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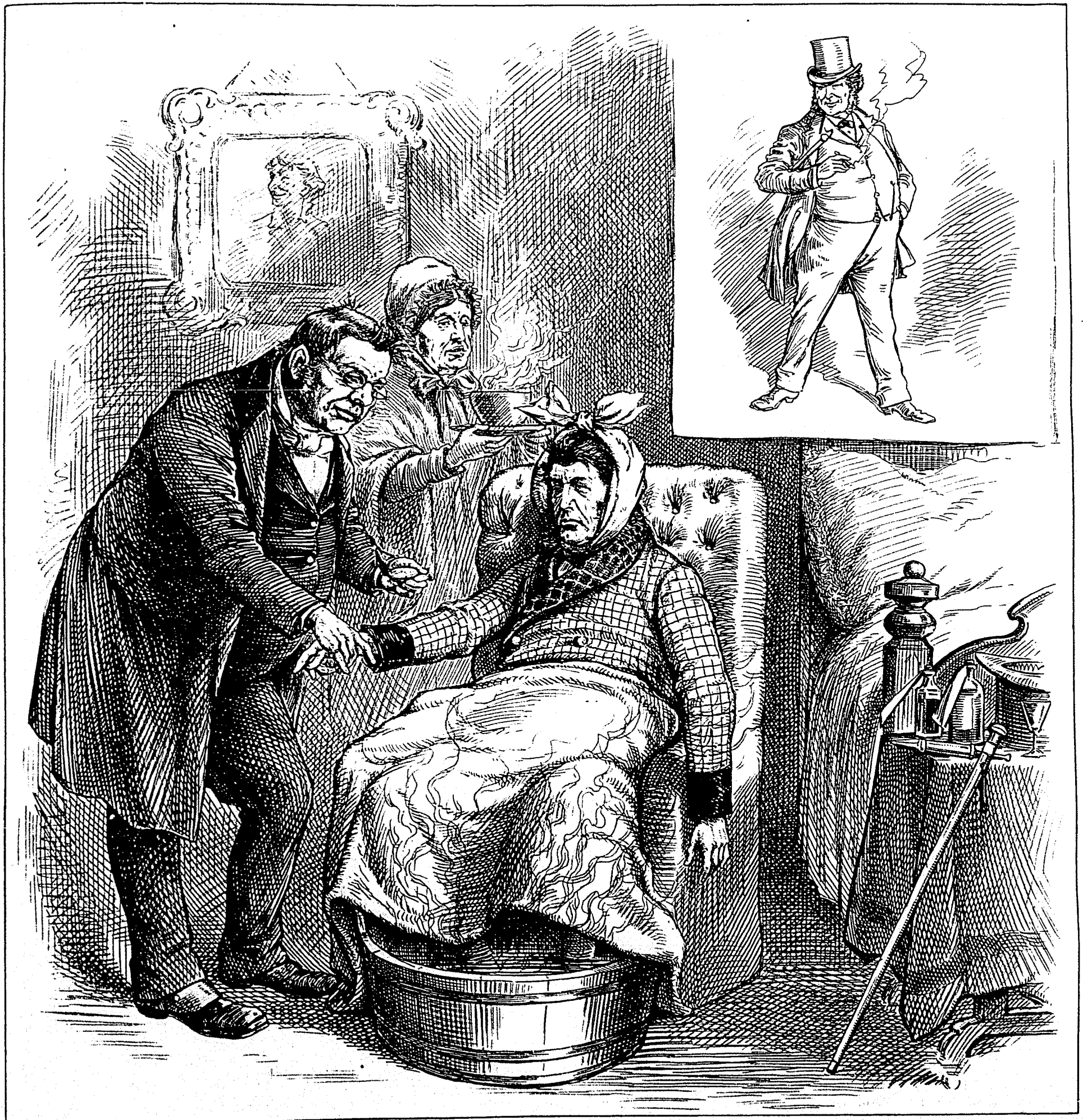
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# Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1881.

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### THE MISSING STATESMAN—OR WHERE IS HE!

"Sir Charles Tupper's health is better. He consults Dr. Andrew Clarke, and remains in London for the present."—*The Globe*.

"Sir Charles Tupper is weak, but improving. He is with his son-in-law, Major Cameron, R. A., at Newbridge, county Kildare, Ireland, and is receiving the very best medical treatment."—*The Mail*.

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**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**

Our agent, Mr. O. Aymong, will visit Ottawa and all places on the Q. M. O. & O. R. to Hochelaga during the next fortnight, for the purpose of collecting subscriptions due to this paper, and obtaining new subscribers. We trust that those who are in arrears will make a special effort to settle with him.

**TEMPERATURE**

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
43°	29°	36° 5'	38°	24°	31°
47°	28°	37° 5'	34°	14°	24°
45°	29°	37°	42°	22°	35°
53°	33°	43°	41°	22°	34° 5'
49°	31°	40°	56°	27°	42° 5'
56°	36°	46°	57°	30°	43° 5'
54°	35°	44° 5'	45°	35°	40°

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**CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.**

Montreal, Saturday, April 23, 1881.

**THE WEEK**

As we go to press comes the news of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S death, too late for more than this casual mention.

THE Salvation Army has been getting into trouble in England. There is, no doubt, a certain attraction in the material notion of the church militant, which finds vent in processions and banners and warlike music. Most of all, perhaps, in the latter department, there seems a strong feeling against surrendering to the Old Gentleman the exclusive property in so-called profane music. If "Tommy, make room for your uncle" is better to march to than the Old Hundredth," obviously it will be a gain to the church militant to adopt its strains in defiance of antiquated notions and prejudiced objections. So far as this goes, the Salvation Army may very well be left to their own tastes. But, unfortunately, that is not exactly the thing which they desire. Perhaps the natural inference from their title is that an army must have something to fight, and as the great enemy is not always available, at least in a sufficiently tangible form, the Army have to fall back on their fellowmen, presumably the followers of the gentleman above-mentioned. Indeed, the weak part of the Salvation Army seems to be that those who are not for it (and it is not everybody who has a call to march along the streets with psalms and banners) are too obviously against it. Such, at least, seem to have been the feelings of the Basingstoke worldlings. To Mr. de Rutzen, the Magistrate, is attributed the remark, justifiable it would seem under the circumstances, that people should not march about in places where they had reason to suppose that they would provoke a disturbance. But the Basingstoke rowdies put an interpretation on this dictum probably never intended by the Magistrate. "If they know there is likely to be a row," they argued, "the law says they should stay at home," and, acting upon this principle, they got up a row to order. An opposition army, with tin kettles and tooth combs and hymns of the "Sandhurst" type, were too much for the martial spirit of the Salvation leader, and

a cheerful Sunday was the result. The moral of all of which is that the best of causes loses rather than gains by injudicious partisanship, and that street parades, undertaken in the spirit of the new military organization, are apt to have their physical, as well as their spiritual, prowess put to a sufficiently rough test; while the breaking of heads does not in itself constitute a peculiarly felicitous mode of spending the Sabbath.

THE incident of the commanding officer marching the force under his command out of the Roman Catholic chapel at Parsonstown, on account of the utterances of the priest, has occasioned a good deal of comment, but is by no means without precedent. In the Fenian riots of some years back, standing orders were given to officers in command of detachments attending service to march their men out immediately upon the utterance, then not uncommon, of any treasonable sentiments from the altar, and we ourselves remember this being done on more than one occasion in Cork and elsewhere. Of the propriety of exciting such feelings in a Christian place of worship there can be no two opinions, any more than the duty of the officer can be doubtful who refuses to countenance by his presence and that of his men any treasonable utterance which it may not be possible or politic to put an end to by any other means.

WHERE is Sir Charles Tupper? The *Globe* is convinced that he is up to no good, and is only in doubt as to whether he is engaged in winning the ear of the Syndicate or drinking brown sherry at the "Criterion" on his own account. The *Mail* on the contrary weeps tears of joy over his recovery from a long and painful illness, and commends his modest retirement in his Irish home. We have, thank Heaven, no politics, and are consequently not concerned to prove Sir Charles either Saint or "the other thing, don't you know"—but we do confess to a certain pardonable curiosity as to the relative truth of the somewhat conflicting statements as to his whereabouts. If we were Sir Charles Tupper we do not hesitate to say that London at the present season would present greater charms than Newbridge, especially since the Kildare hounds have had to give up hunting in consequence of the attention of those patriotic individuals who see in the maintenance of a kennel the endeavour of a pampered aristocracy to override their vested rights, and have proffered them (the hounds, not the aristocracy) from time to time morsels of food calculated to disagree with them, being highly flavored with arsenic. But perhaps Sir Charles cares for none of these things, and the *Mail* may be right after all. In any case speculation is futile, and we must leave the two authorities to fight it out amongst themselves.

**DEAN STANLEY ON CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS.**

The Dean of Westminster has been wont ever to find more supporters outside the church to which he belongs than in its ranks, and his utterances are supposed to appeal to a large circle of sympathizers amongst Non-conformists. The title of the present work would seem to encourage this view of its object, and may modify the mode of treatment suitable for it. It is evidently not to be considered as a propaganda of Church views or Church principles. On this head, then, it is only necessary to warn such as may be disposed to read it in the light of an official utterance. There are, of course, many outside the Church of England who, from not understanding the Dean's anomalous position of irresponsibility, may be inclined to give to his somewhat peculiar views of Church doctrines an authority, to which they certainly have no claim.

\* "Christian Institutions." Essays on Ecclesiastical subjects, by Arthur P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. 1881. New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

As I said, however, it is upon general principles that I propose to make some remarks upon the work in question. It were easy to prove Dean STANLEY unorthodox, unfaithful to the traditions of the Church to which he owes his honours and dignities. But the world at large do not care whether this is or is not the case, and are disposed to take a man's words for what they are worth, Church or no Church.

Viewed, then, in this light, it must be said that, for a Christian minister (for by that position, at least, the Dean must stand or fall) there is throughout the book a curious tone of apology for the institutions about which he is writing, even be it said, of the New Testament itself, which is, to say the least of it, undignified to the last degree. Listen to this, for example:

"No other work of equal authority with the New Testament has ever issued from mortal pen. Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon and Hegel may be of wider range. Yet they do not rise to the moral dignity of the best parts of the New Testament."

Surely this is but a lame defence of a book which we have been accustomed to think needed no such apology. The famous utterance of Crabbe's "Learned Boy" on the subject did for the Old Testament what the Dean might propose to do for the New:

"It is a good old book, and I protest I hate to hear it treated as a jest."

I have taken the liberty of italicising some words in the above-quoted passage, and had I space I might point out the significance of those so treated in the first sentence, but the whole dictum may well stand upon its own merits or demerits. Shakespeare has had many extravagant admirers, but it has been reserved for a leading Christian divine to place his "moral dignity" on a par with the teaching of our Saviour.

Those who have appreciated the full significance of this position of the Dean's, will have no difficulty in believing that a carelessness as to the correctness of facts should accompany such very lax utterances in the matter of moral criticism. And of this there is at least one gross instance, the more dangerous, as it occurs in relation to a matter on which the Dean would be likely to be taken as an authority by the world at large, a question, in short, of the liturgy of his own Church. On page 186, speaking of the position of the Pope in celebrating Mass, who stands "behind the table with his back to the wall and facing the congregation," he goes on to compare this position with that in use in different churches, and, finally, makes the remarkable statement that this position of the Pope is the one

"Still directly enjoined by the rubrics of the English Prayer Book."

That such a misstatement is intentional it is hard to believe, but it stands on page 186 as I have written it. Not only does this direction not occur in the rubrics, but the position is absolutely incompatible with the plain directions of that rubric. With this, however, we have no concern. This fact remains. *It is not true.*

I do not propose to deal with the various essays contained in the volume critically at this time or in this place. I apprehend the two instances I have given will be at least reasonable grounds for the warning with which I commenced and for the few general remarks upon the character of the work which I have to offer.

The historical method employed in dealing with the various institutions will convey a great deal of valuable information to the student of Church History. It is, moreover, the only fair and honest way of ascertaining the real pretensions of such practices as are claimed by this or that party as essential, on the ground of Apostolic sanction and the like. It is curious in this connection to trace the process by which many of these have been diverted, if not from their original purpose, at least to a somewhat different method of fulfilling it. Ingenious, too, very, is the chain of reasoning by which the Pope's own practice is made an argument for Protestantism in ritual. Indeed, of clever argu-

ment and scholarly diction there is no lack in any work to which Dean STANLEY puts his name. It is his own fault if we feel that occasional mistakes render a verification of his statements necessary to those who have a weakness for historical accuracy.

ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.

**REVIEW AND CRITICISM.**

IN "Lost in a great city," (1) we have a tale in which those who delight in "arrowing up their feelings" will rejoice without stint. It is always questionable how far the horrors and injustice which are practised in our midst are the legitimate material of novelist and playwright. The pleasure which the ordinary reader of fiction derives from their perusal is at best a most unhealthy form of enjoyment, while rarely indeed can it be said that a novel has produced any real effect in suppressing an existing evil or directing public opinion towards it. Neither is the present tale apparently written with any such intention. The story of a lost child, kidnapped and cruelly ill-treated in training for the stage presents a picture, drawn it may be true to the life, but only attractive to those who, as I said above, take pleasure in horrors for horrors sake. Moreover, though no stroke of the whip is omitted, and the cruel details of the child's suffering are insisted on with a conscientiousness worthy of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, yet the climax of this part of the tale devolves itself into the unreasoning devotion of the child for her brutal master. It may be true in fact that

"A woman, a dog and a walnut tree,  
The more you beat 'em the better they be."

But the acknowledgment of the principle which underlies it, we submit, contrary to the recognized teaching of the weak-minded moralists of the nineteenth century. The story of Bill Syke's dog only does not offend us, because it is a dog. Were the animal in question endowed with a soul and reasoning faculties its devotion to a brute would be a degradation in place of a virtue. I do not wish to find special fault with "Lost in a great city." The tale is strongly told and the characters present a consistent if in parts slightly exaggerated individuality, but I do say that the principle of such works is artistically wrong. Nevertheless, the book will be read, probably with an extra zest for what I have written.

THE fields of Art have been gleaned so often that a new comer, (2) whose professed object is merely to pick up what the careless harvesters have left, has a poor chance, unless he pull many an ear from the sheaves which they have already gathered. There is little that is new in Mr. Cheney's work, and much that he says over again, has been better said before. Nevertheless, the story of the growth and progress of Art is so absorbing in its interest to all who have in themselves a true perception of the beautiful in God's universe, that much is forgiven to whoever may tell the tale. It is said that no actor ever failed in Hamlet. The greatness of the part itself will appeal to the audience, let the player deliver his lines never so ill. And so it is with Mr. Cheney, whose story we cannot but listen to, though we occasionally are at variance with the narrator. And we are at variance with him chiefly on the score of want of scrupulous accuracy, which after all perhaps, one can hardly expect from an gleaner. To take an instance: "A new form of church was built called the *Basilica*." This does not seem to have been taken from the beautiful Greek temples, but from Roman buildings. When we remember the hatred and contempt felt for the Greek religion, and that Greek Art had long ceased to be valued by Christians, this is not surprising.

It might or might not be surprising, were it in any sense true, but surely any schoolboy could put Mr. Cheney right, as to the effect of the *Basilica*, which certainly was not in any sense of the word "a new form of church," and was used by the early Christians for the purpose of their services *faute de mieux*. A point on which we are less prepared to speak with decision is Mr. Cheney's description of Benjamin West's visit to Rome, and the "crowds" who "followed him to see the effect of the famous statues and other works of Art on his untutored mind."

This may possibly be an accurate description of what took place, but we are inclined to exclaim with Macaulay.

"Heaven send Rome one such other sight,  
And send me there to see."

We have said enough to warn readers to accept Mr. Cheney's dicta "cum grano salis." For the rest the book is certainly nicely gotten up and artistic in style, and reflects credit on the publishers.

ALL that Miss Muloch ever writes is readable. Her peculiar charm of style never deserts her, and she has a way of telling a story which disarms criticism, at least until the end is reached. The present volume, however, (3) is some-

(1) "Lost in a great city," by Amanda M. Douglas, 1881; Boston, Lee and Shepard; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

(2) Gleanings in the fields of Art, by Enoch D. Cheney, Boston, Lee and Shepard; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

(3) "His Little Mother," and other tales and sketches, by the author of John Halifax, gentleman; New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

The same—Franklin Square Library.



what meagre in substance, albeit the dish is served up daintily enough. The tales are of the most ordinary character, one indeed not really a tale at all, but a very matter of fact account of a certain postman's daughter, and a somewhat Homeric catalogue of her accomplishments. They are, however, wholesome and pure, and alas such qualities are often far to seek in modern fiction. And an exception certainly holds in favour of "Prin," which should have given its name to the book, as it certainly gives its chief claim to recognition. How deep a drama is played out in many a child's life, how real and absorbing are the griefs and joys of the nursery, we seldom realize, often misunderstand. Miss Muloch has given us in "Prin" all the elements of a tragedy, though the chief actor number but eleven summers, and the tragic element be the loss of a dog. If you cannot understand this, reader, you must turn to the story itself, and if you are not the better for reading it, at least you will not deny that the pathos is real and unaffected, and that the tale has fallen into good hands in the telling.

**PARLOR Varieties, Plays, Pantomimes and Characters,** is the title of a little volume by Emma E. Brewster, (Lee & Shepard), which if it has not a very high order of merit, will perhaps be useful for extempore theatricals.

The latest additions to the Franklin Square Library are "The Glen of the Silver Birches," and "Social Etiquette and Home Culture," by the Lounger in Society. The former is a clever little story of Irish life, which will repay the reading, and the latter is really practical, and so far as I have seen may be depended upon, which of a manual of etiquette and the rest of it is saying a good deal.

**OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.**

THE Cartoon will be found discussed under the head of the Week.

WE give an illustration of the masked ball under the auspices of the *Masqueraders*, or Male Athletic Association, which took place recently at Munich, the capital of Bavaria. The ordinary incidents of a masked ball received an addition in this case from the acrobatic performances of some of the members of the Society which are illustrated in the sketches of our artist. The drawings are taken from *Over Land and Sea*. From the same publication we have borrowed a page of Specht's clever silhouettes of animal life for which no apology is needed or shall be made.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT CASAMICCIOLA, ISLAND OF ISCHIA.—Some illustrations of this calamitous visitation of nature, which took place on Friday, the 4th ult., and which caused the loss of 120 lives, appear in this issue showing the parties employed in searching for the dead bodies, which were carried away by gangs of Neapolitan convicts or criminals under sentence of penal servitude, who are still called "galley-slaves," though now under a different kind of prison discipline. Three hundred houses were destroyed; and for the shelter of the houseless people a number of little wooden huts have been put up. The inhabitants were unwilling to be removed from the site of their former homes, as they mostly possess little orchards of olive and fruit, or vineyards, over which it is necessary to have a vigilant eye. The wooden huts, therefore, will be dispersed in places where they are most wanted. One of the inhabitants of a street which suffered severely relates the following anecdotes:—A young girl was holding a little brother in her arms, when all at once she saw the house falling about her. She had just time to throw the baby out of a window, when she was buried under the masonry and killed, while the baby was picked up alive outside. The body of a shoemaker was found still seated, with his awl and thread in his hand, in the act of sewing up a boot. He had died of suffocation. In another instance, three old women were sitting spinning when the house crumbled. A strong beam just above their heads sustained a large portion of the falling roof, and the three women were afterwards saved. In another house a baker's boy, seeing the walls giving way, got into an empty oven, the back of which was split open, and through the aperture thus made the boy put out his head and made signs, which were soon perceived, and he was speedily dug out. Most of the scholars of the Municipal School had left it at one o'clock. At five minutes past the building fell, killing a chemist and his son, who was standing near the door. The Church of the Purgatorio was entirely destroyed; the decorations and organ lay in the middle of the ruins, broken into a thousand pieces, but a statue representing a soul in purgatory, which was in a niche above the door, was found uninjured, and turned completely round on its pedestal. Of course the people cried "A miracle!" A young man belonging to a family of Casamicciola was a student in Naples, had been sent for to come home, arrived at twelve o'clock on the day of the earthquake, and an hour after perished, together with the whole of his family.

THE REPULSE AT LAING'S NECK.—We present a sketch drawn by an officer belonging to the King's Dragoon Guards, illustrating the action. In the engraving Sir George Colley and his staff are shown on the ground in front of Laing's Neck, preparing to commence the attack in the manner described by the lamented General in his official despatch, given in the last number of our journal. It was half-past nine

o'clock in the morning, when the Naval Brigade and a company of the 60th Rifles were pushed forward to the inclosure at the hill; where they took up their position, as explained by Sir George Colley, in order to cover the advance of the 58th Regiment to capture the isolated conical hill, or spur, intervening between the British right and the main position of the Boers on Table Hill. The advance of the 58th, led by Colonel Deane, was protected by the artillery, and by the mounted troops, composed of some of the King's Dragoon Guards. The despatch of Sir George Colley already cited relates how the infantry advance was repulsed by the Boers moving down, simultaneously, from the isolated hill, and opening a deadly fire as well from that side as from the brow of the Table Hill, by which Colonel Deane, Major Ruscombe Poole, and several other officers were killed in a few minutes. It then became necessary for the 58th Regiment to retire down the slope, which was effected under cover of the 60th Rifles, aided by the Naval Brigade, under Commander Romilly, the artillery under Captain Greer, and the Natal Mounted Police.

AMONG the Southern cities which have already become important seats of the cotton manufacturing industry, Atlanta and Columbus, in Georgia, are prominent. We cannot here refer in detail to the progress made in the development of this industry of Columbus, but we subjoin, in this connection, some interesting facts as to what has been accomplished, and is being done, in the capital city of the State. The Atlanta Cotton Factory is situated in the business centre of the City of Atlanta. The enterprise was conceived and put into successful operation by the president of the company, Mr. H. I. Kimball, to whose keen intellect, great skill and unlimited energy Atlanta is not only indebted for her cotton factory, but for nearly everything that makes her a leading city in the South. The main building is 234 feet long, 72 feet wide and 5 stories high, besides basement. The engine and lapper building is 92 feet long, 49 feet wide and 3 stories high. The capacity of the mill is 23,000 spindles, 700 looms. The machinery is of the latest improvement, built by the Sacco Water Power Machine Company, of Biddeford, Me., and the Lewiston Machine Shop, Lewiston, Me. The mill was started July 1st, 1879, and is now in full operation, running night and day.

WE give also an illustration of the saving of the balloon "Gabriel" which started from Nice under guidance of M. M. Jovis, Visier and Alioth. Rising on the 6th of March about four in the afternoon the balloon was directed towards the north-east, but meeting with an upper current of air it was driven to the south and in spite of the efforts of the travellers to descend was carried out to sea. Capt. Pinielli of the Italian vessel *Morosini*, fortunately perceived their danger and at once lowered a boat to their assistance, but it was only after a pursuit of two hours that the fugitive monster was finally captured and its occupants released from their unpleasant position.

THIS week we give a new portrait of the present Emperor of Russia (Alexander III.) The particulars of biographical dates and other details, belonging to their Majesties the new Emperor and Empress, have already been stated with sufficient precision. The Emperor is thirty-six years of age, and the Empress thirty-three; they have been married fourteen years, and have four children. It is arranged that the coronation of Alexander III. shall take place in Moscow, at the end of six months, which have been fixed for close mourning for the late Emperor. It is considered probable that Alexander III.'s residence in Moscow will extend beyond the period occupied by the ceremonies in connection with the coronation, and that the present Czar will become a frequent resident in the ancient capital of Russia.

**INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.**

The prospects of a good understanding regarding international copyright between England and this country were never fairer than now, and the general interest which has been manifested shows that the proposition of accommodation, of which we have formerly spoken, was made when the time was ripe. There are now very serious disadvantages to authors, to publishers, and to readers arising from the want of some equitable arrangement. In this country we are a newspaper-reading nation, but it would be unfortunate if all our literature of every kind should take the form of newspapers. English writers of books, however, may well wonder if that is not the obvious tendency of the present situation, and American readers of books, with equal reason, may ask whether it be a desirable tendency.

One of the most significant contributions to the discussion is a paper by Mr. Longman, a member of the distinguished London Publishing house. He asserts, indeed, the right of the author to the same legal protection for his literary property that he receives for every other kind of property. This however, he recognizes, to be the abstract question of which the pending proposition is a waiver. If action should be deferred until this question was settled, there would be no action whatever. We know distinguished authors who do not agree with Mr. Longman, and Professor Huxley, in his evidence before the Copyright Commission, admitted that, however just the claim of absolute property might be, the immediate practical question was one of comparative advantage.

Mr. Longman accepts the pending proposition as a compromise. That, however, is not precisely a correct statement as to the arrangement between the countries, because there is no right acknowledged on either side. England denies to Tennyson the right to property in his published "In Memoriam" or "Idyls." England says to him "In order to encourage you to write poetry for our pleasure, we will allow you to control the publication of your poems during your life." America does substantially the same. If Washington Irving's gardener left a hoe to his heirs, the law of the land guarantees their ownership as long as the hoe lasts. But the law of the land permits anybody who chooses after a certain period, to publish Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker's History* and pocket the profits. In other words the copyright laws of England and of the United States grant the author a brief, limited control of the publication of his work, not for his benefit, but for the advantage of the public. The laws are not recognitions of right; they are concessions of privilege.

It will not do, therefore, for either country to assume an air of superiority as more careful of the rights of authors. England permits an American author first publishing in England to control the publication. The United States do not under similar circumstances, grant the same control to English authors. But in both cases each country does what it believes to be best for its own interests. No property rights of the author in publication are conceded, and he is considered at all only as auxiliary to the public benefit.

Obviously, however, the more control and the longer control of publication the author can obtain, the greater is his advantage. Therefore, Mr. Longman is in error in saying, as if that were all, that the pending proposition is designed to protect American publishers, printers, binders, and paper-makers from British competition, because it is equally designed to give the British author more and wider control of publication, and consequently to enhance his profits. Indeed, the proposition is designed to relieve a situation in which the English author can expect no profit whatever. If a guinea book in London is to be reproduced for fifteen cents in New York, the author can reap no advantage. Under the principle of the copyright laws of both countries, the question then arises whether it is desirable that he should not have an advantage, and whether the very object of our own copyright law is not defeated by his not having it. The basis of our copyright law is the constitutional grant of authority to Congress "to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times, to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." It is not here stated, but it is doubtless true, that the purpose of this grant is to promote American writing and discovery. But how is American literary production to be promoted by reproducing foreign literature at the cost of the labor and material exclusive of the author! Evidently for the purposes of our own copyright laws, a mutual understanding is desirable.

Indeed, the alternative question seems to be whether we shall have any books. It is now plain that in the absence of any international understanding, literature in this country will consist largely of cheap English reprints. The tendency will constantly be to greater cheapness and flimsiness of form, and so far as unwisely laws and unjust conduct can avail to suppress it, American literary expression will be suppressed. American authors, as a class, are not so reprobate that they deserve to be summarily destroyed. They may be an inconsiderable body of insignificant performance. But innumerable and important as the works which they have not written may be, their offences are certainly not so much more heinous than those of their fellow-citizens that they should be practically outlawed. They ask only fair play. They ask only that the laws of their country may not favor the foreigner more than they favor the citizen. They still hope that it is not wrong to have been born Americans, and although their presumption in being authors may be great, they urge that they were deceived by the words of the Constitution, which imply that authorship and invention are not unpardonable sins.

England and America speak a common language, and they have a common literature. Both countries have decided that the author shall not indefinitely control the publication of his works. But they have also decided that it is desirable to encourage him to write. Literature, these laws concede, may wisely be tolerated. Chaucer and Shakespeare and Bacon and Newton and Scott and Gibbon and Darwin need not summarily be suppressed. They may be allowed for a time, and under certain conditions, to control the publication of their works. It is therefore for the welfare of both countries that this should be done upon the same general terms, in order that no one who contributes to the common welfare should suffer. This is now the practically common agreement of the authors and publishers who write and who print books in the English language, and the treaty form of that understanding will not, we hope, be long delayed.—EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, *Harpur's Magazine*

The touching sentiment, "Our first in heaven," appeared after an obituary notice in a Philadelphia paper, and the father of the child came into the office raging mad. It was the third death in the family, and he desired to know of the clerk where he supposed the other two had gone.

**VARIETIES.**

A BURGLAR entered a house in which a mother was sitting up with a sick child. "Sir," she said to him in a whisper, as soon as she could compose herself to speak, "there is nothing of value in this house except the child's life, at least to me, but you may find otherwise. Here, take my keys, search everywhere, take what you want, but speedily and without noise. I implore you." She handed him the keys, placed her finger on her lip and pointed to the door. The burglar moved quietly away, then turned and said in a low voice, "Is he very sick?" "His life hangs on the continuance of this sleep." "Then he will recover for all the noise I'll make," the robber answered, laying down the keys and noiselessly taking his departure, but absolutely nothing else.

Two Paris savants, M. Bertin and M. Duboscq, have at length, by means of the electric light, satisfactorily explained the hitherto mysterious Chinese mirrors, called "magic mirrors." These mirrors are of bronze, one of the faces polished and convex, and the other slightly concave, and ornamented by figures in relief. If a ray of the sun strikes on the polished surface, and is reflected upon a white screen, the images on the reverse side of the mirror are seen. Since 1844 a great many theories have been propounded to account for this singular phenomenon. But M. Bertin and Duboscq have shown all metallic mirrors may be rendered magical by means simply of warmth or pressure. This is shown by directing the electric light upon such mirrors.

SANG OUT.—Col. Sellers used to whistle to cure himself of stammering. There is an old story dusted up again of a fellow who sang for the same purpose.

There used to be a really funny fellow on board a Nantucket whale ship during a cruise in the Pacific. He got off jokes enough to amuse the whole crew, and was a good singer. In fact singing was the only form of speech which he could use without stammering to a terrible extent. One day only he and the cook were on deck, when the cook fell overboard. The stammering tourist rushed to the cabin companion-way to notify the captain, but, as usual with stammerers when in a hurry, he couldn't say anything, stammer as he would. The captain saw that something was the matter, and shouted, "Well, if you can't say it, sing it, you fool!" "Be-be-be-be—"

Overboard is Barnabas  
And half a mile astern of us!

Barnabas was promptly rescued.

**MISCELLANY.**

PROVINCIAL papers of Germany tell of a hearty country bride in the village of Necker-munde who has been literally danced to death. Each of the young men at the wedding wished to have a dance with her. They took turns and so wearied her that she soon afterward became ill, had to take to her bed, and after lingering for a short time, died.

A glass dress is being made for Fanny Davenport in Pittsburg. It will be a full toilet evening suit, and the process of making is such as to give the work the appearance of fine French satin, only that it is much more brilliant. The dress will have a long train of woven glass, and it will be elaborately trimmed with glass lace. To make what is called the glass cloth, from which this suit will be made, the glass is first spun into the threads and then woven. There is nothing to compare with the progress of this age.

IN a very entertaining book entitled "The Truth About the Iron Mask," M. Theodora lung devotes a piquant chapter to a study of the formation of the legend of the iron mask. Its real creator is the Chevalier de Moubly, who, in a romance several times reprinted during the last century, gives to his hero and heroine masques of steel, and transports them to a desert island, where the heroine gives birth to two infants. These grow up without seeing the faces of their parents, until a day when, during an awful tempest, crack! the electric fluid breaks the steel visors of the father and mother!

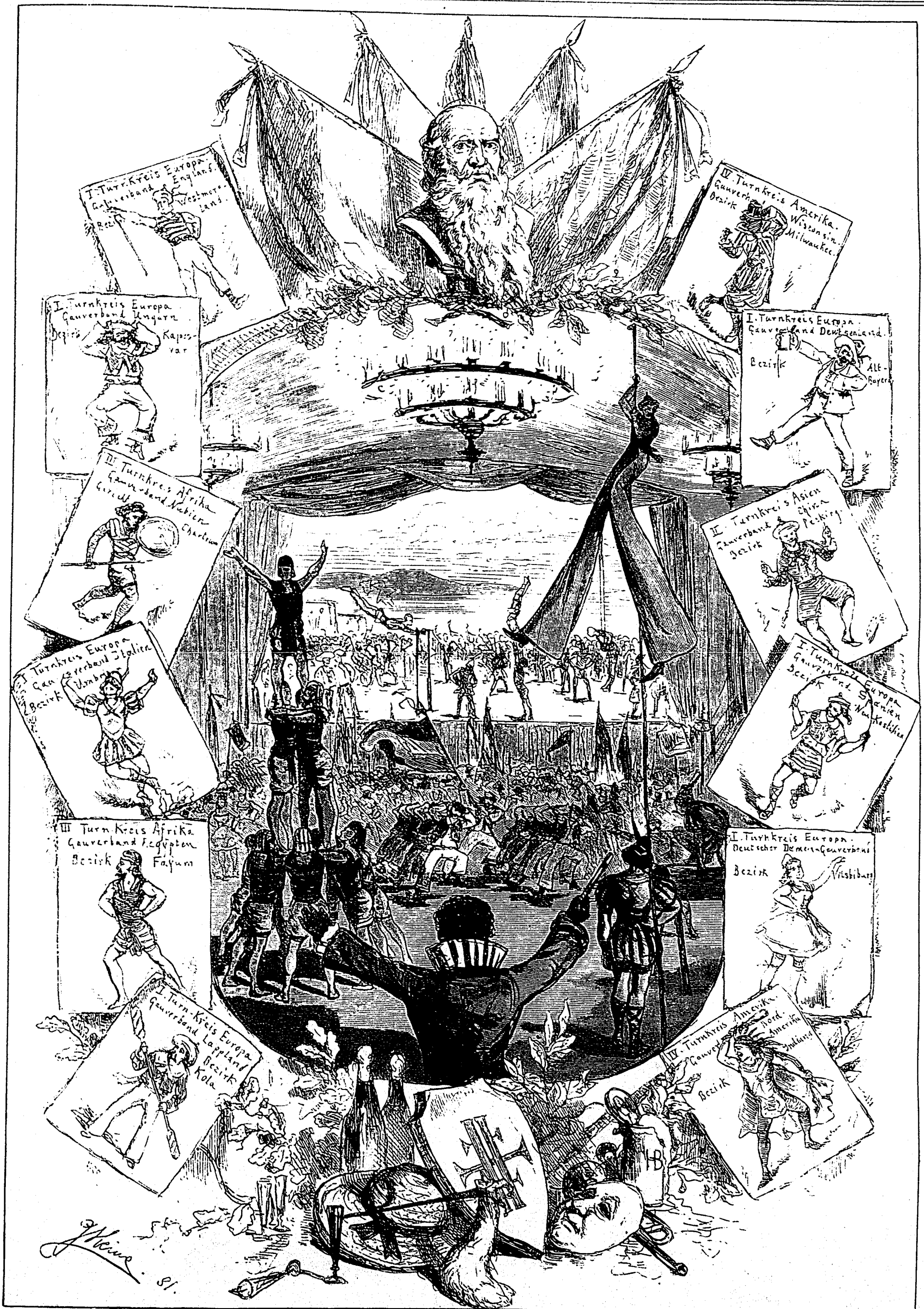
COL. DESALABERRY'S STATUE.—The statue of the old Hero of Chateauguay, the contract for casting which was given to Mr. Herard, of the firm of Cooper, Fairman & Co., of this city, in January last, by the committee of the residents of Chambly, is just completed. Through the courtesy of Mr. Herard, a *Star* reporter recently examined the statue, which is admirably finished, reflecting credit on the founder. The gallant old Colonel is represented as standing erect with his right foot slightly advanced, and his hands resting on the hilt of his sword. He is in the full regimentals of the Voltigeurs, with Wellington boots, shell jacket and military cloak. On his breast are the "Chateauguay" and "1812" medals. The surface of the metal is oxydized by a process of Mr. Herard's invention. The figure is seven feet high, and weighs some two tons. The mouldings and finishing were done by Mr. Herard, and the fused metal supplied by Robt. Mitchell & Co. The effect of the whole is admirable, and it is a work of art all citizens of Montreal may well be proud of, as it is entirely the work of Montrealers, born and bred, even the files, chisels and chemicals used in its production being of Montreal manufacture.



Specht

ANIMAL LIFE.—SILHOUETTES BY SPECHT.





MASKED BALL OF THE MUNICH GYMNASIUM.

CONTRAST.

The bells of Lent rang up, rang down. Through all the babel of the town; Rang soft, rang clear, rang loud or low. As loud or low March winds did blow.

Through wide-flung doors the hurrying throng Caught hint of psalm and snatch of song— The high-strung song of psalm and prayer, Of cross, and passion, and despair.

One, hurrying by amid the throng, Who caught the sweetness of the song Above the turmoil of the street, Turned suddenly her weary feet.

And through the wide-flung doors passed in From out the wick-day whirl and din. "Call me away from flesh and sense— Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence."

In fervent tones the singers sang, While solemnly the organ rang. "From flesh and sense;" the words struck clear Upon the stranger's listening ear.

"From flesh and sense;" she looked across The sunlit aisle, where glint and gloss Of diamond-fire and satin shone— A princess' raiment, that had won

A prince's ransom in the past; Across the aisle, then downward cast Her seeking glance in bitter heed Of raiment that scarce met the need

That winter keen and merciless Brought home to her with savage stress. And they, they neither toil nor spin, These lilies fair, apparelled in

These costly robes, while others strive, And mourn to find themselves alive Beneath the burdens of the day, That leave small time or need to pray.

"Call me away from flesh and sense." When flesh itself seems half drawn thence. "For you, for you, O favoured ones, These silken stalls, these organ tones."

Her bitter thought ran, as the prayer Floated in music on the air. "For you, for you, this house you call The house of God; for me the thrall

"Of toil and toil, from day to day, While life wastes sordidly away In vainest hope and dull despair, Of some sweet time, when one from care

May pause and rest a little space, And meet life's bright things face to face, But faint of heart, and very low Of hope and comfort, I but know

"In these dark days the needs of earth, All else seems now of little worth; And little worth your silken prayer Against my wail of dull despair."

—NORA PERRY, in Harper's Magazine.

The Professor's Darling.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. HUNTER WINS THE DAY.

After talking for some time on various matters, Stannie at length said, "I have been waiting for an opportunity to ask you about your other sister, the youngest of all. She has such a pretty name—Elma! I know a little about you, though I have never seen any of you before."

Stannie was not prepared for the change which came over Lotty at the mention of her little sister's name. She grew soft and sorrowful in an instant, and her voice sank to a whisper as she murmured, "Poor Elma—our little treasure, Elma!"

"Is she ill, or delicate?" asked Stannie, almost alarmed at the sudden change of manner.

"Did mamma never say anything about Elma when she wrote to you?"

"Never!"

"Elma is the best and the prettiest of us all; and she is so happy and contented. I wonder why mamma never told you; and yet I don't. It's her cross, and she carries it bravely. Elma is dumb!"

"Dumb!" repeated Stannie, greatly shocked. "Deaf and dumb—oh!"

"No, not deaf—that's one comfort; she hears and understands all that we say to her; her governess was once a teacher in the deaf and dumb asylum in London, and has taught her well. Her life is really a happy one, but she is something apart from the rest of us, and always must be."

"Does Mrs. Hunter not care to speak about her?"

"Oh, yes, as much as you like, now that you know; but I am glad that you spoke about her first to me. Do I look lovely, my dear! I can't make any improvements if I don't, for I've touched up my hair and my ribbons ten times."

"You look very nice, I think," was the cautious reply. "Shall we go down-stairs now?"

"No; not unless it's dinner-time. Perhaps you don't have dinner, though, in the Highlands; or, if you do, call it by some other name."

"We always have dinner; but not so late as this. When Uncle Alan and I are alone we dine at one o'clock."

"At one o'clock! I never heard of such utter barbarism! You take breakfast then, I suppose, in the middle of the night?"

"Oh, no; at seven in the summer, and at eight in winter."

"Regular midnight! I wonder that you are alive to tell it."

"We shall not rouse you so soon; but Uncle Alan has a class in summer at eight."

"Oh, I always do as the Romans do when I am in their land. I'll sit up all night if I can't be in time otherwise. Do all the natives here retain their Arcadian simplicity—the red-haired belles, for example?"

"They all get up early; it's the custom of the place. It never seemed strange to me before. I like to go out early in the morning, everything is so fresh and beautiful then. The first songs of the birds are always the clearest and happiest; the flowers are at their freshest, and the hills are glorious when the rays of the sun first touch them."

"If Alice were here she would say that this place was quite too charming; and write a poem on the spot, all hills and rills, secure from ills and frills. Don't laugh at me, Stannie; rills and frills rhyme beautifully."

"What a strange family you must be!" said Stannie, contemplating Lottie much as she would have done an armed Zulu. "I wonder if I should like you all if I were to know you?"

"What a question! If there is a family in all England which you would adore individually and collectively, it is the Hunter family, of which I am one of the ornaments. We have a maiden aunt of mature years, who talks about people being ornaments in society. She bemoans Tom's lack of manner (fancy Tom with a manner!) and my want of dignity every hour she lives. She said to papa one day, 'Henry, those two are simply awful; and to think that they might be ornaments!'"

"What did he say?"

"He didn't confide in me; but his idea of ornaments are bronze things to set upon the mantelpiece, and he knows that Tom and I would be slightly out of place there. Bill got hold of the word, and he has called us the ornaments ever since."

Mrs. Hunter had been four hours in Professor Neil's study, first listening to him, then arguing, and she had won the day. His revelation regarding Stannie had surprised but not terrified her, as he had thought that it would. She was a woman with too extensive a range of vision to look at it in the same light as he did; she had also seen more of the social world, and knew it better.

In the realm of letters, Alan Neil reigned a king. Mrs. Hunter knew that he was far ahead of her there, and quietly accepted her humbler position; but in practical everyday affairs and common sense, she could hold her own with all the professors in St. Breeda.

"You must let her have a chance," she said. "She is gifted with one of the greatest talents a woman can possess, that of song; and if she feels it is her duty to go away from this quiet nest, and give others the pleasure of hearing her sing, you must not say nay. If one of my own girls possessed such a rare power, I should encourage its development in every way. She should never have the chance of saying, 'My voice might have been a message of peace to some poor stricken soul; it might have caused a long lost chord in some sad heart to vibrate which had lain dormant for years, but my mother stood between me and my life's work.'"

"Work! That's a novel way of putting it, Mrs. Hunter. Stannie longs for fame and applause in its loudest form. As to its being her 'life work,' she has never thought of such a thing."

"How do you know! You have never spoken to her on the subject. It is work; and hard work, too. She will find that there is no royal road to success."

"What am I to do! I am quite helpless in the matter. I hate the whole thing, and hoped that you would back me up; but, unfortunately, your ideas run counter to mine. What can I do! I cannot throw up my chair in St. Breeda, and take her abroad; and she must not go alone."

"Will you trust her with me for the present! There are several visitors from London coming next week to Cumrie Chase, and with them Madame Berg, who is an old and valued friend of mine. You must know her name?"

"The great singer; the—ah—the actress!" said the Professor, hesitatingly. "Yes, I have heard of her. A friend of yours, you say! I am surprised."

"We were at school together, in Germany—that's long ago now; and we have been friends ever since. She had a good voice, so resolved to become a star of the first magnitude. It took years to accomplish her object, but she is now at the head of her profession. She is loved and respected by rich and poor alike, and has more than once been the guest of royalty. She is famous not only as a great operatic singer, but as a good and generous lady. Her life has been a most singularly fortunate one. She has everything a woman could have—a name, position, wealth, a kind husband, beautiful children, and many friends. I should introduce Stannie to Madame Berg, who would test her voice. I can think of no one more capable of giving an honest verdict. If she said that Stannie was really fitted for the life she dreams of, we could consult later about what was to be done. Are you satisfied with my plan?"

"Quite satisfied. It is a very sensible one. I shall cherish a faint hope, however, that Madame Berg will not think much of her vocal powers; I cannot understand it. I should as soon have fancied myself longing to perform on the tight-rope as Stannie panting to appear as

a professional singer. If she were my own child, I would lock her up, and keep her on bread and water until she had come to her senses; but I cannot adopt such a course with another man's daughter. I suppose, if Madame Berg's opinion is favourable, I may say goodbye to her for ever. I feel that from the day she leaves St. Breeda she is lost to me. There is no use in dissembling any longer. I know that her voice is a magnificent one. I would fain have kept her with me a little longer, until some good man came and took her away to a house of her own; but it's not to be."

The Professor's voice grew very soft and shaky as he spoke, and an expression of such ineffable sadness came over his countenance, that Mrs. Hunter's warmest sympathies were touched at once.

"Do not be weak," she said, earnestly. "You are not sending her away for ever. She will often come here; your house will always be her home."

The Professor shook his head. She might return again; he hoped she would. But as what? A prima donna, rustling in silks and satins, and flashing with gems; never again the simple maiden who was going to leave him.

"It is useless, I suppose, to struggle against destiny," he said, smiling faintly; "and here is about to lead her far from St. Breeda."

He had known that he would have to part with her some time. She was too beautiful to be left unwedded and unwed; but he had hoped to see her settled near him, where he could go out and in to her house every day if he felt so inclined.

And, looking further into the veiled future, he had pictured himself an ageing man, with her children around his knees and calling him Uncle Alan. And when the lamp of his life waxed dim, and flickered fitfully, she would be near him, his own beloved child to the end. All such illusions were swept away now with a ruthless hand, and he must go "softly all his years in the bitterness of his soul"—contented to listen to the far-off echoes of her fame.

"You call me weak, Mrs. Hunter. I suppose I am. But you have seen the last of it. I shall make an effort this very hour to bear my disappointment in a proper spirit. No one shall ever see a trace of it again. You must settle it with Stannie. I would rather not mention the subject to her at all. Tell her that she has my full consent, and that I wish her every happiness. Also say that, if she fails, she will always find her place waiting for her here, and that her old uncle will never say a word to remind her of the past."

"Old!" repeated Mrs. Hunter, laughing as she looked at him. "As I advance in years age, seems to recede from me. I do not call you old—you are in your prime. You may marry yet, and have children of your own, who will be dearer to you than even Stansmore Ross."

"Never! I have been too busy all my life to think of matrimony, and that stage is past long ago. Men of forty do not fall in love like boys of twenty. No one would marry me now, at any rate. I am getting stout and gray."

"You are stouter than you were, Mr. Neil; but, at the risk of being called a flatterer, I must say that time has improved your personal appearance. Fourteen years ago you were not good-looking, now you are certainly what would be called a very handsome man."

The Professor laughed; he was not used to compliments, particularly from a lady.

"Some things do improve by keeping," he answered—"wine and whisky, for instance; and I have heard Stannie talk rapturously about old lace, which looked to me only fit for the wash-tub. Also oil paintings and china increase in value with age. Perhaps I may be quite unique in my way when I am seventy."

A knock at the door interrupted his forced pleasantry, and Mr. Graem entered. He and the Professor had not met since that memorable evening, and the former seemed uncertain of his welcome. But he brightened immediately, for there was no trace of enmity in the look which met his so boldly.

"Mr. Graem, Mrs. Hunter. You have heard his name pretty often since you came. He is the arch-agitator who has brought all this commotion into our quiet house."

"As such, you have my warmest sympathy," said Mrs. Hunter, shaking hands with him. "You will be pleased to hear that I am determined to aid and abet Stannie. I have wrung a rather reluctant consent from Mr. Neil that she shall have every opportunity of improving her voice. If she fails—well, as my sons say, 'What's the odds!' Everybody will be satisfied either way."

"She will not fail; that is impossible!" said Mr. Graem, enthusiastically. "Are you going to take her to London when you leave St. Breeda?"

"No; my home is several hours' journey from London, and I am going to take her there first, to introduce her to a professional friend of mine, whom I expect to visit me next week. You may have heard of her even here—I mean Madame Berg."

"Ah, Madame Berg! She was Lily Myer twenty-five years ago. Stannie is all right, then. Lily Myer will give her good counsel, and help her in many ways. Strange how things come to pass! Only last night I was thinking if Neil ever consented, which I very much doubted, I should like to take Stannie to London and introduce her to Lily Myer."

"Are you acquainted with her? I did not know that Madame Berg had any friends in St. Breeda!" said Mrs. Hunter, forgetting in

her astonishment that people were not altogether fixtures even in the Highlands.

"I beg the great celebrity's pardon for calling her by the old name; it slipped out before I thought. But she would forgive me, unless good fortune has changed her greatly. I knew her long ago in Milan—a fair-haired, warm-hearted German girl, whose whole soul was in her art, or rather her work, for she had many a year's hard toil before she achieved her present position."

"I remember very well when she went to Italy, for I accompanied her and remained three months. She did not know you then, I think!"

"No; she had been there about a year before I met her."

"Pardon me," said Mrs. Hunter, hesitatingly, "if I am treading upon delicate ground, but your name recalls a story which she wrote to me some time after I had returned to England. It was about a young Scotchman on whom they had built great hopes. His name was Graem—Lorne Graem. Are you—forgive me," she said, softly, for he had turned very pale; "I see you are the Lorne Graem of whom she has so often spoken, wondering if he were living or dead. What news it will be for her that I have seen you?"

"She remembers the old times, then! Bless her for it!" said the minister, in a husky voice.

"She was good and kind to one who was dear to me. We were all poor in those days, very poor, and very happy, and what one had was general property. We were all good comrades, who helped each other with a will, and looked forward to what the future would bring us. Lily's aim, even then, was to elevate her profession."

"She has succeeded to a greater extent than most people are aware of," said Mrs. Hunter. "Her own example has given a great length."

"Neil, are your prejudices breaking down?" asked Mr. Graem, turning towards him. "I came here to-day to ask your forgiveness once more. I saw by your looks when I entered the room that I should not have to plead in vain; but it would be a satisfaction if you would say that we are to be good friends—'good comrades' still."

The Professor never was a man of many words, so he said nothing; but he held out his hand.

The minister grasped it tightly within his own, and the two men looked into each other's faces.

Alan Neil's silence was more eloquent than any words he could have spoken. Only an hour ago he had learnt the bitter lesson which Lorne Graem had been taught twenty-five years before—a lesson which we must all learn some day, or the burden of life will surely prove too heavy for us. And better far for us if we can acquire it before the shadows lengthen in our brief summer day.

It is to "suffer and be strong."

Stannie and Lotty entertained the two eldest daughters of the house of Mactavish the next evening at aesthetic tea, to the utter bewilderment and, let us hope, mental advancement of the latter.

Lotty wore a garment of remarkable construction and such strange complexion that no one had ever ventured to pronounce decidedly on its colour until the first time Tom saw her arrayed in it, when he gave vent to a shrill whistle, not unlike the preliminary yell of a steam-engine, and exclaimed, "Oh, cricky, such a rig out! Billions sulphur, hung round with sea-green ribbons!"

After executing what Lotty called "an admiration dance" around her, he paused to regard her again, and asked, "How ever did you get it on? Was it built upon you?"

Tom's description, although difficult to realize, was the nearest possible approach to accuracy.

And in this severely aesthetic robe, with her hair hanging in a long Skye terrier fringe over her forehead, Lotty burst upon the astonished gaze of the Misses Mactavish. Their pretty blue and white silks, made a la princesse, and considered the extreme of fashion in St. Breeda, positively seemed to pale and hang in a limp, apologetic manner around them when their modest flounces came in contact with Lotty's marvellous kiltings. Their tidily-arranged red locks assumed an old-maidish air. And when they beheld the heavily incriminated locket and gold-linked chain which almost weighed down Lotty's slender neck, the poor girls wondered if they could not surreptitiously remove their black velvet ribbons and silver lockets which were ornamented with a single old English M.

"Why did you bring that dress here, Lotty?" said her mother, in a half-displeased voice when she saw her. "These quiet Scotch girls will think you are crazed. Stannie, love, send her to take it off. She got it to wear at Alice's 'at homes' on purpose to tease her, but to inflict it on you is too bad."

"My adorable mother, the Misses Mactavish will set me down as a queen of fashion. It's the only startler that I have in the way of clothes, so I must let them see it. I intended to bring my sage green and oatmeal, but I forgot it in the hurry burly. That's a dress as is a dress, Stansmore. Sage green velvet, with oatmeal fringes, and an oatmeal collar. It's a masterpiece of art. It was a presentation from mamma. She allows us liberty of choice on birthdays. We only have one natal anniversary every year, and we show our gratitude by taking advantage of her kindness."

"She allows you liberty of speech also, does she not, Miss Lotty?" said the Professor, who



had just entered the room, and was gazing cautiously at her. "Is this the latest London fashion? It's very remarkable!" And he pointed to the folds of her sulphur train, which were lying in serpent-like coils upon the carpet.

"Yes; in a highly rarefied set or circle, on whose outer edges I disport myself like a blue-bottle fly. Sweet thing in colours, isn't it? Terribly high art! I would put on my intense manner to-night, only I've business before me."

"Pray enlighten me. What is an intense manner? And what mischief are you up to that you dignify by the name of business?"

"There's nothing like illustration. This is intense. Suppose you try it in your class to-morrow!"

She threw herself languidly into an arm-chair, rolled her bright eyes slowly upwards, dishevelled her hair still more by passing her hands, as if unconsciously, through its soft masses, and in a shrill falsetto, piped out, "Stansmore, my angel, sweep the ivory keys with your fairy fingers."

Stannie seated herself obediently at an elderly high-back instrument on which she used to practise her scales long ago, and played a few passages.

"Ah, desist; not Beethoven! Play to me the music which is to charm futurity!" And, closing her eyes, she slowly quoted:—

"I pant for the music, which is divine,  
My heart in its throbs is a dying flower,  
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,  
Loosen the notes in a silver shower."

"I'm afraid I can't!" said Stannie, laughing, as she rose from the piano.

"Stansmore," continued the intense one, "you are transcendently lovely to-night!"

"Shall we roam, my love,  
To the twilight grove,  
When the moon is rising bright?"

"It would be very rude to leave the Misses Mactavish," said the Professor, gravely. "I scarcely think that they would care for roaming when the moon is bright. So that's 'intense!' I am pleased to have learned a little. Always talk in quotations, and the more unsuitable the better. Now, about the business?"

"I am going to break it softly to the Misses Mactavish that Stannie is going away, and the reason why."

The Professor flushed painfully. He knew that gossip would be rife over her departure. Well, best to let them know all at once; the whole community would be shocked beyond expression. But rather one great earthquake, and then stillness, than a countless series of minor rumblings.

"You are very kind, Miss Lotty. Some one, I suppose, must tell them the news, and you will electrify them in the most approved style."

"Trust me," said the lively young lady. "Oh, here they are—coming up the steps! I'm not intense any longer! I'm Miss Charlotte Hunter, of Canrie Chase, rather a well-informed young woman, and strong on woman having not a mission, but a career. A mission suggests an old spinster wearing cotton gloves, and carrying a Gamp in one hand and a mug of soup in the other. A career suggests school boards and—"

The entrance of the guests prevented her imparting further information, and the Professor proceeded with grave dignity to perform the necessary introductions.

The Misses Mactavish sustained the Arcadian simplicity of St. Breeda by returning to the paternal roof at nine o'clock.

"Quite a small and early," said Lotty. "Well, I've enlightened them about Stannie, and they simply looked petrified. They never even saw the outside of a theatre; and imagine that the inside is full of ravenous wolves and women who paint their faces and tire their heads."

"Their ideas are wonderfully correct," said the Professor, dryly.

"Stuff!—they are not! Why a little pearl powder should be called paint has always puzzled me; it's scientifically incorrect. Rouge the same. Neither article can come under the category of paint in any sane person's mind. Stannie, give us a song. It's only right and fair that you should. Mamma and I have fought your battles for you, and we have never heard you sing a note."

Lottie settled herself comfortably on the sofa, and affected a listening attitude. Stannie grew cold and hot by turns, looked nervously at the Professor and Mrs. Hunter, and was on the verge of tears when Alan Neil said, "Don't require urging, Stansmore. Sing a Scotch song. Mrs. Hunter will like that best."

Stannie crossed the room, which was filled with now soft summer twilight, and sitting down, struck a chord on the old piano; then she paused.

The Professor stepped softly to her side. He knew that he had been almost harsh to her the last few days, and already was filled with remorse. If he could only make amends, he thought, before she went away! He placed his hands upon her shoulders, and whispered, "Sing your best, my darling. Let Mrs. Hunter hear what you can do."

His words revived all her dying courage. Once more she touched the notes, and in a clear, sweet voice sang "The Land of the Leal," the sweetest song that the gifted Baroness Nairn ever wrote—a song which only a true-born Scot can really sing. English and foreign artists have attempted it often, and so far as the mechanical rendering of it is concerned,

have succeeded. But the ring of the true pathos was wanting; that can only be given by one who has spent their earlier years on the other side of the Border, where the first music they hear is a mother's voice lilting the lays which are Scotland's own, as truly as are the heather and the whins upon the steep hillsides.

"You will do, Stannie—you will do!" cried Mrs. Hunter, exultingly.

"And is that all to your taste, Miss Lotty?" asked the Professor.

But no gay retort came from Lotty. Her head was buried in the depths of a sofa cushion, whose velvet surface she was bedewing with silent tears.

In a house a little further down the street at the same moment a council was being held in Mrs. Mactavish's bedroom.

Arrayed in a resplendent dressing-gown composed of a tartan belonging exclusively to the clan Mactavish, her head comfortably enveloped in a "shawlie" of Rob Roy plaid, and her feet upon the fender (she had a fire in her bedroom all the year round), the principal's wife was lying comfortably back in her arm-chair, imbibing a dark decoction of black currant jam and hot water, which she fondly believed would prove a powerful antidote to a summer cold from which she was suffering, when her two eldest daughters rushed in, brimful of news, and both talking at once.

She forgot both cold and potion as she listened to them, and flung the "shawlie" on the floor in a state of high excitement.

"A singer, an actress! That means a painted Jezebel! nothing more nor less! Heaven forgive Alan Neil, and keep the bonnie bairn out o' harm's way! Her grandfather's sleep would be a troubled one if he could look out of his grave this night. I'll go the first thing to-morrow morning and speak my mind to Alan Neil."

"You had better not interfere, mother," said the eldest daughter, who was both intelligent and discreet. "Mrs. Hunter has arranged it all, and Stannie leaves with them in two days. The Professor says that he shall miss her, but knows it's for her good. No one need say a word to him, for he wouldn't listen."

"For her good!" screamed Mrs. Mactavish. "Is the man clean daft! Well, well, his sorrow is waiting for him, if ever a man's was in this world."

"I'm not so sure of that," remarked her daughter, who had been favourably impressed with Mrs. Hunter's quiet manners, and Lotty's vivacity and stylish dress. "There may be good singers and actresses—I don't see why there shouldn't. Professors, we know, are not all saints; and whatever they are, Stansmore will never change. I think she is the best and prettiest girl in the world."

CHAPTER IX.

LONELY ALL HIS YEARS.

Though Alan Neil were to live a hundred years, he could never forget the feeling of unspeakable wretchedness which took possession of him the day that Stannie left.

It was a bright, sun-bathed July morning, and all creation was wreathed with smiles and flowers. The songs of the birds went gaily up through the azure; the rills went dancing down the hill-sides to the ocean, babbling pleasantly in their flow; and the old mill-wheel splashed merrily in the stream. But he neither saw nor cared for things outward and visible. The shadows of night were all around him, for he was bereft of his child.

There's had been no demonstrative leave-taking. One long look at her; one last firm clasp of her hand; one swift touch of her rosy lips against the heavy blackness of his moustache; then the carriage-door banged to, the engine whistled, the train moved slowly out of the station, and he was left alone, shivering in the summer sun.

Where could he go? Not home yet. He shrank from the very idea. Would the snug, old-fashioned little house ever seem like home again?

His heart answered, "Never!"

"Good morning, Alan!" said a cheery voice at his elbow.

He turned, and encountered the searching look of Mrs. Mactavish, and mentally wished her in Patagonia.

"You have been seeing Stansmore, and Mrs. Hunter, and her daughter off to London, I suppose?"

"Yes; they are all away," he answered, looking with deep interest at a convenient lamp-post as he spoke.

"It's a fine day for travelling. I hope they will get safely to their journey's end. I am rather in a hurry this morning; so good-bye!"

And she bustled off, leaving him almost overcome with relief.

He had settled, the night before, that his assistant should take all his work for the day—an arrangement which he regretted now, for it was only a quarter past eleven, and he had nothing to do.

He walked slowly down the street, nodding moodily to the groups of students, who doffed their bonnets to him.

He had soon left the town behind him, then proceeded in a direction in which he had not walked for many months—to the miller's house beside the old mill-dam. He paused to look at his early home. The years which had changed him so much had spared the simple cottage; everything about it seemed the same, save that

trees and shrubs had grown taller; the very roses seemed to be the same that had climbed over the rustic porch, and peered in at the diamond-paned windows, long ago. There was one little dormer window in the roof, half buried amid the thatch, at which he looked with interest, and smiled.

In that tiny room, which would scarcely hold him now (certainly not if he stood erect), he had passed many an hour over his books in his college days; there he had begun the fight which had ended so bravely in a vaster field. At the gable end of the house the apple tree still stood which Charlie Ross and he had climbed so often in autumn when the fruit was ripe; somehow the most tempting apples always grew upon the topmost bough.

His reverie was interrupted by the miller coming to the door, and touching his hat to him.

"How are you, Laing?" he said, holding out his hand.

They had sat side by side as boys in the parish school; both men had risen in the world since then, although a great social gulf yawned between them. Jamie Laing had been the letter-carrier's son—a standing as far below the status of the miller's son as the miller was below the Professor now.

"I am taking a look at the old place," he continued; "it stands the weather better than you and I, Jamie."

"There's no change here since old Neil—I beg your pardon, sir—since your father died. Will you step in and see the guid wife and the rooms—the furnishing is a little different. You see, we have six bairns; you were an early one."

"I'd rather not go into the house. I don't care to see the rooms changed. I remember them exactly as they were twenty years since. Seeing new faces in them would spoil all the old pictures which I treasure so carefully. But I should like to go into the mill once again, if I am not taking up too much of your time. Do you remember the famous games at hide and seek we used to have there?"

"Fine that, sir, when Master Ross and Miss Katey came over of an afternoon! We used to make the old place ring, and no mistake! He was a rare one, Master Charley, for a lark! She's a bonny lass that girl o' his!—like her mother, but much quieter!"

They had reached the mill door, and he swung it open.

Here you are, sir—the same old place, you see! Sorry I can't offer you a seat. You'll scarcely care to try one of the meal-bags, I fancy, on account of your black clothes!"

And the miller laughed gaily.

"You seem very happy and contented, Jamie," said the Professor, ignoring the suggestion of a seat upon one of the meal-sacks.

"That I am, sir. I should be ill to please if I were otherwise."

"You are in the place I was born to. I wonder if I had stuck to it, and been Neil the miller to-day if I should have been as happy!"

Jamie Laing looked curiously at the Professor, and took a mouthful of meal from an open sack before he ventured on an answer, and then he said, "There's no good in wondering things, sir, which couldn't be, simply because they weren't to be. You were a miller's son, sure enough, but you were born a scholar too. I was born a letter-carrier's son, but I was cut out for a miller all the same. You never meant to wear a dusty coat, so why wonder about it at all!"

Alan Neil certainly looked unlike the son of a working man as he stood there on the old mill floor, tall, handsome, and well-built, with grave, thoughtful features.

He was one of the many instances in which all traces of humble birth are lost sight of in the refining process of study and assiduous self-culture.

He put out his hand, and took up some meal also. He had well-nigh forgotten how it tasted. As he did so, a diamond ring flashed in the sunlight. It was a gift from a foreign prince, a scholarly man, who ranked the miller's son his peer.

"How dry the meal is, Jamie; it's enough to choke a man," he said, as he with difficulty swallowed a mouthful. "Here's some one looking for you," he added, as a portly farmer showed his rubicund countenance at the open door. "I'll be off. Thank you for showing me the old place again."

Not one o'clock yet! He heaved a sigh as he replaced his watch, and began to calculate how far Stannie would be on her way. Why he scarcely knew, but he walked straight from the mill to the churchyard, down the broad middle walk, with the branches arching overhead, until he came to a gravelled sweep where it diverged east and west; there he paused a second and hesitated. On the one hand gleamed old Mr. Ross's stately memorial—a heavy pile of Aberdeen granite in the form of a pyramid, "Erected by a sorrowing congregation." On the other side, beneath the ivy-crumbling wall, lay Donald Neil, the miller, and Jauet, his spouse.

"What would the old minister say if he knew why his granddaughter had left St. Breeda to-day?"

The Professor spoke aloud; there were no listeners amongst the tombs.

As if in answer to him, a little bird hopped lightly from the bough of a patriarchal elm, and alighted upon the polished apex. For an instant it twittered about, and then steadying itself on one tiny foot, opened its bill, and

poured forth a succession of notes so loud and brilliant that the whole place rang with melody. Other birds took up the strain, and flung back answering trills, clear and soft; but the little songstress sang on, unmindful of their courtesies.

Did she sing for love, or joy, or because the sun shone and the leaves were green? Possibly for none of them. The little scrap of anatomy just sang because she could not help it—and yet the whole world was the better for the singing!

The Professor's heart grew very tender, and he took off his hat as he listened. Still the bird sang on. What would Mrs. Mactavish have said if she could have seen Professor Neil standing bareheaded in the churchyard listening to a "lottie's" song?

It ceased at last, and the spell was broken. But the linnets had not sung for nought; it had brought an answer to a troubled heart. If a bird possessed such power to move a strong man's emotions, how much greater must be the influence of the human voice. Stannie could sing as sweetly as any bird in May. Let her sing; although the whole world heard her—and much the better. Mr. Graem had spoken, and Mrs. Hunter had argued, but a "lottie's" singing had done more than them all.

He watched the bird spread its wings and fly away, far above the tombs and the waving branches, towards the purple hills; then he replaced his hat, and, turning to the left, walked across the mossy grass, and stood beside his parents' lowly grave.

A simple stone slab recorded their names and ages, then came a space.

"My name will go there some day," he murmured.

He would bide his time in patience. He had heard the linnets' song. Once more he pulled out his watch. Four o'clock. He sighed despairingly at time's slow progress. Was the day never to end? Stannie would be nearing the English border; entering what to her was the land of promise. It was long past his early dinner hour, but he took no notice of that.

"Will she really ever come back to me?" he asked himself for the hundredth time. "Where are my vaunted resolutions to be strong? I am acting like a silly boy."

As he realized the humiliating fact, he drew himself up in his splendid strength like a man about to battle with a strong wind, and turned his steps homewards.

He went directly to his study, and wisely deciding that idleness under existing circumstances would be the worst thing he could indulge in, sat down and drew out a sketch of a lecture which he was to deliver in Edinburgh the following week.

After all, he had only half broken the resolution made in Mrs. Hunter's hearing. A moment of weakness had overtaken him, but no one had seen it. The little encounter with Mrs. Mactavish went for nothing.

So he gathered up the threads of his life, and turned calmly brave to the world; working harder than ever, and finding a wealth of consolation and companionship in his books.

When the next session came round, the students said that he was greatly changed. He was never cold and distant to them now; was gradually emerging into their friend as well as their teacher; encouraged them to come to him in all their difficulties—a kindness of which they gladly availed themselves; and many a night he cheerfully laid aside his beloved books, to spend hours in explaining and simplifying things which were as trifles to him, but giants of obstruction to them. He got into a way also of frequently inviting them in little coteries of four or five to supper. In short, no professor in St. Breeda had ever taken the students' interests to heart so much before, and done so much for them, both in the lecture-room and out of it.

Mrs. Mactavish wondered "how he could be fashed with a set of laddies around him all the time," and said that he had improved wonderfully since Stansmore left; he was so much more genial and hearty.

He was certainly altered in some respects, and the icy walls of his reserve were giving way; but in his heart there was a great void, which only his darling Stannie's return could ever fill.

(To be continued.)

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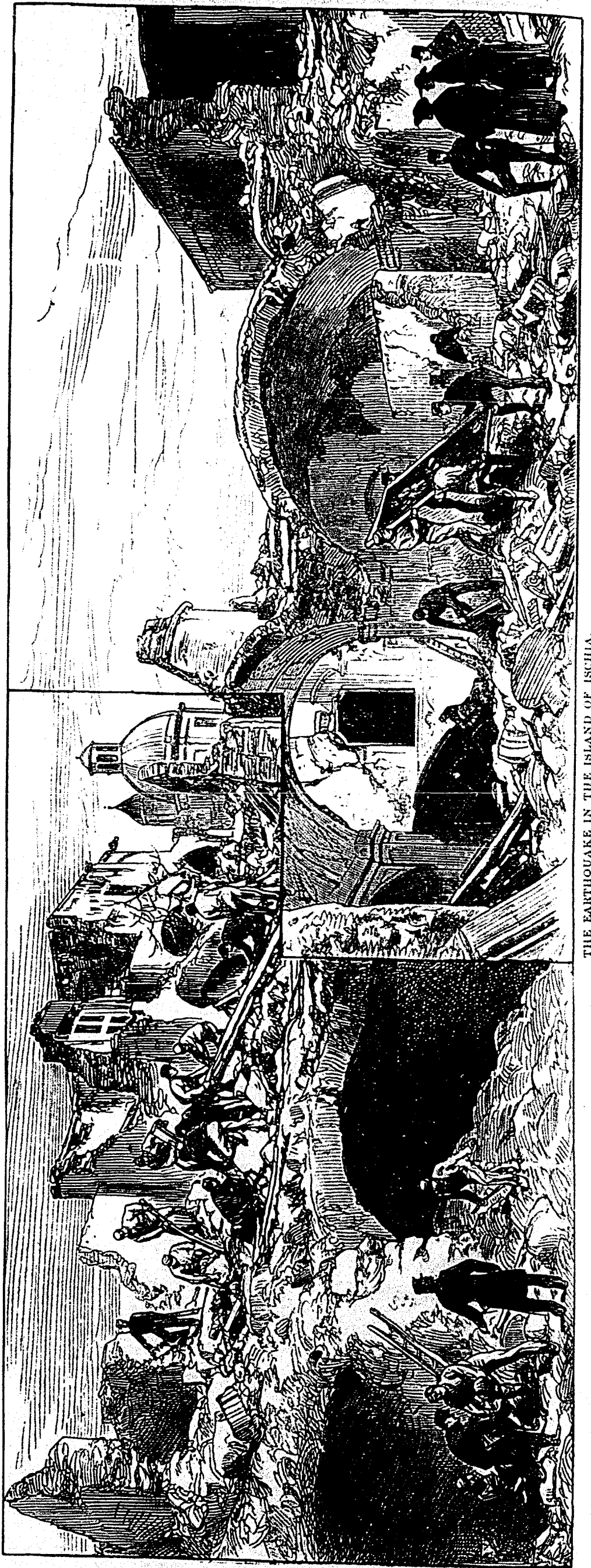
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IN THE TRANVAAL.—SIR GEORGE COLLEY AND HIS STAFF BEFORE LAINGS NEK.



THE EARTHQUAKE IN THE ISLAND OF ISCHIA.



ALEXANDER III, THE NEW CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.



THE ASSASSINATION OF THE CZAR.—COLONEL DVORETSKY CONVEYING THE WOUNDED CZAR TO THE WINTER PALACE.



## THE DREAMER'S HOME.

Where cloudland's towering mountains rise,  
High swelling o'er the ether sea,  
With white sail spread, through summer skies  
I drift in passive reverie.  
And the fairy isles that sleep  
Encircled by the upper deep,  
In purple fair, with vapory sail,  
The boundless sea of air I sail.

Afar beneath my dreamful eyes,  
Outsprung in loveliness below,  
The world's great panorama lies  
A flash with sunset's ruddy glow.  
The hamlets by the river's brim,  
The cities vast on ocean's rim,  
The wide sea decked with snowy sails,  
The wooded hills, the happy vales.

Through narrow inlets blue and bright,  
Twist mountain peaks of sun-gilt snow,  
From isle to isle, from sea to sea,  
My fairy pinnace drifteth slow.  
As fades the sunset light away  
I anchor in my own bright bay,  
With fingers deth I furl the sail  
And seek my happy dreamland vale.

Clasped in the blue arms of the sky,  
Secure from mortal griefs and ills,  
My home a nook of beauty lies—  
Shut in by tall, far-looking hills.  
A stately, many-windowed pile,  
Yet bright with sunset's dying smile,  
Set in labyrinthine maze  
Of tangled paths and winding ways.

Oh! ne'er has earthborn footstep pressed  
The flower-enamelled velvet sod,  
Nor care, a grim unwelcome guest,  
The woodlands' winding ways hath trod:  
No couchant beast in covert green  
Hath stirred the forest's leafy screen,  
Nor bird of evil plumage fanned  
The air of this enchanted land.

Secure within my airy dome  
The tumult of the darkened sphere,  
Whose shadows wrap my earthly home,  
Fall soft upon my spell-bound ear,  
As falls the sound of wind and stream  
In pauses of a far-off dream,  
As dies upon the level shore  
The long, slow wave when storms are o'er.

To greet my coming far espied  
The lamps are lit, the rooms are bright,  
From door and casement, open wide,  
Bright faces lean into the night,  
Fair hands are waved, loved voices call,  
I enter the enchanted hall,  
Lulled by sweet songs and visions blest,  
I sink to deeper dreamless rest.

Cambridge, Ill. HANNAH M. BRYAN.

## FATALITY.

"But, chevalier, do consider—"

"But, baron, I have considered, and nothing you can say or do will shake my resolution. This is Tuesday. I give you till Thursday noon—not an hour beyond. If you are unwilling or unable—no matter which—to settle with me then, you know the consequences, and you will have to take them. Surely, it is easy enough for you to get the money from your uncle, who is worth millions; or, if he prove obdurate, why not address yourself to the prince? I know he has helped you before, and he will help you again."

"My uncle! You do not know the stern old man. When he cleared me the last time he made me take a solemn oath that I would keep henceforth within my very handsome allowance, and he swore that if I broke my oath he would cast me off for evermore, even though I am all the kith and kin he has in the world. The prince! How could I dare to face him with another application for help to discharge a gambling debt, after having pledged my word of honour to him that I would never again touch dice, card, or cue!"

"Well, baron, that is your lookout. I can only repeat I must have my money by Thursday noon, or—you know how you are likely to fare. Why not raise the money from the Jews? With your brilliant expectations, surely there ought to be no difficulty. A paltry ten thousand florins, pooh!"

"So I will, chevalier; I will raise the money from the Jews, at whatever sacrifice. Only you must give me time. One brief fortnight is all I ask."

"I cannot do it."

"One week then. I swear to you, chevalier—I give you my sacred word of honour—in eight days from this you shall be paid."

"You swear! You give your word of honour! What, think you, is the value of your oath and of your word of honour? You have broken the one to your uncle, the other to the prince, and you expect me to trust in either? No. I must be in Paris next Monday, and I want to leave here on Thursday. You must make up your mind—either the one thing or the other. If you do not satisfy my claim at noon on Thursday, I post you as a defaulter, as one who, under the shield of high birth and supposed great wealth, stakes his credit and honour against hard cash, and when the cards and the dice fall against him, would pay the debt of honour contracted by him with idle promises to settle at some future time—promises which he means never to keep, most likely."

"Liar! Base liar and slanderer!" shouted the baron, the fair colour of his face turned to ashen gray, and his blue eyes flashing with uncontrollable fury. "You shall bitterly atone for this insult. Take that!" And with his delicate white hand he struck the chevalier a heavy blow straight in the face.

The swarthy complexion of the man thus assaulted grew a shade deeper and darker, and his evil black eyes shone with intenser malignity. He seemed to gather himself up for a deadly spring upon the baron; but this first impulse

was suppressed on the instant. He stood motionless for the space of a few seconds, then, with apparent calm, he took out his handkerchief, and coolly wiped the spurting blood off his face.

"Meseems, Sir Baron," he cried, with sneering irony, "you fancy you have felicitously discovered a new way of paying debts of honour. Pity only that there is a fatal flaw in your most ingenious device. I will not fight you before you have paid me, you see. So your crafty calculation comes to naught."

The baron, by a powerful effort, regained his composure.

"Be it so, sir," he said calmly. "Come here on Thursday, and you shall be paid. You had better provide yourself with a second meanwhile. We shall fight after."

And with a haughty gesture of dismissal, he turned on his heels, leaving the room in possession of his visitor.

The chevalier looked after him with a malignant scowl.

"Yes, be it so," he muttered; "his money first, his life after. Coarse German brute, to dare to strike me! Not that, but that the fire is burning my nails, it might have been as well not to drive him to desperation. But that cursed affair at Berlin has completely upset me. I somehow feel as if the bloodhounds were on my track, and my only safety lay in immediate flight to Paris. I dare not stay here, and I must gather every sou I can lay hands on. As for this German clown, I'll spit or shoot him like a dog before I go, or my trusty right hand must indeed have lost its cunning."

The Chevalier St. Hilaire belonged to a collateral branch of the ancient Lenoncourt family. He had in early life squandered a rich inheritance left him by his mother, only daughter and sole-heiress of Admiral Kerouart, a Breton nobleman, who had amassed great wealth by successful privateering in the wars between France and Great Britain. Of expensive tastes and prodigal habits, and utterly unprincipled and unscrupulous, the chevalier had, when his estates and money were gone, sold himself to the vile camarilla clique surrounding Marie Antoinette. A few years later he had gone over to the winning side, and had served Robespierre, Barras, and Fouché in succession. He was still in the pay of the French police, though he trusted chiefly to cards and dice to supply him with the means of living to his liking. His age was about fifty.

Baron Walter was a young man of twenty-four, descended from an ancient patrician family of Frankfort-on-the-Main, which had been ennobled by the German emperor about a century back. He was the last of his race, and had only one relative surviving on the mother's side, an uncle, to wit, Councillor Muller, a very wealthy old bachelor. The young baron was handsome and accomplished, and of most engaging manners. Unhappily, self-indulgence, self-conceit, and weakness formed the chief ingredients in his character. He was one of those neutral beings who, lacking alike exalted virtues and notable vices, are for that reason the most susceptible of yielding to the opportunity or force of circumstances, even to the committal of crime. More unhappily still, he was an ingrained gambler. He had gambled away his patrimony, and his uncle, who allowed him the very handsome sum of ten thousand florins a year, had more than once paid his debts. So had also the then Grand Duke of Frankfort, Charles Theodore (Dalberg), Prince Primate and President of the Rhenan Confederation, who had made him his first chamberlain, and with whom he was a great favourite.

He had recently had recourse to both these generous friends and protectors to free him from a load of rashly-incurred debts, and he had pledged his oath and his word of honour that he would henceforth reform. Nay, the very day before our story commences he had obtained from his uncle ten thousand florins, to take up an often-renewed bill given by him to one Lazarus Levi, then a rather well-known denizen of the Jewish quarter in Frankfort. He was aware that the uncle had taken care to inform Lazarus Levi that the baron would settle with him on the day the bill would fall due (Wednesday), and to request notice of the settlement to be forwarded to him; and he knew his uncle's sternness and firmness of character too well to dare to turn to other uses the money intrusted to him for this specific purpose.

Some ten days before the opening of our story the baron had lost to the Chevalier St. Hilaire some five thousand florins in cash, and ten thousand on his written promise to pay immediately when called on. This in brief explanation of the scene with which our story opens.

Later in the evening of the same day Lazarus Levi sat in the innermost sanctuary of his house in the Jewish quarter, about three doors from the dwelling of the great Meyer Anselm Rothschild. It was a short time before the social and political emancipation of the Frankfort Jews, decreed by the noble and enlightened Dalberg.

In the free imperial city of Frankfort the Jews had had a specially hard life of it, and it continued still the habit with them to live apparently in misery and squalor in the wretched Jewish quarter. But although the outside and the outer rooms of the houses looked wretched enough, there was to be found in not a few of them an inner part handsomely and even luxuriously appointed in every respect, where the family really lived. It was so in Lazarus Levi's dwelling.

It was in a richly-furnished apartment then

that Lazarus Levi sat at supper with his wife and his two grown-up daughters. To look at the old man in splendid Oriental attire, his fingers bedizened with diamonds and rubies and sapphires and emeralds and costly pearls (a weakness indulged in to excess by most Orientals), no one surely, not intimately acquainted with the man, could possibly have taken him for the grimy-faced, dirty-handed old Jew, in ragged gaberdine and greasy headgear, universally known in Frankfort and for many miles round as Lazarus Levi, money-agent and diamond-broker; for, of course, he professed to be too poor to have money of his own to lend, or to own precious stones.

He had been telling his wife and daughters that he intended to go to Mayence next morning, a neighbour of his, one Aaron Veit, having proposed to take him there in his trap; that he expected to do a good stroke of business in precious stones offered for sale there; and that he would set out on his walk back early in the afternoon, so as to reach home before nightfall (it was in the month of July); and his wife was just enjoining upon him to order a butt of wine of their old friend, the landlord of the Golden Lamb, at Mayence, when the servant of the family, old Rachel, entered the room, to inform her master that a gentleman was waiting outside the street-door—for, without her master's orders, she would admit no one into the house—who had told her that he must see Mr. Levi that very night.

After a few moments' reflection the old man rapidly stripped off his rings, divested himself of his splendid upper attire, cast off his satin slippers, and, taking the oil-lamp out of Rachel's hand, proceeded to the outer room, where he expeditiously put on his old shoes, his ragged gaberdine, and his greasy cap. He then went to the door, opened the little window in the centre, and threw the light of the lamp on the face of his visitor.

He found, to his very great amazement, that it was Baron Walter who had risked himself thus late at night into the Jewish quarter. He cautiously and noiselessly undid the bolt, and admitted the Christian nobleman to the wretched room in which he generally transacted business with customers who called upon him.

The baron clearly had an important object in view; he was charming in his manner to the Jew. With condescending affability he gave the old man a friendly pat on the back (with an inward shudder at the contact of his aristocratic hand with the Jew's dirty, greasy vestment). "Ah, Lazarus, my good friend," he said, in a jovial tone, "you did not expect to see me to-night, I wager. I come on business, old man; to put a chance in your way to make a thousand florins. What think you of that?"

The old Jew darted a swift sly glance at the young man's face, in which he at once detected, beneath the assumed mask of jauntiness and mirth, unmistakable traces of deep anxiety and care. "The gracious Sir Baron," he said, in a slow hesitating way, "is very good and very kind to think of befriending poor old Lazarus, who will never live to be able to do anything in return for the gracious Sir Baron's great goodness to him."

"Now drop that, Lazarus, I say. You know that's a crammer," said the baron, giving the old man a friendly poke under the ribs. "The fact is, old man, I want you to renew my bill, which falls due to-morrow, for another two months, and I'll sign this new bill for eleven thousand florins instead of ten thousand. There, you old cormorant, there is an offer for you! But you must, of course, hand me the old document, and tell my uncle that I have paid you the money. What say you?"

"What can I say, most gracious Sir Baron! All I can say is that I cannot do it. You should know that I have got no moneys of my own. I am only the poor agent of Meyer Anselm, who has advanced the money to you through me, and has intrusted your bill to me simply for collection. He knows that your gracious Sir Uncle, the great Councillor Muller, has given you the money to take up the bill, and he expects me to pay it over to him on Friday morning, as I am obliged to-morrow to go to Mayence, and, having to walk all the way back, shall not be home in time to see him at night. Meyer Anselm is a good friend to me; I and my family live by him. But he is a strict man, and a man of business, and if he is not paid his money on Friday morning he will go to your gracious Sir Uncle to get his money there, as your gracious Sir Uncle has promised him."

"Nonsense, Lazarus; you know that you can do this for me," said the poor baron, his voice trembling with ill-suppressed emotion and anxiety. "Look here, I will make the interest two thousand florins, instead of one thousand—nay, I'll make it three thousand; only let me keep this money two months longer—I shall have plenty of money then."

"Would I not do anything to oblige the gracious Sir Baron, who is so good to me! But how can I! It is Meyer Anselm's moneys, which must be paid to him on Friday. Next week perhaps Meyer Anselm may consent to advance the money again to the gracious Sir Baron; but nothing can be done till then."

"Listen to me, Lazarus," said the baron desperately. "I must keep this money; I cannot part with it to-morrow. Do not tell me you cannot do this for me. I know that old Rothschild has nothing to do with the matter. It is your own money that you have lent me. If you let me keep it, I will sign you an undertaking to pay you thirty thousand florins at my uncle's death. You know the old man is above seventy." The old Jew pondered deeply for some time.

The offer was a most tempting one. But he had in his pocket Councillor Muller's letter, in which he was plainly told that, in the event of the money not being paid by the baron, he, the councillor, would discharge the debt upon immediate application to him; but that he would under no circumstances and on no consideration ever again be answerable for any debt whatever contracted by his nephew, whom he was determined to cast off utterly and disinherited if after this he should go on drawing bills or contracting debts. And Lazarus knew both the councillor and the baron too well to have any doubt but that this was most likely to be the ultimate upshot of the matter.

So, having duly weighed in his mind the chances in favour of and against the baron's proposal, he resolved to have nothing to do with it—at least not just then. "The gracious Sir Baron," he said at last, with sharp decision, "must pardon me if I am forced to decline his gracious offer. I tell the gracious Sir Baron once more that I am but a poor agent in all loan transactions, and the gracious Sir Baron may ask Meyer Anselm, if he will not believe me. But I will talk to Meyer Anselm about the matter. I doubt not he will do it; I cannot, by the Taou-vef Jontof! which the gracious Sir Baron knows is a most solemn assertion for a Jew to make."

After this the baron felt that it would be useless to pursue the subject further. He was even on the point of handing the amount of the bill at once over to Lazarus Levi; but he suddenly changed his mind.

"Well, then, Lazarus," he said, with assumed indifference, "it must even be as you will have it. You must try to raise the money for me next week. As you are going to Mayence to-morrow, you may call at my place in going, and bring the bill with you. I will pay you in notes, so that you will have no heavy load to carry along with you on your journey. Good-night."

With much bowing and scraping, and many hollow assertions of his willingness to do anything in his power to serve the gracious Sir Baron, the Jew let out his visitor, who rapidly got away from the Jewish quarter to the respectable part of the grand-ducal city.

Early next morning Aaron Veit's trap drew up at the door of Baron Walter's villa, outside the city, on the road to Mayence. Old Lazarus, having got down, was speedily ushered into the baron's reception-room, where he was soon joined by the master of the place. Before handing the notes over to his Jew creditor, in exchange for the bill, Baron Walter made one last desperate effort to induce the old man to let him keep the money. He offered him a post-obit for one-hundred thousand florins. It was in vain. The dazzling offer, instead of alluring the Jew, as the baron clearly had expected, tended only to make the Hebrew still more cautious. He firmly declined again, telling the baron, by way of consolation, that he had every reason to believe Meyer Anselm would do it for him next week. So the baron handed the money over at last, with a deep sigh, looking fixedly at Lazarus, saying with curious abruptness, and in somewhat sharp tones, "There, take your money; and may you not have reason to repent your morning's work before the day is out!"

Lazarus Levi paid little heed to this outburst of angry feeling. He climbed up again into the trap, rejoicing that he had got his ten thousand florins safe in his pocket, and he and his friend were soon rolling on the road to Mayence.

About an hour after, Baron Walter left his villa upon horseback. He rode into the city, where he called upon one of his intimates, a gentleman in the Grand Duke's service, with whom he took counsel about next day's hostile meeting with the Chevalier St. Hilaire. He then rode off in the direction of Hanau.

In the large guest-room of the Golden Lamb, at Mayence, sat two travellers, looking like journeymen craftsmen, with their knapsacks deposited on the ground near them. They were discussing with evident relish a magnum of Rhenish wine, which the host had served to them along with a huge omelet and a copious salad. The one was a handsome, olive-complexioned, dark-eyed man of about forty, clearly either an Italian or a Spaniard; the other was a fair-faced fair-haired blue-eyed unmistakable son of the great German Fatherland, which at that time, however, was simply a geographical and ethnical expression. To judge by the eagerness and gladness of their conversation, and the many handshakings across the table, it was clear that they were old friends who had accidentally met here after a long separation.

They were conversing in a language evidently unknown to the other inmates of the room. As mine host, however, was casting from time to time an intelligent glance in their direction, he perhaps understood what they were saying, though it certainly did not seem to interest him much.

Besides, the host's attention was soon altogether taken off the two strangers by the entrance of Lazarus Levi, whom Boniface heartily welcomed to his house; Master Ephraim Troll, the host of the Golden Lamb, being, though a very good Christian, a most intimate friend of the money-agent and his family.

A succulent dinner was soon placed before old Lazarus, who did full justice to it, and to the bottle of Rhenish out of the landlord's own special bin, which the two set about discussing with a hearty will.

So much good cheer opened the Jew's heart, and made him forget his habitual caution, to the

extent even that he openly displayed to his friend a magnificent set of jewels which he told Master Troll he had just purchased of a Mayence dealer in precious stones, and had hopes of selling again at a fair profit to the wife of a distinguished patrician of Frankfort, to whom he intended to show them next morning, as he should only be back there late in the evening, having to walk all the way.

The glittering baubles in the Jew's hands attracted of course the attention of the other parties in the room, more particularly, it seemed, of the two travellers.

"Holy Virgin!" said the dark man in Spanish to his fair-faced companion; "just look at that, Carlos! What a sad pity that such splendid gems should be in the hands of an unbelieving Jew! Why they would make both of us rich, and I might go with you to your village, and you might afterwards come back with me to Spain, where we might purchase an estate with the money these things would bring."

"True, Manuel, my friend," replied the other in the same language laughing; "True for you. If one might only chance to meet you unbelieving Jew, as you call him, alone somewhere in a dark wood, and give him a gentle tap on the head with a persuader like mine there"—pointing to a fresh-cut bough of ash, rudely lopped and fashioned into a stick, which was lying across one of the knapsacks—"one might have the things for the mere taking."

Just then Master Ephraim Troll, who had lent a most attentive ear to the above interchange of sentiments anent the Jew and his sparkling baubles, was called to the other end of the room, where a guest wished to settle with him.

He was detained some time. When he came back to the table at which Lazarus Levi was seated, the two travellers had risen, and got ready to leave; they paid their score and took their departure.

When they were gone, Lazarus Levi rose also, to set out on his journey home; but mine host would not hear of it. He insisted upon their cracking another half bottle together in his own private snugger, to which he led the way, after instructing a drawer to replace him in the guest-room.

When they were comfortably seated there, Master Troll addressed his visitor;

"Friend Lazarus," he said, with great seriousness, "do you know that you have been most imprudent? What on earth could possess you to exhibit that set of precious stones in a public room! Those two chaps you saw seated at the next table spotted them at once; and if you only could have understood what they were saying about them and about you, you would feel the reverse of easy, I know. Though, to look at those men, one would hardly believe that either of them would be likely to commit a crime; but then, temptation is a sad thing. You know I have lived ten years in Spain, so I understand the language. Well, they were talking in Spanish; they clearly had no notion that anybody in the room could understand them. They had heard you say that you intended to walk back to Frankfort this afternoon. You know, about half way the road leads through a dense wood, where it is often very lonely. Now, from what I have overheard these chaps say to one another, I am afraid they may intend to lie in wait for you there, to strip you of your property. So I think the best you can do, friend Lazarus, is to stay here to-night, and go back to Frankfort to-morrow morning in Aaron Veit's trap."

Lazarus Levi was very much frightened by this information; but as he told the host, he must be back in Frankfort that night. For himself personally he had no great fear; all that these men were likely to do, after all, was to stop him; but then, he certainly would not much relish having his pockets full of valuables, to be stripped of them. So he proposed to leave his jewelry and his pocket-book, containing ten thousand florins in notes and even his purse with a few florins in small change, with his excellent and most trusty friend, Ephraim Troll, keeping absolutely nothing upon him but a knife and a lucky kruizer (a German farthing). If he were stopped then, he need simply let his assailants search him, and they would soon permit him to continue his journey.

As no persuasion could induce the Jew to postpone his return to Frankfort till next day, Master Troll consented to take the whole of the valuable property in his safe keeping, and after another hour or so Lazarus Levi took his departure.

Late that night Baron Walter returned to his villa. If the valet who rushed out to receive his Master could have seen his face, he would have been frightened at the haggard scared-like look it wore.

"Sad news, gracious sir," said the valet, whilst helping the baron to dismount, "very sad news. The gracious sir had only left a few minutes when a messenger came to bring the shocking news that your gracious uncle had just expired—"

"My uncle dead!" cried the baron, in a choked voice, "this morning! and the messenger here a few minutes after I was gone! O great God!" and he fell down in a fainting fit.

"How dearly the gracious Sir baron loved his poor uncle!" said the valet to himself, as he endeavored to raise the insensible body from the ground.

With the assistance of other servants the baron was got into the house and placed on a sofa. Cold water was sprinkled in his face, and smelling salts put to his nostrils. He revived;

he cast an intensely anxious and fearful look all around him; his face was deadly pale and looked shockingly distorted in the uncertain glare of the wax candles. "A few minutes! Only a few minutes! Dead! dead!" he muttered despairingly; then he shuddered and shivered as with an ague-fit. Gradually he calmed down a little and asked the servants for more detailed information.

They repeated to him that he had barely ridden off in the morning when a messenger had brought the sad news of his uncle's sudden death. The councillor had been struck down by a fit of apoplexy. His servants had at once despatched a messenger to announce the melancholy event to the nephew, and to request his presence at his late uncle's, now his own, house. He had in vain been sought for all day in every possible place and direction.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the baron resolved to go that very night to his late uncle's mansion in the city. He accordingly set out upon horseback, attended by his valet. He found the household still up. The body of his uncle had already been laid out in the principal bedroom. The councillor's old confidential valet handed to the baron the keys of the private desk in his dead master's study. The baron had the wax candles lighted in the study, where after sending the servants away, he shut himself up for the night.

Next day at noon the Chevalier St. Hilaire presented himself at the baron's villa in company with a French officer, whom he had brought with him from Mayence, to act as his second in the proposed duel.

The baron, who looked deadly pale, and seemed to have suddenly grown twenty years older in a single night, received his visitors with stately distant politeness. He handed the Chevalier ten thousand florins in notes, receiving in exchange his own promise to pay. The baron's intended second having also arrived at the villa accompanied by a surgeon, the five gentlemen mounted their horses and rode off to beyond Sachsenhausen, where they soon found a convenient spot.

The baron's second, seeing how fearfully his principal seemed affected by his uncle's sudden death, would have taken upon himself to appeal to the chevalier's witness for a postponement of the duel to some other day—after the funeral—but the baron prevented him, sternly insisting upon fighting then and there. The chevalier, who, as the party insulted, claimed the choice of weapons, decided in favor of the small sword, as the baron's agitation must place the latter at a disadvantage in a sword encounter with a cool, collected, and skilful antagonist.

The preliminaries having been duly arranged and the ground measured off, the word "Allez!" was just going to be given, when the clatter of rapidly approaching horses' hoofs was heard, and an instant after three mounted gendarmes—a lieutenant and two brigadiers—came dashing on to the ground. The two brigadiers jumped from their horses, and at a sign from the lieutenant, threw themselves upon the Chevalier St. Hilaire, who stood rooted to the spot, bereft seemingly of all power of resistance.

"Baron Walter, and you, gentlemen put up your swords! This duel cannot take place!" shouted the lieutenant.

"Why not?" cried the baron, who seemed desperately bent upon fighting the chevalier. "Surely the prince cannot mean to cover me with ignominy by such ill-judged interference in this matter!" For he believed Charles Theodor had sent the gendarmes to stop the duel, of which he had most likely been informed by his (the baron's) second.

"Ay," replied the lieutenant, "simply because a man of honour cannot fight a detected cheat—one who uses packed and prepared cards, and clogged dice to rob the unwary—ay, worse even than that—a murderer!"

"A murderer!" stammered the baron through his ashy trembling lips. "Great God! a murderer!" Then he continued in a burst of agonised passion. "Oh, that I had but known this one day sooner! One day!—ay, a few minutes—and between that lies heaven or hell!"

"Of course, your money will be returned to you, Baron, as you murderous scoundrel has clearly robbed you of it," said the lieutenant who really believed somehow that the baron was bewailing the misfortune of not having known the true character of the chevalier in time to keep his money in his pocket.

"Oh, curse the money! the accursed money!" wailed the baron, half unconsciously. "How completely the death of his uncle and this discovery seem to have unhinged him!" said the baron's second compassionately. "We had better return to Frankfort at once."

It was quite true. The Chevalier St. Hilaire had a short time before this, stabbed to the heart a colonel attached to the French Embassy at Berlin, who had detected him playing with clogged dice. The murdered man had been found, with a set of these firmly clenched in his right hand, and a torn-off coat-button in his left. The clue thus afforded had been sufficient to enable the police to trace the murderer to Frankfort; here a perquisition at his chambers in the hotel where he had taken up his residence had supplied damning proofs of his guilt. The result we have seen.

That very day all Frankfort was dreadfully agitated by the report of a cowardly murder perpetrated within a few miles of the gates of the city. The murdered body of old Lazarus Levi, the money-agent and diamond-broker, had been found in a wood about eight English miles from Frankfort; and the murderer, it was added, had

been taken quite near it, and almost red-handed. He was now lodged in the city gaol.

It appears he was one Karl Posselt of Höchst, a tailor by trade, who after some ten years wandering in foreign parts had just been on the point of reaching home on his return, when a sudden temptation had led him to commit the fearful crime of murder. Lazarus Levi had foolishly displayed a valuable set of diamonds at an inn in Mayence, in presence of the man Posselt and a companion of his, a Spaniard, who, however, had made his escape, and had not yet been captured. There could be no doubt but that the two must have waylaid the old man on the road through the wood, about half way between Mayence and Frankfort. The unhappy Jew had actually been warned of his danger by Ephraim Troll, the host of the Golden Lamb at Mayence, who had overheard the two plotting the assault upon their victim. But he had thought it would be sufficient to leave his valuables behind him. There could be no doubt, however, that the two ruffians enraged most likely by their disappointment, had killed the poor old man by a blow on the head with a cudgel. The latter had indeed been found quite near the spot of the murder, and where the one murderer had been taken whilst endeavoring to effect his escape. It had been amply proved already, by the evidence of Troll and several of his guests and servants, that the prisoner brought this cudgel with him to the inn, and had left with it. Besides Lazarus Levi's knife with the letters "L. L." engraved on the blade and the lucky kruizer which the old Jew was known to have always in his pocket, had both been found upon the accused. So there could be no doubt of the wretch's guilt; yet the brazen-faced villain had the almost inconceivable hardihood to protest his innocence in the face of all these damning proofs of his guilt.

So it was generally reported among the good Frankforters; and for once there appeared really to be very little exaggeration in the popular rumour. The dead body of Lazarus Levi had been found by the gendarmes in the wood; a few yards from the road through it. Curiously enough, the attention of the gendarmes had been directed to the spot by seeing a man suddenly rush from the wood, and run across the road to the other side, where he had then been stopped on suspicion of having committed some offence or other. He had told the gendarmes, in fearful agitation, that the body of a man was lying there in the wood, and that he had been running across to a pond on the other side to get some water, with a view of trying to revive him. This desperate attempt at explaining his presence near the murdered man had not imposed, of course, upon the gendarmes, who had taken the suspected murderer at once into custody. The Jew's knife and lucky kruizer had been found upon him.

When brought before the magistrates charged with the investigation of the crime committed, the man Posselt protested his entire innocence. He stated that he had been away from his native place, Höchst, some ten years, in which he had been wandering through France and Spain, working at his trade in the larger cities and towns. On the morning of the murder he had arrived at Mayence, on his way home. In Mayence he had come unexpectedly upon an old friend of his, a Spaniard, one Manuel Fordati, whom he had known a few years before at Seville, and who had told that he was then on his way back to Spain. They had entered the Golden Lamb inn to have something to eat and a bottle of wine together. He must admit the truth of Ephraim Troll's statement about the very foolish remark he (the accused) had made to his companion when the unhappy deceased had displayed his rich jewelry. But the landlord ought to have heard also that Manuel Fordati had reproved him (Posselt) there and then for his frivolity, and that he (the accused) had thereupon told his companion that he had only been joking, and that he would be the last man to think of committing a crime even for ten times the worth of Lazarus Levi's jewels. (Troll denied having heard the accused express himself to that effect; but he admitted that he had just then been called to the other end of the room.)

(To be continued.)

#### GOUGH AND HIS CIGARS.

John B. Gough, who has faced over eight thousand audiences, acknowledges that on one occasion, and one only, he encountered an embarrassment he could not overcome. It was his own fault, he says, and proved a sharp lesson he never forgot. In his own words:

I was engaged to address a large number of children in the afternoon, the meeting to be held on the lawn back of the Baptist church in Providence, R. I. In the forenoon a friend met me and said—

"I have some first-rate cigars. Will you have a few?"

"No, I thank you."

"Do take half-a-dozen."

"I have nowhere to put them."

"You can put half-a-dozen in your pocket."

I wore a cap in those days, and I put the cigars into it, and at the appointed time I went to the meeting. I ascended the platform, and faced an audience of more than two thousand children. As it was out of doors I kept my cap on for fear of taking cold, and I forgot all about the cigars. Toward the close of my speech I became more in earnest, and, after warning the boys against bad company, bad habits and the saloons, I said,

"Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance and for cold water. Now, then, three cheers. Hurrah!"

And taking off my cap I waved it most vigorously, when away went the cigars right into the midst of the audience. The remaining cheers were very faint, and were nearly drowned in the laughter of the crowd. I was mortified and ashamed, and should have been relieved could I have sunk through the platform out of sight. My feelings were still more aggravated by a boy coming up to the steps of the platform with one of those dreadful cigars saying, "Here's one of your cigars, Mr. Gough."

#### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE interior of Windsor Castle will, it is believed, be shortly illuminated by the electric light.

STRAWBERRIES have put in an appearance in Covent Garden, but at the somewhat prohibitory price of twelve shillings a basket.

MRS. SARTORIN is even more beautiful in her womanly prime than she was as Nellie Grant, the star of the White House. Her portrait, by Millais, is to figure at the exhibition of the Royal Academy. It was painted some months ago, the artist having bestowed it as a Christmas gift on the husband of his fair sitter.

A LITTLE anecdote of Mr. Carlyle describes him as looking at Holman Hunt's picture of Christ in the temple. He admired the faces of the doctors of the law, but added: "I dislike all pictures of Christ; you will find that men never thought of painting Christ till they had begun to lose the impression of Him in their hearts."

A CORRESPONDENT, who describes himself as a young man about town, writes to the press grumbling at the height of fashion shown by ladies who promenade. The height he complains of is the height of the bottom of the dress from their boots; he says it is quite shocking, so much so that when ladies sit down in Kensington Gardens he is obliged to look another way or go down a different path.

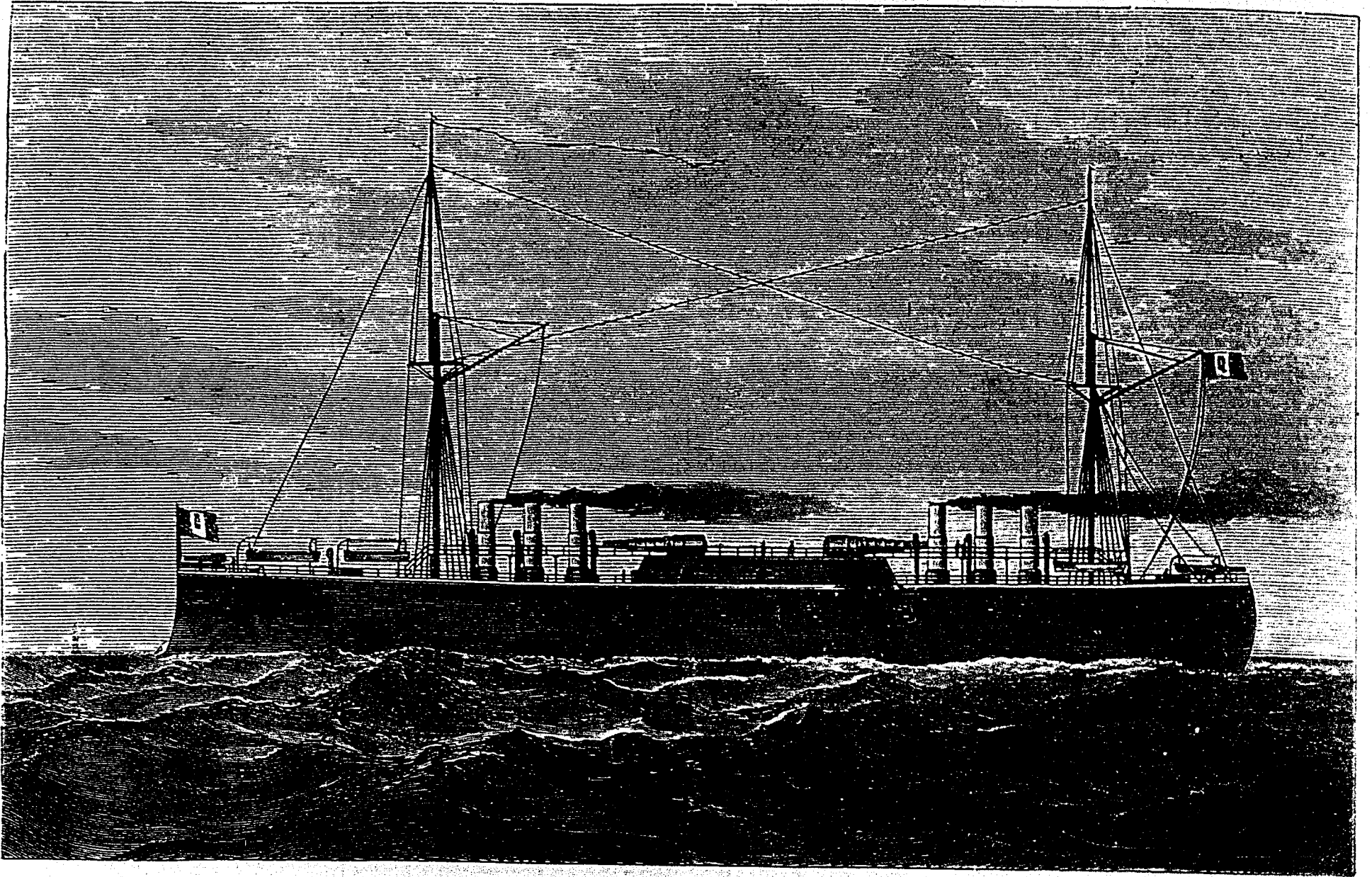
THE Sunday society are much exercised because the Metropolitan Board of Works have prohibited the sale of programmes during the playing of the band in Finsbury park on Sundays. Is this not rather straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel. On a par with this is the decision of the Middlesex magistrates not to allow the performance of the "Messiah," or any other oratorios, on Good Friday in any building over which they have any jurisdiction.

THE precautions instituted some weeks ago have not been relaxed, and just now they are being carried out with increased watchfulness. At the House of Commons the search which takes place morning and evening throughout the whole of the premises is redoubled, and the police, whose numbers have been increased, keep a sharp eye on the movements of strangers. There is an uneasy conviction on the part of the authorities of the House that if evil-minded persons desired to create a sensation in London there is a building of more moment than the Mansion House, and equally accessible.

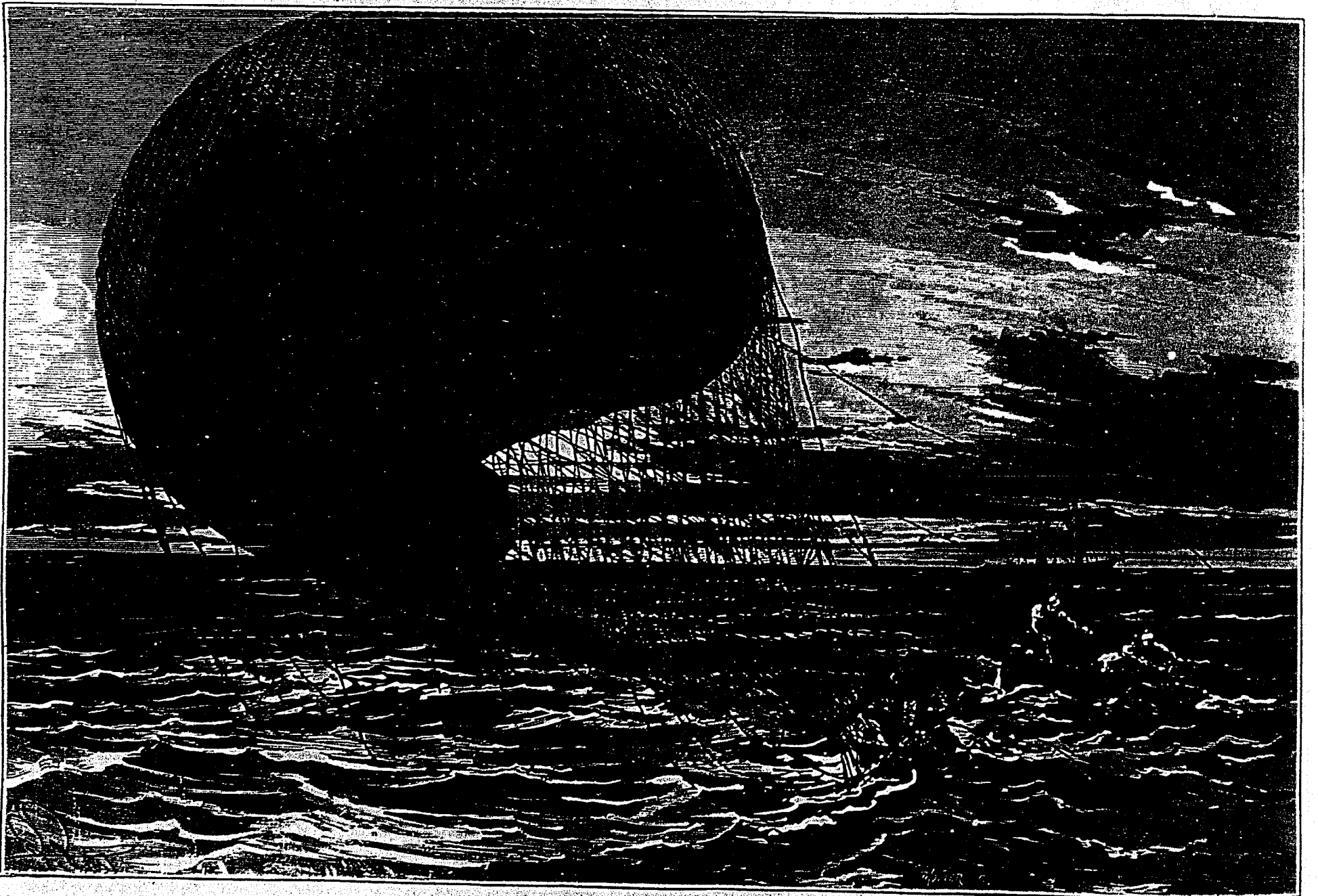
A CURIOUS accident took place in the discussion on the vote for the Army Estimates. In the Transvaal votes Mr. Timothy Sullivan had moved to reduce the vote by three hundred thousand pounds as a protest against the war. When the question was put, Mr. Sullivan, long accustomed to opposition, cried out, "No," whereupon the Chairman, with great presence of mind declared that the Noes had it, and Mr. Sullivan found himself in the position of having negatived his own amendment. However, he would have his division, and he took it on the main question. At first he was threatened with a fresh difficulty of having no co-teller; he was the only Irish member present, but the now unaccustomed ringing of the division bell brought in half a dozen of his compatriots, out of whom a teller was found. The division showed that there were only six men to protest against the vote.

A COLLAPSE OF VITAL ENERGY in lung disease is greatly accelerated by the loss of flesh, strength and appetite which invariably attends it. It is one of the chief recommendations of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphite of Lime and Soda, that by reason of the blood-enriching and nourishing properties of the last named ingredients, it renews failing strength by compensating for losses already sustained, while a healing and soothing influence is at the same time exerted upon the inflamed membrane lining of the throat, lungs and bronchiae, by the Cod Liver Oil. Digestion is stimulated and appetite improved; the nervous system acquires tone and vigor, and the secretions undergo a healthy change when it is used. Purchasers should see that the bottles (sold at 50 cents and \$1.00) have the firm's name blown in them, and that the wrappers bear a *fac simile* of our signature. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto.

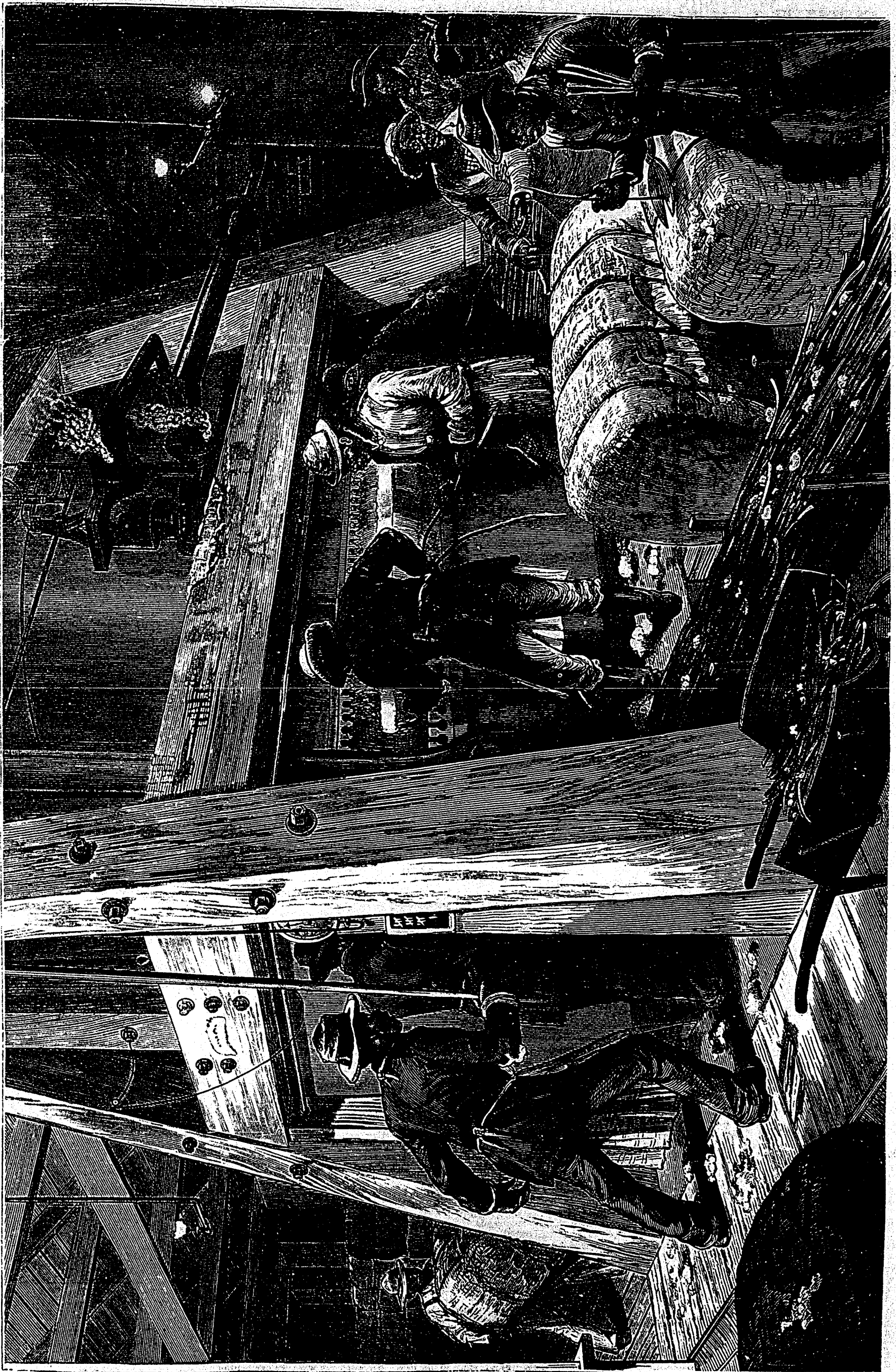




THE NEW ITALIAN MAN-OF-WAR ITALIA.



THE BALLOON "GABRIEL" RESCUED IN MID OCEAN.



POWERFUL COTTON PRESSES IN USE AT CHARLESTON.



AN ETCHING.

Love, watching Maggie's fingers go  
While working this so very neatly.  
Laid down his quiver and his bow,  
And lost his little heart completely.

And when the work was near at end,  
He, hopeful, looking down above her,  
Cried out, "Who is this favoured friend,  
Most blessed of all—my rival lover?"

She must have told him—sly coquette!  
For soon he left her, weeping sadly,  
He strung his bow, his arrows set,  
And came to battle with me madly.

So, while with loyalty to art,  
She strewed this slender silken letter,  
Love etched with arrows on my heart  
Her name, that I should ne'er forget her.

—Acta Columbiana.

MADRIGALS, GLEES, AND PART SONGS.

On Thursday, March 31st, Mr. Gould delivered a lecture on the above subject, at the rooms of the Art Association, Phillip's Square. Mr. Gould was assisted by a select choir of twenty voices, who rendered a very charming collection of madrigals and part songs, illustrative of the lecture at different points. We had proposed to publish a condensed account of the lecture, but on consideration it has been thought better to give, instead, selections from the MS., which Mr. Gould has kindly furnished us with:—

The derivation of the word Madrigal has never been satisfactorily explained, and has so hopelessly perplexed all who have attempted to trace it to its source that, until still more information shall have been obtained, further discussion would seem to be useless. Four different theories are now held by different authorities. 1st. That the word is derived from the Italian, *Madre* (Mother), and signifies a poem, addressed—as is said to have been the case with the first madrigals—to the Virgin Mary. 2nd. That it comes from the Greek word, *Mandra* (the same in the Latin and Italian), meaning a "sheepfold," and was suggested by the generally pastoral character of the composition. 3rd. That it is a corruption of the Spanish word *Madrugada* (the Dawn), and is used as the equivalent of the Italian *Mattinata*, a morning song. 4th. That it owes its origin to a town of the same name—Mañrigal—in the Castilian province of Spain, in which part of that country many of the earlier madrigals are known to have been written.

Without pretending to choose between these different theories, it is comforting to know that on one point all authorities are agreed—to wit, that the name was first given to a poem, and afterwards transferred to the music to which this poem was sung—which music, during the best periods of Art, was always written for three or more voices, in the ancient ecclesiastical modes, and without instrumental accompaniment. What these poems were, however, it is by no means easy to ascertain with much certainty. Having originally intended to treat of the Continental, as well as the English madrigals in this paper, I devoted considerable attention to the investigation of this question in its application to those compositions. I will not weary you, however, with the results of those investigations, beyond saying that, in Spain, it is more than probable that the era of epigrammatic poems which immediately succeeded the pastoral school (the latter in its turn having been a reaction from the rude minstrelsy of the Troubadour which, during the thirteenth century, had found its way into the Castilian provinces from the southern part of France), it is more than probable, I say, that these short, epigrammatic poems, so characteristic of the national genius, and which appeared through more than a century of the best age of Spanish literature, furnished the words for the greater part of the madrigals of that country. I had transcribed some of these poems which have been so employed, and were there time to read them, I am sure they would prove interesting to this audience.

As regards the Italian madrigals, it is much more perplexing to arrive at any conclusion concerning the verses used. I cannot touch upon the subject without being led into saying more, in order to make myself understood, than time will permit.

The musical characteristics of the madrigal (characteristics which readily distinguish it from glee, part songs, or, in fact, any other class of part writing for voices) are—variety of rhythm, short melodic phrases, and imitation and counterpoint in its construction; which latter—its construction—is always in strict conformity with the laws of the old church modes. The madrigal was written for three, four, five and six voices, or parts, and, with the exception of those of the Florentine school, without instrumental accompaniment. These distinguishing characteristics it retained to the last, in all countries and through all scholastic changes.

We first hear of this style of musical composition in the Netherlands, about the middle of the 15th century, and it is unquestionably of Flemish origin, and an offspring of the great Flemish school of art.

The growth of polyphonic vocal music in Italy, after the establishment and dissemination of the principles of counterpoint, during the last quarter of the 15th century, was very pronounced and very rapid. The ballad, or villanella, with its meagre unisonous accompaniment

of a single instrument, or, if more, all playing in unison with the voice, was ere long superseded by compositions of two or more parts, and a style of music which heretofore had been confined exclusively to the church, began to find its way into the palaces of princes and the houses of nobility. Gradually the knowledge extended from Rome, where it originated, to Northern Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and so on to Flanders, where it took such lasting root that it finally developed into a style of composition which, in scholastic grace and faultlessness of construction, has never been excelled.

Nearly a quarter of a century had elapsed after the establishment of the Flemish school of madrigals, and the new style of writing had been adopted and essayed by all the great musicians of Holland and Italy, before any particular interest in it was shown by the English composers. The *motett* of those countries, which, after the Mass, formed the chief feature in the religious compositions of the time, had its corresponding favourite in England in the "Athem," which had afforded to English musicians frequent opportunity for the display of great musical skill and ability.

No special attention had been given to the madrigal, and the secular vocal music of the country consisted mainly of simple ballads or ditties and catches, with a few examples of the *fa la* or ballet.

William Byrd was born about the year 1538; at least the fact on record that he was senior chorister of old St. Paul's Cathedral in 1554, when he was probably 15 or 16 years old, would seem to fix his birth at about the time mentioned. He must have studied music with great diligence at a very early period in his life, if, as it is to be presumed was the case, his Masses were composed for St. Paul's at the time of the temporary restoration of the Romish service in that cathedral, during the short reign of Queen Mary. He was a pupil of Tallis, and subsequently master of Thos. Morley, the author of the famous work, "A plain and easy introduction to practical music," and a composer of whom I shall have occasion to speak this evening. Both Tallis and Morley express the greatest reverence and affection for Byrd in their writings, and he seems to have endeared himself to all his contemporaries by his modest and amiable deportment.

Tallis and Byrd were granted by Queen Elizabeth the exclusive privilege of printing music and selling music paper in the Kingdom for a period of twenty-one years, and at the death of Tallis, a few years after the patent was issued, all its privileges were enjoyed by Byrd, from which, it is said, he amassed a very considerable fortune. He lived to the ripe old age of 85, and during the later years of his life was affectionately styled the "Father of Music."

One of Byrd's books bears this title, "Psalms, Sonets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie, made into musicke of five parts; whereof some of them going abroad among divers, in untrue copies, and heere truly corrected, and the other being songs very rare and newly composed, are here published for the recreation of all such as delight in musicke." At the back of this title are eight "reasons briefly set down by the author to persuade every one to learne to sing." These "reasons" are as follows:

1st. It is a knowledge easily taught and quickly learned, where there is a good master and an apt scoller.

2nd. The exercise of singing is delightful to nature and good to preserve the health of man.

3rd. It doth strengthen all parts of the breast, and doth open the pipes.

4th. It is a singular good remedie for a stutering and stammering i' speech.

5th. It is the best means to procure a perfect pronounciation, and to make a good orator.

6th. It is the only way to know where nature hath bestowed a good voyce; which gift is so rare as there is not one among a thousand that hath it; and in many that excellent gift is lost, because they want the art to express nature.

7th. There is not any musicke of instruments whatsoever, comparable to that which is made of the voices of men, where the voyces are good and the same well sorted and ordered.

8th. The bitter voyce is, the meeter it is to honor and serve God therewith; and the voyce of man is chiefly to be employed to that end.

*Omnis Spiritus laudat Dominum.*

Since singing is so good a thing,  
I wish all men would learne to sing.

A wish, I have no doubt, that came from Maister Byrd's heart for a double reason, inasmuch as he then had the exclusive privilege of publishing all the music sung in the country. A sort of embryo National Policy!

From what has been said on this subject, the audience will doubtless have anticipated my intention of illustrating the English madrigals tonight, with selections from individual writers, rather than from any particular era in the history of the school. In doing this, however, I have been more perplexed than I can say; for such a host of composers, and so vast a number of compositions have presented themselves to my mind for admission to the program whenever I have set about preparing it, that I have been literally overwhelmed with an *embarras de richesse*. I have decided, however, as the Glee and Part songs are yet to be treated, to confine my selections to the compositions of Thos. Bateson, Orlando Gibbons, Thos. Ford, and Thos. Morley, and we will now sing those

selections in the order in which they appear in the programme.

In due time the Madrigals, now forgotten in Flanders, and replaced in Italy by a new kind of Chamber music with instrumental accompaniment, emerged gradually in England into the Glee, a kind of composition cultivated in no other country.

Dr. Stainer, in his Dictionary of Musical Terms, defined the Glee as a composition for voices in harmony, consisting of two or more contrasted movements, with the parts so contrived that they may be termed a series of interwoven melodies. It may be written for three or more voices, either equal or mixed; but it is necessary that there be only one voice to a part. It may be designed with or without instrumental accompaniment and set to words in any style—amatory, bacchanalian, pastoral, didactic, comic or serious." The "two or more contrasted movements," mentioned in this definition, I may say in passing, are not a necessary feature of this style of composition, many noted glees having but a single movement. Whether there be one two or three movements, therefore, appear to be a point left to the pleasure of the composer.

The period of the existence of the glee, as we now understand the term, was about 70 years, viz., from 1760 to 1930. Among the most successful of the glee writers during that time were Sam. Webbe, Dr. Cooke, Dr. Calcott, R. J. Stevens, Reginald Spofforth, W. Horsley, Sir Henry Bishop, and in later years, Sir John Goss. The compositions of these writers, with a few of their contemporaries constitute all that exist of this class of music. The so-called German are, for the greater part, simply harmonized melodies, and belong to the order of Part-songs, rather than to that of Glee. The application of the term to this class of composition is correct philologically, but not formally. The old word Glee, meant harmony, or combination; and therefore all compositions for voices in harmony may be rightly designated by it. But the word is understood to signify a special kind of vocal harmony—that is, one of three or more parts to be sung by a single voice to each part—and it only creates confusion to apply it to compositions that do not fulfil the conditions of the character as just defined.

Dr. Stainer, in writing of Glee, says: "Glee singing is almost a lost art in England. The tradition has not been properly maintained and we are in the somewhat anomalous position of a people in the possession of a special literature which we cannot rightly interpret or appreciate."

I shall illustrate this division of my subject by selections from two of the best known as they are two of the most successful of the Glee writers—Wm. Horsley and Sir Henry Bishop. (Sing "With Hawk and Hound," and "In the Chariot.")

I come now to the third and last division of my subject—the Part-song:

The Part-song is very commonly confounded with the Madrigal and Glee, as these, in their turn, are confounded with one another; many persons supposing all these terms to be interchangeable. There is, however, a marked and distinguishing difference between them all.

The Madrigal, as has been shown, is a composition of three or more parts, written in the strict ecclesiastical mode which forbids all but certain kinds of harmonies and harmonical progressions, and compels the observance of certain contrapuntal rules in its construction. It is intended to be sung without instrumental accompaniment and with many voices to each part.

The Glee, although resembling the Madrigal in many respects, may be written with more freedom, both in the harmonies employed and in the form of its construction, and, as I have already said is to be sung with a single voice only to each part, but with or without instrumental accompaniment, as may be preferred.

The Part-song is a vocal composition having a striking melody harmonized by other parts more or less freely, but from which counterpoint is for the most part absent. It may easily be distinguished by its strong outlines and modern harmonization and should be sung with several voices to a part and, as a rule, without instrumental accompaniment.

The part-song is of German origin, and sprang from the custom prevalent among the Germans of adding simple harmonies to their "Eolk-songs." From Germany Part-songs were imported into England, and English composers have cultivated this style of composition to such an extent that it now holds the position in that country which the Glee occupied from the middle of the last to nearly the middle of the present century.

The simplest form of Part-song is that in which the same music is repeated for each verse of the words; the most elaborate, that in which *soli* parts occur, or a separate *solo* accompaniment by the other parts sung either *pianissimo* or with closed mouth. They may be written for mixed voices—that is, men's and women's—or for men's or women's only.

While a Part-song may thus be written in a very simple manner there is nothing to prevent the introduction into it if any desired display of musical skill.

COMPLIMENTS are the coin that we pay a man to his face. Sarcasms are what we pay behind his back.

HEARTH AND HOME.

REPUTATION AND LIFE.—The two most precious things on this side of the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live as not to be afraid to die.

OBJECTIONS TO MARRIAGE.—In our opinion, girls are just as willing to give up their extravagance in dress as young men are—that is, when it is necessary so to do. To the fact that men are so unwilling to relinquish their pet vices and luxuries is to be ascribed much of the falling off of matrimony. Marriage without adequate means of support is a blunder that is almost a crime; but no girl made of ordinary stuff will hesitate to share the trials and sacrifices of the man she loves, provided he has that competence, however modest. The thousands of happy, smiling homes, where true love constantly abides, in spite of the slenderness of the family income, sufficiently attest the readiness of the average woman to surrender the baubles of wealth and fashion in order to become a devoted wife and mother. If the opposite sex were uniformly animated by a similar spirit, we venture to assert that the number of maids and bachelors would rapidly diminish. The truth is, there is too much love of dress and pretentious display in both sexes, and women should not bear the blame alone.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No 315.

We find from the Glasgow Herald that Mr. D. Mills has recently been playing in the Central Club of that city five blindfold simultaneous games, and we also learn from *Turf, Field and Farm* that Mr. Starbuck has been giving exhibitions of his skill in the same manner among the chessplayers of Cleveland, O., and beating most of his opponents. These two gentlemen may, consequently, be added to the list of successful players, who need neither board nor chessmen to meet many of their associates; and soon we may expect to hear of others following their example. This increase in the number of blindfold chessplayers will do much, we imagine, to lessen the interest usually taken in such performances; but under any circumstances, they are wonderful instances of what the human mind may accomplish by constant practice and systematic training.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Webber, who has been obliged by ill-health to resign his honorary post of chess teacher at the Hulseck Scientific Institution, London, Eng., is to be succeeded by another gentleman, who has kindly consented to carry on his useful labours. That Mr. Webber's exertions to increase the number of chessplayers by class teaching has been successful is evident from the fact that his successor has been sought for at so early a date, and we confidently expect that we shall soon hear of similar classes being formed in other educational institutions in the old country.

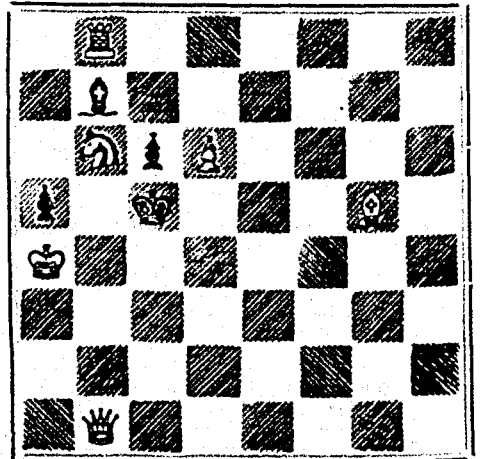
The great match between the St. George's Chess Club and the City of London Club has been brought to a conclusion, and victory has been achieved by the former body, although the difference in the score is such as to show that the strength of these associations must be nearly equal. There were sixteen competitors on each side, and the majority in favour of the St. George's Club was only two games, including draws. Of the noted champions engaged in the fray, it may be of interest to state that Mr. Zukertort defeated Mr. Blackburne; that Mr. Potter defeated Mr. Owen, that Mr. Mason won from Mr. Hirschfeld, and that Mr. Macdonnell defeated Mr. Wylie. We are sorry that want of space prevents us from giving the full score.

Mr. Ben R. Foster, after a long and pleasant intimacy with the readers of the *Globe-Democrat* Chess Column, has yielded to his pressing professional duties and retired from the editorial management of the department. This information will be received with regret by the thousands of chess friends Mr. Foster has made here and throughout the country since he took hold of this column.—*Globe-Democrat*.

PROBLEM No. 325

By D. W. Clark.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 452ND.

THE CHESS MATCH AT ST. LOUIS.

(From the *Globe-Democrat*.)

Fifth game in the match between Messrs. Judd and Mackenzie.

Table with chess moves and positions. Columns: (Irregular Opening.) White, Black. Moves listed for both sides.

NOTES.

- (a) White seems to have nothing better than these exchanges... (b) These moves of the Black were made with the object of "passing" Black's Q B P... (c) An excellent conception... (d) This is also very well played and throws Black on the defensive for some time... (e) His best reply, and one we believe which leaves White without any hope of saving the game.

SOLUTION

- Solution of Problem No. 323. 1. R to Q3. 2. Kt takes B P. 3. B mates. (a) 1. K to B4. 2. K takes Kt.

- Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 321. WHITE. 1. Q to Q B sq. 2. Mates acc. BLACK. 1. Any.

- PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 322. White. K at K B 6. R at K R 3. B at K B 2. Kt at Q 5. Pawn at K R 2. Black. K at K Kt 5. Pawns at K R 3. K Kt 4, and K B 6. Pawn at K R 2. White to play and mate in three moves.



Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1880.

Table with train schedules. Columns: MIXED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows: Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa, Arrive at Ottawa, Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga, etc.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT.

DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. Montreal, the fourteenth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

Be it known, that the Provincial Loan Company, a body politic and corporate, having its principal place of business in the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, heretofore known and carrying on business under the name of the Provincial Permanent Building Society, and authorized to change their corporate title by an Act of the Quebec Legislature, 39 Vic., Cap. 62, by their petition dated the 9th of March instant, under number 561, and this day granted by the Honorable Frederick W. Torrance, one of the Judges of the Superior Court, pray for the sale of an immovable therein, described as follows, to wit: "That certain lot of land situate in the Parish and City of Montreal, known and designated as the principal part of lot number five hundred and six (566) on the official plan, and in the book of reference of the said Parish of Montreal, and a small portion of lot number ten (No. 10) on the official plan, and in the book of reference of the St. Antoine Ward, of the said City, containing twenty-two feet six inches in width, by eighty feet in depth."

Petitioners alleging that there is now due to them under the deed of obligation and mortgage, consented by Mouton Roy, of the City of Montreal, engineer, passed before Hunter, notary, on the ninth of October, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five, the sum of one hundred dollars, the capital of the said obligation, the sum of forty-nine dollars and fifty cents, for bonus and interest which have accrued and become due and payable up to the ninth day of January last (1881), the sum of forty-one dollars and twenty-five cents for premiums of insurance paid by them, said petitioners, in virtue of the conditions of the said deed of obligation, and the sum of seventy-five dollars for fines incurred, in consequence of the default to pay the instalments of the said principal sum, interest and bonus, as they became due, the whole forming the sum of two hundred and sixty-five dollars and seventy-five cents, and for which the said herein before-described immovable is hypothecated to said petitioners, with interest thereon until paid and cost of these proceedings. Petitioners further alleging that they have made due search and used due diligence to discover the owner of said immovable, but have been unable to find such owner, and the owner or owners thereof are unknown and uncertain. Notice is therefore given to the actual owner or owners of said immovable, to appear before this Court, within two months from the date of the fourth publication of these presents, to be inserted once a week during four consecutive weeks, in a newspaper printed in the French language, and in another in the English language, both published in the City of Montreal, and answer the said demand; failing which, and by the judgment to be rendered in this behalf, the said herein before-described immovable shall be declared to be hypothecated in favor of said petitioners for the payment of the aforesaid sum of two hundred and sixty-five dollars and seventy-five cents, with interest and costs, and ordered to be sold by the Sheriff, after the observance of the formalities required by law, in order that out of the net proceeds of the sale, the said petitioners be paid of their said claim in principal, interest and costs.

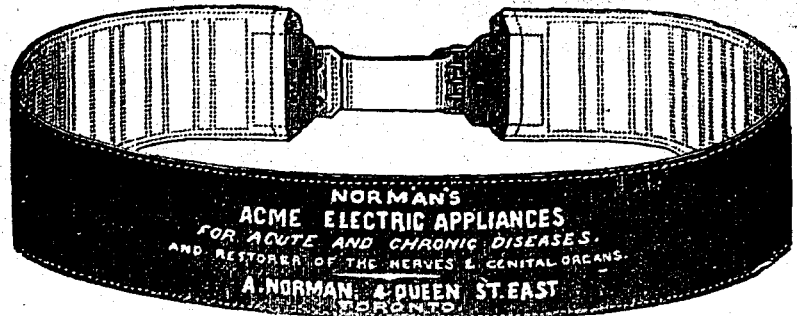
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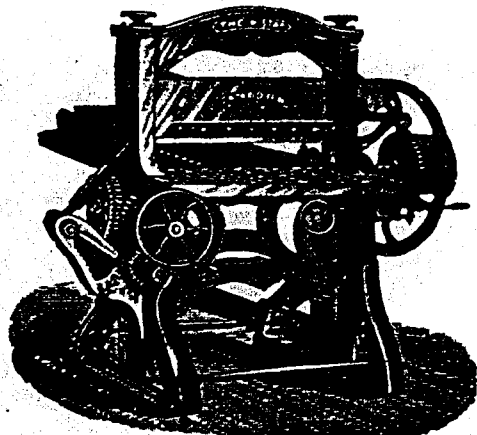
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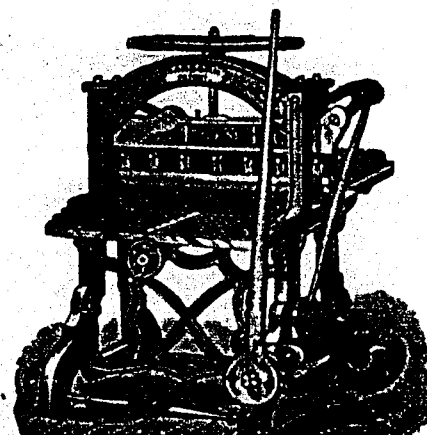
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