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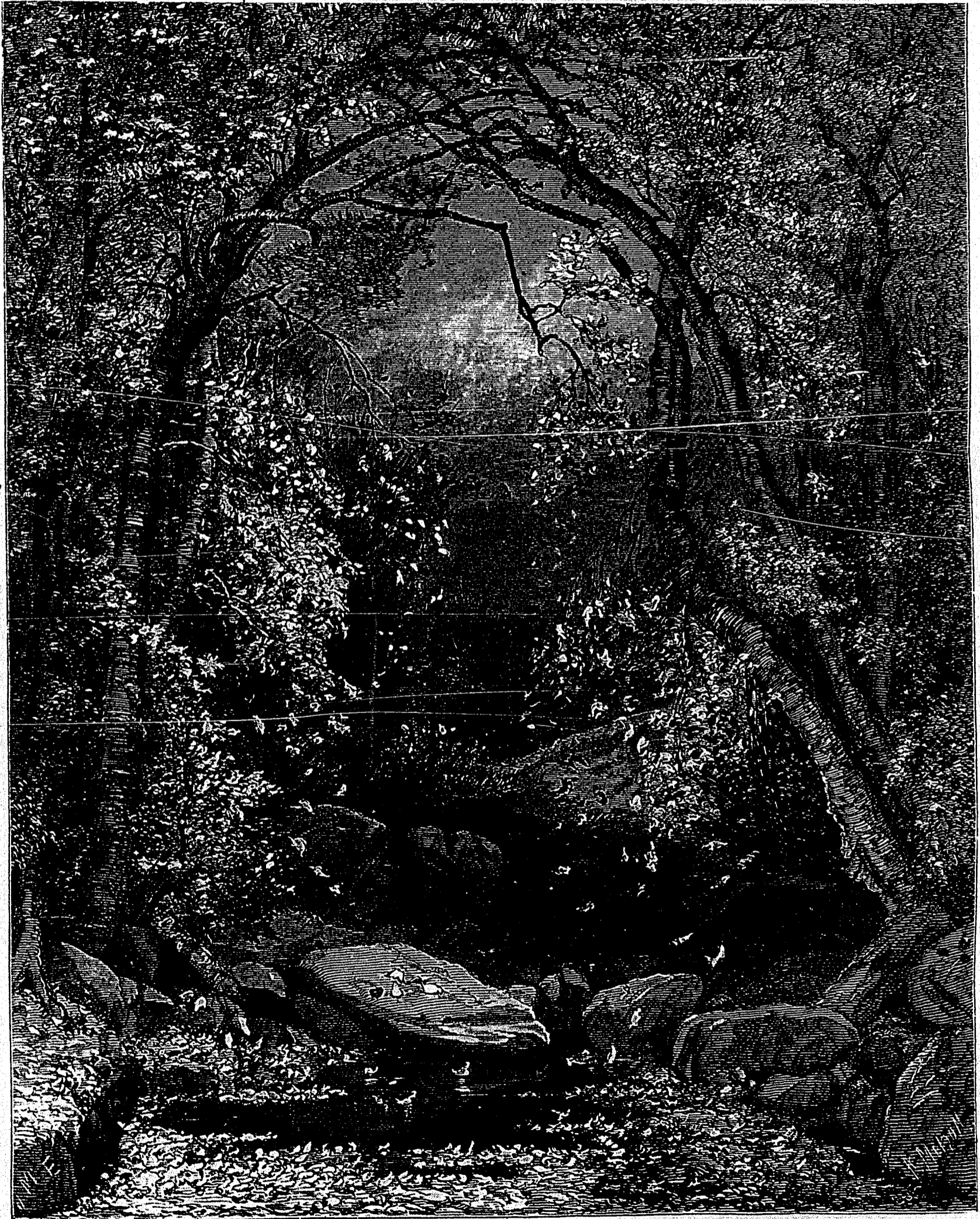
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AMERICAN Wholesale News

Vol. VIII.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1873.

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FALLING LEAVES.

THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY,	Oct. 5.—	Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
MONDAY,	" 6.—	Quebec: SS. "Scandinavian," due from Liverpool.
TUESDAY,	" 7.—	St. Catharines, Ont.: Agricultural Fair.
WEDNESDAY,	" 8.—	Kingston, Ont.: Agricultural Fair. Owen Sound, Ont.: Agricultural Fair. St. Catharines, Ont.: Agricultural Fair.
THURSDAY,	" 9.—	Paris, Ont.: N. Brant Agricultural Fair. Quebec: SS. "Delta," for London.
FRIDAY,	" 10.—	Paris, Ont.: N. Brant Agricultural Fair. Quebec: SS. "Thames," due from London.
SATURDAY,	" 11.—	Quebec: SS. "Polynesian," for Liverpool.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1873.

The Royal Commission has virtually closed its work. The press throughout the country has already pronounced upon it. The Ministerial papers, even those which, with a praise-worthy show of independence, declared that the original charges were a *prima facie* proof against the Government, have returned to their allegiance and stated that the evidence already adduced has completely exonerated the Government. On the other hand, the Opposition papers state that they too are perfectly satisfied with the work of the Commission, on the ground that it has reduced the *prima facie* proof—they have delighted in that word—to an absolute demonstration of guilt against the Government. Of course, the truth lies between these two extremes. The unbiased and independent journalist comes to the conclusion that while no evidence of direct bargain between Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Hugh Allan, can be established, the moral collusion between the two is distinctly proven by the testimonies of both Sir John and Sir Hugh. The argument *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, does not hold true in dialectics, but it is often applicable in morals, and is always admissible in politics. The facts amount simply to this. Sir Hugh got the contract of the Pacific Railway from the Government, after much haggling, and when he had, with great reluctance, discarded his American friends. After so much had been done for him by the Government, the Government expected that he would do something for them, and he did it by the subscription of immense sums of money devoted to the election of Government candidates. We challenge any journalist to show that that is not, in a nutshell, the substance of the evidence submitted thus far to the Royal Commission. Does that attach the stigma of technical corruption to Sir John A. Macdonald? Honestly and impartially we think it does not. Sir John is a truly great man. Spite of the outrageous abuse of his enemies, spite, even more, of the adulation of his friends, he has maintained his position for nearly a score of years and is now about to close his career in relative poverty, which is more than can be said of several of his prominent opponents, who so loudly prate of morality and accuse him of dishonesty. But Sir John did commit a mistake in accepting money from Sir Hugh, under the circumstances, and our great wonder is that a man of such consummate political genius should have fallen into such a blunder. He has fallen into it, however, and he must bear the consequences. It will go very hard with him indeed. Parliament is called for the 23rd inst. The first act of the Opposition will be, through Mr. Huntington, to move for another, and a purely Parliamentary investigation. Sir John A. Macdonald will naturally contend that the work of the Royal Commission is sufficient and will resist the motion on purely party grounds. His friends will rally around him in a body, and he will probably carry his point. He will thus tide over the difficulty. But let him not abuse himself. The triumph will be only transient. The power of the great Minister is broken. If he is shrewd—and we know that he is shrewder than any writer who may presume to give him advice—he will continue to hold the reins of office for six or eight months longer, then gracefully resign. Let him resign of his own accord, not be driven from office. So great a man, one who has done such substantial good to his country, should go out in a blaze of glory. Would that such glory were undimmed even by a suspicion!

There are other reasons, besides this unfortunate Pacific business, why a change is called for. There was revulsion of feeling in the country as far back as the late general elections. Then the great Province of Ontario was virtually lost to the Government. Since that time the death of Sir George E. Cartier has created a revolution in the Province of Quebec. He is a blind man who does not see that the serried Macedonian phalanx which the little Baronet used to rally behind him, has been demoralized since his sharp word of command has died into an echo. Then there is the static law of longevity. Right or wrong, the people tire of having the same men in power for so many years. The conventional cries of the Opposition tell in the land, and by constant repetition they become invested with an air of patriotic truth. In so long a stretch, too, the Government find themselves obliged to provide places for worthless adherents in the Police Courts, the Custom Houses, the Post Offices, and other branches of the service. These men, whose characters are well known, throw a merited discredit on their superiors.

Everything points to the necessity of a new departure.

What that is we shall take occasion to mention in future articles. Not from newspapers, but from representative men in all parts of the country, we have acquired the conviction that we are on the eve of a momentous political change, and it is the part of wise statesmanship to provide for it.

The statement recently made that Iceland was agitating for severance from Denmark has not met with anything like the attention it deserves. It is true that Iceland is a far away country in the politics of which we Canadians, busied with Pacific Railway Scandals and Post Office robberies, have little time and less inclination to dabble. It is, we may remark, in passing, an unpleasing feature in the Canadian character to ignore the history of the great world outside for the petty events and ephemeral scandals of the little world that lies between the Straits of Belle Isle and Vancouver Island. In the case of which we speak, this disposition to pass over the outside world is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as by our indulgence therein we are likely to do ourselves no little harm. Properly viewed, this Icelandic movement is full of importance for Canada. It portends something else than the mere separation of a petty dependency from a petty kingdom. That this separation will ever take place is indeed extremely doubtful. Denmark is not possessed of such an *embarras de richesses* in the matter of colonies that she can lightly afford to throw overboard one of her principal settlements. It is true that Iceland does not send any very great revenue into the Danish coffers, but it is none the less true that the possession of that bleak, half-inhabited island brings with it a certain amount of *prestige* to the Danish name. We feel, therefore, perfectly justified in our supposition that the mother-country will make a determined fight against the proposed separation. The Icelanders are equally bent on the achievement of their independence. Indeed, we have it on unquestionable authority—on the word of men who have "been there," that if the Icelanders fail in their cherished project, the result will be a general emigration, directed in all probability to North America. This result has been totally unforeseen, both in this country and in the States. Not a single newspaper on this continent has hitherto considered the question in these bearings. Here we have a considerable population of hard workers on the lookout for a new home, and not one of the various governments who have homes to offer has stepped forward to invite the would-be immigrants. We offer the suggestion, if it be worth anything, and we firmly believe it to be worth a great deal, to the consideration of the Minister of Agriculture. Let us lose no time in sending out carefully chosen agents to direct the attention of the Icelanders to the inducements which the Dominion of Canada is able to offer to intending settlers. The Scandinavians, like their German brethren, make the best of immigrants, and we shall be guilty of culpable negligence, of a gross want of patriotism if we fail to avail ourselves of such an excellent chance of peopling our vast prairies and our unexplored backwoods.

After all what a farce this German "unification" has turned out to be. When, in the flush of victory, the rulers of the petty German kingdoms and principalities united in bestowing the Imperial crown and purple upon the King of Prussia, the newspapers of the Fatherland were loud in their congratulations and prognostications of future greatness. Germany was to be one united power, dreaded by her enemies and respected by her friends. The hitherto bewildering national distinctions were to cease. There would henceforth be no Prussian, no Bavarian, no Saxon, no Wurtemberger. Men would no longer call themselves by the name of the State in which they happened to be born. They would delight only in the comprehensive national title of Germans. Old Barbarossa, *der Kaiser Friedrich*, would wake up from his sleep of centuries to see his people reassume their ancient power and prestige. Austria would join in the general movement, and the might of the chief of the Holy Roman Empire would extend from sea to sea, and from Lorraine to Transylvania. Alas, how little of this day-dream has been accomplished. The unification exists in little more than name. Prussia still looks down on everything that is not Prussian. Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg and Baden are still distinct States, governed by their respective sovereigns, who all bow to the will of all powerful Prussia. The ravens still fly above the Kyffhauser, and if the great Frederick is awake, his soul must sink within him in dismay at the awful spectacle of his well-beloved Germans becoming rapidly Prussianized. The secret of the failure is not difficult to solve. Since the war with Austria, Prussia has become far too strong to allow of her neighbours asserting their real place and dignity in the Confederation. The present Emperor, guided by the crafty Bismarck, rules the whole of the Fatherland with an iron rod, and until his death the Empire will continue to be Prussia. His son is a man of far more liberal tendencies, and we should not be surprised if in his reign United Germany came to be something more than a mere name. Yet the coming Emperor will have many difficulties to encounter. He must please the German people without offending Prussian prejudices, which, as everyone knows, are intensely strong. In fact, we cannot disguise the fact that the great stumbling-block in the progress of German unification is Prussia itself, and until the Prussians consent to merge their nationality in that of united Germany, the Empire will be nothing more than a dead-letter. Alas that such a fair prospect should be marred by the pride and selfishness of a single State.

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Ye Ballad of Lyttel John A.

FYTTE YE FOURTH.

I.

Itte fell about ye Martinmas
When leaves are yellow uponne ye tree,
Syr John hee woldo a letters write
To hee called for hys Secretarye.

II.

Oh! come ye hither my Secretarye,
For I a letters woldo faine indite,
So take ye ponne into your hande
And minde you spello ye wordes right.

III.

And write unto my good friend Pope,
Hee is a Mynstere leale and true,
And whatsoever I doe hym telle
I know thatte hooe wyll surelye do.

IV.

And saye to hym thatte in Montreale
A vacaneye there soono must bee,
And I woldo faine a propra manne
Sholde represente thatte fayre citye.

V.

Ye members for Westo Montreale
Hee is ye Flour Inspectore too,
And by the agie we latelye past
Hee cannot rightlye holde ye two.

VI.

Butte if hys seate hee wyll resigne,
Hee shall ye Flour Inspectore bee,
And have ye proffiter for hys own
To holde in perpetuitee.

VII.

Then to Willyam Workmanne you must goe
Ye Citye Mayor who used to bee,
I wis hee is a wealthy manne
And faine a Senatore woldo bee.

VIII.

And if hee wyll for membre ruune,
And doth ye contest fairlye gain,
Hee in ye Senate shall surelye sitte
And have a handyll to hys name.

IX.

Then Sandye Stevensone alsoe,
Hym to reture you muste persuaide,
And if hee doth object thereto
Then worth hys while itte must be mayde.

X.

Now see alle thys thatte you fulfill
As speedilye as welle may bee,
And if these matters you can arrange
Itte shall be welle for you and mee.

XI.

Ye Secretarye all thys dydd write,
And Syr John hee signed itte with hys name,
And ye Secretarye hee sealed it uppe
And into ye poste hee putte ye same.

XII.

Butte woe is mee, for thatte fayre lettere
Alacke, alacke and welle-a-daye!
To Mynstere Pope itte nevere dyd come
For itte was stolen on ye waye.

XIII.

And ye traytour falsche thatte priggd itte,
Unto John Young hee dyd itte send,
And wrote uponne a slippe of papere
Thatte itte was sent hym by a friend.

XIV.

John Young hath to ye Poste-Office gone,
Lyghtlye as hee maye,
And there hee found Syr John hys lettere
Inne hys box where itte did laye.

XV.

And hee hath opened ye lettere anou,
Hymselfe hee red itte thro,
And sawe alle thatte Syr John had sayd
And tolde unto Pope to do.

XVI.

Oh! then I weene John Young was inadde
When thys lettere hee dyd see,
And hee did blesse Syr John hys oye-
And said, thys is a conspiracye.

XVII.

To Holtone hee hath ye lettere shown
And to Dorion alsoe,
When these three honourable menne
To the Herald office they didde goe.

XVIII.

And the Editore hee dyd saye,
Thatte ye lettere itte sholde published be,
To give John Young such wrong advyce
I holde hym for a bad pennye.

XIX.

And when ye lettere itte dyd appeare
There was a mightye route,
Some dyd saye itte was quite juste
Butte otheres stode in groate doute.

XX.

Some dyd calle Syr John a knave,
Thatte ye lettere hee dyd write
And some dyd calle John Younge a priaze
The wch itte is notte right.

XXI.

Butte thatte such scandal there sholde be,
I wis itte is grante pitye,
Whether itte be causyd by ye Crittes
Or by ye Mynstere.

XXII.

For publike menne they sholde be pure
And free from tainte or stain,
And alle sholde praye thatte such like thyngs
May nevere happe agayne.

THE FLANEUR.

Two gentlemen stood at the Post Office corner :
 "Macdonald will have to give Young the Flour Inspector-ship," said one.
 "Why so, pray?" asked the other.
 "Because poor John Young has no other business or profession to fall back on."
 "I beg your pardon, he has."
 "Name it, please."
 "Is he not a man of letters?"

Sauntering along the streets, last Saturday afternoon, I saw a number of gentlemen on horseback, clad in bright scarlet shooting jackets, jockey caps, chamois shorts, Wellington boots, spurs, whip and all the accoutrements of riders. I thought at first that they were the last inatalment of Hudson's circus, just released from the Sheriff's hands; but the newness and richness of their outfit disabused me of that idea. Ever in pursuit of useful information, I turned to a policeman who, of course, was present in that peaceful neighbourhood and inquired of him who the cavaliers were.

"They are fox hunters," said he.
 "No they beant," said a cabman who wandering a little from his stand had been admiring the horses of the gentlemen, to the detriment of the riders themselves, "they are only dog hunters."
 "Dog hunters? What do you mean, sir," said I with a show of indignation, for I hate irreverence in carters.
 "Why, sir, it's the dogs chases the foxes, and the men they chases the dogs!"

Why is the Royal Commission in such good odor with the Tories?
 Because it was so neatly Day-aided and Gowan-ed by the hand of the great Accused.
 Tell it not in Gath.

Was the Dominion represented at the Vienna Exhibition?
 It was not.
 Still there were a dozen gentlemen, headed by a member of Parliament, sent over as a Commission.
 Yes, but they did not represent anything.
 Then what were they sent for?
 To make our absence more visible.
 Hem! That's what I call cumulation in office.

The oyster days have come. There have been pyramids of the bivalves, ranged like cannon balls, on gleaming blocks of ice, in restaurants and saloons, the whole of last month. But I don't count them. Oysters are really good only from the beginning of October, and the oyster days are those when the little unpainted schooners come up from the Gulf and when you can go down to the pier and eat them out of the barrel, at about a quarter of a dollar a bushel, less or more. Happy the country that can boast of its own oysters and its own fish. Canada deserves to be ranked among the nations of the earth, because it has its Boucouches, its Caraquettes, and its tommy cod. Now that the shadows of the year are lengthening and the long winter nights are being ushered in, I gloat in anticipation of the delicious oyster suppers I shall enjoy after the theatre or the concert. What good stories the pulpy mullusks inspire! The latest I have heard is this:—Two or three fellows were looking at a Union Pacific car, on which were painted, in large letters, these words: FRESH OYSTERS FOR SALT LAKE.

One giggled and said it was a good joke.
 The second asked what there was so funny about it.
 "Nothing particular. Only it looks queer stocking salt water with fresh fish."
 "Oh, is that all?" said the third, thrusting his hands in his pockets and smilingly walking away.

A literary friend has his washing done only at irregular intervals. When that event comes, however, it takes him his whole week's salary to have the work performed. The other day he went over to the Steam Laundry with an exceptional bundle. A young woman presented herself to receive his order.

"I came to get washed," said he.
 "What's that you say, sir."
 "I come to get washed."
 The young woman stared at him a moment and taking in all the horror of the situation, did what was expected of her. She sent forth a shriek that rang through the building and then fainted. Down came the foreman, encircled in a halo of steam, dripping with soap-suds and brandishing a gigantic batlet. My friend who had no disposition to be converted into a shuttle-cock, hurriedly picked up his bundle, and took refuge on the pavement. Said he, afterwards:
 "I went in to get washed and I came near being mangled."

On last Saturday evening, I was promenading in a street, leading to one of the principal markets. The pathway was choked with people, chiefly females—housewives trudging with their baskets, grand ladies buying fruit, factory and shop girls going into the haberdasher's for cheap finery, and coquettes sailing along only to show themselves. As I was admiring this spectacle, I heard one woman say to another: *J'ai mouiller à soir; y a trop d'femmes dans les rues.* What an idea! It is going to rain, because there are so many women in the streets. It was seven o'clock then and the stars were shining. At nine o'clock, the sky suddenly darkened, thunder crashed through the air, scimitars of lightning rent the gloom and the rain poured down in torrents. Perverso womankind! A female always prophecies well when she prophecies ill. Cassandra.

A few weeks ago we mused together on summer tides and listened to the multitudinous harmonies of summer music. Then the meadows and the forest were gay and green, the waters flowed clear and abundant in their channels, the harvests bowed in their fulness, the flowers burdened the air with perfume, ripe fruits hung from the trees, bird and butterfly enlivened the landscape with their colours and their song. But now, all is changed. The law of decline and death is forcibly brought home to us.

"Dobomur morti nos nostraque."
 Athwart the favourite woodland, the winds blow chill, the birds are hushed and from the trees the dry yellow leaves are falling. Some fall in lonely nooks; some on the deep-rutted wagon road, where they are trampled down by the ponderous wheel or the beating hoof; others fall in the tranquil waters

which they cover as a mosaic, and others are rudely driven by the shifting winds in eddies over the cold ground. And the sky is ashy grey—small flakes of snow are hovering in the air—the faint infrequent cry of belated birds strikes the ear like a warning—overhead the branches rattle like splintered spears—and under our feet the crackling of crisp leaves makes us start with conscious dread.

Oh! wreck of the forest! Image of existence! Picture of that beautiful youthful life nipped like a blossom by the cancer of consumption when the bleak October days came on. Alas!

"Prayer was vain for Death to leave her, prayer that
 God would stay the fever,
 Night and morn we both beseeched Him to remove
 The hectic bloom;
 Spring-tide gave the fatal blooming, Summer
 Found the bud consuming,
 And God took her in the Autumn, and the red
 Leaves strowed her tomb."

The last leaf falls from the elm, the last loved one passes from earth and it is very dark. Yet we may not weep as they that have no trust. There is a comfort for every woe—a ray of hope amid the gloom of every despondency. The falling leaves form the fertile mould out of which the spring flowers and the summer corn will grow, and our sorrows and our heart-aches will yet turn to fountains of unmixed gladness in the days that are eternal.

ALMAVIVA.

AN AUTUMN TRIP TO ENGLAND.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

It might be reasonably expected that the incidents of a trip to England by the Allan line are so stereotyped that once described nothing further is left for the voyager to record. This would be true of an average fair weather voyage. The everlasting beauty of the sail down the St. Lawrence, flanked as it is by the vistas of blue Laurentian mountains tinged by glorious sunsets, and succeeded by the silent artillery of pale or roscate Aurora Borealis, are charms which hold the delighted traveller long on deck, on the first night of his ocean voyage. Somewhat different, however, is the same scene when the head-wind freshens, the mist gathers, and the heaving surges break over the prow of the gallant ship. Such storms seldom arise in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and are usually of short duration; but it was the hard fortune of the maiden ship "Circassian" to encounter in the gulf a storm lasting six days, during twenty-four hours of which she beat about, making only twenty-five miles east. On Wednesday about noon, finding our position far to the southward of our course, our careful and cautious captain decided to take the winter course southward of Newfoundland, and though we were in for a protracted voyage, we obtained moderately fair, instead of head-winds. A few days' fine weather succeeded, and the ladies appeared on deck again, but as "single misfortunes never come alone," we suffered another five hours' detention by some derangement of the engine. We have since learned that the storm was a portion of a cyclone unprecedented in its wide-spread destruction, wrecking 250 vessels along the coasts of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, with enormous loss of life and property.

On the day of our departure from Quebec, August 23rd, six steamships, bound for Europe, left New York harbour. Four of these steamed out of New York Bay in sight of each other, viz: the "Oceanic," (White Star); "Abyssinian," (Cunard); "Egypt," (National); and "California," (Anchor). On Sunday morning the "Oceanic" and "Egypt" were neck and neck, and steamed abreast all day, with a great rolling sea hiding the vessels every few minutes from each other; wind north blowing half a gale. On Monday the gale had increased, and the "California" overtook the "Oceanic," and the vessels kept company for a time, both rolling heavily. The "Oceanic" made 253 miles on Monday and 283 on Tuesday, the wind veering round by west to southward. By Wednesday the storm had subsided, having outrun these vessels, and a favourable south wind filled the sails; the "Oceanic" took a course about 100 miles south of its usual track, and thus escaped the vortex of the storm. The "Egypt" arrived at Liverpool on Wednesday morning, the "Oceanic" on Wednesday evening.

The German steamship "Hammonia" reports from Plymouth that, leaving New York on the 20th, she had fair weather, but on Sunday the 24th she encountered a hurricane, and "rove to" for 36 hours. The course of the cyclone was N.E., and extended its gyrations on this Sunday over 1,000 miles, as on the same day it made great havoc among the shipping on the shores of Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island. It is evident from the experience of other ships that the "Oceanic" and the "Circassian" by running a southerly course, kept out of the vortex of the storm, and in fact sailed out of it.

The experience was, however, sufficiently boisterous to thoroughly test the sea-worthy character of these excellent vessels, and the passengers on each testify to their increased confidence in these ships and their officers. Our No. 4 life boat on the larboard deck was struck by a wave about noon on Tuesday, which crushed it up like a band-box, and carried away a couple of strong iron funnel ventilators screwed down to the deck, broke an inch iron rail on the bridge, snapped off the end of a yard twelve inches in diameter, and made general smaller havoc. The good ship, however, behaved steadily and bravely, with less rolling than some indulge in in fairer weather. Nor was the voyage, although protracted, all storm and bad weather: the latter portion was delightful, and "society at sea" conducted itself much after its usual fashion. There was the sedate party at the captain's table, presided over by a reverend canon of much travelled experience, an affable Cabinet minister, and a quiet English banker; a few pretty girls from Quebec, setting their caps at and flirting with "the military," as is their wont,

Dancing the late "balls" o'er again,
 And thrice they slew the slain.

The young Montrealer, who, innocent of stewards, asks daily if "them things" is nice, and passes his plate up the table for them. The gallant "Commodore," who sails his own fleet (always full sail), and whose gay young wife carries the "despatches" while he takes charge of the "cash box." The lively Frenchmen, silent at first, but eventually irrepressible. Last, but not least, the gallant "Circassian army," created by the buoyant spirits of the B. C. Senator, who, by very rapid promotion, raises an eighteen-stone jolly Irishman to the rank of general, a tight British Lion to that of major, an English Romeo to colonel, an ex-militaire Canadian settler to captain,

with adjutant, sergeant-major, corporals, master gunner, &c., &c. These nightly assemble in the spacious and comfortable smoke room and entertain each other with songs and stump speeches.

The mail room is, however, the most interesting as well as most comfortable part of the ship. This "boudoir" is equally delightful for a "tête-à-tête" or a "siesta." During the very rough weather but little work can be done, but lost time has to be made up, and while other passengers sun themselves on deck in the bright sunshine, the mail officer has to work hard and continuously to get his 23,000 letters and 20,000 newspapers sorted into their respective postal districts. The letters are placed in 54 bags, of which London takes 22, Glasgow 13, Edinburgh 1, Calky 1, Greenock 1, Dublin 5, Derry 5, and Holyhead & L. N. W. Railway 5—54.

Of the new improved Corliss engines, patented by Spencer & Inglis, which the "Circassian" introduces for the first time to transatlantic navigation, the first engineer, Mr. Macmaster, gives a very good account. These are high-pressure engines with quick cut-off valves. They average 56 to 60 revolutions, carrying 52 to 60 pounds of steam, and work up to from 1900 to 2400 horse-power. The improvement is less for increased speed than for economy. It is, however, fully expected that the "Circassian" will hold her own for average speed against the rest of this gallant steam fleet, though by a bad run of luck in head-winds she has not this season had a fair opportunity of distinguishing herself. Yet she will commend herself to her owners, and in these days of coal famine this is a most important issue. In similar weather, at the same season, the "Sarmatian" consumed on a voyage already recorded (1871) ninety tons of coal per day. The average consumption of the "Circassian" on this stormy voyage was sixty-five tons only. As to speed, the biggest run made by the "Sarmatian" on the same voyage was 290 miles, while the "Circassian" on Sunday, 31st August, made 300 miles, and deducting time lost by laying to for storms and machinery. Her average day's sailing was 283, which is over the average of the old fleet by some 40 to 45 miles a day. The "Circassian" is in every respect an "advanced" transatlantic steamship. Her model is elegant, her accommodation both for cabin, intermediate and steerage passengers unrivalled, her officers skillful and active, her stewards well disciplined and obliging. We shall never wish to sail on board a better or a better-managed ship, and until we know more about it will not enter our names for a passage in a "Wise balloon." Reader would you?

J. B. E.

Notes and Queries.

THE AGE OF DEER.—Among certain classes of Highlanders there is no superstition more prevalent than that which regards the longevity of deer; hence a Gaelic adage which has been thus translated:—

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse;
 Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man;
 Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer;
 Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle;
 Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak tree.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE DIE YOUNG.—We have discussed this saying in our columns several months ago. The saying originated with the Greek poet Menander, but the same idea is found in Indian and Persian literature.

AN OLD COUPLET.—Can any of you tell me who is the author of the old song:

Take, oh take those lips away
 That so sweetly were forsworne, &c.

CAPEL.

The first stanza is found in Shakspeare's comedy, "Measure for Measure," Act 4, sc. 1; but there is a great doubt among many eminent critics whether he is the author, although it is printed amongst Shakspeare's smaller poems by Sewel and Gildon. It is not found in Taggard's old edition of Shakspeare's sonnets reprinted by Linbot. Both the stanzas are preserved in Beaumont and Fletcher's drama "Bloody Brother," act 5, sc. 2.

George Ellis, author of "Specimens of the Early English Poets," attributes the song to Beaumont and Fletcher, and quotes the stanzas, vol. 3, page 47.

JOSTLING ATOMS.—Can any of your readers inform me who is the author of the following distich:

"Not out of cunning, but a train
 Of jostling atoms in the brain."

PETTY.

BALLOONS THREE CENTURIES AGO.—In pursuing some antiquarian researches the other day I came across the following couplet translated by Sylvester, 1592, from a rare poetical work by Du Bartas, "The Shipwreck of Jonas":

"Against one ship that ships from star to grounde,
 From wave to wave, like windy ballones bounde."

In this couplet we appear to be presented with confirmation that balloons were known nearly three hundred years ago.

INSCRIPTION.—The oldest inscription to a library is said to be one at Thebes. It was called an "office for diseases of the soul."

A PROPHECY.—The following quotation from Drawin, 1793, contains a prophecy:

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam afar,
 Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car,
 Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
 The flying chariot through the fields of air."

TRAVEL IN THE OLDEN TIME.—What a contrast now between the travel in the time of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria. The former died on the morning of the Thursday the 24th of March, 1603. Sir Robert Carey stole away according to Froissart by Berners, with bottles of wine strapped to his saddle, and pasties of salmon, trout, and eels wrapped in towles, and arrived in Edinburgh with the news to King James in the course of the following Saturday night. The latter can now make the journey from Windsor to Balmoral in about twelve hours.

EMIGRATION AGENTS.—In 1583 Capt. Carlisle suggested the idea of making a settlement in North America for taking off idle and licentious people. Query whether some of our present emigration agents are not actually carrying out the suggestion?

E.

THE PAPAL ZOUAVE'S MOTTO.—The motto on the banner of the Canadian Pontifical Zouaves—*Aime Dieu et vas ton chemin*—is said to be derived from the exclamation of a French papal soldier slain in battle. The true origin of the words is traced to a young Englishman, of high family, who, serving in the Pope's army, was fatally wounded at Mentana. In a pocketbook found upon his person were the following lines:

Anima mia, anima mia,
 Ama Dio et tira via.

L.

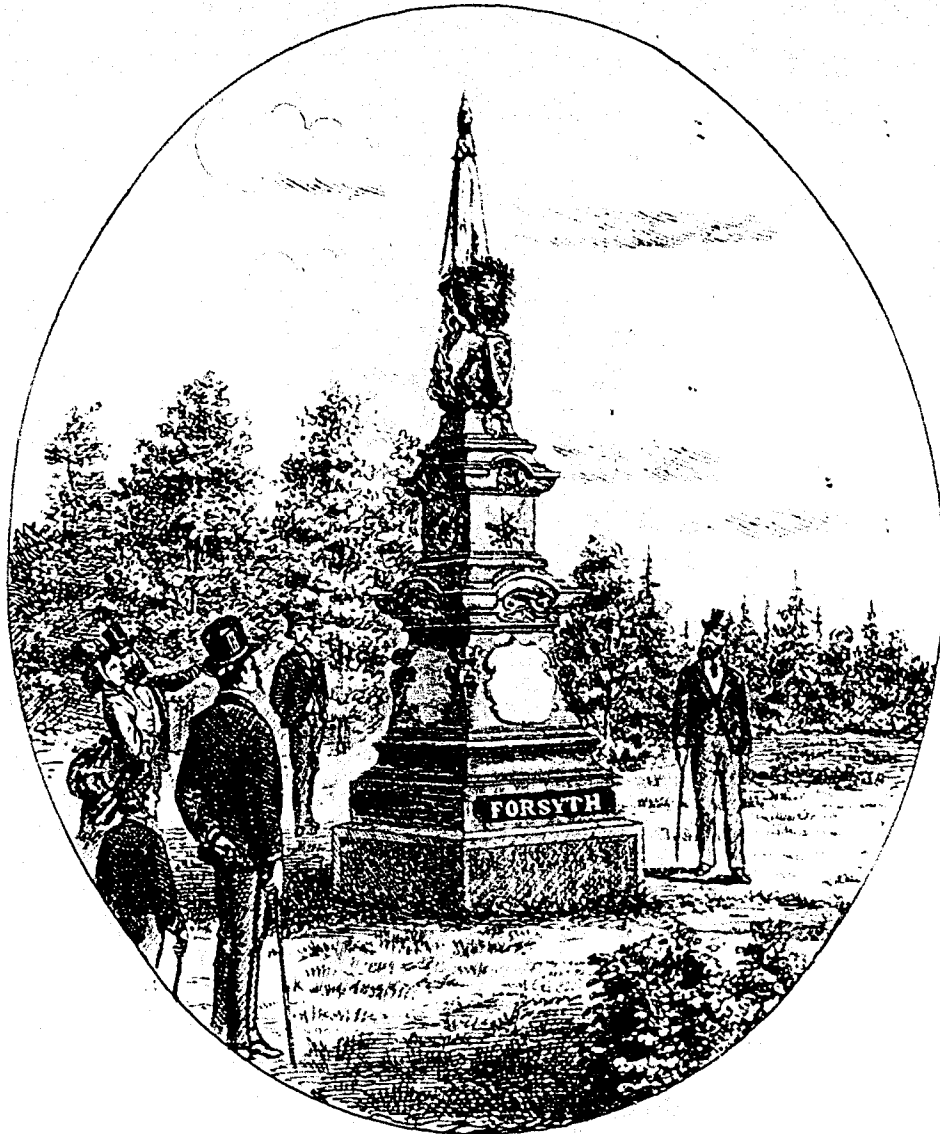
A LINE OF JOHN WESLEY.—The words of John Wesley, when his wife left him, are as curt and comprehensive as Cæsar's famous despatch:

Non reliqui, non dimisi, non revocabo.

J.

CONCERNING CLOTHES.

We may judge of people by their belongings, even those things that appear least significant. Oliver Wendell Holmes exclaimed with scorn, "Ex-reds' indeed! Read instead, 'Ex ungue minimi digiti pedis Herculem, ejusve patrem, matrem, avos et proavos, filios, nepotes, et pronepotes!'" Some ingenious people can tell the disposition, past history, and probable future of a person by looking at their handwriting. M. Collongue could pronounce upon the mental and physical condition of those who applied to him by merely examining part of the patient's foot. Some contend that even a lock of hair, if properly studied, will supply a surprising clue to the virtues and vices of the man or woman on whose head it has grown. Old Lavater said that in his physiological researches he was glad to take hints as to character from many seemingly trivial things, amongst them, dress. We may find it worth our while to consider the "clothes philosophy," suggested by these words of the Swiss pastor, for clothes, when worn, appear to catch and epitomise their owner's expression, and even apart from the wearer they preserve a certain character, an individuality, a *cachet*. Many a suit as it hangs on its pegs, or lies across the back of a chair, seems positively instinct with life. Some costumes will appear stiff, crisp, and full of vitality, while others will be limp, effete, and only half alive. No one need be surprised to find that a friend has mistaken his suit, as it lay in his room, for the wearer. And not alone in whole suits of clothes is this life-like appearance to be met with, but you may trace the man in the smallest article of attire. Jewellery is characteristic. A glove is expressive. Talk of Professor Owen and his comparative anatomy! Why, you can build up the whole mental and moral character of a human being from any "Dent" or "Jouvin" you may pick up in a crowd. If it be the glove of an acquaintance, you can immediately identify it as such, and return it, if

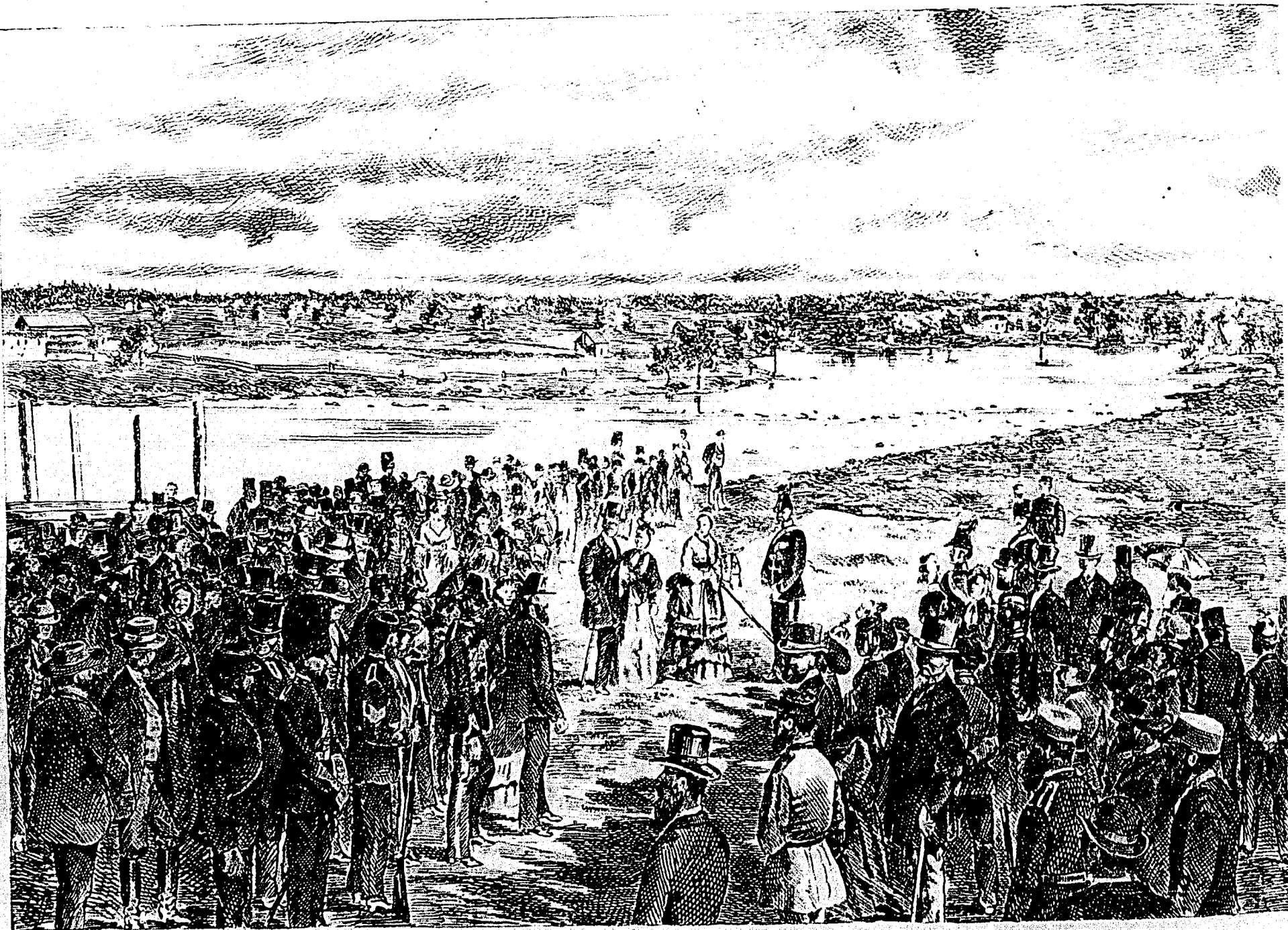


OTTAWA.—THE FORSYTH MONUMENT IN BEECHWOOD CEMETERY.

you like, to the owner. There are people who could no more wear any but delicate-tinted gloves than they could commit a forgery; and again, there are others who are never at their ease in any except green or purple kids. In general, a purple glove only looks vulgar, but a green one has often a positively vicious expression. It is a pleasure to pick up a dainty pearl grey, or a creamy white glove, but it may be your unlucky lot to rescue from the feet of passers-by some dark and dingy "hand shoe" with finger-tips that have never been filled by fingers, and that turn backwards, lumpy, and lifeless-looking.

A volume might be devoted to boots. Take the boots that you see by the doors of the up-stairs' corridor in a hotel. You will probably find everything from the common shooting boot to the exquisite *chaussures à Paris*. You may see the fascinating little "Balmoral" beside a great wrinkled red leather boot such as is to be bought at Interlaken for mountaineering. Some boots are lark-heeled, as Dr. Livingstone says all niggers are not. Some turn up at the toes, some are splay-footed; some are inclined to be down at the heel, some are strangely long and narrow, with a hollow under the instep, looking for all the world like dried ox tongues, some are shapely, and some almost shapeless, but whatever their expression, whether "rough and tough," elegant, lady-like, comical, or what not—be sure they bear a strong, and almost unmistakable likeness to the wearers.

An ingenious and observant writer contends that the pocket handkerchief is the "visible embodiment" of its owner; unless in some uncommon cases where the handkerchief has a personality of its own—and keeps it, leading the wearer a sorry life of it, playing pranks upon him, and hiding away in the very pocket in which he would never have thought of looking for it. It thus plays hide-and-seek with him, and may possibly be caught eventually in his hat, or perhaps even under his coat collar. A finished modern dandy "indulges in a kind of



OTTAWA.—THE DOMINION RIFLE MATCH ASSOCIATION.—LADY MACDONALD OPENING THE COMPETITION.

worship of the pocket handkerchief. Looking at a good specimen of the dandy in the street, you at once see that he is being led along by the sharply pointed corner of the faultless pocket handkerchief standing acutely out from the breast-pocket of his coat. It marshals him the way he should go. He struts, and turns, and wheels behind it; it leads him hither and thither about town. He half surrenders his soul to his pocket handkerchief. It is the last finishing ornament of his attire, the final seal of his own completeness. An auspicious, spotless, glossy, well-folding pocket handkerchief makes him happy."

But, as an index to character, there is nothing in the whole round of the "clothes philosophy" at all comparable to the hat. It is the wearer's other self, his moral and intellectual summary. If you doubt the statement examine the hats that hang in an office. The clerks who own them are not more distinct and different from each other than are those "beavers" which some unobservant people call "meaningless." Hat No. 1 has what has been happily described as "an unnatural calm, an unwholesome gloss" about its nap; it is "seedy," "shabby genteel," or whatever else you like to call it, and you can tell immediately that it belongs to the poor clerk with the cringing air, the look of want of resourcefulness, and mental spring and elasticity. The one next it has a tell-tale band of crease to conceal the ravages of time. The top and the brim are suggestive of the application of a wet brush. But notwithstanding these things, there is a cheerfulness about this creased hat, a look of "making the best" of things, which is very different from the resigned melancholy of hat No. 1, and you may be sure that the clerk who wears it is something of a Mark Tapley in his way. Then we have the unexceptionable Lincoln and Bennett, the very type of all that is respectable. It is the responsible man, middle-aged and well-to-do, who wears that hat. Next to it hangs a small, self-asserting hat, one that catches the eye from the first moment of inspection. Vanity is written in the curl of its brim, and conceit all over it. It surely belongs to the "smart man" of the office, and it affords a curious contrast to its next neighbour, the soft, grey hat. Flaccid and unshapely, this one tells as plainly as words can do, of gin and billiards, debts, cheap cigars, scanty fare, and of all the accompaniments of an uncertain, shifty life.

Who does not know a sporting hat when he sees it? Again, there is the distinguished-foreigner-hat, which is equally unmistakable. There is another kind of hat that comes to us with people who present begging letters. It is, above all things, an apologetic hat. The

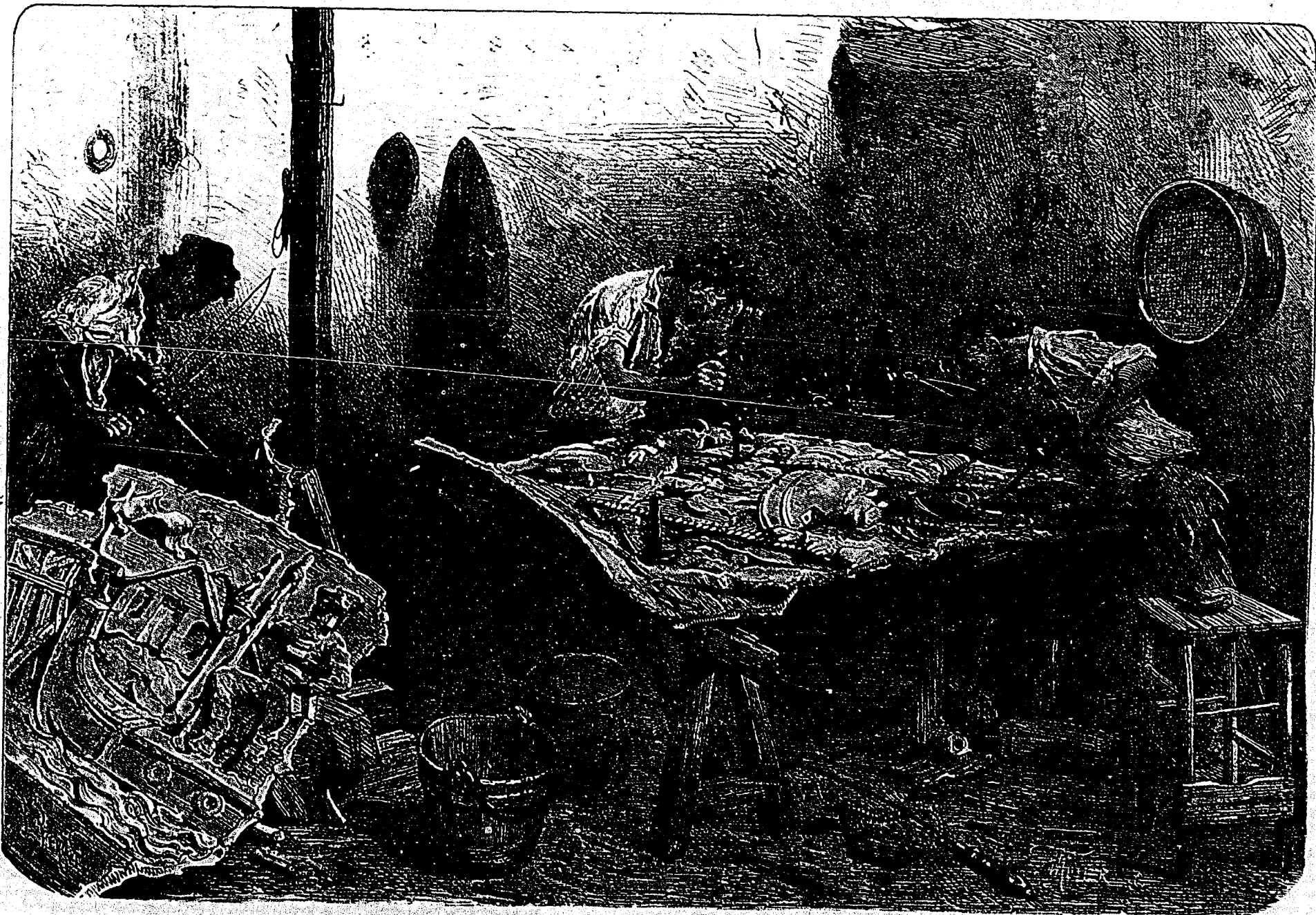


SENOR CASTELAR, PRESIDENT OF THE SPANISH REPUBLIC.

brim droops ever so slightly towards the outer edge all the way round, looking like the eaves of a Gothic house. The wearer glides into the room, his head on one side, and, whether on his head or in his hand, the hat wears a smile of excuse, a deprecatory smile. Like other and better people, the presenter of the begging letter makes a great deal of play with his hat, twisting it about, or coaxing and petting it, giving point thereby to his discourse. Farmers, as a body, have hats that are all their own. The agricultural hat is a perfectly distinct species. So is the officers' mufti hat; so is the hat worn by members of any learned body. The hats that go to an archaeological meeting, however distinct each may be from each, have a strong family likeness. They are remarkably tall in the crown, remarkably fluffy about the nap, and they are, in every respect, the very reverse of the hat a man of fashion would choose. Like their owners, the archaeological hats devote themselves to the more serious business of life, disclaiming the modern and the commonplace.

Again, clerical hats are a class apart. There are degrees and differences amongst them, and a person of observant habits will distinguish at a glance between high and low tenets. It is next to impossible to define the grades of hats, and their relation to doctrine, but it may be advanced in a general way that the more picturesque the style the "higher" the Churchman, until among ritualistic parsons the chimney-pot is abandoned for a felt hat which is cousin-german to that glorious sombrero in which artists revel.

And if men's hats (those unbending, uncompromising articles of the toilette) are expressive—as who can doubt they are?—what shall we not say of ladies' hats and bonnets? The shape and colour vary almost to infinitude, and they are capable of assuming a really speaking expression. A bonnet, before it has been worn, is generally in the *tabula rasa* state of being, but occasionally, like the pocket-handkerchief, it displays a will of its own, a personality. Milliners will tell those who push their [clothes] philosophical researches so far, that some caps, hats, and bonnets, as they leave the modiste's hands, call forth their exclamations, "How like Mrs. So-and-so that cap is!" or "That hat is Miss Blank all over!" Once taken into use, however, articles of millinery borrow their mein and deportment from their wearers. You may see bonnets with an intensely sinister expression, the materials which compose them being oftentimes of black and dark red, or of black and dark yellow; and others that are eminently pugnacious, not alone bruised-looking, but *bruiser-like*. There are funny bonnets that nod and wink all over



PARIS.—THE RESTORATION OF THE VENDOME COLUMN.—REPAIRING THE PLATES IN M. THIEBAULT'S WORKSHOPS.

and there are "strong-minded" ones of several kinds, each very decided in its own way; some studiously plain and "workmanlike"; some resolutely and intentionally dowdy; some graceful, veil-like; and some like masculine head-gear. A bonnet will sometimes have a perfectly insinuating expression, or it may bristle out in all directions in a touch-me-not fashion. Spikes, and thorns, and holy-leaves lend a threatening look to hat or bonnet. You may see a hat that has a humble, much-enduring, victimized cast of countenance, a weak-backed feather nods helplessly over one of the wearer's eyes. It will look like the cap that those injured animals, dancing dogs, are condemned to wear during their performances. You will often meet with a bonnet that seems to have an inquiring turn of mind. It will look like one great note of interrogation. The bows will be so disposed as to remind you of that famous horse "Roland,"—

With one sharp ear bent back

For my voice, and the other prick'd out on his track.

The "hopeless and helpless" style of bonnet may be seen any day. It has an inveterate tendency to slide on to the back of the head. A somewhat rusty veil is generally thrown backwards over it, and there are sure to be pendant ends of ribbon, and a feather out of curl, all suggesting the depths of despondency or dismay. It flies after the luggage at railway stations just as the train is starting; it goes along thoroughfares in vain pursuit of something, or somebody that is fast disappearing from view; it accompanies its sea-sick owner across the Channel. The health of the wearer tells more upon the bonnet or hat than upon any other part of the attire, though you may generally notice that every article of a sick person's dress is invalidated. Even the most "dressy" people when they are ill cannot prevent a weak, limp, poor look coming out in their clothes. Starch, or rich materials, may afford a partial disguise in the greater portion of their attire, but even if all the other garments are above reproach, the bonnet will tell the tale, despite the utmost care on the part of the wearer.

"Coquettish" is a favourite word with the French for describing ladies' head-gear, and it is very properly applied in a great number of cases. Those fairy, lacy, feathery things that come from Paris look as if they could nod, and smile, and flirt all by themselves. It requires next to no stretch of the imagination to find them out at their little game as they perch on their stands on some milliner's table; but the pink of perfection, the acme of amusement, is to watch bonnet and wearer flirting in concert. To recall such a sight to memory is not very difficult; to describe it would be impossible!

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

(From the German of Goethe.)

The watchman gazed down in the still midnight
On the graves which in parallels lay.
All things were clear in the moon's soft light
And the churchyard was bright as day.
One grave, then another, to cape began
Their inmates came forth: here a wife, there a man
In snow-white and tapping chemises.

The gaunt phantoms stretched till their stiff joints unstrung,
Then waltzed with a pleasure entrancing,
So old, and so rich, and so poor, and so young;
Yet the grave clothes are awkward in dancing.
And since all false shame may be now done without
They shake themselves all, and there lie strewn about
On the grave-hills the little chemises.

Each skull rose erect and each shook its long shank
In the comical weird pantomime.
As the dried up marrow bones rattle and clank
Like castanets marking the time.
It seemed to the watchman extremely absurd
And the voice of a mischievous tempter he heard:
Run down quick and steal a chemise now.

To think was to act, and he reached in swift flight
The shade of the doors consecrated:
The moonbeams still had their soft pallid light
On the horrible dance unabated.
Then one and another were lost to the sight:
Stole after each other, rehabeted, right
Under the turf in swift silence.

One still remains stumbling and staggering alone
And gropes 'mid the graves in despair—
The insult came not from a structure of bone:
No! It scents the lost cloth in the air!
It shakes the church doors which its efforts resist,
Their consecrate ironwork the watchman assist,
They glitter with crosses metallic.

Its shirt it must have and the culprit detect;
It grasped at the Gothic railing,
To the turreted top—'twas no time to reflect—
With wondrous rapidity scaling.
Now all with the watchman, poor fellow, is o'er,
It strides up the pinnacle peaks by the score
Like a very large, spindle-shanked spider.

The watchman grew pale and the watchman grew wan,
He'd surrender the shirt if the phantom would stop—
But its hem—and he felt the death damps coming on—
Hung fast in the pinnacle's cast iron top.
The fast waning moon faintly glimmering shone,
The clock thundered forth a most terrible f,
And down fell the skeleton headlong.

NED P. MAH.

(Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.)

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL,

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.

WAKING DREAMS.

After that little talk with his mother which had begun in bitterness and ended in mutual pardon, Edmund Standen felt more at peace with himself than he had been for some time. At least he and his mother fully understood each other, and Edmund felt that in taking his own road he need not turn his back upon that dearly loved mother. It pleased him to think that he might begin his new life perhaps at Monkhampton, within a few miles of Dean House, and be able to see his mother as often as he liked. She should not feel herself deserted. He would take good care of that. Every action of his life

should help to prove to her that even while following the bent of his own inclination he was not the less her true son.

He was in no hurry to go to bed, though it was midnight when he parted from Mrs. Standen at the door of her room, a desperately late hour for Dean House. The moon shone full upon the three tall narrow windows of his bedchamber.

He drew up the blinds and admitted that flood of tender light, and he paced this room as he had paced the room below, thoughtfully, but no longer with angry thoughts. Yes, he would reconcile duty to his mother with this new all-absorbing love. The old tie should not be broken because the new bond was so strong. And by-and-by, when Mrs. Standen became resigned to the inevitable she would surely be kind to Sylvia. She would erect no barrier between the two homes. She would not exclude her son's wife from his father's house.

"Time wears away all rough edges," he said to himself. "Those two will grow fond of each other at last. And if my darling gives me a little child by-and-by, that link will unite us all. No, I do not fear the future—and as for poverty—"

Edmund Standen, who had never known the want of a five pound note, dismissed the thought with a careless laugh, and left the sentence unfinished.

He had the plan of his future laid down as neatly as if it had been an architect's specification for a villa. Of course the bank would give him a situation, and a salary of, say, two hundred and fifty pounds a year to start with. He and Sylvia could manage delightfully on two hundred and fifty. They would choose the dearest little house—half cottage, half villa—on the outskirts of the town, on Broomfield Hill, for instance; a rustic road, from which one looked across intervening wood and meadow to the wide estuary of the Wex, just where it melted into the sea. They would live very quietly, with that modest elegance which Edmund, who knew nothing about housekeeping, fancied compatible with a yearly income of two hundred and fifty pounds. They would have little company, for what society so delightful as their own. They would live only for each other, and spend all their money on themselves. Edmund had the nucleus of a good library, books collected by himself and paid for with his own pocket money. He could still pursue the delightful task of collecting. His income would allow margin for that. And how sweet would be their evenings, when his day's toil was over. Summer evenings in the little garden brimming over with sweet-scented flowers, and with at least one good old tree for shade; a garden on the slope of that steep hill, from which they could watch the sun's golden cup drop down into the cool blue wave. Winter evenings, when they closed their shutters upon all the outside world, and sat by their cheerful hearth, and talked of all things in heaven and earth; while the low minor strain of that ever murmuring sea sounded faintly in the pauses of their talk.

How sweet it would be to read aloud while his young wife worked. She must be fond of work, of course. All tender, home-loving women are. He could fancy the fair young face bent with a busy look above the capacious work-basket, emblem of matronhood. He could fancy the bright young mind expanding under his teaching. Naturally, at four-and-twenty, he thought himself wise enough to teach. The desultory education, for the most part self-teaching, which had served to make Sylvia seem clever, would now be succeeded by the man's thoughtful and logical process. He would shape his wife's mind, write the wisdom of departed sages, the dreams of mighty poets on that fair tablet, make her, in very truth, his companion, his second self.

Fair vision. He looked out at the moonlit garden. The smooth lawn reflecting the black shadows of the trees like the still bosom of a lake. He looked dreamily out upon this tranquil old-world picture, his heart throbbing fast with the fulness of his joy, and thought of a home which should be better than this, for it would be shared with Sylvia.

"I'll ride into Monkhampton directly after breakfast tomorrow, and see the principal at the bank," he said to himself, "and I'll call upon Mr. Carew in the evening. All lies clear before me now, and everyone in Hedingham shall know that I am going to marry Sylvia Carew." And thus, supremely satisfied with his prospects, Mr. Standen went to bed.

"I wonder, by the way, if Esther Rochdale, knows anything about my engagement," he thought, as he dropped asleep.

The world looked very fair to Edmund Standen next morning when he went down to join in those household prayers which prefaced the eight o'clock breakfast at Dean House. The panelled parlour, where the dark oak panelling had been painted white by some cheerful-minded Goth, had a bright fresh look in the morning sunshine. The carefully appointed table, with its spotless damask, central bowl of flowers, and old-fashioned silver urn invited appetite. The sideboard, with its *corps de reserve* of ham and sirloin supported the picture. Windows open to the ground made the flower-garden almost a part of the room. Birds were singing their morning hymns of salutation to the sunshine and the earth. A veil of summer mist still floated above the dewy grass.

Esther Rochdale was alone in the room when Edmund entered it. She was standing in one of the open windows, looking thoughtfully at the garden, with that fixed look which sees nothing, lost in a reverie that seemed pensive. But she greeted Edmund with a cordial smile, nevertheless, as they shook hands. Before his German exile they had kissed each other at morning and evening. But when he came home from the grand tour Mr. Standen found no kiss on his adopted sister's lips, though her welcome was of the tenderest; and he felt somehow that the days of those boy and girl salutations were over.

She was his junior by five years, and looked younger than she was, so delicately slender was the figure, so youthful the small features, and innocent expression of the dark oval face.

It was a face whose distinctive charm was sweetness, placid, pensive, even to melancholy at times. In Miss Rochdale the stranger would never discover the young lady of independent means. Indeed, so gentle was her manner, so unselfish her every thought, that she had often been mistaken for the meek object of Mrs. Standen's bounty. "So good of Mrs. Standen to keep that poor little thing, Miss Rochdale," people had said, surprised when they heard that the "poor little thing" possessed an inalienable income of six hundred a year.

Yet it must not be supposed that Miss Rochdale was one of those timid and insipid young persons who cannot say *no* to the various geese of their acquaintance. Beneath that calm and gentle exterior there beat a heart capable of heroic deeds; that ample forehead indicated a mind that could think high thoughts. Esther Rochdale had formed her own opinion of men and books even at nineteen years of age. She had read

and thought a great deal in the tranquil life at Dean House which gave so much leisure for study, as well as for all manner of unselfish acts. Miss Rochdale was like Mr. Vancourt's right hand among the poor, and did more work than his three daughters got through among them, yet people hardly ever heard her name in Dorcas clubs, or saw it figure in a subscription list. What her right hand gave from her ample income was hardly known to her left hand.

"How bright you look this morning, Edmund," she said, while they stood at the window waiting for Mrs. Standen and the bell which assembled the orderly household every morning as the clock struck eight. The hall clock had never finished striking before the shrill clang of the bell began. "That cloudy look has gone which I've noticed so often lately."

"My dear girl," answered Edmund cheerfully, "a secret is just one of those things that my mental constitution cannot stand, and I've been suffering lately from the oppression of a secret."

"You, Edmund," cried Esther, with an incredulous look; "why I thought no secret ever crossed the threshold of Dean House. Don't the very housemaids tell Auntie or me everything that happens to them? But your secret—what secret can you have from your mother above all people?"

"It has not been a secret from my mother for the last three days. I told her all about it on Tuesday."

"Was that what made her so unhappy? She was crying in her own room the day before yesterday, and even yesterday before she dressed to go out. I saw the traces of tears both times. Oh, Edmund, what could you have done to make her so unhappy? Was it anything in Germany? If it was any trouble about money you ought to know that my resources are at your disposal."

She had a dim idea that Germany was populated by goblins—that Edmund might have become the prey of those harpies.

"You dear, innocent Esther," cried Edmund, touched by her goodness. "It is nothing about money matters, and if it were do you think I would be so mean a hound as to trade upon your affections. My secret related to a subject much nearer to my heart than worldly wealth, for you know I hold that lightly," added the young man with a lofty air.

"But how could you be so unkind as to make Auntie unhappy?"

"She chose to make herself so, Esther. That was no work of mine. But my mother and I are both contented now. The little cloud has blown away for ever, and I think she begins to understand that there is one crisis in a man's life in which he must be his own master."

The girl looked up at him wonderingly, or with something more than mere wonder, a blank strange look.

"What is that crisis, Edmund?" she asked quietly, that strange look passing swiftly as a flicker of the sunlight among yonder flowers.

"When he finds himself for the first time in his life honestly, deeply, lastingly in love."

There was a little pause, just about the duration of an electric shock. In that moment Esther's cheek paled ever so slightly, her lips moved faintly, a look of pain came into the dark earnest eyes. But that look was very brief; and lovers are egotistical. Edmund saw nothing till those sweet lips gave him a friendly smile, the two little hands were raised to his arm, and rested there with gentle affection.

"Anything that makes you happy must make me glad Edmund," she said tenderly. "But I hope this love is a wise one. Yet, if it were, it would hardly make your mother unhappy."

"Oh, my mother has her own scheme for my existence. I have no doubt, and would like me to have fallen in love to order as it were."

A look of pain, much keener than the last, came into Esther's face; but she was looking downward, and Edmund was not watching her closely. He was thinking of his own wrongs. There was forgiveness between him and his mother, but the sense of soreness still lingered. The wound was in process of healing, but not healed.

"As to the wisdom of my choice," he said presently, "that's a jargon of outsiders which never yet applied to true love. A man is not wise in these matters. He obeys his destiny, without stopping to consider whether the woman he loves has money in consols, or connection whose influence may assist his career. He loves because he loves. I don't suppose the Hedingham gentry, with their narrow notions and petty maxims, will altogether approve my choice. But I have chosen where my heart told me to choose, and I care not a doit for the opinion of the wisecracks who may call me a fool."

"Nor for your mother's opinion, Edmund," said Esther, "yet I should have thought there could be no event in your life in which that would not influence you."

"Haven't I told you that in affairs of the heart a man must judge for himself? Pshaw, child, what do you know about it? Wait till you are over head and ears in love with some dandy from Oxford or Sandhurst, and then see how much Auntie's grave advice will weigh against the fascinations of your admirer. You mustn't take the side of worldly wisdom, Esther. I have counted on your influence to soften my mother's heart towards Sylvia."

"Sylvia," exclaimed Esther, with a look of horror, "Sylvia Carew!"

"I know of no other Sylvia in this part of the country," answered Edmund coolly, "the name is uncommon."

"You—care for—Sylvia Carew. The schoolmaster's pretty daughter?"

"And my future wife," said Edmund with dignity. "I hope you have nothing to say against her."

"Oh, Edmund, how could you ever make such a fatal choice?"

"Fatal! You and my mother will drive me distracted between you. Fatal! At the mention of Sylvia's name you both go into heroics—and sigh—and open your eyes wide—and talk about fatality—just as if I were a member of the house of Oedipus, and doomed to break the canonical table of affinities. In plain words, Esther, what have you to say against Miss Carew?"

"Not much, certainly," said Esther, with her accustomed placidity, "I have thought her vain—and ill-tempered; but that may have been my mistake."

"Vain—well I daresay she knows she is the prettiest woman within a radius of fifty miles from Hedingham. Ill-tempered—there I know you are mistaken."

He thought of Sylvia's sweet smile—the upward look of those melting hazel eyes. Ill-tempered with such eyes, and such a smile! How these women slander one another.

"Perhaps I have judged her too hastily," Edmund. Yet I hardly think I can have been wrong," replied Esther, mockingly. "I have seen her slap the poor little children."

"Seen her slap the poor little children," echoed Edmund scornfully. "If you had as much of the poor little children as Sylvia has, I don't suppose you'd refrain from an occasional tap. You go into the school-house once or twice a week in your *dilettanti* fashion, just when the humour takes you, and then you set yourself up as a judge, and pronounce sentence upon Sylvie, who has to endure the plague of those brats every day of her life."

Esther did not remind him that she did her work in the Sunday school regularly, and walked from Dean House to Hedingham to do it, in rain or sunshine, wind and storm, from year's end to year's end, whether the humour did or did not seize her—that she disregarded headache, and neuralgia, and all the pains to which humanity is subject, when duty called. She only answered him with a hardly audible sigh.

CHAPTER VIII.

BAD NEWS FROM DEMERARA.

"Here comes my mother," said Edmund, as the rustle of Mrs. Standen's dress sounded on the staircase. The bell clanged out its summons at the same moment.

"Why, how pale you look, child!" said Mrs. Standen, as she kissed her adopted daughter.

"Do I, dear Auntie? I've been in the garden a good while, and the morning is rather heavy. It has given me a slight headache."

"Poor little head, so busy and thoughtful for others," said Mrs. Standen, smoothing the girl's soft dark hair from the calm brow.

Mother and son kissed each other in the old hearty fashion. The cloud was quite gone. It had melted in those passionate tears wrung from the mother's wounded heart.

Five women servants came filing in. There was no indoor man at Dean House. Mrs. Standen loved the neat-handed Phillis of her own training, but would not have consented to be domineered over by a skilled butler. Two elderly women, the cook, and Mrs. Standen's confidential maid, and three buxom girls, parlour, house, and laundry maid, comprised the Dean House establishment.

Prayers were read, and the morning chapter, and breakfast began. Mrs. Standen had hardly taken her place in front of the urn when a shrill peal from the gate bell startled them all. This was essentially the visitor's bell. All tradesmen, and beings of an inferior order, save the postman, or an occasional stranger, entered by the stable gates.

"Who can it be so early?" exclaimed Edmund, thinking of Sylvia. Could she be ill, or in trouble of any kind? Had she sent for him?

The parlour-maid brought in one of those ominous yellow-covered messages which strikes terror to some simple hearts. It was before the days of postal telegraphs. This had been brought from Monkhampton by special messenger.

"Half-a-crown to pay, please ma'am," said the parlour-maid, laying the document by Mrs. Standen's plate, "and will you please sign the paper to say when it came."

The sight of that bilious-hued envelope agitated Mrs. Standen. Telegraphic messages were rare at Dean House. She looked at the paper helplessly.

"Let me do it for you, mother," said Edmund, looking at his watch. The telegram could not be from Sylvia, so he felt quite comfortable about its contents. Let the universe crumble, she was safe.

He scrawled the required figures on the paper, fished half-a-crown from the loose treasury in his waistcoat pocket, and gave paper and coin to the servant, while his mother read the message.

"What's it all about, mother?" he asked, apprehending no calamity. But his mother had grown deadly pale, and handed him the telegram without a word.

"From Hanside and Pengross, Grays Inn, to Mrs. Standen, Dean House, near Hedingham."

"Sad news from Demerara by mail arrived last night. A friend telegraphed to us from Southampton, Mr. Sargent died suddenly of heart disease on the fifteenth of June. Mrs. Sargent seriously ill. Some one ought to go to her at once, if possible. Her brother would be best, as he could arrange business matters. We fear that Mr. Sargent's affairs are left in a far from satisfactory condition. The mail steamer for St. Thomas leaves Southampton at noon to-morrow. Letter to follow."

"Poor George—in the very prime of life—only six and thirty—and to be cut off suddenly," murmured Mrs. Standen, in tears.

"Oh, Auntie, what has happened?" asked Esther.

"George Sargent is dead. And to think of my dear girl, alone in a strange country. What are we to do, Edmund? How can I ask you to go to her?"

She thought of his infatuation—would he tear himself away from the land that held Sylvia Carew, even to succour a widowed sister?

"Need you ask me to do my duty, mother?" demanded the young man, quietly. "Of course I shall go to Demerara. Poor George! One of the best fellows in the world, but I fear by no means prudent. I dare say he has left his affairs in a state of muddle. Don't cry, dear mother. We'll send Ellen a telegram to say that I shall follow it as fast as the steamer will let me. I shall go up to London by the one o'clock express, and start for St. Thomas by the mail to-morrow."

"How good, how noble you are, Edmund!" exclaimed Mrs. Standen, to whose maternal mind this self-abnegation seemed almost Roman heroism.

"I am not afraid to leave Hedingham, mother," the young man said in a lower voice, for his mother's ear only, "I can trust in your honour, and have no fear that you will use your influence to part Sylvia and me while my back is turned."

"No, Edmund, I am not base enough for that. I will go and see her, if you like," with a great effort, "while you are away, and try to like her."

"Do, dear mother. You have but to know her in order to love her."

Edmund looked at his watch. It was not quite nine. He had three clear hours in which to bid Sylvia farewell, and speak to Mr. Carew. He was resolved to leave nothing unsettled. His engagement to Sylvia must be an established fact before he left Hedingham.

"What shall I do without you, Edmund," said the mother with a sigh, while he tried to hurry through his breakfast, eating and drinking mechanically.

"Come, dear mother, there's no occasion for despondency. I need not be away more than three months, at most. Six weeks for the voyage to and fro, and a month or so at Demerara. I am to bring Nelly back with me, I suppose?"

"Of course. What should she stay there for, poor child? She will have a pension, I suppose, but very little besides, if George has died in debt. He was always so reckless, and counted so much upon his expectations from his uncle the General. And now the uncle has outlived the nephew. How sad."

"*Vita summa brevis spem nos velat inchoare longam*," muttered Edmund. "It's dull work waiting for dead men's shoes."

"Tell your poor sister that she has still a home here, Edmund, that she need think of no other."

"And the children," enquired Edmund, with a wry face. "Are they to come here too? Let me see—there are three of them, aren't there? I think the last was the third."

"You might do something more than think about the number of your only sister's children," said Mrs. Standen, reproachfully.

"They come so fast, one hasn't time to get a fixed idea about them. Well, I'll bring her home, mother, little ones and all. I don't suppose you'll quite like their sticky paw marks upon the mahogany furniture, or their broken toys in the corners of all the rooms. But they'll help to amuse you and Esther when I am gone."

He spoke cheerily to comfort his mother; yet there was a weight of sadness at his heart notwithstanding. Three months—three long months—in which he and Sylvia were to be severed. That sweet face and those lovely loving eyes were to beam upon him no more.

"How I shall yearn for one touch of that little hand, and how I shall pine for my dove," he thought. "And how often in too delusive dreams I shall fancy her near me; only to awake to the bitter pain of separation."

He made short work of his breakfast, and started up, with an apology to his mother and Esther, to set out for Hedingham.

"You'll get my portmanteau packed, won't you, mother?" he asked. "You needn't have much put in, as I haven't the right kind of clothes for a tropical climate. I'll go to an outfitter in Cornhill and get properly rigged out. You can order the dog-cart for half-past twelve, and have the portmanteau put in. I'll be back by that time."

"Are you going to Hedingham?"

"Yes, I am going to have a little talk with my future father-in-law."

Mrs. Standen shuddered. It was bad enough to think of Sylvia as a daughter-in-law, but it was worse to think of Sylvia's father. The village schoolmaster. The man who had forty pounds a year, with a house to live in, coals, and candles. It was too dreadful to think that this humble official would by-and-by have a right to enter Dean House, would be a relation to its mistress by marriage.

"And the man looks and talks like a gentleman," thought Mrs. Standen. "That's the worst part of the business. There must be some good reason for his burying himself alive in Hedingham."

She sighed, not yet reconciled to the idea of her son's marriage; although, moved by a sudden impulse of gratitude and generosity, she had just now promised to visit Sylvia. She looked at Esther's earnest face, which was turned towards her, full of tender compassion. She looked and thought, with a sharp pang, of a hope which she had cherished for years, and abandoned only a few days ago. Tears came into her eyes, and she turned away her head with a heart-broken sigh.

"Dearest Auntie, why are you so unhappy?" asked the girl affectionately, "is it about poor Mrs. Sargent?"

"No, my dear. It is about my son. He has made up his mind to marry."

"Against your wish. I know all about it, dear Auntie. Edmund told me this morning."

Mrs. Standen turned towards her with a look of sharpest scrutiny, "And you are not—angry with him for such a choice?"

"Why should I be angry? All that I have to wish for is that he may be happy—and if he can be happy with Sylvia Carew, what does it matter that she is not his equal in social position? She is really very ladylike in her style and appearance, and better educated than you might expect."

"If he can be happy," repeated Mrs. Standen with intensity.

"Yes, Esther, it is that 'if' which troubles me."

CHAPTER IX.

SYLVIA AT HOME.

Hedingham looked its brightest in the morning sunshine as Edmund Standen walked along the little street in the valley, where the brawling brook ran merrily in front of the cottage and gardens, and under the green hedges, across which an inquisitive old white horse, or a comfortable looking cow, red like the rich loam of the valley, sometimes thrust a big clumsy head, with half stupid, half enquiring eyes.

The church yard wore its accustomed aspect of shady repose, as Edmund crossed it by the familiar foot way that led to the old school house. A shrill clamour of juvenile voices sounded through the open windows; for Mr. Carew's scholars worshipped Minerva and the Muses somewhat noisily. The old, old school-house, for which Mr. Vancourt, the vicar, was anxious to substitute a smart gothic erection, had a certain rustic picturesqueness of aspect likely to be wanting in the modern building. Houseleek and stonecrop grew undisturbed on the time blackened thatch, which sloped steeply down to the very windows of the school room and parlour. The upper story was entirely formed by that sloping roof, the bed chambers all angles, with latticed dormers peeping out between the slanting timbers of the gables. But the indefinable charm of antiquity pervaded the building. The cob walls, faced with crinkly looking plaster, were half hidden under the rich growth of century-old myrtles and climbing roses, the quarter of an acre of garden, where flowers and vegetables grew side by side in brotherly love, was bright with hollyhocks and carnations, big hoary lavender bushes, breathing their sweet perfume on the summer air, the scarlet blossoms of the humble bean, the gray-blue bloom of the onion.

To Edmund, this morning, the school house seemed a delicious dwelling place. He thought of the steamer, and the long weary voyage to Demerara, and longed to stay here and loiter away a tranquil existence in endless joy, instead of doing his duty in that state of life which Providence had assigned to him.

"If all other trades fail, I can turn schoolmaster," he reflect-

ed. "I wouldn't mind teaching stupid boys half the day, if I could spend the other half with Sylvia."

He opened the modest door which communicated with that part of the schoolhouse appropriated to Mr. Carew's residence. The door opened straight into the parlour, a fair sized room, poorly furnished, but neatly kept, and displaying some little attempt at adornment which looked like Sylvia's handiwork. White muslin curtains draped the two low latticed casements, a row of flower pots screened the window that faced the sun, a few cheap prints decorated the walls, a flowered chintz cover concealed the shabbiness of a decrepid sofa; three rows of books on hanging shelves and a smart china inkstand and desk on a little table brightened the recess by the fireplace; a pair of green glass candlesticks and a cracked china vase surmounted the high chimney-piece. It was not the room of a slovenly housewife, and Mr. Standen looked round him with admiring eyes. If his betrothed imparted grace even to such poor surroundings, what a charm would she lend to the fair home he hoped to give her.

Sylvia was busy in the adjoining room—a very small kitchen—for Mr. Carew's pittance did not allow him to keep a servant, and his daughter had to manage the household work as best she might. Happily for him she managed it deftly—kept their poor rooms the pink of cleanliness—cooked the epicure's small dinner to his perfect satisfaction—never left pails of water or empty jugs standing in his way—rose with the birds, and got through all the rough part of her work before the Hedingham gentry had risen from their pillows, in order that no one should see her in her common cotton gown, with sleeves tucked up to the shoulders. Happily for her own peace of mind the work of cleaning those few rooms was not enough to redden or roughen her pretty hands and arms. She had contrived to minister to her father from the time she was twelve years old, without injury to her growing loveliness. Indeed, her beauty may have been improved by that enforced activity which preserved the fresh bloom of her cheek, the liquid brightness of her eyes.

She heard the sound of the opening door, and her lover's footsteps, and came out of her kitchen, where she had been preparing the remains of yesterday's chicken for to-day's *fricassée*. The happy look which Edmund knew so well flashed into her face, at sight of him, and then changed curiously to a look of fear.

"My darling, what is the matter?" he asked, folding her in his arms.

"You have come to tell papa," she said, "and I am frightened. I know he will be disagreeable—insult you, perhaps, if you tell him your mother's determination. Why not leave him in the dark, Edmund? Just ask his permission to marry me, and no more."

"My pet, you ask me to do a dishonourable thing," answered Edmund, kissing the fair forehead at the end of his sentence, lest the reproach should seem too severe; "and even if I tried to deceive your father I should most likely fail. He would ask for a settlement, or something of that kind, which he could hardly get from a pauper."

Sylvia shuddered at the word. It is hard to bid good-bye to one's brightest dream, and Sylvia's had been the fancy that she had won the lover she loved, and a rich husband, in Edmund Standen.

"I must tell Mr. Carew the truth, dear, and I can't tell it too soon," said Edmund firmly. "But I'm sorry to say I've more bad news for you this morning."

"Bad news! How can you have bad news? What more can your mother rob you of?"

"My bad news does not concern our fortunes, Sylvia, but our parting. I am going away from Hedingham for three long months."

The girl's cheek paled, but no tear clouded those brilliant eyes. She looked at him fixedly—her lips quivering.

"You have changed your mind—you are going to give me up!" she said.

"Give you up, when I am here to ask your father for your hand: to give him formal notice of our engagement."

"What is to part us then?"

"Duty, my sweet one, which calls me far away."

He told her about the news from Demerara, and his immediate departure. Sylvia paused and looked disconsolate. She had no sympathy with an unknown widow, above all when that widow was the very person for whose benefit her lover was to be robbed of his rightful inheritance.

"It seems hard that you should be obliged to go, Edmund," she said. "One would think your sister might find some one else to settle her affairs and bring her back to England, that is to say if she wants an escort. I thought married women were independent, and could do everything for themselves."

"But think of her trouble, Sylvia—her husband so awfully snatched away from her. They had been married six years, and it was a real love-match. I never knew people more attached to each other."

"What took them to Demerara?" asked Sylvia, still disconsolate.

"George was a barrister, with a very fair practice when he married, and he and my sister lived as happily as a pair of turtle doves, in a pretty little house at South Kensington. But two years ago he got a judgeship in Demerara. It was too good to refuse, so off they started, to my mother's regret. They used to spend a month with us every autumn."

"Of course," thought Sylvia, "scheming to cheat you out of your fortune."

"Sylvia," said Edmund earnestly, "this parting won't make any difference in your love, will it? You mean to be true to me?"

The loving eyes looked up at him, the little hands clasped his. What need was there of any further answer?

"I love you too dearly to change," she said, and then added meditatively, "I sometimes wish I didn't."

"But why, my own one?"

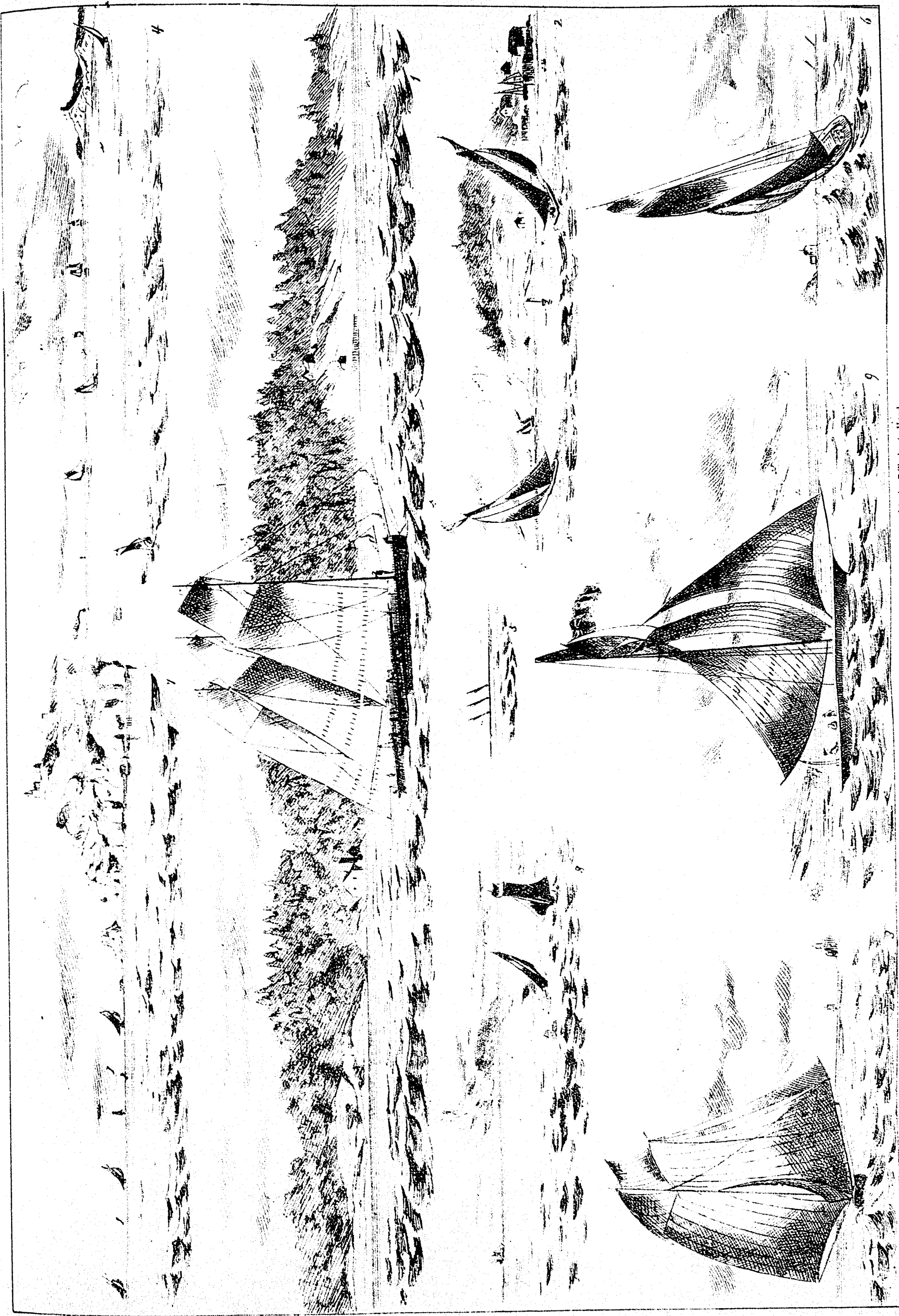
"Because I don't think our love is lucky for either of us. What has it given you but trouble in the present? What does it promise us in the future?"

"Happiness, darling. Happiness, which is not to be gauged by the measure of a man's banking account. Trust your fate to me, and we will be happy together, rich or poor. Already the clouds are lifting. My mother and I had a confidential talk last night, which ended pleasantly. She loves me with all her unselfishness heart, dear soul, in spite of her prejudices. And she will learn to love you too, my pet, in good time. She has even promised to come and see you while I am away."

"Even," repeated Sylvia, with ever so faint a sneer, "I'm sure I ought to be grateful for so much condescension."



SHOBBAC, N. B.—THE INTERCOLONIAL RR. PIER AT POINT DU CHENE, THE DAY AFTER THE GREAT STORM.



1. Waiting for the starting gun. View from the Yacht Club Pier. Wind S. W.
 2. Off George's Island; the "Petrol" still leading on the winning tack.
 3. The "Petrol" coming up before the wind.
 4. The Yachts of Thrump Cap. Booy; "Whisper" leading; "Squirrel" accompanying them.
 5. On the starboard tack off Chelucto Head.
 6. The "Squirrel" tacking towards McTab's Island.
 7. The Yachts wearing Chelucto Head and standing out towards Sambro.
 8. The "Whisper" on the home stretch passing the "Petrol" to the North of Sambro.
 9. The "Whisper" winning the Sambro Cup.

HALIFAX — THE HALIFAX ROYAL YACHT CLUB RACE FOR THE SAMBRO CUP.

"You'll receive her kindly, Sylvia, for my sake."
 "I would do anything for your sake," said the girl fondly. She was swifter in her changes of mood than an April sky.
 "And you will be constant, Sylvia?"
 "I cannot help being constant. I never loved any one but you, and to the end of my life I shall love you and you only." And she meant it.

CHAPTER X.

A HUMILIATING REJECTION.

Edmund Standen's interview with Mr. Carew was far from satisfactory. His candour evoked no responsive generosity from the schoolmaster.

"If your mother means to disinherit you and you have to begin the world without a sixpence, I can't see that my daughter will better her position by marrying you," said James Carew, dryly.

He had left his rough gang of scholars to their own devices, and come into the parlour, whither Sylvia had summoned him, and whence she had fled, leaving her lover to fight his battle as best he might.

"We love each other," pleaded Edmund.

"That's a boy and girl reason. But I cannot see that mutual affection is sufficient ground for mutual starvation. To talk about marriage now, with your way to make in the world, is a sheer absurdity. Come to me by-and-bye when you are able to keep a wife, and I may be able to give you a more favourable answer."

"I don't ask your consent to an immediate marriage," replied Edmund. "I am willing to wait a few months. By the end of that time I hope to have won a secure income and a home for my wife. She has not been accustomed to splendour or luxury," he added, with a glance at the homely parlour, "and she will know how to manage matters upon a moderate income."

"She has been accustomed to the sharpest poverty," answered Mr. Carew, "but that is no reason why she should endure its stings to the end of her days. So lovely a girl as my daughter ought to improve her position by marriage."

"Which means that you would sell her to the highest bidder," said Edmund, bitterly.

"Nothing of the kind, it only means that I will never give my consent to her marriage with a man who has less than a thousand a year of fixed income. That is little enough for the wants of modern life," added Mr. Carew, with as grand an air as if he had never existed upon smaller means.

"Then I am to understand that you refuse your consent," said Edmund, pale with anger.

"Absolutely."

"And whatever influence you have with your daughter will be used to prevent her marrying me."

"Decidedly."

"Very well, Mr. Carew. I am bound, however, to inform you that I do not believe your daughter will abide by your decision in this matter."

"There she must please herself," answered the schoolmaster, coolly. "I can only try to prevent her throwing herself away, but if she has set her heart, or her mind, whichever it is that governs a woman's impulses, upon marrying a beggar, I cannot help it. I can only forbid you my house," he concluded, as loftily as if the low ceiled parlour had been a mansion.

"You need not trouble yourself to do that," replied Edmund. "This is the first time I have crossed your threshold, and it shall be the last. I only came here to-day because I had a duty to perform."

"Oh? It was your duty to tell me, after you had stolen my daughter's heart," said the schoolmaster, icily.

Edmund did not reply to the taunt, though it wounded him. It was Sylvia's fault that he had not made this communication sooner. He could not tell her father that.

"I am going to leave England for some time on family business," he said quietly, "will you allow me to bid Sylvia good-bye?"

"I will allow nothing of the kind. I will countenance no manner of communication between you. If she choose to disobey me, let her take the consequences of her own act, and do penance for her folly in a garret or a gutter. I shall not pity her."

"And I shall think I do a good action in removing her from the custody of such a father," exclaimed Edmund, angrily.

"Good-morning, sir," said the schoolmaster, opening the door; "my pupils are clamorous, and I must return to them."

Edmund gave him a haughty bow and went out, his bosom swelling with indignation. What would be said in Hedingham should it be known that he had sued for the schoolmaster's daughter, and been contemptuously refused. His heart beat high with wounded pride.

He was sufficiently provincial to consider himself of some importance, lightly as he might affect to regard the difference between his rank and Sylvia's when he pleaded love's cause with Mrs. Standen. He felt that in his person the respectability of the Standen family had been outraged.

In this little burst of resentment he almost forgot Sylvia and love. He was crossing the churchyard, and had just reached a spot where the shade of cypress and yew was deepest, an unfrequented nook by the ivy-mantled tomb of the Bossinys, when a light step sounded behind him, and presently two little hands were clasped upon his arm.

"Edmund would you leave me without saying good-bye?"

Anger fled at the sound of that voice. He looked down at her with the old loving look, mingled with sadness.

"My dearest, it would have half broken my heart to part thus, but I had no time for lingering, and your father forbade my seeing you."

"My father. I don't care a straw for my father's commands where you are concerned. I think I should have run all the way to Monkhampton, under the hot sun, to catch you at the station, if I hadn't overtaken you here. But I have caught you, stop a minute. Edmund, in this dark shade, and give me one more kiss before you go; and tell me once more, one little once, that you love me."

The kiss and the assurance of affection were repeated a good many times, "my sweet wife in the dear days to come," said Edmund tenderly.

The words startled Sylvia, and she looked up at him curiously. It was the first time he had ever called her by that endearing name.

"Your wife!" she repeated. "Do you think it ever will be, Edmund?"

"What, sweetest?"

"Our marriage. You see there are two people to hinder it, Mrs. Standen and Papa. Perhaps they will put their heads together and plot against us."

"My mother plot. For shame, Sylvia!"

"You needn't be offended. I said Papa, too, I'm sure he's not above plotting. Everything seems against us, this voyage to Dumerara for instance, as sudden as if you had received a summons from some one in the moon. Do you honestly think we shall ever be married, Edmund?"

"Yes, my own love. If we are but true to each other."

He kissed her once again, and this time it was verily the parting kiss, for the great hoarse bell of the church clock, boomed out twelve heavy strokes, till the air round them seemed to tremble, the mighty cypress to shiver.

"Be true to me, darling," he cried, with almost despairing fondness, "be true to me, as God knows I shall be true to you." Then with a desperate wrench he put her from him, and hurried away, blinded by tears his manhood was ashamed of. Good-bye was a word he had not courage to utter, and so he left her leaning despondently upon the tomb of the Bossinys; not weeping—tears with Sylvia were rare—but breathing languid sighs for the loss of so true a lover.

"How dull the place will seem without him" she thought, dejectedly.

To be continued.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

SONNET.

BY C. L. CLEVELAND.

As in the forest glides a moonbeam white
 Along drooping branches and the unpruned limbs.
 What time the angels sing their vesper hymns,
 And looses the pendent curtains of the night:
 So doth my Lady tread the shadowy ways
 Of lowly life, dispensing goodness cheer
 From her large love, that scatters doubt and fear.
 She speaks but little in rebuke or praise;
 Yet the persuasion of her look and word
 Hath on her people such inspiring spells
 That each good feeling of the heart is stirred
 To aspiration for the Faith that dwells
 In her sweet soul, whose outward-shining grace
 Makes a bright heaven of her bending face.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET.

A young physician, poor and without practice, was standing one afternoon at the window of his small and scantily-furnished bed-room. He looked into a yard which was common to his own tenement and to the low tumble-down residence of his landlord. This landlord was an old miser who had formerly been bailiff and whose only companion was an orphan girl named Rose. He had adopted the child at an early age, and while he was not unkind to her, he treated her as a servant without wages. A sort of mute friendship had sprung up between the young doctor and the girl, and he rather liked to watch her from his window going about her domestic avocations.

On this afternoon he suddenly noticed her leaving the house and coming in the direction of his pavilion. As she approached nearer, she made a sign to him and he immediately hastened to run down to open the door for her.

"What is the matter?" said he.

She appeared embarrassed and replied:

"Beg pardon—I would have wished—I came to ask you a favour—a great favour."

"Speak," said the doctor, "in what can I assist you?"

"It is not I but my uncle. He is suffering and growing weak. This morning he was able to rise, but a moment ago he fainted away."

"I will go and see him," said the doctor, making a step forward.

Rose retained him by a gesture.

"Excuse me," she said hesitatingly,—"but my uncle has always refused to call physicians."

"I will go as a neighbour."

"And under some pretext, if you please. You might perhaps inquire of him about the price of stable and shed hire—you will need both, you know, when you get your gig."

"Very well," said the doctor; and he followed the young girl to her uncle's door.

Rose asked him to wait there a few moments and let her go in first, so as not to rouse the suspicions of the invalid.

He paused on the threshold and heard the old man ask the girl whether the garden was closed, whether she had put out the fire, whether the bucket had not been left in the well. The broken wheezing voice struck the physician. He made up his mind to ascend the step, and open noisily as a visitor who wished to announce himself, but he was suddenly stopped by the darkness of the room. Indeed the apartment had no other light but that of the lamp which shone in the street, but even by its uncertain light the sick man recognized his young tenant. He rose on his elbow and said with effort:

"The doctor! I hope he does not come for me. I did not ask for him. I am well."

"It is not a doctor's but a tenant's visit," said the physician gradually approaching the bed, and adding something about the rent of stables and barn.

"Very well," said the old man. "Please sit down, neighbour—we need no candle, Rose; give me my potion."

The girl brought him a large cup which he drained with the panting avidity which fever induces.

"My usual remedy, doctor," said he. "It is worth all your drugs and costs only the trouble of gathering the plants."

"And you drink it cold?"

"To save fuel. Fire incommodes me, and wood is dear."

The doctor did not argue with his patient, but approached nearer. His eyes, now used to the gloom, observed that the face of the old man was marbled with red blotches indicative of the force of the fever. Continuing to speak to him, he took up one of his burning hands, listened to his laboured breathing and was not slow in concluding that the malady was very serious.

Withdrawing from the bed, he took Rose aside and informed her of the fact. He likewise had an understanding with her that under plausible pretext the old miser should be persuaded to take some remedies which the doctor would send him gratis,

as the offerings of a neighbour and friend. The stratagem succeeded, but the remedies came too late, and the sick man gradually grew worse.

At the end of a fortnight, as the physician made his usual visit, he found the old man at the last extremity.

"Ah, doctor, I am ill—very ill. Is there any danger. Tell me if there is. Before dying, I have a secret to tell."

"Then tell it," answered the young man.

"It is then true. There is no hope. I must die. I must renounce all that I have hoarded; leave all to others—all—"

The physician tried to calm him by speaking of Rose, who had just stepped out of the room.

"Yes, I want to see her, poor girl. They will try to rob her. But she has her share, only she will have to hunt"—

He stopped.

"Hunt where?" asked the doctor bending over the bed.

"Open the window," exclaimed the dying man, staring with glassy eyes. "I want to see the light. Go to the garden—yonder—behind the well—the top stone—"

The voice faded away. The young physician saw the lips move a moment, then a convulsive thrill agitated the features and all was over. The old landlord was dead.

Rose entered soon after. Her grief on learning the truth was silent but sincere. She prayed long and fervently at the bedside. After she had composed herself, she made all the modest preparations for the funeral, and when the day of burial came, was the only one, besides the physician, who followed the remains to the grave.

A couple of hours after their return from the churchyard, the doctor went over to the house. To his surprise he found Rose sitting on a stone bench outside the door and weeping bitterly. He essayed to console her. "Pardon me, sir," said Rose, in a low voice, "it is not to soften my grief that I sit here, but if I were to go in, I should trouble the relatives of my poor uncle who are there."

"What, there already?" asked the young man.

"Yes, with a notary."

The doctor looked in the interior and saw a cousin of the dead man, his wife and a notary, emptying the cupboards and shelves.

"Good gracious! they are taking everything," he exclaimed.

"They have the right to do so," said Rose softly.

"That remains to be seen," replied the Doctor crossing the threshold.

The notary, who had a parcel of papers in his hands, turned round abruptly.

"Stop, sir," cried the young man.

"Why so?" demanded the notary.

"Because the will must first be produced."

"There is no will, and everything goes to this man and his wife, sole relatives of the deceased."

The doctor tried to remonstrate, but in vain. High words followed, in which the woman joined, threatening the young man and shaking her fists at Rose, who stood trembling at the open door. The altercation terminated by the physician leaving the house in disgust, and Rose taking refuge for the night with a neighbour.

That evening the youth paced his little room in a fever of excitement. What could he do for Rose? Was she to lose everything? Was she to be the victim of harpies? With his forehead leaning on the window pane, he looked out into the darkness, revolving in his mind all the contingencies by which he might assist the poor friendless girl. For a long time he could find no clue, and was about throwing himself upon his bed in despair when suddenly he remembered the last words of the old man: "In the garden,"—"behind the well,"—"the topstone." This was to him a flash of lightning. That was the secret of the dead! He seized his hat, descended rapidly the stairs, crossed the court yard, opened the garden gate, and hurried forward to the well.

The curbing, partially crumbled, revealed large fissures in the wall. He sounded the depths, but could discover nothing. The rear of the well, under the fragment of the top stone, which had formerly sustained the cornice, was precisely the only spot which presented no hiatus; the block of cut stone, solidly mortared, was fixed and immovable. After turning round it two or three times and bent down to examine it inside and out, he grew ashamed of his credulity. He shrugged his shoulders, threw a last look of disappointment at the well and directed his steps homeward.

But after all a doubt still lingered in his mind. When on the point of leaving the garden, he looked back again at the well, the wall, and the topstone.

"That was certainly the spot indicated by the dying man," thought he.

He stopped and reflected.

"But stop! Why should the top stone be the only one that is solidly mortared?"

This simple thought made him retrace his steps. He examined once more, and with greater attention, the block of stone, and noticed that it had recently been surrounded by a number of small boulders. He tried to shake it by removing these obstacles. He succeeded in moving it a little and finally rolled it out of its bed. A cavity appeared in the masonry, and after violent efforts he drew forth a small casket circled with iron. In raising it he let it slip from his hands and it resounded with the jingle of coin. Seized with a kind of vertigo, the youth filled the aperture with earth and stones, replaced the curb as well as he could, and ran to his room with the precious box.

On reaching his apartment he laid it on the floor and tried to open it, but it was closed by a tight lock of which he had not the key. After several useless attempts he sat down with his eyes fixed on the casket, and spent the night in reflection.

Morning came and he had not yet decided what to do with his treasure-trove, when he heard a timid knock at the door.

He opened; it was Rose.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, standing at the door. "I came only to bid you good-bye."

"You are going?"

"Yes, to town, where I am promised employment."

"You."

"I must. I have no one to care for me now. Only I could not leave without coming to thank you, doctor."

There was something in the voice and in the manner of the girl, so full of ingenuous pathos, that the young man's eyes filled with tears. He seized Rose's hands within his.

"What would you say if I made you suddenly richer than you ever dreamed to become?"

"Me!"

"What if I had a treasure for you?"

"A treasure!"

"Look!"

And he led her rapidly into the room, showed her the casket and related all that had taken place.

Rose fell on her knees and wept.

"Ah! you will at last be as happy as you deserve," she said at length.

"I?" he said, drawing back.

"Yes, you," repeated Rose with rapture. "This is all yours—take it and be happy."

The physician protested that she misunderstood him and that it was useless to speak thus, but Rose did not listen to him. She had just seen the new heirs going into the house and ran to call them.

The physician held her by the arm—

"Do you wish to lose what fortune has [given you?" he said.

"Lose!" replied the girl, not understanding him.

"These people will claim the restitution of the casket."

"How?"

"You have no title to it."

Rose shuddered and looked her friend in the face.

"Then it does not belong to me," she said abruptly.

"Your uncle meant it for you, but the law will require other proof."

"The law! but everybody must obey the law."

"Unless——"

"No, no," said Rose vivaciously, "we must do what is right. Ah, I had misunderstood you. The casket is not mine and all this happiness is a dream."

The simple heart had not hesitated a moment, and she was a heroine without knowing it. But the doctor knew it. Without answering a word, he called the heirs, summoned a notary and deposited the casket in his hands.

A little key which the cousin had found around the dead man's neck was produced and it opened the box. Within was found a great deal of old silver and several thousand gold pieces.

The peasant and his wife wept for joy. Rose and the doctor remained calm. The notary counted the money and then found under it a bundle of bank notes. When all was inventoried the sum amounted to nearly ten thousand pounds.

The peasant, half crazed, approached the table, took the casket and shook it. A last paper, hidden between the wood and the lining, fell out.

"Something more to add to the pile!" he exclaimed, picking up the sheet and handing it to the notary.

The latter opened it, cast his eyes over it, and made a movement of surprise.

"It is a will," he said.

"A will!" echoed all the voices.

"By which the deceased makes Rose his sole legatee!"

Cries of rage and disappointment rang through the room. The peasant made a rush for the paper, but the notary threw himself back. The man and his wife had to be ushered out of the house with violence.

As to the doctor, he soon became the happy husband of Rose, who was not only the companion of his life, but a counsellor and a support.

lowing order: "Whisper," 2.15 p.m.; "Petrel," 2.30 p.m.; "Squirrel," 2.58 p.m. The "Petrel" was, of course, longer in reaching the signal station on account of her standing on the longer tack. On the home stretch the run was magnificent, and was led by the "Whisper," which came in winner. Time of arrival: "Whisper," 4h. 26m. p.m.; "Petrel," 4h. 39m. 30s. p.m.; "Squirrel," 5h. 6m. 10s. p.m. Allowing for difference in tonnage, the "Whisper" beat the "Petrel" by 12m. 30s., and the "Squirrel" by 12m. 10s. The "Petrel" beat the "Squirrel" by 39m. 40s. The wharves on both shores were crowded with spectators when the yachts returned. Altogether, the race was the finest ever witnessed in Halifax, and reflects the highest credit alike on yachts, crews and club. Our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. F. C. Sumner, who followed the race in the yacht "Cloud," as the guest of A. W. Scott, Esq., Secretary of the Club.

Miscellaneous.

Too Soon.

Says the Danbury News: "Mr. Etheridge has put up a handsome monument on his lot in the Sawson Cemetery. He has his name and birth on its face, and beneath the space left for the death is this beautiful but somewhat premature observation, 'None knew him but to love him.'"

"Not for Joe."

A young lady of the light fantastic, etc., asked behind the scenes, a wealthy banker for a splendid diamond ring he wore, as a souvenir. He was equal to the occasion, and replied, "Charming and too-fascinating Marie, if you wish to keep me in remembrance, as often as you look at your naked finger remember that you asked a certain person for his ring, and he refused to give it you!"

Couldn't See It.

An old and worthless New Hampshire dog had been accustomed to accompany his master to a certain meadow. While there one day his master had a conversation with a neighbour as to the best method of despatching him, he being old and worthless, and it was agreed that he should be brought to the meadow the following day, and that the neighbour should give him poison; but the dog could never be induced to go there again.

Advice to be Followed.

The American Sportsman is trying hard to teach people how to handle guns. It gives four rules. The substance of the first three rules is—never handle a gun unless you know how; always handle a gun as if it were loaded; always carry a gun at half-cock. The fourth rule we give entire. "If you know of no other way of ascertaining whether a gun is loaded or not than by putting the muzzle to your mouth and blowing, or if you feel inclined to draw the cap, retire to a safe distance and at once blow out your brains—if you have any—before you kill or maim other people by your stupidity and carelessness."

The Largest Bridge in the World.

The London Builder gives the following dimensions of a bridge to be constructed over the Frith of Forth:—The structure will be by far the largest bridge in the world. It will be 150 feet in height, and will contain nearly 100 spans. The greatest span in the centre will be 1,500 feet wide, or nearly a third of a mile in extent, dimensions which are without parallel for any similar piece of architectural construction; and the smaller openings or spans will be 150 feet in width, being considerably beyond the average dimensions of the largest spans in ordinary bridges. It will cost at least \$10,000,000.

Insanity Among Professional Men.

New York statistics show that the proportion of business and professional men who become insane is largest among bankers and stock speculators; bookkeepers come next; then commercial travellers, or drummers as they are commonly called in this country; then lawyers; followed by retired merchants, clergymen and journalists. One might think that journalists, through continued hard work and late hours, would have more provocation to lunacy than lawyers or speculators even; but they may acquire a certain degree of insanity before they embrace the calling, and, as this degree does not materially increase, they are regarded as of sound mind.

A Moveable Wild Beast Trap.

M. Choret, the indefatigable wild beast killer, has invented what he calls the silocage, and of which the following is a short description: The frame and bars are of iron. It is three metres (about 10 feet) long, two (6 feet 6 inches) wide, and the same in height. Mounted on three cast-iron wheels of small diameter, it can be moved even on difficult ground. The upper part opens with folding doors, like a wardrobe, and they close of themselves at the slightest shock given to springs of steel. Catches retain the lids as they fall, and imprison the animal as soon as he touches the bottom of the trap. The plan is to place this trap properly baited, on the ground frequented by the wild animals, and then, when the game is caught, to wheel the machine away to some menagerie prepared for the purpose.

The Reward of Kindness.

"The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has awarded its annual premiums," says a Paris correspondent. "One gentleman received a medal for purchasing an old horse incapable of working, and, to save it from suffering, had the animal slaughtered, and the flesh given to the poor; another prize winner saved a foal from being buried alive by its owner; an architect obtained a medal for plunging into the Seine last November and saving a dog. An agriculturist received honourable mention for extending the culture of goat's beard, a plant which increases the production of milk in sheep, enabling them thus to rear their young. Perhaps that farmer might discover a plant to increase the supply of milk among the Paris herds, and thus enable people to escape from a series of terrible adulterations."

"Great Fleas Have Little Fleas, &c."

The fact that Nature is full of compensations is beautifully illustrated by a recent bit of scientific information, which announces that the house-fly is tormented by parasites, of which it cannot get rid, and that it suffers dreadful agonies from their tickling. This information will mitigate the indignation which has hitherto been vented upon him. Hereafter, the blue-bottle who persists in lighting up one's nose, although he is repeatedly driven off, will be entitled to commiseration from the fact that his agonies are the greatest, and that a parasite is worrying his nervous system, and slowly but surely tickling him to death. If now the scientists can only assure us that mosquitoes are preyed upon by other parasites, then these small pests will certainly be entitled to commiseration. In strict justice to them, however, the scientists ought to establish the fact that the parasites themselves are afflicted by other parasites, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Improved Method of Administering Medicine.

An ingenious method of administering certain medicines, which possibly is not entirely new, has lately been suggested by Limousin of Paris. This consists in the preparation of little disks of tough, unheavened bread, which are punched out with a die, and embossed so as to have a depression in the centre, in which the medicine to be administered is placed, and then covered with a thin plate of the same material. The name of the medicine and the dose are stamped on the disk. When need-

ed for use, one (or more) of these disks is placed in a teaspoon with some water, until slightly softened, and it may then be swallowed without leaving any taste of the medicine in the mouth. It is claimed by the inventor that this method is particularly adapted for the administration of bitter substances, such as sulphate of quinine, rhubarb, aloes, etc., as well as for those that are readily alterable by the air, like reduced iron, bromide of potassium, etc.

A Fork to Match.

The German journals relate the following anecdote:—Saxhausen is one of the suburbs of Frankfort, and is partly occupied by gardeners, who are considered, rightly or wrongly, to be a clownish lot. When the Prussian troops recently entered the city, every house was obliged to billet one or two soldiers. The inhabitants of Saxhausen acquitted themselves of this duty with very bad grace, and one of them showed such manifest signs of ill-will towards his guest, that the latter, when he sat down to dinner, placed his sword on the table by his side, with a very significant gesture. The countryman said nothing, but left the room and returned in a moment with an enormous pitchfork, which he laid down beside the sword. The soldier flushed up with anger, but the other quietly observed, "I thought that for so big a knife a fork was required; if you like, we can each make use of our implement." This was all the satisfaction the son of Mars could obtain, so he thought fit to put his sword away in a corner of the kitchen, whilst the other withdrew the pitchfork.

A Chapter of Calamities.

The other day Charles E. Sumner, a worthy farmer and merchant near Suffolk, Va., kissed his wife and children and rode over into Gates County, N. C., to look up a stock of chickens and eggs. About noonday a very severe storm came up, and Mrs. Sumner had just laid the table-cloth and fixed the knives and forks for dinner. Her twin boys, nine or ten years old, and one of them deaf, came into the house as Mrs. Sumner sat in her chair, after a hatchet and some nails, to go out and nail up the fence. Just as they got to the door going out the lightning struck the chimney of the house and the little boys fell dead out of the door. Mrs. Sumner ran to the door and fainted, fell out, apparently dead, by the side of her little boys. A can of kerosene in the same room on the mantle-piece had taken fire and caught the clothes of Mrs. Sumner's little girl, and the house was catching fire as the grown daughter of Mrs. Sumner ran out from the kitchen and this scene met her eye. She and an old woman put out the little girl and smothered the fire in the house. The little girl, it is thought, will die. Mrs. Sumner, whose condition was very delicate at the time, is in a precarious state of health.

The Paray-le-Monial Pilgrims.

A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Paray-le-Monial, says: "It is impossible to describe the mixed congregation of all nations, which all day has kept flowing in and out of the huge parish church and of the little Chapel of the Visitation. The latter is gorgeous, its walls, its cornices, and the capitals of its pillars being rich with gold. The banners which adorn its walls are trophies from all nations and dioceses. I should put them down at a hundred at least. They line the interior on every side, from top to bottom; and on the outside, where they are comparatively sparse, I counted no less than thirty. I presume that, for the most part, they are first offered publicly in the church, and then one by one brought hither in turn. The altar here, like that in the church, is dedicated to the *Sacré Cœur*, and is an exquisite specimen of carving. But it is far outshone by the 'shrine' properly so called, which stands in the chancel a little south of the altar; it is about four feet in height, richly carved and inlaid with jewels and precious stones, and tapers and lamps burn before it continually. Owing to the chapel having but one entrance, I had almost to fight my way to get up to it, so great was the pressure of devout worshippers who came up to touch it and to offer a prayer at the sainted lady's feet."

Victor Emmanuel and Queen Victoria.

Lady Blanche Murphy, writing to the *Galaxy*, relates the following: "The most punctilious of existing courts is awaiting the arrival of the most careless, 'free and easy' of sovereigns, the soldier King of Italy. It is just after the domestic losses which crowded thick upon him, and carried off his wife and his brother almost at the same time, and Europe's sympathy is very ready to pay sad and graceful homage to his bereavement. The Queen comes down, according to immemorial custom, to the foot of the great staircase at Windsor, to welcome her brother sovereign. As she took his arm to go up to the drawing room, she alluded delicately to his latest loss—that of his brother. His rather vacant countenance surprised her, and still more was she shocked when he answered awkwardly, in execrable French, 'Ah! oui, pauvre diable, il est mort.' ('Yes, poor devil, he is dead!') Her estimate of his character was further shaken by his request on Saturday night to be driven into London the next morning, where he meant to attend high mass in his own 'Sardinian chapel,' a church so called from having been originally built under the protection and for the use of the Sardinian legation. The poor Queen expected to see the King of Italy take a stand and proclaim what seemed to be his principles, by attending the Episcopal service in the palace chapel. But the soldier King had not the courage of his opinions, as the French so pithily express it—or rather he had no opinions—and in his outward policy followed the advice of his ministers; while in his private life the instincts of his race and education kept him firm in the faith of his ancestors."

Art and Literature.

Professor Hoppin, of Yale College, is writing a life of the late Admiral Foote.

Mr. Grenville Murray, of the extinct *Queen's Messenger*, is acting as French correspondent to the *N. Y. Herald*.

Dickens' works have been decided too immoral for general reading by the managers of the Vermont State School Library.

Mr. M. T. Bass has offered to give £5,000 towards the erection of a free library at Derby, on the simple condition that the town should provide a suitable site for the building.

The Royal Library and Print-room at Windsor Castle are being made fireproof. The collection of books, manuscripts, and engravings in these departments of the palace is almost priceless.

M. Victor Hugo's new work, "Quatre-Vingt-Treize," is now ready for the press, and the manuscript has been submitted to M. Baulé, the Minister of the Interior. Some fears are entertained that its publication may be prohibited.

The portrait of the Pope, in mosaic, which has been in course of execution in the Vatican factory of mosaics, is almost completed. The work is said to be well executed, and the Holy Father is contented to know that the likeness is excellent.

A young German savant, Dr. Struck, at present at St. Petersburg, has been charged by the Russian government to collate the valuable manuscripts of the Old Testament preserved in the library of that city. He has the intention of photographing and publishing, with annotations, the most interesting one of those documents. The Russian authorities have accorded a sum of 20,000*fr.* to further his object.

Our Illustrations.

The Autumn is proverbially the season of forest glories in Canada and the United States. The variety of our woods gives a rare multiplicity of tints to the leaves when they die and fall. Our illustration this week represents a sylvan avenue wherein the trees are partially shorn of their foliage and the sward beneath is carpeted with red and saffron leaves.

The Forsyth Monument in Beechwood Cemetery, Ottawa, represents the tribute to Capt. Jas. Forsyth, late Commander of the Ottawa Field Battery, erected by the members of that corps and their friends. The unveiling with appropriate ceremonial took place on Saturday, the 13th ult. Our illustration, from a photograph by Topley, gives a good idea of this work of art.

Our readers will be pleased to view the portrait of Emello Castelar, the president of the Spanish Republic, accounted one of the greatest orators of Europe. He was born in 1832, was for a time Professor of History and Philosophy in the university of Madrid, fled to Switzerland in 1866 in consequence of his participation in a revolutionary outbreak, and returned to Spain in 1868, on the overthrow of Isabella.

The sketch of Point du Chêne, N. B., represents the wharves, warehouses and cars, as they appeared on the morning of the 25th August, after the great gale of the 23rd and 24th. Where the foreground is, stood a large freight warehouse with railway tracks on both sides, not a vestige of which remains. Over thirteen cars were badly damaged and as many again more or less injured. The Prince Edward's Island steamer the "Princess of Wales" was in imminent danger and had steam up all the time. Such havoc one would hardly believe to be possible. Of the fleet in the harbour all with the exception of one Norwegian ship rode out the gale in safety, although fears for two were entertained. The ill-fated ship "Horn Farmaud," is high and dry on Shediac shore. The loss to the Government will not be much.

In our illustration of the Dominion Rifle Match Association, which opened at Ottawa, on the 13th ult., the reader will easily distinguish Col. Gzowski, President, with Lady Macdonald standing beside the rifle (which is placed on a tripod), and Sir John with Mrs. Gzowski near by.

The national types from the Vienna Exhibition are a study full of interest and novelty, for which we ask careful consideration. It will be observed that the American face is absent from the collection and so is the Canadian, but that is no wonder, seeing how little Canada did for the Exhibition.

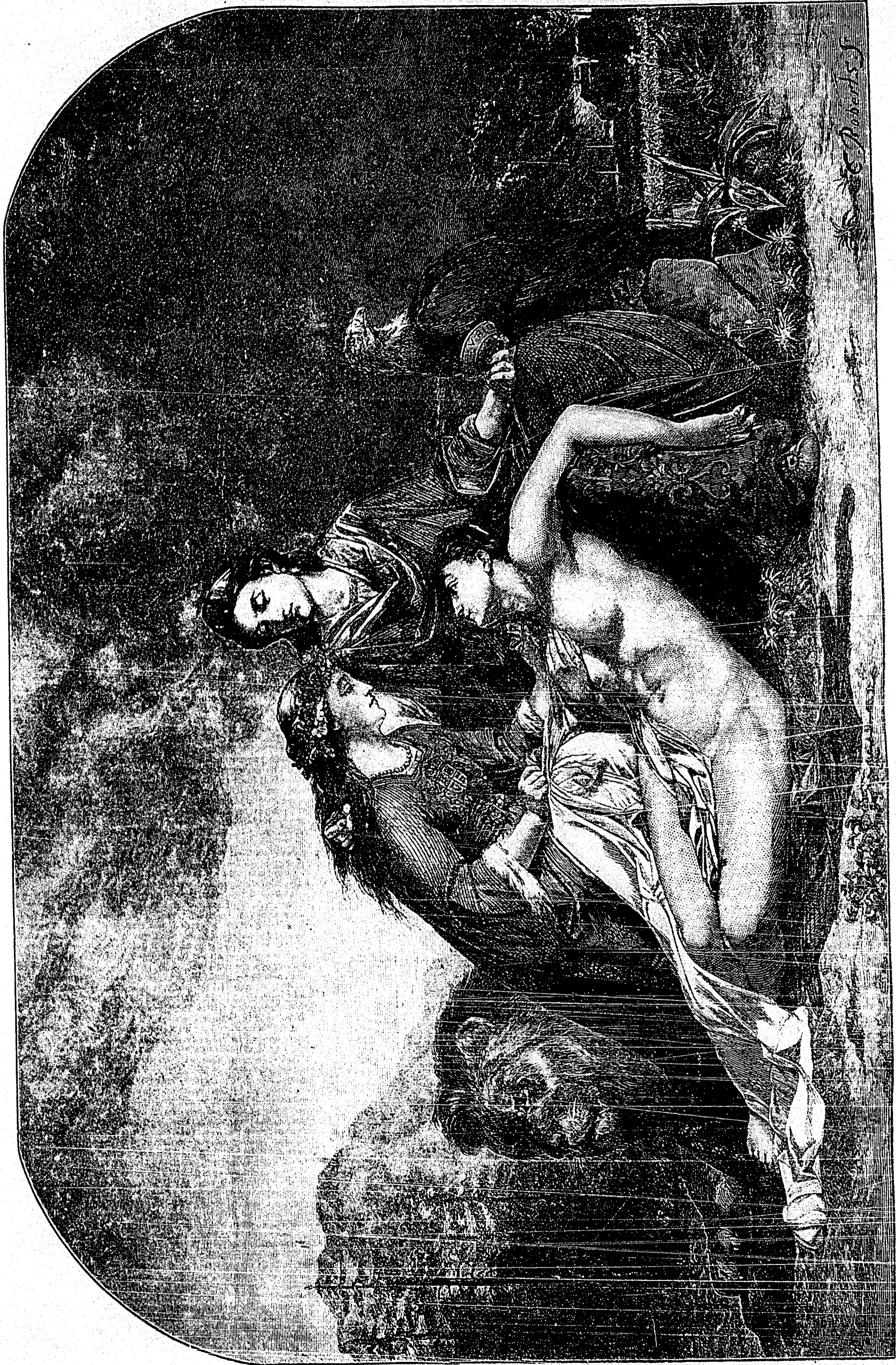
Our double page reproduces the commemorative picture of the Burning of Chicago, presented to that city by the London Graphic. As a typical memorial it possesses considerable merit and deserves to be preserved.

The Royal Halifax Yacht Club had its first ocean race on the 18th September. The course was from the Club Piers round Sambro Light and back, a distance of 32 nautical miles direct. There were three entries, the "Petrel," sloop, 15 tons, A. C. Edwards; "Squirrel," sloop, 20 tons, R. F. Armstrong; "Whisper," sloop, 17 tons, Vice-Commodore Wood. The prize consisted of the "Sambro Cup," value \$100. The yachts were started in a light breeze at 8h. 41m. 22s. a.m., the "Petrel" taking the lead and keeping it till below York Redoubt, when the "Whisper" got to windward and hauled ahead. The wind freshened from the south-west, and the yachts tacked all the way down, it being a dead hammer to windward. The "Whisper" kept the lead, the "Squirrel" taking second place, but losing it before reaching the Light. The "Petrel" left the Island on her port hand, and the other two yachts on the starboard. They were signalled at Halifax Citadel as passing the Light in the fol-



1-4. Japanese.—5. Bedouin.—6. Negro in the American Wigwag.—7. Armenian Merchant from Jerusalem.—8 and 9. Mulatto and Arab in the Palace of the Viceroy of Egypt.—10. Porstian.—11. Chinaman.—12. Wallachian.—13. Swiss Girl.—14. Styrian Girl.—15. Alsatian Girl.—16. Moravian Girl (German).—17. Hungarian Peasant.—18. Servian.—19. Polo.—20. Russian.—21. Hungarian-Solavonian.—22. Moravian Girl from the village of Hannakin.—23. Carynthian Girl.—24. Tyrolese.—25. Upper Austrian.—26. German Tourist.—27. German Workman.—28. Frenchwoman.—29 and 30. An English Couple.—31. Polish Jew.

NATIONAL TYPES FROM THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.



COMMEMORATIVE PICTURE OF THE BURNING OF CHICAGO.

BY EDWARD ARMITAGE, R. A.

PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF CHICAGO BY THE ARTISTS, CONTRIBUTORS, AND PROPRIETORS OF "THE GRAPHIC"

Music and the Drama.

Ferdinand David, the eminent violinist, is dead. It appears that Nilsson's real name is Tornernfeldt. The English subscription for Mario has reached \$30,000. Mdine, Parepa-Rosa will not sing at present. She is about to become a mother.

F. H. Torrington, the well-known organist and conductor, has accepted a call from Toronto.

Madame Déjazet, the well-known French actress, celebrated her seventy-sixth birthday on the 30th of August.

Mr. Joseph Gould's society—"The Mendelssohn Choir," of Montreal—is rehearsing Mendelssohn's "St. Paul."

Les Mystères de New-York, a drama, by MM. Marc-Fourrier and Jules Lermine (alias William Cobb), has been accepted at the Ambigu.

Camille Urso's new troupe will consist of Miss Edith Abell, soprano; Mr. Tom Karl, tenor; Mr. J. R. Thomas, baritone, Mr. Auguste Sauret, pianist.

M. Gounod has altered the third act of his opera, "Mireille," in order to introduce a religious duet, expressly written for Madame Adeline Patti, who will sing at St. Petersburg, in the Italian adaptation.

It is stated that Herr Maurice Strakosch's proposals for the Italian Opera House in Paris will be accepted. He has a new prima donna in Madlle. Belval, daughter of the basso, and a new contralto in Madlle. Belloc.

The Maretzek Opera Company, opening in New York next week, comprises Pauline Lucca, Ilma di Mirska, Natali-Testa, Enrico Tambrilic, Vizzani, Enrico Testa, Enrico Mari, Rossi-Galli, M. Jamet, Reyau, Rouconi.

Prof. J. H. Caulfield, the talented organist of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Montreal, has organized his choir. The chorus will number about twenty-five picked voices, with Mrs. N. P. Leach as soprano soloist, and Mrs. Darling, mezzo-soprano.

Salvini has appeared in New York and Brooklyn as Othello, Ingomar and in La Morte Civile. He has been received with enthusiasm. The best New York critics pronounce him the greatest tragedian who ever appeared on the boards since Edmund Kean.

The Strakosch Opera Company, now playing in New York, is composed of Christine Nilsson, Octava Torriana, Signora Maresi, Annie Louise Cary, Signor Italo Campanini, M. Victor Capoul, Bonfratelli, Maurel, Del Puente, Evasio Scolara, Nannetti and others.

Madlle. Albani will sing in concerts at Liverpool, Brighton, and St. James's Hall, prior to her departure for St. Petersburg, where she will make her debut in the "Sonnambula," and will afterwards appear in the "Mignon" and "Amleto" of M. Ambroise Thomas.

Dr. Alfons Kissner's collection of British national and popular songs, which he is translating into German, in order to publish them with the music, and so popularize them in Germany, is to include all the best Scotch popular and Jacobite songs, and the best Irish ones, as well as English ditties.

The Kellogg English Opera Company, which opens the season at Philadelphia on the 6th inst., consists of—sopranos, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, and Mrs. Jenny Van Zandt; contraltos, Miss Zaida Seguin, and Miss Kate Owen; tenors, Wilford Morgan, Joseph Mass, and Theodore Habelmann; baritones, William Carleton, and G. F. Hall; basses, Henry Peaks, John Clarke, Ellis Ryse, and Edward Seguin; conductors, Edward Reylot and Benjamin Owen.

Scraps.

The Alexandra Palace, near London, is to be rebuilt. The King of Ashantee has 333 wives, and still he is not happy. Miss Thackeray hopes to visit the United States next year. W. R. Alger has almost completed his "Life of Edwin Forrest, the tragedian."

Among the books announced by Osgood & Co. this fall is a life of Mrs. Barbauld.

A sanitarium for store-clerks has been opened at Ryde, Isle of Wight. Charge \$5 per week.

The Turkish Government have prohibited the exportation of Arabian horses for seven years.

James Parton has nearly finished his "Life of Voltaire," which he thinks is his best work.

Bathing dresses trimmed with gold coins are the latest novelty at Trouville. Republican simplicity.

A firm of London booksellers have purchased from the Shah the copyright of his "Journal of Travel."

Joaquin Miller's Modoc romance is to be republished by a Hartford company and sold by subscription.

A woman recently stated in an English police court that since her marriage her husband had given her 107 black eyes.

Three new war vessels have just been added to the British Navy, and twenty-five others are in course of construction.

The 4th of May has been fixed upon as the day for the Italian national celebration in honour of the memory of Michael Angelo.

Mr. Winwood Reade has accepted an engagement as special correspondent of the London Times with the Ashantee expedition.

A Norfolk ploughman, whose addresses had been rejected by a dairymaid, revenged himself by tying her cows together by the tails.

Turkey contemplates a railway system, nearly all the lines joining, which will be of great strategical as well as commercial importance.

The Sultan of Zanzibar, who contemplated a visit to England, has been officially informed that it is not convenient to receive him at present.

It seems that Bulwer-Lytton wrote a tragedy called "Edipus," founded on the old Greek legend, but the manuscript cannot be found among his papers.

The French authorities will not permit letters directed to any one at Chislehurst to be sent out of Paris until they have been opened and their contents noted.

Sweden has hitherto mainly depended on England for coal, henceforth she is likely to derive sufficient for her needs from her own mines, which are in process of development.

A private letter from Vienna says that the difference between the actual and the anticipated receipts of the Great Exposition, as it affects all classes, will be at least 70,000,000 florins, or about \$10,000,000.

Strahan & Co. promise for next November a work on "Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox: Popular leaders under George III.," and containing an account of the Opposition in the latter part of the last century.

Empty sardine boxes are used at Belleville, Paris, as building material. They are filled with water, built up into walls and clap-boarded. The inhabitants of these dwellings may fairly be said to be boxed up.

M. Guerin, who has been engaged by the French Government for scientific researches in Palestine, and who discovered the tomb of Joshua at Tigué, thinks he has also found the tomb of the Maccabees at Medich.

Buy a box of Colby's Pills in case of need.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our columns.

ALPHA, Whitby, Ont.—We cannot inform you about the "Record." Your problem (marked No. 11) is amended as you propose previous to further examination.

Correct solution received of Problem No. 97 from J. H., St. Liboire; of No. 97 and 98 from J. G. C., Arnprior; of No. 99 from G. E. C., Montreal, and Alpha, Whitby.

REVIEW OF CHOICE GAMES.

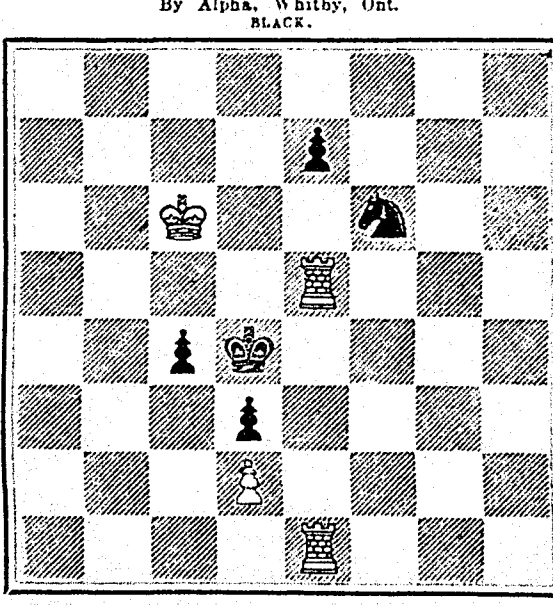
A brilliant little "Muzio" played by McDonnell about the year 1832, giving the odds of Q. R.

- White.—McDonnell. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. P. to K. B. 4th. 3. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 4. K. B. to Q. B. 4th. 5. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd (a). 6. Castles. 7. R. takes P. 8. Q. ch. 9. Q. to B. 7th ch. 10. K. P. ch. 11. R. to K. 4th ch. 12. Q. mates. (a) One of the many novelties introduced by this celebrated player: the usual move now-a-days is 5. Castles.

A recently concluded game played by correspondence. Ruy Lopez opening.

- (Belleville.) White.—Mr. D. J. Wallace. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3. B. to Q. Kt. 5th. 4. B. to Q. R. 4th. 5. Castles. 6. P. to Q. 3rd. 7. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd. 8. P. to Q. B. 3rd. 9. B. to K. Kt. 5th. 10. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd. 11. P. to K. R. 3rd. 12. Kt. to K. R. 2nd. 13. P. to K. B. 4th. 14. P. takes Kt. 15. B. P. takes K. P. 16. B. takes Kt. 17. Kt. takes P. 18. Kt. to K. B. 3rd. 19. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. 20. Kt. to Q. 4th. 21. K. R. takes Q. (b). 22. Kt. to K. B. 5th. 23. K. R. to K. sq. (c). 24. Kt. (fr. B. 5th) to Kt. 3rd. 25. K. to B. 2nd. 26. R. to K. 2nd. 27. R. to K. 5th (d). 28. Kt. to Q. B. 5th. 29. P. takes B. 30. Kt. to K. 4th. 31. Kt. to K. Kt. 5th. 32. K. takes R. 33. P. to Kt. 4th. 34. R. to Kt. sq. 35. Kt. to B. 3rd. 36. K. takes B. 37. P. to B. 4th. 38. P. takes P. 39. P. to Q. Kt. sq. 40. R. to Kt. 3rd. 41. K. to K. 5th. 42. P. to Kt. 5th. 43. R. P. takes P. 44. R. to Kt. 4th. 45. K. to B. 2nd. 46. Resigns. (a) There is a difference of opinion among the "authorities" as to the best defence in this opening, some preferring—3. P. to Q. 3rd, as being less complicated, and others giving—3. K. Kt. to K. 2nd as the best. (b) Better, perhaps, than Q. R. takes Q. (c) Kt. takes B. seems quite safe, and allows White to free his game. (d) The following deserves attention instead— 27. Kt. to Q. B. 5th. 28. P. takes B. 29. Kt. takes R. And then if— 30. Kt. to K. B. 4th (e) The advance of this Pawn is well-timed: White cannot now avoid loss (f) If— 39. R. takes P. 40. R. takes P. 41. R. ch. 42. R. to B. 5th. 43. P. takes P. 39. R. takes P. 40. R. takes P. 41. K. to B. 3rd. 42. P. ch. 43. P. takes P. ch. wins.

PROBLEM No. 100.



- WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves. SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 97. White. 1. Kt. to Q. 3rd. 2. P. to K. 4th mate. 2. P. to B. 4th mate. 2. Kt. to B. 6th mate. 2. Kt. to B. 4th mate. 2. Kt. to Kt. 6th mate. 2. Kt. to Kt. 4th mate. SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 98. 1. Kt. to B. sq. 2. Kt. to Q. 2nd. 3. P. to B. 4th mate. BLACK. If K. P. takes Kt. " B. P. takes Kt. " P. to Kt. 3rd " P. to Kt. 5th " B. to B. sq. or R. 6th " B. to R. 2nd or takes P.

Fun.

A little fellow who had just commenced reading the papers, asked his father if the word "Hon." prefixed to the name of Mr. P., a member of Congress, meant "honest."

A man in Yates County, N. Y., who has been an inveterate smoker for fifty years, has suddenly and permanently given it up. He knocked the ashes of his pipe into a keg of blasting powder.

A young lady in Gloucester is charged with keeping a light burning in the parlour until very late on Sunday night, in order to harrow the sensitive feelings of an envious neighbour into the belief that she has really got a beau.

Mr. Josh Billings philosophically remarks that "we lift at sheep because when one of them leads the way the rest follow, however ridiculous it may be; and I suppose the sheep lift when they see us do the very same thing."

At a public gathering lately one of the gentlemen present was called upon for a speech, and this is how he responded:—"Gentlemen and women, I ain't nospeecher; more'n twenty years back I came here a poor idiot boy, and now what are I?"

Two Titusville lawyers have entered into solemn compact not to drink intoxicating liquors, except when out duck shooting for a year, under forfeit of \$100. One of them keeps a duck in his back yard and shoots at it every time he is thirsty. His fellow contestant has just bought a duck too.

A crowd of quarrelsome people were dispersed from the front of a residence in a very singular and sudden manner one night. A stranger visiting the family slipped into the crowd unperceived, and extending an inviolated hat, announced that he was making a missionary collection. Two minutes later he stood there alone, with not a single member of the turbulent mass to be seen in any direction.

The Springfield Union thinks that one of the most amusing sights is that of a pretty and elegantly dressed young lady standing in a mud puddle in the rear of a street car, from which she has just alighted, and calling frantically to her pet poodle to "come back, you awful thing, and let that horrid yellow dog alone," and in the next breath beseeching the driver to wait until she can get her "darling dog."

A young man in Lawrence, Mass., who was paying attention to a girl, gave her some trinkets as tokens of his affection, including a ring, bracelets, earrings, &c. Seeing her the other evening with "another fellow," he walked up and demanded his love-tokens back, and—being a special police officer—informed her that if she did not comply he would take her to the police station. She surrendered the baubles.

There is a droll story of how a man lost a wager in Pueblo, Colorado. Stepping into a large liquor shop he offered to bet to one that he could, blindfolded, tell the name of any liquor or wine in the house, or any mixture of liquors, by the taste and smell. All went well with him at first. He named all the celebrated brands correctly. Then they handed him a glass of water. He tasted, he smelt, he tasted and smelt again, and at last, completely nonplussed, he gave it up so. "Well, boys," he said, "you have got me. It seems to me as if, years ago, I struck something of that kind in the States, but it was so long ago I have entirely forgotten it."

An eighty-four-year-old Danburian, who lives in the suburbs, was sitting on his back stoop, last Friday, taking an after-dinner smoke, when he detected a movement at the edge of the onion bed, and saw signs that led him to believe a woodchuck was partaking of a hasty lunch of onion tops. Calling in a whisper to his gun, and taking his grandchild, who was playing on the stoop, between his knees, to keep her still, he drew bead on the spot, and poured a handful of slugs into it. Then he told his daughter to go out there and bring in the animal—and on going there she found a large pie-plant leaf (the waving of which had created the "signs") about a peck of very sick-looking onions, and an angworm in the agonies of death.

If you want to try a man's capacity, give him a cigar, then a strip of paper; light a match, and as soon as he has the cigar bit and his paper in a blaze, ask him an important question that can't be answered under sixty seconds. The generality of mankind pull hard and then begin to reply, stop short and pull again, and recommence afresh. Then they send out a sentence enveloped in smoke, and about as clear as ground green glass; then they break off short and go for the weed again, and finally they try to convey their ideas in an eloquent glance; the paper burns down to their fingers, and their hand goes up like a piston out of a spring trap. The final expression of sentiment is not exactly suitable for a class at Sunday-school.

Boys who disturb camp-meetings by crying "Amen" in the wrong place, and remarking "Glory" with more zeal than judgment, should read and ponder the fate of thirteen small boys in Kansas. These thirteen ill-advised boys were guilty, so the story goes, of disturbing a Kansas camp-meeting by insisting upon shouting "Amen" when a very muscular preacher, who prided himself on his voice, was singing a hymn. The preacher bore it for some time, but finally, becoming filled with righteous wrath, he descended from the pulpit, and, never once interrupting his hymn, successively reversed and spanked the thirteen small boys. As his avenging hand descended and the dust of the small boys filled the air, the rest of the congregation shouted in rapture, and encouraged him with loud cries of "Go on, brother, go on." Then he returned to the pulpit, still singing, and those boys went half a mile away behind a haystack and laid down with their faces to the ground, weeping bitterly.

About a quarter to twelve, Saturday night, two middle-aged men stopped in front of a house on Essex street, and after shaking hands with an earnestness and solemnity that was very affecting, one of them said, "Good-night, Buggles," to which the other responded, "Good-night, Punky." Then both of them stared at each other with wonderful intensity, and finally grasped hands again. "You feel quite well?" said Punky with some anxiety. "Never better," kindly volunteered Buggles, at the same time turning round on one leg, and throwing up one arm to snap his fingers, but changing his mind, and hastily clasping Punky round the neck instead. Then he straightened himself up and looking solemnly at Punky, extended his hand, which that individual hastily grasped, and wrung with a fervour that was simply surprising, while both of them stared at each other in a manner that exhibited an extraordinary interest in the object. "You are a firm friend of mine," said Punky, with the tears gathering in his eyes. "So you are mine," asserted Buggles in a broken voice. Then they shook hands again. "No body never seemed to understand me as you do," said Punky, trembling with suppressed emotion. "That's just what I've always said of you," maintained Buggles with as much emphasis as his awakened feelings would permit. At this juncture the two were so thoroughly absorbed in contemplating each other's features as not to notice a night-capped head peering out of an upper window, and were just preparing to grasp hands once more in increased fervour, when a shrill voice screamed: "Come home drunk again, will ye?" and was immediately followed by a bucket of water unfortunately aimed. The man called Punky immediately bolted over the fence and around to the back of the house, leaving Mr. Buggles to look around for his hat, which had been knocked off by the force of the shower, and to dispose of himself afterwards as he might see proper.—Danbury News.

Colby's Rheumatic Liquid Cures Frost Bites.

THE VERY FIRST ORIGINAL

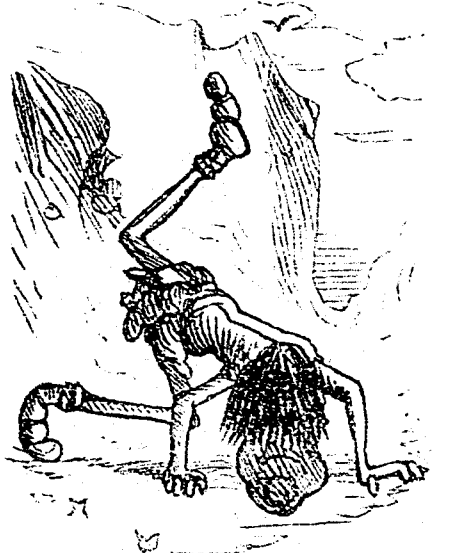
OYSSTER



1. Whilst out fishing, the Very First Original falls in with a strange beast.



Unwisely approaching too near, the strange beast closes on the Very First Original's nose end.



Frantic struggles of the Very First Original, who knows that the tide is coming in rapidly.



4. One last terrific effort! The strange beast gives way at the roots.



5. The Very First Original escapes with life, the strange beast still holding on like anything!



6. The V. F. O. surprises his family upon his return home. "Oh, mother! what's happened to father's nose?"

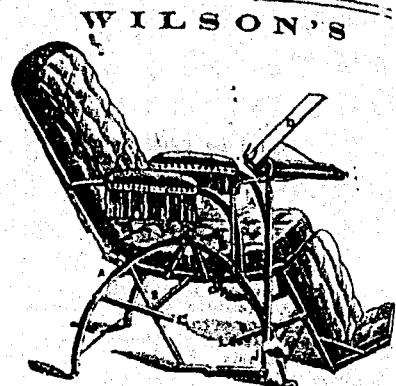


7. The medical authorities of the period sit upon the V. F. O., and decide that the nose must come off, too!



8. Joy! Joy! At a critical moment the strange beast opens his mouth of his own accord. General rejoicing. (Fireworks not yet invented.)

MORAL.—Eat as many oysters as you like, but don't try to open them with your nose.



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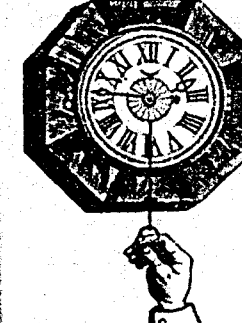
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