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Vol. XXIV.—No. 24.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1881.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.



ACROSS THE LINE.

UNCLE SAM .- " 'National Policy! British Connection! Protective Tariff! Canada Pacific Railway! Colonization!' And this is your 'friendship,' Sir John! Pshaw!!'

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Pome Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK EMDING

	Dec. 4th, 1881.				Corresponding week, 1880			
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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

There is a prevalent idea in certain quarters that a newspaper is run entirely for pleasure, and that such sublunary questions as money never enter into the proprietor's consideration. It does not probably require a very elaborate argument to prove the falsity of this notion. A newspaper, like every other business, is run upon business principles. Moreover, it requires a large sum of money to support the daily and weekly expenses of a paper, an illustrated paper especially, and unless the money is regularly forthcoming in the way of promptly-paid subscriptions, the proprietors are compelled to provide for heavy entlay without corresponding returns.

The moral of which is, that a newspaper is dependent not only upon the number of its subscribers, but upon the regularity with which their subscriptions are paid. We need large sums of money to meet our weekly expenditure, and we naturally look to those who are in our debt to supply them.

We ask, then, all those who are indebted to us to send us the amount of their subscriptions without delay. Do not say " Four Dollars is a small sum; it can't make much difference to the ILLUSTRATED NEWS if they have to wait a little for it." Four Dollars is little enough, to be sure, but a thousand times four dollars is a respectable figure, and there are nine hundred and ninety-nine others in the same position as yourself. Moreover, if you are in arrears, there is an additional reason why you should settle them without delay. The subscription to the NEWS, which is only four dollars, when promptly paid, becomes four dollars and a half when neglected, and those who leave their subscription unpaid have only themselves to blame if they have to pay the additional sum for expenses of collection and interest.

Save us, then, the annoyance and trouble of collecting the money; remember that the future of this paper, like all others, is in your hands. It is your money that must support it; it is your help that must improve it; it is your fault (if you don't pay) if it is not all you would like it to be; it will be your doing if it is good enough to satisfy you and the public generally.

In conclusion, we beg earnestly to request of all those who owe us for subscriptions that they will remit the amount due up to the first of January next without fail, Assuring them that UPON THEIR PROMPT ATTENTION TO THIS RE-QUEST DEPENDS, IN A GREAT MEASURE, THE FUTURE OF THE PAPER, AND IT MAY BE ITS VERY

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 10, 1881.

THE WEEK.

Patti's career in New York has given a remarkable proof of the power of humbug, which, as erst in London, so to-day in New York "has the snuggest of monopolies." The most remarkable if not the greatest singer of the age comes to pay a long promised visit to her native country, and-sings to empty benches. What is to be done? Humbug must be called in to reinforce talent, or the diva will have to go home without the triumph on which she counted. So a deus ex machina is found in Mr. Abbey and the usual stories are set afloat, the usual lies cooked up for the press, in a word the whole paraphernalia of humbug unrolled before the eyes of the public. They will not come to hear Madame PATTI for herself alone, but Madame Patti, edited by Abbey, and bound in newspaper notices and advertising puffs, is a treat which no sane New Yorker should miss. So it all comes right after all, and if the public are satisfied we have no right to complain. But Madame Patti has had one would think a somewhat new experience, and will perhaps in future take the accounts of American love of art with a grain of salt. It is a good world after all—for the humbug monopolists and the manufacturers of large posters.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH and his company, now on a provincial tour, had a singular experience in Connecticut last week. They were to play Richelieu at Woodbury, but a delay in the arrival of a baggage train deprived them of their ward rube and so Hamlet was substituted and the characters appeared in their ordinary walking costumes. The difficulty in the case of the Ghost was overcome by the simple arrangement of transposing the outer and inner garments. Some novel points incident to the unusual style of dressing the play were introduced. When Hamlet, in the scene on the platform, asked Horatio "What hour now?" the latter referred to his watch while delivering the reply, " I think it lacks of twelve." In the same scene, Hamlet made an excellent hit when he says: "The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold," by turning up the collar of his ulster and drawing on a pair of warm gloves. In his private interview with the Ghost, the Prince of Denmark had an opportunity to show his good breeding by lifting his new silk hat politely when his father took leave of him with the words, "Adieu, adieu, Hamlet, remember me."

THE long expected contribution of the Princess BEATRICE to illustrated literature has appeared in due season. The Princess has employed her leisure in designing a "Birthday Book" of peculiar magnificence, and this is just the kind of volume that the generous like to give away at Christmas time. The Princess BEATRICE is not so often seen by the public as several of her kinsfolk, but she is not less popular. Her "Birthday Book" proves design which is common in her House, irst place, of twelve coloured pictures of flowers. January has her showdrops, February her yellow crocuses, March his primroses, and October his coral-coloured berries. The flowers are very nicely drawn, and the reproductions in colour highly successful. Within each garland of flowers is framed a scrap of verse from the Rev. Dr. Bonar, Mr. Monsell, Miss F. R. HAVERGAL, or even from comparatively worldly bards, such as Wordsworth, and Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS, and Miss Eliza Cook. The rest of the volume, like "Mark Twain's Book," consists of empty pages. In these the friends of the

their names under the date of their birth, and perhaps they may add some "sentiment" appropriate to the occasion. Birthday books are by no means rare. Their name indeed is legion. All poets, and some poetasters, have been drawn upon for sentiments. There is a George Eliot Birthday Book," and we believe a "Carlyle Birthday Book." The latest birthday book is the "Festus Birthday Book," with extracts from the poem of "Festus." If FESTUS, why not FELIX? Next year we may have a sportive birthday book, with extracts from "Felix on the Bat." This work of course is not a companion to "Mivart on the Cat," and is only "scientific" in a cricketing sense. But among all birthday books, from the "Tupper" to the "Rabelais," we are sure that none will be prettier or more popular than the floral volume of the Princess BEATRICE'S "fair false flowers, but the summer's flowers are falser."

MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

The question of legalizing the marriage with a deceased wife's sister is likely to be pressed upon the n tice of the country during the coming session. When Mr. GIROUARD'S bill was defeated in the Senate last year after having triumphantly passed in the Lower House, the opinion held by many of the majority was that the movement was premature, and it was generally understood that the rejection of the bill was in fact merely the referring of the matter to the larger tribunal of public opinion.

Without for a moment insisting upon the advantages of such marriages, it is impossible to deny that the objections which have been urged against them will not for an instant hold water. What are these objections? To take the religious ground first. The position that the Bible itself forbids such marriages must be abandoned at the start. The Mosaic law provides merely against the marriage of two sisters simultaneously, while the parallel case of the marriage of a brother's widow was in certainly cases absolutely enjoined. Neither did our Lord, while reviewing the questions of marrriage and divorce, in any way object to this latter form of marriage, though the subject was brought before Him in so many words.

It may well be conceded that the sentiment of the early Christian Church was against such marriages. But this Church, be it remembered, in its reaction against polygamy, condemned in no measured terms all second marriages, and did not in any way place special stress upon the particular case.

It is impossible in the space of a short article like the present to enter fully into origin of the restriction. The point to be remembered is that it originated amidst a host of other restrictions, amongst others the celibacy of the clergy, which have been abandoned by modern Christianity.

On physical grounds there is of course no tenable objection, and the argument founded upon this fact is one of the strongest in favour of the removal ef the restriction. It is not hard to prove that the physical objections to the marriage of blood relations were really at the bottom that she possesses a share of the talent for of their original prohibition. Nature as well as the law forbids the intermarrying and that her taste in poetry is simple and of such descendants of the common stock, unaffected. The book consists, in the and the debated question of the marriage conging entirely on this text.

There remains then only the sentimental outcry against the dissensions in families, the jealousy of the wife and sister in law, and the imaginary tragedies founded by the sensational writers upon a somewhat slender basis of even reasonable supposition. Such is human nature unfortunately that we question whether a wife's jealousy of her husband's and sister intimacy would be at all assuaged by the consoling thought that their marriage would be impossible, or at least illegal, empty pages. In these the friends of the when she was dead and gone. Nor on fortunate possessor are expected to write the other hand would the flirting propen-

sities of the amorous pair be much diminished by the same knowledge. Such a supposition as that argues a faith in the law abiding instincts of humanity which is hardly justified by actual experience.

A word then as to the advantages of the permission sought to be accorded. The natural guardian of children unhappily deprived of a mother's care would seem to be the sister of that mother, especially in those cases, by no means an inconsiderable number, in which that sister has formed part of the household, and enjoys the affection of both father and children. The position which is assured her by marriage with the father is that which can alone place her relations with the family on a perfectly satisfactory footing, and establish her right at once to the care of the household, and the respect of the world. Surely no better stepmother can be found than one already related by ties of blood, and swayed by natural affection. And this view of the case is emphasized by the experience of those of the United States which have permitted such marriages. The evidence certainly in the majority of cases goes to prove the satisfactory working of the new relations established between mother and children, and unless popular prejudice has been universally in error, the same cannot be said of second marriages in general.

It seems necessary to insist that the passing of this bill places no obligation whatever upon any one to make this new essay in matrimony. It simply seeks to permit what certainly seems to us as a natural arrangement under the circum stances, provided that the question of second marriages at all is satisfactorily dis posed of, as it is admitted to be. No law of Nature forbids the union; the restrictions of the Christian Church are identical with those whi h forbid second marriages in toto; the social advantages seem at least supported by experience. Why continue an unmeaning prohibition unsupported alike by nature or true religious feeling? The social question will be best solved by experience, the restriction once removed, in a few years will be forgotten, and our children will class it with the laws against whistling on Sunday, and other forgotten and meaningless prohibi-

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WEDDING OF THE BISHOP OF NEW FOUNDLAND AND MISS ARCHIBALD.—The social event of the season—indeed of many seasons—took place at St. Luke's Cathedral, when the Right Reverend Llewellyn Jones, D.D., Bishop of Newfoundland, was united in marriage to Elizabeth Alice, second daughter of His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Archibald. Notwithstanding the cold and disagreeable state of the weather, the church was crowded with spectators, comprising the youth, beauty, wealth and fashion of the city. Admission was by ticket. Bishop Jones arrived at half-past eleven o'clock, attended by Rev. Ambrose Heygate, as best man. The bride entered the Cathedral leaning on the arm of her father and attended by her bridesmaids-Miss Mary Archibald, sister of the bride; Miss F. Binney, daughter of His Lordship the Rishop of Nova Scotia; Miss Lena Henry, daughter of Mr. Justice Henry, of the Supreme Court of Canada. The bride wore an ivory white satin train over a Spanish lace petticoat; Orange blossoms at neck and sleeves; wreath of Orange blossoms and myrtle, and a tulle veil completely covering the dress; pearl necklace, and broach and ear-rings, gifts of the bride-groom's siter. The dress was a most beautiful one, and the bride looked simply charming. The brides naids wore dresses of ivory white gauze, trimmed with Spanish lace and water lilies; hats of Spanish lace, turned up with dark green and trimmed with water lilies. Each carried a basket of lilies and wore gold bracelets was performed by His Lordship the Bishop of Nova Scotia, assisted by Rev. Dr. Hill, Rector of St. Paul's. After the ceremony the newly-wedded couple and the guests were driven to Government House, where a sumptuous dejeuner was enjoyed. The usual toasts were proposed and some very happy assessment. honoured, and some very happy speeches were made. The presents were very numerous and valuable. Besides these there were several gifts of money from the relations of the bride-groom, ranging in amounts from five thousand dollars downwards.

THE incidents and scenes of Guiteau's trial will serve to give an idea of the scene in Court, with portraits of the principal actors in the trial.

representations of various scenes in the neighbourhood of our city.

Wk give on another page an illustration of the cup presented by Sir Hector Langevin to the Whitby Collegiate Institute on his recent visit to Whithy. The cup is 16 inches high, and gracefully proportioned. The base is of hurnished giver: the base is active facility. ished silver; the bowl is satin-finished, hand-somely chased, engraved, and gold inlaid. The medalion on the on the obverse side displays a figure running, while on the reverse is the fol-lowing inscription: "The Champion Cup, prelowing inscription: "The Champion Cup, presented Sept. 1881, by Sir Hector Langevin, C.B., etc., etc., The Hon. the Minister of Pub. Works, Canada, to the Whitby Collegiate Institute for championship in the Annual Games." On the cover is a well-executed figure of an athlete. The cup is singularly appropriate for the purpose for which it was given, and is a fine sample of Canadian work.

ARTISTS' HAUNTS, IN WALES.

TINTERN ARREY; CREPSTOW CASTLE, AND THE VALLEY OF TRE WYE.

Wales, like the original name of Italy-Welschland signifies, a land of chasms, springs,

Wales and the county of Monmouthshire, are of small extent, but, within their borders rise the loftiest mountains south of the Grampians of Scotland. The principal group occupies the whole of Chernaryon, within which rises the famous Snowdon,—which the Bards look upon as a kind of Parnassus. From its peaked summit Y Wyddfa, - the place of presence - the prospect extending over a vast horizon of lower hills, valleys, lakes and inlets of the sea, is most magnificent. Other summits to the northeast of the Pass of Llanberis, viz : Y Feel Fras, Carnodd Dafydd, Glyder Faur, etc., reminds one of the lower spurs of the Alps.

Wides possesses many ancient ruins, known as Terr Drew and Terr Beirdd, i.e. Druids'or Bards' dwellings. The Grotto, in which Fay Vivian, kept Merlin the magician a prisoner. A circular mound of stoms, marking the burial place of the famous Bard Taliesin, to which other Bards went in search of inspiration, when composing tribannau, or triad on "the three things"

Man, Liberty, Light.

The inhabitants delight to call themselves Comry i.e. they that have a common fatherland. They love and cling to their ancient language the Cymraeg, and often repeat their abeient motto "Tra mor tra Briton."

The old castles surrounded by moats; the quaint villages and ancient cities of Wales, take us back in imagination to the feudal times.

Nature in her wildest grandeur, her most peaceful aspects, and picturesque beauty, makes this country an artist's earthly paradise.

Come, Brothers of the brush, hie to Wye

Bridge, toss half a sovereign to the nonchalant boatman, jump into his punt, and glide softly down stream through the verdant valley of the Wye, which is bounded by Radnor Forest and Epvnt Hills.

Numerous effective sketches are to be had at nearly every bend of the river. Here and there, white cottages with red chimneys border the stream and contract admirably with the green foliage of the woods. The river near to its banks, takes the colour of the woods, while in mid-stream is reflected the atmospheric grev of the middle distance.

Situated about half way between Monmouth and the historic walls of Chepstow, is Tintern Abbey. The Melrose of Wales, the grey ruins of which stand in solitary grandeur, a remnant of one of the homes, which, in by-gone days, belonged to the Cistercian Order. The symme trical beauty of the arches, fluted columns, and parts of the tracery of some of the windows, especially the west window, of this splendid specimen of jure gothic architecture are in a good state of preservation; still, the hand of time, has played havoe with other parts, has festooned its massive walls with ivy and gave it the green sward for a pavement, save where shattered fragments of masonry have fallen, near to the venerable pear-tree, that grows within the walls of the Abbey. This grand old ruin, embosomed in trees, in the midst of a beautiful valley. The rich warm greys of its tumble-down walls contrasting with the mountainous slope of for artistic felicity.

There is a strong current in the Wye, " The rapids" below Tintern, add a little excitement to the trip. A Welsh river punt, bears about the same proportion to Wye rapids, as a Canadian raft or steamer, does to the grand rapids of the noble St. Lawrence.

All the way from Tintern to Chepstow, innumerable cherry and yew trees, are seen amongst the lighter growths on the hillside and at the foot of the Wynd Cliff, a precipice of mingled wood and rock, which rises nearly a thousand feet above the river's bed.

Chepstow (Aberwee) stands on a hill near to where the beautiful Wye joins the noble Severn. Its old castle, perched on a cliff, which overhangs the river, was built in the time of the three Edwards on the site of a Norman castle built by Fitz Osbern, Earl of Hereford; Chepstow's massive remains has become illustrious by the montion made of it by Sir Walter Scott in one of the most stirring Lyrics of modern times, -the "Norman Horseshoe" commemorative of DeClare crossing Rymny's stream and

leaving the print of his courser's shoe, "on fair

Glamorgan's velvet ground."

Chepstow, with its quaint old houses; its shipping and boats, the brilliant costume of its mhabitants giving key notes of colour to the scene, is from an artist's point of view, very interesting.

To expatiate on the beauties of the Severn ; the fine passages of colour in the Laurentine, Silurian, and Cambrian Rocks, or to touch upon Syderham Church, Slanvair castle, or other interesting castles perched upon copland or the spurs of hills, is more thad space permits. I must also refrain from narrating the amusing incidents, arrists so often meet with in their perambulation of Wales.

Suffice the amusing experiences of certain Canadian artists, during the Academy's exhibi tion in Nova Scotia as a simile, one of which may be ment oned. A. T. M. Martin and Bell Smith, laden with knapsacks which contained ar-tists' outfits, of portable easel, mahl-stick, canvas, stretchers, sketching-tablets, palette, colour, and a serviceable bunch of sprightly brushes, were wending their way to York Redoubt, a denizen of the hill-side poked her "blue-nose' through a fence and hallowed—"Hi mister have you any black buttons?"

While our happy group was scated in the whitest of white cottages, overlooking the entrance to Halifax Harbour, Mr. Martin, with a merry twinkle in his eye, related how he had been mistaken for a pedlar with such a happy knack, that the muscles of all our faces turned upwards, and a loud smile was indulget in by at least your correspondent, Wm. Doughtie.

VIEWS OF CEYLON.

"Ceylon," writes Sir Emerson Tennent, from whatever direction it is approached, unfolds a scene of loveliness and grandeur unsurpassed, if it be rivalled, by any land in the universe. Every traveller is alike entranced by the vision of beauty which expands before him as the island rises from the sea, its lofty mountains covered by luxuriant forests, and its shores, till they meet the ripple of the waves, bright with the foliage of perpetual spring." The Brah mans style the island "resplendent," the Buddhist poets sing of it as "a pearl on the brow of India," while the Mahommedans believe it to be the spot assigned to Adam to console him for the loss of paradise, and the early European explorers spoke in rapture of the "spicy breezes" that blow from its shores. Long before the sailor sees the lighthouse at Colombo, and the cocoa-palms which fringe the shores, he beholds the towering form of Adam's Peak rising high above the loftiest ranges of the hills, and often shrouded in storms and thunder-clouds. Till the year 1815, the hill district, in which the peak is, if not actually the highest, yet the most conspicuous elevation, was unknown to Euro-reans. But in that year the Fnglish, who had succeeded the Dutch and Portuguese in the low country, burst through the mountain rampart which had long defended the King of Kindy and his capital. The first work of the conquerors was to carry a military road into the heart of the ecuntry, reaching an altitude of more than six thousand feet above the sea. Rocks were pierced, precipices scarped, and torrents bridged to effect the passage. For the last thirty miles before the city is reached, the road passes through scenery which combines the grandeur of the Alps with all the splendour of tropical vegetation. It is an Oriental Simplen. It was seen by the British Governor that so grand a work would be a reproach instead of a tropny if it did not serve to develop the resources of the island. Taught by experience that the low lands were unfit for the cultivation of coffee, he formed a plantation on his own estate near Kandy. His example transformed Ceylon from a military cantonment to a flourish. ing colony. The mountain ranges were rapidly covered with plantations, and coffee trees quickly bloomed on solitary hills around the very base of Adam's Peak. From Guenpola, the spot at which the great roads converge from the richest districts, the road winds apward to the sanitarium of Newaraellia, skirting the basis of the hills till it reaches an apparently insurmountable barrier of mountains in the glen of Rangbodde. So narrow is the gorge that the road enters between two cataracts that descend on Shorneliff, which rising in majestic beauty and possessing so many picturesque features, combine to make Tintern the point par excellence. The plantations are at every season objects of beauty. The leaves are dark green, polished like those of the laurel; the pure white flowers grow in tufts along the top of the branches, and blossom so suddenly that at morning the trees look as if snow had fallen on them in wreaths during the night. The jasmine perfume they exhale lasts but for a day, then crimson betries like chorries succeed, bearing within the pulp

the double seed. At the distant Adam's Peak, devotees of all rabes meet, and unite in peaceful worship of the holy foot-print, which Brahmans believe to have been impressed by Siva, the Buddhists by Buddha, the Mohammedans by Adam, and the Catholics either by St. Thomas, or by the ennach of Candace, Queen of Ethiopia. Some mishelievers affirm it is the footstep of Lucifer when he fell from heaven to earth. The lootprint is about five feet long. The view from the summit is grand, and unobstructed over earth and sea, as the eye looks down on the zone of hills, the rolling plains, and silver rivers till in the purple distance the glitter of the sunbeams on the sea marks the line of the Indian Ocean,

Nowhere else can the eye measure the height by comparison with a surrounding plain nearly on a level with the sea. But this lofty peak is not the oldest scene of mountain worship. Years before the sacred foot-print had been stamped into the rock, the great apostle Mahindo had met and converted King Deveniplatissa on the top of the hill of Milinuals. It is a mountain carved into a temple. From its summit the view extends over an expanse of foliage that stretches away to the horizon. Towering above this ocean of verdure are the gigantic dagobas of the ancient capital Anurajah poors, the city on whose splendours the early Chinese travellers expatiated with religious fervour. The ground for miles must have been covered with magnificent buildings, surrounded by groves of odoriferous trees. Now a few huts and a dwelling for some priests are all that remain of its splen-The Brasen Palace is a forest of rough dours. pillars; the air is heavy and unwholesome; the forest covers everything with its imperviou-

Royal pomp has vanished, but religious ob-

servances remain. Here is the sacred Bo-tree, the planting of which, in the year 288 B.C., forms an epoch in Singhalese annals, and here are the most famous dagobas in Ceylon. word dayoba means a relic shrine, and a huge pile of brick-work raised to preserve one of the relies of Buddha, which were collected after his cremation. They consist of a bell-sh ped dome of brick work surmounted by a cube supporting a pointed spire, and are placed on a square plat form approached by flights of stone steps. Those that have been explored have been found to be solid, inclosing a hollow vessel which once con tained the r lie, but in which only a few dis-coloured pearls have been found. One of these enormous buildings is said by Mr. Ferguson to be the oldest monument now extant in India. It was built three centuries before Christ. The Abhayogiri dagoba, built B C. 87, was originally four hundred and fifty feet high. The holiest of all, the Thuparama, which enshrines the collarbone of Buddha, is only seventy teet high, but is remarkable for its bell-shaped form. The highest at the present day is the great Jaytawana rama, erected A.D. 330. It is 249 feet in height and 360 feet in diameter, and rests on a platform of stone 720 feet square and 15 feet high. The whole contents, therefore, exceed twenty millions of cubic feet. The building will cost over five millions of dollars, and occupy five hundred bricklayers for seven years, and the bricks would line an ordinary railroad tunnel wenty miles long. The construction of these huge shrines is only remarkable for the vast amount of labour which must have been expend-ed on the work. The form is of the simplest design, as belits the primitive constitution of a religion which substitutes meditation for wor ship. Around the dagobas there were originally circular colonnades of columns; many of these, octagonal in shape and graceful in proportions, still remain erect, forming, in the words of Knox, "A world of hewn-stone pillars."

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

Messis. Worthington, of New York, sends us an illustrated child's book for Christmas, en-titled "Cats' Cradle." The rhymes are by The rhymes are by Edward Willett and the illustrations by Charles Kendrick formerly employed on this paper, and since well-known in connection with "Puck." Of the many childrens' volumes we have seen this Christmas this stands quite in the first rank. the illustrations being quaint, yet easily understood, and the rhymes well adapted to their purpose of amusing without puzzling. So few children's books are really written for children, that it is pleasant to find a book we can really put into the little one's hands.

George Barrie, of Philadelphia, promises for immediate publication de lure editions of Boccaccio's Decameron and Heptameron, prepared at the suggestion of the trade, who have wished editions of these classics, also Etudes in Modern French Art, a series of monographs on the best French artists of the present day, with facsimiles of original drawings by the artists.

GRIP'S ALMANAC for 1882, judging from the pecimen pages which lie before us promises to be well up to the mark which our bright con-temporary has already made. We recommend our readers to compare its predictions with Venuor's almanac which is also in our hands, and take their choice of what to expect.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE ex-Empress Eugenic intends to reside in

GENERAL Ignatioff has tendered his resignation to the Czar.

FIFTY persons injured in the late gale are laid up in the London hospitals. THE increase of agrarian crime in Ireland is

causing the Ministry much anxiety. THE Russian Senate is to conduct the approaching trial of the 62 Nihilists.

Iris said to be likely that the United States

Ministers to South America will be recalled. Tue Dake of Richmond intends to introduce some important land reforms on his estate in

A MEETING is being arranged between the Emperor Francis of Austria and the Czar.

IMPORTANT secret negotiations are alleged to be going on between Russia and Turkey.

THE Imperial Parliament is called for despatch of business on the 7th of February.

THE Allan steamers will call at Queenstown in-tead of Moville for the mails, after the 1st

TWENTY-ONE lives were lost by the sinking of the schooner British Navy in the Downs on Monday.

GAMBETTA is to start a new organ in Marseilles, entitled Le Mirabeau, with the beginning of the next year.

Ar Odessa Sarah Bernhardt's carriage was stoned as she drove through the streets, and the performance at the theatre stopped by an anti-Jewish mob, on the ground of the actress being of Jewish descent.

A NUMBER of proclamations have been discovered in a secret printing office in St. Peters-burg, which show that the Nihilists have been preparing for a supreme effort which should prove a "finishing touch to their work."

HUMOROUS.

How to restore oil paintings-carry them ack to the owner

Assistant Sculptor Wanted. One who is quick and correct at figures preferred.

AUTHORS are spoken of as dwelling in attics, time so few are able to live on their first story.

"Know thyself" is good advice. And to find out all about yourself in the shortest time get nominated

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Folly Theatre, in its somewhat enlarged and greatly improved condition, will reopen under the new title of "Toole's Theatre."

Marie Touchet, a one-act drama of M. Gustave Rivet, produced at the Odéon, deals with an imaginary episode of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The piece is less a play than a tirade against monarchy.

THE Russian journals ann unce that the Chief of Police in St Petersburg has addressed to the Government a statement setting forth the expediency of withholding from individuals the privilege of establishing popular theatres.

A YOUNG German author called G. Siegers will make his debut with a drama styled Klytennestra, which will shortly be performed at Frankfort.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

THE Literary World of Boston has published a bibliography of English versions of Faust. This list contains forty-five different translations.

THE French Government has named as Irspecteurs des Beaux-Arts MM. Phillippe Burty and C. Yriarte, the well-known fine-art critics and historians.

THE death is announced of Mr. W. Brodie, a Royal Scottish Academician, and sculptor of much official and memorial portraiture in marble which has been erected in northern towns, and countless private

An important tablet, or stela, not long since discovered in Lower Egypt by Herr Emil Bragsch, Keeper of Antiquities in the Boolak Museum, has lately been added to that collection.

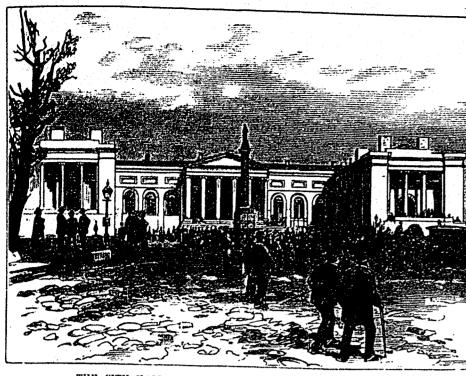
THE Athenoum says that the lovers of Shelley may prepare themselves for hearing soon of the discovery of some remarkable data for the history of the poet's life that have remained unknown even to Mr. Forman.

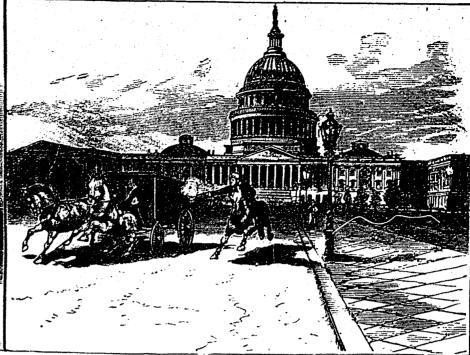
SEA SICKNESS. -The best remedy and preventative for Sea Sicknese is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is also the best remedy for all forms of Summer complaints, whether on sea or land it will not fail you. All druggists sell it 37½ cents per bottle.

CONSUMPTION CURED. - Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East India missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and per-manent cure of Consumption, Brouchitis, Ca-tarth, Asthma and all Threat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the rec pe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English. W. A. Noves, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.

THE efforts of distinguished public speakers and performers are often impaired by hoarse-No specific for throat and lung affections, has been found to remedy this trouble with such certainty and promptitude as Thomas' Eclectric Oil. This inexpensive but sterling remedy used inwardly and outwardly, oftentimes in a few hours entirely overcomes sore throat or a cold, and may be depended upon to produce the best effects in incipient bronchitis, asthma, croup, catarrh, quinsy and other affections of the breathing organs. It is also a sovereign remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney disorders, piles, excoriation of the nipples, bruises, scalds and hurts of all kinds. It is also used in some of the leading trotting stables of the country for equine disorders and injuries. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont.

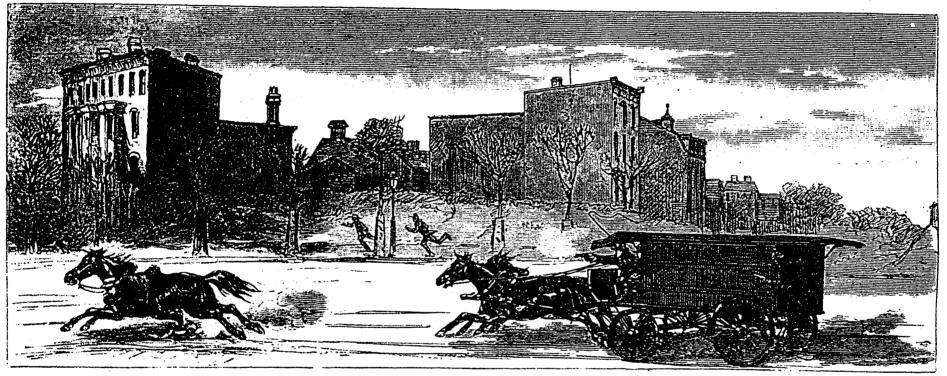
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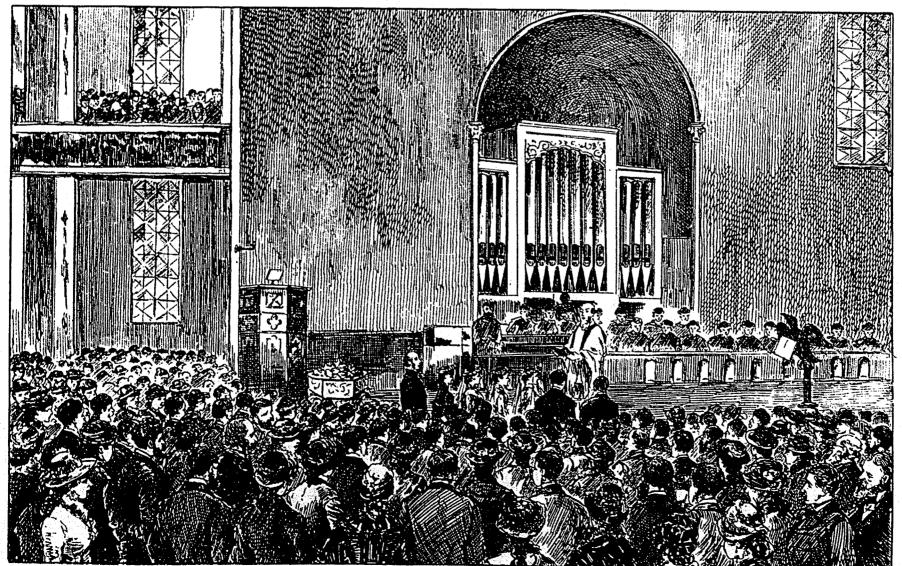
THE CITY HALL, WASHINGTON-COURT-ROOM ON THE RIGHT.

THE ATTEMPT ON GUITEAU'S LIFE.



THE PURSUIT OF GUITEAU'S ASSAILANT.

INCIDENTS IN GUITEAU'S TRIAL AT WASHINGTON.



HALIFAX, N.S.—THE WEDDING OF THE BISHOP OF NEWFOUNDLAND AND MISS ARCHIBALD.

A CANADIAN HEROINE.

(In the war of 1812-15 Mrs. Maria Hill, a soldier's wife, carried provisions to the soldiers in the heat of one carried provision of the battles.)

> O'er the battlefield she came Through the fitful flash and flame, Duty-bound.
> Seeking not a noble name,
> Striving not for gain or fame,
> O'er the ground among the dying
> Came she flying,
> Where the vieing
> Armies strove in deadly battle,
> And the musketry's wild rattle
> Echoed round.

Though the fight was raging wild, With a sob she clasped her child To her breast; Then beside some luggage piled Left it, while it crowed and smiled, And at once went fleetly rushing Where the gushing Blood was flushing All the ground with crimson gory, And the brave ones crowned in glory Sank to rest.

On her noble mission bent, Never faltering she went, Never faitering sae went,
Till she found
Where her husband, weak and spent,
Stood in ranks by bullets rent—
Ranks whose courage had availed not,
Though they'd qualled not,
And they'd failed not
To return each blow with vigor,
And with fierce heroic rigor Held their ground.

To the struggling soldiers there Striving hard against despair, Striving naru against everyon;
Undismayed
Did she come, an omen fair,
And with oheers they filled the air,
And uprose the spirits drooping,
As they trooping
Round her grouping,
Thankfully took the provision,
Which this unexpected vision
Now displayed. Now displayed.

O'er the field both bread and meat Had she brought for them to eat, Heorine.
And prevented a retreat,
And disastrous defeat,
By a courage freeh instilling
Into willing
Hearts, and thrilling
By her zeal each stalwart soldier
To exertions fiercer, bolder,
E'en to win.

Not so much the food she brought
Nerved the ranks, as did the thought
That she came,
For her country, braving aught,
O'er the field with danger fraught,
And this thought to every feeling
Quick appealing,
Firmly steeling
Ev'ry heart for death or glory,
Won the strife, and filled the story
Of her fame.

C. E. JACKEWAY, M.D. Stayper, Out.

THE REMARKABLE STORY OF

WHO WAS A BUCCANEER, AND DIED A FASHION ABLE PHYSICIAN IN LONDON-

JOHN OSBORNE.

It is perfectly true, though I can hardly realize it as I sit here in my stately house in St. James square, that when I was a poor lad—and even when I was older than a lad, and ought to have known better—I was little, indeed nothing, better than a buccaneer on the high seas, that might, with law and justice, have been hung up to the yardarm of any of his Majesty's frigates. But I really did not know, so to speak, my right hand from my left; and was engaged even in atrocious deeds with a light heart, and almost with an innocent conscience. And this has always made me very forbearing towards all young lads. I cannot think that they would be really bad if it were not for their surroundings. And so when my boy, Jem Rushton, who would have made a very promising pirate if his lot had been cast in that line of life, stole my sil-ver flagon, and might pretty well have filled it with the loose silver which he stole besides, and the police runners were after him, I made him a present of the whole concern rather than prove as might easily be the case, his ruin both in body and soul. And coming home to my own house last night after attending my Lady Marjoram for a fit of the megrims, the result of bad temper and possibly strong waters combined, when I found a little scoundrel, the exact image of myself when I was at his age, asleep on my doorstep, I fixed a silver piece in his hand that he might make sure of a breakfast. That summer night in the air would do him no harm; and I am sure he would sleep far more soundly than I, who sleep at the best times only indifferently. Likewise our good curate, at St. Anne's Church-in-the-Fields, did speak very well yesterday se'nnight on his fair text, "God bless the lads," to which, with all my soul, I say Amen. And perhaps the Christian folk of London may one day take it into their heads that they ought to, in what way they can, bless that they begin to, in what way they can, boxed the lads, and not let them run wild in London gutters until they may be old enough to be strung up a dozen at a time at Newgate.

For going back as far as I can remember, there was a big fellow standing over me with a rope's end, belabouring me with it as hard as he could, while I was regring out lustily: and small won-

while I was roaring out lustily; and small won-der thereat. He told me that he would give me a flogging that I should remember as long as I lived. And therein spake he truly. For I have forgotten many other things; but that flogging do I yet remember. It may be that I have con- which was going on all the world over; that the

fused one flogging with another—and such a many of them might well cause confusion-but anyhow, my first remembrances of things were all floggings. I used to console myself by thinking that when I was a man I too would flog the small boys, and I promised them plenty of it in my own mind—but now I have learned to think very differently of the thrashing business, and am perhaps now too puling therein; for had I exercised my cane on that boy Jem, he might not have stolen my silver goblet. The ship in which I was a cabin-boy was a slaver, and the negro slaves were whipped with pickled rods pretty often; but I think no nigger had caught it as much as I did. I was sorry for the little negro boys too, who, as I was told by the over-seer, came away from vast meadows, or savannahs, and dark forests and rushing streams, to be cooped up in the hold of a vessel and thus sent, either to work or to sicken in a strange was a godly man, told me that it was all right, and that they were only executing the curse of Ham. I never thought that, like the little negro lad, I should have an experience of rushing streams and dusky woods. Of my mother I had no knowledge. They say that a sailor has a wife in every port; and I have had reason to believe, from inquiries made in after life, that my mother was one of several such wives of my father's. It is not a pleasant reflection certainly but a great many people have to swallow un-pleasant reflections. My father had been mate on this slaver; but he died before even the bad character of the slaver was exchanged for some thing worse. I do not say that I had spent the whole of my life on board ship; for I remember whole of my life on board ship; for I remember going into port after port, and being in strange places, and even going up a bit into strange countries. But, generally speaking, even when in port I was the cabin-boy, who had to stop on board and do the ship's dirty work. Only I had one companion, the faithfullest of all companions, my dog Fido, the wagging of whose tail was the kindest salutation which I had received for many a long day: and I daresay that ceived for many a long day; and I daresay that the angel who sits up aloft to take care of poor Jack has a kindly glance for poor Jack's dog, who is often quite as good as poor Jack himself.

How it was that our slaver became a buccan eer I do not know. Only I suppose that there is a natural tendency of bad things to go on to worse. That slaving business was crael and bad; indeed, I do not know that piracy itself could be much worse. Captain Lacy was as hardened and bad a pirate as ever hoisted the black flag on the high seas. And many comical and many woeful adventures were those which we had in those days. One day we overtook a merchant ship, whose crew consisted entirely of Quakers, their families, and dependents. They were on their way to some outlandish colony in the northern part of America, where one, William northern part of America, where one, William Penn, the chief of that sect, had a powerful lot of land, now called for him, as I have heard tell, Pennsylvania. Certainly there never was such Pennsylvania. Certainly there never was such a peaceable sort of gentry. The worst weapon on board was the captain's umbrella. There was neither dirk nor pistol, gun nor cutlass in the whole ship. They threw open all their chests in the most obliging way; and if we gave them an occasional kick they appeared to like it rather than otherwise. We put them all in a least with a compass and planty of bread long boat, with a compass and plenty of bread and water; and I think their course was a pretty straight one, and they would get at last to the mainland.

Once we met a ship with a fair cargo and some passengers, and among them was a man whom they called a reverend and a clergyman. Capt. Lacy was hugely pleased to make his acquaintance. Indeed, so mad a humour seized him that nothing would satisfy him but he would keep this person on board ship as his domestic chap-lain. He explained to the reverend gentleman that he would only have to read prayers to the ship's company on a Sunday morning and mix the punch for the crew every night. This was the first time that I ever heard such queer words as "prayers" and "Sunday," which to my young and deprayed mind conveyed no idea whatever. But the parson had a prejudice against the profession of piracy, and refused to have anything to do with such a godless lot. This was another new and unmeaning word to me. Captain Lacy was very angry, and declared that he should walk the plank; but the chaplain that was to have been said, that of the two he would much prefer that. Whether it was the boldness of the man or a sort of superstition with Captain Lacy I know not, but, like the Quakers, the reverend gentleman, with some others, wa allowed to make his escape, if only the winds and the waves would permit him. Once or twice I have seen the ceremony performed of making people walk the plank. And, O, miserable wretch that I was, I used to laugh at the people who had to do so. At first I thought it the greatest fun imaginable. They brought out a long plank and put it over the side of the ship. Then the poor wretch walked along the plank, and had to keep on walking until he walked him self into the sea. If he walked slowly—and some of them certainly took it leisurely—we touched them up behind with a marling-spike. But one day I saw a white face in the water, and the arms thrown up with a shriek. I used to wake at night, seeing that ghastly upturned face. Captain Lacy said that it was all nonsense; all men were our enemies, and we were enemies to all; what was their lot to-day might be ours tomorrow; that a brave man could only die once

conquered went to the wall or into the salt water, which came to the same thing, and it was quite fair and right that they should. I thank God that I have now been taught something better than this, and that if men must needs fight, after we have fought it is our duty to tend and succour the wounded.

Then things were very ill for me. How should they not be ill? Ignorant, beaten, ill-treated, half-starved at times, without conscience, without example,—I tremble to think how near human nature came to the bestial. The men about me were like wild beasts, and I was like a wild beast myself. How I ever came to know my letters I do not understand, but somehow or other I pieced them together, for both a horn-book and a song-book were found among the men. Also I knew how to navigate the ship, and I knew all the principal stars in the heavens if I might so speak, and many of the strange, precious, beautiful things of the sea and shore, so that if there was a window left open in my darkened soul it was from Nature herself that I received the little light of which my soul was

And one day there came upon me the vision

of an angel from heaven. We had been in chase of a merchant-man, which, indeed, had given us no little trouble. It was a long, dark, low-lying ship, and, as we understood to our cost, it was a rakish craft and carried a carronade. When we hoisted the black flag it sent some shots, which whistled through our sails, and the next discharge knocked over our boatswain. Then there was the usual and our boatswain. Then there was the pirates boarded the merchant-man, and there was a deadly fight with pistols and cutlasses, in which, as usual, we proved victorious. There would have been a massacre of all on board the captured craft, but at the last victorious onset Cap. tain Lacy fell down wounded, and, as we all thought, mortally. Then, when at last the struggle was over, and it was about time to make the captured crew walk the plank, except some few tall lusty fellows whom we would receive into our company if they would be content to come, one dark, grave-looking man stepped forth and said that he thought he could heal our captain and some others who were grievously hurt. And let me here say, before I go on with this strange recital, that he did attend our captain with extraordinary zeal and devotion until he made him right, at least for that season. The only wonder is that, having such a villain and scourge of the seas in his power, he did not use the chance and put the lancet into his side, or give him some opiate so strong that he would never wake from the sleep again; for the world would well be rid of a ruffian for whom there would be no place among men who live by toil. But it is for the precious life that we have to watch, the mystic lamp of the body, and, irrespective of all other considerations, to do as much for the sinner as for the saint.

I had pressed forward into the cabin of the prize, and, in a retiring cabin beyond the cabin, there arose before me, as it were, the embodied dream of a celestial glory. Hitherto I had only seen swarthy men and dusky negroes, and very rarely on shore a few strange rough-looking wo-men such as these. But here was a tall fair child of about fourteen, with face white and red, and soft eyes like stars, and golden hair flowing down to her waist. And it seemed to me that I saw a heavenly apparition, such as the picture of the Madonna, which I had often seen, but never so young and fair as this. I was struck breathless, and dared not so much as lift up my eyes to this splendid vision. But I grovelled at her feet in darkness and kissed the hem of her white raiment. But when the men came down with loud oaths and fierce eyes, then I drew dirk and pistol, and, as they knew that, desperadoes though they were, there was none more desperate than I. I took her by the hand and led her forth into the open air on deck.

It seemed that she was the daughter of the

doctor, our prisoner. And this was a good thing both for her and for him; for the only man among us who had any knowledge in the healing of wounds and the use of medicaments was killed in that fire of the hostile carronade of which I spok-, and this doctor saved several of cur lives, besides Captain Lacy's. And I do be-lieve that Lacy had some little touch of gratefulness, though little enough, as will be seen. But some of the men were very fond of the doctor, who did them much good, and took care of his meat and drink, and he and his daughter were allowed to sit quiet and apart. And as for me, it was as when, upon a very dark night in them as my faithful little dog followed and watched me. And the old bad nature seemed to go out and a new good nature to diffuse itself, and for me there was a new heaven and a new earth No thought of human love passed my mind, but, like the sailor before the Ma-

donns, I could only wonder and worship.

Then when we had sailed the seas for some time—and it had so happened without either a fight or a storm—the captain made certain proposais to the doctor that he should east in his lot with them, and he would give him the best share in the ship, only second to his own. "And when your Euphemia grows up into a woman," he said, for such was the angel's name, "I will marry her, and it need not be so very long." At which I could have plunged my dirk into his heart, but had only to shake and tremble. And posals to the doctor that he should cast in his lot

when the doctor solem nly abjured all the bloody business of a pirate ship, and said that he and his daughter would rather die, the captain swore back that die he might, and his girl, too, as many others had before them perished at his hands; which evil thing, indeed, he would have wrought if he had had his own wicked will. But the men gathered round, and would not suffer him, though he had been ten times cap-tain, to murder his benefactors and theirs. For aboard a pirate ship a captain is not more than accord a pirate snip a captain is not more than first among equals, except when he shows himself more strong and skillful of hand and brain, and is chiefly chosen captain because no society, even the very vilest, can hold together and be a society at all unless there is some principle of order and coherence. But the captain well knew what it was within his power to do according to all the rules of pirate law. He could not tell him to walk the plank, but he could tell him to walk into a boat with two or three others of the conquered crew, now recovered from their wounds. And he might just as well have told them to walk the plank, for the wind was rising and the waves were getting bigger, and there was a whisper among us, who knew the look of the sky, that there would be a hurricane that night. And O, how I longed to get into that boat myself, though it might sail away into death and darkness; and I stored the boat privately with everything of my own, everything I could find that might be of help to them—water, bread, wine, my precious knife, and my songbook. And at the very last moment I would have leaved into the boat after them. but cruel them to walk the plank, for the wind was rising have leaped into the boat after them, but cruel Lacy held me back with an iron grip, and dashed me senseless on the deck.

me senseless on the deck.

When I was roused there were sea-horses out—that is, the white waves were everywhere cresting with foam. I strained my eyes against the darkness, but there was no sign of the boat tossing in the trough of the waters. And all that night the wind rose and rose, and in the morning it was a perfect hurricane. And there was no doubt in our minds that so frail a craft could never live in so fierce a sea. And the could never live in so fierce a sea. And the could never live in so fierce a sea. And the vengeance of the Lord fell upon Captain Lacy very soon after that cruel deed. Though he had escaped the effects of that dangerous wound, yet he was suffered not to live; for somehow we lost our reckoning, and the same storm urge us onwards to our destruction. Then the 'y came "Breakers ahead!" and presently we heard the sharp, sudden crashing sound that told came "Breakers ahead!" and presently we heard the sharp, sudden crashing sound that told us that we were upon rocks. The ship was taken up and bumped again and again, and breaking its back in many places, soon became an utter wreck. The rocks were very close to the mainland and such of me as were good eximples. land, and such of us as were good swimmers and also had good luck were able to get ashore. Among these was Captain Lacy himself, but with arms and legs broken through being beaten upon the rocks, and, as was feared, with internal injuries as well, for he died, making no sign, and without hope either for this world or for any other. And so he passed away, having as far as in him lay committed murder on the last day of his life.

A few of us who were left found ourselves on the borders of a great river falling into the mighty ocean. And there was abundant fish in the stream and also deer in the forests; likewise in those forests there were wild beasts like unto tigers and leopards. For a long time it was only by keeping watch-fires and taking it in turn to keep guard that we were delivered from the fear and peril of the wild beasts. The country was most beautiful; we walked, as it were, through endless colonnades of pillared trees, and there were birds of marvellous plumage; and as for flowers, the world seemed one vast garden-house, or conservatory, as the fashionable word now is. But the country lying low and by the river mouth, there was much bad air, whereby first one and then another of our scanty fellowship sickened and died. And, indeed, one of them lost his life in a very piteous way. For he had gone out hunting, and he came not back within a day or two, at which we did not wonder, for at such times the hunter will make a hut in the forest for the convenience of securing venison. And we found him at the end of a week, nearly naked, and with all his food exhausted, hardly to be known by us, being covered with millions of insects who were hastening his death of sta-vation. Having travelled far by the banks of the river, we hastened forward to some mountains that were before us that we might have better air and greater security. And being come hither we saw still greater mountains before and around, and one conspicuous great peak that cut into the heavens as though it had been a these southern skies, there comes some lustrous sar, or the moon herself shines forth in soft gentle light. I was the bond-servant, the slave, the attendant spirit of these two, and the service was my delight. I followed them and watched them are my faithful little dog followed and the same as the negroes, below the same as the negroes, below the slaver, but the old familiarity with these them are my faithful little dog followed and the same as the negroes below the slaver. negroes helped me to understand the friendly Indians. They gave us to know that if for five days we followed a path that led among the ascending hills, we should come to men who were of the like colour as ourselves, and who spoke as we did. These words rejoiced us greatly, and in all good faith we followed the path shown to us. But that journey proved most wearisome and adventurous. Both game and water failed entirely, and but for some dried grain and a little occasional fruit, which we tasted with

behind, resting himself and leaving me, as had always been the case, to act as pioneer in the forest land. And I dragged weary steps, thinking, indeed, that each step would prove my last. And now the path, by various and almost imperceptible signs, had changed its character, and from being an almost unbroken tract, showed evident signs of human use. And straight before me there arose a pillar of wood with a transverse beam across; and I hastened onwards, recognizing human handiwork; but just as I reached it I swooned away, fainting as I chaped

When I awoke a tall majestic man stood beside me, and presently gently bended over me. He pressed something to my lips, and I felt new life come into my heart. Then he took me kindly by the hand and led me a little way; and presently I recognized what is really the most musical of all sounds, that of the cold rushing waters. Presently I came to a clear stream hurriedly leaping along the boulders on its way to the sea. I thought I should never have satiated my thirst; and then I rested, with an easy satished heart, on the grassy marge. Then I hast-ened back to Johanne, and this delirious happiness became his own in turn.

I found that my new friend was a Roman Catholic priest, of the Order of Jesus-an order that has been much maligned, that has also received much just blame, and has been a potent influence both for good and for evil. He was a man who had resided much in courts and palaces. He had spent years in what he told me was the biggest of the world's towns, London, the capital of the land to which nearly all of us pirates originally belonged. The principle of his order was that of obsolute implicit obedience. He thought that some great mission would have been given him in London, which, at that time, would have had danger as well as dignity; but the order came that he should become a missionary among the Indians of the Southern Americans, and within twentyfour hours he had left the Old World for the New, that he might obey the order. He, with two other monks, formed a settlement ten leagues from here; and he himself was taking some rounds where he thought he would fall in with Indians. Whether the Indians would hear or tear him to pieces was the same thing to him. Whether he should be a Cardinal in Rome, a Superior in London, or a missionary in the forests, was all the same thing. This Father Isidore was to me the very best and kindest of friends. He was very good also to Johanne; and Johanne became so accustomed to the mission that he would never leave it, but declared that he would serve it faithfully all his days. Which he did according to his lights. But Johanne would only serve the mission in house work and field work, which I also did myself until Father Isidore took me up in a higher way, discerning in me some aptitude for knowledge. And, indeed, only to listen to that man was to imbibe knowledge in every pore. For he told me of the old wonderful world across the water, which I might some day visit. And he taught me the marvellous Latin tongue, once spoken by the fiercest and strongest nation of the world, and in which his holy books were written. And he explained to me the meaning of those holy books, and of that cross at the foot of which I had sunk so tired on the evening of the blessed day on which I met him. Also, being an Italian, he taught me something of his own beautiful tongue, and also of the Lingua Franca, which, he told me, all men used in speech and letters. Finding that I knew something of the stars, he explained to me more about the heavenly bodies, and of the exact science that belongs to them. And like Solomon himself he spoke to me of all trees, from the goodly cedar to the hyssop, that grows upon the wall. Indeed, I afterwards found out that if I had searched Europe through I could not have found a teacher more intelligent, patient and tender. Among other things he told me of the famous quina-tree, and of other wonderful productions of the country.

It was certainly a lovely country. It was a long time before I learned to understand and appreciate all the loveliness; but I did this at last through the help of the good father. The climate was cool, moderate, and equable. Going upwards there were only the northern shrubs; but going downwards into the valleys we got the palms and bamboos and the richest vegetation. In the belt of forest between these two extremes. amid tree-ferns and passion-flowers, grew those mysterious trees of which I had heard.

One day I was out in the forest with the good father. We were slowly ascending a natural path in a ravine between two heights.

A sweet breath of sir wandered adown the glen, and it bore on its subtle wings a delicate

ravishing perfume.
"Ah, this must be the quina-tree," said Father Isidore.

Indeed there was a grove of them. They rose up, almost palm-like in beauty, some sixty feet in the air, trying to outtop their neighbours of the forest, and, indeed, succeeded in doing

so. "Look this way, across the light," said Isidore, "at those waving branches. As I did so I observed that there was a red

and shining aspect on the foliage.
"That strange light never deceives one," said Isidore. "Here we have a mancha, which

means a group of quina-trees. Let us get some of the leaves.

The leaves were about five inches long and we broad. They have lanceolate—that is, like the shape of a lance-with a shining surface of

bright green, the stalk and veins being also of a bright colour. The tiny flowers hang in lilac-like clusters, with white curly hairs round the corolla, one of the chief signs by which the real quina-tree is distinguished from many other trees which closely similate it. I took and pulled some of the bark, and tasted it as I was told, and complained to the good father how extremely bitter I found it.

Yes," he answered in strange words, which I afterwards wrote down:

'Sape tulit lassis succus amarus opem.'' Bitter luice has often brought help to the weary.''

It is a goodly tree," he said, "and all parts of it have their uses, and there are many other trees closely resembling it, and most likely they are none of them devoid of help and use to man if we could only search out their secrets. There are many treasures in this great land; but more than the gold, more than the diamonds, more even than the precious meadows of waving grain, are these v vonderful trees. They can cure ague and fever when nothing else can cure them When everything else has failed this medicinal tree will bring men back from the gates of death. It has, methinks, some of the immortal quality of the Tree of Life itself. When a whole army is perishing of wasting sickness this can recruit

them all."

"But surely people will come in ships from bear away the precious trees?

" And so they would if they were wise. But mankind do not care for their highest interests, otherwise they would climb the hills for the trees instead of diving into the mines for gold. Some day, perhaps, they will come with a rush, and then I hope there will be wise strong men who will make them plant a tree for every one which they cut down.

And you have proved how good they are !" "The bark saved my life and the lives of several of my brethren," said Isidore. "I had a "I had a fever, and one or two of my friends had ague by living close to the low swamps by the river, just as happened to you and your own friends. Then we dragged ourselves up here, and one of the Indians, to whom I had been kind, boiled some of the bark in water, and gave me to drink the infusion, morning, noon and night. And we all marvellously recovered.

"I suppose the Indians keep it as a great seret, and do not use it themselves?

They keep it as a great secret, for they have not such reason to love the whites as to reveal their choice secrets to them. They have another great thing, the coco, which confers astonishing powers of endurance, and which I have not been able to obtain. It is said that the Indians made the discovery through watching pumas chew the leaves when these animals have been in a highly feverous state. But the Indians themselves, oddly enough, will never use the bark in fevers and if I give it them, I have to disguise their own fever medicine. They are better, and they think I have brought the medicine beyond the seas, when it grows in their own mountain-

He taught me a great deal about all that family of trees, a very large and mixed one. And, indeed, only a constant familiarity could teach one to recognize the true chinchona among many counterfeits.

Now listen to me, my son," said Father Isidore. "The virtues of this wonderful tree are beginning slowly, but certainly, to be known There was a great Spanish lady who was kind to the natives, and one of them, when she was very ill, brought her a drink of this tea, which cured her of her fever. She was a countess, who, when at home, lived at the Castle of Chinchon, near Madrid; and when she went back to Europe, she brought with her a quantity of the bark of this tree, which she gave to the poor labourers on her lord's estates, who, from the unhealthy soil, suffered much from tertian agues. And from her it is sometimes called the countess's powder, and sometimes chinchons. And the fame of it is spreading all through Euope; but there is very little of it, and few people know how to come by it. Now when you go back to Europe, as I hope you will, you shall take with you boxes of these plants and many seeds; and you must sow some of these when you can, and the medicine you give or sell must be for those who seek to heal fevers and agues. And it is possible that you may get much money, always consider from whom you have obtained this bark, and that there is something holier about it than mere craft or gain.

And now my whole mind was fixed on the question-how I should come to Europe, and, above all things, visit that wonderful London of which I had heard so much, and which seemed to me more wonderful than even Rome itself, of which Father Isidore spoke of much. And the thought acted upon me as a great encouragement to do all I could in acquiring knowledge and cutting strips of the bark of the pre-And the good fathers, instead cious quina-tree. of putting any hindrance in the way of my departure, helped me all they could. And they would have helped Johanne as well, but Johanne said that he was quite satisfied with things as they were, and wished for no other life, least of all for another life of wandering, of which he had had enough in coming from the coast. Father Isidore told me that if ever I could come to London, he could there give me business letters to people whom he knew of old, with whom I could dispose of myself and quinabark to the best advantage. Also, he said, that if I waited patiently there would surely come a vessel across the ocean bringing the commands

of the general of the order, by which I might return; and he told me-what I have surely learned—that all good things come to him who learns to wait. But it so happened that I had to wait long and travel farther than either of us thought; for at last I went down to the Pacific shore, and thence to Java and the Eastern Archipelago, and so round the Cape of Good Hope, or Cape of Storms, to Europe.'

And so it happened that I made my famous voyage around the world which had happened to very few before me, and even now, except to such of my friends as know that I am a man of veracious mind, it is a thing hardly to be credited. Yet it may be that the dreams of the poets may be fulfilled of "putting a girdle round about the earth," and men will run to and fro and knowledge be increased in a way which is beyond concention. The vessel was connected with the Jesuit mission, and from the American seaboard was to visit the Chinese waters and help the biethren there. Much quina bark was sent out to them, and they were also to plant it in China and India, and although this has never yet been successfully done in my timehave kept up my information from the good fathers-yet assuredly it will be done at last to the great good of those future generations whom we ought always to bear in mind. For my part I do not agree with the wit who said that we should do nothing for posterity because posterity has done nothing for us. The bark was brought down to the other sort of barkexcuse the paronomasia, or play on words—that was waiting by the shore chiefly by relays of negroes whom we had treated kindly, and who in return acted courteously by us. And so we sailed away. And it would take me many days and nights to speak of my adventures, which in some respects were comparable even to those of Sindbad the sailor, or even to the more veracious Marco Polo. And in that voyage, owing to what I had taken in of the teachings of the good monks, I was able to act as a kind of medicine man to the crew, even as that beloved physician on board the pirate, whom Lacy and his men east away on the stormy waters. I sometimes, in these, my latter days, go over to my friend Dr. Sydenham, who lives on the other side of the square, who sits enjoying his evenings be-fore the open window, drinking from his tankard the seconds or small beer, by reason of the podagra or gout that will not easily endure the alcohol. 'And if you take alcohol,' says Dr. Sydenham to me, 'it will kill you; but if you take it not, you will die.' And so he drinketh much small beer with but small result either ways. And one day, sitting swaddled up in his gouty clothes, an impudent thief walketh into the room and first drinketh his beer before his face and then puts the tankard into his pocket, friend Sydenham being all the time lame with gout and speechless with astonishment. And it was perhaps this that set my rascal varlet Jem on stealing my own silver goblet. He and I often talk together over that great voyage, than which he thinks there could be no training or education finer, and we think how wisely the countries of the earth would act if they had more of exchanges in their simples and medicaments. When I got at last to St. Katharine's wharf, where there was a little chapel nigh unto much shipping, I went at once to those people in London to whom Father sidore had greatly commended me in the letters which I carried They treated me very kindly, and made me tarry with them, showing me much hospitality, and taking me to see all of the many great sights of London town. They told me that there was much demand and inquiry for the new bark medicine, but that there was so very little of it to be got that it could hardly be called an article of commerce. They told me, moreover, that the principal physician of the day was one Dr. Anderson, of St. James's square, who was known highly to favo it the new medicine, and to whom I had better apply at once and tell him of the chests of medicine consigned to my charge

and ownership, lying at the docks.
So I repaired to St. James's square. Have not reason to remember that morning and that house! For it is the house in which I myself have lived many years, and in which I am writ-

ing these lines.

He did not know me. But I knew him at once, that good doctor, who had helped and healed us on board the pirate ship. Had, then, the sea given up its dead! How was it that he, in an open rowing-boat, had escaped the in evitable destinies of a stormy night on the wild Atlantic!

At first he thought that I was a patient come to consult him. He noticed my convulsive start when I recognised him.

'Have we then met before?' he asked in a quiet sweet voice which I remembered so well. 'Yes, sir,' I answered. 'It was on board the pirate ship, and I was one of the pirates.'

He turned rather pale and went up to the door and shut it. 'Young man,' he said, 'say not such a word

as that, lest the birds of the air carry the secret into the King's chambers. Only last week six young men, lusty and hopeful as yourself, were hung in chains at Execution Dock for piracy. We have suffered much from pirates for many months past, and the country longs for more blood.

But in leed, sir, I was only a pirate by accident, by circumstances which I could not

help.'
'It is enough that you own yourself a pirate. They would hang you first and try you after-wards, if they had time and inclination to try you, after they had once hanged you.'

Gradually the knowledge and recollection of me came back to Dr. Anderson. He remembered distinctly that I had served him and his child faithfully, and had wished to accompany him into the boat at the peril of my own life.

'How we escaped I know not,' he said, referring to that awful night of the storm and of our own shipwreck, 'except by the special mercy of heaven. The very storm that hurled us forward drove us to a haven of safety. We saw before us a tall awful peak, and we went onwards as being the only possible safety for us. And wonderful to say, we were saved through many hours of tempest and brought into smooth water just beneath the peak. It seemed to be an island of call; for although we met no human beings there, we found seeds and fowls, poultry, swine, and a little hut. We remained there for seven months, when a ship came in to water and took us away. And I left there some medicine and a compass and the box of cordials which you yourself had put in the boat, that I might not receive all and give nothing. you? he asked.
Then I told him the marvellous story of the

education which I had received from the Jesuits. And he marvelled greatly that a poor cabin-boy should have been thus trained and instructed. With infinite care and curiosity he made me render the tale of my small acquirements. He was good enough to say that I need only go to a famous London hospital endowed by a good bookseller, and from him called Guy's, and it would be easy enough for me to become a member of the Royal College of Physicians; and he added that if the Royal College of Physicians could teach me something, there was also somethin; that I could teach them.

Then I told him about the boxes and parcels of the quina-tree which I had brought with me. His eyes sparkled as will those of any true man of science when he hears of precious treasures come ashore that will be serviceable to the cause of humanity, and promote the progress of human kind over the kingdoms of Nature.

'Young man,' he said, 'you may look upon your fortune as made. I have in my escritoire letters from the physician of King Louis of France, and the King offers two thousand louis d'or for some parcels not half so large as your cases, from your account, must be. We will go cases, from your account, must be. and see them."

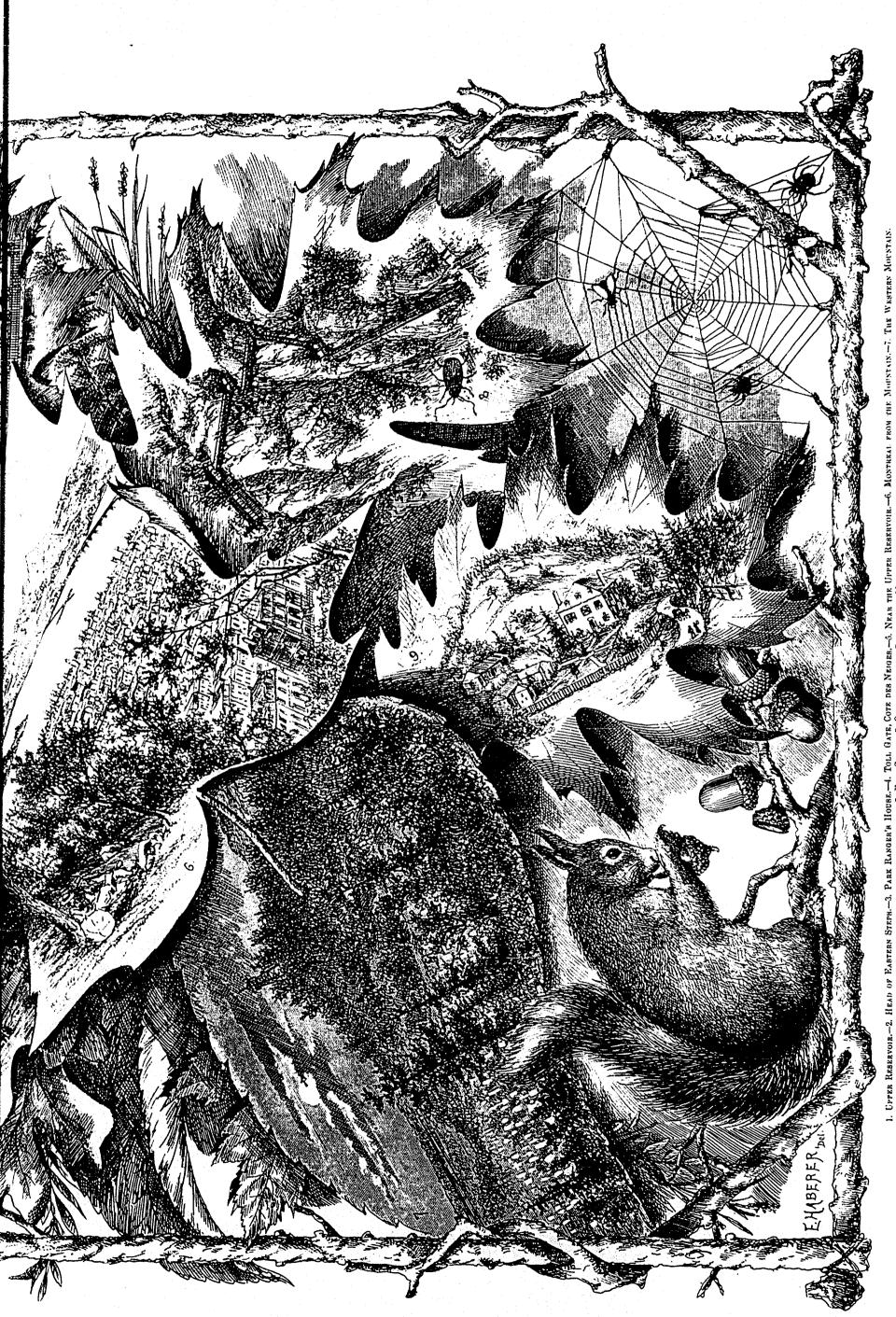
I took and showed them to him. They were ven more valuable than he had expected to find them. They were in excellent condition, for Father Isidore had taken care that they should be properly dried before being packed, which is one great means of their preservation. Also I was able to speak to Dr. Anderson of the alkalies and alkaloids they contained in a more exact and scientific way than was then known in England. And to make the business short, the King of Flance paid through the London goldsmiths the immense sum which he had proffered for an adequate supply of the quina-tree. By the advice of Dr. Anderson I went as a student to Guy's, and having obtained the necessary qualifications, I became first his assistant, then his partner, at last his successor.

When my friendly merchants had allowed me to surrender their hospitable shelter, I went and stayed some time with Dr. Anderson in St. James's square. And there ouce more that celestial being, my Euphemia, who had broke with such marvelious beauty on my purblind sight in the old darker days of ignorance and unwitting crime, once more arose on the orbit of my life. And if anything could have shown ne the priceless, deathless value of the education which the good missionaries had given me, it was that I was able to bring an equal mind to her own, that I could appreciate her wisdom, her goodness, her grace, that from books and Nature and travel I could bring something that would interest and stimulate her own fair sweet thoughts. With a thousand delicate subtle touches of mind and character she added infinitely to my poor knowledge; and when her love came to crown all the wonderful gifts of my life, I could only wonder that a gracious Providence had given me a nature so susceptible to happiness, and resolved to devote that life to heaven, to her, and the uses of knowledge and benevolence which the good fathers had pointed ont to me when I was only a poor shipwrecked pirate lad who had sunk weary on my knees at the foot of the wayside cross.

"THE LEAVES SHALL BE THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS,"-The leaf of the Wild Strawberry has verified that Scriptural quotation. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the marvel of healing in all varieties of Summer Complaints, and Fluxey, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and every form of Bowel Complaints of children or adults promptly yields to its power of healing.

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





EAVES.

MIKE'S CONFESSION,

Now Mike was an ostler of very good parts, Yet sly as a church mouse was he; And he came to confess to a new parish priest, Like a plous and true devotee.

When his sine were recled off till no more could be found. Said the priest:—" Are you sure you've told all? Have the months of your horses never been greased, So they couldn't eat oats in the stall?"

"With respect to your riv'rence," said Mike, with a grin,
"Shure for that ye may lave me alone;
I've scraped till there's niver a sin left behoind—
My conscience is claine to the bone!"

So absolved, happy Mike went away for more sins, Till the day came round to tell all. And the very first thing he confessed, he had greased. The mouth of each horse in the stall?

"How is this!" said the priest; "when here, but last week, You never had done this, you swore."
"Faith, thanks to your riv'rence, said Mike, "sich a thing I niver had heerd of before."

NONE TO CARESS.

There had been a Summer shower; roof, window, garden, were washed to a darrling polish and the wonderful liquid conleur de rose of the moment poured over all an air of enchantment. The slender young woman in deep mourning whom the stalwart proprietor of the awkward vehicle lifted down like a feather accepted her dreaded destination with a smile.

"How lovely!" were the first words that escaped her lips; and they were appropriated as a fitting compliment by a rustily clad man, who seized the little gloved hand vigorously in his horny palm, and "hoped he saw Miss Thatcher quite well."

"Supper's bin ready this half hour," was the

laconic and not amiable salutation of Mr. Seaman's spouse, who received Louisa in the porch.

"An' the boys is gone fishin', you see," said the host. "When Solou's to hum from grammar school, Ezri's sure to jine him and take a day off."

After tea served in a narrow whitewashed ante-room to the stiff funereal parlour where Miss Thatcher was bid "take off her things," the young lady begged to be shown to her own room, and was led upstairs to a low-windowed bed-room, carpeted with braided rags, and furnished with reddened pine and calico counterpanes. The luggage had been pushed in with a mental ejaculation, "What on earth can a dis-trict school ma'am want with two big trunks?" and the audible information, "I've filled your a surprisingly pitcher. Here's a candle. The git up bell'll ling whisper: ring at six."

With as slight preparation as might be, the over-wearied girl-homesick to her heart's core

She awoke with a start. The room was quite dark; a cool, damp mountain wind rushed her; "nor tuk away when you was a readin through the open windows. She lighted a on't. Catch me! Says I, 'Sir, you must bring match and glanced at her watch. Only nine o'clock, and the world still wide awake. A burst of hilarious laughter arose from the kitchen below, where the returned fishermen were scaling their fish. From the house beyond the orchard came the tinkling of a piano, and a thin, sharp female voice practiced gingerly a song just then come into vogue:

'No one to love, none to caress, Travelling alone through life's wilderness."

"My serenade," thought Louisa, as she tried in vain to recompose herself to sleep. any words express me better! An orphan, without brother or sister, penniless, nearly friendless, the one being that I loved and adored gone from me forever. 'No one to love, none Could any thing be truer of me than that?"

The village school-children were enchanted with their new teacher. She was gentle and firm, -interesting and companionable. There was not a sunny day all summer when some of them did not come after school to take her with them to Red Cedar Pond, the holiday rendezvous of the country round.

If the afternoon proved rainy, and this juven-ile escort failed. Miss Thatcher, wrapping herself in waterproof, and taking a book with her, would go down the orchard's steep bank to the old mill. She "made friends" with Tim, the miller's boy, and Bill Bowles, the miller, and "the old deacon," the prehistoric proprietor of the premises, who had not failed a day of these fifty years to look in, rain or shine, to see things was to rights.

She found a love of a corner where, through the cracks under the great beams, she could see the water wildly rushing, and where she could hear, in its grand excitement, the grind and whirl, the boom and splash, of the mad flood whose sound upon the hill youder assumed such a drowsy monotone.

"You be so fond of reading, miss," said Tim, the miller's boy, "mehbe you'd take a shine to a curus book we've got'ere. There was a time when all the visitors to Red Cedar Pond cum down to take a look at it; but it's grown rusty like. A hand-writ book, miss-a manscript some folks calls it. It b'longs, you might say, to Bowlea's Mill, for it was left with "the old deacon," to be kept till called tur, an' was writ by the curusest speamin of a human cretur; but he died afore my time. I'm a stranger in these parts, I was reared twelve miles back."

And no one has called for the book ?" "Not yit," said Tim, mysteriously-"not Folks is too sup'stitious. There be sum

who say it never will be called fur till 'the old deacon' lies aside o' the cretur who writ it. He died suddin, an' was buri'd up in the deacon's puri'l lot. An' sum say he wusn't buri'd, but is gone a sea v'yage, an''ll come back; an' sum say he's been seed bodily round Bowles's Mill moonlight nights. But you needn't be scared, miss. The book is nat'ral harmless. An' if you say so, I'll git it fur you this minit, an' when you're through readin' on't, I'll put it back.'

Up to the rafters he climbed nimbly by certain foot-holds not very visible, and brought down, with a flying leap that startled Miss Thatcher to her feet in nervous apprehension for his safety, a dusty volume, which he gallantly wiped upon his coat sleeve and offered.

An autobiography, not so very old, for its closing date was 1847. Four hundred pages of yellow letter paper stitched together by the deren sheets, and finally bound in a wrep of black leather. Written in a fine pointed hand, difficult to read at first, but once mastered in its idiosyncrasies legible at ease. And having this peculiarity: on almost every page, mixed in with the text, were maps carefully drawn and dotted, inclosed in neatly ruled parallelograms, but without any figures or marginal references to show connection with the writing.
"I am one of the two brothers,"

tive commenced, "in all points as unlike, from the moment of birth, as Jacob and Esau.

Then followed, interspersed with the incomprehensible maps, a brief history of an unhappy childhood, unloved as childhood could be, an adolescence utterly unblessed and dissatisfied; and after a page of atheistical tirade against the inequality of fortune and the bitter tyranny of fate, the personal history developed into a descriptive diary of travels and business connections in South America, whither the writer had emigrated in his twenty-sixth year.

So far, and a little further, the manuscript bore marks of having been read; pages were dog-eared, and there was an occasional thumb print. But the style was so dull and monotonous, and the detail so lacking in adventure, that not one of "the visitors at Ked Cedar Fond" had been inspired with sufficient curiosity to read the volume to its close.

Not one-excepting Miss Thatcher. She read very page carefully, even with avidity.

One Saturday morning-a beautiful sunny morning, for rainy days could no longer be waited for, the interest of the diary had become so absorbing-Miss Thatcher was early in her favourite place at the old mill, when Tim with a surprisingly long face, accosted her in a start-

"The manscrip's bin called fur."
Miss Thatcher turned pale. "Is it gone?"

she asked, faintly.
"No, miss, not gone," said Tim, radiantly, well satisfied with "the start" he had given on't. Catch me! Says I, 'Sir, you must bring a written order.' So he went up the hill to the old deacon's-that was yesterday. He'll be here fur certain to-day. But you've got the manscript, miss, to look at once agin, anyhow. Catch me a givin' on't up till I had ter.

"Tim, you are a very good, kind fellow," said Miss Thatcher.

She took the manuscript, and it was then that, before she had read a word, she wrote in fine pencil mark upon the margin on one of the sallow pages—a page she turned over leaf after leaf especially to find—

"No one to love, none to caresa.

Hardly had she written this when the sound of a crutch was heard on the mill bridge, and voices, and in another moment the sunny doorway of the mill was darkened by two figures.

There was no escape for Louisa. She arose from her love of a corner, with the manuscript in her hand.

"I am sure you have come for this," she said to the old deacon. Then she glanced at his com-

He could certainly bear no relation to "the curusest spesmin of a human cretur" described by Tim as the author of the diary. She caught the impression, in her rapid glance, of a scholarly-looking young man, with a pale forehead and a dark moustache, who wore eye-glasses.

"I believe I am the owner of the record left here so many years ago." the young man explained. "But I have no reason to carry it away at this moment. I shall be in the village over the Sabbath, perhaps through the week. If you have not finished reading it, I shall leave

the book with you gladly."
"Oh, no," said Miss Thatcher, quickly—too quickly she afterward thought; but embarrassment, or perhaps fate, urged her to decline the stranger's politeness.

She was going, and as she went an uncon-trollable impulse caused her to turn back, and "If you are kindred to the man who wrote the book, 'twill make you very sad. I hope-I hope you will feel a little love for him.

At Church on Sunday the claimant of the Bowles's Mill manuscript appeared in a conspicuous pew, and Louisa Thatcher felt, even when he was not looking at her, that his thoughts were studying her through and through.

On Monday morning, as she trudged along the high-road to the school-house, she met him, and he evidently expected a recognition; but intent upon the necessity of absolute dignity in "a district schoolma'am," she vouchsafed him

none. "She blushed though," the young man re-

flected, consolingly. That evening he called at Mr. Seaman's with one of the village dignitaries, but the desire of his eyes was upstairs correcting compositions, and he did not gain a glimpse of

At noon the next day the mother of flaxen-haired Nettie, pet of the baby class, came with Nettie's luncheon, accompanied by the indefatigable young man, who was then formally presented to Miss Thatcher.
From that time they met daily on the way to

school and the way from school, walking slowly along the high road and the pretty path that closed it, and giving each other gradually, with all the facility of youth and irresistible attraction, the confilential histories of their young ifetimes. At evening he came to see her.

And, then, what happened! All at once the dismal interior of the old house where Louisa boarded became as rosily transfigured as its exterior had been by the glory of the western heavens the hour of Miss Thatcher's arrival. In a more magical conteur de rose, the funereal parlour blushed into a boudoir; the low-windowed bed-room blossomed into beauty, not only with all the buds and branches brought into it as mementoes of darling walks and drives, but with the subtle efflorescent unfolding of lovedreama.

One evening the young couple were sitting in Mr. Seaman's parlour by the dim lamp, dignified by the mercenary genius of Mrs. Seaman, into "an extra" looking together over the mill manuscript.

"I find it so dull," said Leonard Mansfield. Were it not for one consideration and one conviction, I should never be able to finish it. The consideration is for your sake, because you like it, Louisa; the conviction was the foundation of my coming to claim the record. When my uncle's will was read seven years ago, one clause

struck my imagination.

"If any of my heirs feel sufficiently interested in me to inquire into my personal history, they will find my diary in the old mill where it was written, at Red Cedar Pond, twelve miles -, J County, Connecticut. from R-Personal application to be made to Deacon Treat or Squire Wells. The heirs noted this direction with indifference.

"My share of the legacies took me through college-as my father, one of the dearest and noblest of men, but never fortunate in moneymaking, could not afford-and furnished me with a small capital to commence law practice. I had more than one compunction though about my benefactor. It seemed to me a shame to accept such benefits from a man in whom I had not even sufficient interest to acquaint myself with his personal history. This year, when I became for the first time encouragingly established in my profession, I determined to com-mence my vacation by looking up the neglected diary. I confess I do not find myself inspired by its revelation. What did you find, door Louisa, to kindle you into the request that has haunted mr. 'I hope you will love him a little f'"

"I found worlds in it," said Miss Thatcher, sighing so sorrosfully, as she had not done since she had entered her new world of love and

loving.
"Worlds of what, my darling !" asked the light-hearted young lawyer. He was clasping her hand in one of his as he spoke, and with the other he turned aboutly the leaves of the timestained book that lay on the table. A little bit of hand-writing that he knew struck his vision; it was the line on the margin,

" No one to fove, none to caresa

Miss Thatcher saw it too. "Yes, I know," she said, softly. "I wrote it there. I could not help it. Twas the tribute of my sympa-

He turned to her very earnestly. Something in the tremulous sensitiveness of her face smothis heart painfully. Tears started to his eyes. He folded his strong arm around her with a

sense of infinite tenderness.
"Let me tell you," she said, disengaging herself from his embraces, "what a strange thing I found, or thought I found, in that diary. First of all, you know, I was drawn singularly into rapport with the writer by my own sad loneliness. I felt the depth of meaning in his complaint. "Yes," she said, trembling, "I must confess, and I do repent, even his complaint against Heaven. Alone in the world. Some-

times that happens."

And here let it be explained to the reader that by an accident in the cradle the writer of the diary had been physically repellant, and his sensitive soul exaggerated his misfortune into a barrier between himself and the loving sympathies of all mankind. As for womankind, he knew not-for his mother died at his birtheven its maternal tenderness.

"Leonard, dear," Miss Thatcher went on, "you will think me, perhaps, the most super-stitious being; but I think-and the idea has gathered some reasonable pleas-I cannot help thinking that this book is framed as a mode of bequest. I believe the writer, your father's brother, stung with the bitter thought that his hard-earned fortune would be spent by those who never knew or cared for him, devised a method by which a part at least should be the reward of affectionate gratitude."

She explained to him then her theory of the maps, and her instinctive construction of one particular map which she had studied at the

very last reading in the old mill.

Leonard Mansfield's cheek flushed as he listened. At the close he said, "Your reason-

ing is sufficiently plausible to deserve to be tested, and so it shall be. But first promise me one thing; promise me that if this miracle of intuition proves true, you will be my wife tomorrow. My darling, you shall not say 'No.' He prevented her, indeed, in a lover-like way from saying anything. And silence is "yes" to

The last day of August the whole village of Red Cedar Pond was thrown into a torrent of excited curiosity.

The excitement began in one of the twin houses on the "Meeting house Hill" at five o'clock in the morning. Miss Tabitha Butts stood in her night-dress peeping through the blinds of a dormer-window. She never could tell, as she declared afterward, what made her

peep, "She saw the back-door of "Dick Scaman's" open, and Louisa Thatcher look mysteriously Then she saw Tim, the miller's boy, creep stealthily around the porch with a pickage and a spade, which he gave to Miss Thatcher, who disappeared with them into the house. Then Tim, stealing back again as fir as the lilabushes, and cautiously surveying all approaches, put his hand over his month and gave a low whistle. Immediately from the horse-shed by the church a man came very quickly, and, notding to Tim as he passed, hastened to the high road. Miss Tabitha was sure, although the cap was drawn over his face, that this man was the roung stranger to the village who had been so infatuated with Miss Thatcher.

Then Miss Thatcher came to the door again and beckoned to Tim, and whispered; and he went around by way of the church, down the plum orchard, to the mill.

A pickage and a spade! Miss labitha had cold shivers; she could think of nothing but a grave. When, two hours afterward, the coast being clear, she sped across the garden patch to the "meetin'-house shed," her tancy lost nonof its horrors, for there, in the north-west car. ner, was a space of freshly-turned mould.

Miss Tabitha went home, put on her sun-bonnet, and was "down to the village in he time.

The next excitem at was at the sommolest dwelling of old Squire Wells, Mr. Manshell had been closeted with him an hour And when the squire re-appeared he nearly upset his ancient wife in the hallway in haste to get his hat and coat, and choked till he was warlet, screening into her wrong ear that he was going to l' "on biginess' 'Off he went at such a novel pace that the poor dame's feetde faculties aroused themselves to concentrate upon our lata. remembrance: "When an old horse that has allers walked takes to runnin away, there's no ind o' damage,

Excitement third was a scaled letter, dropped by Mr. Sesman's Ezri into the post-office at ten o'clock, the hour of general delivery, directed to the trustees of the district school, which body, being in quorum on the spot, opened at once the resignation of Mise Thatcher in favour of the highly recommended candidate for the winter term, to whom they had kindly given her the preference.

Excitement fourth attacked flaxen - haired Nettie's mother, a pleasant-faced little widow, to whom Tim, who had ridden to U wand lack again at break-neck speed, brought a note from the Congregational minister of U., saying he would sup with her that evening, if agreeable, as he was coming to Red Cedar Pond in virtue of his office, a sentence underlined like a pleasantry, that so upset the good widow's brain as to spoil the count of her one-two-three four cakes.

Last of all, and the grand excitement of the day, was the ringing, at four o'clock in the afternoon, of the meeting house bell. "Who is dead I' every one asked, as the first few strokes were counted; but once fairly set going, the old bell tripped up all calculations; fifty, eighty, a hundred; still on ; quickly, jubilantly ringing not for the dead, but for the living ; ringing for a wedding!

Such a scampering as there was up the Millbridge road! There was no lack of witnesses to the simple, solemn service, and of the coming down the aisle, on the arm of her young husband, of a delicate little bride, with mourning laid aside for the purest white, the day-lilles on her bosom.

Not married in haste to repent at leisure were the two loving people who took the evening train at U-for a far commercial city, preceded by their good fortune in shape of a strong lox filled with Spanish doubloons and English bank notes ingeniously bequeathed by an eccentric misanthrope, and discovered in its hiding-place by a woman's wit, kindled by a woman's sym-

In one of the happiest of homes, set apart upon a low embroidery draped pedestal that looks at first glauce like a prie-dies, lies, yellow with age, the long-neglected diary.

Not in vain had the once homeless orphan suffered. Not in vain at one dark moment of her life she accepted as hers the song that never more belongs to her,

"No one to love, none to careia."

GET THE BENT .-- Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best, most prompt and safest cure for Cholera Morbus-Dysentery-Sick Stomach-Cramps-Cholic and Cholera Infantum that has yet been discovered. Its popularity is undimmed by age. All medicine dealers sell it.

FRANCINE.

BY NEDP. MAH.

"Shall die," the doctor said, When the leaves are yellow "Don't you be afraid, Don't believe the fellow!"

"Or, if you fancy so— He is clever say you? Tell me not to go And I shall obey you."

"Take me in your arms When the time approaches; Your words act as charms For I dread reproaches.

"Or in a pine wood green We'll chest Time by dwelling Where no yellow's seen The fatal moment telling.

Who cares what doctors say-Merry was her laughter— Live and love to-day Let what will come after?

But the Autumn came -Autumn sere and sober.
Through the window frame One day in October.

The breeze a yellow leaf sout-Bright and clear the weather -Through the open casement Flutt'ring like a feather.

On her bed the leaf fell Little golden rover. "Ah!" she thought, "you tell It will soon be over."

Then her eye askance On her husband falling Him with loving glance To her bedside calling....

We'll go out together: You know I love the smell Of the clear cold weather. "I must have a muff

Seal-but nof Alaska Phil knows well enough My penchant if you ask her. He kissed her For the mud Then heart-broken, sent out-

Next day, like a sunff. Muff in hand she went out. "I go, ' she said. " alone. Heat beloved t don't mean.
We'll soon be aye together?

ORIGIN OF ETIQUETTE.

A considerable portion of our lives is regulated by certain rules of behavior, which at first sight appear to be merely arbitrary conventions consciously chosen as symbols of respect and goodwill. Mr. Spencer, in his book on "Ceremonal institutions," shows that these formal observances—ceremonies of state, religion and social life -- are not thus deliberately chosen, but have their origin in spontaneous manifestations of emotion from which they gradually evolve, as a natural product of social life. The manners and customs of mankind in all parts of the world, concerning which Mr. Spencer gives a vast amount of interesting information, illustrates the various phases through which many of the "conventions" of modern life have passed

in this processe of evolution. A good example of the gradual evolution of an apparently arbitrary convection is afforded by Mr. Spencer's explanation of the simplest form of salute - the familiar nod. An Englishman passing a friend in the street greets him with a slight nod. "Why? Because it is the But why has custom adopted this particular form of salute? Let us follow Mr. Spencer as he traces it from its origin. A deg, afraid of being teaten, crouches before his master. A small dog, alatmed at the approach of a big one, sometimes throws itself down and rolls over on its back. Both these actions are signs of submission spontaneous expressions a desire to conciliate the more powerful That this is their time interpretation there can be little doubt on comparing them with the parallel behavior of some uncivilized tribes. In an African tribe visited by Livingstone, by way of salute " they throw themselves on their backs on the ground, and rolling from side to side, slap the outside of their thighs, as expressions of thankfulness and welcome." Here we have the spontaneous expression of two elements of propitiatory behavior - submission to a superior and joy at his presence. In other tribes this complete form of obeisance is abridged and various modifications of it are found. Prostration on the face is common. A slight further ab ridgement of this gives us the attitude of kneel ing while the head to ts on the ground. "In past ages, when the Emperor of Russia was crowned, the nobility sid homage by bending down their heads and knocking them at his feet to the very ground. 'A further modification is produced by the desire to do homage while approaching a superior. In Dahomey "they crawl like snakes or shuffle forward on their knees." This brings us to the attitude of going on all-fours; and a still further modification gives the attitude of kneeling. Slightly less abject is kneeling on one knee; and the next step is merely bending the knee. The Japanese salute a superior by kneeling; but in the street merely making a motion as it they were going to kneel." This action survives among ourselves as the courtesy. Next, omitting the bend of the knee, all that remains is the bend

plete salutes: hence we get the bow, indicating respect; and this passes by insensible transitions from the humble salaam of the Hindu to the familiar nod of an intimate friend. The transition is so gradual and the intermediate phases so abundantly exemplified that it is impossible to doubt that such is the true derivation of this trivial act of modern etiquette.

Similar in origin is the raising of the hat as a respectful salute. In primitive states the conquered man surrenders himself, his weapons and whatever of his clothing is worth having; hence stripping becomes a mark of submission. Cook, for instance, relates of some Tahitians, "they took off a great part of their clothes and put them on us." In another tribe this ceremony is abridged to the presentation of the girdle and the company of the property of the cook of the c only. In Abyssinia, inferiors strip to the girdle before superiors. A further abridgment is found among the natives of the Gold Coast who salute Europeans by slightly removing their robe from the left shoulder; but even there special respect is shown by completely uncovering the shoulder. In other tribes they also doff the cap. Hence it seems that "the removal of the hat among European peoples, often reduced among ourselves to touching the hat, is a remnant of that process of unclothing himself by which in early times the captive expressed the yielding up of all he had.

Not less interesting is Mr. Spencer's explana-tion of the origin of shaking hands. From kissing as a natural sign of allection, to kissing the hand as a compliment, the transition is easy and requires no further explanation; for a simulation of affection, no less than submission, is an essential part of propitiatory ceremony. of two persons, each wishes to make an obeisance to the other by kissing his hand, and each, out of compliment refuses to have his own hand kissed, what will happen? Just as, when leaving a room, each of two persons proposing to give the other precedence, will refuse to go first, and there will result at the doorway some conflict of movements preventing either from advancing; so, if each of two tries to kiss the other's hand, and retuses to have his own kissed, there will result a raising of the hand of each by the other toward his own lips; and by the other a drawing of it down again; and so on alternately Clearly the difference between the simple squeeze, to which this salute is now often abridged, and the old-fashioned hearty shake, exceeds the difference between the hearty shake and the movement that would result from the effort of each to kiss the hand of the other."

Kissing, we have said, is a natural expression of affection; and it is curious to note the analogous gous manifestations among animals and some of the lower tribes of men. A dog displays his affection for his master by licking his hand. A ewe distinguishes her lamb by the olfactory sense and apparently derives pleasure from its exercise. The same sense is used among men not only to distinguish, as in the case of Jacob and Isaac, but also as a mark of affection. Among the mongols, for instance, it is found "as a mark of paternal affection, instead of embracing;" while the Burmese" do not kiss each other in the Western fashion, but apply the lip and nose to the cheek and make a strong ex-halation."

Among ceremonies connected with marriage the following deserve notice: - "In China, during a wedding visit, each visitor prostrated himself at the feet of the bride and knocked his

head on the ground, saying "I congratulate you — I congratulate you," while the bride, also on her knees and knocking her head upon the ground, replied, "I thank you.—I thank you."

The following ceremony is scarcely what we usually associate with ceremonious treatment, though in certain fishing villages in Scotland a somewhat similar practice is still observed :-"At Atab marriages there is much feasting, and the unfortunate bridegroom undergoes the ordeal of whipping by the relations of his bride.' This is usually explained as a test of courage but Mr. Spencer looks upon it as a survival from more barbarous times, when brides were frequently carried off by force; and the rough treatment which the bridegroom receives is a lingering modification of the resistance of the bride's friends. This explanation suggests a question about one of our well-known customs, namely, that of pelting the bridegroom with shoes and rice. Are these harmless missils re-presentatives of the weapons used to repel the invading bridegroom in earlier times?

The inconsistency between the Chinese tom of wearing white clothing as mourning and the customary black of European nations seems at first sight to indicate a clear case of an arbitrary convention, but it is fully accounted for on the evolution principle. A mourning dress would naturally be of coarse texture, and, among pastoral peoples, hair would be the most availible material for the purpose; the hair used being commonly dingy, darkness of colour became the conspicuous feature of mourning. In a crowded agricultural population, on the other hand, where animals available for the purpose are comparatively rare, and hair consequently costly, cotton was the material that naturally established itself as the mourning colour.

Mr. Spencer's book abounds in interesting information about the ceremonies of people in all parts of the world; but the foregoing exam-ples will suffice to illustrate the method by which many of the so-called "conventions" of civilized life are shown to be "natural products of social life." In these days there is a tendency to disregard ceremonial observances; but it is well to remember that, as a check to "rudeness

restraints exercise a control which cannot well be spared until "mutual forbearance and kindness in society," which from the true principle of social behavior, are sufficiently extended to supersede them.—Home Journal.

A BOLD STROKE; OR, THE CASHIER'S DAUGHTER.

"No; I refuse."

"Reflect a moment, Myrtle, I beseech you! You hold my life and happiness in your hands," and the voice of Adelbert Tompkins trembled is he spoke these words with an earnestness that forbade, even for an instant, any doubt as to their being the genuine outpourings of his

Myrtle Mahaffy was a beautiful girl, just bud ding into sweet womanhood, and Adelbert loved her dearly. They had wandered together, this summer afternoon from the marinee to the street car, and he had asked her to be his wife. was in answer to this question—the carnest appeal of a man whose whole nature was wrapped up in a passion he could neither control nor east aside -that Myetle had spoken the words with which our story opens. She had watched him closely during an acquaintance of nearly two years, and noted with pain how he sedulously avoided candy stores and ice-cream sa-loons. "I can never marry a man," she said to her mother one day, "who shies at the sight of a candy store like a country horse at a fire en-And when the expected avowal came she had kept her word.

Adelbert turned around in a dazed sort of way after Myrtle had rejected him, and walked swiftly towards the dry goods store which had

been so fortunate as to secure his services.

All the afternoon Adelbert stood moodily behind the ribbon counter, thinking of how he should revenge himself on the naughty girl who had wrecked his happiness. At precisely half-past four o'clock a herce joy lighted up his countenance, and, putting on his hat, he left the

As the bells of St. Agnes' Church were striking nine, a young man sprang lightly up the steps of a magnificent residence, and was soon seen in the sumptuously furnished perlour. The proprietor of the house, a benevolent-looking old gentleman, entered the room. "Do you wish to see me?" he said to Adelbert Tompkins—for

it was he who had sprung lightly up the steps.
"Yes," he replied, "you are the person I "What would you?" asked the old gentle-

"You are the cashier in the-Bank I be-

lieve!" said the young man. 'lam.' "You have been stedling the condera's money.

Do not seek to deceive me. You are a cashier; tis enough. Give me \$20,000, or I will expose you and ruin your life. Having heard me twitter, you can choose your own course. For an instant the cashier did not move, and

then going to an elegant escritoire which stood in a corner of the room, he wrote a cheque for \$50,000, certified it, and handed the piece of paper, now a fortune, to the youth.
"I have but one favour to ask," he said,

and that is, that you will marry my daughter. I wouldn't like to let as sure a thing as you are go out of the family. She has \$100,000 in her own right, and when I am dead and the bank directors are in gaol on account of my bookkeeping, it will amply suffice to keep you in comfort.

Two months later, Myrtle Mahaffy, the cashier's only child, became A lelbert's bonnie bride. One child, a blue-eyed boy with golden hair, has blessed the union, and as he sits on his grandfather's knee in front of the fire, and asks in his innocent, childish way, if isn't a smart man," the old gentleman kisses him fondly and says in very soft, low tones.

"You're singing on the right key, now, sonny."-Chicago Tribune.

NUMBERS IN NATURE.

Two or four and its multiples is the prevailing number in the lowest orders of plants, according to which all the parts of ferns, mosses, lichens, sea-weed, and fungi are arranged. Three, or multiples of three, is the typical numher of monocotyledonous or endogenous plants, without branches and with parallel veins, to which the grass, the lily, and the pilm belong. Five with its multiples is the model number of the highest class of plants with branches and reticulated leaf-veins, to which the apple and the rose belong The same numerical relations may be traced in the animal kingdom; three being the number of joints in the typical finger and the regnant number in the crustaces; while five, in its correspondent geometric forms, giving the greatest variety consistent with symmetry, prevails among vertebrate animals, and is of frequent occurrence among marine forms of life, being the law of growth of the star-fishes, sea-urchins, and the like. A curious series, in ancient times supposed to possess mystical virtues before it was discovered in nature, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, etc., in which an two numbers added together give the succeeding one, regulates the general arrangement of leaves round the stem of plants, and the seeds round the cone of a pine or a fir. In every department of of the body which accompanied the more com- of behavior and consequent discord," ceremonial | naturo-from the quantitative laws that regulate

the distances, movements, and attractions of the stars of heaven, to the arithmetical laws of definite proportions and equivalents which lie at the basis of all the compositions and decompositions of the substances of the earth, and the numerical relations that are found among all the living creatures, animal and vegetable, that exist on the land, and in the air and waterphysical science shows that recurrent or typical numbers have a most important place and influence, and constitute the Principia of the universe.

IT BROKE HER DOWN.

In one of the justice's courts the other day a farmer was defendant in a case of assault and battery. The plaintiff had no witnesses, while the defendant had his wife, and the plaintiff's lawyer made up his mind that it was a gone case. He was bracing up, however, to do his best, when the charge was read to the defendant. The wife was deeply interested in every phrase, and her face changed from sober to serious, and from serious to horror as the read-

ing went on:

"Did then and there and with malice aforethought beat, wound, bruise, assault and greatly

daın –

"Hold on!" she cried at this point, "my husband never did that in his life! I was right there and saw it all. All he did was to jump out of the wagon and hit the man a clip on the eye and knock him into the

ditch !"
"That'll do-there! there!" put in her hus-

band's lawyer, but she went on:
"He just hit him once and only once, and I'll swear to it!"

Half an hour later, when her husband had paid \$12 fine and costs, the woman was heard to

"I'm sorry, John, but when they went on with that beating and pounding and malice, and aforethought I was sure you'd get twenty years in prison and it broke me down. You can sell my cow this full to make up for this .- Detroit Free Press.

VARIETIES.

A new Chicago theatre has two "fashion " containing twenty chairs, each directly in front of the customary proscenium boxes, and so arranged, with the rails slighly above the floor and the seats rising sharply, that a clear view of the occupants can be had from the other parts of the house. The idea is to let bandsomely dressed women exhibit themselves, and the astonishing fact in the matter is that they embrace the opportunity.

ACQUIRING AN EDUCATION. - "Why do you wish to leave school at your age !" sadly asked the principal of a country school out near Danville, remonstrating with a sandy haired pupil of twelve; "you have learned comparatively nothing up to this time."
"I've learned one thing mighty solid, any-

how," persisted the student.
"And what is that!" asked the teacher.

"I've learned that a mistake in spellin' that only fetches a boy a cuti on the ear, keeps a big girl in two hours after school."

"Young man," said the principal handing the boy his books, "you should have left school three years ago." A Dublin chambermaid is said to have gotten

twelve commercial travellers into eleven bedrooms, and yet to have given each a separate bedroom. Here we have eleven separate bed-rooms: 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | (0 | 11

"Now," says she, "if two of you gentlemen will go in No. I bedroom and wait a few minutes, I'll find a separate room for you as soon as I have shown the others to their rooms." Well, now, having thus bestowed two gentleman in No. 1, she put the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, the eleventh in No. 10. She then came back to No. 1, and, you will remember she left the twelfth gentleman alone with the first, and said: "I've accomodated all the rest and still have a room to spare ; so if you please step into No. 11, and you will find it empty." Thus the twelfth mon got his bedroom. Of course, there is a hole in the saucepun somewhere, but we leave the reader to determine exactly where the fallacy is, with just a warning to think twice before declaring as to which, if any of the travellers was the "odd man out."

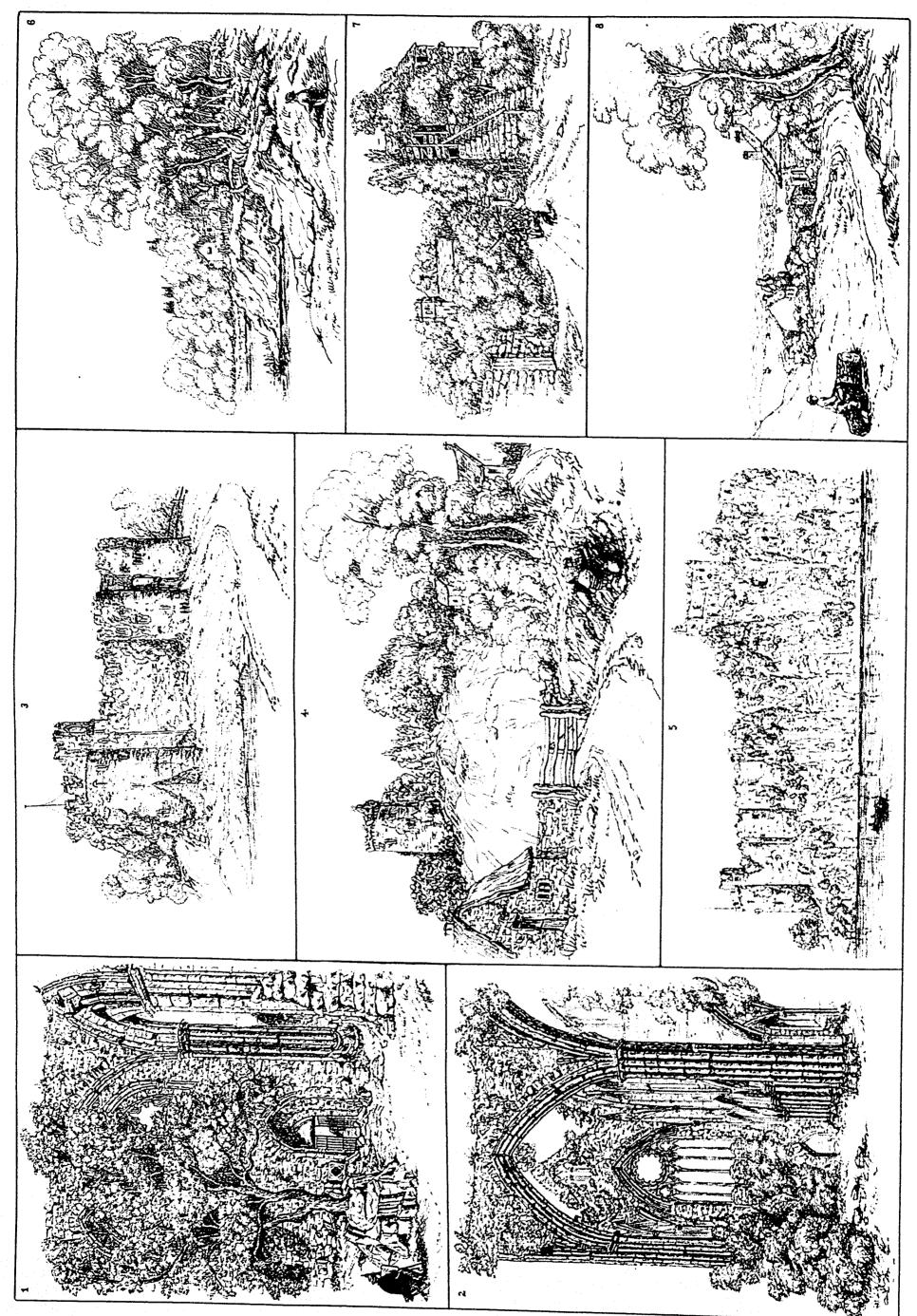
The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

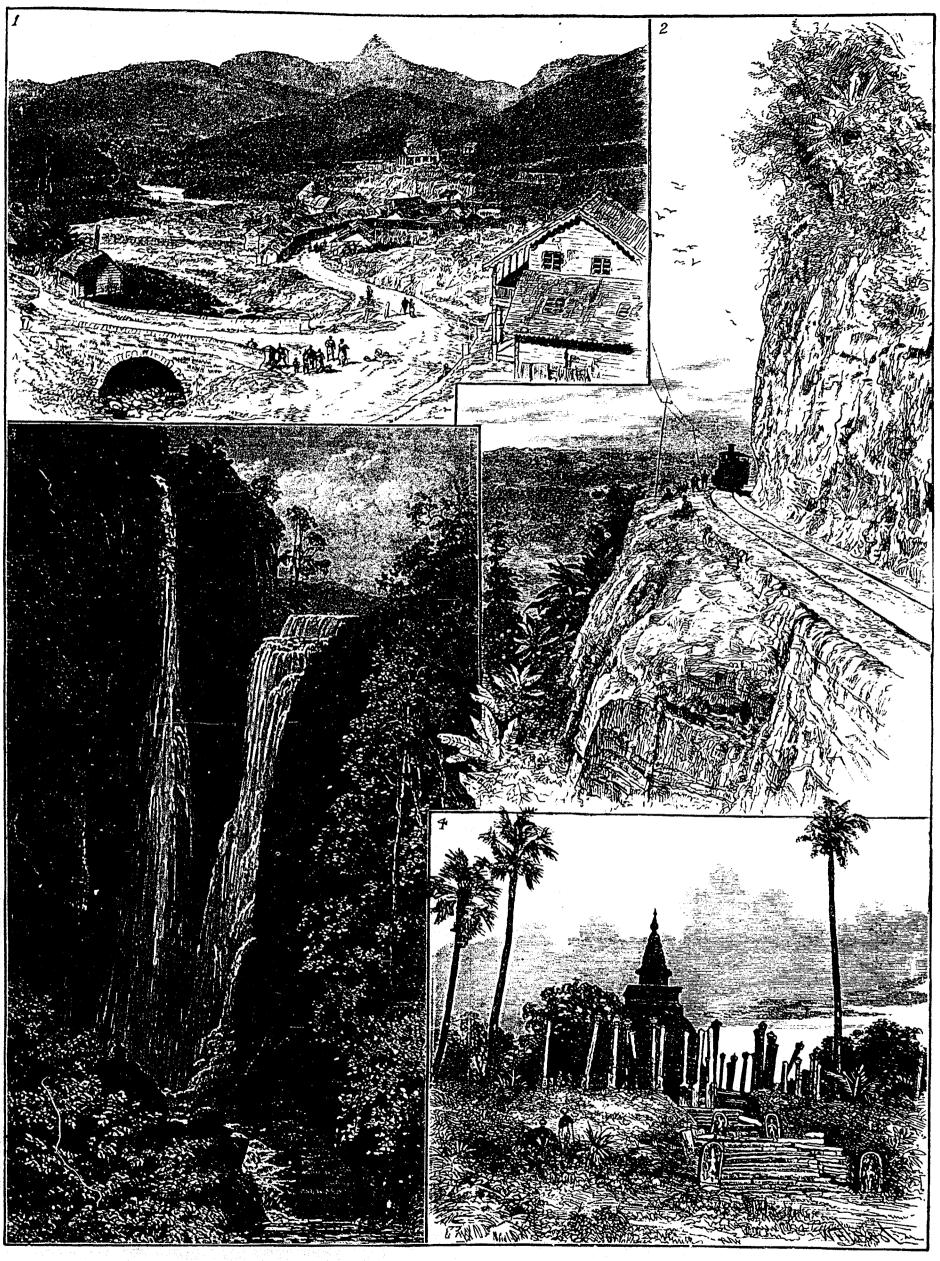
This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, com-modious parlours, public and private diningrooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be nuexcelled, 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, readering 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.





1. Maskeluja Coffee District—Adam's Peak in the Distance. 2. Sensation Rock. 3. Rangbodde Falis. SKETCHES IN CEYLON.—(SEE PAGE 371)

4. Dagoba at Anurajahpoora.

ODE.

(From the Persian of Haftz.)

Ah! maiden let those kisses fall
In rich luxuriance o'er thy face
And make that hyamthine pall
Envelope each resplendent grace;
And cause those roses on thy check,
Unveiled the world's distinction wreak.

And then, with am'rous playfulness, Ope wide those orbs, so full of fun-Whose every jurtive glauce express Intoxication's soft desire— And, closed in wretched jealousy The fan Narcissus shall expire.

And let the pearly beads distil

That gather round thy moistened brow,
And, as exhaled those sweet drops fill,

I languishing drink in them now: They fill the glasses of mine eyer With attar such a speri prize.

Inhale the violet's sweet perfume Annaie the violet's sweet perfume,
And breathe into thy lover's hair;
And steal the poppy's crimson bloom,
And let thy cheeks its colour bear;
My lips would taste that hue divine
And quaff it down like sparkling wine.

And ope those eyes, whose brilliant light
Is like the bubbles on the bowl
Of Shiras wine, surpassing bright—
The semotillations of the soul—
And let their brief duration be
A test of earth's stability.

And maiden, since thy coldness fills All those who love and sigh or thee, Pledge him thou hatest when he fills His cup in fond hostility; And let reproaches, loud and deep, On thy devoted lover sweep

I, by the potent spell of prayer,
Companionship with thee will seek.
Foad maiden, ever young and fair,
Let not poor Hafix vainly speak:—
Oh! Lord of Light, the prayers receive,
Laid at Thy Throne by those who grieve.

. H. M. GILRS.

THE FATE OF "COPPER TOM."

A LIVELY STORY OF WESTERN ROAD AGENTS

In '67 Jake Pool was staging the route from Gallatin to Helena, Montana, driving a four horse coach in Summer and a "jercy" in Win-ter, seventy miles a day through the wildest region and over one of the most dangerous routes in the United States. The country through which his trail ran—for it was little else than a -was totally uninhabited but for three stage stations where horses were changed, and where were dugouts or log-huts, twenty miles apart. The Indians, although generally friendly, were liable to become enemies at a moment's warning; road agents and outlaws were thicker upon the Gallatin route than any other north of the Union Pacific railroad.

One muggy morning in early May, as Jake hauled up in front of the stage office and prepared to receive mails, express and passengers, if there should be any, for Helena, the Wells Fargo agent called to him from within. Throwing the reins over the foot brake Pool descended from his perch and entered the office. The agent shut the door behind him; then drawing

agent snut the Goor benind him; then drawing near said in a half whisper:

"There's fifteen thousand in currency in the safe to take over to-day."

"All right!" responded Jake. "I've carried more before now and can carry it safely."

"But," said the agent, "Dick's sick, and there's no messenger."

"Ah!" said the driver meditatively; and then

Ah !" said the driver meditatively; and then touching the revolver that hung at his belt, "I'll be messenger and coachman both to-day."
"But still," continued the other, "there's

one thing more, and he leaned forward so that his lips touched his companion's ear. "Copper and his pal, old Jim, are on the road. man from Cross Trees was robbed by them last

Pool whistled long and low, and his hand fell from his pistol butt. "Copper Tom" was the worst road agent in Montana, a desperado of both courage and brains.

Don't send the rage."

"I must!" said the expressman, anxiously. "The order is peremptory, the money must be sent to-day, messenger or no messenger; now who will take it and carry it through?"

Jake laughed. "I'll take it; that's part of

my business. Throw the safe under the seat and give me your pistol. I may want two."
And he took the other's revolver from the desk where it lay and thrust it in his boot top. to carrying it through that's another matter, with these fellows to stop it. But I'll promise you this-if I go through the safe shall !

The agent grasped his hand and shook it armly. The door was thrown open; the driver mounted his seat, the iron box was stowed beneath his feet, the single passenger, (an old fat woman, to be left at the first station) got in, the whip cracked, the horses plunged, the coach plunged heavily forward, and amid a shower of mud disappeared down the steep mountain

"Let's see," Jake said to himself as he sped alor g the road, "if nothing goes wrong and the road's all right, I ought to make my last change by five o'clock and reach the Devil's Pass before six. It will then be broad daylight so I can rattle right slong. I'll strike Dickson's before seven, certain. By Jove!" he exclaimed, his heart warming as he struck his heels against the safe beneath his feet. "I don't see where the

The man was silent for a moment and his face grew grave; then, brightening, he shook his reins, loosened his revolvers in his boot and belt, and with a sigh concluded his soliloquy with the remark:

"Well, if they should shoot me in the Pass, 'twill be about an even thing. If they miss the first shot, I'll run 'em down, drive 'em into the canon, or drop 'em with my pistols. If they don't miss, why, then, the swag's theirs.

It was now high noon, and station two was soon reached, where horses were again changed, and where Pool dined upon jerked bear meat, hot bread and black coffee. Strong food, yet none too strong for the long ride yet before him. he mounted the box and prepared to depart, the keeper of the station drew near.

"There's an old pard down the road spiece'll want a ride," he said. "He war here about two hours ago. He'll bear watching."

And the rough frontierman touched the pistol

butt which obtruded from his open shirt front to

emphasize his warning.
"Thanks, Tom! I'll keep my eyes open. Go

The fresh steeds in harness sprang strongly forward, and the empty coach whirled away. " old Jim, sure !" half whispered Pool to himself, as his trained eves searched the road, before him. "The old devil wants to ride so that he'll him. "The old devil wants to ride so that he'll be on hand when Copper Tom turns up in the Pass. I see it all." The teeth closed with a snap. "Good!" he continued, a moment later, "he shall ri'le." Some five miles were passed, when in the shadow of a great pine that grew near the trail Jack espied his prospective passenger, prone upon the ground at the foot of the tree, apparently resting. As the rattling coach drew near, the man bestirred himself, and slowly

"Hullo, driver! Kin you favour an old beggar with a lift? I'm played, fer I'm too old to tramp as I used to, an' too poor to pay for a ride.

Kin ye gin me one?"

Half in scorn and half in pity, yet with a brain awake to his danger, Jack drew rein and replied

"Yes! Be lively and climb up here. I'm behind time now. Where do you go?"

The old man answered as he struggled to a seat by the driver's side, "Dickson's."

A touch of the whip and the horses were again upon a quick trot. Pool eyed his companion as they rode onward and almost unconsciously dropped his hand to his boot top and loosened the revolver carried there.

"Cool day for May!" said the new comer, shivering. "This yer wind's sharp too."
"Yes," responded the other mentally, won-

dering where about his ragged clothes the scoundrel had concealed his weapons, "it is cold, but you will find it warmer in the Pass."

"Sure!" said the old man, leering in Jake's

"Sure!" responded that worthy, his blood chilling with the covert hint conveyed in the words, and he urged his horses on to yet greater The grade was sharply descending now, and the road rocky and rough. A mile more and the Pass would be reached. The coach fairly swayed under its rapid motion. Old Jim was forced to cling to the seat with both hands in order to avoid being hurled to the ground. This was as Pool desired, and he smiled grimly as he noticed the other's actions.

noticed the other s actions.
"Yer—drivin'—purty fast!" said the gray-haired desperado, the words fairly jerked from him as the coach sprang forward, rocking from side to side. "Ye'll- hev—to—hold—up—at—the Pass—I—reckon!"

Jake set his teeth. The granite walls of the Pass were now just before them, and the roadway, descending and steep, ran into the shadow of coming night, and the gloom of the grave-like opening—a narrow path but little wider than the coach itself. The roar of the angry river far below knelled a never-ending warning as it ran, ragged and torn, among the ragged rocks, and I shall believe in you until you prove that my the death-like mist that crept upward was damp and chill. "I won't hold up!" and, with these words, the driver struck his horses sharply, and snorting they sprang forward into the Devil's Pass. At the same instant, half way through the terrible gorge, standing motionless in the centre of the roadway, a beetling wall of rocks on one hand, a chasm of unknown depth upon other, was seen a man. Copper Tom was

awaiting his quarry.

The old men at Pool's side uttered a cry, and loosening his grasp of the seat with one he would have thrust it into his breast, but the other leaned suddenly towards him, and placing a revolver muzzle against his torehead whispered hoarselv:

"Down with yer hands! If yer stir again, I'll bill va! catch Jake Pool nor his load this time. Down with yer hands !"

The shuddering rascal's hand fell at his side his face grew ashen hued, and his eyes stared before him. They were approaching Copper Tom. For an instant, as they drew near, that worthy stood facing them; then, through the fading light, he saw the position of his pal, upon whom he had depended—he saw the furious horses plunging down upon him-and with a terror-stricken cry he turned and fled. Could he but reach the lower end of the pass he might -could he find a single spot to turn aside he would be safe; but it was not to be. Nearer and nearer thundered the iron shod hoofs behind him, narrower and yet narrower yet grew the fatal agents can stop me unless—good heavens! what if they try it in the pass itself! I had not thought of that.

nm, narrower and yet narrower yet grew the fatal road, until there rang a sudden, horrible despairing cry, mingled with the frightful snort of the thought of that. horses, a darksome thing went down before the

plunging steeds, folled an instant under their grinding feet, then spurned by the flying wheels, was hurled, an undistinguishable mass, into the canon beneath, and the coach sped on.

Half an hour later Jake Pool pulled into the orral at Dickson's ranch, and tumbling a half fainting man from the seat at his side into the arms of the astounded hostlers, he said

"Bind that man and give him to the Sheriff. It's old Jim, the road agent. His pard's at the bottom of the gulch in the Pass; this one ought to stretch hemp when the officers get him, and I've driven my last drive from Gallartin. There's too much risk about the business for

BALLROOM ETIQUETTE.

Ballroom conversations, or the polite remarks which do duty for such, are proverbially frivolous and inane. It is easy enough to sit down and write a homily upon the frivolous talk of young people in the ballroom; but que voulezvous? If the conversation is frivolous it is not to be wondered at, seeing that they go to a ball with the one intent-to dance; and anything solid or sensible in the way of conversation is. under the circumstances, not to be expected of Young ladies of seventeen or eighteen them. have little thought or care about making themselves agreeable from a conversational point of view, considering, if they consider at all—that if they are good dancers their partners ought to be thoroughly satisfied, which view of things is fairly correct

Those elderly maiden ladies who shake their heads over what they call the vapid and silly conversation heard in the ballroom should en-deavour to recall the days of their youth, and to recollect whether the active exercise of dancing was conducive to anything but the most desultory of observations, disjointed sentences, ques-company with "May I have the pleasure?" But she says very practically, according as to whether the applicant is in favour or not, "Certainly; I am not engaged for this dance," or "I am afraid I have not one to spare except number fourteen, a quadrille," or "I will give you a dance if you will come for it a little later; I am engaged for the next three dances." To the question of "Are you engaged for this dance?" some foolish maidens reply that they do not think they are engaged, at the same time being thoroughly aware they are not; and the young men also are aware that the maidens are finessing, and averse to making the direct admission that they are in want of partners.

A young lady with tact and aplomb escapes from this dilemma by replying with great readiness to this question, "I am very glad to say that I am not," which rejoinder is flattering to the young gentleman, giving him the impression that the young lady could have been engaged for this dance had she so pleased, but that she greatly preferred waiting for the chance of his asking her to dance; she may or may not have been actuated by this hope, but by some expression of pleasure at not being engaged for the dance which is at the moment asked for, she puts the partner on good terms with herself and

Ballroom dialogues seldom soar above polite commonplaces relative to the occasion. The ballroom is essentially the place where complimentary nothings are airly uttered and blandly received; nothings of this calibre, for example: "This is our dance, I think," remarks a gentleman, offering his arm to a lady; "You are not afraid of my being able to pilot you through this crowd, are you?" If she replies to this speech by an unqualified negative of "No, not at all," her partner would be under the necessity of casting about for another opening; but, if, on the contrary, she were to say, confidence is misplaced," a young gentleman, on so graceful an admission, could only say "that as proud of the trust reposed in him," and "that he considered himself put upon his trial, as it were," and "that he was confident of being able to steer his fair partner safely through the crowded ballroom.

Complimentary speeches and airy nothings differ from legitimate topics of conversation, and do not admit of much strain being put upon them; if continued beyond the moment, they come dangerously near the region of flirtation and failing this, they become flat or insipid, all the sparkling effervescence having evaporated.

If, as is sometimes the case, a lady finds that her partner's dancing does not realize her expectations, a polite way of making this opinion nown to him, so as to avoid wound amour propre, would be for her to say, "I am afraid I am not dancing your step; we do not seem to get on well, do we?" or, "If you do not I think I should like to sit down. would rather not take another turn just yet; or she might say, "What step do you dance? do not seem to have fallen into your step yet."

It is usual for young ladies to return to their chaperons after each dance, or after they have partaken of refreshment or supper, and it is not considered good style for young ladies to remain away from their chaperons for any length of time. Neither is it considered good style for a lady to promenade up and down and around the ballroom leaning on the arm of her partner, to take one turn through the rooms with her partner being in better taste.

A young lady should be careful that her partner does not hold her right hand upright in the

air when dancing, or hold it against his left side, or move it up and down in an ungainly fashion; neither should a young lady permit her partner to assist her in holding up her dress when dan-

A gentleman taking a young lady into supper would reconduct her to the ballroom, as a matter of course; the fact of friends joining her in the supper-room would not relieve him of his obligation. And the same etiquette applies equally to a lady-she would return to the ballroom only with the gentleman who had taken her down to supper, unless she were engaged for the ensuing dance, when her partner might come in quest of her; she would then return to the ballroom with him.—The Queen.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. J. R., Hamilton.—Postal received., Will answer in a

We have seen a letter from Mr. Murphy, of Quebec, the Secretary of the Dominion Chess Association, to gentleman in the city, from which we learn that it has been decided to hold the annual Congress of this society on Tuesday, the 27th of the present month. It was also stated that a meeting for important business connected with the Association will be held on Tuesday, Nov. 29th, at the rooms of the Quebec Chess Club. The particulars of this meeting we shall be glad to insert in our Column as soon as they reach us. In the meantime it may prove interesting to the chessplayers of the Dominion to learn that there is every prospect of a trophy, it he shape of a valuable silver cup, being subscribed for, to be used as the principal prize in the Tourney, which is always a prominent feature in this annual gathering of chessplayers. We are unable yet, to state under what conditions this trophy is to be played for by those who may enter their names as competitors, but there is no doubt of its attracting a large number of the best chessplayers of the Dominion, and that a very obstinate contest will be the result.

The game we publish in our Column this week is one which may be very useful to some chessplayers who take it much to heart when they make what are sometimes unfeelingly called mufy moves. The provincial player is too apt, verhaps, to expect that every move made by the contestants in a grand tournament is something far beyond what he has been accustomed to see in his own chess club, and, therefore, in order that he may not be too far led astray in this way, it may be well for him to see the mistake of a great master of the game in a tourney encounter, where, indeed, he might least expect to find a game lost by a palpable blunder.

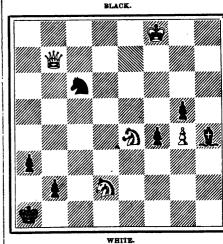
Mr. Loyd, the problem composer, has published a work entitled "Chess Strategy, a Treatise on the art of Problem Composition." The skill of the writer of this treatise, as exhibited in his well-known productions, is the only recommendation his book will require.

On Saturday last, Dec. 3rd, a meeting of the members of the Montr al Chess Club took place, when they passed a resolution to the effect that they would contribute one-third of the expense, should a silver oup, of the value of \$100, be selected as a prize in the Tourney of the next annual meeting of the Dominion Chess Association.

BLINDFOLD CHESS.—According to the Melbourne Leader of the 24th September, Mr. Wisker has intimated his willingness to give another exhibition of his remarkable powers as a blindfold chesplayer. by encountering six members of the chess club simultaneously. The Committee had resolved on fixing an early evening for the performance, of which due notice was to be given.—Chessplayer's Chronicle.

The most elegant little chess book we have lately seen is Mr. Collins' Collection of his Problems, just issued in London. It is very handsomely got up, and contains 107 of Mr. Collins' best productions, a sample of which we give above. The price is 3s. 6d., and every problem lover should secure a copy.— Turf, Field and Farm.

PROBLEM No. 358. By W. Grimshaw.



White to play and mate in three moves

GAME 485TH.

Piayed at Berlin between Messrs. Schallopp, in the Grand Tournament.

(Sicilian Defeuse.)

Black .-- (Mr. 8.) White.-(Mr. Z.) White.—(Mr. Z.)

1. Pto K 4

2. Kt to Q B 3

3. Kt to K B 3

4. Pto Q 4

5. Kt takes P

6. K Kt to Q Kt 5

7. Kt to Q 6 ch

8. B to K B 4

9. Kt to B 5 ch

10. B to Q 2

11. Kt to K Kt 3

12. B to Q 3

13. Castles

14. Pto K R 3

15. Ptakes Kt (c)

16. R to K sq Black.—(Mr. S 1. P to Q B 4 2. P to K 3 3. Kt to Q B 3 4. P takes P 5. Kt to K B 3 6. B to Q Kt 5 7. K to K 2 (a) 8. I to K 4 9. K to B sq 10. P to Q 3 11. B to K 3 12. P to K R 4 (b) 13. Kt to K Kt 5 14. Q to K R 5 15. P takes P 16. Kt to Q 5 (d) 16. Kt to Q 5 (d)

(a) The line of defence adopted by Black in the pre-ent game was first brought into notice by the Chicago

(b) Probably his best move, as it brings the K rook

(r) A curious inpans; Q Kt to K 2 would make everything safe, as illack in that case could not safely leave bis Kt to be taken.

(d) Cutting off the sacape of the Whi e King to K 2, and also threatening mate in three moves.

- (Hobe Democrat.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 356.

*	hi	и.		
1>	10	a	3	

l. Any

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 384. White.

1. R to Q B 2

1 Any

PLOPLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 355. A position occurring in a game played recently at the

White.

Pawrant K R 7 ned QR4

White to play and draw the game.

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Sautiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, 6th December.
South Pacific and Central American Ports, 16th, 20th and 30th December. 20th and 30th December.

" Brazil and the Argentine Republic, 5th and 21th December.
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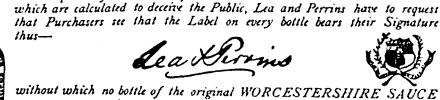
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19-52-362

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O. & O. RAILWAY

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, July 25th, 1881.

_	MIXED.	MAIL	EXPERM
Leave Hochelaga for			
Ottawa		8.30 a m	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Ottawa		1.10 p.m.	2.12 J.M.
Leave Ottawa for Ho-		arat pras.	9.55 p.m.
chelara		R.10 a.m	1.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga		12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Leave Hochelage for		p	P. 30 (1) 72.
Quebec		3.00 0 m	10,00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebeo		9.35 n m	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Ho-		v p.m.	COLON E IN
obelara		10.10 a.m.	10.00
Arrive at Hochelagu	~	5.00 p.m.	6 20 ·
Leave Hochelaga for St.		- 54 pr.mr.	O SO M IN
Jerome	5.30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome	7.15 p.m.		
Leave St. Jerome for			
Hoobelaga	6.45 a.m.	-	
Arrive at Hoobelaga	9.00 a.m.		
Loave licobelage for			
Joliette	5.00 p.m.		
Arrive at Joliette	7.25 p.m		
Leave Joliette for Hoche-			
laga			~
Arrive at Hoobshaga			
(Local trains between			
Trains leave Mile En		ten minute	Salar II
Hochelaga.			* ************************************
Magnificent Pale	os Cars o	n all Day	\$400.00 · · ·
Trains, and Sleeping Ca	re on Niel	t Trains	
Trains to and from Ou	AWA CORR	ect with Tr	
from Quebec.			menos st. 42 % 3
San ton Tonton to an b			

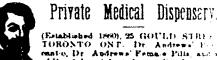
Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 μ μ All Trains Run by Montreal Time.

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