour—half-past six—was announced. But early hours amid bracing air, and new scenes with pleasant fellow-passengers, proved to be far from so unpleasant a thing as we had feared they would turn out. The fare upon our boat was thoroughly good and wholesome, well cooked, and well served; and the kindness of every employe on board, from the gentlemanly captain to the men themselves, who were always eager to warn us of any approaching view, or help us in any way to see and enjoy all in our trip, is one of the pleasantest recollections of the journey.

The Thousand Islands, with a waning moon shining down upon their fantastic tree-clothed shapes, the silver water threading between them, here and there a light from camp or cottage glittering on their dusky bosoms, was a scene which charmed us beyond measure as we gazed spell-bound from the hurricane deck.

"I wish we had happened to come upon them by daylight," some one remarked. But they could not have looked more beautiful by day. Next morning we stopped for some time at Kingston, with its frowning forts guarding the entrance to Lake Ontario; upon whose glassy, greenish expanse we presently sailed. St. Catharines was our next stopping place, and for a whole day we deserted our ship, and left her to thread her way along the Welland Canal while we visited Niagara, which is easily reached, as carriages are always in readiness to convey propeller passengers at very reasonable rates to the Falls and back to wherever their boat has wended its way during their absence. We had a glorious day and several hours' stay at the side of that wondrous sight that man has stood and marvelled at, since the first day that one of our dusky predecessors gazed awe-struck and silent at the "Thunder of Waters."

The drive lies through pleasant country scenery and rich farming land and was a change and enjoyable. We returned dusty and heated however, glad of our tea, and to spend the cool, pleasant evening in our favourite resort, the hurricane deck. We pushed on very fast, it was Saturday and the captain did not wish to spend Sunday in the Welland—as we should have been forced to do had we not reached Lake Erie before midnight. On we went through the narrow winding Welland, now through undulating fields of yellowing corn, now through green pastures with scornful cattle, too well-used to passing boats to vouchsafe the *Prussia* more than a cursory glance, or contemptuous whisk of the tail, while she never so loudly at an approaching village. As night rises calm and cool the late-rising moon not yet having taken its

place on high, it is a pretty sight to enter one of these quiet little stopping places. The coloured lights, red or blue, which mark them have a very picturesque effect in the distance; the shouts and noises which greet our advent making the steamer seem a demon of unrest, changing all quietness and calm into turbulence at its approach. Narrowly we missed passing our Sunday in the Welland only making good our entrance into Lake Erie at a quarter to twelve.

Our Sunday was a most orthodoxly spent one. A fiercely burning sun shone pitilessly down on the slightly-rippled world of waters; only on the hurricane deck could the gentle breeze that prevailed, be felt, and the captain caused a sail to be arranged in whose friendly shadow we sat and read till Cleveland coming into view eclipsed all books for the time being. "A little gem of a city," one of the passengers enthusiastically termed it, and it well deserves the epithet, every street seeming prettier than its neighbour. Euclid Avenue, named so, no doubt, by some mathematical genius, deserves a prettier and more romantic appellation, with its double row of trees on either side and well-kept houses; and the business part of the city has equally handsome and neatly kept streets.

The next place we stopped at was a "wooding-place"—a wild, backwood-looking hamlet with piles of fragrant-smelling, clean-looking wood heaped up at the wharf. One of the men informed us that the engine requires a cord of wood an hour, fancy how quickly the forests of Canada must be becoming transformed into carbon. Every long line of black smoke must represent some giant of the forest gone forever after years of patient growing, ripening and perfection to find its doom at the hands of the stoker, fulfilling its end by speeding us a few miles on our way. We wandered around the woods and found any amount of flowers, a few belated strawberries, and raspberries in abundance; and were recalled by the warning whistle of the *Prussia*, hoping that another such wooding-place would turn up ere we reached Chicago.

Next day we came to Detroit and Windsor and "did" each of them in the four hours we had at our disposal. Detroit is a handsome city, busy, noisy, and cheerful, with Dutch names frequent on its signs, and armies of boot-blacks; opposite, Windsor seems a slow, shabby, stagnant place in comparison. Between ply ferry boats leaving every three minutes; while we were watching the many busy craft shooting here and there, we saw those boats that carry the trains, crossing with their ponderous and important burdens. We went northward after this, and experienced a difference of temperature very distinctly after being on Lake Huron a few hours.

Next day a fresh breeze made shawls become the height of fashion, while fans were abandoned and more than one hat was sent to join the many hundreds that are yearly sacrificed to the winds of the lakes. Lakes Huron and Michigan are a deeper and more intense blue than are Ontario and Erie. One is struck, when out of sight of land, by the solitude and quietness that prevail on these fresh water oceans. It is difficult indeed to believe, gazing around at the apparently illimitable expanse of restlessly heaving waves, that one is not "far on the deep blue sea." For all that meets the eye in our surroundings one might be on the broad Atlantic traveling toward the ancient respectable cities of Orient instead of speeding on to not yet fifty years old Chicago.

Milwaukee was our next stopping place. We were told several times over by every one who mentioned Milwaukee that "it was famed for the excellence of its lager beer," and in spite of the fact that this is not recorded in any geography extant, we have no doubt that Milwaukee deserves the proud pre-eminence in this respect, though inexperience in such matters prevented our tasting anything unusual in the beverage which the "gallant captain" kindly sent to the ladies as a specimen of Milwaukee's *chef d'œuvre*. We pressed onward to Chicago after leaving Milwaukee, and it was nightfall when we reached our destination. Up through the Chicago river we rapidly dexterously, threading our way among schooners, barges, and steamers, looking wonderingly up the immensely long vistas of brilliantly-lighted streets, on either side, the hum of the great city, throbbing as it is with life, sounding strange to our ears, accustomed to the deep silence that broods on the surface of the lakes. Thus we arrived at last, safe at our journey's end, sorry to leave our fellow-passengers, the kind, attentive captain and the good ship upon which we have spent so many pleasant hours.

DAIRYING IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

Over the United States, especially over the Western ones, Canada has the immense agricultural advantage of a summer rainfall, which prevents the land from being parched and scorched with excessive heat and drought. Wheat will ripen at latitude 58 degrees, and barley at 65 degrees, which is from three to four hundred miles north of the Orkneys and Shetlands; but this occurs only in the north west of Canada, for in the northeast, in the direction of Hudson's Bay, the Arctic currents that sweep down the coast of Labrador lower the temperature, and push further south the limits of grains and grasses. But wherever wheat and barley will ripen, in a climate whose summer rainfall

can be depended on, there is a good prospect for grasses and roots and green crops generally; and though the winters are severe, making the wintering of live stock an arduous duty, they begin and leave off again with a regularity which enables the farmer to make nicer calculations than he can think of doing in the British islands; and as the frosts are keen, and last as a rule for a considerable period, the ground is mellowed and pulverized to a degree which greatly lessens the work of preparing it for the seed, while the gradual melting of the snow in spring gives to the soil a supply of moisture which is of great service to the newly germinated seeds.

Over a considerable portion of the United States west of St. Louis—west, that is of the 98th meridian—the summer rainfall is altogether insufficient for the needs of vegetation. During four or five months of the year, and they the most important agricultural months, grasses cannot flourish, and roots and green crops are out of the question, so that the vast district west of Illinois, reaching to the Pacific, is not adapted to dairying, and never can be, unless vast forests are planted to increase the rainfall, and irrigation works on a vast scale are carried out wherever water for the purpose may be had. All this tells against the expansion of American dairying to the almost unlimited extent which would otherwise have been possible; and Canada promises at no distant period of the world's history to become almost as great a stock-raising and dairying country as its neighbour, the United States—pursuits for which its soil, climate, and general characteristics appear to be eminently suitable. The soil and climate of Canada, in fact, throughout a vast area, are favourable to the growth of many useful pasture and forage grasses, and the country in general is well watered, while both the land and labour are cheaper, and taxation lighter than in the United States.—*Professor Sheldon.*

TRIAL BY JURY.

BY JOHN C. DODGE.

Trial by jury proves the existence of a free government; it is the exercise by the people of one branch of supreme power. When we say it founds or upholds it, we put the effect for the cause. But suppose its value for the conservation of liberty in the past were admitted, it does not follow that it is needed now for the like purpose. Officials are powerless beyond constitutional limits. Judges by the tenure of office are beyond the influence of executive power, and generally of the ballot-box. The end now to be sought is that the law, as the expressed will of the people, should be everywhere and always supreme and uniform in its administration.

And so we come to this vital question: Is justice according to fixed rules of law more likely to be attained by our present system, or by one in which both fact and law are settled by the court without the intervention of a jury?

In cases in which we may assume that jurors would have no bias, it is obvious that they are greatly liable to error from the want of proper qualification for the work they are to do. It was found in the beginning that the world's work could not be done without special preparation for special duties. Our neighbour may be a great man, but we do not call upon him to set a broken limb unless he has had the training of a surgeon. Much as we may esteem our physician, we do not ask his advice when a claim is set up to the estate we inherited and supposed our own. We never go to our shoemaker for a coat, nor to our tailor for boots. In our late war, we sometimes, when smarting under defeat, talked wildly about military genius and West Point machines; but in the end the value of military education was splendidly vindicated, while the civilians, who early in the war, by political influence or otherwise, obtained independent commands in the army, for the most part failed miserably, involving the country in vast loss and suffering. The average jurymen is unaccustomed to continuous thought. He has never learned by practice to weigh and compare evidence, nor to judge of the truthfulness of witnesses. In protracted trials it is impossible for him to carry the testimony in his memory, or to aid his memory effectively by notes. At the close of the testimony the court instructs him in the law applicable to the case, and then it becomes his duty to make up his verdict by applying as best he may legal principles often imperfectly understood to testimony imperfectly remembered. We should not set a man to cultivate a farm or make a shoe without practical acquaintance with his work. We should expect nothing from him but failure, if his preparation had been only a lecture or a course of lectures. And yet we set jurors to the performance of the most responsible and difficult of all duties, with such preparation and aid only as they can receive from the arguments of the lawyers and the charge of the court.

Again, the jurymen is impressed into the service. Often he brings with him the cares of the business from which he was taken; and if anxiety about the harvesting, the notes must be paid before the banks close, or the conduct of the boy who thinks "epsom salts means oxalic acid" distracts his attention, he will console himself by the reflection that his responsibility is shared by eleven others.

On the other hand, the judge brings to the work a mind disciplined by years of study, followed by years of study and practice. His knowledge of law enables him to see what facts

are to be proved, and on which of the parties rests the burden of proving them, and so, as each witness delivers his testimony, to appreciate its probative value. Practice has taught him to read witnesses. For him not words only, but manner, the tone, the gesture, the countenance, have force and meaning. He is not likely to be misled. He has opportunity to take full notes, if need be, and afterwards to revise and compare the statements of witnesses. The duties of his office are his work. His attention is not distracted by outside cares. So much for the relative capacity of judge and jury to administer justice.—*July Atlantic.*

GHOSTS OF THE PAST.

BY NED P. MAH.

As it is known only to the actors how many slips occur upon the stage unnoticed by the audience which continues to applaud *en bon enfant*; so it is patent only to a man himself, he believes, how much of his luck in life he has thrown away. "If I had to live over again," he cries, "how differently I would act." And yet, at the time, the course he pursued was the result, perhaps, of cool reflection and long consideration, and he did honestly for the best according to his lights. Again, at other times, there was little space for thought, and action was forced on him by what seemed the iron hand of fate, or two courses seemed to him so equally balanced in value that, like Bolski throwing up his button with Sophie on one side and Siberia on the other, the merest chance decided him.

Yet it is not, we opine, in the cases where two roads opened before him of which he chose one that the stings of remorse and self-reproach embitter his after life most acutely; but where, through some sense of unworthiness or cowardice, or want of self-reliance he has failed to act at all. What is done cannot be undone, and though some men's lives are consumed in vainly endeavouring to repair one fatal error, yet most of us try to make the best of the couch we have made even if it be a hard one. But what might have been done and was not; there is a vista in which a fertile imagination may paint a lost paradise, the contemplation of which may fill the soul with the anguish of the damned.

And when, in hours of twilight meditation we sit in judgment on ourselves, or when, in those sudden moments of solitude occurring in the lulls of a busy life, the ghosts of the past rise unbidden and cry *Raca*: we are constrained to own that the sum of our experiences is crass ignorance and the end of all our wisdom is but the acknowledgment of our folly; the only flattering unction we can lay to our souls is that while we fully realize the unsatisfactory result of our actions as we review them, yet we cannot tell if we had decided on a contrary course it might not have turned out less happily still; and, while humbly acknowledging that he might have done better, the philosopher will thank his stars that things are no worse. And when the ghosts of the past arise, the healthy intellect will utilize them merely as warnings for the future, and not allow the empty phantoms to surround a bright existence with a superstitious gloom.

HUMOROUS.

June steps on, all clad in roses;
'Tis morn'. And every bud uncloses;
Just you feel how cold my nose is.

Daisies, violets, spring to meet her,
Lilies, nodding welcomes, greet her;
Only see how cold my feet are.

O'er the meals the pearly dew
Sparkles in the sunlight new;
Where is that other overshoe?

The am'rous sun, with ardor bold,
Advances fast, to seize and hold—
Aitschee! I've got an awful cold.

The dawn, that still before him dies,
And see! from off the plain arise—
This is a dreadful pack of lies.

The lark, while from the night-bird's bill
There calls the plautive whip-poor-will
Where did you put my umbrella!

'Tis noon: hushed is the heavenly choir;
Dan Phœbus drives his team no higher,
Has Bridget fixed that furnace fire!

'Tis eve: the sun had sought the west,
And sunk in golden waves to rest,
I want my dannel undervest.

'Tis night: beneath the starry light
I'll wander, while the moon her bright—
You shan't stir out this house this night.

In our infancy we cut our teeth: in our old age our teeth cut us.

'Tis hard to part from those we love,—and sometime it is even more difficult to get away from those we don't love.

A NATIVE of the Green Isle was pressed by the collector of a water company for payment of the water rate; to which modest request he returned the following answer: "Sure I pay tin shillings a year for wather, and many's the day it's off for a whole wake."

DEATH.—As death is the total change of life, every change is the death of some part. Sickness is the death of health; sleeping, of waking; sorrow, of joy; impatience, of quiet; youth, of infancy; age, of youth. All things which follow time, and even time at last, must die.

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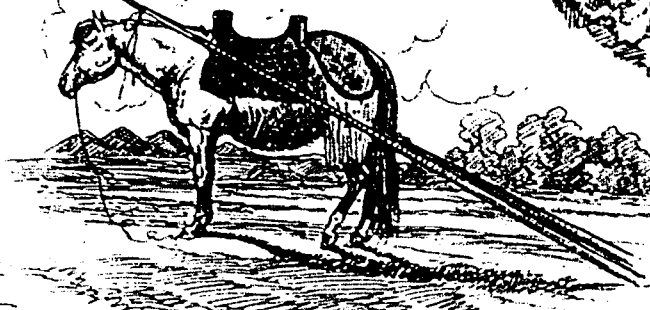
Peagan.



Cree Chief.



Rocky Mountains from Fort Calgary.



Rashful Beauty.



A Heavy Swell, Blackfoot.



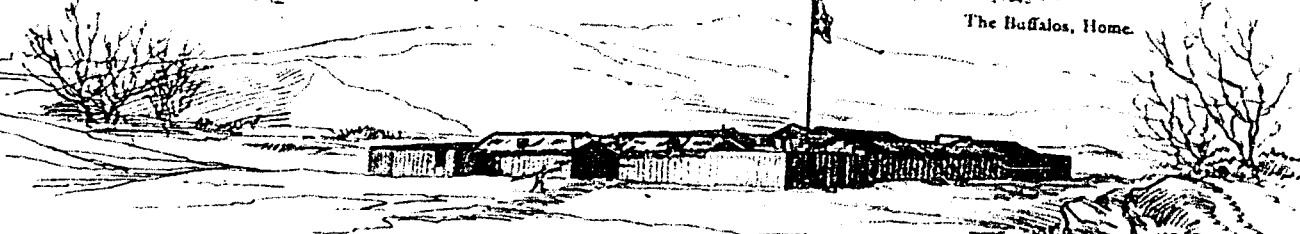
Kootanays.



The Buffalos, Home.



"Old Grumpy."



Fort Calgary, Bow River.



"The Weeping Willow."



Prairie Kitchen.

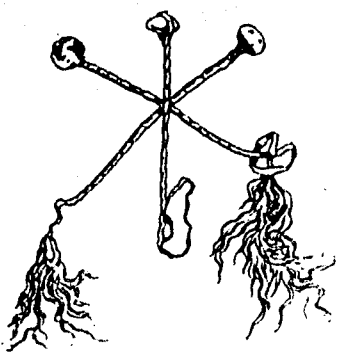


Blackfoot Camp.

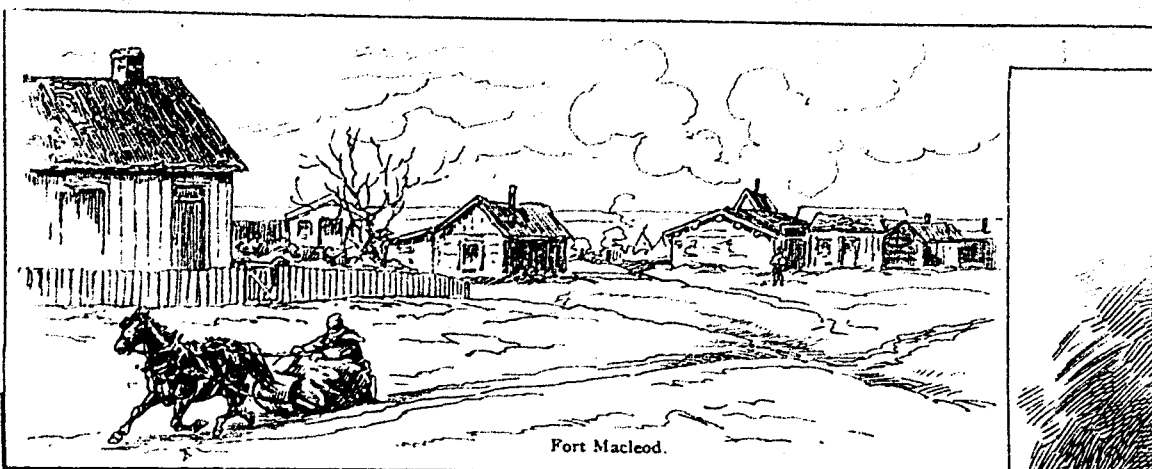


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Rocky Mountains from Fort Calgary.



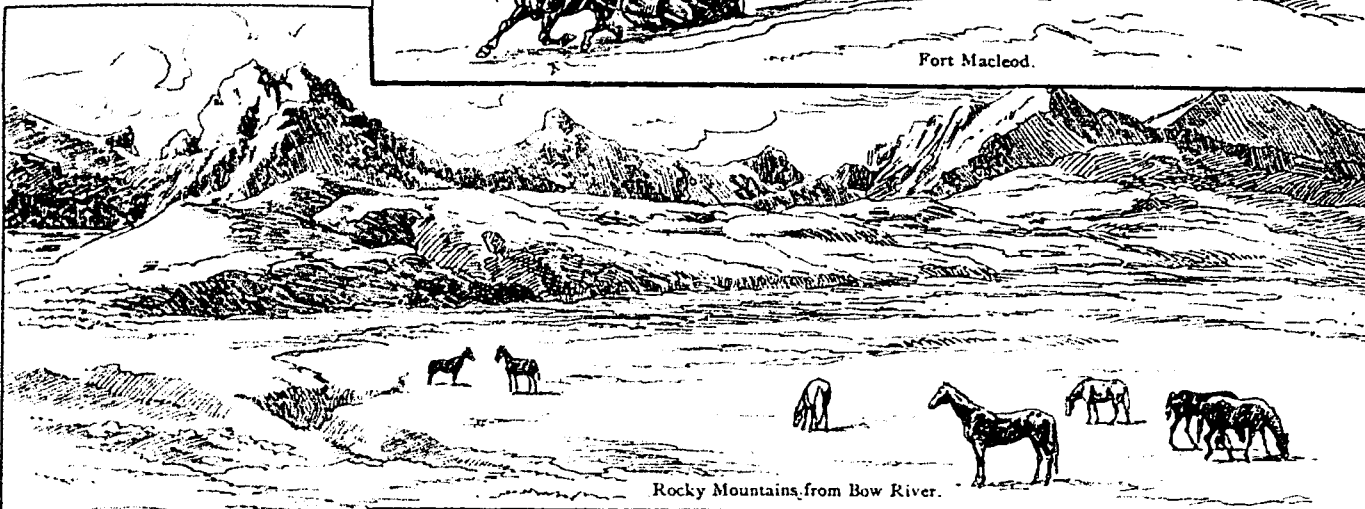
Sioux Coup Sticks.



Fort Macleod.



Footenay Indian.



Rocky Mountains from Bow River.



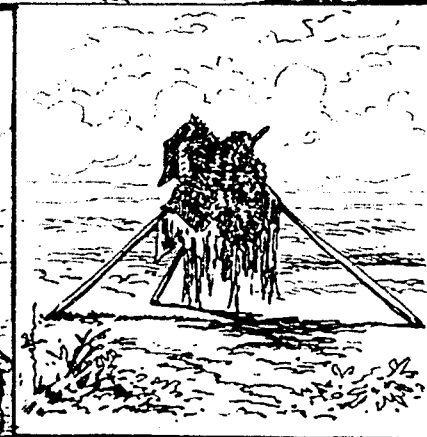
"Stony" Indian.



Blackfoot Camp.



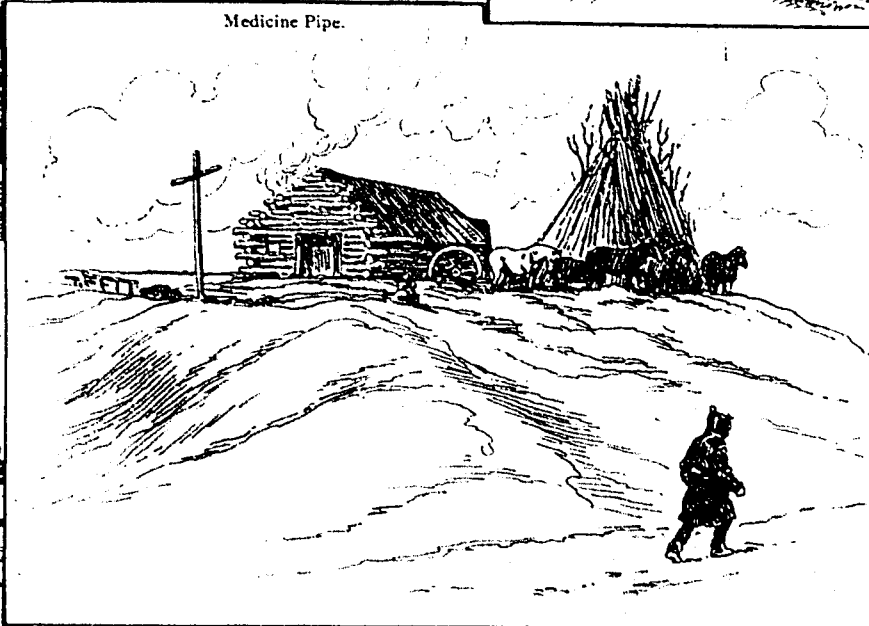
Dog Travoy.



Medicine Pipe.



Cypress Hills.



Roman Catholic Mission, Elbow River.



Crow Indian Hunter.

FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE ODEON.

"I am Nicholas Tacobardi—hunchbacked, look you and a fright; Callban himself might never interpose so foul a sight. Granted: but I come not, masters, to exhibit form or size. Gaze not on my limbs, good people: lend your ears, and not your eyes. I'm a singer, not a dancer—spare me for a while your din: Let me try my voice to-night here—keep your jests till I begin. Have the kindness but to listen—this is all I dare to ask. See, I stand beside the foot-lights, waiting to begin my task. If I fail to please you, curse me—'t before my voice you hear. Thrust me not from the Odeon. Harken, and I've naught to fear."

Then the crowd in pit and boxes jeered the dwarf, and mocked his shape; "thing abhorrent," crying, "Off, presumptuous ape! Off, unsightly, baleful creature! off, and quit the insulted stage! Move aside, repulsive figure, or deplore our gathering rage!"

Howling low, pale Tacobardi, long accustomed to such threats, burst into a grand bravura, showering notes like diamond jets— Sang until the ringing plaudits through the wide Odeon rang— Sang as never soaring tenor ere behind those foot lights sang: And the hunchback, ever after, like a god was hailed with cries: "King of minstrels, live forever! Shame on fools who have but eyes!"

JAMES T. FIELD'S, in *Harper's*.

SUMMER AMUSEMENTS.

The first warm breath of spring—or rather of summer, for it has been aptly observed that we have no such season as spring—brings out in us that nomad spirit which leads all the children of a forced civilization back to the woods. The Indian is coming out of the ground; we are the red man for the moment, and take to the river, the mountain, and the prairie.

The garden party is the first hybrid which unites nature and fashion. Some lady who has a villa near the city, and who either lives there all the year round, or who goes out early, invites her friends to a garden party, specifying train, boat, and carriage for the route by the latter, and receives her guests from four to seven or eight, as the case may be. Ladies drive out in pretty costumes designed for the occasion, generally in short dresses, with gay bonnets, or the round hat and feathers now so fashionable, and with the most dressy of parasols, a fan hung on the arm, and a generally Amazonian or Watteauish appearance. If Amazonian, one may be sure that the fair athlete intends to play lawn tennis or croquet, to row on the adjacent river, or to try the bow and arrow on the archery ground. If Watteauish, her game is still deeper; she intends to sit under a tree, or to pose gracefully on a bank, the cynosure of neighbouring eyes, or else to retreat to the grove with one attendant cavalier for a tête-à-tête. Lawn tennis is the favourite out-of-door amusement at the modern garden party. Every lawn should boast a lawn-tennis net, and a well-sodded turf to play on. It is a much more healthful game than croquet, and exercises the whole figure more beneficially.

But a garden party is for the elderly as well as for the young. The papas and mammas, elder sisters, quiet girls, and the lazy of all ages, like to sit on the broad piazza and survey the animated scene. For some who are ultra-lazy hammocks are hung under the trees.

Refreshments are spread either in the house or in tents under the trees. They are generally eaten, however, out-of-doors, whether they hail from a sideboard or not. Lobster and chicken salad, croquets, potato-salad, cold chicken, sandwiches, ice-cream, and strawberries are the favourite refreshments. Champagne, iced tea, punch, and sherry are offered, and occasionally frozen coffee—a very agreeable refreshment. Lemonade is on tap somewhere in the grounds. The lady of the house generally receives in a dressy bonnet or round hat, as she is expected to be on the lawn nearly all the time. It is better, in our changeable climate, to have the buffet spread in the house, as a shower of rain is sure to drive people in-doors and to ruin the tables spread outside. It is an anchor to windward.

Asparagus parties are fashionable about New York, as Long Island is famous for that delicate vegetable, and as soon as it is grown, young people are apt to form parties, driving down to some well-known inns on the South Side to eat asparagus and early shad, and home by moonlight.

This leads naturally to the "coaching mania," which fits in well with the asparagus party. The coaches now about New York are manifold, and the establishment of the "Tantivy" recalls that freak of the noble lords who drive in London from Whitechapel to Brighton. These heirs of "a long pedigree" assume the dress and style of an English coachman—Mr. Weller, perhaps—wear a huge bouquet, and accept a tip with all the nonchalance imaginable. The New York coachmen imitate them, and pocket a twenty-five cent fee without scowling. They might have a nobler model, but then, again, they might have a worse amusement, for it requires nerve to drive well. Ladies wear tight-fitting dresses or pelisses on the top of a coach, and are careful as to their floating veils and parasols, so that the whole turn-out shall have a jaunty appearance. The annual turn-out of the Coaching Club is a gay and pretty sight. Yachting is another very favourite amuse-

ment, and the luxury of the modern fitting up leaves almost nothing to be desired. There are very few more beautiful salons in New York than those on the modern yachts. A gentleman asks a lady to matronize, and then selects the young ladies and gentlemen who are to form his party. A sail of twelve hours is not considered too long. Lunch is served on board. Those who are liable to sea-sickness should never accept these invitations, as they spoil the pleasure of others.

Pic-nics, from the basket of bread and cheese taken up on the hill-side, to the three weeks' sojourn in the Adirondack's, are of course among the best of all summer amusements, and in a country so wild as ours they are especially enchanting, as the botanist, the fern-lover, the ornithologist, and the entomologist can each pursue his favourite pleasure as he wanders through the woods. Few people but are benefited by a day in the open air. Nature never fails in her programme: she always gives us more sights and sounds than she promises. It is a cheery spectacle at a watering-place to see a group of young girls in stout shoes and strong plain dresses, with tin boxes in their hands, and good serviceable hats on their heads, going off for a ramble in the woods. Of the monster pic-nic we have not so agreeable a remembrance, but to those who like them they are certainly to be commended.

Archery, that graceful remnant of the fable of Diana, is so far on the high-road toward being fashionable that a meeting of the Grand National Archery Association of the United States was held lately in Brooklyn, and a national tournament arranged for the 14th of July next. There are clubs in twenty-one States, including California. The Archery Club meet at the Prospect Park Grounds. Gentlemen shoot at double ends, ladies at single ends, thirty-six arrows at sixty yards. The club has a foundation of \$1000, to be raised to \$3000, and five hundred members. The bows and arrows can be bought at the places where lawn tennis are purchased, so we may definitely hope that the game of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, the prettiest of all outdoor sports, may be one of our familiar belongings.

The going to the races has been since the days of Horace a very familiar and favorite pastime. "Some love to gather the Olympian dust," says the elegant Roman in one of his odes. The New York races at our beautiful Jerome Park are in every sense fashionable, gay, and delightful. The equipages, the well-dressed women, the fresh green and the perfume of lilacs, the orderly crowd, and the splendid horses, all make this a summer pastime of the best. The great admirers of horses should follow the races about from one watering place to another, and are sure to find a crowd and a very agreeable excitement wherever the races are. About New York the lovers of racing have the privilege also of driving through the beautiful Brooklyn park to the race-course at Coney Island, breathing that fine sea air, dining afterward at the Brighton or the Manhattan, and then returning to the city by moonlight—a day of perfect enjoyment. As the races are now conducted, betting being forbidden by law at Jerome Park, and the horses having no great work to do, but allowed short heats, it is thought by the humane to be shorn of almost all the hurtful practices which once made racing so obnoxious to the thoughtful. It is merely an excuse for a picnic to most of those who attend the ladies' meetings.

Rustic dinners at way-side inns have become very fashionable at Saratoga and Richfield, Sharon, Long Branch, and New London. People get tired of the stereotyped bill of fare, and like to go to the farm-houses about for the familiar country-kitchen diet. In the expeditions thus made on the south side of Long Island many bits of old china, furniture, and bric-a-brac have been picked up which had escaped the collector.

Bathing and swimming of course come in at the sea-side places as amongst the summer privileges. Every woman should learn to swim. It is a very easy thing to save one's life after having learned to swim—an almost impossible feat in the water before having learned that simple accomplishment. At Newport, last summer a young married pair went out into the deep water in their own yacht every day took "a header" into the Atlantic amongst the porpoises, and came up after a half-hour's swim, much refreshed with the tumble into old Ocean. It is suggestive of all the beautiful myths with which the water-loving Greeks surrounded the wave and "Aphrodite rising from the sea"—this familiarity with which our modern Venuses lay their delicate hands on the mane of the sea-monster, and tame him to their will.

With croquet, lawn tennis, yachting, horse-back riding, driving, fishing, garden parties, races, rustic dinners, picnics and moonlight walks, Adirondack rambles, private musicales in the parlor, and archery on the lawn, it does seem as if a person of contented mind could get through one summer.—*Bazar*.

A BILL FOR ADVICE.

The following story is related of a very penurious physician, in a certain town in the region of "down East," which shall for the present be nameless. The story is entirely authentic, and is told in the dialect of those parts by a simple-minded narrator:

"I expect you've heard tell of Dr. A— hain't you?"

"No, I never have."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. You see, one day met the doctor at Simpkin's store, a buying some groceries. It was awful cold, I felt a

little hoarse, and my tongue was dreadfully furred up. So says I to the doctor, says I:

"My head feels a little achish like: what do you think I had better do?"

"Why, friend S—," says the doctor, says he, "the best thing you can do is to go straight home and soak your feet, and take a sweat, 'cause if you don't, says he, 'like as not you may have a fever."

"Says I, 'Doctor, I was just a thinkin' that a little sweat would do me good, and I guess I'll go home and try it right away."

"Well, I did; I went home and took a bowlful of tansy-tea, bitter as gall, and if I didn't sweat like a beaver, 'taint no matter. The next morning my head was as clear as a bell, and I was as good as ever I was."

"Well, a day or two afterward I met the doctor, and after a little talking, says the doctor, says he:

"Neighbour J—, I've got a little bill ag'in you."

"I looked at him clus, and says I, 'A bill, doctor?'"

"Yes, says he, 'a bill for advice, you know, at Simpkin's store the other day.'

"What do you think he had gone and done? He'd act'ally charged me tew dollars for telling me to go home and take a sweat, which I was just going to do myself."

"Well, doctor," says I for I didn't want to appear small, you know, 'it's all right; I'll bear it in mind."

"Well, a few days after, the doctor was passing my door in his chaise, and somehow or 'nother one of the wheels got a little loose; so says I, 'Doctor, if you don't drive that lynch-pin in an inch or so, that wheel will come off.'

"Says he, 'Thank you,' and he took a stun and driv in the pin."

"Well, I went into the house and jest made a charge of it; and when he came along the next time I presented him with the bill:

"Hello!" says the doctor, says he; 'what on airth is this for?' says he."

"Why, it's for advice," says I.

"Advice?" says he; 'what advice? I hain't had none of your advice.'

"Why, for driving in your wheel-pin; and I've only charged you two dollars and twenty-five cents; and if I hadn't given you the advice, it might have cost you twenty times as much."

"Well," says the doctor, 'the difference between your bill and mine is just twenty-five cents.'

"That's all you owe me," says I.

"Well, I'll bear it in mind," says he."

"And I expect he will; he's as tight as a candle-mould, the doctor is, and I guess he is able to bear it in mind."

STORM AT THE SIGNAL HOUSE, MOUNT WASHINGTON.

Noticing that the sides of the summit were strewn with boards, beams, and debris of all sorts, my guide explained that what I saw was the result of the great January gale, which had demolished the large shed used as an engine-house, scattering the loose fragments far and wide. I begged him to give me his recollection of it.

"During the forenoon preceding the gale we observed nothing unusual; but the clouds kept sinking and sinking until the summit was quite above them. Late in the afternoon my comrade, Sergeant M—, came to where I was lying abed sick, and said, 'There is going to be the devil to pay, so I guess I'll make everything snug.'

"By nine in the evening the wind had increased to one hundred miles an hour, with heavy sleet. At midnight the velocity of the storm was one hundred and twenty miles, and the exposed thermometer recorded twenty-four below zero. With the stove red, we could hardly get it above freezing inside the house. Water froze within three feet of the fire—in fact, where you are now sitting."

"At this time the noise outside was deafening. About one o'clock the wind rose to one hundred and fifty miles. It was now blowing a hurricane. The wind, gathering up all the loose ice of the mountain, dashed it against the house with one continued roar. I lay wondering how long the building would stand this, when all at once came a crash. M— shouted to me to get up; but I had tumbled out in a hurry on hearing the glass go. You see, I was dressed to keep myself warm in bed."

"Our united efforts were hardly equal to closing the storm shutters from the inside, but we finally succeeded, though the lights went out when the wind came in, and we worked in the dark."

He rose to show me how the shutters, of thick oak, were first secured by an iron bar, and secondly by strong wooden buttons firmly screwed in the window-frame.

"We had scarcely done this," resumed Doyle, "and were shivering over the fire, when a heavy gust of wind again burst open the shutters, as easily as if they had never been fastened at all. We sprang to our feet. After a hard tussle we again secured the windows, by nailing a cleat to the floor, against which one end of a board was fixed, using the other end as a lever. You understand?" I nodded. "Well, even then it was all we could do to force the shutters back into place. But we did it. We had to do it."

"The rest of the night was passed in momentary expectation that the building would be blown into Tuckerman's, and we with it. At

four o'clock in the morning the wind registered one hundred and eighty-six miles. It had shifted then from east to north-east. From this time it steadily fell to ten miles, at nine o'clock. This was the biggest blow ever experienced on the mountain."

"Suppose the house had gone, and the hotel stood fast, could you have effected an entrance into the hotel?" I asked.

"We could not have faced the gale."

"Not for a hundred feet! not in a matter of life and death?"

"Impossible. The wind would have lifted us from our feet like bags of wool. We would have been dashed against the rocks, and smashed like egg-shells," was the quiet reply.

"And so for some hours you expected to be swept into eternity?"

"We did what we could. Each wrapped himself in blankets and quilts, binding these tightly round him with ropes, to which were attached bars of iron, so that if the house went by the board we might stand a chance—a slim one—of anchoring somewhere, somehow."

Somewhere, indeed! When, on the following morning, I busied myself getting ready to go down the mountain, I heard a profound sigh, followed by some half-audible words, proceeding from the adjoining room. These words rang in my ears all that day:

"Ah, this horrible solitude!"—S. A. DRAKE, in *Harper's*.

DEDICATIONS OF MUSIC.

As old copies of favourite pieces of music grow tattered and tumble to pieces with much playing, and are replaced by new ones, I am surprised and sorry to see that the dedications have disappeared from the new editions. I find no exception; it is the same whether published by old or new houses. There may be a reason for this, and I hope that there is, and a good one, as otherwise it is a species of robbery. After a composer's death, the fame of his works belongs to him, the profit to his publishers, the sentimental association to those to whom they were originally inscribed. The dedications are data for the men's memoirs. There are, no doubt, unwritten ones, not always understood even by those to whom they are addressed. The young daughter of Count Esterhazy, one of Schubert's generous friends, herself the ideal love of his short, sad life, asked him once why he never dedicated anything to her. "Everything I write is dedicated to you," he replied. So, doubtless, said Chopin to George Sand, whose name, written so indelibly on his life, appears on no composition of his. These dedications belong to the inner, secret history, which is told only in the music. But one the title-page of the first copy is generally the name of a splendid patron, like Beethoven's Prince Lichnowsky; of a woman of fashion, whose smiles have encouraged the artist, and perhaps brought him into notice; a brother or sister musician, composer or performer; sometimes of a humble, obscure friend. With many of these, noble or obscure, the dedication is their best title to remembrance, and the honour which was paid them by a genius should connect their memory with his. All dedications have historical value: Thackeray's to the tailor who gave him credit is a touching bit of biography. In taking a number of books from the shelf at hazard, I find the original dedication in the latest editions. If this right of property be respected in literature, why not in music?—*July Atlantic*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MRS. LIELA LOWERY has been engaged by Colonel Mapleson for five years, beginning next October.

EDWIN BOOTH sailed recently for home. He has cancelled all his engagements, and will not return to London before May next.

Mlle. BERNHARDT says her own net profit from her American visit was nearly a million francs (\$200,000), her manager making rather more.

"NANA" is now being played at Brussels to the highest pitch of realism, and is said to have taken that city by storm.

The Shakespeare Cottage at Stratford-on-Avon was visited by 12,300 persons in the course of the year ending on the 30th of last April.

SALVINI has bought a theatre at Florence which, hereafter, will be called by his name—the Theatre Salvini—and conducted under his management.

The French journals state that Mlle. Bernhardt is in excellent health, and one of them says that she has "almost grown fatter," during her American tour.

CONSTITUTIONS OF IRON ARE UNDERMINED and destroyed by lung and bronchial disease consequent upon neglect of a cough. A foolishly disregarded that warning symptom is unfortunately very common, and that is the main reason why consumption figures so conspicuously among the causes of premature death. A timely use, inwardly and outwardly, of Thomas' Electric Oil, a benign, pure and undeteriorating anti-spasmodic, soothing and healing agent indorsed and recommended by the faculty, as a sure, prompt and inexpensive way of arresting a cough or cold. Besides being a pulmonary of acknowledged excellence, it a matchless anodyne for rheumatic and neuralgic pain; cures bleeding or blind piles, sores and hurts of all kinds, and remedies kidney troubles and lameness or weakness of the back. Some of the most experienced and best known stock-raisers and owners of "crack" trotting horses, recommend it for diseases and injuries of horses and cattle.

PETER AND HIS SINS.

Peter Drummond, resident in St. Monance, was born in 1776. About the beginning of the present century the Rev. Mr. Gillies was minister of the united parishes of Abercromby and St. Monance, and at that period Peter was "the minister's man." Peter was strictly honest, but he had many eccentricities and queer sayings and doings, and in short was one of the queerest fellows in the east of Fife. At one time when the coals in the manse were getting scarce, Peter had the horse yoked early in the morning, and was ready to drive off to the coal-hill, when the minister came down to see that all was right—an interference which Peter, who had been long his faithful servant, did not like, for he thought he might have been trusted to go unheeded on a work of this kind, besides the minister always threw in some "off-put," and so it happened in the present instance. When the cart was just about starting, Mr. Gillies asked Peter if he had said his prayers. "Deed no, sir," said Peter very honestly, "I had nae time, and was just gaun to say them on the road." "Hont, tout!" said the minister, "go into the stable and say them before you go, and that will make sure work." "Weel, then," said Peter dryly, "will you be so good as haud the horse, an' I'll gang inbye and pray?" The morning, which had been dull and lowering, was still fair when Peter went into the stable, but he had not been there long when the rain began to fall in torrents. Peter was in no hurry; he seated himself on a sack of straw, from which he was eyeing the minister from a hole window, and was loth to go out in the rain. Mr. Gillies at last lost patience, for he was nearly drenched to the skin, and cried out—"Peter, are ye no through yet?" "Very near, sir," answered Peter, "but I hae twa or three sins tae confess still, which perhaps I had better dae 'on the road.'" "Ay, just so," said the minister, who was glad to get rid of his charge on any terms, and Peter got his own way.

SOCIAL MYSTERIES.

"When a man axes me who libs next doah," began the old man as the triangle sounded to order, "I answer him Brown or Jones or White, or whatever de name may be, but when he goes beyond dat an' axes me what salary de man airs, how often his wife changes bonnets, an' how dey make seben dollars a week go furdur dan I kin fo'teen, I become a clam. I has no business to know an' when I do know I won't tell. I used to have some curiosity in dis direeshun, but I has got ober it of late y'ars. When I know dat a sartin man, receivin' a salary of \$12 per week, kin give parties, hire carriages an' dress his wife in silks, it makes me glut. Dat is, it used to. I used to wonder why I couldn't do the same thing on de same money, but I nebber could. When de ole woman used to tell me dat sartin woman had new silks, new hats, new close an' new shoes once a month de y'ar roun', an' we havin' to lib clus on de same money, it made me mad. Dat is, it used to. When I saw men who owed fur deir washin' struttin' aroun', like lords, while I had to work seben days in a week and pay my debts, I felt like smashin' trow de sidewalk. But I has got ober all dis. When I meet a woman who can dress like a banker's wife on de \$10 or \$12 per week paid her husband, I don't 'low myself to ehen fink about it. When I see a man buyin' 20-cent cigars, sportin' a cane and takin' champagne, while his chillen at home am bar'fut I try to believe dat it am all wroft. When a lady with \$300 wroft of close on axes me to do a job of whitewashin' in a parlor whar' de bes' pictur's come from a tea-store an' de bes' cha'r am under chattel mortgage, I doan' stop to wonder who she thinks she am foolin'. Nay-burs of mine who owe all de butchers within a circle of a mile, kin pay fo' dollars cash fur a liberty rig on Sunday an' I shan't criticize. Wives may go shoppin' obery day in de week an' gib parties ebery night an' my ole woman will keep de cabin just de same. Since we quit wonderin' an' speculatin' ober dese fings we feel much better. We know fur a fact just how fur we kin make money go. If odder folks kin lib like lord's on a salary of \$600 a y'ar, it's a streak of good luck an' none of our business. My advice am to let sich fings pass. Dey are mysteries wid which we have no bizness, an' de mo' you ponder ober dem de less you will enjoy what you have honestly ained by ha'd work an' saved by good economy."—Detroit Free Press.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 322. E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 331.

The second French National Tourney promises to be a very brilliant affair. It is to take place at the Cercle des Ecoles, Paris, on the 6th of November next. It is gratifying to see the President of the Republic taking an interest in the royal game, and in this way tending to make it popular, by giving the chief prizes to be contested for; and it is equally gratifying to find that in doing so he is encouraging art, by choosing for the purpose valuable articles from the natural Sevres manufacture. This is as it should be, and is far preferable to prizes given in the form of money. The first

prize is to be an egg-shaped vase, blue ground, and richly ornamented with gold, and the second prize, a coffee service of twelve pieces, blue ground, and gold border. The play is to be by rounds not yet decided upon, and each competitor will play two games with every other player, and draw games will count half a game to each. The tourney for the prizes mentioned above is only open to Frenchmen, but at the same time there will be a handicap tourney, open to all members of the Circle irrespective of nationality. The prizes for this tourney are not made known yet.

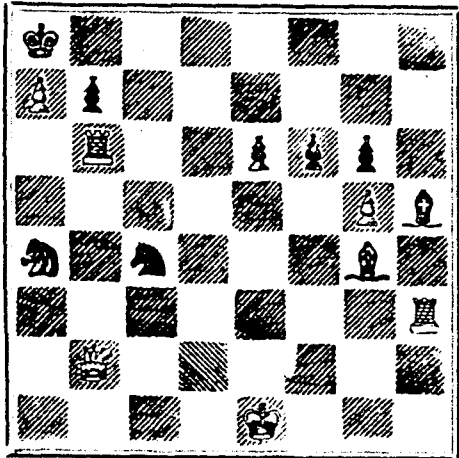
J. F. S., of New Melford, points out that a Knight placed on either of the two middle squares of the long diagonal, can, in one move, command twenty-six of the remaining squares of that colour, or all but five. The excepted squares are situated on the two diagonals that meet at the starting point, four of them being two squares distant, and the fifth being the most distant corner square of the long diagonal. The fact that the Bishop can command all of the thirty-one squares, not only from the middle of the board, but also, from any starting point, furnishes another proof of its superiority over the Knight.—Brentan's Chess Monthly.

In the Maubattan Chess Club Tournament the chances for the gold medal and title of champion lie between Mr. F. M. Teed and Mr. W. M. De Visser, each of whom has won five and one-half games, lost one and one-half, with three more to play.—St. Louis Democrat.

Count Cassabianca, who, in consultation with the late Duke of Brunswick, played the famous game with Morphy at the Paris Opera House, died recently, aged 85 years. He was a warm and enthusiastic patron of the game, and was President of the Paris Congress of 1857.—Turf, Field and Farm.

PROBLEM No. 335.

By A. Townsend, Newport. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

GAME 463RD.

Played between Messrs. Court and Baxter in the recent East and West match.

THE EAST AND WEST MATCH.

The following game was played in the above contest:—

(Kvans' Gambit.)

- White.—(Mr. J. Court.) Black.—(Mr. C. R. Baxter.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to B 4 4. P to Q Kt 4 5. P to Q B 3 6. P to Q 4 7. Castles 8. P takes P 9. P to Q 5 10. B to Kt 2 11. B to Q 3 12. Kt to Q B 3 13. Kt to K 2 14. Q to Q 2 15. B to Q B 2 B to Kt 5 is much better. 16. Kt to Kt 3 17. Kt to B 5 18. P takes B 19. Kt to Q 4 20. B takes B 21. P to K B 4 22. Q R to K sq 23. Q to B 2 24. R to K 6 25. K R to K sq 26. Q to K 2 27. K B P takes R 28. P to K Kt 4 29. P to Kt 5 30. P to K R 3 22. Kt to Kt 2 23. Q to Q 2 24. Q R to K sq 25. Kt to R 3 26. R takes R 27. Q to K 2 28. P to B 4 29. Kt to Kt 5 30. P to K R 3

The attack is admirably conducted by Mr. Court.

- 22. Kt to Kt 2 23. Q to Q 2 24. Q R to K sq 25. Kt to R 3 26. R takes R 27. Q to K 2 28. P to B 4 29. Kt to Kt 5 30. P to K R 3

This exchange is compulsory. K to B 2 is answered by Q to R 5 (ch).

Overlooking White's 30th move, but at this point Black seems to have little resource. K to R sq would be answered by the same, and the Rook would afterwards occupy a decisive position on the Knight's file.

- 29. P to Kt 5 30. P to K R 3

And Black resigns.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 333.

- 1. Kt to Q 4 2. Q to K 6 (ch) 3. Mates 1. Kt to B 4 2. Kt takes Q

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 331.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to Q 3 1. Any 2. Mates acc.

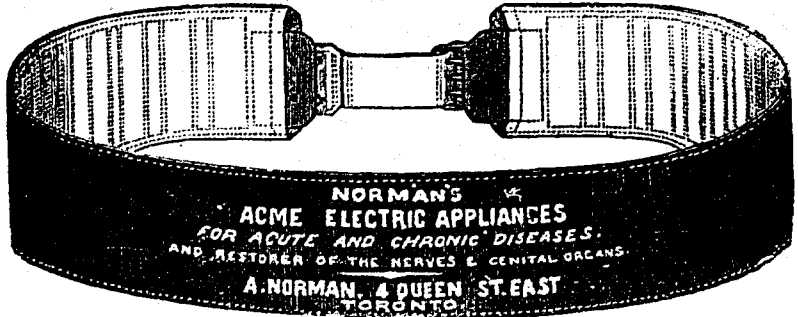
PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 331.

- White. Black. K at Q 3 F K at Q sq (ch) R at K R 7 Kt at Q 3 R at R 7 G

White to play and mate in two moves.

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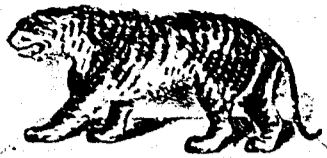
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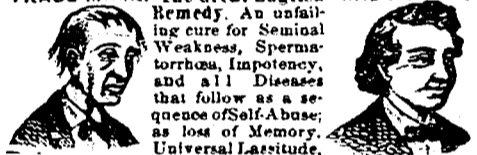
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