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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1881.

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BIANCA.

FROM THE PICTURE BY CH. CHAPLIN.

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#### TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal. THE WEEK ENDING

July 31st, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880				
M	ax. b	Cin. Me	6D.	1	Max.	Min.	Mean
Mon	790	62 0	70 9 5	Mon		75 °	80 S
Tues.	760	63 0	69°5	Tues .	80 o	65 0	72 <b>o</b> 5
Wed	74 0	62 0	680	Wed .		65 ≎	71 <b>0</b> 5
Thur.	760	63 0	69 0 5	Thu	. 74 0	64 0	69 °
Fri	780	62 0	700	Fri	72 0	55 °	63°5
8at	840	65 0	740 5	Sat	78 0	63°	70 ∘ 5
Sun	90 0	65 0	770	8un	78 °	64 ℃	71 0

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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEW

Montreal, Saturday. August 6th, 1881

#### THE WEEK.

THE results of the census as published are sufficiently encouraging, all things considered. The percentage of increase throughout the country has been 18.02 per cent. in the last ten years, as against 15 per cent. in the ten years preceding. Comparison with the rate of increase in the States shows at first sight a large difference between our 18 and their 30 per cent., but the fact is that the increase of our neighbours' population is due in the main to the opening out of vast fields for colonization in the West. Our own great western prairies are only now being made accessible to immigration, and another ten years may show a great difference in that direction. Meanwhile if we compare our increase with that of the New England States, we find that the five older Provinces of Canada are about on a par with these States, 14.55 against 15, while Ontario shows a growth of 3 per cent. more than New England, and scarcely less than that of the Middle States of the

The increase in population in the cities of Canada is as follows :

1871.	1881.	Increase.	р. с.
Montreal 107,225	140,682	33,457	31
Toronto 56,092	86,445	30,353	5 <b>5</b> չ
London 15,826	19,763	3,937	25
Ottawa 21,545	27,417	5,837	_27
Hamilton 26,716	35,865		34
Kingston 12,407	14,093		14
Quebec 59,699	62,447	2,748	41/2
Halifax 29,582	36,102		22
St. John 28,805	26,128	2,677	. 8

The loss in St. John is, of course, to be attributed to the destruction of so large an area by the conflagration of 1877. Meanwhile Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton show, as might be expected, the largest increase, Montreal the largest in actual numbers, but the western cities a greater growth in proportion to their size. As we have said, considering that, of the ten years included in the census, five were years of great commercial depression, in which the country may be almost said to have stood still, emigration being balanced against the result is fully as sati as could have been expected; while the close approximation of it to popular expectation is a good guarantee of the accuracy of the figures given.

THE effect of the new figures upon the representation of the Provinces will be but slight. Ontario gains 4 members while New Brunswick loses 1, so that the net increase will be 3 members, raising the total of the House of Commons to 209. The basis of representation is fixed of the various Provinces and that of your seeing and shooting him. Others in the man himself.

Quebec. The latter Province has 65 members in any case, while the ratio between its population and that number gives a basis by which the representation of the other Provinces is determined. By the present census Ontario will be entitled to 92 members as against in the present Parliament, while the others, with the exception of New Brunswick, will remain at their present figures, viz :-Quebec, 65; New Brunswick, 16; Nova Scotia, 21; P. E. Island, 6; Manitoba, 4, and British Columbia, 6.

THE illogical and un-Christian arrangement by which the conversion and care of the Indians in the United States was divided up amongst the different denominations, who were forbidden to poach in each other's preserves, has been at last removed by the Department of the Interior. Those denominations which have done real work in the field, the Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Congregationalists and Presbyterians have no desire for the retention of the existing rule, while others who have done little or nothing, close the gates against the progress of more zealous missionaries. Surely it is something to convert the heathen to Christianity, even if upon conversion they do not hold precisely the same views of the Trinity or conversion by grace as ourselves. It is plainly illogical besides that any regulation of the kind should exist in a country which abhors the idea of a connection between Church and State.

#### TARGET PRACTICE AND MODERN WARFARE.

A new feature introduced into the recent competition at Wimbledon, shows that the lesson of Majuba Hill has not been wholly lost upon the authorities at home. On the continent they have recognized the fact long since that there is vast difference between an enemy and a target, as a mark to shoot at, and various devices have been resorted to to produce a a greater resemblance between practice firing and the conditions of actual war-

The innovation at Wimbledon to which we allude, though open to many objections, and manifestly imperfect in some details, is decidedly a step in the right direction. In the Mullens competition the targets were of the size of man's head and breast, and they were coloured of an almost invisible grey. The competitors started at a distance of about four hundred yards from the moving targets, ran at the double about one hundred and fifty yards, and then fired as many shots as they could within a minute. They again advanced a hundred yards at the double and fired three volleys kneeling. They charged again to within fifty yards and fired in the standing position for thirty seconds. Meanwhile the dummies were not advancing in the direction of the firing parties or making any attempt to move on their flanks. They were simply trotted slowly at right angles to the shooters, a position they could only have occupied in real war if they had chosen to run away sideways.

Any pigeon shot knows that it is far easier to kill a bird flying at right angles, than to knock over one that, with the courage of desperation, flies straight to-wards you, while the flustration which such a proceeding occasions in the sportsman's breast would be materially increased the pigeon carried a breechoader and was engaged in actually returning his fire. As it was, the ill-success of the firing party is the best proof of how much such practice is needed. Although the greater proportion of the shots were fired at fifty yards, the number of hits showed an average of only two to each man. Of course the grumblers had their explanations ready. Many complained that they couldn't see the targets. But this is a complaint which could hold equally with an enemy, whose main object in life by the British North America Act accord- next to seeing and shooting you, (or in ing to the ratio between the population some cases even before that), is to prevent

declared that the clouds of dust raised by the bullets obscured their view, But unfortunately the same thing is apt to occur on the battlefield, where in addition the quiet and inoffensive targets would be replaced by men who would have been blazing away at our men, and have materially added to the dust and smoke, besides rendering deliberate firing most In fact the difficulties and difficult. disagreeables of modern warfare were only partially represented at Wimbledon, and future ingenuity may have more difficult work in store for volunteer shots, if it is intended to attempt to reproduce the conditions of actual fighting.

It is time that we realized, here no less than at home, how little the ordinary training of volunteers, (and regulars for that matter) tends to fit them to be of use in service. The question of accurate shooting is only one of the points in which our men fall short of what may any day be expected of them. If we were ever to be engaged in war with an army composed of large square white individuals, with a black spot in the centre of their anatomy, and if in addition this army was halted at 600, 400 and 200 yards at regular intervals, and remained in each position for a fixed space of time, we may suppose that our men would make excellent practice upon their adversaries. But the known laws of evolution render the production of such a race unlikely under modern conditions of progress, and the modern enemy is more anxious to avoid being shot, than to offer his adversaries a suitable mark. Thus it is that we hail such an effort as that recently made at Wimbledon as the acknowledgment of a practical necessity, and an endeavour to render our men good shots under the unfavourable circumstances which are usually present on the battlefield. The improvements which will no doubt follow, should result, if due attention be paid, in perfecting the already good shooting of the Volunteers in the direction in which it is

All this is not to say that the present system of accurate range firing is all in the wrong, or that the work of past years has been wasted. A good target shot will make little use of his skill in close firing at an opposing foe, where a cool head and a low aim will help him more than a reputation at the butts. But in all modern warfare there is ample chance for long distance shooting to be made most effective. It was in the Indian mutiny that one Ross held a ford for hours, picking off the Sepoys like a sportsman while his companions loaded for him (there were no breech-loaders then), and Romilly i ll at Majuba Hill from a long range shot fired at leisure by a hidden marksman. But the late struggle in the Transvaal has taught us another need, and the MULLENS competition may claim to be the first step towards preparing volunteers for such encounters as the second unfortunate affair of Sir George Colley's, when the Boer's advance was practically unchecked by the want of precision which the British fire showed.

#### DEAN STANLEY.

BY R. W. BOODLE.

All Christendom is agreed that, with Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, one of the brightest ornaments of the religious world has passed away. Not in his own church only, or in his own land has the sense been recognized of the loss that England has sustained. France, Germany, and this continent have combined to pay tribute to the greatness of the departed. In the case of such men as Caryle or Disraeli, this universal feeling of sorrow is most natural. Had Stanley been the author of a book of world-wide fame or of epoch-making character, like Carlyle; had he for long held the distinguished position of Beaconsfield before the world, we should better understand this. But he was not even a bishop in his own church. His most ardent admirers will hardly dare to predict a long life for his writings. As a Church historian, he was notoriously inaccurste and untrustworthy, partly from an incurable habit of mind, it should seem, partly from the fact that he always wrote as a partisan and was consequently incapable of seeing and reflecting accurately the mind of the past. The searet of the greatness and charm must therefore be looked for rather in his work as a preacher and

To begin with the man himself. Dean Stanley was a man of far from imposing presence, hardly above the middle height, and his first appear-ance in the pulpit was not calculated to impress his audience. His face was rather keen than imposing, his most noticeable features being his firm mouth and grey eyes. His nose was prominent, though not the aquiline nose of genius, and his forehead high. His voice was thin, and had at first an unpleasantly grating effect on the ear; but the clearness of his enunciation made up for its want of volume, and he was distinctly audible in churches of ordinary size. In other ways he had few of the gifts of an orator. His preaching was addressed rather to the head than the heart. He had none of the natural ease and flow of the Bishop of Peterborough, none of the touching, impassioned elo-quence of Dr. Liddon. Yet, strange as it may seem, he was certainly one of the most popular preachers in England. The service at West-minster Abbey on the Sunday succeeding the death of any eminent man, was sure to be crowded by people who came to hear what verdict the Dean was going to pronounce. In this way he was, so to speak, the incarnation of the deliberate verdict of most Englishmen. At St. Mary's, Oxford, which was another pulpit favoured by his constant presence, his discourses took a more philosophic turn and were to some took a more philosophic turn, and were to some extent polemical. Here no one could be compared to the Dean as a popular preacher, except Liddon and Wilberforce, the late Bishop of For half an hour before the doors were opened, they were besieged by an eager crowd of undergraduates and townsmen, and a sermon by Stanley was not only sure to attract a select gathering of university notables, but was often made the occasion for London celebrities to pay a passing visit to Oxford. I well remember on one occasion seeing Professors Huxley and Max Müller side by side among a crowd of other well-known faces.

It cannot be doubted that the position that the Dean held in England was calculated to give weight and importance to anything he might say. He was the recognized head of the Brand Church party. A pupil and biographer of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, he carried forth the views of his master. In his own university, the leader of his party was Dr. Jowett, of Balliol Coll 29, and Stanley never held the pre-eminence there that was conceded him in the outer world. But Dr. Jowett's style of preaching, as well as his weak voice, precluded his ever becoming a popular preacher, though the philosophic beauty of his discourses and the fact that, in a sense, he was a martyr for the cause, always secured him a large audience in his own university. And Dean Stanley was here regarded as his interpreter to the general public. The two men are to be clearly distinguished. Dr. Jowett, it was said, could not appreciate a fact, or Dean Stauley an idea. Dr. Jowett, it will be remembered, was the contributor of an interesting study on the Interpretation of Scripture to the celebrated volume of "Essays and Reviews," and he had edited several of the Epistles of St. Paul; but he is best known to the outside world by his admirable English edition of Plato. Some of our readers may remember that he was intro-duced into Mallock's "New Republic" under the title of Dr. Jenkinson, and into the once celebrated "Endymion" under that of Dr. Comeley.

Stanley, on the other hand, was best known to the English world as a preacher and voluminous writer upon Ecclesiastical and other His-His work in the world was well summed up by himself. He who had so often delivered his verdict on great men as they passed away, is said to have pronounced the following words immediately before the stupor which preceded his death: "I have laboured among many frailties and much weakness to make Westminster Abbey more and more a great centre of religious and national life, and I have done this in a truly liberal spirit, without regard to the narrow limitations of creed or dogma." The main outcome of his work could hardly be better expressed. The liberality of his views precluded any ambition he might have entertained for a seat in the Episcopal bench. Otherwise, his moderation and good sense might have been often found serviceable in the narrow and often often found serviceable in the narrow and often prejudiced arena of the House of Lords. But as Dean of Westminster, he was by prescription practically untrammelled, and he used his power on the whole wisely. Thus under his regime leading clergymen of other denominations were invited to deliver lectures within the sacred precincts, and on one occasion even a layman, Max Müller, was invited to address Londoners on foreign missions. With him lay the right of interment and of permitting the erection of monuments within the Abbey walls. And his atronage here was, a Many of my readers will remember the case of the Prince Imperial, in regard to which most of the Dean's admirers are ready to allow that he showed more courage than prudence in opposing the predominent wishes of England. Yet even here we may well believe that Stanley was actuated by his leading motive of giving Catholicity to the Abbey. The acceptance of the offer of the monument, he wrote, "was in entire conformity with the best traditions of the Abbey in the commemoration of an event most tragical, and, considering all the circumstances of the

case, most historical."

Dean Stanley's writings are before the public and will be read with interest, if not for their positive value as historical works, yet for their charm of language, and for the beauty of their description of scenery and costume. In describ-

ing character-and in his occasional remarks he is commonly very suggestive-one of the objects that he set before him in his Lectures on the that he set herore min in his factures on the fewish Church, was to bring out the reality of old heroes of Jewish history "I have wished," he writes, "to present the main characters and events of the Sacred narrative in a form as nearly historical as the facts of the case will ad-The Jewish History has suffered from causes similar to those which still, within our own memory, obscured the history of Greece and of Rome. Till within the present century, the characters and institutions of those two great countries were so veiled from view in the conpentional haze, with which the enchantment of distance had invested them, that when the more graphic and critical historians of our time broke through this reserve, a kind of shock was felt through all the educated classes of the country. The same change was, in a still higher degree, needed with regard to the history of the Jews. Its sacred character had deepened the difficulty already occasioned by its extreme antiquity That earliest of Christian heresies - Docetism, or Phantom Worship the reluctance to recognize in sacred oubjects their identity with our own flesh and blood, has at different periods of the Christian Church affected the view entertained of the whole Bible. The same tendency which Led Philo and Origen, Augustine and Gregory the Great, to see in the plainest statements of the Jewish history a series of mystical allegories, in our own time has as completely closed its real contents to a large part, both of religious and irreligious readers, as if it had been a collection of faldes. To seatch the Jewish records, as we

suld search those of other nations, is regarded as dangerous. Even to speak of any portion of the Bible as a 'history,' has been described, even by Even to speak of any portion of the able and pieus men, as an outrage upon reli-gion." Still "in protesting against this climinstion of the historical element from the Sacred Narrative, I shall not be understood as wishing to efface the distinction which good taste, no less than reverence will always endeavour to present between the Jewish and other histories." In this passage (the italics in which are our own) we have much that is characteristic of the writer. His object is to give as nearly as possible a History, but he cautions his readers that as the documents are not in fact historical, it will be a History only as for as "the facts of the case will admit." The remark, too, about "good taste" is noticeable. When he speaks of Philo, Origen, &c., turning the old testament history into types and allegories, he is really reading a lesson more suo, to the High Church divine of his own day, who sees, for instance, in Samson carrying the gates of Jericho, a type of the Resurrection of Our Lord.

As a specimen of Dean Stanley's admirable descriptive power, may be taken his account of the march from Rephidim to Sinai, and of the revelation which followed, of which the conclud-

ing words are worth quoting here:
"This blank, this void, this darkness without a similitude, this void, this darkess without a similitude, this vague infinity, as a heathen would have called it, supplied the enthusiasm, the ardor, the practical basis of life, which most nations in the old world, and many in the modern

world, have believed to be compatible only with the most elaborate imagery and the most definite

Thus out of his account of the revelation of Smar, Dean Stanley characteristically draws a lesson for the modern world, a lesson which he was was fond of emphasizing, viz., the impossibility of making "definite statements" about many matters of religious belief. He was through life a strong opponent of dogma in its evil sense, i.e., of an arbitrary declaration of opinion whether by church, conneil or individual, forced upon the rest of the world as the only true theory. It was owing to this resolute stand against religious intolerence of all kinds that his opponcuts constantly brought against Stanley the charge of indefiniteness of belief. In speaking of Dean Stanley's opponents it may be well to caution the reader that there were probably few men who encountered such constant opposition. The writer well remembers the time when he was appointed select preacher to the Oxford University. When he had preached on previous occasions, he had been specially invited by the Vice-Chancellor with whom lay the task of the office and the selection of Dean Stanley for the office was opposed by a coalition of Churchmen, High and Low. The question came to the vote of Convocation and barristers from London and country parsons poured into Oxford to register their votes. The Dean was elected, but only it was said by a manocuvre. At least the baffled opponents maintained that the day selected was one that precluded many clergymen from being present. But though the subject of such violent opposition on the grounds of principle, no man made fewer personal enemies. The charm of his manner and his personal qualities endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

This sketch would be very incomplete if it omitted notice of Dean Stanley as a preacher. His manner and appearance in the pulpit we have already described. As to his style in religious politics, Stanley was a popularizer. He was the mediator between the masses on the one hand, and the religious innovator or scientific discoverer on the other. He was always ready to welcome new truth, to fit it on to the old, to show how it was harmless, or what new religious consolations were contained in it. Thus when he believed the evolutionists had proved their twas no holiday fête, but a season of hard "Why, papa, how did the contention he cheerfully accepted the Darwinian work, if not of privation. A considerable por-

theory of the descent of man. And his open advocacy had doubtless much to do with the speedy acceptance of this, at first sight, dangerous doctrine by the mass of thinkers. As regards the doctrines of his chirch he rather sought to make them clearer and to throw new light upon them, than to disprove or reject them. In this he was contrasted with Dr. Jowett. The Master of Balliol in one of his university sermons did not hesitate to reject the doctrine of the efficacy of prayers for altering the course of events. On such a question as this Dean Stanley maintained an obstinate silence, while he loved to preach on a subject like the Trinity in such a manner as to make it the occasion of bringing out fresh and suggestive vistas of truth to his hearers. Another feature of his style was his aptness of allusion and quotation. The classics of Greece, Rome, England and the Continent, the history of the past and the events of the moment, were the frequent subject of reference in his sermons They were thus only fully appreciable by people of fairly wide reading; and "what did Stanley mean by such and such an allusion?" was the frequent subject of the conversation of his hearers as they made their way homewards from his sermons. It would be vain to speculate upon the proba-

ble effects of the removal by death of Dean Stanley from the leadership of the Broad Church party in Great Britain. That party has hither-to strongly advocated the advisability of maintaining the Church establishment as it is, by all means in their power endeavouring to widen the Church so as to contain in its fold all diversities of opinion. They were doubtless to a great extent held to this policy by the personal influence and views of Dean Stanley. But signs are not wanting that the compromise may not continue long in existence. It is not a year since one of the most prominent members of the party, the Rev. Stafford Brooke, abandoned his position in the church. And should the Broad Church party declare for disestablishment, the union with them of the already existing foes of the establishment would probably prove too strong for the Conservatives. Be this as it may, Dean Stanley's name will long be remembered as one of the most prominent ecclesiastical statesmen of the nineteenth century in Great Britain, and will be identified with the policy, the traditional one of Oxford Liberal Churchmen, John Hales, Chillingworth and Jeremy Taylor; the policy of maintaining the church establishment in its entirety and at the same time of tolerating wide differences of opinion within its pale. Dean Stanley's claim to a cer-tain measure of greatness has been fully recognized in his life and as we have seen at his Whether he will appear as great a man death. o posterity we have much reason to doubt. But one thing is certain, it will be long before those who have heard him will forget him, and in any record of the ecclesiastical movements of the present century his name will remain side by side with the perhaps greater names of Keble, Pusey and Newman.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

EATEN BY A BEAR .- An account has just been received of a terrible fate which befell a settler named Wilson, near the Mississippi, about seven miles from the point where the Kingston & Pembroke Railway strikes that river. A farmer of that region had set a trap a short distance from his house, and was surprised shortly after-wards to find the chain broken, and the trap As it afterwards proved a large-sized bear had got his leg in the trap and had broken away with it, carrying it a considerable distance. The unfortunate neighbour Wilson started out from his house in quest of some lost cattle, taking his little boy with him. They had penetrated quite a distance into the woods, when the father, in getting over a fallen tree, stepped, without seeing him, upon the bear, the piece of the trap still attached to the animal's leg. The bear, already exasperated with the trap, sprang up and seized the man, who, being empty-handed, was perfectly powerless to resist. Seeing that his own fate was inevitable, he shouted to his boy to run home, which the little fellow did, alarming his mother and the neighbours with the terrible news of his father's peril. Several men soon hastened back with him to the spot, but only in time to find the brute gnawing at the flesh of poor Wilson's remains.

True 0th of July will be a red letter day in the annals of Queen Victoria's reign. It was then discovered with surety what was previously only half-believed, that our Volunteer army is a valuable detensive force, which can be handled with real effect for military purposes; that it is well organized, and to a large extent disciplined; that it is animated with a remarkable esprit de corps and devotion to duty; and that it is capable of being moved with case and orderly despatch from one part of the country to another. The War Office, the railway authorities, and the volunteers themselves vied with each other in determination efficiently to carry out the day's determination emerently to carry out the day's programme. Circumstances, as well as the weather, conspired to favour them, and they succeeded to admiration. Long before the appointed time—three o'clock—an army of some 52,000 men from all parts of England and Wales, from places as far distant as Northumberland and Pembroke Su63b and Darest man dram and Pembroke, Suffolk and Dorset, were drawn up in brigades and divisions, in the Great Park at Windsor, forming two picturesque Army Corps, to be reviewed by Her Majesty and Staff.

tion of this citizen army is composed of artisans, who must have left their homes with difficulty and a large number started for their rendezvous on Friday afternoon or evening, travelling during the night, and being obliged to provide their own commissariat. The great military host—exceeding in number any army reviewed by British Sovereign or general for four hundred years—was conveyed to Windsor Park by the South-Western and Great Western Railways, in successive trains, with perfect nicety, punctuality, and safety, in nine hours; and at the close of the review four hours sufficed for the return journey. Fine weather, without sultry heat, materially promoted the success of the experiment, and heightened the picturesque effect of the intermingled scarlet, grey, green, and dark blue uniforms with their background of forest foliage. For some time Windsor Park presented the appearance of a huge military pic-nie, to which the Horse Guards only contributed an ample supply of water; and, although more stimulating drinks were plentiful, no single case of intoxication was observed. Long before the period allowed for the re-formation of this scattered army had expired, the Volunteers were gathered into their respective battalions and regiments, and were ready for the march past in the presence of the Queen, Royal Family, their distinguished guests, and a brilliant staff. review of this many-coloured Volunteer host oc-cupied an hour and a half, and our national riflemen have had the satisfaction of hearing of Her Majesty's "entire satisfaction with the soldier-like ap; earance and bearing of all ranks," who, as the Commander in Chief testifies, have exhibited "a discipline and endurance" which would do credit to troops employed on per manent service.'

LACROSSE-MONTREAL VS. SHAMBOCKS. -It would be a work of supererogation to describe in full the match of Saturday week, which has been reported at more or less length by the daily press throughout the country. We alluded last week to the universal good feeling which has prevailed over the result, and it is a comfort to find it universally acknowledged that the best team won. The Montrealers have declined this year to play for the championship, which, in consequence rests still with the Shamrocks, whose fine play on Saturday showed that, though beaten, they were in every way worthy of the position they occupy. The sketches of the position they occupy. The sketches which we present this week were taken on the ground by our special artist, and, though not intended for portraits, will be found in many cases easily recognizable.

THE sk tch of a gambling-hell in Colorado is a most characteristic drawing. From the by-stander, who points out to his friend some chance of the game, to the player in the foreground who gropes under the table for the coin which has been spilled, every face is a study. The impassible countenance of the dealers, the quiet satisfaction of the uniner who, evidently a winner, fans himself with a palm leaf, every figure tells its own story. The game played in these places is usually fare, and on the present occasion order and quietness prevail, but the suspicious bulge of many a back pocket shows that each man carries his revolver, which he is ready to use on the slightest provocation. Professional gamblers in the States are, however, as a rule, remarkably well conducted. By a tacit understanding no gambler ever recognizes his friends of the table when he nicets them in the street, and you may chat with the case of old acquaintance in his own den to a man, who, if you pass him to-morrow, seems entirely oblivious of any previous relationship. Gamblers, too, are strictly honourable and careful in money mat-The manager of a large bank in New York, when his cashier made some demur to the payment of a cheque drawn by a noted gambler, and wished to examine the account first, is said to have remarked, "You never need to examine a gambler's account; they always know how much they have, and never overdraw."

#### VARIETIES.

A PRISONER who has been convicted at least a dozen times is placed at the bar. "Your honor, I should like to have my case postponed for a week. My lawyer is ill." But you were captured with your hand in this gentleman's pocket. What can your counsel say in your defense?" "Precisely so, your honour. That is what I am curious to know."

A CANADIAN PARRIABER, --- A husband of eight wives and father of forty-four children has turned up in Troy Justine Pasco, a decrepit old man, arrived in that city looking for his son Joseph, and stated under oath to the superintendent of the poor that at the age of sixteen he married his first wife in Canada, and since her death he has married seven other wives; his last wife is now living at Montreal. He is ninetynine years of age and has been the father of forty-four children, over thirty of whom are now living.

THE following anecdote is told of the youngest son of the most famous actor, "Rip Van Winkle" Jefferson. During Mr. Jefferson's travels through France he chanced, in one of the smaller towns, to visit a church, the officiating priest of which had just died, and in consequence the letters R.1.P. (Requiescat in Pace) were displayed in silver in a black drapery above the altar. The little boy, clinging to Mr. Jefferson's hand, looked up at the familiar word, and exclaimed, "Why, papa, how did the people know that you

We glean from the Deutsche Fenermehr Zeitng the interesting fact that the little town of Flotzingen (Wurtemberg) has a brigade of fortytwo water carriers, belonging not only to the fair sex, but also to the fire department. They were completely equipped for work (the tin-waterpails provided by them at their own cost), arranged in their best Sunday costumes and drawn up in line to go through a regular drill and sham fire before the District Inspector, who could not but express himself highly satisfied. The brigade is divided into four squads, each squad commanded by a "female corporal," who keeps the roll—the rank and file having the privilege of electing said corporals in the town-

How we Judge of Distances.—The editor of the Louisville Medical News believes that we judge of distance and form with both eyes, and that we judge of direction with only one eye, which is the right or left, according as the observer is right or left-handed. To prove this, he suggests the following experiment: "As you sit in your chair, point to any object across the room, with both eyes open and no attempt at "sighting." Close the left and you will find you are still accurately on the object, but close the right eye and you will discover with your present vision you are pointing clear over to the right, provided you are right-handed." Which-ever hand is used in pointing, the result is the

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

VIOLENT earthquake shocks at Agram.

THE Czar is shortly to be crowned at St Petersburg.

CONKLING says he has done with politics now and forever.

THE Rev. John Q. Adams, the well-known Baptist minister, is dead.

THE French general elections have been fixed for the 21st proximo.

THE Land League demonstration in Dublin on Sunday was a failure.

A LONDON cable announces the death of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry.

THE Sultan has decided to commute the sentence of Midhat Pasha and his companions to exile.

Professor Swift reports having seen Schaeberle's comet on Sunday morning with the naked

A NUMBER of persons were killed recently by suffocation in the tunnel works under the River

ELEVEN Shetland Island fishing boats, containing 63 persons, are missing, and it is feared their crews have all perished.

A MATCH shot recently at Wimbledon beween Canadian and British teams resulted in favour of the latter by 117 points.

A HITCH has occurred between the Boors and the Transvaal Commission which threatens a deadlock in the negotiations.

THE Naval Board appointed by the U.S. Secretary of the Navy to inquire into and report upon the deficiencies and requirements of the American navy, have reported in favour of a large addition to the force in the shape of warruisers and gauboats.

LATEST bulletins from Washington announce that the President is going on satisfactorily. There had been some anxiety regarding his con-dition on Saturday, but Drs. Agnew and Hamilton operated on the wound with successful results, and the danger is thus believed to have been averted.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM is about to pay a

Mr. D. M. HARKINS, the American tragedian, who has been a long time on a four in England, has sailed for Australia.

Mr. EDWIN BOOTH is improving in health and has regained sufficient strength to be able to take occasional carriage rides.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE is said to be engaged upon the libretto of an operatta for which Mr. Adamowski will farnish the music.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD proposes to return to America in September next. She will start on a long tour in the States.

MADEMOISELL MADEMOISELLE ANNA ZERR, the office con-brated "Queen of Night," (Mozart's "Magic Fints,") died recently on het estate at Carlsruhe.

THE Brighton "Musical Festival and Competition" for which there has been so much anxious nego-tiation, may now be considered on the right road to the fast accompli

#### The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

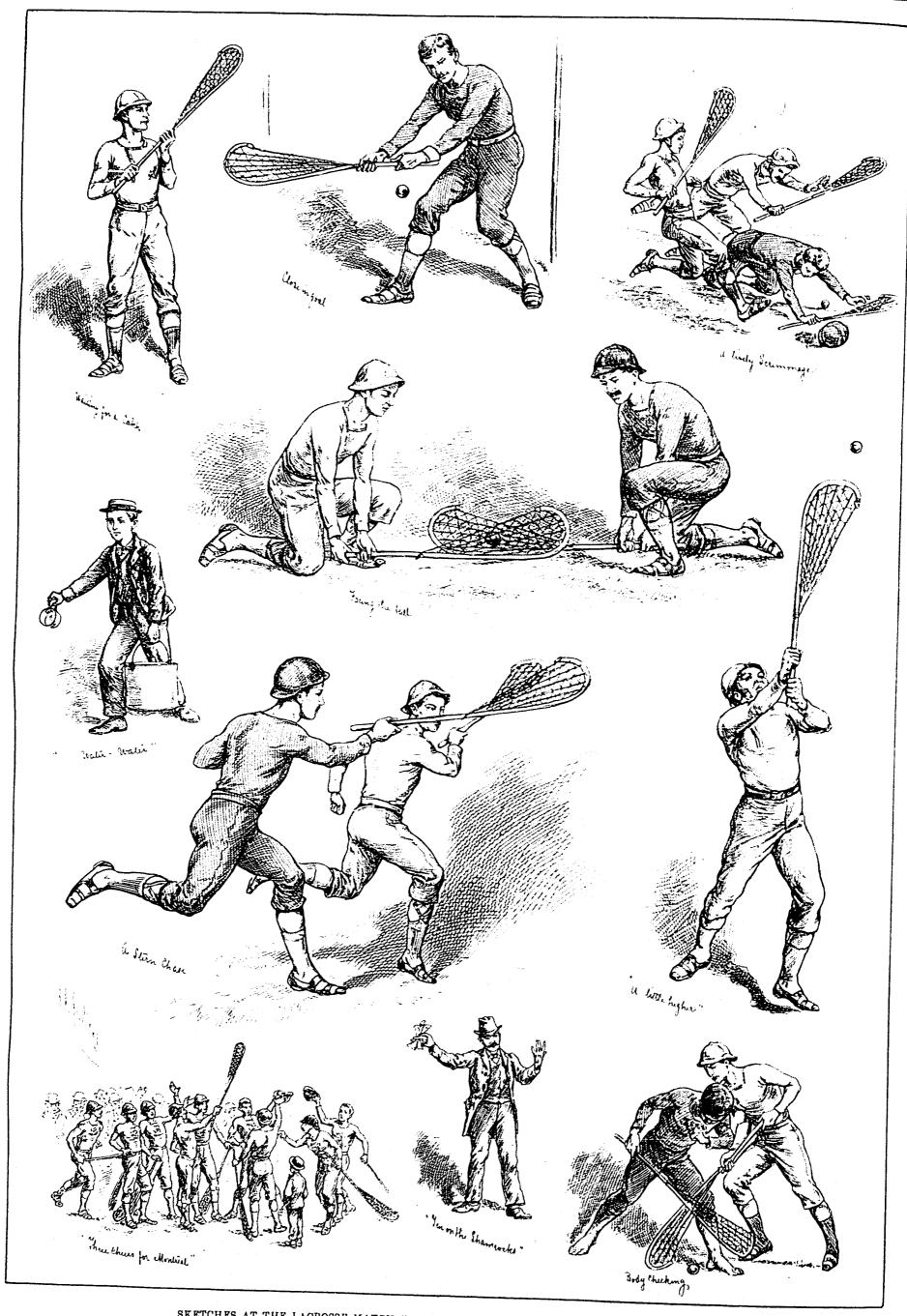
This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private diningrooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

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

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, readering it a pleasant resort

and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.



SKETCHES AT THE LACROSSE MATCH (MONTREAL vs. SHAMROCKS.)-By our Special Artist.



A GAMBLING HELL IN DENVER, COLORADO.



EATEN BY A BEAR.—THE TERRIBLE FATE OF AN ONTARIO SETTLER.

#### BELLS. THE

A Romantic Story.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

#### MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BURGOMASTER'S DREAM.

The wedding guests had left the house. Their voices died away in the distance. One by one the household retired to rest, and gradually, imperceptible degrees, unbroken stillness settled upon the whilom scene of so much jollity.

upon the whilom scene of so much jollity.

The burgomaster slept. Was it a good and gentle sleep? Did it refresh the weary brain, brace up again the unstrung nerve? See how he strives to move in the bed! Why cannot you move, Mathias, why cannot you move? What terrible weight weighs upon your body, to us invisible? Is it the archiend himself, in the hideous form the monks of the middle ages clad him in so many years ago, that to us in Alsace it seems he could not exist in any

He sits on your breast, Mathias; he sits on your breast. How heavy! how heavy! Look at the great black wings stretching into illimitable space! How awful they look! And the eyes! how they glare, while a lurid, sulphurous glow partly illumes the thick, choking, murky

air around them. Ha! he turns and points! Don't look, Mathias, don't look! What, you must! Then try to groan, struggle hard to cry out! Will it! will it! Conquer the spell that holds you bound! One sound will do it—but one—but one! What! you cannot utter it! Woe to you, Mathias, that you cannot. Summon all your strength to bear the sight. It is terrible beyond expression, beyond endurance.

What do you see, Mathias?

I see a great hall, dimly lighted, its walls so dark and gluomy, I can but guess at where they stand. Gradually it becomes lighter, lighter, lighter. I can distinguish figures now. It is a full court. There must be some great cases on, for the public have flocked from far and near. There sits the president, with his two assistant judges, all three in full robes of state. Beneath them, ranged around, are advocates, clothed in deep and sombre black, and the clerk, who reads out in a drawling monotone the act of accusa-tion. I cannot distinguish what he says, so I turn to look at the public. Who is on trial, I wonder? The accused must be well known. I wonder; The accused must be well known. Is see many of my own friends among the spectators. There is Father Trinkvelt. How anxious he looks. And old Dr. Glauter. What a stern, solemn face he wears. I see Monsieur Swartz. the notary, too. He tries to speak to the pri-

what is that lying on the table before the judges? A cloak, trimmed with sable, and a fur cap! The cloak is green; they look like— Great Heaven! 'tis the case of the Polish
Jew they are hearing. That man is on trial for
his life. Stay, stay! He is innocent! I know
it! Who so well? It was—

And Mathias strove to move in his bed.

Hush! hush! Mathias,-listen, listen,-so much the better for you if he is condemned, -so much the better for you. They will never hang another for the same deed; justice will be appeased then,—let the innocent suffer, why need you care? Look after yourself, look after yourself. For years the villagers have reproached you for sheltering those Jokels, and it was a silly thing to do,—do not you interfere again; let justice take her course and have her fill.

See, there is the prisoner seated in the dock Strange, he shrinks away from the cloak with a shiver. One end of it lapped over the table and touched him as he passed. Why should he shrink? One would almost say he was guilty,— but you know better, don't you, Mathias? Hush! don't talk now, but listen,—the clerk

has begun to speak more plainly. I can eatch now at intervals such words as the twenty-fourth day of December—a Polish Jew—Baruch Koweski-profound cunning-public respect and con-sideration-prisoner shielded for fifteen years-justice blind, but unerring-a trivial circumstance—the brothers Jokel.

Ah, it must be one of them. There sits the prisoner. He looks taller and stronger than either of the Jokels. We shall soon know who he is; he throws back the hood he has worn.
In the dim, uncertain light of the court-room I cannot distinguish his features. The moon breaks through a cloud and shines in at the window full on the prisoner's face. Ah, Great God it is I!—I, Mathias, the burgomaster of Lauterbach! But, oh, God how changed! My cheeks are sunken and haggard, my eyes hollow and wild. No doubt I have been in prison for some time; my dress is ragged, and foul with dung-on filth; my lips colourless, my hair quite grey. What will they do to me, I wonder? I am safe. They have no proof. I took eare of that!—I took care of that! Hush, the president speaks. Let us hear what he has to say.

Prisoner, you have heard the act of accusation read, you have heard the depositions of the wit-

nesses as well, we are ready now to listen to your defence.

I start up; "witnesses," I cry fiercely, do you call such people witnesses? people who were leagues away at the time the blow was struck, people who saw nothing. The deed committed too at night, and in the depth of winter; and

yet you call such people witnesses.
You are right, Mathias, I think to myself, there were no witnesses. Defy them, brave them all, they can prove nothing against you.

The president continues, Answer with calmness, this fury cannot but harm you; you are a

man full of cunning.

No, president, I am a simple-minded peasant. Do not tell me that, prisoner,—you took your measures too well for a simple peasant; you chose the opportune moment, cleverly evaded all suspicion, destroyed all material evi-dence. Prisoner, you are a man to be feared.

Because nothing can be proved against me, I am a man to be feared; then why not fear every honest man? Tell me this, who is my

The public voice accuses you. Oh, the public voice! Listen, president, and you too, your honours, judges of the court, when a man prospers in life, and raises himself high above the position in which he was born, he is sure to make secret enemies. Thousands envy him the prosperity he has attained, -you know this is true, I am sure it is so in your own case. It is a thing that happens every day well, unfortunately for me, for fifteen years I have gone on prospering, gaining consideration and esteem and wealth, and making hundreds of hidden foes as well. They envy me the good fortune for which I have worked. They would gladly see me fall; they come out now and attack me in my misfortune, because, cowards as they are, they think I cannot return their blows. But you, you are just men, you are men full of good sense, will you listen to envious wretches such as these? Will you not rather force them to be silent. I feel sure, I know you

You speak well, prisoner; for years past you have turned over in your mind what to say should you ever be accused. But we are not to be foiled by your mock humility; we see what is passing within you,—tell me this, why is it you hear continually the sound of bells?

I do not hear the sound of bells.

And Mathias upon his bed strove again to

'Tis false, prisoner, at this very moment you hear that sound. Why is it? whence comes it? It is nothing,—it is but the blood that rushes to my head. I am right, I think to myself, I heard the

noise just before I had that terrible stroke on Christmas Eve. It will pass away soon.
If you do not confess whence this noise arises

we will summon the mesmerist to explain it.

It's true, then, it's true,—I do hear this

Write, clerk, that he confesses it. Yes, but I hear it in my dreams. Write that he hears it in his dreams.

I suppose that an honest man may dream?
Of course,—whispers old Swartz to his neighbour, Father Trinkvelt,-Mathias is right; dreams come in spite of oneself.

Yes, yes, every one has bad dreams. Don't fear for me, friends, don't fear for me. I am in no danger. All this is but a dream,—you don't know it, but I do. If it were not a you don't know it, but I do. If it were not a a dream, would the moon be shining in at the window! Men are not judged by moonlight. Should I be before such judges as these! Judges who, acting on their own mad fancies, would hang me,—yes, hang me!—me, the Burgomaster of Lauterbach, and the most respected man in the province. Oh, it's all a dream,—a dream, a dream, -and I burst out into a loud laugh.

Silence, prisoner, cries the president severely, you are approaching the judgment seat of God, do not dure to laugh. Then turning to his colleagues, he continues: Gentlemen, this sound comes from the prisoner's memory. Memories make up the life of man. We hear the voices of those we have loved long after they are dead. The prisoner hears this sound, because he has a remembrance that he would hide from us. The Jew's horse carried bells.

'Tis false; I have no memories,—I remember

Be silent.

I will not be sileut, -a man's life cannot be judged away on mere empty superstitions like these,—you must have proof, proof, I tell you. I hear no noise of hells.

Write that the prisoner contradicts himself. First he confessed to hearing the sound, now he retracts his confession.

No, I hear nothing.
I put my hands to my ears to strive to shut out the hideous noise. It grows louder and louder. How they jungle and jangle, harsh and discordant around me. It is but the blood, taken little Margaret to bed. Our man Casper is burning, burning. The corpse turns on the

though, rushing to my head. It is but the blood. It is but the blood.

How awful is this dream! When shall I wake from it? When shall I wake? Great God, perhaps it is not a dream; perhaps it is all real, or may be so, when I awake. But I will not wake. I will sleep—sleep for ever. Ah I the fiend glares at me, and laughs a hideous, the fiend glares at me, and laugus a interous, creaking, chuckling laugh. He says I shall net sleep. He strives to wake me. I struggle with him. I get weaker and weaker, but I conquer. I do not wake—I sleep on—I sleep on.

Mathias's hand fell from the bed and hung down by the side.

Where is Fritz, my son-in-law? Why is he not here? I look around to every side, but cannot find him. Send for him—send for him; he'll prove that I'm an honest man. Send for him—send for him, I say!
Ah, thank God, the bells have ceased. I

shall not hear them again-I shall not hear them again.

Do you persist in your denial, prisoner ! I do. It is gross injustice to keep me here in prison on mere suspicion. I am a martyr in the cause of justice.

You persist?

I do.

I do.

Then hear us. We, Rudiger, Baron of Mersebach, Prefect for His Imperial Majesty in Lower Alsace, assisted by our coadjutors, Masters Louis Falkenstein and de Feininger, doctors in ecclesiastical and civil law, considering that this affair took place some fifteen years ago, and that it is impossible to throw light upon it by ordinary means, firstly, through the upon it by ordinary means, firstly, through the prudence, cunning, and boldness of the prisoner; secondly, through the death of witnesses who could have given weighty evidence, and materially assisted us in discharging this important duty, to which the honour of our tribunal is pledged; considering also that this trial is destined to serve as a warning to future generations, as a curb to avarice, and a terrible example to cruelty and cunning, we decree that the court hear the mesmerist. Usher, admit the mesmerist.

I oppose it! I oppose it! The mesmerist can but make me dream, and dreams prove nothing.

Summon the meamerist!
'Tis abominable! 'Tis in defiance of all the rules of justice.

Prisoner, if you are innocent, why fear the mesmerist? Because he can read the very souls of men? Calm yourself, or believe me your cries, your terror itself, will prove your guilt.

What shall I do? How fortunate that they cannot hear me think? I know that mesmerist. I dare not face him. I will get an advocate to speak for me. He will find some quibble, some

l demand an advocate. I wish to instruct the advocate Linder, of Saverne. He is a good man. It will cost me much, but in such a case as this, what do I care for cost? As for my excitement, who would not be excited? I am as calm as I can be. As calm as a man can be who has nothing on his conscience. But dreams are dreams. I cannot help dreaming. Why is Fritz not here? My honour is his honour. Send for him! Bring him here! He is an honest man, and you know it! He will prove that I am one as well! Fritz! Fritz! Fritz! I have made you rich! Come and defend me.

Again the sleeping Mathias strove to move.

How came that fellow there, that mesmerist? did not see him enter. He speaks. What does he say?

Your honours, the president and judges of

the court, by your decree I am here. Without it, terror would have kept me aloof from your

who can believe in the follies of the mesmer-ist? Why, they only cheat people in order to get money from them. The merest mountebank in the street is as clever as they. This fellow I know well. Why, it was he whom I saw at my cousin's at Ribeauville.

Can you send this man to sleep ?

I can. He glares at me. I glare in return. We fight ith our eyes. Ugh! I cannot bear his with

scorching gaze.

'I'll not be made the subject of this imposter's experiments. Send for Fritz! Why is he not here! He'll prove to you that I, Mathias, the burgomaster, am as houest a man as ever lived.

Wretch, by your resistance you are betraying vourself. Oh, I have no fear! How I hurl the words in his face. Then to myself I add, courage, Mathias, courage. If you sleep you are lost!
Courage! Courage! No, I'll not sleep! I feel his hands forcing down my eyelids. I'll not sleep—I'll not—I'll n—I'll!

Mathias slumbered still soundly in his bed.

"He sleeps," says the mesmerist, "what shall I ask him?" "Ask him what he did on the night of the

twenty-fourth of December, fifteen years ago. "You are at the night of the twenty-fourth of

December, 1818.'
"Yes"

"What time is it?" "Half-past eleven."

comes home-he tells me that he has lit the limekiln fire. I answer—very good—you can go to bed—I'll watch the kiln to-night. He go to bed—I'll watch the kiln to-night. He goes off to his room. I am left alone with the Jew, who is warming himself by the stove. Without, all is at rest. Not a sound is heard, save when the Jew's horse, tethered under the shed near the kitchen door, from time to time bakes his balls. There are two fact of snow shakes his bells. There are two feet of snow upon the ground, Mathias."

"What are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking that I must have money.

That if I cannot get together three thousand france before St. Sylvester's Eve, I shall be turned out of the inn on the morrow. I am thinking that there is no one near—that the night is dark as pitch—that the Jew will drive along the high road quite alone, in the snow.

Are you determined to attack him? "Let me think first. That man is strong. His shoulders are broad. I believe he would defend himself well should any one attack

him—"
"Why do you turn away?"
"I can "He looks at me. I cannot bear his gaze. He has grey eyes. Shall I do it! Yes yes !

"You have decided?"

"You have decided?"
"Yes,—yes,—I'll do it—I'll risk it."
"Speak on."
"Wait. I must look round first. I go out.
The night is black overhead. The snow is falling fast! Ha, ha! It will hide my footsteps."

steps."
"What are you doing?"

"I am searching the sledge, to see if the Jew has any pistols. No, no,—there's nothing—nothing at all—I can risk it. The village is as silent as a graveyard. Our little Margaret is crying. There is no fire in our room, and the poor child is cold. No matter, she shall not be cold to morrow."

"You re-enter?"

"You re-enter?"

"Yes. He has put six francs down on the table. I give him his change. He looks at me again."

"Does he speak to you?"

"Yes. He asks how far Murtzig is from

here. About four leagues. I wish him well on his journey. He answers, 'God bless you.'— Ah!

'What is it!" "See—the girdle! He goes out. He is gone. Where's the axe? I cannot find it. It should be here. Where is it? Ah, here it is, behind the door,—ugh! How cold it is! The snow is falling still—not a star—not a star. So much the better. Courage, Mathias, courage! Before another hour has passed the girdle will be

yours."
"You follow him?"

"Yes."

"Where are you now?" "Behind the village—in the fields—how cold

"You have taken the path across the fields !" "Yes. It saves that great round by Michael's farm. I have crossed the first field. I can already see the bridge, and there beneath it lies the brook, a mass of solid ice. How the dogs howl over at Daniel's farm—how they howl! And old Finck's forge, how red it glows upon the hill-side! Kill a man, Mathias? Kill a man? You'll not do that—you'll not do that. Heaven forbids it !-

"I turn to run home again—then stop and think. You're a fool, Mathias, listen, think how rich you'll be, how you'll be able to pay all you owe, how the bailiff Ott may come on New Year's Day, and how you can snap your fingers at him—how your wife and little Margaret need no longer want for anything. The Jew came. It was not your fault. He had no right to come. You must kill him! You must kill him!

"I take up the axe again that I had thrown down, and run on. The bridge, the bridge, I have reached it already. I listen. No one ou the road? No one! You are warm, Mathias, warm with running. Your heart beats. Listen, the church clock at Waechem tolls out the hour. It's one o'clock. One? One? Why then It's one o'clock. One? One? Why then—then the Jew is passed—he's gone—oh, God be praised! God be praised! Hush! Don't you hear the bells? He's coming. He's coming. Be careful, Mathias. Don't dabble your sleeves in the blood! Roll them up tight! Roll them up tight! Remember—the girdle—the girdle—you'll—be—rich—rich—rich.—The Ah! ah! you'll—be—rich—rich—rich.—rich. Ah! ah! I have done it! I've done it!
"What was that? Nothing—only the horse

has fied in affright with the sledge. He is motionless. He is dead. It's all over. Another noise ! Nothing again. Only the wind whistling through the trees. Quick, quick, let me ge the girdle at once—the girdle at once—the girdle at once. Ha! I've got it! I am panting for breath! I can scarcely buckle it round my waist! Nothing but gold in it! Nothing but gold! Quick, Mathias, no giving way now. Rouse yourself. Carry him away. Carry him away!"

away. Curry him away: "To the limekiln.

"Have you reached it?"

Yes. I throw my burden down. How heavy he was! Oh, what hands are here! Dabbled with his blood! I'll have no more of that. Where's the shovel? I'll push him in with

that. Go into the fire, Jew, go into the fire!
"Now, be quick! Empty the girdle. Put
the gold into your pockets. That's right. Now
throw the girdle into the kiln. Look, look,

fire. The face is turned upwards. Ah! those eyes, those eyes, how they glare at me."
"Shall I ask him more?"

"No. It is enough. Clerk, have you taken down all?"

'I have, president."

"It is well. Now awake him and let him read what you have written."

"Awake, I command you."
"Where am I? What place is this? Have
I been asleep? What's going on?"
"Here is your confession. Read it."

"Ah! Lost! Lost!"

"You have heard all; he has condemned himself.

"Tis false; you're a pack of rogues. Why you'll not hear the only witness I have. Fritz! Fritz! they murder the father of your wife! Help me! help me! help me!

Cease to struggle with the gendarmes, prisoner. Your cries for Fritz are useless.'
"No hope, no hope! all lost!"

"Considering that between midnight and one o'clock, on the morning of Christmas Day, 1818, the innkeeper, Hans Mathias did commit, upon the person of Baruch Koweski, the crime of assassination, and considering that the crime was committed under circumstances which aggravate its enormity, such as premeditation, and for the purpose of highway robbery, the Court decree that the said Hans Mathias shall be hanged by the neck until he is dead. " Ah!"

The burgomaster's dream was over.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAST SOUND OF THE BELLS.

The night is passed. The sun shines in brightly through the lattices, in the room where the burgomaster, in his strange, unaccountable freak, had insisted upon sleeping. Without all breathes of life. The weedling bells are sounding merrily, musicians are heard in the street. They are playing the old Lauterbach waltz. score of voices are singing as well. It is the lads of the village who have some to do honour to the bride, to rouse her with a morning ser-enade. At last the music ceases, and loud laughter ensues. A window is thrown open, and a score of voices exclaim, "'Tis she, 'tis she, 'tis Margaret!" The music and singing begin again, and penetrate into the inn. tumult is heard below; laughter and cries in-dicative of jollity. The wedding rejoicings have begun. Now footsteps are heard rapidly ascending the stairs. Martha knocks at the

door.
"Wake, Mathias, wake!" she cries: "it is broad day. All our friends are below."

No answer comes from the bed.

After a pause the knocking recommences It is stronger and firmer now; it is a man's knock.

Right, for soon Fritz cries out, "Monsieur Mathias, Monsieur Mathias! How soundly he sleeps! Wake up! wake up!" sleeps! Wake up! wake up!"

More footsteps are heard on the steps. The

stairway is crowded. Who is that speaks without. It is Father Trinkvelt.

"Holloa, Mathias!" he cries: "Get up, do you hear? The fun has begun--up! up!"

A long painful silence ensues.

"Tis strange he does not answer."

"Let me call," says Martha, in an anxious tone. "Mathias! Mathias, dear! Don't you hear me "

The voices become confused. Single words alone are heard at intervals. At last fritz's voice sounds out, clear and decisive, "It's no use calling; let me come there."

The knocking redoubles now. No answer. Then come dull, heavy blows, and the door, burst from its hinges, falls into the room.

The crowd rushes in, Fritz first. He runs to the bed. He draws the curtain. A cry breaks

from him. Doctor Glauter! Send for Dr. Glauter."

"What's the matter, Fritz?"

"Keep away, Madame Mathias, keep away don't let Margaret come in.'

The curtains move. The burgomaster bursts out from the bed. He clutches at his throat.

"The rope! My neck!" he murmurs, then falls back powerless into Trinkvelt's arms.

A chair is brought. He is placed in it. With a vacant glare he stares around. Margaret has entered. She sales beautifully. She sobs hysterically. He seems to recognize her. He strives to speak. His eyes glaze with the film of death. One more convulsive clutch at the throat the eyes roll luridly vacantly, the lower jaw drops-the set, rigid

features tell the tale,—the burgomaster is dead.

Dr. Glauter stands behind him. "Don't weep," he whispers softly to the wailing mother child; "it is the easiest death of all. There is no suffering."

The bells have ceased for ever.

Margaret and Fritz were not married until the next year. Their children keep the "Three Kings" now, which still stands on the hi h-road from Ribeauville to Saverne.

THE END.

JULY.—During this month summer complaints commence their ravages. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best known preventative and cure for all forms of bowel complaints and sickness incident to the summer

#### THREE SHOTS WITH A REVOLVER.

Naturally, considering the nature of my calling, I have been always particularly attracted by scores of stories -- not, I am inclined to think, always based upon actual occurrences which tell of the ingenious plots contrived by scoundrels to gais possession of other people's jewels, especially diamonds. In many cases such stories are, of course, but pure fiction. But as to those who profess to narrate facts, whether plain or coloured, I have only too much reason, from personal experience to suspect that the real owners of jewels have, very often, more to do with their disappearance than easily-imagined brigands, swindlers, or thieves. Nevertheless, there is enough substratum of truth to make even purely-invented stories of this kind pro-Mine is not an invented story; but my reason for telling it is not so much its truth as its supremely extraordinary character. Its like, in any single detail, never happened to anybody else in the world. Were it not f r this, I would assuredly refrain from adding to the pile of jewel-stories in which some jeweller's agent plays the part of hero or victim. For I was myself agent to a very great firm of jewellers in London—I need not say to whom—when there happened to myself that terrible experience, terrible almost beyond the power of words to describe, which I am, for the first time in my life, about to try to tell in words.
I remember, as if it were yesterday, how one

of our partners called me into his private room,

"Morris, I must ask you to be good enough to start for Paris this very evening—that is to say, by the very first possible train. You know that parure of the Princess Mouranov that we had put into new settings?"
"Of course I do."

"Well, you know the Princess as a customer, she is rather flighty; but she's too big a gun for us to disregard her whims. The parure is just out of hand, and was to have been delivered to her in Portland Place, to-morrow morning; but-it's just like her-she's taken it into her head to set off on a voyage to America, and, an hour after she took the whim into her head, she was off, so I hear. It's just like her, anyhow. I believe she goes to Patagonia, where her diamonds-that is to say, her parure-she thinks, will be indispensable to her. I shouldn't have thought so myself, but I suppose she knows. Anyhow, she's going to spend the whole of to-morrow in Paris, and her diamonds must be delivered to her there, and paid for -- you un derstand. If we don't deliver the parure, she'll never forgive us; and if she doesn't pay before going off, Heaven knows where, why, we shall never forgive ourselves. You'll have to be sharp, for it doesn't follow that she'll stay in Paris a whole day because ske says she will; and you'd better avoid having to follow her, if you possibly can."

"Naturally! Where is Madame to be

"At a place called Les Bosquets. It's outside Paris; but here's the address written down. I needn't tell you to be cautions—"
"Why!" asked I. "It all seems simple

enough. I've only got to give the parure to the Princess-into her own hands, of coursereceive the money, give and take a receipt, and

come away. There will be no difficulty about the Princess's money, I suppose?"

"No. But, don't you see, I'm afraid you're still a trifle young, Morris. Those Mouranov diamonds are as well known to all the diamondhunters in Europe—and they swarm abroad—as they are to me. Better than they are to you, by a long way. By some means or other, you may take your oath, one of those gentry will know you to have charge of them. It's no good taking precautions against that; they'll know all the same, and precautions are only a way of putting people on the trail. Take care you go to the right house, my friend. Take care that you see the right lady. Don't eat and don't drink, however much you may be pressed, till you're safe back at your hotel. Don't shut

"Well, what else ! But I'll take care of myself, never fear.

"You're an unusually handsome man, you know," said he, with a wink and a knowing smile, "and I suppose, like all handsome men, you're a bit of a lady-killer-without meaning it, you know. A nod's as good a wink, you know; and you're not a blind horse, whatever you may be. Paris is a lively place, you know, for a man of your make, with diamonds next his heart worth thousands of pounds. It isn't the men I'm afraid of in your case; it's the

Every man likes that sort of chaff; and I was really weak enough in those days to take an especial pride in what I could not help knowing to be my personal advantages. So I was in the

best temper as I answered modestly,
"Well, sir, nobody knows everything about
all women; but I do think I know enough about a few to guess a good deal about what the rest may be up to. I don't think I'm likely to be come over that way. And I should think this little fellow," I added, showing him a new revolver, "will be enough for common odds, not in petticosts."

"Don't put yourself in a position that'll oblige you to use it," said my employer. "And you won't, if you keep clear of the common odds -in petticoats, you know. I must be off now. Call at my house for the parure in an hour."

Full of confidence in my own resources, proud of the trust that had been placed in me, and altogether in a well-satisfied and fearless frame of mind, I started with the Mouranov parure by the very next train for Dover. The magnificent parure was safely packed by my employer him-self before my own eyes, and I placed the packet securely in a case which I fastened round my neck and waist under my clothes with a couple of light but strong steel chains. In effect, the parure was absolutely safe from secret thefteffectually from any violence short of downright murder. I had bidden my mother and sisters a hurried good-bye, without telling even them of the invaluable charge I carried about me. And I arrived at one of the first hotels in Paris without the smallest adventure of any sort or kind. To imagine that any of the fraternity of diamond-hunters, male or female, had been watching my journey, or could even be aware of it, was simply absurd. To all with whom I came into any slight contact on route I must have been an ordinary Englishman, making an ordinary trip to Paris—nothing more. And, for that matter, except with booking-clerks and so forth, I don't think I had exchanged a word with a fellow-creature all the way. That I had never once closed my eyes, I know.

I had just ordered some refreshments after my journey before proceeding to Les Bosquets,

"Monsieur Alfred Morris from London!"

asked one of the waiters.
"Yes," said I, though wondering how my name could possibly be known to him, seeing that I had but just arrived, and had not even written my name in the list of persons staying in the hotel. Was my "Yes" a piece of imprudence ! I hardly know to this hour.
"A young lady," he said, in English, "has

been waiting for one hour to see monsieur.'

A young lady, in Paris, waiting to see me! What could that mean! My employer's warning came instinctively to my mind. But I could not very well refuse to see her; indeed, it might prove important that I should see her. And certainly no possible harm could come of my seeing her in a large and crowded hotel.

"Mademoiselle waits in the salon," said the waiter. So to the salon I went, more curious than anxious about who the young lady might be who expected me in Paris, and who knew my

name so well.

She was a stranger - a young Frenchwoman, rather pretty and exceedingly well dressed, and yet with something about her that showed she did not wholly belong to the beau monde, if that be the right term to use, for I don't pretend to be a French scholar.

"Monsieur Alfred Morris from London f

asked she, in precisely the same words as the waiter, but in a voice and accent which made the words sound very differently indeed, and made the girl herself look really instead of only passably pretty. Indeed, hers was one of the very sweetest voices I had ever heard.

"At your service, mademoiselle," said I, with

She smiled; and her smile was very sweet indeed. "I am truly fortunate," she said. "I was beginning to fear you would never come."

"And may I ask, mademoiselle with whom -" "Assuredly, monsieur. I am Mademoiselle Lenoir, principal Demoiselle de Chamber of Ma-dame la Princesse de Mouranov..."

"Ah!" sighed I, a little disappointed. It was no adventure, then—only the affair of the parure, after all. Still—well, considering everything, that was perhaps all the better. Adventures, till the receipts were exchanged,

would certainly be mal à propes.
"Yes; of Madame la Princesse de Mouranov," repeated she. "I am in all the confidence of madame's toilette -- you comprehend." speaking in very good English, with an accent that improved my native language, it seemed to "Madame received a telegram from Lonme. don, from your tirm, saying you would be here your eyes till it's all over. If a strange woman speaks to you, cut her dead; if a strange man, and that was well. It is not prudent to let all knock him down. And——" the world know what you carry—without doubt nearest to your heart, monsieur. Have I not reason-1? But madame has changed her plans -that is the habitude of madame I always know what madame will not do next, for it is always what she shall not say. She was for America last night; to day, she is for Biarritz. But she will want the pa-the affair monsieur knows of-all the same; all the more. Even so, she was going to Les Bosquets; in fine, she is not at Les Bosquets, but at Ville Stefania, her own little house where she goes to be alone. Ah, madame will love to be alone at timessometimes for one whole half-hour, monsieur! But she must have the parure on the instant, and in her own hands, so I come from madame myself to conduct you to Ville Stefania without delav

All this was fully in accord with all that 1 had ever heard of the eccentric restlessness of this great Russian lady, nor had I the faintest reason, after hearing of the telegram from my employers, to doubt the simple good faith of so pretty and altogether attractive a young lady as Mademoiselle Lenoir. Still there was one: "If the worst comes to the worst," said the obvious precaution that I ought to take, and I man, "what then! We are man to man It did take it; for I wish to make it absolutely he does not behave himself, he will have to Mademoiselle Lenoir. Still there was one obvious precaution that I ought to take, and I

clear that I acted in all respects as the most

prudent of men could have done.
"Mademoiselle will permit me to ask," said I, "simply as a matter of business form, if she

has the written authority—"
"Of Madame la Princesse? Assuredly," said she, with a bright smile. "It is good to treat with a monsieur of the prudence of monsieur!" She handed me at once a little sealed note, perfumed and gracefully written, that ran as fol-

" Villa Stefania, January 12.

"Monsieur Alfred Morris, on the part of Messrs. ——, will have the goodness to accompany the bearer, Mademoiselle Lenoir, to the Villa Stefania, without any delay, there to execute the commission with which he is charged.

"Stephanie de Mouranov."

I have that note still, to remind me of- But the end is not yet come. Suffice it that doubt, under the circumstances, never entered my mind; nor, I dare to swear, would it have entered the reader's, had he to judge before the event, as I had to do.

i found Mademoiselle Lenoir an exceedingly pleusant companion on the way to Villa Ste-fania, which fancifully-named residence we reached in about an hour and a half, partly by rail and partly en voitnee. I supposed it some eccentricity on the part of the Princesse that she did not, as she certainly might have done, send a carriage to convey us the whole way. Perhaps she was one of those people who take a pleasure in little mysteries and pointless con-spiracies. Mademoiselle Lenoir talked the whole time about all sorts of things and places, and I found her sympathetic, intelligent, and singularly well informed, as well as charming. I even began to flatter myself that I had made a by no means unsatisfactory impression upon mademoiselle.

Villa Stefania, where we arrived after dark-ness had fallen, I could not very distinctly see; but I made out that it was a small house, probably not long built, standing alone and apart from all other dwellings in a sort of shrubbery, and approached through a tiny court past the lodge of the concierge. We were at once admitted, without any ringing or waiting. Mademoiselle conducted me up a staircase and along a passage, both scarcely half lighted, into a room so dark that I could scarcely see where I

was, or anything at all.
"Imbeciles!" cried Mademoiselle Lenoir. "Not a light in the salon, not even a candle! That is how one is served when one has twenty servants, monsieur, each with his duties: we must have a twenty-first, to do nothing but see that the sconces shall not be empty in the salon—unless, perhaps, it shall be some fancy of madame, for nobody to know you are here. 1 will see. Monsieur is a brave man?" He is not afraid of being left alone in the dark till madame shall arrive? It will be in one moment, monsieur. Madame is anxious, very anxious, for the--"

I thought my being asked to wait in pitch darkness a little odd, but I could only say,
"It is many years since I believed in Bogy, mademoiselle.

"Bien. It shall not be long." And she

was gone, closing the door behind her, if my ears told truly.
Without believing in Bogy, it is not a plea-

sant thing to be left alone in a strange room in the dark, all the same-fancies will come into one's head, especially when the seconds grow into minutes without counting themselves on a visible watch-face, and when one has on one's person diamonds worth many thousands of pounds. Everything was all right, of course; and yet I could not help wishing that the Princess Mouranov had received me at Les Bosquets by the light of at least one candle, if not of day And, though I was but a tradesman's employee, common French courtesy should not have kept me quite so long waiting for a light, even though a fine lady might not be ready to see me the very instant I arrived. I felt my way to a very constortable sofa, on which I sat down, and waited on, waxing impatient, and feeling rather like a prisoner condemned to the dark cell. Manuers forbade me to doze or whistle, and-

But impatience was soon to change into something more.

111.

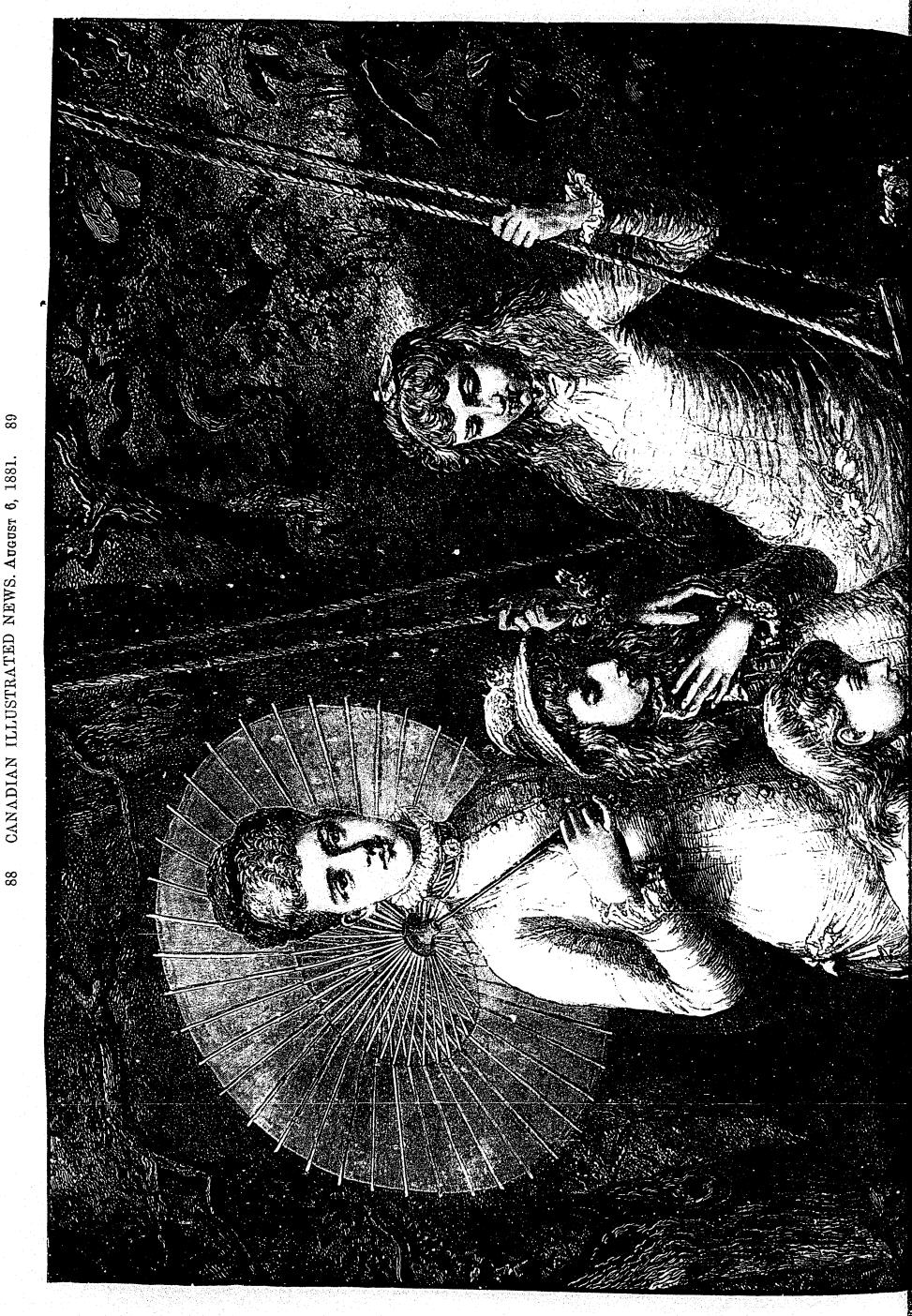
Was that sound of voices in the room or no? If not in the room, close to the room it must have been; for I heard them plainly -sometimes darkness itself will strangely sharpen our ears, and there are certain words which, once heard, sharpen them yet more keenly.

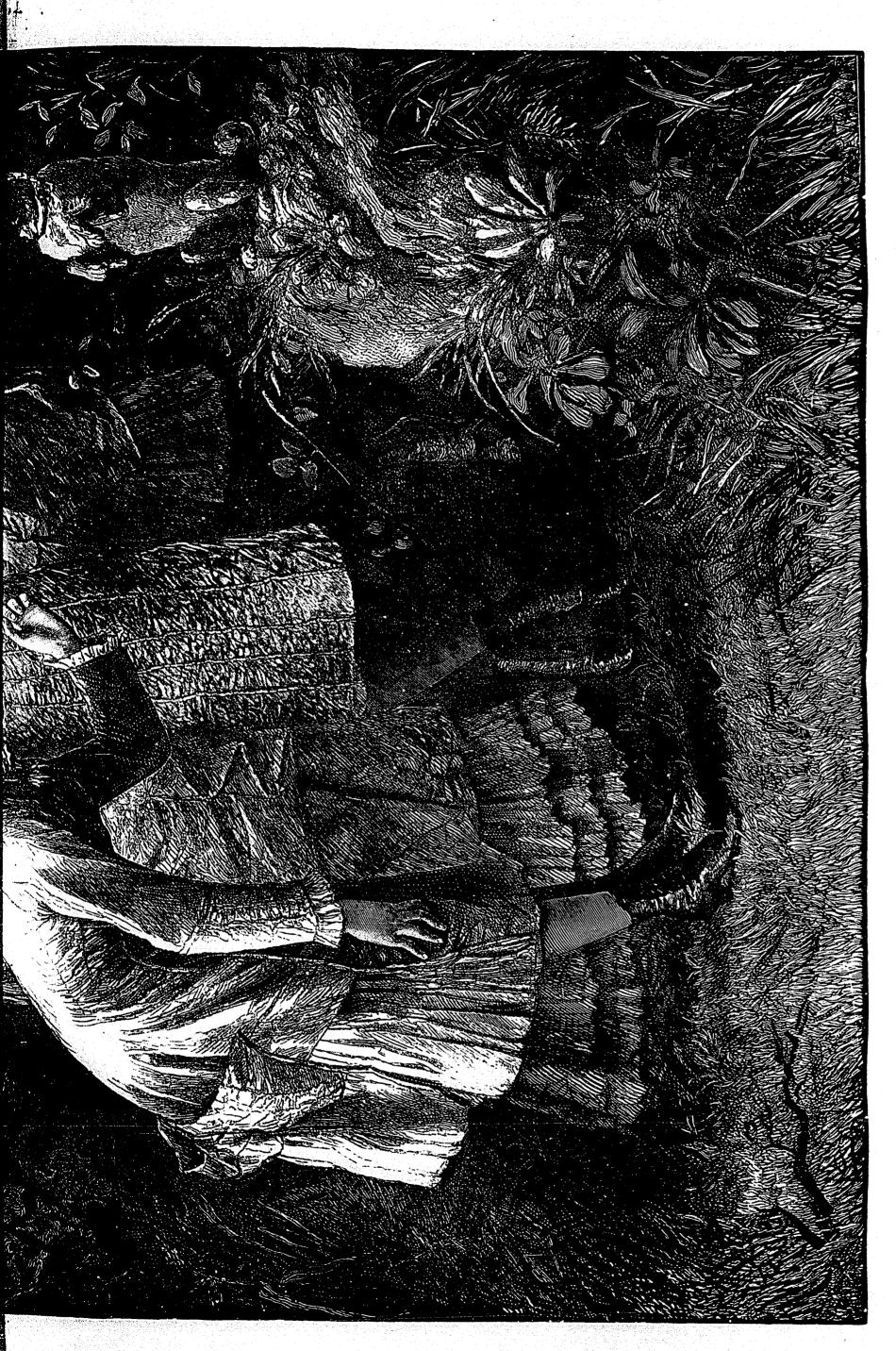
I heard three voices. One was Mademoiselle lenoir's. One was a strange woman's. The third was a man's.

Neatly trapped enough," said the last, so ly, in the German manner, that they slowly, in the brought their whole significance home to my dull British ears.

"But for the rest," said Mademoiselle Lenoir, "what ought one to do! If he goes back to England-"

"He must not go back to England," said the voice of the other woman-it was singularly cold, firm, and clear. "He must not leave France; he must not leave Paris till we are safely gone. Those diamonds-"





HE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER DAUGHTERS AT SANDRINGHAM.

reckon with me. These things are awkward,

because of the police. But—"
"He will not resist," said Mademoiselle Lenoir. "And if he does—"

I thought I heard a sigh, so sharp had my ears grown. But from whom came the sigh? Whether from Mademoiselle Lenoir or that other

woman I could not tell.

"If he does," said the man, "be it on his own head, whatever comes. You understand me, my friend. I do not like too much blood; but if there be resistance, there must be -what there must be. He must not trace the diamonds,

It had all passed through my ears to my sinking heart long ago. Fool that I had been to listen to a woman's story, however plausible it might seem! Some plot, invented and carried out with fiendish cunning, had brought me into a den of robbery and munier. I was to wait for death in that lonely house and that horrible dark chamber!

What, in the name of Heaven, in the name of desperate helplessness, was I to do! The voices grew confused, then ceased altogether. I was alone. Nobody knew me in Paris; nobody would miss me there. If I did not return, my employers would set me down as having run off with the jewels; my mother and sisters themselves would believe me guilty, and break their hearts and starve. Could I escape from the house! Impossible - through unknown passages and a locked door!

Instinctively I felt for my revolver, useless as it must be in a dark room. The murderer, or murderers, knowing the premises, could be upon me at any moment, and have me down before I could know of their approach; and one must have some faint light for an aim. I had known that all sorts of atrocities are even more common in Paris than in London; but how could I dream that such a doom as this, all for believing in the smooth tongue of a pretty serpent, would ever be mine! I say I felt for my revolver, though knowing all the while how vain a toy it would be now. A knife for close quarters would have been ten times its value; and that, too, would have been vain. I don't think myself less brave than other men, vet I could not help a groan of despair at the thought that I was about to be murdered so helplessly, so hopelessly. How soon would it be!

I drew out my revolver, and, in doing so, a little fusee-box, with a few matches in it, fell on the floor. One moment's light would be something, though the last gleam I was ever to see. I groped for the box, found it at my feet, and struck one of the matches. Heaven! what met my eyes! The gleam of flame had indeed come not a moment too soon.

Straight in front of me, coming towards me through an open door, was as evil-looking a ruffian as I had ever seen; a murderous ruffian, if ever there was one, hideously livid, and with eyes that glared towards mine. Thank Heaven for that one gleam of light! It might be enough for a straight aim... No time must be lost... I am no fighting man, Heaven knows....But....! fired.

For a moment the smoke clouded my eyes But I heard a cry. The flame from my match had not wholly died. And by its light I saw—Great Heaven! I had not had one murderer to deal with. A whole gang of brigands were upon me and my diamonds. What was to be

Five more brigands at least were there. Well, I dared not pray for so hopeless a thing as life but I would at least be true to my trust, and sell it dearly. My name, my honour might yet be saved. First to the right, then to the left, I fired, and fired again -twice -three times-

And then the match went out, and left me to the mercy of the robbers and cutthroats into whose hands I had been drawn by a woman's

Suddenly a blaze of light filled the room, so bright, that my eyes, till now blinded by dark-ness, were more blinded still.

"What madman is here?" cried a woman's voice—that other voman's, not Mademoiselle Lenoir's. "O: O: O! My poor, dear, beautiful boudoir! Send for the gendarmes!" Was I alive! I suppose so, since I could still

hear and see. And how can I describe the scene that I beheld I

I was in an elegantly furnished room. On my hand, with el nands, gazing at me with a face full of amazement, was Mademoiselle Le-noir. On my right, looking at me with wild looks of mingled anger, despair, and terror, was a handsome lady, who resembled a queen of

tragedy.
"O Amélie" cried the latter.
"O Madame la Princesse!" echoed Mademoiselle Lenoir.

"My favourite clock;" mounted the righthand lady.

"And the three whole mir-" mademoiselle was beginning, when I felt my arms grasped tightly behind my back, and a man's stern slow voice in my ear:

"Who are you? Are you madman or brigand? What does this mean? Who are you that makes havor with the boudoir of Madame la Princesse de Monranov? Who, I say?" I must confess it at last! I am a little near-

sighted; and, by the dim light of the match, had mistaken the sixfold reflection of myself in the panels of an octagonal room lined with large mirrors for a band of murderers.

And that talk of death and diamonds behind

the wall? Well, as I learned afterwards, the Princess Mouranov was, as it seemed half the world knew, busily occupied in flying from the pursuit of a husband from whom she was trying to keep not only herself, but her famous diamonds. Her eccentric movements had baffled him for long; but the temporary sojourn of her parure with our firm had nearly put him on the traces. Read the talk by the light of this and you will understand-even the big talk of Madame's last champion, a German Baron, who did meet the Prince in mortal fight with swords, and came off second best with a gash that went through his sword-arm. Who has got the diamonds now I neither know nor care.

But as for revolvers—well, if you must keep such awkward things at all, you can't spend three shots from one better than in obeying the

### "Brise le miroir infilèle Qui vous cache la vérité.

Smash every lying looking glass, whether it tells you you are a murderer, or whether-as is more common-it tells you, as my own, once upon a time, used to tell me, that I was a handsome as well as a near-sighted man. Alas, since that terrible night, no looking-glass dares to tell me that I am handsome any more. For I never saw an uglier ruthan in my life than my own double seen by the light of that fusee.

#### OUT OF TOWN.

BY HELEN M'ARTHUR.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear. Though wedded we have been These twice ten tedious years yet we No holiday have seen.

He soon replied, I do admire Of womankind but one, And you are she, my deavest dear. Therefore it shall be done.

" Maria, I wish you would make some inquiries about t at Mr. Keith. He has asked Minnie to drive with him again. It would come better from you than me."

"I am not sure about that. Basides, if this is only the second time, we've no cause for alarm yet. I've driven more than twice with a man myself and yet managed to escape him. And it's very unpleasant to go prying about and

be called a match-making old aunt."
"Oh, in your place I would think nothing of it. Very different if you were the girl's own mother, though you may be very thankful you're not," continues my sister, leaning back in her chair with a sigh, while she plaits up more blue ribbon for the dress which is under our joint consideration.

Minnie, being a brunette, were it last night trimmed in pink; to-night it is to do service for Clara, who is a blonde.

"Yes," resumes Eliza, "no one but a mother knows what it is to do for a family, especially where there are girls; no one but a mother can

Eliza shakes her head pensively. I am too busy to reply, but I think I know of some one

who is not a mother and who could tell.
"What is not borne for them?" asks Eliza solemnly.

"What indeed!" I echo. For I have just discovered that the flounce I have finished sewing on must come off again for the second time.
"Everything is on their account."

That is true. It is on their account that we are here, Maria on the little Boston rocker and I on the edge of the bed, with my feet on the bars of the only other chair which this small room in the third story of the fashionable hotel can boast of.

We are out of town this summer-really out of town. Not sitting in our dining-room with the blinds closed (I wish we were), and David, who will do a great deal to oblige people, stealing in at the side door like a burglar, and the rest of the house shut up, as has been our custom heretofore, in the vain hope of leading our friends to suppose the family is away for the summer.

It is true, many of them are pursuing a similar course, and have quietly retreated favourite resort-namely, the back of the house. We know where they are, and they know where we are, but every person does not know, and the fronts of the houses say, "Out of town," as plainly as a fast door and tightly-closed shutters can speak.

But this year, owing to a briskness in the lumber business, we are having a genuine trip, and as I said before, it is on account of the daughters of the family.

Eliza, our energetic commander, decided that it was time the girls should see a little of life should acquire a little of that polish which, if anywhere in this world, is such to be found at a fashionable resort, and finally should have an opportunity of securing eligible matches mothers take advantage of these places, I be-

We are a little nervous yet, and heing unaccustomed to the ways of fashionable society, we feel more comfortable in the privacy of our own apartments, where we can discuss the high life around us, and turn our observations in the parlour to some account in the matter of remodelling garments for the girls, who we consider must, by hook or crook, keep up an ap-

pearance with the others, or all is lost.
"Well," resumes Eliza, "for my part, I think we have done uncommonly well, considering the I short time we have been here. If I only knew

a little more of that Mr. Keith. Everything else is going on beautifully. Oh, it's a good thing to have one head in the family, if it is on

She looks away out of the window with the air of a general who sees victory fast approach-

ing.
"But we haven't got very far yet," I roply. "Well, we're progressing, now that Clara has come to her senses. She'll do very well. Such good taste in Count von Hoxar to drop the title for the present. Though after they are married, I should like him to take it. Did you ever hear him talk particularly of his castle, Maria to "Never." My mouth was too full of pins

for any further response.

"I should like to know. And the absurdity of that girl, because he was an old man, to put on such airs. Well, she knows what's what now, and I fancy she'll let the people at home ee what's what I"

Eliza tosses her head triumphantly.

"And to think," continues my sister, "to think of you, Maria, you after all these years." This is severe, but custom has hardened me to t. I do not flinch.)

"It's a blessed thing to have one pair of eyes about. The minute I saw that man, I said, 'He'll do for Maria. If you can only succeed in bringing him to the point,"-in a more doubtful tone.

"If he doesn't come until I bring him, he

will never get there."

"But you must exert yourself. You can't expectime to do everything. I can't make the inen propose.

"Of course not; no more can 1,"

"Oh, that was always your way, but it went out of fashion long ago."

Eliza falls into a reverie. I know she is devising a plan to bring Clara's elderly admirer to the point, for though she speaks with the greatest confidence of their marriage, truth compels me to state that he has not vet proposed. However, we are in daily expectation of that desirable event, now that Clara has been brought to look favourably upon her lover. Count von Hoxar, though he has dropped the title for plain Mr., which he considers more "abbrobriate," is not a man of prepossessing appearance. Of medium height, stout, florid and very oily complexion, large pale blue eyes, and a bald head -behold the Count!

But to balance these disadvantages, the Graf has a ruined castle in his fatherland, and is a millionaire, having, he informs us, "shast re-turned from California." The Grat's accent is not very pure, but a man with a million of money and a decaying eastle need not stand on trifles of pronunciation.

Minnie has also secured an admirer, the aboveismed Mr. Keith, about whom we know very little. But from his civility to me -he always conducts me to a seat in the parlour-Eliza and I have no doubt as to the sincerity of his intentions. But our greatest, our most wonder

ful achievement remains to be told.

1, my own individual self, have also a lover. After all these years, as Eliza so plainly puts it, and they have been many and long, I can scarcely look the fact in the face.

I find it difficult to realize that I, Maria Allen, spinster, aged ---, have a genuine ad-

Mr. Stiff-tis not a pretty name, but there is no doubt he is as graceful by that as he would be by any other attached himself to me on my first appearance, and has remained constant and devoted ever since. So devoted, indeed, that it is just a question now whether Clara or myself shall be first engaged.

Eliza starts out of her reverie.

"I have two minds to-well, I am not sure -How do you think it would do to bring David a little more to the point ! It might have some effect on these men.

"I'm quite sure it would have an effect, but

perhaps not the one you would like."
"No; he's such a bungler. Well, we've some time before us yet. Now, Maria, it you'll sew that on the band when you're finished. Dear, dear, I wish I had you all settled. think I'll lie down in your room for a little. I wonder where those boys are. You might ask David when he comes in."

In a short time the door opens and David enters. I take the Boston rocker, and my brother-in-law deposits his portly person on the edge of the bed—that being the only seat in the room that will accommodate him. The chairs room that will accommodate him. The chairs are too small and stiff, and the lounge too low,

so he has no choice left.

Like the rest of us, David has dropped the air of excessive enjoyment which we all thought the proper thing to adopt on our arrival, and which was very painful for me to behold. He is not a man of fashion, and the people here are not his style; consequently, when we first came, he was forced to take refuge from the gay world in this small room with Eliza and myself, where he held a sort of superintendence over the refurbishing of the finery, and asked a great many questions for which there was no answer, to the exasperation of Eliza, who thinks there is such a thing as a too do

People's ideas of pleasure differ. Who would have supposed, to see David on the edge of the bed, that he was off on his holidays? At times I felt very much inclined to laugh only it was more a subject for weeping, to see my worthy brother come in from a walk-his nole recreation—and, after seating himself, take up a book with a yawn, in a few minutes put it comes to every man when he finds it a relief down again with a sigh, then resting a hand to turn his back on the giddy world, and with

on each knee subside into a deep mental study, gazing blankly at the wall, from which he rouses himself suddenly with the observation, "Well, what's to be the next move?" Lately we do not see so much of him. A sort of-may I call it—brotherly feeling having sprung up between him and Mr. Stiff. It may be lum-

ber. I'm not sure.
"Well, Maria, at it still! Funny holidays you have, sitting with your nose at your knee all the time."

"But we must be particular about our appearance here, David."
"I suppose so," in an absent tone, drawing a little note-book from his pocket and commencing calculations, a favourite occupation since he

became intimate with Mr. Stiff.

"Well, I hope to see you here different days.
I tell you what, Maria, Stiff has a pretty good head on his shoulders. He knows a thing or

The gentleman's attentions have been so marked, that, to use his own expression, David

considers me as good as Mrs. Stiff already.

"Yes," he continues, "he knows a board when he sees it. He was telling me of some land out West that he saw last summer, with splendid facilities for milling, dirt cheap; could

spiradid facilities for milling, dirt cheap; could get it for a mere song, and it might prove a very good thing."

"Has he any money to buy it?" I ask.

"Money! I should think so. Oh, you needn't be afraid of that, Maria. Women have a pretty keen eye for the cash. Of course, he would only buy half. It would be a partnership."

David figures in his book, and I in my head, until the festive robe is finished.

In my room Eliza is stretched out for a nap, looking very tired and worn out. Between the style and worry of this place, I will venture to assert that Eliza has just ten pounds since we came.

In another corner, my nephew, Dick, who always comes to me when he is afraid to face his father is trying noiselessly to staunch his ideeding nose, an injury he has sustained in a duel with other boys othey are of daily occur tence), who have called him a country-buck.

This insult can only be wiped out with blood. But it seems rather hard that it should always be poor little Dick's blood.

One thing I always enjoy very much at this place and that is, a quiet corner to sit on and watch the dancers, on the occasion of a hop. The swift feet keeping time to the stirring tunes of the galop, or the slow, dreamy measure of a waits; the bright young faces, the handsome toilets, the hum of talk, the scent of flowers but, above all, the youth, the bright pretiness of youth, that has the great charm for me.

It is true I have more to think of than mere enjoyment. Eliza's solemn charges to pick up all I can, and especially to watch the girls, are always ringing in my ears. So I study fashionable life with one eye, whilst the other is fixed

on the prospects of my nieces.

Added to this, I have my devoted admirer,
Mr. Stiff, to attend to. He is always at my side, wielding a fan with most lover-like assiduity, and drawing comparisons between the gay seene before us and a hallowed retreat with a congenial companion. My lover has very romantic ideas as well as a penchant for poetical expressions. I am surprised to find so much sentiment in connection with lumber. In the first stages of our acquaintance he tried me with religion, no doubt thinking that a suitable subject to one of mature years; but now he has dropped that for something more personal, which, it will be understood, demands more attention than I can easily give. Have I not

Floating about among the dancers I see Minnie and Mr. Keith, apparently happy and selfsatistied.

got the girls to look after

It is one part of my business to observe it he dances as much with any other young lady. Eliza is always fearing that a coolness will set

Not far from where I sit is Clara -- poor girl! who is as fond of dancing as any one, must forego that pleasure on account of her elderly admirer, whose dancing days are over. In the pauses of the music I can hear the Graf's rich gutturals finding a painful utterance. wonder if he is on the subject of " loaf.

" Money is to me as nodin, Mees Glara." "That is because you have so much of it." "Money makes not of dis voorldt the happi-

ness," continues the oily Teuton, gazing ardently in his companion's face. " No, I don't think it does."

And from her serious tone and the glance with which she favours her adorer, I know the poor girl is feeling the truth of the statement. Theu the Graf wanders back to his favourite theme, the castle, and with laboured articulation and many gestures, endeavours to describe the "loafliness" of its surroundings.

" It would scharm you, Mees Glam, 'twould scharm you.'

This sounds hopeful.

"This is an exhibarating scene, Miss Allen, shouts Mr. Stiff in my left ear—the music is crashing out a galop. "Yes, an exhibitating scene, still-ahem-

> My fancy can discover Summer spots where man may dwell.

And woman, too, ch, Miss Allen?"

The glance of his eye is not to be misun-derstood. Yes," with a sigh, "there is a time that comes to every man when he finds it a relief a congenial companion meander gently down the decline of life-ah-'

An involuntary groan is wrung from him by a careless dancer coming down heavily on his toe. But he tucks his feet under the sofa and proceeds:

"Tis not in such places as this that true happiness is to be found.

"I suppose not, but I enjoy it very much, nevertheless.

Ah, indeed, Miss Allen, so do I, so do I, under existing circumstances, under existing circumstances.

I am aware that the face on the other side of the fan is trying to look things unutterable.

"The circumstances, my deas Miss—my dear —may I not say Maria!—that's what makes this earth a heaven, or a--shem-to a tender, loving nature."

I used to know a sweet thing that would describe my sentiments, if I could but recall a stanza. It went something like this," and Mr. Stiff burst into song :

"The winds low whisper seems Sweeter, love, to me, Whone'er I listen to its tone With thee, my love, with thee."

The music stops suddenly, while Mr. Stiff is warbling out the last line to the immense delight of the by-standers.

After each of these hops, of which there are many, Eliza gazes anxiously into our faces, as if endeavouring to read her fate.

Alas, we have nothing to tell. He cometh not to the point.

"What are you all thinking about ! What does that old idiot of a Dutchman mean?"

"That's a very disrespectful way to speak of your intended son-in-law, ma," says Chara. "Intended fiddlestick! I'll tell you one

thing, gazing thresteningly around on us, "we will have to go soon, and it's time something was settled; and more than that, your father is beginning to think so. I'd like nothing better than to set him on the trail of that young

"My goodness!" exclaims Minnie, " can we make the men marry us ?"

" After all I've done," continues Eliza. "Oh, well, I suppose you want to be like your Aunt Maria. Look at her."

And they all do look at me, but it's not the

"And I'll be bound this one will go through her fingers. Strange, but every man ships through Maria's fingers."

"Buttered," suggests Clara, irreverently, " either the man or the fingers."

A short time passes in silent expectation, without any special result, excepting that Mr. Stiff announces the fact that, owing to urgent business, he must tear himself away for two or three days. He is apparently very much dis-

"Separations are painful things, Miss Allen.

#### " To meet, to love, to part -

Is the sad tale of many a human heart. May that fate never be yours or mine. In a few days I trust to be restored to you. Meanwhile," with an ardent pressure of the hand, " breathe

a prayer for me. Farewell, beloved one!"
Exit Mr. Stiff. Eliza thinks if I mind what I am about, I may by one grand "coup" do something with him the moment he gets back. She expects him to return with four-fold ardor.

It may appear strange, but it is true, that I do not miss my admirer so much as my brotherin-law does, probably because I have more occupation. For three days David, whose soul seems to have been knit into this Jonathan, figureaway in his note-book upon pine land and water privileges with some degree of patience. But when the three stretch into five, seven and eight, he begins to wonder about the return of his friend. The note-book is discarded, and David wanders uneasily about, finding no rest.

By the way, Maria, do you ever hear from Stiff!" he asks one day.

"No, never; but you have heard, I sup-

"No; and I am beginning to think it a little strange. How long did he tell you he would be

"Three days."

Paree days.

'So he told me, and this is the tenth," says David seriously.

'It looks---oh, well, he'll turn up all right. At least it's to be hoped he will, for all parties," with a significant but somewhat uncomfortable laugh.

" How's that Dutch -- that Mr. von Hoxar behaving himself? Is he still hanging around Clara?

"Oh, yes, getting more attentive every day." "H'm, well, so far so good; but if he wants anything why does'nt he say so? Well, I'd like to see Stiff turn up again. Fact is, you needn't mention it, but he borrowed a little

money from me."
"Then you'll never see it again," is my con-

soling reply.

David looks thunderstruck. "What makes you think that! Pooh, you women always jump at conclusions so quickly. Ha I ha ! well, upon my word, Maria, you've a

poor opinion of your beau !" I never pretended to have a very good

one."

"Well, we'll see-we'll see."

But David looks uncommonly sober, and I feel uncommonly sober. We are not rich. Money is a consideration, and as the days pass without bringing back the sentimental Mr.

Stiff, I wonder very much, but am afraid to ask, how much it is. Poor David goes about with a face suggestive of Mount Vesuvius before an eruption, an expression of countenance, no doubt, peculiar to men who have been taken in and know it. Fortunately, Eliza suspects nothing, but that my admirer has, as she always predicted, slipped through my fingers. She, poor woman, has enough on her mind. We are drawing near the end of our stay, and

the oily Graf is yet to be landed. However, he has been, if possible, more encouraging of late. On the other hand, David has been very discouraging, and has been heard to couple the Graf's honourable name with some very unkind remarks.

There is to be another hop, the last for us. Clara gets a new ball dress and a new programme of instructions, and we all expect her to come off with flying colours, and elevate her family by securing the title. We are playing one last card to-night; if this fails, ah, well, we do not look beyond. Early in the evening she receives a note from the Graf stating that he will not be able to attend until a late hour, but begging her to look for him, which she does, but at the same

time takes any dancing that comes in her way. From my post of observation, where I sit in solitude, no longer, alas I cheered by the delicate attentions of the gallant Stiff, I fancy I have never seen Clara look so pretty. Surely she would be thrown away on the Graf. Mr. Keith and Minnie are still on the best of terms, but there is little satisfaction to be got out of him: and as he has no castle, or money to speak of, he has got to be rather a secondary consideration.

"Aunty, I think you and I are the maids for-lorn," says Clara laughingly, dropping down exhausted on the sofa beside me.

"I am, certainly, but your knight may apwar at any moment."

Her face clouds a little.

"Well, I'm not in a particular hurry," with a hesitating little laugh. "I do enjoy dancing

"Run away, then, and take all you can get. It does not look well both of us sitting here. People will notice. Here is your partner looking for you."

It strikes me they have been noticing. Perhaps it is my imagination, but I fancy a great many glances are directed to where I sit, and voices drop as the promenaders pass me. Long before the hop has come to an end I receive a message from Eliza to bring Clara away as quietly as possible. She has no doubt discovered that the obsequious Teuton has not yet made his appearance, and fancies Clara may appear neglected.

It does not strike us, as we pass along the upper hall where a group of servants is discuss. ing something with great relish, that the re-mark, "Old Timbertops has got his dander pretty well raised," can have reference to us in any way. Arrived at our own rooms, we soon perceive something is wrong. One or two servants souttle hastily away as we appear. Eliza calls me into hers, and I see for myself that

Vesuvius has burst forth.

My worthy brother in-law stamps about the small room, kicking the chair and Boston rocker first one way and then another, making

use of language not to be named to ears polite.
"What is it !" I ask.
"Oh, nothing," says Eliza, but she looks as if it were something. "This man is mad, I be-

if it were something. "This man is mad, I believe. It is Mr. von Hoxar—"
"Yes," roars David, a pretty hoaxer he has been, too. Let me catch him—only let me get my hands on him," shaking his fist at the look-

Some strange woman," continues Eliza. " inquired for him to day, and they have got up the report, out of spite,, that he is a married man with a large family. They are all jealous of his attentions to Clara."

Another kick sends the rocker reeling across

the floor, "And now," quivers Eliza, frightened in earnest. "After all I've done he'll spoil every-

thing. Every bit of it he'll spoil this night."
"By George! I will," thunders David. "Only let me get him. All you've done! Bringing us here to this infernal den of thieves and pickpockets. I wonder he did not want to borrow money like Stiff."

"Did you lend Stiff money?" screams

Eliza.

"Yes, madam, I did," is the defiant reply; "by way of assisting your schemes." Eliza looks at me.

"I wonder, Maria," she gasps, "I wonder that a woman at your time of life would encoura e such a character about her. And at your time of life, too.'

"Ob, rot ' rot! rot!" yells David. "All the encouragement he got there.' Eliza is crying now outright. But David has

forgotten his ducats to lament his daughter. Wait till that row is over down there, and if this place holds him I'll make short work of

him to night." "Yes, a nice laughing stock you will make of us all, and--

By George! if I do that half as well as you have done it. Now, look here," consulting his watch, "you'd better begin to pack up. We leave here by the first train. Muria, you'd better go and tell the girls, and let me know if all

he women are out of the way." Clara takes the news quite calmly. After the first shock she gives a sigh of relief.

"The thought of it was killing me, but I'd die rather than face all these people again."

No danger of that. During my absence David

has worked himself into another paroxysm.
'Only let me get at the throat of that Dutch hound. he roars, and before Eliza and I can stop him he darts out of the room and along the hall. She follows him with a scream that speedily collects a crowd, and the last we see of David he is plunging head foremost downstairs, followed by every man the place contains. All are eager to see the fray. The betting is very free. Large sums are put on Timbertops, while a very few back the Dutchman. In the morn-ing after our packing is finished, David returns. We learn that the proprietor and two or three other gentlemen have walked about with him all night ostensibly to search for the Count, but in reality to prevent a disturbance. The oily Graf was not to be found. Long before anyone is astir we fold our tents and silently steal away.

We are en route for home. Instinct tells us we have seen our last fashionable resort. I for one am very glad, and I know Clara is deeply thankful to leave the scene of her short-lived gaiety behind her. I suspect she is returning to one who fills a place in her thoughts to which the Count's money and castle could never attain.

Yes, I may be heartless, even wicked, to feel pleased that we have seen our last of high life; to view the downfall of our airy castles with indifference, to smile over the fine schemes which have come to nought, but I can't help thinking that if ever we go away again there will be a chance to see a certain quiet old farmhouse up in the hills, where we were all bornwhere some have died and been buried. There is no fashion there, the variety of life never reaches that place, but the sky is always blue; the trees wave their tall tops gently, as they did when we were children; the grand old hills are ever the same, and the forget-me-nots peep up every summer on the graves of those who were dearer than anything can be again.

No, there is no high life there, a poor, quiet, dull place, but to me it's "a dearer, sweeter

spot than all the rest.'

Eliza, admirable woman, is busy arranging what we shall say to our friends. Shall we give them to understand that the girls have made suitable or brilliant matches? or shall we say that their father, who "is very peculiar, you know," could not be induced to give his consent to their marrying at present. It's rather difficult to know which would sound best, but Eliza scouts the suggestion to say nothing at all. Something must and shall be said.

There is one thing, whatever we say or don't say-whatever we think or they think, one fact they cannot deny, and our painful experience will not let us forget it, we have been out of

#### A MADMAN'S REBUKE.

A certain king went to visit a mad-house, and found there an intelligent-looking youth who, after replying sensibly to a number of questions put to him by the sovereign, at length addressed

the latter, saying:
"You have asked me many things; I will now ask you one. At what period does a sleeper enjoy his sleep most !"

The king reflected awhile and said, "While

he is actually sleeping."
"That cannot be," said the madman, " for

he has no perception while asleep."
"Then before he goes to sleep," said the

"How can one enjoy anything," asked the madman, before it comes?"
"Then," said the king," after he has been

asleep. "Nay," said the madman, "a man cannot be

said to enjoy a thing that has passed away."
So pleased was the king with the other's wit that he determined to make a companion of him; had a table set out in front of the window of the mad-house and bade his attendants hand a cup of wine to himself and one to his mad friend. "You drink your cup," said the latter, "that you may become like me; but if I drink mine whom shall I be like?

The king, on hearing this speech, threw away the cup and remained a total abstainer torever

#### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE electric light is to be applied not only to the foyer of the Opera, but also to the scenery, if feasible.

THE Japanese colony in the French capital is about to have a pagoda built after the one at Yokohama, wherein to perform their devotions.

A NEW ballet by M. Nuitter, music by M. Lalo, will be produced at the Opera on November next. The scene is laid at Corfu, and the costumes will be of modern Greeks. Mile. Sangalli is to be entrusted with the principal rôle.

MLLE, Hubertine Auclere announces in the Citoyenne, that the Sociéte de "Droit des Femmes" has resolved on the day of the national festival to march to the Place de la Bastille with banner displayed but the shaft shrouded with "in commemoration of the death of so many females who aided the men to take the Bastillie; and who after having been admitted by the men to share the dangers of the battle. were excluded by them from a share in liberty. table Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The For women who remain slaves," adds this manifesto in the Citogenne, "in the nation of free Sold by all medicine dealers.

men, there are no national fêtes, there are only grounds for protest and claims." This is terribly grounds for protest and claims." cutting; it is perhaps unfortunate that Mlle. Hubertine Auclerc should have so far forgot or been ignorant of the historical fact that the Bastille was not taken but surrounded, on the express pledge given to the few old invalides who quarded it that their lives should be spared, but who were nevertheless immediately massacred. A recollection of the tragic event might have induced her to disclaim all part with the women "who shared the danger of the battle," and to leave to oblivion the records of a deed which would give but a very questionable title to the claims to civil equality for the women who took part in it, and for whose memory Mile. Auclerc has constituted herself the champion.

A charming fête was given on the 27th ult. in Paris at the elegant Hotel d'Estenburgh, Avenue Kleber. The fête was given in honour of the Vicomte d'Estenburgh taking the title of Duc de Composelice, the Comte du Daugnon having been deputed by the Italian Ministry to deliver letters patent, by which his Majesty King Humber restores to V. Beubsaet d'Estenburgh the title of Duca di Camposelice, an honour the family had been arbitrarily deprived of by a Vice-Royal decree, in Spain, the d'Estenburgs being of Scandinavian origin: a branch of the family, however, having settled in Italy some centuries To celebrate the restoration of his rights the Duca gave a magnificent feast followed by a musical party. At the dinner several ambassa-dors and persons of distinction were present; some speeches were made after dessert, one by the Duca proposing the health of his Majesty the King of Italy, and also in praise of the French nation for its hospitality to foreigners. Comte de Daugnon replied by recalling the munificence of the d'Estenburghs family, and explaining the Royal mission that had been entrusted to him, at the same time rendering homage to his sover-The guests then adjourned to the concert salon, where, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, some of the most distinguished of Parisian Society were present. Among those who added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening we may name M. Van der Heyden, whose talent on the violoncello is unrivalled: Mile. Mariani, who sang the grand "Air des Bijoux" from Faust, and "La Manolo," composed by M. Emile Bourgeois, a melody not easily forgotten. M. Bourgeois played with his exquisite taste several new pieces accompanied by M. Loret on the harmonium organ, the effect of which was quite charming and created a sensation. Perhaps, however, we have left the most effective performance to the last-the charming singing of the Duchesse de Camposelice, who is gifted with a lovely voice, and delighted her friends by singing both Italian and English songs. The Duca also allowed his splendid tenor voice to be heard, and played in great style "La Legende de Wieniawsky" on one of the finest Straduarius violins, enough to make any artist jealous. The Duca was accompanied on the piano by the eldest daughter of the Duchesse, who is an excellent pianist, and pupil of M. Bourgeois. The evenings are far too short passed in such society, where all the arts-music, painting, sculptureare cultivated.

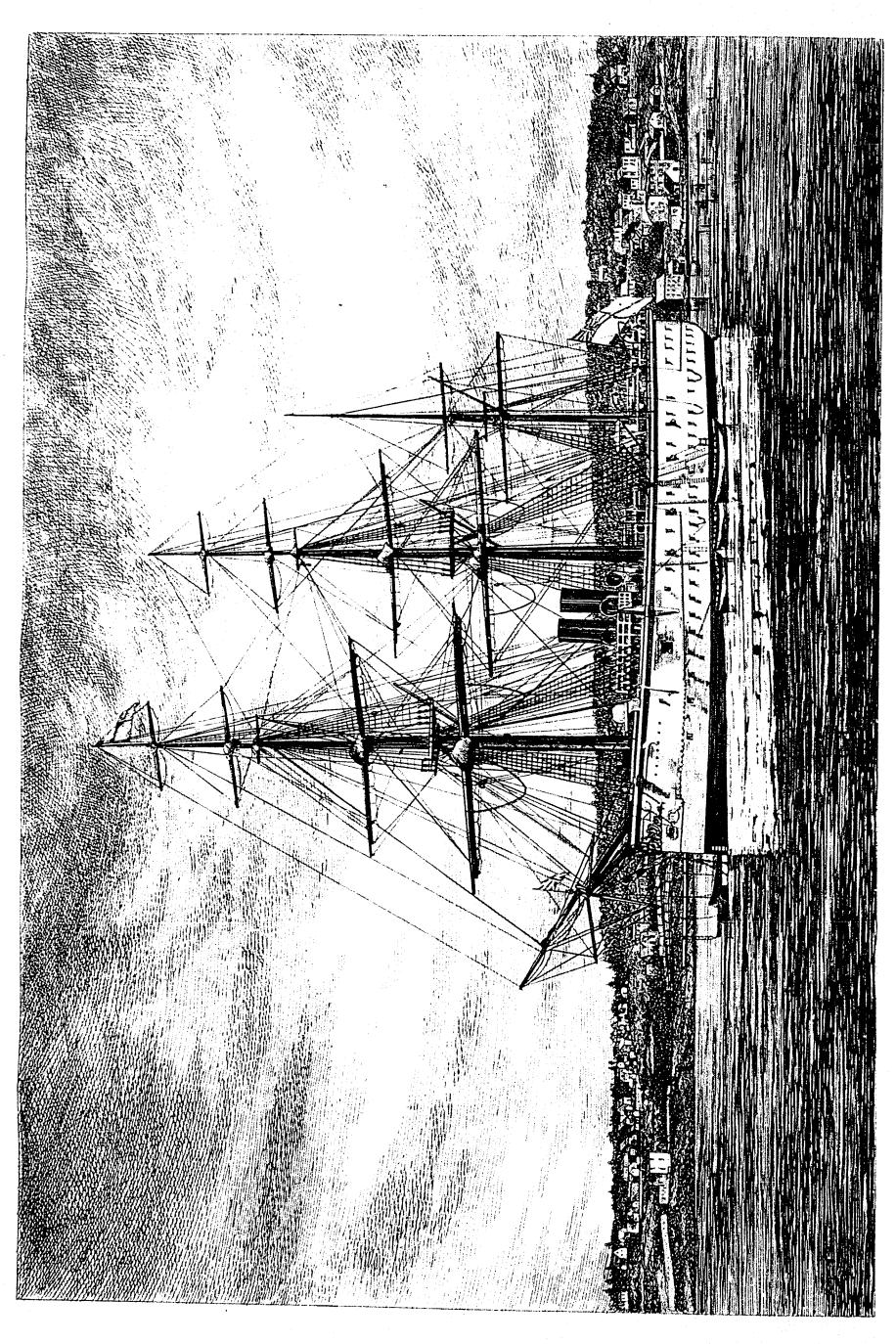
DR. FOWLER'S Extract of Wild Strawberry cures summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, sour stomach, colic, nausea, vomiting, canker, piles and all

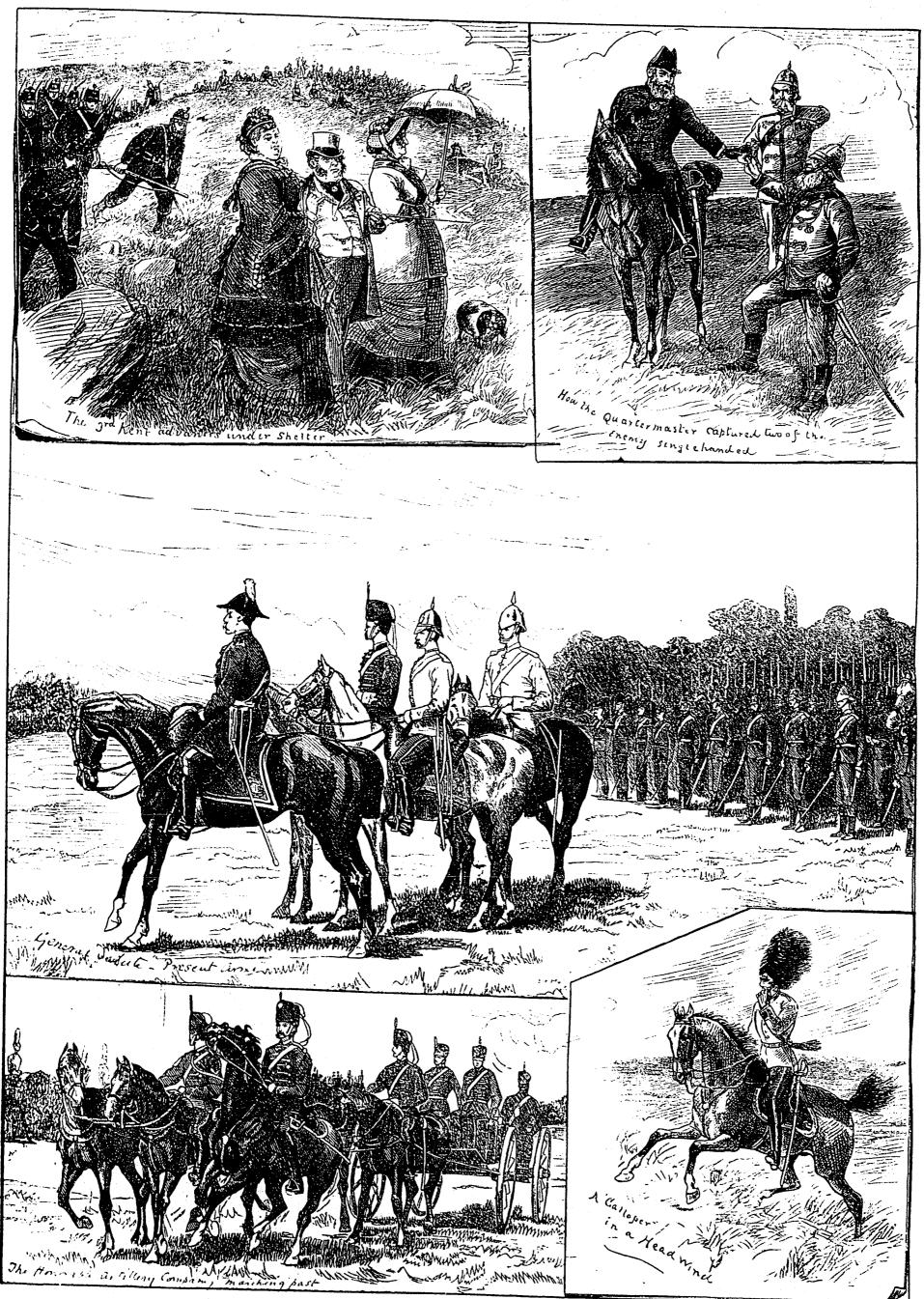
PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless;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

THE elements of bone, brain and muscle are derived from the blood, which is the grand natural source of vital energy, the motor of the bodily organs. When the circulation becomes impoverished in consequence of weak digestion should enrich it, every bodily function flags and the system grows feeble and disordered. the blood becomes impure either from the development of inherited seeds of disease, its contamination by hile, or other causes, serious maladies surely follow. A highly accredited remedy for these evils is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which eradicates impurities of the blood and fertilizes it by promoting digestion and assimilation. Moreover, this fine alterative and stomachic exerts a specitic action upon the liver, healthfully stimulating that organ to a p-rformance of its secretive duty when inactive, and expelling bile from the blood. It likewise possesses diuretic and depurent properties of a high order, rendering the kidneys active and healthy, and expelling from the system the acrid eldments which produce rheumatic pain. Price \$1.00. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Ask for Northrop & Lyman's Vege-table Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The

- Align Highlight Charles Charles Charles (1916) Align Health Charles (1917)







THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW IN WINDSOR PARK.—SKETCHES ON THE FIELD.

#### MY RIVAL.

BY MARY KAVANAGH.

Stately and proud she stood before me, In her trailing velvets and jewels grand, A delicate, fair patrician beauty The reigning boast in all the land.

Nor fear nor shame that held me silent As I gazed so eagerly into her eyes,— Every feeling was mute within me, Stilled by a great and glad surprise!

I turned away and looked in the mirror Smiling at what was reflected there A small dark face—two eyes of hazel! A broad low brow—brown, waving hair!

A little figure, far from stately, With something of quaint and childish grace, A dark robe brightened by scarlet ribbons, That fasten a ruffle of dainty lace.

She is heiress to untold riohes! I've not a penny to call my own; No one but he ever calls me pretty, Her proud beauty would grace a throne!

But my heart was throbbing with joy and sorrow As I looked again at that face so fair,
Joy that he loved me,—and deepest pity
For the woman to whom I had brought despair. Brooklyn, N.Y.

SIR JOSIAH MASON THE ENGLISH PHI-LANTHROPIST.

By cable, the death is announced of Sir Josiah Mason, the great penmaker and philanthropist. He was the founder of the Mason Scientific College, at Birmingham, England, and will be most widely remembered by that foundation. But he was long before that time an illustrious example of the use of well won fortune for the good of others. He was born at Kidderminster, February, 23, 1795, of poor but worthy people. When a boy, he worked as a shoemaker, then as a baker, and next as a carpet weaver. At the age of twenty he went to Birmingham and worked hard for ten years as a jeweller and gilt toy maker. At thirty he was connected with the manufacture of steel split rings and key rings, in partnership with Samuel Harrison, the inventor, and at his death he succeeded to the business and added to it the manufacture of steel pens. In 1829 a superior steel pen of his making gained an introduction into the market, won a gained an introduction into the market, won a high repute and enormous sales. He went into the business of electro-plating and gilding, then into copper smelting, establishing for this latter industry in 1850 a large manufactory at Pennbury in Wales, which grew up under his enterfrom an obscure village to a flourishing town.

By his numerous manufactories he amassed enormous wealth. His first great work of benevomous wealth. His first great work of benevolence was the erection and endowing of alms houses and an orphan asylum for boys and girls at Erdington, near Birmingham. This was done at an expense of \$3,000,000 on the erection of the buildings alone, and he afterward endowed the institution with real estate valued at \$1,000,000. Neither race nor religion is allowed to exclude the little one who needs its care. In addition to this noble charity he established and richly endowed a college for the study of practical science. with a distinct application to the industries of the midland district, in which his life had been spent and his fortune made. In recognition of his many benevolent and philanthropic works in 1872 Queen Victoria conferred on him the honor of knighthood. He had passed his eightieth year when he announced the mature and wellconsidered plan of his science college; and, being still vigorous and active in body and mind, had the satisfaction of seeing its buildings and equipments completed under his own eye, an able faculty selected for it, and of hearing from able faculty selected for it, and of hearing from Professor Huxley an admirable setting forth to the public of its purpose and plans, on the occasion of its opening, on the 1st of October, 1880. The college is a magnificent Gothic edifice, with a frontage on Edmund street of 148 feet. The buildings cover an area of about two thousand four hundred square yards, but in the course of time when the original plan of the course of time, when the original plan of the founder is carried out, they will occupy nearly double that area. This institution he also endowed to the extent of \$1,000,000. It should be remembered that all departments of the college were thrown open by its founder to both sexes on the same terms; and also that, with the absolute exclusion of party politics, theology and mere literary instruction and education from its curriculum, there is given to its trustees a large freedom of action to secure, with whatever changing condition of the future, sound, exten-sive and practical scientific knowledge to all who may need and seek its benefits. Beyond the fact that Sir Josiah's noble gift must become of incalculable value to the great crowded midland manufacturing district of England, lies the wider one of the practical example it gives to other men of wealth the world ever, who having, like him, risen "from the ranks," may desire to be-tow efficient aid on those who come after.—
N. Y. Herald.

#### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

TEE-TOTALLERS must not visit Milan, the water is of a most deleterious quality, and must be flavoured with brandy.

MR. PARNELL, who is a strange compound of determination and indecision, is not now sure that he will go to America in the autumn. Perhaps he is more sure that America does not want him.

THE executive committee of the national Mr. Judd, having withdrawn from the Tourney, for memorial to the late Earl of Beaconsfield have

decided to entrust the execution of a statue to Signor Raggi, to whom Lord Beaconsfield had given some sittings not long before his lamented death.

HERE is a sample of Shorthorn language, taken from a communication received from a correspondent. It relates to a bull:—"He most happily combines massive robustness with gentlemanly carriage.

WE are to have a new singer next season who is said to be the first real successor of Malibran who has appeared since she death of that mar-vellous artist. Her name is Caroline Salla, and she is a niece of Alfred de Muset.

A MEMBER of the House of Commons, who takes an intelligent interest in the vaccination question, is just now displaying it in a practical manner. As every one knows, one of the great difficulties in the way of spread of vaccination among the masses is the repulsion against the idea of being operated mon with vaccine taken idea of being operated upon with vaccine taken from the human arm. If they knew the vaccine came direct from the calf, they say, they would not mind. Taking note of their prejudice, the hon. member has gone into partnership with a friend, and triumphantly meets the difficulty. The friend finds the calf; the hon. member gives it house-room and fees a doctor, and, day by day, crowds of people come to be vaccinated, going away with their arm full of vaccine and their hearts full of satisfaction, having seen in the flesh the calf to which they are indebted.

Nor even in the great railway years of 1845-46 have the London papers had such "a good time" (as the Americans would say) in the way of advertisements as has been the case for the last two or three months. Hardly a day has passed on which not one but at least half-a dozen, and often double that number, of new joint stock companies have advertised their start in the world. Their advertisements are always lengthy, and consequently profitable. An advertising agent of many years' experience in the city calculates that take the daily and week ly all round, an average of £500 per diem would be understating the amount that each has received for this class of announcements during the last two or two and a half months. And the mania is by no manner of means at an end it is pretty certain to last well into the month of August, when everybody leaves town for the great annual holiday.

August.—The summer season now reaches its climax, and is prolific in developing bowel complaints. Over indulgence in fruit, immoderate drinking of iced waters and summer beverages, in a few hours produce fatal ravages among children and adults. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the most reliable remedy for all forms of summer complaints. Safe, pleasant and prompt in its effects. All dealers keep it.

#### OUR CHESS COLUMN.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.-Papers to hand. Thanks.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke.—The solution given to Problem No. 329 is correct. Key move R to B 8, if Black R takes R, P takes R, becoming a Kt, discovers check, and mates. In solution to Problem No. 334, White's Kt being at Q 6 the Black K cannot go to his fifth sq.

HAMILTON CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOUR-

The following statement of the games lost and won during the last four months by the players in the Hamilton Chess Correspondence Tourney was forwarded to us by the Conductor a month ago. We are sorry that absence from Montreal prevented its publication at an earlier date. As a record of the progress of this interesting match, we feel sure it will still be acceptable to a large number of chessplayers in Canada.

OURNEY.	Opening. No. of Moves.	### 12	
DENCE TO		Ruy Lopez  do Evans dambit Irregular Giucoo Piano Giucoo Piano Irregular Ruy Lopez Ruy Lopez He Giucoo Piano Evans dambit Ruy Lopez do do do do Evans dambit Ruy Lopez do do do do Evans dambit Ruy Lopez do do do do Evans Gambit Ruy Lopez do	Irregular
RRESPON st July, 186	Winners.	Clawson Burque Anderson Braithwaite Kitton Clawson Narraway Forster Anaw Narraway Forster Hood Braithwaite Henderson Clawson Hood Henderson Clawson Hood Hooderson	Ferris
HAMILTON CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY Games concluded from 1st March to 1st July, 1881.	Attack and Defence.	Clawson vs Hood Rer's vs Burque Anderson vs Kittson Riols vs Brathwaite Ryall vs Kittson Bolvin vs Clawson Narrawsy vs Ryall Hendricks vs Forster Judd vs Bhaw Anderson vs. Hood Ryal vs Henderson Henderson vs. Hood Honderson vs. Ryall Wylde vs Clawson Wylde vs Clawson Wylde vs Clawson Henderson vs Narrawsy Hood vs Narrawsy Hood vs Narrawsy Hood vs Narrawsy	Forster vs Robertson
Games con	No. of Games.	106 106 106 110 111 111 111 111 111 111	% %

The match between Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort is the all absorbing subject in the chess world at the present time; and we avail ourselves of the information furnished by our Erglish exchanges in order to give the latest news respecting the condition of the contest.

The match began at the rooms of the St. George's Chess Club, on Monday, June 27th, and the first game, which was opened by Dr. Zukertort, ended in a draw. The second game, which Mr. Blackburne opened, with the Scotch Gambit, also ended in a draw, after a contest of fifty moves.

The second game, which Mr. Blackburne adopted the Scotch Gambit, also ended in a draw, after a contest of fifty moves.

The third game, in which Mr. Blackburne adopted the Sicilian Defence, was won by Mr. Zukertort, who, also, socred the two following games, and accordingly at the close of the fifth game the score stood: Zukertort, 3: Blackburne, 0: Drawn, 2.

From the Chessplayer's Chronicle of the 12th ult., we have the record of two more games ir. this match, the sixth and the seventh, the first of which was won by Mr. Blackburne and the second by Dr. Zukertort.

Other games, no doubt, have since been played, and we shall not fail to give the results in our Column as soon as they reach us. Annexed will be found the score of the first game in the match, and our endeavour will be to give the others in succession, as we feel convinced that they will be acceptable to chess amateurs, from the fact that they are specimens of the skill of two of the greatest chessplayers of the day.

Since writing the above we learn that the eighth game in this match has resulted in a draw. The score is now. Zukertort, 4; Blackburne, 1; drawn 3.

PROBLEM No. 340.

By William Mitcheson. BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 468TH.

(From the Field.)

CHESS IN LONDON.

The first game in the match between Mesers. Black burne and Zukertort.

Black — (Mr. B.
1. Pto Q B4
2. Pto K 3
3. Q Kt to B 3
4. P takes P
5. B to Kt 5
6. Kt P takes Kt
B to B sq (b)
8. P to B 3 (d)
9. Q to Kt 3
10. Kt to R 3
11. Q takes Q (f)
12. P to K 4 (g)
13. Kt to B 2
14. B to Kt 5
15. Kt to Kt 4
16. K to K 2
17. R to Q sq
18. Pto Q 3
19. B to R 4
20. Kt to K 3
21. B to B 2
22. P to Q R 4
23. B to R 3
24. R takes B Sicilian Defense. White.—(Mr. Z.)
1. P to K 4
2. Q Kt to B 3
3. K Kt to B 3 -(Mr. B.) 4. P to Q 4
5. Kt takes P
6. Kt takes Kt (a) 6. Kt takes Kt (a)
7. Q to Q 4
8. B to K B 4 (c)
9. B to K 3 (e)
10. Castles
11. B to K 2
12. R takes Q
13. R to Q 2
14. K R to Q 2
14. K R to Q 3
17. R to Q 3 (i)
18. Kt to R 4 (j)
19. R to K 3
20. B to B 2
21. P to K t 3
22. K tto B 3 (k)
22. K tto B 3 (k)
22. K tto R 4 (m)
24. B takes B
25. R to K t 7 (n)
26 R takes R
27. K tto K t6
28. K tto B 4 24. R takes B
25. R to Q Kt sq
26. B takes R
27. B to B 2

#### NOTES-(Condensed.)

(a) The usual continuation is Kt to Kt 5, which leads to the American variation, in which Black replies Kt B 3, and then moves the K K 2, in unswer to Kt Q 6 ch (b) It would be disadvantageous to capture the Kt, for White would afterward obtain a strong post for his Q B at B 3.

(c) P K 5 would at last subject him to an isolation of the K P, if he wished to support it with the K B P in case Black replied P K B 3.

the KP, if he wished to support it with the KBP in case Black replied PKB 3.

(d) A very good rejoinder, which gains important time.

(e) If PK 5 now, Black would first oppose the Q at Kt 3 before exchanging Pawns.

(f) BB 4 was, of course, of no use, for Black could not take the BP, on account of the ultimate BR5 ch.

(g) Premature. Kt B2 was much better.

(h) As he can never venture to exchange the B for the Kt, the pinning was useless. We should have preferred PC 3.

Ki, the pinning was useless. We should have preferred P Q 3.

(i) Feeble. B B 2 instead would have effectually storped the release of Black's pieces, excepting at the cost of an important P.

(j) Mr. Blackburne justly observed that he was more afraid of B to K sq. which would have enabled White to advance the Pawns on the left wing for an attack, or must have resulted in White keeping the two Bishops, with a good game.

(k) A donbtful sort of writing move, for it weakens the Pawns on the K side.

(l) With the object of attacking the R P at R 3, and compelling its advance.

(m) The Kt is now strongly placed, in view of Black's Q kt 3 sq being assailable.

(m) R from Q sq to Q 3 lustead would have gained an important move, and was perhaps sufficient to deter Black from opposing Rooks at Q Kt sq.

(o) A fair draw. White has some attack against the adverse Q R P, but he is not likely to succeed, on account of Black being enabled to effect a diversion by the advance of the Q P.

OIL THANK

Solution of Problem So. 338

1. Kt to K 6
2. Q takes P
3. Q or Kt mates

1. B takes Kt (best)
2. Anything.

ution of Problem for Young Players No. 336. WHITE. BLACK,

Q takes Kt

1. Any.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 337. Black.

White. K at K B 8
Q at K B 2
R at K R 6
B at K R 7
Kt at K 4
Kt at K B 6
Pawn at Q Kt 4

Kat K4 Ktat KB5 Pawns at K 3, Q 2, K Kt 3 and Q Kt 4

White to play and mate in two moves.

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What?" "Why, she washes my face every

A WESTERN editor, who started a newspaper, called it the Smallpox, so that everybody would take it when they got to where it was.

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tion with the Loan by the City to the St. Lawrence & Atlantic Railway Company and assumed but not paid by the Grand Trunk Railway Company, the

### Corporation of the City of Montreal

hereby invite applications for the above-named securities, endorsed "Tender for bonds," and addressed to the undersigned, to the extent ef \$600,000 presently required, for submission to the Finance Committee on

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doubtful security.

Any further information required as to this proposed issue of the City's securities can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

JAMES F. D. BLACK, City Treasurer,

City Treasurer's Office, Montreal, July 11th, 1881. 1881.



1881.

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## Dominion Lands Regulations.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, OTTAWA, 25th May, 1881.

WHEREAS circumstances have rendered it expedient to effect certain changes in the policy of the Government respecting the administration of Dominion Lands, PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given :-

1. The Regulations of the 14th October, 1879, are hereby rescinded, and the following Regulations for the disposal of agricultural lands are substituted therefor:

2. The even-numbered sections within the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt—that is to say,

lying within 24 miles on each side of the line of the said Railway, excepting those which may be required for wood-lots in connection with settlers on prairie lands within the said belt, or which may be otherwise specially dealt with by the Governor in Council—shall be held exclusively for homesteads and pre-emptions. The odd-numbered sections within the said Belt are Canadian Pacific Railway Lands, and can only be acquired from the Company.

3. The pre-emptions entered within the said Belt of 24 miles on each side of the Canadian Pacific Railway up to and including the Alter day of December test, shall be dispensed of at the

3. The pre-emptious entered within the said Belt of 24 miles on each side of the Canadian Pacific Railway, up to and including the 31st day of December next, shall be disposed of at the rate of \$2.50 per acre; four-tenths of the purchase money, with interest on the latter at the rate of six per cent, per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry, the remainder to be paid in six equal instalments annually from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned on such portions of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

4. From and after the 31st day of December next, the price shall remain the same—that is, \$2.50 per acre—for pre-emptions within the said Belt, or within the corresponding Belt of any branch line of the said Railway, but shall be paid in one sum at the end of three years, or at such earlier period as the claimant may have acquired a title to his homestead quarter-section.

5. Dominion Lands, the property of the Government, within 24 miles of any projected line of Railway, recognized by the Minister of Railways, and of which he has given notice in the "Official Gazette" as being a projected line of railway, shall be dealt with, as to price and terms, as follows:—The pre-emptions shall be sold at the same price and on the same terms as fixed in

as follows:—The pre-emptions shall be sold at the same price and on the same terms as fixed in the next preceding paragraph, and the odd-numbered sections shall be sold at \$2.50 per acre,

6. In all Townships open for sale and settlement within Manitoba or the North-West Territories, outside of the said Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, the even-numbered sections, except in the cases provided for in clause two of these Regulations, shall be held exclusively for homestead and pre-emption, and the odd-numbered sections for sale as public lands.

7. The lands described as public lands shall be sold at the uniform price of \$2 per acre, cash, excepting in special cases where the Minister of the Interior, under the provisions of section 4 of the amendment to the Dominion Lands Act passed at the last Section of Pacillars of the contribution of the same provisions are provisions.

the amendment to the Dominion Lands Act passed at the last Session of Parliament, may deem it expedient to withdraw certain farming lands from ordinary sale and settlement, and put them up for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in which event such lands shall be put up at an

8. Pre-emptions outside of the Canadian Pacific Railway belt shall be sold at the uniform price of \$2 per acre, to be paid in one sum at the end of three years from the date of entry, or at such earlier period as the claimant may acquire a title to his homestead quarter-section.

9. Exceptions shall be made to the provisions of clause 7, in so far as relates to lands in the Province of Manitoba or the North-West Territories, lying to the north of the Belt containing the Pacific Railway lands, wherein a person being an actual settler on an odd-numbered section shall have the privilege of purchasing to the extent of 329 acres of such section, but no more, at the price of \$1.25 per acre, cash; but no patent shall issue for such land until after three years of actual residence upon the same. actual residence upon the same.

10. The price and terms of payment of old-numbered sections and pre-emptions, above set forth, shall not apply to persons who have settled in any one of the several Belts described in the said Regulations of the 14th October, 1879, hereby rescinded, but who have not obtained entries for their lands, and who may establish a right to purchase such odd-numbered sections or pre-emptions, as the case may be, at the price and on the terms respectively fixed for the same by the said Regulations.

11. The system of wood lots in prairie townships shall be continued—that is to say, homestead settlers having no timber on their own lands, shall be permitted to purchase wood lots in area not exceeding 20 acres each, at a uniform rate of \$5 per acre, to be paid in cash.

12. The provision in the next preceding paragraph shall apply also to settlers on prairie sections bought from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, in cases where the only wood lands available have been laid out on even-numbered sections, provided the Railway Company agree to assist the only timber in the locality may be found on their lands.

reciprocate where the only timber in the locality may be found on their lands.

13. With a view to encouraging settlement by cheapening the cost of building material, the Government reserves the right to grant licenses from time to time, under and in accordance with the provisions of the "Dominion Lands Act," to cut merchantable timber on any lands owned by

the provisions of the "Dominion Lands Act," to cut merchantable timber on any lands owned by it within surveyed townships; and settlement upon, or sale of any lands covered by such license, shall, for the time being, be subject to the operation of the same.

SALES OF LANDS TO INDIVIDUALS OR CORPORATIONS FOR COLONIZATION.

14. In any case where a company or individual applies for lands to colonize, and is willing to expend capital to contribute towards the construction of facilities for communication between such lands and existing settlements, and the Government is satisfied of the good faith and ability of such company or individual to carry out such undertaking, the odd-numbered sections in the case of lands outside of the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, or of the Belt of any branch line or lines of the same, may be sold to such company or individual at half-price, or \$1 per acre, in cash, In case the land applied for be situated within the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, the same cash. In case the land applied for be situated within the Canadian Pacific Bailway Belt, the same principle shall apply so far as one-half of each even-numbered section is concerned—that is to say, the one-half of each even-numbered section may be sold to the company or individual at the price of \$1.25 per acre to be paid in cash. The company or individual will further be protected up to the extent of \$500, with six per cent, interest theron till paid, in the case of advances made to place families on homesteads, under the provisions of section 10 of the amendments to the Dominion Lands Act hereinbefore mentioned.

15. In every such transaction, it shall be absolutely conditional:—
[a] That the company or individual, as the case may be, shall, in the case of lands outside of the said Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, within three years of the date of the agreement with the Government, place two settlers on each of the old-numbered sections, and also two on homesteads on each of the even-numbered sections embraced in the scheme of colonization.

[b] That should the land applied for be situated within the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt,

the company or individual shall, within three years of the date of agreement with the Government, place two settlers on the half of each even-numbered section purchased under the provision contained in paragraph 14, above, and also one settler upon each of the two quarter sections

remaining available for homesteads in such section.

[c] That on the promoters failing within the period fixed, to place the prescribed number of settlers, the Governor in Council may cancel the sale and the privilege of colonization, and resume possession of the lands not settled, or charge the full price of \$2 per acre, or \$2.50 per acre.

as the case may be, for such lands, as may be deemed expedient.

[d] That it be distinctly understood that this policy shall only apply to schemes for colonization of the public lands by emigrants from Great Britain or the European Continent,

PASTURAGE LANDS. 16. The policy set forth as follows shall govern applications for lands for grazing purposes, and previous to entertaining any application, the Minister of the Interior shall satisfy himself of the good faith and ability of the applicant to carry out the undertaking involved in such application.

17. From time to time, as may be deemed expedient, leases of such Townships, or portions

of Townships, as may be available for grazing purposes, shall be put up at auction at an upset price to be fixed by the Minister of the Interior, and sold to the highest bidder—the premium for such leases to be paid in cash at the time of the sale.

18. Such leases shall be for a period of twenty-one years, and in accordance otherwise with the provisions of section eight of the Amendment to the Dominion Lands Act passed at the last Session of Parliament, hereinbefore mentioned.

19. In all cases, the area included in a lease shall be in proportion to the quantity of live

stock kept thereon, at the rate of ten acres of land to one head of stock; and the failure in any case of the lessee to place the requisite stock upon the land within three years from the granting of the lease, or in subsequently maintaining the proper ratio of stock to the area of the leasehold, shall justify the Governor in Council in cancelling such lease, or in diminishing proportionally

20. On placing the required proportion of stock within the limits of the leasehold, the lessee shall have the privilege of purchasing, and receiving a patent for a quantity of land covered by such lease, on which to construct the buildings necessary in connection therewith, not to exceed five per cent, of the leasehold, which latter shall in no single case exceed 100,000 acres.

21. The rental for a leasehold shall in all cases be at the rate of \$10 per annum for each thousand acres included therein, and the price of the land which may be purchased for the cattle station referred to in the next preceding paragraph, shall be \$1.25 per acre, payable in eash. PAYMENTS FOR LANDS.

22. Payments for public lands and also for pre-emptions may be in cash, or in scrip, or in police or military bounty warrants, at the option of the purchaser.

23. The above provisions shall not apply to lands valuable for town plots, or to coal or other mineral lands, or to stone or marble quarries, or lands having water power thereon; and further shall not, of course, affect sections 11 and 29 in each Township, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, which are Hudson's Bay Company's lands.

LINDSAY RUSSELL, Surveyor-General.

Deputy Minister of the Interior.



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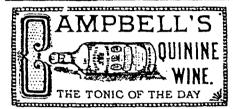
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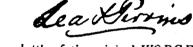
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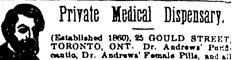
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