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# Illustrated News

Vol. VIII.—No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1873.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



STELLA.

## OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

SS. "Sarmatian," (Allan), Quebec, from Liverpool, about Sept. 14.
SS. "Memphis," (Dominion), Quebec, from Liverpool, about Sept. 14.
SS. "Assyria," (Anchor), Halifax, from Glasgow, via Liverpool, about Sept. 14.
SS. "Nestorian," (Allan), Halifax, from Liverpool, about Sept. 19.
SS. "Delta," (Temperley), Halifax and Quebec, from London, about Sept. 20.

## THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY, Sept. 14.—	Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
MONDAY, " 15.—	Montreal: Opening of Faculty of Arts and Science Department, McGill College.
TUESDAY, " 16.—	Guelph, Ont.: Central Exhibition opens. Montreal: Provincial Agricultural Exhibition. Ottawa: Dominion Rifle Association Annual Match. Quebec: SS. "Scotland," for London. Stratford, Ont.: Driving Park Association Fall Races, First Day.
WEDNESDAY, " 17.—	Guelph, Ont.: Central Exhibition. Montreal: Provincial Agricultural Exhibition. Prince Edward Island: Polling Day, Elections for House of Commons. Quebec: SS. "Texas," for Liverpool. St. John, N. B.: Regatta on the Kennebecasis. Stratford, Ont.: Driving Park Association Fall Races, Second Day.
THURSDAY, " 18.—	Guelph, Ont.: Central Exhibition. Montreal: Provincial Agricultural Exhibition.
FRIDAY, " 19.—	Guelph, Ont.: Central Exhibition, Last Day. Montreal: Provincial Agricultural Exhibition, Last Day.
SATURDAY, " 20.—	Montreal: Football Club Athletic Sports. Quebec: SS. "Prussian" for Liverpool.

In this issue we begin Miss Braddon's new novel,

## "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD."

Arrangements have been made for the concurrent publication of this story in eight weekly newspapers in Great Britain, in Germany, France, the United States, Australia, and in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS in Canada.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1873.

VERY considerable excitement has been caused within the last few days by the publication in the Montreal Herald of a private letter from the Premier to the Hon. Mr. Pope, of which the following is the text:

OTTAWA, Sept. 1st, 1873.

MY DEAR POPE,—I want you, before we take any steps about John Young's appointment, to see about the selection of our candidate for West Montreal. From all I can learn William Workman would run the best. He will very likely object, but, if he is the best man, you can easily hint to him, that if he runs for Montreal West, and carries it, we will consider that he has a claim to an early seat in the Senate. This is the great object of his ambition.

I don't think we should take any steps about filling up the appointment until we have our candidate ready and all competitors out of the field. There will be some difficulty in getting A. A. Stevenson to consent, but I suppose it can be done. Will you see to this at once. If our candidate is ready, then we must take the necessary steps to procure Young's resignation, which, I am pretty sure, he will send in when he finds that, if he does not do so, we will appoint another Inspector.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

The history of the affair, so far as has been ascertained up to the time of writing, would appear to be as follows: The Hon. Mr. Young, according to his own statement, received the note enclosed in a drop letter bearing the anonymous signature, "A Well Wisher." Strange to say, instead of treating the anonymous writer's communication with the contempt it deserved, he at once took it to the Herald office, where it was pronounced to be genuine at a meeting of the chiefs of the party of which the Herald is the organ. The next day it appeared in full, and created, as we have said, very considerable excitement. The general feeling was one of disgust and contempt for those who were mixed up in such a disreputable piece of business, and the language used with regard to the Herald and its proprietors was vigorously denunciatory. Strange to say, these latter do not seem to comprehend the position to which they have reduced themselves. There is no blush on their cheeks, and they appear to be totally unconscious of the fact that they have forfeited every claim to the respect and consideration of honest men. We should be curious to hear the Herald's interpretation of the unwritten code of honour by which men's dealings among themselves are regulated. Fortunately in this case it is not merely an unwritten rule that has been broken. The law of the land has been violated, and the proprietors of the Herald and the dishonourable gentlemen connected with them in this matter have laid themselves open to a punishment which will in their case be certainly well-deserved. By the Post Office Act the penalty for receiving a stolen letter, knowing it to have been stolen, is fixed at five years in the Penitentiary. The Herald people must have been aware that the letter was come by in an improper manner,

they not only received it, but retained it; appropriated it and made use of it; published it "for the good of the public." They may find out to their cost that there are certain things in which it is dangerous to indulge even for the public benefit. We contemplate with lively satisfaction the probability of the offenders in the matter serving out a five years' term in Penitentiary. A word of advice to Mr. Workman in conclusion. It appears from the Premier's letter that the darling object of Mr. Workman's life is a Senatorship. It is not a very high aim, certainly. Mr. Workman is modest. He should now supplement his modesty with sufficient discernment to see that the much coveted prefix, "Honourable," does not always bring respect with it, and at times even the fortunate possessor of the title may prove false to its meaning.

The Cologne Gazette publishes a letter from Zanzibar, dated the fifth of July, from which we learn that the East India Squadron, consisting of the "Glasgow," "Wolverine," "Maggie," "Briton," and "Daphne," under the command of Admiral Cumming, had arrived and were anchored before Zanzibar. Dr. Kirk had already accomplished his task. His negotiations, says the correspondent of the Gazette, "have had the most important results, and saved England an enormous expense, and probably also political complications, for there has now suddenly appeared a French man-of-war, to be followed by a Commodore. If it had arrived before the treaty was signed, things might have gone otherwise, for it would have appeared that the Anti-English policy of the French-Consul had a power behind it, and the proposed plan of placing Zanzibar under French protection might have been carried out. The Sultan's letter to the French Government to ask for its protection will probably never be published, but it exists not the less, and if all that comes from a good source is not false it found no unfavourable answer. I know for certain that at his last interview with M. Devienne, the French Consul, the Sultan made approaches of which the character may be best judged by the concluding scene. The Sultan took him by the neck and said: 'The English hold me by the throat; where are now your promises to transfer the negotiations to Paris, with President Thiers as arbitrator?' In another conversation M. Devienne argued that as the treaty was obtained by force, the Sultan is not bound by it. Seyd Burghash looked at him sharply, and replied in a quick and deriding manner, (for he is by no means a blockhead), 'You will probably look on the treaty of peace between France and Germany in the same light, for that was also obtained by force.' The French Consul said nothing."

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## A CEMETERY REVERIE.

"I sighed when I envied you the two bonnie children, but I sigh not now to call either the monk or the soldier mine own."—Capt. Bolton—in Scott's "Monastery."

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child, Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me; Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words, Remembers me of all his gracious parts, Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form; Then have I reason to be fond of grief."  
—Constantine's language of Nature on the loss of Arthur. Shakespeare's "King John," Act III., Scene 1.

A Grecian philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was vain, replied: "I weep on that very account." His answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to pretend that we, whose eyes contain the fountains of tears, need never give way to them. They refresh the fever of the soul—the dry misery, which parches the countenance into furrows and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist; or bow quietly and drily down in order to let them pass over us, as the traveller does the sirocco in the sandy plains of Egypt. But where we feel that tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people because they cannot help a thing, they are not to mind it. The true way is, to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so gentle in their very nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the death of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child; but in general parents should be more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness; and such appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost.

"Dry up your tears,  
For though fond nature bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's meriment."

So says Friar Lawrence to Juliet's father, Capulet. The King in Hamlet says:—

"But to persever  
In obstinate condelement, is a course  
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief."

It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself; to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. We are writing at this moment with the Mount Royal Cemetery in our mind's eye with its marble monuments—some of them with such impressive epitaphs as, "To our beloved little ones"—"Of these are the kingdom of Heaven"—"To Mary in Heaven"—"Weep not. I weep not." Marble monuments and granite obelisks covering the mortal remains of some inexpressibly dear to us—little children whose lisping prattle and joyous laugh are still ringing in our ears—others, of a larger growth, whose friendships we have enjoyed in this world, who comforted us in all our tribulation, and whom we fully believe have reached their eternal home in the skies, where the buildings are not made with hands.

We have the beautiful flowers, and the green trees with their branches clothed in "a proud prosperity of leaves." In our imagination, and the little enclosed parterres which loving hands have tended, causing the flowers, as it were, to spring out of the fair and unpolluted flesh of those dear little ones cut off in the full blush of innocence, before they knew sin; and yet the remembrance of the cemetery does not give us pain. So far from it, it is the existence of those graves and monuments which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasure of our childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds as they shake the trees on the mountain top, and puts a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite Heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field, and gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gaiety itself. Happiness was what its tenant through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness, and to enjoy it, is not only carrying on her wishes, but realizing her hopes; and gaiety, freed from its only pollutions, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared the pleasures and pains with us as well as they could. The interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of Nature, that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time; much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven. Made as we are, there are certain pains, without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy; but in our composition, something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to us in the account as possible; though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now the liability to the loss of children—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself—seems to be one of those necessary bitter thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that everybody must lose one of his children in order to enjoy the rest, or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Boys and girls would be future men and women, not present children. They would have obtained their full growth in our imaginations and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand those who have lost an infant are never as it were without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, remain it always, and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and our hopes. They are the ever smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, "of these are the kingdom of Heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts, and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the knowledge of good and evil, losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

T. D. KING.

## Our Illustrations.

STELLA

forms the second of the series of Italian types commenced a fortnight ago. A sweet face she has, though with but little character in it. A rustic maiden from the Campagna evidently.

QUEBEC SKETCHES.

These need little or no description. Almost everybody is acquainted with the Ancient Capital and its vicinity, and has visited the scenes reproduced in our illustrations. That of the St. Louis Gate as it was is chiefly valuable as showing an old landmark which has been swept away by the tide of modern improvement.

We copy from the Daily Graphic an illustration of the

BALLOON LIFEBOAT

built by Ingersoll of New York, to be used in connection with the transatlantic balloon voyage.

KNOX COLLEGE, TORONTO.

Another addition is being made to the architectural adornments of the city of Toronto in the new Knox College building now being erected on the Crescent at the head of Spadina Avenue. The edifice, which is about 230 feet long with wings 26 by 70, is after the design of Messrs. Smith & Gemmill, Architects, of Toronto. The style of architecture is domestic Gothic; the material white brick with a liberal quantity of cut stone dressings to doors, windows, &c. The building is entered in the centre under a lofty tower 120 feet high, and will have accommodation for 80 resident students. There will be four class rooms, each accommodating seventy students, four professors' rooms, a board room, visitors' room, Secretary's room and a lecture hall, seating 400 persons; also a library and museum. The building is to be heated with steam, and lighted with gas, and fitted up with every convenience for students and professors.

The

SKETCHES AT ST. HILAIRE

are the result of an artist's brief holiday in the country.

Several scenes attendant on

THE EVACUATION OF FRENCH TERRITORY

by the German army of occupation, complete the list of our illustrations.



(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

If—so and so, this might have been:  
Well, grant it: roll the years away,  
And be again on such a day,  
At such a point, in such a scene.

Thence starting fresh, thy course pursue  
Until the given time is gone,  
And be to-day just such a one  
As thou hadst been, if this were true.

Is there not something in the past—  
The real past—that thou wouldst save  
From cold oblivion's silent grave,  
Which, being what thou art, thou hast.

In that strange past thou hadst not met  
With many a friend thou holdest dear,  
In all thy trials proved sincere—  
Thou why what might have been regret?

Wouldst thou for wealth or power or fame  
Part with some joys, which, elsewhere placed,  
It had not been thy lot to taste—  
E'en joys that from thy sorrows came?

If rich, mayhap thou hadst not known  
The friendship that is never sold,  
The love with lack that grows not cold,  
The faith that stays when wealth has flown.

And what is power or renown  
To the true heart of one fond heart?  
Nay, nay: with this thou wouldst not part  
For all the splendours of a crown.

Then grieve for nothing but thy sin:  
That is thine own: the rest is His  
Who orders all of good that is—  
And never mind what might have been.

Nor with vain day-dreams of regret  
From present duties warp thy soul:  
The past is past beyond control—  
Thou hast the future left thee yet.

June, 1873.

JOHN RYAN.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

SOME WILD ANIMALS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE OTTER.

In some of our stores, in St. John's, at certain seasons of the year, large quantities of otter skins may be seen hanging from the ceiling. These have been purchased from the Mic-Mac Indians and other distant settlers during their periodical visits to the capital, and are all exported to England. Judging by the number of otter skins brought in by the hunters every year, these animals must be very plentiful in the interior of Newfoundland. They bring here from five to seven dollars, according to size and quality, and during the last two years have risen in price, eight and even nine dollars being sometimes given for a superior skin. One of them is sufficiently large to make a winter cap and a pair of gauntlets, or a couple of caps. Our traders and settlers make two varieties of the Newfoundland otters. The most valuable, and that which is taken by the Indians, is called the "country otter," and principally frequents inland brooks and rivers. It has fur of a beautiful shining dark liver-brown, almost black on the back. The other variety, called the "salt-water otter," has fur of a rusty brown colour, and is considerably larger than the "country otter," although the skin is not nearly so valuable, rarely realizing more than three or four dollars. The food of the otter is chiefly fish, but the creature will eat anything that comes in its way—the flesh of other animals or the young of water-fowl; and it has even been known to enter a beaver's house and kill and devour the young. Its swimming powers are wonderful, and the rapidity with which it slides over or through the snow is also surprising. In both operations the tail acts a most prominent part, but this can best be seen when the animal is gliding through the snow. This it does by a succession of bounds, each of which ends in a "slide," often several feet in length, the impetus to which is given by a peculiar lateral curve of the thick tail, which is provided with two powerful muscles, one on each side. The presence of these muscles can be detected, even in a dried skin, by two deep furrows, which are not even obliterated by stretching and nailing the skin to a board. I have seen otter skins here which showed that the animal, when living, must have been upwards of four feet in length.

BLACK BEARS.

In his "Journey Across Newfoundland," Cormack mentions that, in the centre of the island, he crossed extensive districts remarkable for the abundance of berries, and that these are the favourite haunts of the black bears, who feed upon these berries. He tells us that the paths or beats of these animals, throughout their feeding grounds, are stamped with marks of antiquity seemingly coeval with the country. The points of rock that happen to project in their way are perfectly polished from having been continually trodden and rubbed. He shot one which weighed three hundred and fifty pounds, the fat round his body being four inches in some parts. The Indians esteem bear's flesh next to that of the beaver, and "it has the peculiar quality of not clogging the stomach, however much of it is eaten." When they kill a bear they give a practical exemplification of this by devouring the flesh in immense quantities, and almost unceasingly, till it is finished. Many persons besides the Mic-Macs consider bear's flesh a delicacy when roasted fresh. The pickled hams are undoubtedly good eating, but require great care in preserving, as the fatty parts are apt to turn rancid.

The black bear may be described as omnivorous. In the spring it is often seen by our settlers about the sea shore, feeding on any animal matter that may be cast up by the waves, such as putrid pieces of whales, fish, lobsters, crabs, &c. Only "hard times," however, drive the bears to this. They have a "good time" in summer when the berries are ripe. Then they revel upon the blue-berries or "hurtz," as we call them; cranberries and bake-apple berries, and they climb the mountain ash to feast on its beautiful red berries. The eggs of ants, too, and probably the ants themselves, also form part of their food. The instances are rare in which they attack domestic cattle; in fact their tracks are often seen around the settlements while sheep are roaming at pleasure and are unharmed. When driven by hunger, however, they

attack sheep and even larger domestic animals. Their fondness for molasses is proverbial, and many amusing anecdotes are related of young bears entering the houses of the settlers in search of this luxury.

The skin of the black bear is valuable and handsome, but the animal itself is most ungainly in appearance. It is at once the most harmless species of bear, and the most easily destroyed. An ounce of shot not smaller than No. 6 is sufficient to kill the largest of the species, if fired into the intestines behind the ribs, at a distance not exceeding twenty yards. Our settlers kill them frequently with an ordinary load of shot, such as would be fired at a single duck. There is little danger in approaching these animals, even when wounded. The sense of sight appears to be imperfectly developed in the black bear, but those of smell and hearing are sufficiently keen to make up for the deficiency. In stalking the bear it is necessary to keep well to leeward, and to approach as noiselessly as possible. Should the bear observe the hunter, a sudden halt must be made, but the precaution of secreting himself is unnecessary, for should he remain immovable the bear will commence feeding or walking. Usually the black bear is a solitary animal. Their young ones are brought forth in their snug winter caves, and in the spring they make their appearance accompanied by two, rarely three, young ones.

At one time the polar bear was common in Newfoundland, but is now seen only occasionally on the ice around the coast, and will probably soon be extinct. The extensive seal-fishery, in schooners and steamers around the coasts, seems to have driven off the polar bear to more northern regions. Rarely has this bear been known to act on the offensive; but when attacked and unable to escape, it will fight in a most determined manner. Its tenacity of life is said to be remarkable. A ball has been known to pass transversely through its body without touching a vital part, or producing fatal results.

THE WOLF.

There is no doubt that in the interior of Newfoundland wolves are in strong force. Cormack tells us that he everywhere met their tracks, but only in a few instances did he actually see any wolves. They lie in wait among the bushes to listen for the approach of deer, and then rush upon them; but when man appears they fly instantly. Cormack says there are two kinds of wolves in this island—one large, that prowls singly or in couples, another small, sometimes met with in packs. In reality, however, it does not appear that there are two species, but it is difficult to find two skins, even in the same litter of whelps, marked exactly alike, so great is the variation in the shades or degrees of colouring—from pure black to almost clear white. Settlers in the more remote localities often trap the wolves during winter, when they come prowling around their dwellings. Their cunning in capturing deer is sometimes surprising. During the winter season the deer feed in the marshes which are generally surrounded by belts of conifers. The ravenous wolves secret themselves in the deer paths while one or two of their number go round to windward of the deer and drive them through the paths, when some of them fall an easy prey to the secreted wolves. It is a rare event for them to attack human beings, and they never do so when aware of the presence of firearms.

THE FOX.

There are two species of foxes in Newfoundland—the common red fox, which has many varieties, and the blue or Arctic fox. Of the former there are the Cross fox, Silver fox, and the Black fox, varieties all belonging to the same species. Settlers say that they sometimes find, in the same litter, all these varieties—the black, the silver, the "patch" or cross fox, and the yellow. The most valuable is the black fox's skin, which is sold for £12 to £15; a "silver" brings from £8 to £10; a "cross" £2, and a "yellow" three dollars. The "patch" or cross fox is the smallest of these varieties. The Arctic or blue fox is much more easily taken than the former, as it invariably searches out and frequents human habitations. The other is shy and watchful and will merely go near a baited trap till driven by hunger. The white skin of the Arctic fox however fetches only one dollar. Since seal skins were introduced into the fashionable world the price of black and silver fox skins has fallen considerably.

MARTENS.

Martens or American Sables are still common in many parts of the island, but every year are becoming scarcer. It is a bold rapacious animal, not unlike the polecat in its habits, and is taken in traps placed in "cat-houses" or in "dead-falls."

MUSKRATS.

This animal has been called, and not without reason, "the beaver in miniature." In appearance the two animals are intimately connected, as well as in economy and habits. The food of the muskrat consists of the stems and roots of aquatic plants, bark, fresh water clams, and other mollusks. The females bring forth six to nine at a birth, during the summer, and breed only once a year. The skins are worth twenty cents, and in spring their musk-like odour is very powerful. They are easily taken by simply placing traps, without any covering, on the banks which are worn bare by their "footing." The houses of the muskrats, or "mus-quash," are built of mud and rushes and are frequently of considerable magnitude, but are tenanted only during winter. They are not built on the ice, but on the mud at the bottom of the shallow water and are raised some two feet above the surface so that the water at the bottom remains unfrozen by the animals continually breaking it to go off in search of food under the ice. The houses are also provided with a kind of second floor above the water-level, on which the muskrats lie on a bed of soft dry grass.

HARES.

The polar hare is the only species found in Newfoundland, and it is pretty common in most parts of the island. It is of great size, the ordinary specimens weighing nine or ten pounds, and others have been taken weighing fourteen or fifteen pounds. The flesh is not so palatable as that of the English hare in consequence of its feeding, during winter, on the tender shoots of birch. Nova Scotia hares have lately been introduced, and are multiplying with great rapidity in the neighbourhood of the settlements. Already they constitute an important addition to the winter fare of the working classes. They are much smaller than the polar hare, and the flesh is not so good. In St. John's they are sold in winter for eight-pence each.

NEW BOOKS.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SKETCHES IN SCOTLAND, District of Kintyre. By Capt. T. P. Whyte, R.E., F.R.S.E., F.S.A., &c. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This work is alike creditable to the printers, publishers and author, and, we may add, artists. There are in it upwards of fifty well-executed plates of sculptured crosses, monumental slabs, old chapel sites and effigies of monks and knights. It contains a brief sketch of the history of Kintyre, and the great warrior chiefs who built up and supported the mediæval church. The history of the ancient Dalriad kings, and the connection of Norwegian and Manx history with localities and personages in Kintyre, the career of Sumarlid, the great Hebridean prince, and of his descendants, the powerful lords of the isles, are subjects which the author has admirably treated. He evidently is a man of cultivated tastes, and possesses a thorough knowledge of the subjects to which the book is directed, more particularly of those relating to church architecture, the mural monuments, sculptured effigies, and the mediæval slabs found in the ancient churchyards. Every archeologist, every lover of the antiquities of the West of Scotland will, we are sure, most readily acknowledge the great services of the author in having brought not only into notice, but, in some instances, into light, a series of most interesting monuments, relics of the past.

In this era of perverted taste, more particularly in church architecture, we hail with pleasure the accurate researches of such an enlightened archeologist as Captain Whyte, researches which ought to have a peculiar claim upon the patriotic feelings of every Scotchman, researches which we hope will stir up an ardent spirit of enquiry amongst those who value archeology as a link between the Past and the Present, as the handmaid and purveyor of history, as the sage commentator of ancient customs and ancient art, and as the acute and enlightened interpreter of the records and memorials of the Past.

AHN'S GERMAN READING CHARTS. By Dr. P. Henn. New York: E. Steiger.

AHN'S FIRST GERMAN BOOK. do., do.

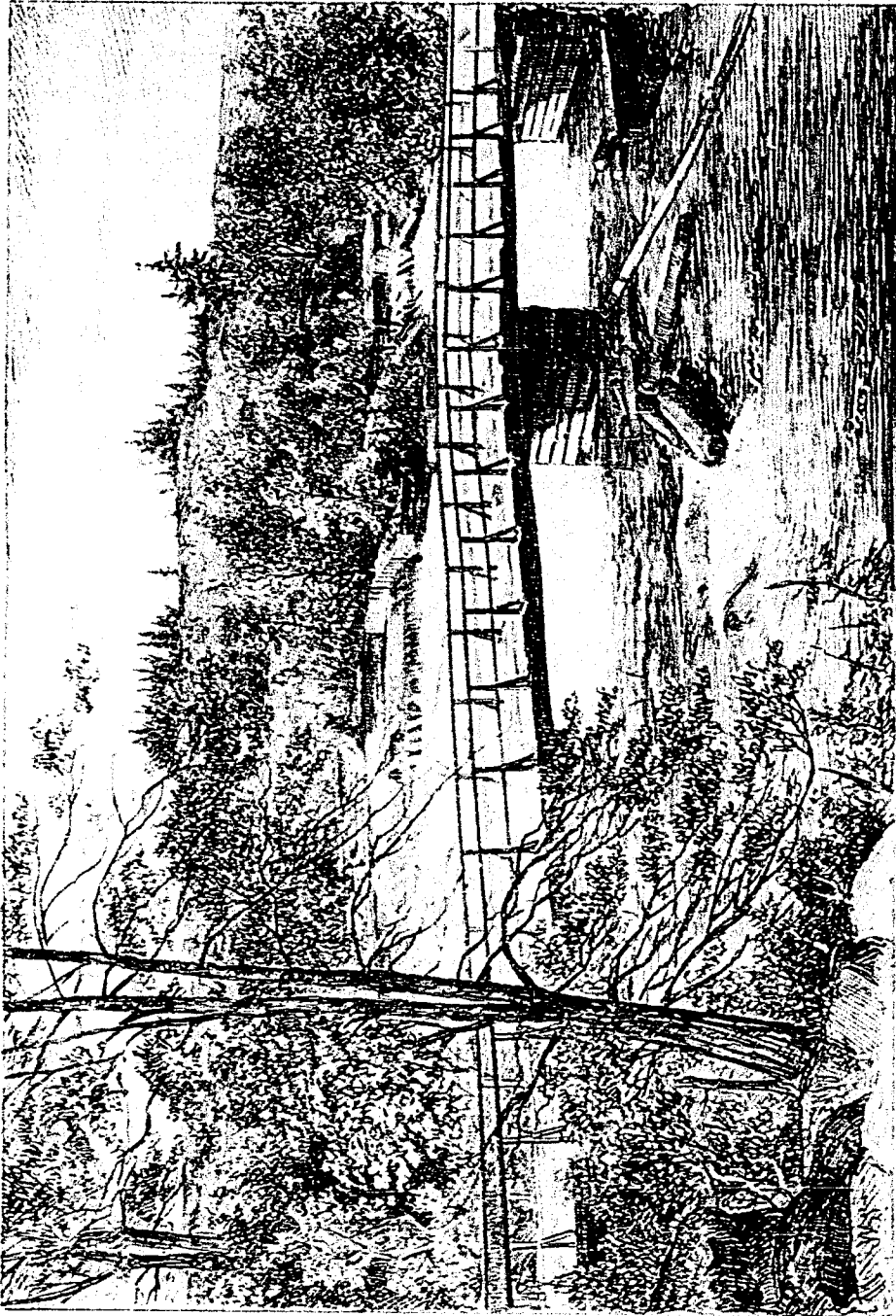
AHN'S SECOND GERMAN BOOK. do., do.

AHN'S RUDIMENTS OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE. do., do.

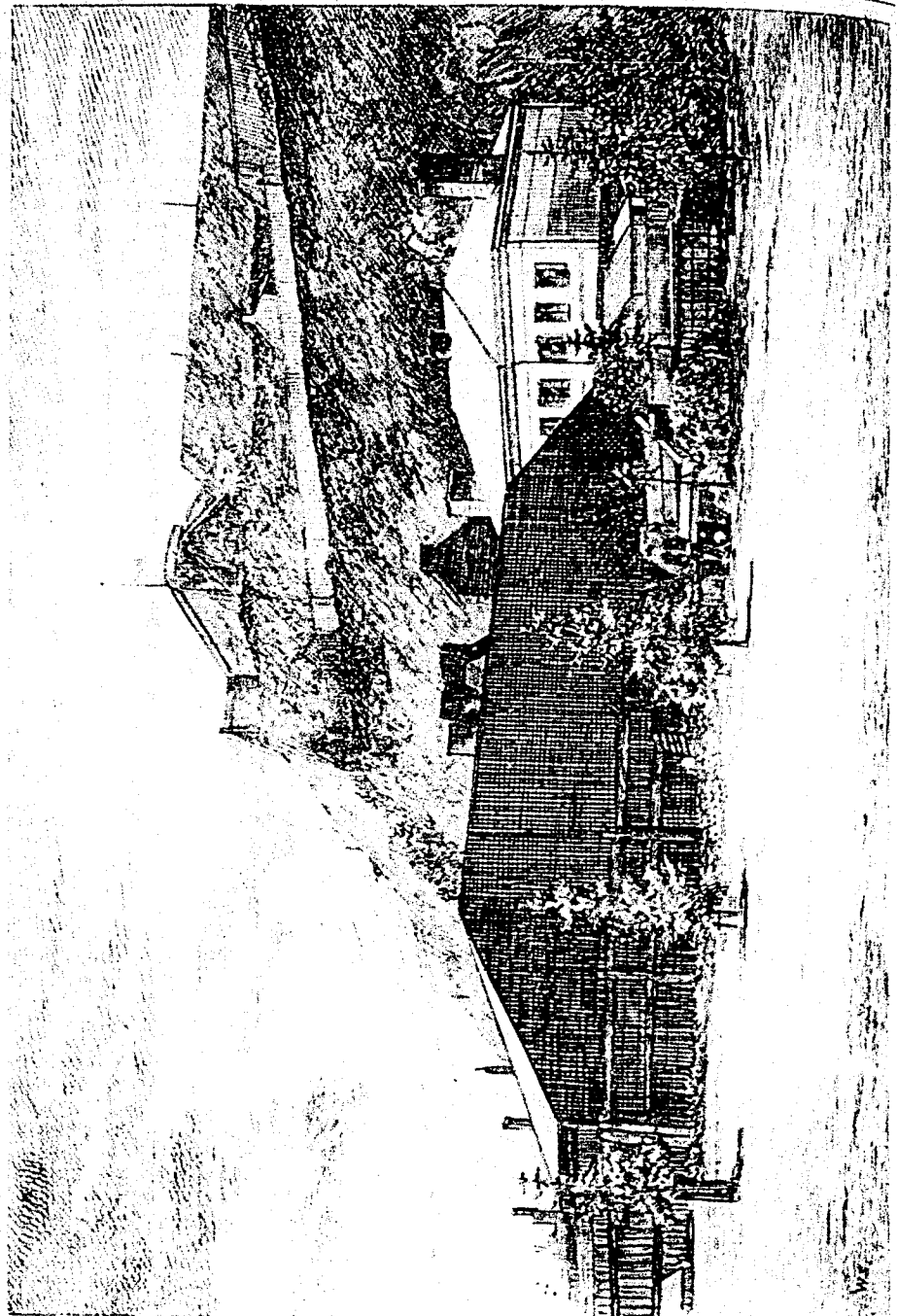
KEY TO AHN'S RUDIMENTS. do., do.

It is only very recently that the study of German has occupied its true position as a branch of ordinary education. At schools of any standing it is true that the language had a place on the programme, at all events as an "extra," but the instruction therein was usually conducted in a manner that could inspire but little hope of any results. An unwilling lot of pupils were dragged through a dreary, lifeless course, consisting generally of an hour a week devoted to droning over an unreliable and worthless text-book. At the present time the value of a thorough acquaintance with the German tongue is fully appreciated; but the means of obtaining an adequate knowledge of the language is, seemingly, as little understood as ever. There is no lack of instruction, but a very remarkable absence of results. If we except New York there are very few schools on the continent that can claim to have turned out a pupil capable of conducting an ordinary conversation in German, or of reading and understanding an easy German work. The true secret of this failure is, we fear, mainly due, not so much to the efforts of the teacher, as to the system that is employed. The systems of teaching the language that are now in use are almost as numerous and as varied as the irregularities of the German verb, and very few out of their number are fit for anything. The fact is, too many of the so-called Guides to German, and Hand-books of the German language are gotten up by needy book-makers, possessors of a smattering of the language, but too often with but little education and absolutely no experience in teaching—and are palmed off on unsuspecting or unaccustomed teachers, who have not discernment enough to penetrate their worthlessness. This is the true secret of the ill success that has attended so many efforts in this direction. A really valuable work on instruction in German is rare and should, when found, be made a note of. We have carefully examined the above elementary volumes of Steiger's German Series, and have no hesitation in recommending them to school trustees and teachers as valuable aids in studying the language. The instruction therein given is of the most elementary kind, and is intended simply as a stepping-stone to the more advanced portions. The elements of the German grammar are of such great importance to the student who aspires to a thorough acquaintance with the tongue that the grounding therein requires to be very perfect to ensure easy working later on. This we observe is properly attended to in Steiger's Series. The First and Second German Book, and the Rudiments, which are the same in different form—the Rudiments being merely the two first bound up in one volume—take the pupil by easy stages as far as the first half of the regular verb. The work is based upon Ahn's well-known system, but contains very many improvements thereon. Particular attention is paid to the pronunciation and handwriting, and we remark that the exercises are something more than a mere ringing of changes on Vater and Sohn, Gabel and Löffel, Baum and Blume. A pupil who has carefully gone over the two hundred exercises given herein should possess a very respectable German vocabulary, and be able to give some account of himself in an easy conversation. A remarkable feature of this system is the employment of reading charts by which both the letters and script are taught by the use of large bold type. This is the more important inasmuch as the pupil is extremely apt to confuse certain letters, especially in the running hand. By the use of these charts the most unaccustomed eye would speedily become used to the peculiar formations and combinations. So far as we have seen of this series it appears to fill a long neglected gap in the study of foreign languages. From a list we have received we observe that the course is continued in a Third German Book, Readers, Conversation Manuals, Letter Writers, etc., etc. The array is, it is true, somewhat imposing, but it must be borne in mind that the prices of these volumes are so extremely moderate as to place them within the reach of all: the Rudiments, a book of nearly two hundred pages, strongly bound in boards, costing only sixty-five cents, and in no case does the price of any one volume in this binding exceed a dollar. Thus for a very small sum a student can obtain a sufficient knowledge of the language to enjoy its best authors and to keep up a brisk conversation. Such imperfections of pronunciation as are unavoidable where the student has not enjoyed the privileges of continuous conversational exercises, are, after all, but of secondary consideration, and always remediable.





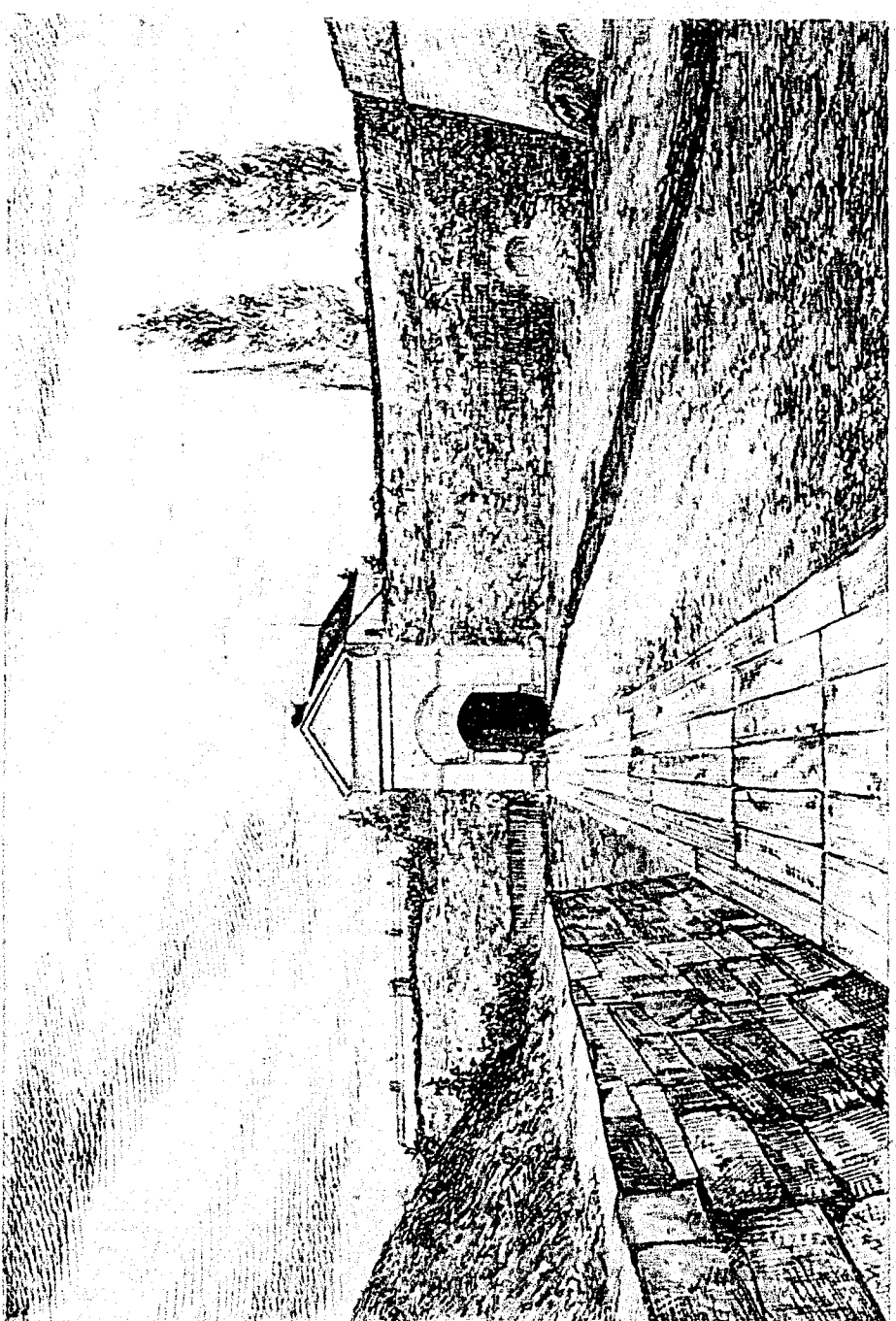
BRIDGES AT PORT NEUF.



THE CHATEAU, WHICH WAS BURNED IN 1812.

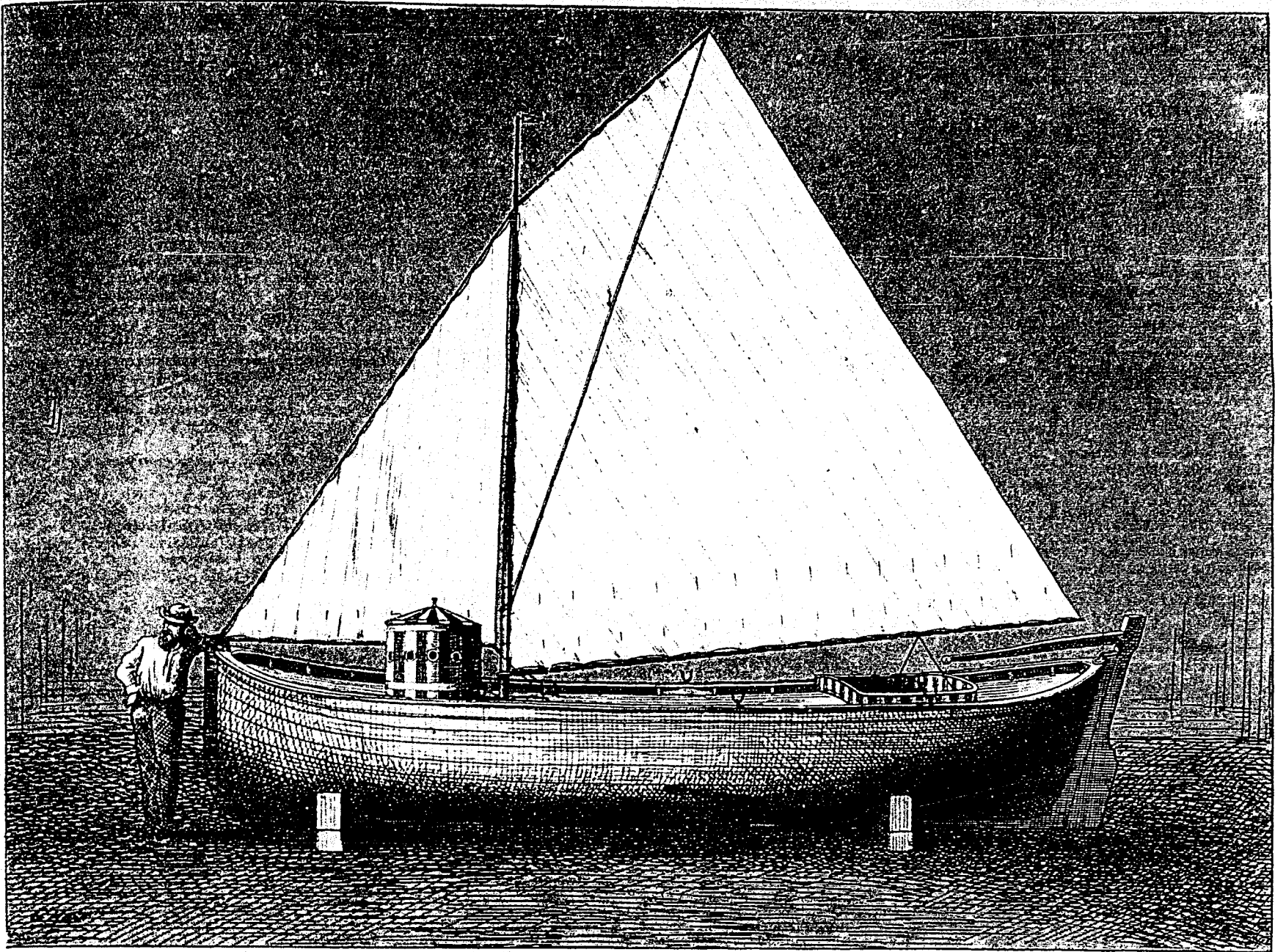


LAKE BEAUFORT.

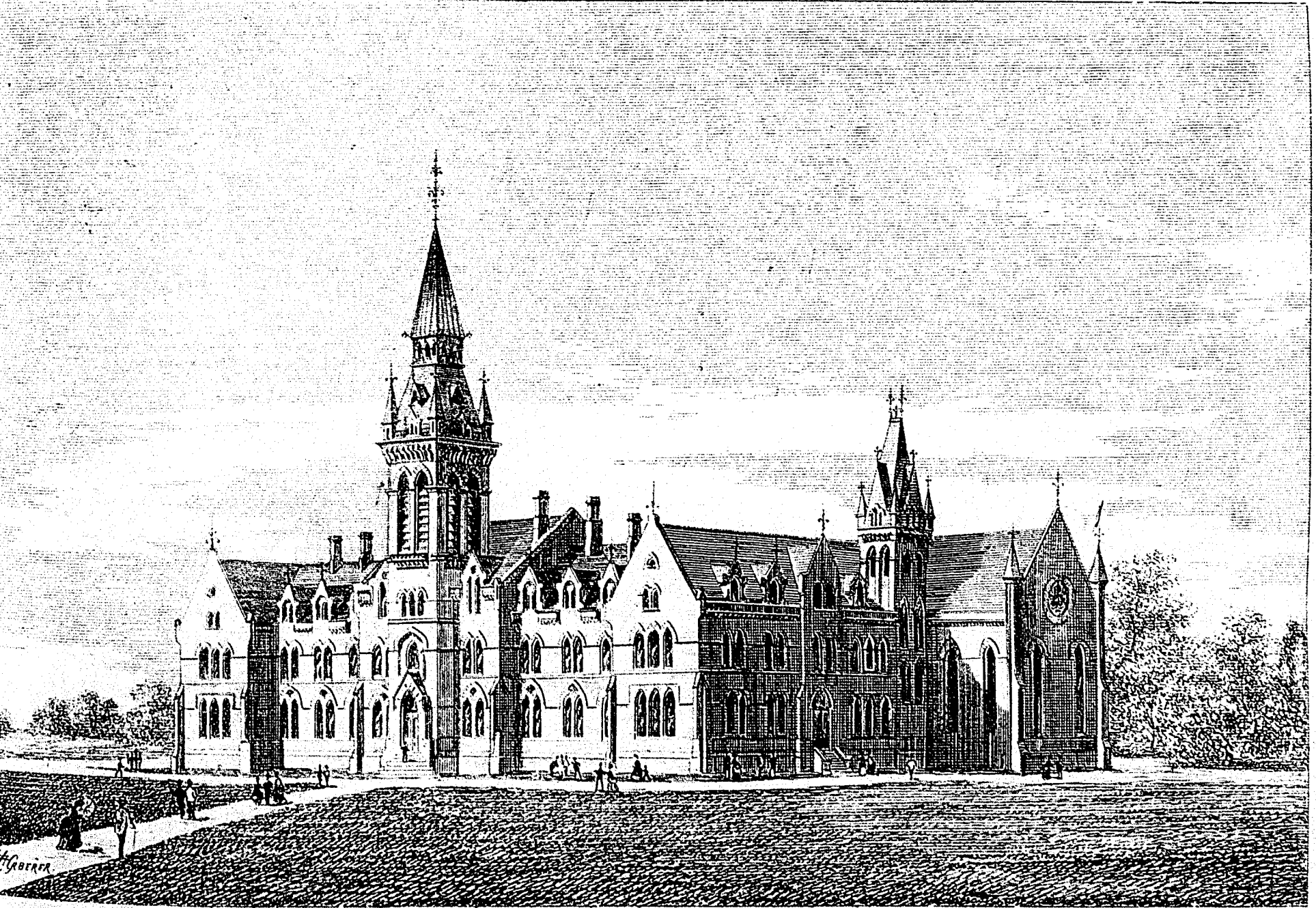


St. Louis Gate, Beauport.





THE "DAILY GRAPHIC" BALLOON ENTERPRISE.—THE LIFE-BOAT



TORONTO.—NEW KNOX COLLEGE.

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# Ye Ballad of Lyttel John A. TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

## PYTTE YE THIRDE.

### I.

When shawes are sheene and shraddees full fayre  
And leaves both large and longe,  
Itte is merrye walking on the fayre forrest  
To heare ye smalle birdes songe.

### II.

Butte in Ottawa towne it is ill to hyde  
Amonge ye dirte and duste.  
I wis that men would never there dwelle  
Onlye thatte they muste.

### III.

And at ye barre of ye Russell House  
Ye Grittes doe mustere thicke.  
And sucke ye drinkes both short and longe  
Butte allways with a strike.

### IV.

For as ye birdes in ye deserte  
Doe gather as men saye,  
See they didde flocke to have a digge  
At ye carcase of John A.

### V.

Yette if they hadde noe more meate  
Butte from thatte carcase alone,  
I wis thatte they were verye honnre  
When that they gotten home.

### VI.

And nowe ye session daye is come  
And on ye Commons floore,  
There stoude Blake and Huntingstone  
And neare a hundred more.

### VII.

Butte of Mynstres there were butte few  
Because soe some doe saye,  
Sir John he hadde tolde toe them  
Quietlye at home to staye.

### VIII.

Then ye Speakere tooke ye chaire  
And Mackenzie hee uprose.  
Welle I weene thatte poore Speakere  
Scarce hadde tyme to blowe his nose.

### IX.

Before Mackenzie pitched in  
And loude ye Mynstree abused.  
He sayd hee dyd demaunde a session  
As if hee would notte be refused.

### X.

And hee would trye ye Mynstres.  
There uponne ye Commons floore,  
Butte just as he gotten uppe ye steame  
A knoocke came at ye doore.

### XI.

And inne dyd come ye lyttel Blaque Riddle  
Sorelye fryttened at ye dymne:  
Men doe saye hys slendere legges  
Trembled under hym.

### XII.

And he called ye House to come  
To ye Senate barre straitwaye:  
Ye Speakere quicklye jumped uppe  
Ryght gladde to sette awaye.

### XIII.

Butte alle ye Grittes remayned behinde  
As madd as they could bee,  
Men saye that for many a yeare  
Such a sight they ne'er didde see.

### XIV.

Butte ye Mynstres to ye barre dyd goe  
And Lorde Dufferene drewe nische.  
Where hee satte in hys cocked hatte  
And hys glasse stucke in hys eye.

### XV.

And hee tolde them how hee had le seene it  
That a Commission should be issued hee,  
Into these charges to enquire  
Made against hys Mynstree.

### XVI.

And thatte to hym they should report.  
And to both Speakeres speedilye:  
Soe then hee bade them alle farewellle  
And back to the seasyde hurried hee.

### XVII.

Ye angrie Grittes dyd meetynge call  
And made a greate adoe,  
They rowed ye traytour Premiers  
Hys perfidie should rew.

### XVIII.

And thatte ye Governours alsoe,  
Ye people's wrathe should feele,  
Because thatte hee hadde made attempte  
Their pryvilege to steale.

### XIX.

Butte after they hadde sayd their saye,  
Home they sadlye wente;  
Another Pytt of ye Premiers  
The telle itte is my intent.

(To be continued).

## A NEW NOVEL.

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

### CHAPTER I.

#### FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

DEEP in the green heart of one of the most pastoral shires in England nestled the village of Hedingham. It was a hilly country, and Hedingham lay at the bottom of an irregular basin, nor in all the parish could you have found half-a-dozen acres of level ground. Orchards—and the Hedingham orchards were many and glorious—gardens, meadows, common lands, all sloped and undulated, as if the mighty waves of a storm-tossed ocean had suddenly been transformed into solid earth. Great must have been those volcanic convulsions which resulted finally in Hedingham. Geologists had their various theories on the subject, but the Hedingham people troubled themselves not at all thereupon. So long as cherries and apples ripened in the orchards sloping to the southern sun, or fronting the later glory of the west—so long as all went well in farmyard and barn, piggeries and hen-coops, Hedingham was content.

It was a prosperous-looking, well-kept village, important enough to blossom into a town perchance by-and-bye, under favouring circumstances. Sir Aubrey Perriam, who owned the greater part of the land hereabouts, was a rich man, and a liberal landlord, but a strict one. The plaster walls of all the Hedingham cottages were as white as frequent whitewash could make them. The fences and gates of Hedingham knew not dilapidation. In Sir Aubrey's absence—and he was very often absent from the vast and gloomy pile which called him master—his steward's keen eye overlooked Hedingham, and seemed ubiquitous as the eye of Providence itself. Nothing ever escaped that searching gaze, and thus dirt and disorder seemed unknown at Hedingham.

There was no pleasanter spot than this village of Hedingham on a summer's day. Through the village street there ran a broad, swift stream, into whose clear waters weary steeds plunged their tired limbs, and the very sight and sound of which gave freshness to the exhausted pedestrian. One might write a chapter about the green lanes that surrounded Hedingham, and the far-spreading curtain of shade afforded by ancient chestnuts and mighty elms, which gave a park-like aspect to the meadow-land hereabouts, the Hedingham farmers having happily not yet been awakened to the necessity of stubbing up every decent tree on their land.

This green and fertile village was not far from the barren sea. From the summit of yonder hill, now golden with grass and broom, the eye might sweep across another fair valley to the wide expanse of ocean. In this west of England the very sea shore is verdant, and the rich wealth of the land seems almost to run over into the water.

Look at Hedingham this evening, by the low light of the setting sun, sinking gloriously behind that dense screen of yew and cypress yonder in the churchyard. The first scene of this drama opens in a garden only divided from the churchyard by a low stone wall and a thick hedge of neatly-trimmed yew, which rises tall and dark above the gray stone—the garden of the village school. Mr. Carew, the schoolmaster, says it is a hard thing to live near the churchyard, and to look out of one's window the first thing every morning upon crumbling old headstones, skulls and crossbones; but then Mr. Carew is a gentleman not prone to take life pleasantly. A painter could hardly imagine anything more picturesque than that old Norman church, to whose massive walls and stout square tower time has given such rich variety of hue; that spacious churchyard with its different levels, its noble old trees, and its crumbling mausoleums, through whose loosened stone-work the sinuous ivy creeps at will, a green, living thing pushing its fresh growth into the secret chambers of decay.

James Carew has no eye for the picturesque, or it may be that though the picture is fair to look upon, he may have had just a little too much of it. For fifteen slow years he has been schoolmaster at Hedingham. He has seen the boys he taught when he first assumed the office grow into men; and marry, and rear some of their own for him to teach. He is grinding the elements of knowledge into a second generation, and in all those fifteen years his own life has grown no whit brighter. The passage of time has not profit-d him so much as an increase of five pounds a year to his scanty wage. Long service counts for very little with the authorities of Hedingham. Indeed, there are some who grudge James Carew his meagre stipend, and begin to wonder whether the parish schoolmaster is not getting past his work.

Still, there has been one change in those fifteen years—a change which would have brightened life for some men, although James Carew has been indifferent to it. His only daughter—his only child, indeed—has grown from a child to a woman. She was a plump, fair-haired lassie of five years old when he brought her to this quiet home. She is now a woman, and the acknowledged beauty of Hedingham. She might reign by the same right divine in a much larger place than Hedingham, for it would be hard to find a rarer beauty than that of Sylvia Carew.

She stands by the rustic garden gate in the sunset, talking to her father, owing no factitious charm to costume, in that well-washed lavender muslin, and plain black straw hat, but peerlessly beautiful. Perhaps the greatest attraction of her beauty lies in its supreme originality. She resembles no other woman one remembers, but in looking at her one has a vague recollection of seeing such a face somewhere in an old Flemish picture. The features have the delicate regularity of a Greek statue. The nose, straight and finely chiselled, the upper lip short, the mouth, a cupid's bow, but the lips somewhat—the veriest trifle—thinner than they should be for perfection; the chin short, round, and dimpled, the forehead low and broad, the shape of the face of an oval. So much for features and outline which belong to an established school of beauty.

The colouring is more striking. Sylvia is exquisitely fair—that alabaster fairness—with no more bloom than the heart of a blush rose—which is in itself almost sufficient for beauty. But this complexion, which by itself might be an insipid loveliness, is relieved by eyes of darkest, deepest hazel; that liquid brown which the old Italian masters knew so well how to paint; eyes of surpassing softness, of incomparable beauty. Her hair is of a much paler shade, yet a shade of the same colour. But here the rich warm brown has a tinge of reddish gold, and her female critics aver that Sylvia has red hair. They do not deny her beauty. That is beyond criticism. They merely allege the fact. Sylvia's hair is red. "Miss Carew is pleasant and soft-spoken enough," says Miss Bordock, the baker's daughter, "but I never did trust no one with red hair. They're almost always double-faced." Whether Sylvia was double-faced or not time must show.

Her father stood beside her at the wooden gate, a newspaper in his hand. There was little resemblance between them, and one could see that if Sylvia inherited her beauty from any mortal progenitor, it must have been to the maternal line she was indebted. Mr. Carew had a hooked nose, a somewhat receding chin and faded gray eyes, which may have once been handsome. He had a worn look, as of premature age, and one could imagine him the ill-preserved ruin of a handsome man. His dress was slovenly, but the delicate white hand and taper fingers, the small foot, the general air and bearing, were those of a man who, whatever he might be now, had once written himself down gentleman.

"Where are you going, child?" he asked, in a tone that was almost a complaint. "It's strange that you must be always gadding just at the time that I am at leisure."

"You don't seem to care particularly about my company, papa, if I do stay at home," replied Sylvia, coolly. They were not a very affectionate father and daughter. "And it's dull indoors on such an evening as this. One might as well be in that ivy-grown old tomb yonder, of the de Bossians, and life over and done with."

"You might read the newspapers to me at least, and spare my poor old eyes a little. They're tried hard enough all day."

"Other people are almost young at fifty."

"Papa. Why is it that you seem so old?" asked the girl, in a speculative tone, as if she were considering a fact in natural history.

"Compare my life—for the last fifteen years—with the lives of other people's, and you won't be so foolish as to repeat your question, Sylvia. I should feel young enough and seem young enough, too, I dare say, if I were as rich as Sir Aubrey Perriam."

The father sighed, and the daughter echoed his sigh, as if the very mention of the lord of the soil were provocative of melancholy thought.

"Yes, it must be a grand thing to be rich," said Sylvia, "especially for people who have had some experience of poverty. Those people who are born rich seem to have a very dim idea of the enjoyment they might get out of their money. They dawdle through life in a sleepy sort of way, and fritter away their wealth upon a herd of servants, and on some great ugly house, in which they are little more than a cypher. Now, if I were rich, the world would hardly be big enough for me. I'd roam from country to country. I'd climb mountains that no one ever climbed before. I'd make my name famous in half a dozen different ways. I'd ——— breaking down with a sudden sigh, "but I daresay I never shall be anything but a village schoolmaster's daughter, or a village schoolmistress, so it's worse than foolish to talk of happiness or riches."

The hazel eyes had brightened while she talked of what she would do with wealth; they were clouded now; and she looked at the rosy light beyond that dark screen of cypress, with a face that was full of gloomy thought—strangely beautiful even in its gloom, though with a sinister beauty.

"You need not be a village schoolmistress unless you are a greater simpleton than I take you to be," said her father, who had been in no manner disturbed by her rhapsody. He had unfolded his newspaper while she was speaking—a London paper which reached this remote world at sunset. "With your good looks you are bound to make a good marriage."

"What, at Hedingham?" cried Sylvia, with a scornful laugh. "Pray, who is the wandering Prince who is to find me at Hedingham? I'm afraid princes of that kind only exist in fairy tales."

"Nonsense, Sylvia. Every pretty woman has her chance; if she has but patience to wait for it, but ten out of every dozen wreck themselves by marrying scamps or paupers before they are out of their teens. I hope you, Sylvia, have too much sense to make that kind of mistake."

"I hope so," said Sylvia, "indeed, I mean to be prudent myself, and wait for the Prince. Hays! I not drained the cup of poverty to the very dregs? Believe me, papa, I don't want to wear washed gowns and last summer's bonnets quite all my life."

She looked down at her faded muslin contemptuously, as she spoke. She had all the feminine longing for bright colours and fashionably-made dresses—though the finest shops she knew were those in Monkhampton, the neighbouring market town, and the best dressed woman she had ever seen were the Misses Toynbee's, the retired woollen manufacturer's daughters, who, it was faintly rumoured, had once had dresses straight from Paris.

"By the way," she resumed presently, after a pause, "talking of good marriages, I wonder if you would call Mr. Standon a good match for anyone. I am not speaking of myself, of course."

"I'm glad you're not," retorted her father, sharply, but without lifting his eyes from the newspaper, "for Edmund Standon would be a very bad match for you. His father left every acre and every sixpence he had to leave to his widow—for her to dispose of it as she thinks best; and her son is entirely at her mercy. He's an only son, you'll say, and to whom else could she leave her money. She might leave it to her daughter—who, I have heard, was always the favourite; and depend upon it she will leave it to the daughter if the son offends her."

"By a foolish marriage, for instance."

"By marrying anyone she disapproves of. And she's a starched madam—bigoted like all your evangelicals—and will be uncommonly hard to please. I daresay she means him for that little girl who lives with her—Miss—Miss Rochdale."

Sylvia shrugged her shoulders, and made a wry face, as if Miss Rochdale were a very inferior order of being.

"I shouldn't think he would ever marry her," she said, "even to please his mother, whom, I believe, he worships."



In the first place her name is Esther. Fancy anyone falling in love with a Esther—and in the next place she's dowdy to a degree that is next door to ugliness."

"I've never taken particular notice of her," replied Mr. Carew, "but I believe she has money. Her father was in the Indian Civil Service—a judge, or something of that kind. She was born in Bengal, and sent over to the Standen's when she was three or four years old. The mother was some relation of Mr. Standen's, I think—and after toiling and money-scraping out in Calcutta for twenty years, Mr. Rochdale died on the eve of his return—the common close of an Indian career—leaving his daughter well provided for."

"I wish you had gone to India, papa."  
"To die there! Thanks for so affectionate a wish."  
"No, no, of course I don't mean that," answered the girl somewhat lightly, as if it were a matter of detail. "But I do wish you had found some position more fitted to your talents, for I know you are very clever, even at the other end of the world. So many men strike out paths for themselves, begin life with so few chances and end in the loftiest stations. I have read biographies of such men, and never without wondering how you could tamely submit to endure the life you have led here, to waste your keen intellect in the drudgery of a village school for fifteen long useless years."

She spoke with a suppressed passion in her tone, for there were times when she felt unduly angry at the thought of her father's ignominious career. Not so easily would she have submitted to a life of obscurity, had heaven made her a man.

"The men you read of may have begun life with one qualification which I did not possess when I began my career in this place," said her father coldly, still without looking from the newspaper.

"What qualification?" she asked eagerly.  
"Never mind what. Enough that I am what I am. Why seek to pry into the secrets of a life that holds no ray of hope. You say you know that I have talents. If you do know that you must know that I should not have endured such a life as this could I have put those talents to better use. I did not begin the world as a village schoolmaster. The life you have seen is only the miserable remnant of an earlier existence."

"And that was a little brighter, eh, papa?"  
"Yes, child, that was pleasant enough while it lasted."  
"And what was the misfortune which altered your circumstances?"

"You've asked me that question before to-day, Sylvia, and I have told you that the past is a subject I don't wish to talk about. Be kind enough to remember that in future."

The girl gave a short discontented sigh, but said nothing.  
"You have not answered my question," said her father.  
"Where are you going?"

"Only for a walk in the lanes with Alice Cook and Mary Peter."  
"I wonder you can care about associating with a sexton's daughter and a dressmaker."

"Have I anybody else to associate with, papa? What would the young ladies of Hedingham think if I aspired to their company? Why, I daresay they expect me to drop a curtsy when I meet them, like the school children." She drew herself up to her fullest height and looked like an outraged queen at the very idea of these people's insolence. Then in a more indifferent tone she went on, "You don't suppose I care for Alice or Mary. But they're better than nobody, and they think a great deal of me. What is that you told me Caesar said—better to reign in a village than serve in Rome. I'd rather have such friends as these, who look up to me, than be asked to tea in a patronising way by the Vicar's daughters, who din the school into my ears all the evening. Mary tells me about the fashions, and helps me a little when I have a new dress to make for myself. It isn't often I trouble her. And Alice is a harmless creature enough, and takes no liberties. Besides I could hardly walk about alone."

"No," said her father, with a glance at the fair face. "That wouldn't do. Perhaps you're right. Better they than no one. Be sure you're not late."

"I'll take care, papa. We're going to talk over the arrangements for to-morrow."  
"For to-morrow?"

"That school treat, papa. You haven't forgotten surely?"  
"To be sure. Yes, the children's tea, and the fancy fair in Harper's field. The place will be in a fine hubbub, I suppose."

"We're to have the band from Monkhampton, and they say there are lots of people coming; county people," added the girl. "We don't often have a glimpse of the world at Hedingham; and then, with a profound sigh, "I daresay the dresses will be lovely. And think of my poor last year's muslin, which has grown ever too much short for me."

"You've grown, I suppose you mean," said her father. "You needn't be so doleful about it. New dresses don't make good looks, and no man whose opinion is worth having values a woman for her gown. It's only you women who appraise one another's clothes, and sit in judgment upon one another's bonnets."

"Yes, papa, but it's hard to bear scornful looks, and to feel the stamp of one's poverty hanged on one's back. I'm sure I wouldn't mind how I pinched or scraped indoors. I'd eat dry bread and drink water if I could only make a decent appearance before the world."

"Ah, that's a woman's notion of comfort," said Mr. Carew, contemptuously. He was particular about what he eat; his comfortable little six o'clock dinner was the one bright spot in his day. The babble and turmoil of the school was over, the door shut upon those awful boys, whom he loathed with an unspeakable loathing, the table laid neatly in the shady parlour. A cutlet or a chicken, a little dish of fruit, a salad, and a tumbler of cheap claret sufficed him; but even this modest menu cost money which might have been spared for Sylvia's wardrobe, had the schoolmaster been content to eat boiled bacon and beans like his neighbours.

Two shrill voices sounded in the still air, and two girls emerged from the shadows of the cypress and yew, and came by the narrow churchyard path towards the gate of Mr. Carew's garden; two common-place looking damsels enough it must be confessed; but fresh complexioned and frank looking, and with a pleasant air of the country about them.

"Well, Sylvia!" cried Mary Peter, the elder of the two, "have you been waiting for us?"  
"Not very long—besides I've been talking to papa—it didn't matter."

"I had the dresses to finish for the Miss Toynbees. I wish I could have kept them up at my place to show you, but the lady's maid did fidget so. She's been round three times since dinner, so I sent 'em immediately I'd set the last stitch, and

all I hope is the boy won't tumble them. Such ducks of dresses, Sylvia. However, you'll see them to-morrow, so it's all the same. Clear white grenadine, with blue satin quiltings, and blue silk slips, and such lace—real Valenciennes, and seven shillings a yard if it was a penny. The maid seemed afraid I should eat some of it, she was so sharp. I daresay she'll go over every inch with a yard measure."

Mr. Carew had retreated before this babble about dress-making. He had not even troubled himself to respond to the timid salutations of the two damsels. But for similar discourtesy, Hedingham had long ago set him down as a proud and unfriendly individual. A good master enough for those rude, rough boys, who trembled at his frown; but a person whom nobody cared to cultivate. Yet they owned that, although unpolite, he had the air and bearing of a gentleman, and that his discourtesy seemed sometimes sheer absence of mind. He had seen better days, said the Hedinghamites, and his temper had been soured by reverse of fortune. Having come to this conclusion, his simple-minded neighbours pitied him, and showed what kindness they could to his pretty daughter.

"Come, Sylvia," said Alice Cook, "it will be dark before we've had our walk."

CHAPTER II.

EDMUND STANDEN.

It was in the very flush of summer, the ripe, rich month of July. The last of the hay had been carried in, but tangled wisps of sweet-scented grass still hung here and there on the brambles of the dog roses, in the narrow lanes, where the wagons had been hard pushed to pass between luxuriant boundaries of sloe and blackberry, wild rose, and woodbine. This particular July had begun with almost tropical splendour. The thermometer (there was only one in the village by the way, at the post office and chemist's shop) had been at eighty for the last week, and even after sunset there was a sultry heat like the atmosphere of a hot-house. This summer glow was odorous with the spicy breath of the pines, the rich perfume of clove carnations, the more delicate scent of bean fields, and the sweet pea hedges that brightened cottage gardens. For an utterly idle existence—the life of those pigs for instance which lay flat on their side on the patch of grass before the farm gate, and simply revelled in the sunshine—Hedingham in the hot summer was a most delicious place, a very valley of sensuous delights. But for the majority of mankind, who had to work hard, this weather was a trifle too warm. The farmers looked across the fields of yellowing corn and thanked God for his liberal sunshine. The farmer's men wiped the drops of toil from their sunburnt foreheads, and languished for a double allowance of cider. Happy those whose work lay on the hill tops whence they could gaze on the wide, cool sea. Happier still, or so it seemed to the landsmen, the fishermen yonder far out upon the blue, whose brown sail flapped lazily in the faint summer wind.

The three girls went along one of the lanes, till they came to a meadow on the slope of the hill—a meadow which contained some of the finest trees about Hedingham. Here they seated themselves on a grassy bank at the foot of a vast horse chestnut—a bank famous for primroses in spring-time—not without some jesting insinuations from Sylvia's companions.

"We know why Sylvia is so fond of this field, don't we, Alice?" said Mary, jocosely, whereupon Alice, who was not loquacious, nodded and giggled inanely.

"I don't know that I like it any better than any other meadow," returned Sylvia with an indifferent air. "If I do it is for the shade of this chestnut, and because we can catch a glimpse of the sea over the tree tops yonder."

"I thought you didn't care for the woods, or the sea, or anything about Hedingham," said Mary.

"I don't very much. I've had too much of it all—trees and flowers that are the same every year, and woods and sea that haven't changed since William the Conqueror. But if we walk we must walk somewhere, and if we sit down to rest it must be somewhere, and this meadow does as well as any other place."

"And we know who always can find us here," said Mary, after which remark came a sort of giggling duet from Miss Carew's companions.

She felt that her father was right, and that she ought not to associate with these girls.

"I wish you wouldn't be so vulgar, Mary Peter," she exclaimed angrily; "You know who, indeed. I suppose you mean Mr. Standen, since he's the only person we ever met here."

"I didn't know it was vulgar to speak of one's friend's bean," said Mary, deeply wounded; but you've such high notions, Miss Carew. I sometimes think it's a pity you should associate with me and Alice."

"I sometimes think so too," answered Sylvia, nothing moved. It would have cost her very little to break with these companions of her childhood. Her feelings on the subject of feminine friendships were not deep.

She had a way of being insolent to these girls, and then passing over the matter lightly, as if she had a right to be as rude as she pleased, and they, influenced by her superlative beauty, and her superior education—she had educated herself for the most part, and knew a good deal more than many better taught girls of her age—suffered her airs and graces with extreme patience. She had an air of being only half alive in their presence, which was in no means flattering to their self-esteem. She leaned back against the broad base of the chestnut with half closed languid eyelids, and only answered with a listless word or two now and then, while her companions discussed the programme for to-morrow's gala.

It was to be altogether a grand day for Hedingham. There was to be the children's treat, buns and tea, and plumcake, and such rustic sports as kiss-in-the-ring, and thread-needle in Mr. Hopling's orchard, one of the finest orchards round Hedingham. This was an annual festival, but even repetition did not stale its simple joys. This year there was to be something more than the children's tea drinking. The Hedingham school-house was ancient, small, inconvenient, and out of repair, and Mr. Vancourt, the vicar, was trying to collect funds for the erection of new buildings of the Gothic order. There had been already some small movements in aid of this good work, and now the Miss Vancourts and their numerous friends and allies had organised a fancy fair, or charity bazaar, to which all the county, so far as the influence of Hedingham could make itself felt, had been bidden. All the most distinguished young ladies of the neighbourhood, that is to say, those whose fathers had either money or posi-

tion, were to take stalls. The various treasures of Berlin wool work, waxflowers, point lace, pincushion covers and banner screens, teapot stands, slippers, wax dolls, smoking caps, babies' shoes, braces, work-bags, shaving doyleys, match boxes, pinafores, and cigar cases, which had been prepared by the industrious fingers of the Hedingham and Monkhampton young ladies, were said to be stupendous in effect, now that they were massed together at the vicarage. The bazaar was to be held in Mr. Harper's field, which adjoined Mr. Hopling's orchard, so that benevolent disposed people, after spending their money among the pink-striped booths, could walk into the orchard and behold the future recipients of their bounty. They would see the school-children at their best, apple-cheeked, joyous, radiant with the lustre of bread and butter and plumcake, and they would be stimulated to give liberally. Thus no doubt had argued the artful organisers of the entertainment.

"They say there's people coming from twenty miles round," said Mary Peter, after much disquisition upon to-morrow's proceedings, "county families. There's never been such a day in Hedingham since I can remember."

"And you can remember thirty years, I should think," remarked Sylvia without opening her eyes.

This was meant unkindly, for Miss Peter affected youth. Yet everyone knew that it was nine or ten years since she had finished her apprenticeship to Miss Speedwell, of Monkhampton.

"Father heard tell that Sir Aubrey was to be there," said Alice Cook, with some sense of importance. It was something to have a father who heard the news direct from the Vicar, after week-day service.

Sylvia opened her eyes. Everybody in this place was interested in Sir Aubrey Perriam, though he was only a quiet elderly gentleman, who spent a good deal of his time abroad, and when he was at home, lived a humdrum kind of life at Perriam Place, with no better society than that of his brother, an invalid and a bookworm. Sir Aubrey was seen in Hedingham village, now and then when he was at the Place, but the younger brother hardly ever. Yet, according to report, this younger brother, Mr. Perriam, never went away, but dawdled on from year's end to year's end alone with his books. No one at Hedingham thought or talked of Mr. Perriam; Sir Aubrey was a sun whose magnitude extinguished all lesser lights.

"I thought Sir Aubrey was in Paris," said Sylvia.

"So he was last week," replied Alice. "Father had it from the housekeeper at Perriam—but he was expected home soon—and this morning while he was taking off his surplice Mr. Vancourt told father that Sir Aubrey had come, and had promised to be at the bazaar to-morrow."

"I should like to see him," said Sylvia.

"Haven't you never seen him?" asked Alice, with more emphasis than grammar.

"Never!"

"Oh, I've seen him ever so many times," said Mary Cook with enthusiasm. "He's a noble-looking old gentleman. I think you'd know he was a baronet if you saw him anywhere, without being told. He dresses beautiful—such taste—and holds himself so straight, and speaks so low and smooth—not like most of our country gentle folks, which bawls awful, as if they were speaking to somebody on the other side of the road—and then he has such a dear silver grey moustache, just the colour of that dress I made for Mrs. Baker, for Miss Baker's wedding."

"And what is his brother like, Mr. Perriam?" enquired Sylvia.

"Oh, nobody ever sets eyes on Mr. Perriam, except the servants at The Place, and they say he's eccentric and slovenly like in his ways—never puts on boots—and hardly ever wears a coat, and hates new clothes. But I've heard Mrs. Tidwell, the housekeeper, say—she's second cousin to my Aunt Susan's husband's brother's wife, so you may call her a relation—that Mr. Perriam and his brother would be as like as two peas if he only dressed himself decently."

Sylvia sighed. She had ceased to feel interested in the conversation. What were these Perriams to her? Only two old fogies, whose wealth made her enviously minded when- ever she thought of it. That crimson globe she had been watching had gone down behind the patch of blue sea yonder, and she had promised her father to be home before it was dark. The darkness would soon follow that red splendour on the horizon line, and it was not solely to enjoy Alice Cook and Mary Peter's conversation that Miss Carew had come here to-night.

"Come, Mary," she said listlessly, "I suppose we had better be going home."

"What's your hurry?" answered Mary.

"Papa told me to be home before dark."

"O, come, you're not generally so particular about your father. Besides, it's not quite dark till ten o'clock at this time of year; and who knows if some one mightn't happen to come this way who'd be ever so sorry to miss you."

"Quite right, Miss Peters, and very kindly suggested," said a pleasant, manly voice, from the other side of the bank. The branches rustled as two strong arms parted them, and a young man stepped lightly down from the higher level of the copse behind the chestnut.

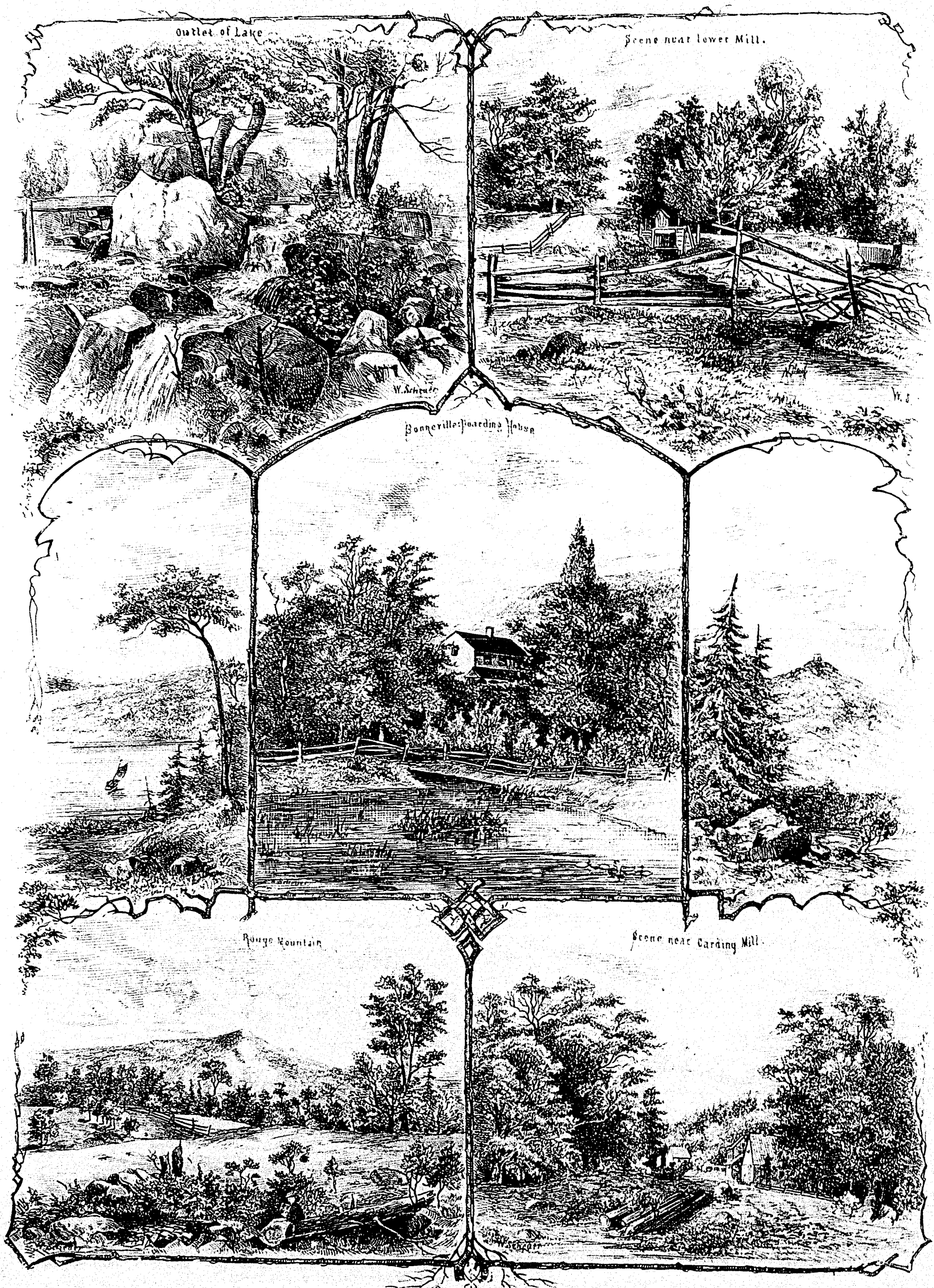
Sylvia started to her feet, a wild rose bloom brightening her face, her glorious eyes shining, almost a new creature—animated with sudden joy, and hope, and triumph. Yet she spoke never a word, but only held out her little bare hand by way of welcome.

The new comer shook hands all round, but with Sylvia last, and kept her hand in his, as if he had forgotten to let it go.

"I thought, perhaps, you might be coming this way for your evening walk, Mr. Standen," said Mary Peters, urged thereto by an impulse of good manners, since nobody else said anything. Alice Cook could never do much more than giggle; and Sylvia and Mr. Standen stood and looked at each other as if they never meant to speak again. Indeed, could eyes always be as eloquent there would seem little need of language.

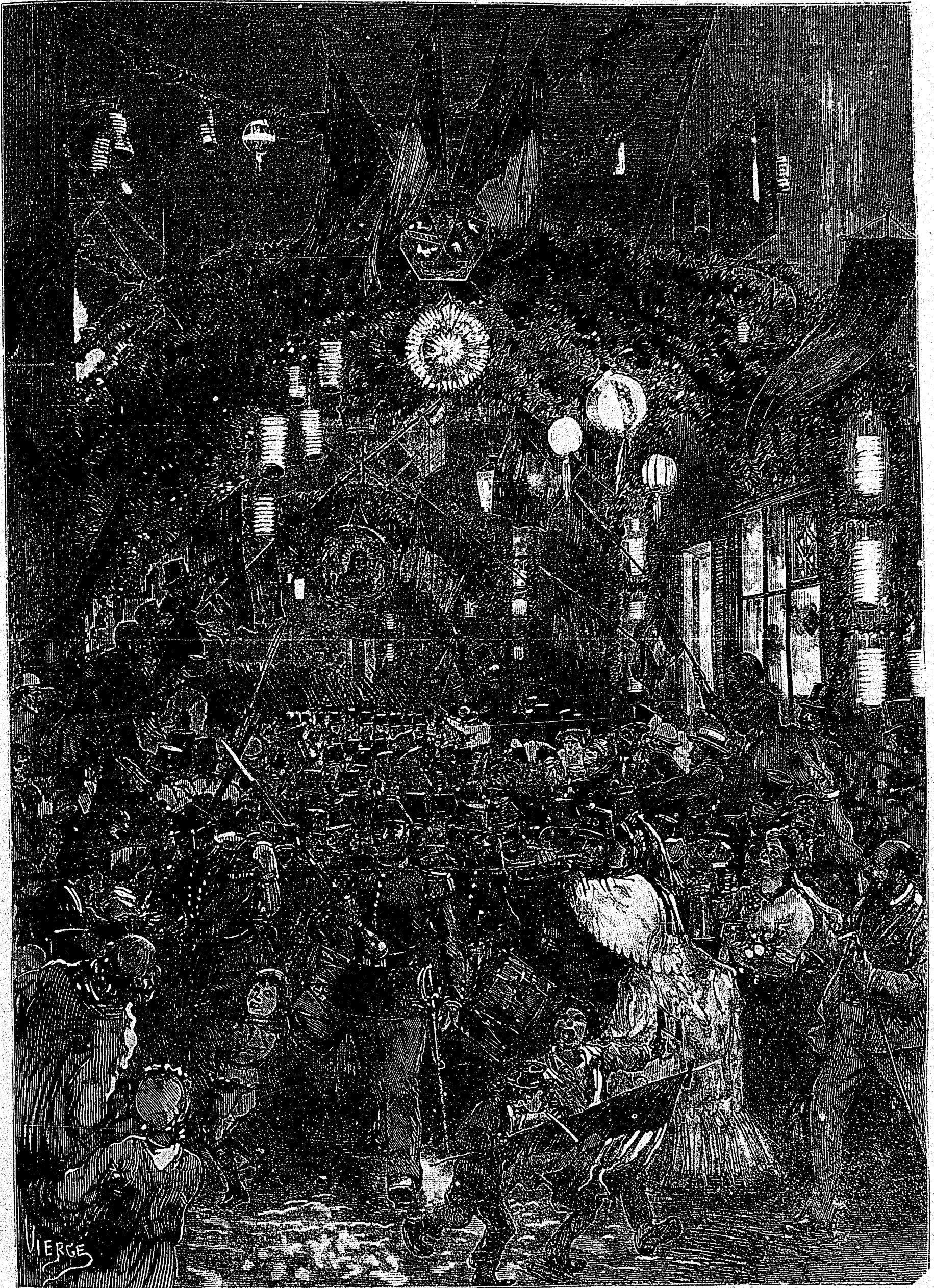
"It was very considerate of you to think about me at all," said Mr. Standen, without withdrawing his gaze from Sylvia's. They stood face to face under the spreading chestnut boughs, looking at each other as if there were no world beyond that circle of shadow, no time beyond this July sunset. "I always do come here for my evening walk, and sometimes I find this meadow very dreary, while sometimes it seems a little bit of Eden, as it does to-night," he added, in a lower tone, tightening his clasp of Sylvia's little hand.

"Well, Sylvia," said Mary, in her business-like tone, "I



SKETCHES AT ST. HILAIRE, QUE.





FRANCE.—THE GERMAN EVACUATION —RECEPTION OF FRENCH TROOPS AT TOUL.



think as mother may be wanting her bit of supper—it is but a morsel of cheese and a lettuce she takes, but she likes it nice—I'll run home. You can come back with me Alice, and I dare say Mr. Standen will take care of Sylvia. Good-bye, Sylvia, we shall see you before twelve to-morrow."

The two girls curtsied a good night to the gentleman and sped off, as if this were part of an established programme.

They had scarcely turned their backs ere Sylvia was clasped to her lover's breast. The fair head rested placidly upon his shoulder, the soft hazel eyes looked up at him, full of tenderness. Plighted lovers these, it would seem, by his calm air of proprietorship, her look of perfect trust.

"My Sylvia!" he said, as if a world of meaning were shut within the compass of those two words.

"You are so late this evening, Edmund," she said, complainingly.

"We had friends dining with us, darling; I couldn't get away. Even now I have left the men to smoke their cigars alone—at the risk of offending them—for the sake of one sweet half-hour with you. How lovely you look to-night, Sylvia, with that sunset tinge upon your hair."

"Do you really like it?" she asked, pleased by his praise.

"The girls call it red." A shower of kisses on the bright auburn hair answered for the lover's estimation of its peculiar colour. "But I'm sorry you're so late, Edmund, for papa told me to be home early."

"You must cheat papa out of half-an-hour for my sake, Sylvia. I have something to tell you."

"What!" she cried eagerly, and with a half-frightened look. "you have told Mrs. Standen?"

"Yes, Sylvia," he answered gravely. "I have told my mother."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl with a gasp, as if this were just the most awful thing in the world. "And how did she take it?"

"Why not so well as I could have wished. Let's sit down here, darling, under our old chestnut, and I'll tell you all about it."

He released her from the arms which had enfolded her till now, and they sat down side by side, her head still resting on his shoulder, one hand clasped in his, as if this loving contact might soften the stern decree of fate, in the person of Mrs. Standen, on whose fiat the future lives of these two in a great measure depended.

"Was she very angry?" Sylvia asked falteringly.

The young man was silent for a few moments, looking downward, his good-looking, honest face clouded. It was both good and good-looking, that face of Edmund Standen's, the features sufficiently regular, the forehead broad and high, the eyes a clear gray, the complexion tanned somewhat by sun and wind—a country gentleman's complexion—the mouth good, and, despite the shade of a thick, brown moustache, full of expression.

"Am I to be quite frank with you, Sylvia: am I to tell you the truth, however disagreeable, even at the risk of making you dislike my mother?"

"What does it matter what I think of your mother?" exclaimed Sylvia impatiently. "It is ourselves we have to think about. Tell me the whole truth, of course. She was angry, I suppose."

"Yes, dear, more angry than I had ever seen her till that moment; more angry than I should have thought it possible she could be."

"What a low, vulgar creature I must be," said Sylvia, bitterly.

"My sweetest, she knows that you are nothing of the kind. I have told her, and she has heard others praise you, and she has seen you herself. It was no such thought influenced her. But she had formed other plans I suppose, and this engagement of mine disappointed her. She has always been used to think of me as a boy, ready and willing to be ruled by her opinions; for you know how dearly I love her, Sylvia."

"I have heard you say so a thousand times," said Sylvia, with something like scorn.

"Yesterday she discovered for the first time that I had a will of my own, a heart that was no longer all hers, a mind that could think for itself, and my own plans for my own future. She was both grieved and angry. My heart bled for her, though I felt for the first time in my life that she was in the wrong, that the mother I have loved so dearly could commit a great injustice."

"If you would only come to the point," exclaimed Sylvia, impatiently; "what did she say about our marriage?"

"That she would never give her consent to it. I was compelled to remind her that I am a man, and my own master."

"Well, what then?"

"Marry Miss Carew if you like," she said, "and break my heart, if you like. But if you do I shall leave everything I possess to your sister Clara and her children."

"And she could do that?" asked Sylvia, trembling with indignation.

"Most decidedly. She is mistress of everything my father had to leave. My future, so far as regards my father's fortune, is entirely at her mercy."

"How unjust—how wicked," cried Sylvia.

"It does seem rather hard," said the young man, regretfully, "yet there never was a better mother than mine. And the money was left to her to do what she likes with it, after all. She has as good a right to leave it to Clara as to me."

"She has no such right; your father intended it for you," said Sylvia, almost choking with passion.

She might have been even more angry had Edmund Standen repeated to her one particular speech of his mother's—a speech which had impressed itself indelibly on the tablet of his mind.

"I will stand between you and ruin, if I can, even if I seem cruel and unjust in doing so. Whatever influence, whatever power I have shall be used to the uttermost to prevent your marriage with Sylvia Carew."

"Because she is my inferior in social position?" asked the young man angrily. "As if such petty distinctions counted for anything except in a benighted village like Hedingham!"

"For no such reason," answered Mrs. Standen, "but simply because she is vain and hollow, selfish and artful. I wish my dear son to marry a good woman."

And she flung upon him a look of maternal tenderness that would have melted any one but a head-strong lover.

"What right have you to say that of her—you who have seen her half-a-dozen times at most," he cried indignantly.

"I have seen quite enough to judge—and I have heard still more."

"Petty village gossip. The women hate her on account of her beauty."

"And you love her for the sake of her beauty, and for nothing else. Beware of such love, Edmund."

"Upon my word, mother, you are too bad," cried the son, and he left her without another word—banging the door behind him. The passion of anger would hurt us more than it does if there were no doors to bang.

Yet in his heart of hearts he knew that he did love Sylvia chiefly for the sake of that rare beauty which had dawned upon him like a revelation of a new life, a few months ago, when he came home from Germany, and saw the girl standing in the afternoon sunshine in one of the side aisles in Hedingham church, clad in purest white, a blossom-like creature among the ruddy-cheeked and buxom Hedingham girls, many of whom had a full share of vulgar every-day good looks. Even to-night, as he came to the trysting tree, he was compelled to confess to himself, in the course of that self-examination to which all thoughtful men submit their motives, that it was Sylvia's face that had bewitched him. Of her mind he knew very little beyond the one fact, that she loved him, and knowing that he seemed to know all that was needful. She was refined and intelligent, expressed herself like a lady, read all the books he lent her, and was able to criticise them somewhat sharply. She had taught herself French and German with very little help from her father. She played with taste and expression on a feeble old piano, which a former vicar's wife had given her on leaving Hedingham, and she sang better than she played. What more could a man desire in a wife than to love and be beloved by her, save to be proud of her! And Edmund Standen felt that this was a wife of whom a better man than he might be proud. For after all this gift of beauty which philosophy affects to underrate—although Socrates did admire Aspasia—is a great and perfect thing, and more certain of social success than any other quality. It needs no assertion on the part of its possessor, it asks no aid from beholds and worships. Nor is it more ephemeral than any other species of fame. Those names of women which stand out most vividly on the historic page, are the names of women who were simply famous for their beauty. This argument occurred to Edmund Standen to-night as he walked up the hill. After all, what reason had he to be ashamed of loving Sylvia Carew simply because of her loveliness. "Pericles, Cæsar, Antony, were all made of the same clay," he said to himself. "Each fell in love with the loveliest woman of his age."

"Well," said Sylvia, after a longish pause, "of course there is no more to be said. Our dream is ended; all we have to do is to bid each other good-bye."

Her tones faltered a little, and there were tears in her eyes, yet she pronounced this renunciation of her lover with a curious calmness for one so young.

"Bid each other good-bye," he repeated, astonished. "Why, Sylvia, do you think I can give you up?"

"I think you could never be so mad as to let your mother make you a pauper, which it seems she has the power to do," said Sylvia, in whom anger at this moment was stronger than love.

"My mother shall not make me a pauper, and she shall not rob me of you," said Edmund, drawing her closer to his side. She did not look up at him, but sat with eyes bent upon the ground, and a settled gloom upon her face. For her this forfeiture of fortune meant so much; it meant the end of all her day-dreams. But she loved him as fondly as it was in her nature to love; and that nature had its depths of passion, though those depths were yet unsounded.

"But she can rob you of your father's fortune," she said.

"Let it go," answered her lover lightly. "I can exist without it. I am not afraid of beginning the world, Sylvia, for you and with you. I think I could fight and conquer fate with you for my helpmate."

"What could you do?" she asked thoughtfully.

"Go to the Bar. It would be slow work, of course, at first; but I might pick up a little by literature, perhaps, or in some of the bye-ways of life. Or if, on taking counsel with my friends, I found the Bar was likely to be too slow a business, I might get a clerkship and go into commerce. I am young and not afraid of work. It would be hard if I couldn't earn a living somehow."

A living—earning a living somehow! And Sylvia had fancied that in winning Edmund Standen's love she had opened the door to that bright, pleasant, prosperous, easy-going world, in which everybody had plenty of money—that when he made her his wife she was to bid an everlasting farewell to the scamped means of the vulgar herd who have to maintain themselves by labour of brain or body.

"And then, darling," continued her lover tenderly, "happily for our early struggles you have not been bred in an extravagant school, or accustomed to costly pleasures. It will not seem very hard to you, will it, dear love, if we have to begin life humbly?"

Not seem hard, when her rebellious spirit had been at war with her surroundings ever since she had been old enough to compare the lives of other people with her own life!

"It's all very well to talk like that," she said, bursting into tears, "but you don't know what poverty is."

Yes, this cheerful resignation to reverse of fortune is easy to the mind that has never known necessity's venomous sting. It is like the ignorant courage of a child who pays his first visit to the dentist, rather pleased at the novelty of the situation.

"My sweetest, even poverty would be no burden if you and I shared it. Besides, we shan't always be poor. Look at the hundreds of prosperous men who begin the world with a single half-a-crown."

"Look at my father," she answered briefly.

He kissed away her tears, and circled thus by his protecting arm, she half believed that the light of true love might suffice to gild the pathway of life. But it was only half belief at best. Lurking in her mind there was the conviction that she had suffered too much already from straitened means, and that she had no courage for that battle which Edmund Standen faced so calmly.

"How much is your father's fortune?" she asked.

"My mother's you mean, darling."

"I only look upon it as hers in trust. How much is it, Edmund?"

"Something like fifteen hundred a year—rather over than under. Then there is the house, and about sixty acres of land, and my mother's savings, which must be considerable; for I

don't think she can have spent a thousand a year since my father's death."

"And you would give up all that for my sake, Edmund?" asked Sylvia, deeply moved.

"Every shilling of it, and with hardly a pang."

"Oh, how good and true you are, and how dearly I love you," cried the girl, quite overcome at last by this evidence of devotion.

The moon stole up from behind the eastward woods, and surprised them into memory of the hour. They went back to Hedingham through the silent fields and lanes arm in arm, and Sylvia almost forgot the gloomy outlook that had newly opened before her in the tender happiness of being so utterly beloved.

"To-morrow your father and all Hedingham shall know of our engagement, Sylvia," said Mr. Standen, as they paused in the shadowy churchyard patch—that path across the churchyard was the nearest way to the schoolhouse—for those last words which lovers are so long saying.

"No, not to-morrow," she pleaded, "there will be such talk and such surprise, and so many people will take your mother's part against us. Let us keep our secret a little longer, dear Edmund."

And dear Edmund, who was not in a condition to refuse anything, reluctantly consented to some small delay, wondering a little at the subtle ways of women, to whom there seems sweetness in secrecy.

(To be continued.)

## THE MAGAZINES.

The Farmer's Granges form the subject of interesting articles in the *Overland*, *Lippincott's*, and *Old and New*.

In addition to the above *Old and New* contains an able editorial consideration of the struggle now going on between the Roman Church and the State in various countries of Europe, notably in France and Spain, where the Church seems successful; in Switzerland, Prussia and Hungary, where she is wholly overpowered by the State, and in Italy and Austria, where, as yet, the balance hangs pretty even. Dr. Kellogg comes forward in staunch opposition to the Darwinian theory, against which he makes very fair fight. On the doctrine of the variation of species he brings some very powerful contra evidence to bear, which is worthy of consideration by all who take an interest in this absorbing question. G. A. Schmitt discourses on the history of the discovery of the Assyrian Cuneiform Inscriptions, and Dr. V. G. Smith, in a narrative bearing the title "The New England Sphinx," exposes in a direct, straightforward manner, the folly and evil results of the cramming system, especially as followed in the New England schools. This paper deserves serious attention, and we shall take occasion in another place to expatiate more fully on the lesson it brings. "At the Mediums," is mainly a dialogue, somewhat in the Platonic style, with a flavour of *Piscator* and *Tenator*, between a believer and an unbeliever in the mysteries of spiritualism, in which the latter finally admits that "there's more in it nor what he thought for," and suggests a pipe as a *solatium* after the fatigues of the argument, a most amusing finale to the serious discourse of the true believer. Mr. F. C. Burnand continues his admirable description of English public school life, which we recommended to all lovers of "Tom Browne's School-days." His descriptions are perfect and take any one who has "been there" straight back to the good old times when early chapel and pomas were, next to an absence of pocket-money, the greatest joys of life. A queer story by Clara F. Guernsey, entitled "The Last Witch," and a review of the circumstances of Gen. Garnett's escape at Rich Mountain, by Col. Whittlesey, complete a very excellent number.

In the *Atlantic* James Parton continues his papers on Jefferson with an account of the President's chief measures, and brings us to the close of Jefferson's second term and his retirement to Monticello. Robert Dale Owen gives us his experience of Community Life, and Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen a third instalment of "Gunnar." "Honest John Vane," whose fortunes as Congressman we have been watching with close interest for two months past, now appears to be on the point of slipping from his incorruptible position. Mr. Hopkin's second paper on Contemporary Art in Europe gives an account of the principal pictures at the Exhibition of 1867 in the departments of *genre*, landscape, and portraiture. From this he passes on to statuary, in which he expresses his belief that it is in America that we may reasonably look for a new type in architecture, "a type more majestic than that of the Roman Basilica and capable of the highest embellishment by sculpture and painting." This, of course, in "the remote future, when the American citizen shall understand that private life should be unostentatious and modest," when his house shall be no longer a *bric-à-brac* shop, and he shall learn that it will be wiser to endow a museum than to spend ten thousands of dollars on the flowers and gewgaws of a single festival, etc., etc. Remote enough, we fear, this Golden Age of the future. Two pleasant and seasonable sketches are George W. Pierce's "Two Weeks' Sport on the Coulonge River," and S. O. Jewett's reminiscence of "The Shore House." The former is a very readable account of a sportsman's luck in the Ottawa district. Prof. Longfellow contributes "The Rhyme of Sir Christopher," and Oliver Wendell Holmes a clever mixture of wit and wisdom, entitled "A Poem Served to Order."

*Lippincott's Magazine* offers several attractions to the miscellaneous reader, not the least of which are Wm. Black's serial "A Princess of Thule," and Edward Strahan's clever pen and pencil sketches from Paris to Marly. "Our Home in the Tyrol," and "On the Church Steps," are both continued in this number, and a fifth serial is commenced, entitled "Sketches of Eastern Travel," the initial paper giving an account of the Count de Beauvoir's visit to Peking, and the Great Wall of China. Of the paper on "The Patrons of Husbandry," we have already spoken. Other interesting articles are those on "English Court Festivities," "Rambles among the Fruits and Flowers of the Tropics," and "How They Keep a Hotel in Turkey." The only complete story is that by Christian Reid, "A Lotus of the Nile." The gem of the poetry in this number is unquestionably "The Ride of Prince Geraint," by Martin J. Griffin, of the *Halifax Express*, of whose productions the readers of the *News* have had occasion to judge for themselves.

The contents of the *Overland Monthly* are, agreeably to the object of that publication, mainly of local interest. Of purely local matter, however, the reminiscences of an argonaut of '49, commenced in this number under the title of "Seeking the Golden Fleece," would be everywhere found interesting. The Ultramarine series, commenced with much vigour and brightness are beginning to stale. It is a decided mistake, not to publish a portion of such a serial regularly every month. Its present slipshod appearance by fits and starts is enough to disgust the most persevering reader. Other stories are "McLean Grier's Fortune," and "Gentleman Hanse," the latter continued. "In a Transport," by Charles Warren Stoddart, is one of the most pleasant little sketches that have appeared in the *Overland* for some time past. The best features of the number are the paper on "Rates of Railroad Transportation," already alluded to, and the opening article, by the Rev. Dr. Patterson, condemnatory of the policy pursued by the United States Government towards the Indians.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)  
AGONY POINT.

He sat in the elegant gilded saloon  
Where the elite of beauty and fashion were found;  
But no more cared he than the man in the moon  
For the charms and the grace which encompassed him round.

All around him bright faces their happiness showed  
When music arose with its rapturous strain;  
But no sign of pleasure on his features glowed,  
In fact they seemed rather expressive of pain.

And one sang a song which enchanted all ears,  
But sad thoughts in him were inspired by the strain,  
For his eyes seemed as if they were bursting with tears  
To lighten the anguish that burned his brain.

His lips were compressed, his glances were strange,  
His hand he oft nervously pressed to his side;  
But no matter how often his features may change,  
They told always of agony struggling with pride.

His friends saw his trouble, and one, making bold,  
Demanded the cause of his evident grief:  
"Alas!" said the sufferer, "I've got a bad cold  
And I find I've forgotten my handkerchief."

"TOM BROWN."

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

My name is Sampson Toggins; the Rev. Sampson Toggins. I am a regular ordained Preacher of the Gospel; that's what I am.

I regard my mission as the highest on earth, and I think that all preachers of the Gospel are the most important class of men in the world, and should be treated with the utmost consideration and respect.

I don't believe in the sentiments of the present day at all. They are altogether too loose, too material, too worldly, too foolish, too trifling, too nonsensical. I believe in something solid—the real old dogmas which a man can pin his faith to, without any of your new-fangled notions.

I wear a solemn face, always, wherever I am. I hardly ever smile; and, when I do, I feel afterwards that I have committed a sin against high heaven. Though the summer sun shines ever so brightly, and the summer birds sing ever so gaily, and the summer flowers bloom ever so beautifully,—yet, I feel it my solemn duty as a preacher of the Gospel, to look sober and serious. I feel that I and all mankind are "worms of the dust," and I don't believe we have any right to be happy. This world was designed to be the abode of sin and suffering, and, therefore, none of us can afford to be gay.

I dislike to hear the loud laugh of children. They have no idea what is before them, or they would feel very different; and I feel it my duty as a preacher of the Gospel to tell them what they have got to suffer when they grow up, if, perchance, I may put an end to their silly mirth. I like sedate children, who have pale faces and a sober mien—these rosy-cheeked youths are so heedless and so foolish, and romp about as if they had no idea of the great end for which they were created. I like a boy who never laughs, who has no spirit, who always looks awed when he sees a preacher of the Gospel, and who never thinks of indulging in childish pranks. I like a little girl who sits down all day with her mother, and listens to all the wise instruction that is offered her; who folds her hands politely over one another, and is always ready to say her "verses" when asked to do so. There is no nonsense about such boys and girls as these. They grow up into solid men and women, who always know how to treat with proper respect a preacher of the Gospel.

I am opposed to all ornament, or anything that is not thoroughly useful. I don't believe much in flower-gardens, and such things; far better to spend one's time in reading one's Bible and reflecting on the vanity of all things here below. I am strongly opposed to this custom of playing on the piano and other instruments; it is a mere waste of time. Young women should be fitting themselves for the solemn realities of life. Knowing how to play on the piano or to trail flowers will be of little service "when we come to die." Remember that, young woman.

I hold all amusements in righteous abhorrence; I don't know what will become of the world if a great change does not soon take place. I regard the theatre and the ball-room as the direct instruments of the devil; wicked and abominable, and subversive of all godliness and religion. I consider card-playing as no better than robbery and blasphemy. It is the first step to crime and misery. I never knew a young man who indulged in card-playing escape the felon's doom. It is the inevitable result of such heinous sin.

I am opposed to all instrumental music in churches. I believe it directly at variance with the teachings of Scripture. I believe it is wicked; I believe it is profane; I believe it is productive of mischievous results. I allow no instrumental music in my church, and I pity and pray for all those who so far forget their duty as to do so. I would like to tear their organs out of their churches and crush them under my feet. What a degenerate age is it that we live in!

I regard the free-thinking sentiments of the present day as the bane of the world; I feel that unless there comes a great change, and men's thoughts are curbed in some way, that we shall all go to destruction. Free thinking! A man should not think at all. What right has any man to think? What does he know about anything? Who knows about these things except the preacher of the Gospel? What right has anybody to form opinions of his own? Is it not enough for him to take his opinions from those who are appointed to preach the Gospel? Free-thinking is the first step to infidelity, and hence to the regions of despair! We hear a great deal about science; well, I never took the trouble to consider matters of that kind; my time has been better employed; I have been trying to make men sober and solemn; but, I care nothing about what science teaches or what scientific men may say. We have got the Bible, and that is all we want. No matter whether we can understand it or not; no matter whether science can throw any light upon its teachings; we don't want any more light; we must stick to the letter. The 1st Chapter of Genesis says this world was made in "six days," and that is enough for me. I believe this world was made in just six days, and I will stick to that though all the scientific men in the world say otherwise.

I don't allow the members of my church to think at all. If they ask me any idle questions about any dark passages I tell them we have no business bothering our heads with such things at all, and that it is wicked and base; if any persist in speculating, as soon as I get anything tangible against him,

I turn him out—right straight out, and there's an end of it. That's what I do, and methinks other preachers of the Gospel can well take pattern of me.

I have a family of children, and I have ever felt it my duty to train them up in the way they should go. I allow them to indulge in none of the idle fooleries of the day. My daughters have something else to do beside playing on the piano, or drawing and painting. I see to it that they attend to the interests of their souls. I make them read John Bunyan and John Calvin, and Clarke's Commentaries; I feel it necessary to administer a certain amount of castigation to all my children. We are commanded not to "spare the rod," and it must needs have a salutary effect on their minds.

I want my sons to avoid all diversions and amusements, and renounce all companionship save that of the wise and the serious. I wish my daughters to abjure the empty vanities of social life. I would thank those who are depraved enough to turn their drawing-rooms into ball-rooms to omit insulting any of my family with invitations. When my daughters arrive at the age of discretion I see to it that they forthwith become members of my church, and, as soon as they are enrolled, I direct that they should abstain from all connection with the wild and giddy girls with whom they formerly associated. Contact must be injurious. There must be separation from "the world."

When I travel about I expect to be entertained and waited upon by all good people among whom I may be thrown. When I find myself in a strange place I enquire for a preacher of the Gospel, and, if there be none near, for the leading church officer; I proceed then to his residence, and walk right in, merely knocking to gain admission. I enter the room, and place my hat on the table and my carpet-bag on a chair, and then inform the Mistress or otherwise that I am a preacher of the Gospel—a servant of the Lord. They generally proceed at once to attend to my wants. This is right. It is their duty, for which they will be blessed. If they are careless, or neglect to provide for my comfort, I immediately say that I wish for some nourishment to sustain this dying, decaying nature, and they are driven to answer my needs. I always like those who are cheerful in their service on preachers of the Gospel.

I dislike the fashion which some ministers have now of talking perpetually of mercy and love. These are all very well in their place, but it is the justice unbending justice that we want held up. I believe the only way we can raise poor fallen humanity is by fear. Men are so bad by nature, and so prone to sin, that we must frighten them into godliness. We must give them the thunders of Sinai, and the awful "terrors of the Law." In my sermons I like to ring out such words as "gall of bitterness," "besom of destruction," "outer darkness," "weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth," "perdition," "damnation," and such like. I see 'em wince under 'em, and then I know that the Gospel is having its power, and doing its work.

I always dress in solemn black clothes, buttoned up to the very chin. I wear my hair long and let my beard grow long; it gives me a more weird and grave aspect. I see wicked boys who laugh and play, turn aside with fear when I come near. Little girls, who do not love good things, but romp and are merry, run away as soon as they see me. But I do my duty and am happy, and that is the only happiness known on this earth.

I sometimes get insulted. Not long since one of these wicked free-thinkers said I was "a narrow-minded bigot, and knew no more of the spirit of Christianity than a block of wood." I rose high in the spirit; a righteous wrath arose in my breast. I stepped forward and I ———

"Joel!—Joel!"

I sprang up suddenly. "What is it, Clara?"

"What ails you to-night, Joel—you are making the greatest fuss, and moaning and talking as if in a nightmare?"

"Where am I?" I exclaimed all in confusion. "Have I been dreaming? O, I see now, I have had a horrid dream. Yes, Clara, I thought I was a regular hard-shell preacher, and was getting terribly worked up. But, thank fortune, it is a dream; I am not the 'Rev. Sampson Toggins' after all, but Joel Phipps, as usual."

"It all comes of that nasty rum-punch," said my wife.

And to tell the truth I expect it does, but I must keep it up in the interest of marital discipline. Yes, I must.

JOEL PHIPPS.

Music and the Drama.

Tamberlik receives from Marezek \$100,000 for eighty-four nights.

Mr. Mapleson, of Her Majesty's, has been hunting up new stars in Italy, and has just picked up two, with whom he has made an engagement for seven years. Their names are Camero, tenor and—It sounds like a joke—Giulio Perkins, a basso profundo, with one of the finest voices possible. The latter has been eagerly sought for by many managers. A correspondent who has heard him sing, says:—"Giulio Perkins, I may safely say, has one of the deepest and most flexible bass voices I ever heard." Within an hour after the tenor, Camero, was engaged. Mr. Mapleson was offered by a Mexican opera-house director \$16,000 to cede his bargain.

Further information has been made public in England respecting the National Training School for Music which is to be established in connection with the Royal Albert Hall, under the auspices of the Society of Arts. Admission to the school is to be open to persons of all classes of society by competitive examination. Three hundred scholarships are to be founded, affording not only gratuitous instruction, but free maintenance for students. The fee for education without maintenance will be about £35, and the boarding of the scholars is to be carried on independently from the school. The school is to be managed by a committee consisting of two members appointed by the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, two members appointed by the Albert Hall Council, and three appointed by the Council of the Society of Arts. The Committee thus formed consists of the Duke of Edinburgh, Lord Clarence Paget, Major-General Eardley Wilmot, Mr. Henry Cole, Major Donnelly, and Sir William Anderson.

Brougham and Lillie Eldridge will abandon the stage for the rostrum this winter.

The repertoire of the Strakosch Italian Opera Troupe includes thirteen of the old standard operas, three that are more rarely performed in this country ("Huguenots," "Otello," "Mignon,") and three new ones, (Thomas' "Hamlet," Verdi's "Aida," and Wagner's "Lohengrin").

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid Cures Diphtheria. Call for Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid.

Miscellaneous.

Domestic Concessions.

"I found it very inconvenient, and a great loss of time," said Chateaubriand, "to dine before seven o'clock. My wife wanted to dine at five o'clock, and insisted upon that hour. After many arguments and many heated discussions we finally compromised upon six o'clock—an hour which was very inconvenient to us both. This is what they call domestic concessions."

A Prophetic Dream.

The New London *Telegram* relates the following remarkable instance: David G. Stratton and wife, who were visiting relatives in this city at the time, both dreamed on Sunday night of the destruction by fire of Mr. Stratton's store in Birmingham. Both awoke from their sleep, told each other their dreams, and expressed fears for the safety of the property. On Monday Mr. Stratton received a telegram informing him that his store was burned the night before.

The Origin of the Bayonet.

Some disputing has been going on lately in the columns of the *Antiquarian* as to the origin of the bayonet. The Welsh, it seems, claim to have made the English chivalry tremble at Bosworth by the judicious use of the bayonet, but it was most likely the pike. The first allusion to bayonets in the British army occurs in a military warrant of Charles II., dated April 2nd, 1672, of which an account is given in Carter's *Curiousities of War*, p. 239.

The Christian Chinese.

One incident of the wreck of the Iowa railroad train that appeared to escape the reporter's pencil heretofore, was the conduct of the Chinese students in the rear car. The sudden stop piled them in an indiscriminate heap on the floor of their coach, and there they laid during the melee, mourning in choice Chinese, and swearing in choicer English. A Californian, one of those untamable wags that no disaster can disconcert, sagely assured them that there was nothing unusual in that way of stopping, in fact, that all trains east of Omaha would come to a halt in the same manner. Chung Fy Ong, one of the attendants, expressed the opinion that it was "one hellee country," and the Mongolian howl was renewed.

A Pointed Question.

A lady was stopping recently at a Chicago hotel with her little son. The boy was not perfectly satisfied with matters and things at the dinner-table, and expressed himself frequently to that effect. The mother finally rose and remarked in an under tone to the youthful offender, "Come with me up stairs and I will attend to your case." The lad understood at once what "attending to his case" meant, but there was an important matter of detail which he was painfully anxious to have more fully explained; so pulling backward on the hand of his mother, he blubbered out in a voice loud enough to be heard over most of the well-filled dining-room, "Say mother, are you going to take your hand or your slipper?" The enthusiasm with which this brief address was received was unbounded.

A Pious Fraud.

Dr. G. Schliemann writes that, with the view to preserve the Tower of Ilion, the Temple of Minerva, and other architectural relics of antiquity from destruction, he has—with more ingenuity than piety—spread abroad the report in the plain of Troja that it was in those buildings that the Holy Virgin with the Saviour Child appeared to King Priam. Dr. Schliemann managed to convey an image of the Virgin into the Temple of Minerva, which, according to his account, quite sufficed to convince the credulous population of the truth of his statement. To make doubly sure, the doctor prevailed upon two priests formally to consecrate the image, after which he considers the venerable building safe. This is how the trick is done, and these are not the only credulous and befooled population.

A Sporting Fanatic.

"I met the other day," writes a foreign sportsman, "with an Englishman who travels some hundreds of miles every year to indulge in his favourite sport, trout-fishing. I believe that, provided his favourite stream were undisturbed, this enthusiastic fisherman would be but little concerned if the whole world were submerged in a second deluge, as may be judged from the following anecdote. One day he was exploring the banks of his favourite stream, accompanied by the landlord of the inn at which he was stopping. The latter happening to come too close just at the moment when his guest was throwing his fly, the hook caught the poor wretch's eyelid, causing him intense pain. The sportsman coolly took out the hook, readjusted the fly, and, as the innkeeper continued howling at the top of his voice, 'You can,' said he in a whisper, 'put your eye down in your bill; but I'll trouble you to stop that noise, so as not to frighten my fish.'"

Nearly Fatal Flies.

The *Fredericton (N.B.) Express* tells an extraordinary story. It appears that a mother was directed to use glycerine for a child that was suffering from a slight affection of the skin of the face. The mother faithfully following the directions, applied the glycerine as ordered, and the infant shortly afterwards falling asleep, was put in its crib, while the mother attended to her household duties. Returning in about an hour she was horrified to find the child's face black and its breath almost stopped. Snatching up the babe, the mother discovered that flies in immense numbers, attracted by the glycerine, had covered the child's mouth and nostrils, and even crawled into its little throat. In her alarm and excitement she wiped off as many flies as she could with her apron, and with her fingers and a spoon cleaned out its mouth and throat, when, finding its breath growing weaker, she dashed water over its face, and fortunately succeeded in restoring animation, and rescued her darling from a horrid death.

The Ocean Illustrated.

The principles involved in the circulation of the waters of the sea were beautifully shown before the Royal Geographical Society recently by a simple experiment. A trough with plate glass sides, about six feet long and a foot deep, but not more than an inch wide, was filled with water. At one end a piece of ice was wedged in between the sides to represent the polar cold, while the tropic heat was represented at the other end by a bar of tallow laid across the surface of the water, the projecting end of which was heated with a spirit-lamp. Red



FRANCE.—THE EVACUATION OF NANCY

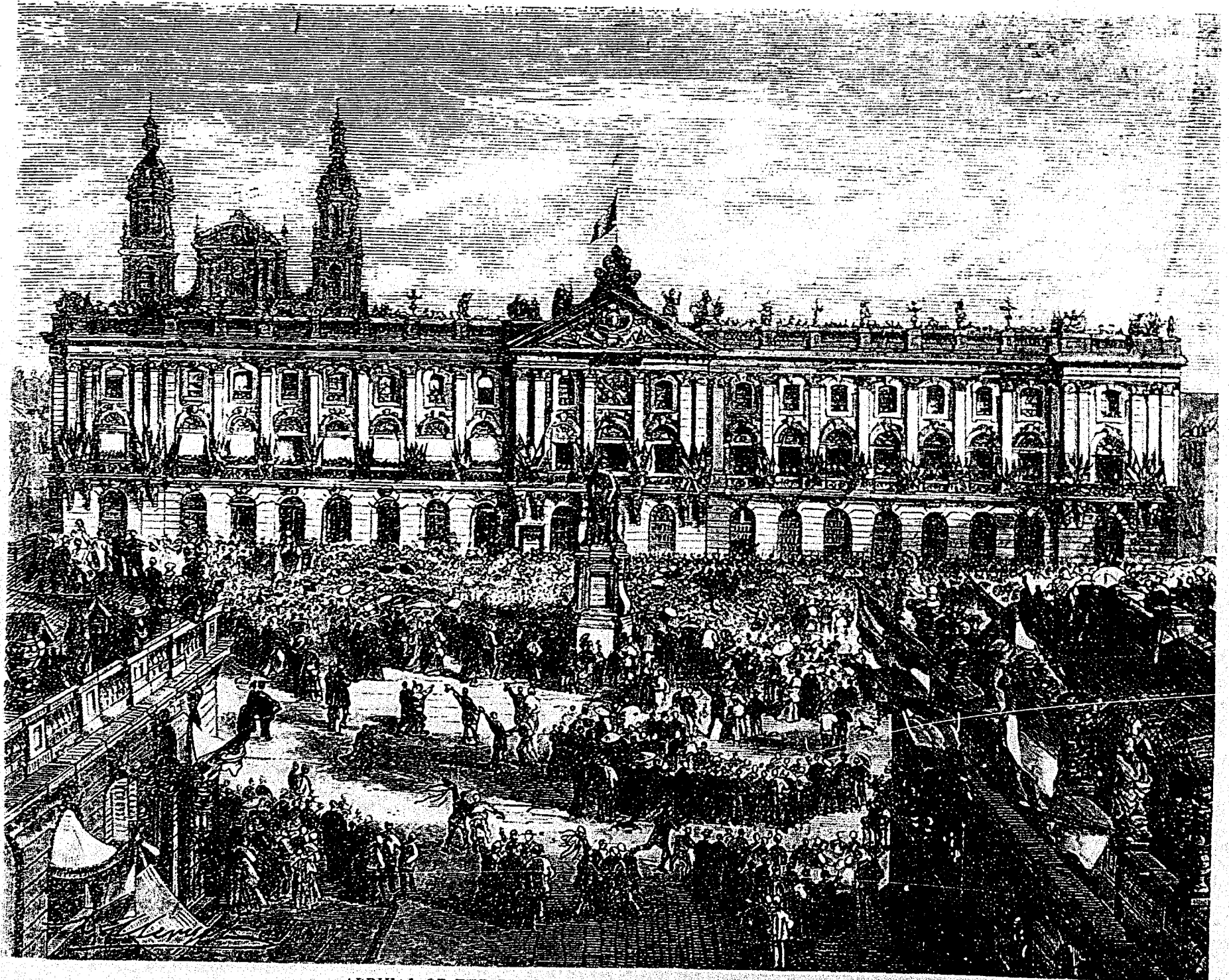


FIVE MINUTES BEFORE.



FIVE MINUTES AFTER.

DEPARTURE OF THE GERMAN TROOPS RESERVE.



ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH TROOPS ON THE PLACE STANISLAS.



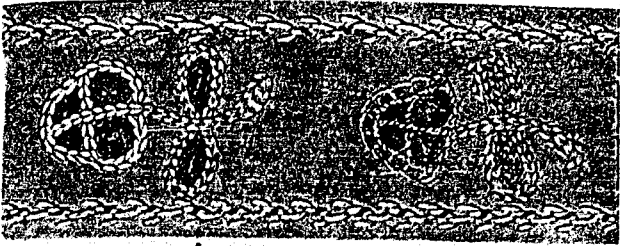


FIG. 1.—Embroidery for Sofas, Ottomans, etc.



FIG. 2.—Embroidery for Sofas, Ottomans, etc.

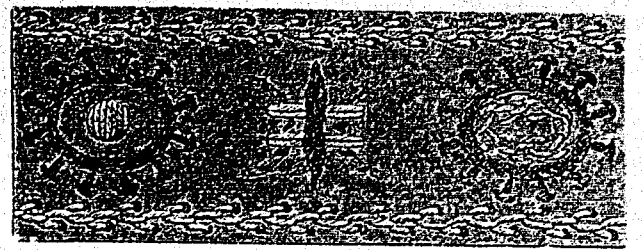


FIG. 3.—Embroidery for Sofas, Ottomans, etc.

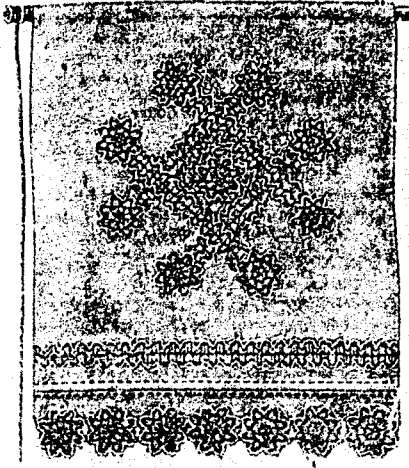


FIG. 5.—Embroidered Window Blind.

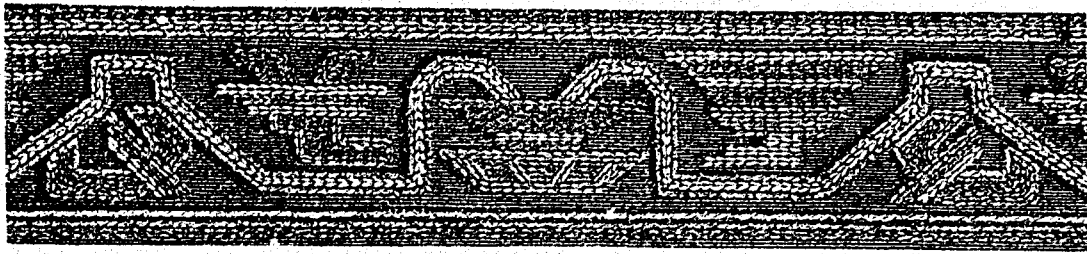


FIG. 4.—Embroidery for Sofas, Ottomans, etc.

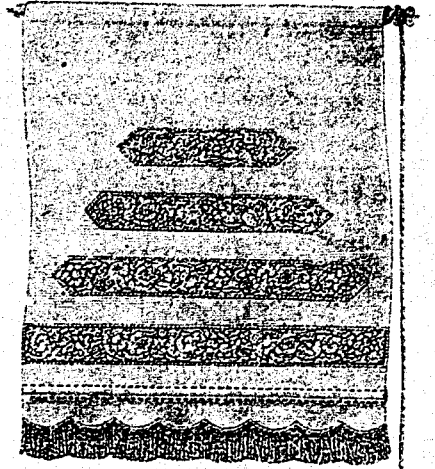


FIG. 6.—Embroidered Window Blind.



FIG. 7.—Footstool in Tapestry Work.

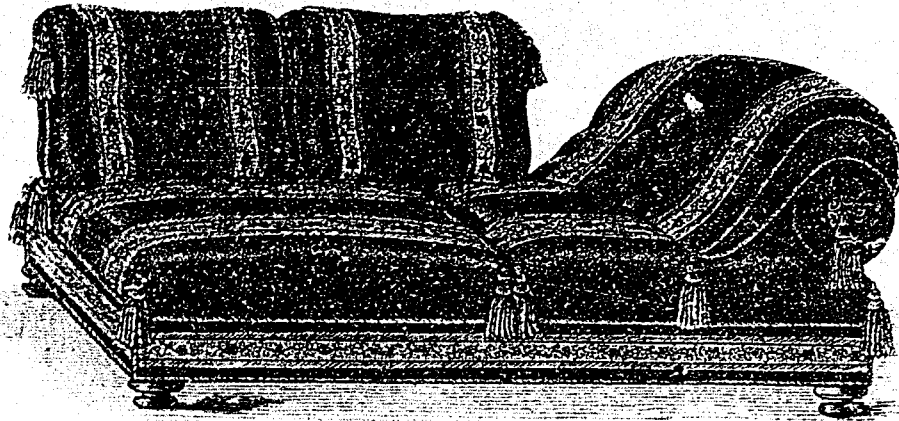


FIG. 9.—Ottoman.—SEE 1-4.

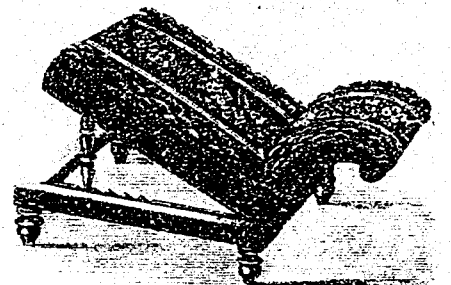


FIG. 8.—Footstool in Tapestry Work.



FIG. 10.—Batiste Costume.

FIG. 11.—Mohair Costume.

FIG. 12.—Dress for a Child from 1 to 2 years.

FIG. 13.—Toile-de-Soie Costume.

FIG. 14.—Barege Promenade Costume.



colouring matter was then put in at the warm end, and blue at the cold end, so that the currents could be traced. The blue water, chilled by contact with the ice, immediately fell down to the bottom, crept slowly along, and gradually rose towards the surface of the equatorial end, after which it gradually returned along the surface to the starting point. The red water crept first along the surface to the polar end, then fell to the bottom just as the blue had done, and formed another stratum, creeping back again along the bottom and coming to the surface. Each colour made a distinct circulation during the half-hour in which the audience viewed the experiment.

Mammoth Amenities.

Few sentimental damsels would approve of the transformation of a well-known line into "a trunk was on my shoulder, I knew its touch was kind." Accordingly, a young lady who lately visited the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, in company with her friends, was more terrified than flattered on perceiving that the elephant in that menagerie was neglecting the sugar and cakes placed within reach of his long proboscis to pursue her wherever she went. When she stood still he stood still, when she moved he followed. An elephant's trunk is indeed a marvel of animal mechanism, but to the unscientific observer it resembles somewhat too closely Mr. Mantalini's description of his corpse, being both damp and unpleasant. The attempt made by the poor animal to attract the lady's attention by means of this appendage soon caused her to hurry away in alarm. Seeing this, her admirer uttered a loud cry, which brought a keeper to the spot. He soon calmed her fears and asked her to hand the elephant a bouquet, which formed part of her toilet. She did so with trembling fingers, whereupon the animal carried it to his month, drank in its perfume with evident delight, and to the surprise of all present, returned it to its owner with that mixture of grace and clumsiness which may be imagined in a courteous elephant. The bouquet was composed of orange flowers, of which these animals are passionately fond.

Art and Literature.

Mr. Motley's new book, "The History of John of Barneveldt," will be out in the fall.

Carl Wilhelm, the composer of "Die Wacht am Rhein," died last month.

Nearly a hundred thousand copies of Miss Alcott's "Little Women," and fifty-three thousand copies of the "Old Fashioned Girl" have been sold in the States. In England sixteen thousand copies of the authorized edition of this author's works were sold during the last six months, while the pirated editions have also had an extensive sale. Miss Alcott promises a new book shortly.

A telegram from England reports that some interesting Shakespearean documents have just been discovered, which corroborate the recent theories touching Shakespeare's business connection with the theatres.

Frederick Madden's collection of old books and pamphlets was lately sold at auction in London, and brought £1,519. One lot of songs and ballads brought £143.

Miss Cecilia Cleveland, a niece of Horace Greeley, is writing a book about her uncle, which will contain considerable fresh and interesting information respecting the great journalist and his family.

Scraps.

The Quebec Parliament meets for the despatch of business on the 15th prox.

The 17th inst., is polling day in Prince Edward Island.

Mr. Joseph Arch arrived in New York last week.

Mr. Edward Jenkins, author of "Glox's Baby," etc., is now on a visit to his father in Montreal. Before leaving Scotland he was presented by his friends in Dundee, with a piece of plate and a check for £1,999.

The Hartford Courant indulges in a calculation to the effect that an individual is six times as likely to kill himself as lighting is to kill him.

The Sultan of Zanzibar is to visit England this month, returning by Paris and Mecca.

The secession Internationalists have called the sixth annual congress to assemble at Geneva on the 2nd inst.

The Paris Communists have struck a medal in commemoration of the fiery days of May, 1871, and a seizure of nearly 8,000 has been made by the Paris police.

The celebrated Russian manufacturer of cannons, Sylvestre Krupa, has invented a mitrailleuse called the Krupa Pulomel, which is portable for one soldier.

James Lawson, the man whom Sothorn was compelled to throw from a car on the Union Pacific Railway, has since died from injuries received. The San Francisco papers fully exonerate Mr. Sothorn, and prophesy a complete vindication for him by the coroner's jury.

Mr. George Smith, the Assyrian explorer, writes to the London Telegraph:—"Babylon is slowly disappearing. You may see portions of it every day loaded on donkeys and brought into the town of Hillah; but it is such a vast area, it will take centuries to remove the remains."

Rochefort is said to have cut a very sad figure on leaving France with a batch of fellow Communists of very unclean and unattractive appearance. "Alas," he murmured, as the "Virginie" weighed anchor, "I always advocated equality, and now I've got it."

RECEIVED.

Annuaire de l'Université de Laval.

Chisholm's International Railway and Steamboat Guide.

We have received from Mr. G. O. Brown, photographer, of 406 N. Eden Street, Baltimore, Md., some superb specimens of American photography, including several of Four's Porcelain photographs, the effect of which is very fine.

Vick's Floral Guide (No. 4, 1873) is as admirably got up as ever, with fine woodcuts illustrative of the choicest flowers in the catalogue, and seasonable instruction on Home Adornment and the culture of Bulbs. Vick's establishment at Rochester, N. Y., is the largest and most complete on the continent, and of the excellence of his seeds we can speak from personal knowledge.

D. C. Gray's prints are the appropriate.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. P. B., Kingston.—Could you not amend the position so as to avoid having a "double" at White's 2nd move? J. H. St. Libotre.—Correct solutions received of Prob. No. 94. Enigmas No. 31, and no less than four (4) correct solutions of Problem No. 95, beginning—1. B. to B. 7th. 2. Kt. to K. 5th. 3. P. takes P. ch. and 4. R. takes P. Also two solutions of No. 96. ALPHA, Whitty.—Your last "four-move" problem (marked on the diagram with No. 11) seems to admit of a solution in three moves, beginning with—1. Q. to R. 3rd ch. 2. Q. takes R. P. 3. Q. mates according to Black's play. Your solution of No. 95 is correct: see answer above to J. H. for a few others. The last three-move Prob. (marked No. 8) and solution, are under consideration. C. S. B., Montreal.—We fear our chess readers do not study "poetry" often enough to appreciate that "improvement"! Solution of Problem No. 95 correct: see answer to J. H., above.

REVIEW OF CHOICE GAMES.

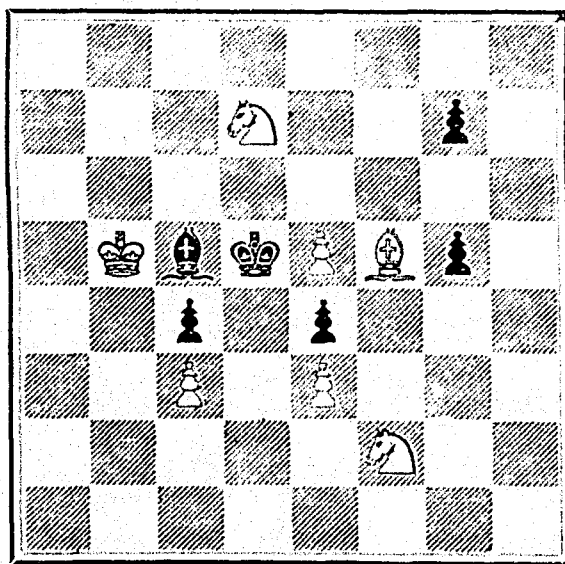
Two games played in or about the year 1750. Verdoni gives the odds of Pawn and move to an amateur of considerable skill. (Remove Black's K. B. P.)

- White.—Count Bruhl. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. P. to Q. 4th 3. K. B. to Q. 3rd 4. P. to K. 5th 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd 6. P. takes P. 7. K. B. to Q. B. 2nd 8. P. to Q. R. 3rd 9. K. Kt. to K. 2nd 10. Castles. 11. K. to R. sq. (c) 12. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd 13. P. takes Kt. 14. Q. R. to R. 2nd 15. Q. B. to Q. 2nd 16. R. takes B. 17. Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd 18. K. R. to K. sq. 19. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd 20. Q. to Q. 3rd 21. Q. R. to K. sq. 22. K. Kt. to R. 3th (d) 23. Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd 24. Q. to K. 3rd 25. R. takes Q. 26. Q. R. to K. B. sq. 27. Kt. takes R. 28. K. takes K. P. 29. R. takes Kt. 30. Resigns. (a) We do not perceive the necessity for this move. (b) White's centre disappears, and Black gains a fine attack here. (c) The assault is vigorously followed up, the Queen coming well into position. (d) This was not good play, as the capture of Kt. is not compelled: and Black acquires a winning position in forcing its immediate retreat. K. to Kt. sq. seems to us the best for White instead: for if then-- White. 23. Q. Kt. takes K. P. 24. Kt. takes P. 25. Q. takes B. and White seems to have, at least, equalized the position. (e) Black now regains his piece with an easily won game.

Verdoni gives Pawn and two moves to Atwood, an opponent of Philidor's. (Remove Black's K. B. P.)

- White.—Atwood. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. P. to Q. 4th 3. K. B. to Q. 3rd 4. P. to Q. 5th 5. P. to Q. B. 4th 6. P. to K. 4th (a) 7. B. takes P. 8. P. to K. 5th 9. Q. B. takes P. 10. B. to Q. B. 3rd 11. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 12. B. to K. B. 5th 13. B. takes B. 14. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd 15. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd 16. Castles. 17. Kt. to Kt. 5th 18. Kt. to K. 5th 19. Q. Kt. to K. B. 3rd 20. Q. to Q. 2nd 21. Q. R. to K. sq. 22. Q. to Q. 3rd 23. Q. B. to Q. 2nd 24. Q. R. to K. 2nd 25. K. R. to K. sq. 26. Q. B. to Q. B. 3rd 27. P. to K. Kt. 3rd 28. B. to K. 5th 29. Kt. takes Kt. 30. Kt. takes Kt. 31. R. to K. B. 2nd 32. K. R. to K. B. sq. 33. R. to K. B. 5th (d) 34. K. to Kt. 2nd (e) 35. P. takes R. and wins. (a) White's play throughout is admirable: he is evidently familiar with the best attack when receiving these odds. (b) Black now endeavours to break up White's centre, but allows the adverse Kt. to take up a strong position, whence it becomes impossible to dislodge him. (c) Black has managed to retain his Bishop through all the manœuvring and exchanges. (d) This, followed by White's next move, hemming in the Black Queen, is decisive. (e) Threatening P. to K. R. 3rd. &c.

PROBLEM No. 97. By Mr. R. H. Ramsey.



White to play and mate in two moves.

Courier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

THE FASHION PLATE.

LADIES' WORK.

Figs. 1, 2, 3, and 4 show some elegant patterns for the embroidery work of such an ottoman as is shown in Fig. 9. The great point with these patterns is that they should be as gay as possible, but that no one colour should predominate. They may be embroidered in silk or similar patterns may be worked with Berlin wool on canvas.

Fig. 1 has a crimson ground, blue rings, yellow semi-circles with black cross stitches, and the rest black and white as shown by the shadings.

Fig. 2 has a blue ground with white embroidery along the edges. The pear-shaped figures in the centre are as follows: centre green, then a gold stripe, then ruby red, then white, and brown to finish.

Fig. 3 has a ruby red ground, with white and black embroidery along the edges. Flowers edged with white skeleton filled in with black and blue, light green stem and green flowers edged with light green.

Fig. 4 has a black ground with yellow, light and dark blue, ruby red, white, light brown, and green figures. The lines and borders in yellow, white, and ruby red.

The covering of the sofa should be a dark velvet, plush, or rep, against which the many coloured embroidery will stand out in bright relief.

Figs. 5 and 6 are intended merely to give an idea of what may be done with a little patience to ornament ordinary calico window-blinds. Coloured blinds with white embroidery, or white blinds embroidered in colour have a very novel and pretty effect.

The work in the footstools, Figs. 7 and 8, is supposed to be tapestry, but they should be so worked as to match the ottoman, Fig. 9.

COSTUMES FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

Fig. 10 is an unbleached batiste costume, consisting of skirt and tunic. The former is of plain material trimmed with three gathered flounces of the same. The tunic is of striped material scalloped and bound with plain material along the lower edge and around the wrists, and trimmed with bows of grosgrain ribbon.

Fig. 11 is a light gray, mohair costume, the underskirt trimmed with three kilt pleated flounces headed with wide dark gray mohair, and the tunic to match.

Fig. 12 is a dress for a child of one to two years old, the material white cashmere, with scalloped edges bound with blue.

Fig. 13, gray toile-de-soie costume, consisting of pleated skirt, tunic, and palcot, with a revers on each side and dark gray grosgrain collar.

Fig. 14 is a black barège promenade costume, trimmed with ruffles and puffs of the same. Black horse hair bonnet trimmed with blue grosgrain ribbon and flowers. Gray silk sunshade lined with white.

Fun.

An editor once wrote:—"We have received a basket of strawberries from Mr. Smith, for which he will receive our compliments, some of which are four inches in circumference."

The Utica Herald says men will never know what effect it would have had on Job if eleven little girls had called on him, one after another, and tried to sell him Sunday-school picnic tickets.

A Detroit boy stood an umbrella, with a cord tied to it, in a public doorway. Eleven persons thought that umbrella was theirs, and carried it with them the length of the string. They then suddenly dropped it and went off without once looking back or stopping to pick it up again.

The lady who tapped her husband gently with a fan at a party the other night, and said "Love, it's growing late, I think we had better go home," is the same one who after getting home shook the rolling-pin under his nose and said, "you infernal old scoundrel you, if you ever look at that mean, nasty, calico-faced, mackerel-eyed thing that you have been looking at to-night, I'll bust your head wide open."

How comfortable for a young wife to feel that her husband is a bountiful provider, and that she will never want for the necessaries of life! A newly married man was recently directed by his wife to order some yeast, and not having a very well defined idea of yeast himself, he told the baker to send up a couple of dollars' worth. At nine o'clock next morning three men might have been seen tugging and sweating up the front stairs of that man's house with a cask of yeast.

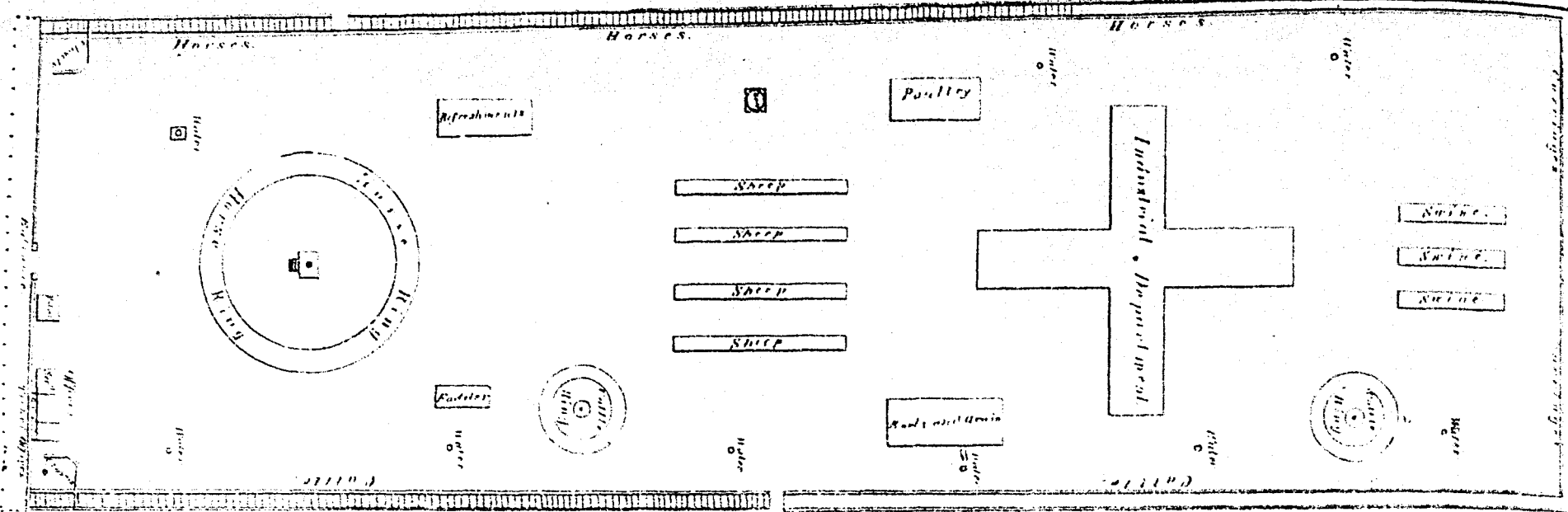
The Norristown Herald remarks that "when a man milks a cow he should not attempt to smoke a cigar at the same time. A young man out in the country tried it, and got along well enough until he lowered his head and touched the cow's back with the lighted end of his weed. The next instant himself and cigar were dreadfully put out." The cow introduced about two tons' weight into one of her hind legs, and then pressed it under the milker's left jaw. When he ceased whirling around, and myriads of stars had disappeared, he said farming was the hardest work a man could put his hands to."

The Peoria Review says:—"In a vigorous chase after rats, Friday afternoon, a boy on Jefferson street broke down a shell in the cellar and immolated six jars of preserves. He gazed on the ruins without a sigh, caught and killed the rat, laid it among the debris, and, dubbing his faithful dog's nose and legs with the fruit, sent him up-stairs, while the boy hid in the coat-shed. He heard feminine shrieks of dismay, he heard the wretched oburgations of his sire, he heard the unsuspecting dog led into the back yard and shot, and, spreading forth his hands, said solemnly, 'Another victim of circumstantial evidence.'"

A traveller, on his arrival in the city, stopped for a moment to examine a coat hanging in front of a clothing store, when the proprietor rushed out and asked, "Wouldn't you try on some coats?" "I dunno but I would," responded the traveller, consulting his time-killer; and he went in and began to work. No matter how often he found his fit he called for more coats, and after he had tried on thirty he looked at his watch, again resumed his own garment, and walked off, saying: "I won't charge a cent for what I've done. Hang a man who won't oblige another when he can do it! If I'm ever around this way again, and you've got any more coats to try on, I'll do all I can to help you!"







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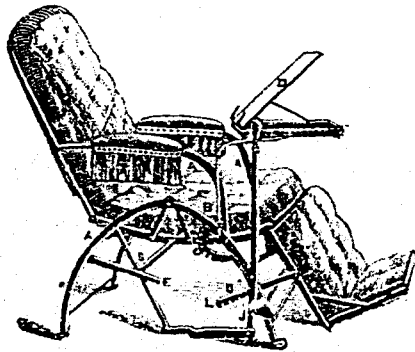
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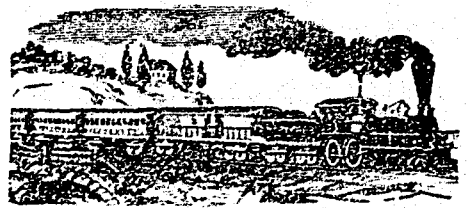
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LEWIS CARVELL, General Superintendent, Railway Offices, Montreal, N.B., May 1873. 7-2-11

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CAUTION.-Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which he regretted to say, had been sworn to. - See Times, 13th July, 1864.

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6-17-22

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