Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

	Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur		Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
	Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée		Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
	Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée		Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
	Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque	\checkmark	Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
	Coloured maps /		Pages detached / Pages détachées
	Cartes géographiques en couleur	\checkmark	Showthrough / Transparence
	Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire	e) 🗸	Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
	Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur Bound with other material /		Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
	Relié avec d'autres documents Only edition available / Seule édition disponible		Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / II se peut que
	Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long of marge intérieure.		certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.
/	Additional comments / Continuor	us pagination.	

Vol. XXIV.—No. 18.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1881.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.



FAREWELL.

"I desire no other reputation than that which may belong to him who sees his dearest wishes in process of fulfilment, in their certain progress, in their undisturbed peace, and in their ripening grandeur."—Speech of the Marquis of Lorne at Winnipko.

ed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITTEOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

TEMPERATURE

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

0	et. 23r	i, 1 8 81.		Corres	pondin	g weel	r, 1880
		lin. M			Max.	Min.	Mean
Mon	420	3 6 °	39°_	Mon	56°	50°	53 °
Tues	450	34 0	39 0 5	Tues .	520	3 9 •	4505
Wed	46 ≎	34 0	400	Wed.	470	35 ≎	41 0
Thur	54 °	38 ≎	46 0 _	Thus .	52 0	32 o	420
Fri	54 °	43 ♥		Fri	55 ♥	410	48 o
Sat	54 °	42 🗢	480	Sat	550	40 0	47 0 5
8un	46 0	40 0	430	8un	51 0	43 ♥	470

CONTENTS.

L'STRATIONS.—Farewell—Mr. Gladstene at Deal—The new Hydromotor ship—The Oriole Celebration at Baltimore—The Fire in the Fourth Avenue Company's Stables, New York—The Steeplechases at Lepine Park—Views in Old Queboc—Lafayette—The Centenary Celebration at Yorktown—The Landsip in the Seraft Valley. ILLUSTRATIONS.

THR WEEK.—The visit of the Toronto Press—Mr. Staveley Hill on the North-West—Loya'ty—Dress Reform—Adelina Patti—Ticket Scalping—A New Hydronector.

MISCELLANEOUS .- Theology and Morality-The Lon SCELLANEOUS.—Theology and Morality—The London Times—Our Illustrations—Arthur as a School-master—News of the Week—Oriole Celebration at Baltimore—Némorosa—Hints for the Table—Meissonier and Horse Painting—Varieties—A Lay of the Findhorn—A Lawyer's Story—A Weak Strauger—Russian Folk Song—Bear Shooting in Canada—Couldn't Feel at Home—Echoes from London—Literary and Artistic—By the River—Mr. Colville's Pie-nic—Chiffon Gossip—Musical and Dramatic—The Apotheosis of the Squatter—Echoes from Paris—Our Chees Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 29, 1881.

THE WEEK.

THE visit of the Toronto press on Saturday was highly successful in a social point of view, though the weather was most unpropitious. The match itself resulted in a drawn game, and the dinner subsequently was everything that could be desired. Our friends left on the night mail for Toronto well satisfied with their reception.

MR. STAVELY HILL, Q.C., M.P. for Staffordshire, made a speech of some importance at the recent prize-giving at St. John's School. Mr. Hill is member for a large agricultural district, and his visit to this country was undertaken with the view of satisfying himself and his constituents as to the capabilities of Canada as a field for emigration. He travelled as far West. as he could get, and after some weeks spent on the prairies has returned to England full of the immense possibilities of the North-West as the grain producing tion could be successfully maintained country of the future. Not only does he see a large stream of emigrants setting westward, undeterred by the hardships which must await first settlers, but he points out that for those who are unable or unwilling to endure such hardships, there will be vacant farms in Ontario, whose owners are moving west, in which new settlers will find the rough work all ready done for them, and can employ their capital in paying the journey westward of their hardier predecessors. Either way Mr. Hill's voice was raised here, and will be raised in the Western counties in encouraging the emigration of agricultural labourers and small farmers to a country of unlimited prospects, and one moreover in which he perceives a feeling of loyalty for our common Sovereign second in no respect to that of England herself.

WE wonder what Mr. HILL would have said on this latter head had he chanced to visit our theatres here. Do not people know that Englishmen remove their hats invariably during the performance of the national anthem, or is this mark of disrespect a contradiction of the member for Staffordshire's good opinion of our loyalty. Either way it is not as it should be.

THE "Ladie 'Dress Reform Association," of which we spoke some weeks back is, it seems, really in earnest in its movements, and the new costume is a fuit lic machinery is employed both in the

being for all the world like a riding-habit cut short just to above the ankle, exhibiting merely the extremities of the trousers. Only instead of the dress and nether garments being in cloth, these were of a black brocaded silk stuff that fell gracefully, and looked quiet and lady-like. Trousers worn thus, with a long skirt over them, are very different from the loud vulgar Bloomer costume of former efforts in this direction; and it is just possible that the reform may spread. But to do so it must come from above, else society will not have it on any consideration. At the Ladies' Dress Reform Association may be seen a specimen of this "rational dress," as it is called. In this the trousers are made very wide, with a deep flounce at the extremity, which combines with the skirt worn over them, so that in all ordinary situations no person could possibly tell there was any difference from the present dress of a lady.

ADELINA PATTI'S visit to this country is to be a fact after all. She has actually started from Liverpool accompanied by Signor Nicolini and a small company. Whether she will make her way to Canada remains to be seen, but the enormous prices which her engagement will make necessary will be difficult to procure in Montreal. Nevertheless we live in hopes.

WE are glad to see a sensible article in the Gazette on ticket scalping, based upon the confessions of an ex-scalper lately given to the world. Ticket scalping is one of the illegitimate trades which thrive upon this continent alone, and would not be tolerated for an instant in the old world. Even the recognized form of scalping is in itself unlawful. A ticket is in reality not a marketable article. It is only the evidence of a contract made between the railway company and the pas senger to carry the latter between certain points. It has been decided in England that this contract cannot be enforced in favour of any third party, or in other words that the ticket is in the strictest sense not transferable. In the hands of any purchaser other than the first, it is so much waste paper, and if used for travelling, the user is in fact committing a fraud upon the company. It is obvious then that persons who make a trade out of this illegal transfer, are in effect breaking the law, and committing a fraud upon the companies in whose tickets they deal, and we have little doubt that a prosecuagainst them in the old country, however it may be here. There is however a graver charge against ticket-scalpers as a class. One fraudulent transaction easily leads to another, and a business that has its foundation in questionable dealings, cannot afford to be too particular in the methods employed by its clients. The main object of ticket-scalping is to obtain tickets at such a price as to be able to undersell the railway companies on their published rates. How these tickets are obtained it does not do to enquire too closely, but recent exposures have shown clearly that in many instances clerks and other employees of the companies are tempted into stealing the tickets entrusted to their charge and selling them to scalpers. The easy opening for such fraudulent transactions afforded by the system is alone a sufficient charge against its morality, but we take it that the principle may be attacked apart from its irregularities, and the public are directly ested in the extermination of the vile practice from amongst recognized businesses, where to-day it shamelessly shows

THE application of the hydraulic principle to navigation is assuming daily more practical forms, and it is evident that its full importance has not yet been appreciated. In the Hydromotor vessel of Dr. EMIL FLEISCHER, recently built at the yard of George Howald in Kiel, hydrauaccompli, The World describes it as steering and propelling of the vessel, The Oxon.

principal difference between the Hydrom oter and its predecessors lies in the fact that in all previous machines the steam works upon the water to be expelled in an indirect manner by means of a steam engine and a central pump, while in the Hydromotor its action is direct and unaided. We give on another page an illustration of the vessel, a more detailed plan of which will be found in the coming December number of the Scientific Cana-

THEOLOGY AND MORALITY.*

Such is the somewhat imposing title of the pamphlet which lies before us, which as the work of one of our younger university men, is worthy of consideration, if only because there is much in the fact that a man of Mr. PROWER'S standing should have made the attempt, however unsuccessful, to deal with one of the problems of the age.

The object of the pamphlet seems to be to prove the dependence of practical morality upon the existence of religious belief, or to put it more clearly, that the morality of a nation is proportioned to its belief in supernatural religion. To prove this the author takes us through the history of the nations of Greek and Rome, endeavouring to trace throughout oth a direct connection between the decline of religious culture and the decadence of public and private morality. Unfortunately this part of the work is rendered practically valueless by the extraordinary errors into which he has suffered himself to be led, as instances of which we may briefly note, for our space will not allow us to do more, two quotations from Virgil on page 46, on each of which depends an argument, and each of which is absolutely incorrect. In the first he quotes the well known lines in the 1st Bucolic " Deus nobis hæc otia fecit," followed by the remarkable question "Who is to say what god is meant?" Surely any schoolboy could have told him, that Augustus, and no god at all, was addressed by the grateful recipient of his bounty. And later on the same page "Divôm inclementia divôm," etc., is attributed to Hector's ghost of all people; while Virgil has put the words in the mouth of Venus. Any one who will take the trouble to turn to the passage will see how utterly this misconception stultifies the argument intended to be built upon it. But then it must be confessed that Mr. Prower's conception of logical reasoning is itself somewhat defective. The most remarkable instance of this may be found in that part of his essay in which, after proposing to consider the arguments which go to evidence the objective truth of Christianity, he proceeds to offer a variety of testimony as to its subjective truth, and not one which, so far as we can see, even connotes its necessity objectively. But, after all, what can be expected of a man who complains of those who find "even Butler uninteresting" (I take it by the way that his view of Butler's position given later is a mistaken one, but this by the way.) As well should he deplore the pigheadedness of those who find even Punch funny.

All this is not to say that there is not much in the essay to praise. It shows the result of protracted thought, and extensive, though not always accurate, reading, and one or two points its author certainly makes, In particular may be noted his claim to judge of the effects of infidelity upon morals, in the persons, not of those who themselves have sy from their faith, but who have all the associations of early religious training to prompt their judgment of right and wrong, but of their children, a generation who have grown up without any such training and whose conduct will be actuated by what may be called first principles. In fine, if I have had no space to point out many other faults, I may plead the same excuse for omitting to notice much that is worthy of praise, and I recommend my readers to consider the

* Theology and Morality, by N. Prower, B.A.,

pamphlet for themselves without prejudice, only exercising a little judgment in the amount of belief they accord to its historical inaccuracies.

A. J. G.

THE LONDON TIMES.

The ordinary public that reads its morning newspaper over breakfast has a very vague idea of the tremendous organization of men and means and machinery necessary to the daily journal's production. Apart from the correspondents, the telegraphists, the steamers, the railway trains, that are engaged in its service abroad, there are at home the editors, leaderwriters, critics, reviewers, reporters, messen-gers, a multitude of persons, men of the highest culture and learning, down to the nimblest of chroniclers, telegraph clerks, and messengers. These, formidable as is their power, simply supply the pabulum, the manuscript, the material for manufacture. How great and how little all this is an outsider can hardly appreciate until he has seen a leading newspaper establishment at work. The *Times* office is a vast machine-shop and factory. Everything in the place, except the paper, is made on the spot. The Walter machines were made here, as were also those which point the Dai'v News the also those which print the Daily News, the Scotsman, the Liverpool Post, the New York Times, and other papers. Indeed, the whole of the appliances in the printing of the paper and lighting of the rooms (even the electric lamps) are manufactured on the premises, which embrace machine shops, type, stereotype and electroype founderies, electricians' laboratories, etc. The whole of the new buildings were designed and built by Mr. Walter and Mr. Macdonald, without the aid of architect or contractor. The very bricks were made on Mr. Walter's estate at Bearwood, and brought to London by his own people. The intervention of third parties, such as contractors outside the control of Mr. Macdonald, would have made the reconstruction of a contribution of the control of the contribution of the control tion of an establishment like the Times during its business hours almost an impossibility. The top floor of the building is devoted to the bound files of the paper. Descending to the next, you come to the dining-rooms and kitchens -one department for the clerks, another for the compositors and workmen generally. The service is conducted on canteen principles, and as a rule all the employés are glad to have the opportunity of taking their meals here. The kitchens are fitted up with every modern appliance. The meats are not baked, all kinds of joints together, in one oven, as is the case in most English restaurants, to the utter destruc-tion of their individual character and flavor; they are roasted before open fires. I noticed that there is a complete staff of cooks, with a chef, who appears to take a special pride in his art. On this floor there are also store-rooms and other apartments. As you descend you come next to broad and high composing-rooms, lighted with electric lamps. Cloak-rooms are provided for the men, each article of clothing being checked by an attendant after the manner of New York club-houses. Here and there are quiet offices, with telephonic and other machines in use and on trial. One room is devoted to the special Paris wire. By the side of the telegraph, which reels off its messages on the now quite familiar roll of paper, is a type-setter, so that the Paris letter is put into type, hot as it comes in, from the slips themselves. In another apartment are telephones connected with the re-porters' rooms at the Houses of Parliament. During last session all the night reports were sent to the office through this medium. The stenographer writes out his notes as heretofore, then the manuscript is read off through the telephone. The recipients of the messages at the Times office dictate them to the type-setters, and so they are put into type. The manuscript comes up from the Houses as heretofore, and goes into the reading-room, so that the proofs are read by the original copy, thus checking the telephonic dictation. The type-setting machine is made in the *Times* office, and is as near perfection as it is likely to be in our time. corner of one of the great composing-rooms there are six or seven of these little machines. They are capable of "composing" three parts of the news portion of the paper, each putting up five or six columns a night. The editorial and writing-rooms occupy the next story below, and convenient to the chief's desk is a telegraph in

direct communication with Mr. Reuter's office. A pneumatic tube is used right through the premises for the distribution of "copy," proofs, premises for the distribution of "copy," proofs, and messages. On the ground-floor are the machines, engines (the latter in pairs, in case of accident), foundries, and publishing offices; so that the last operation of production, the printing of the forms, is conducted with the added facilities of approximation of departments. forms come down; they are stereotyped; they poss to the machine; the paper is printed, and goes forth into the publishing office, which opens its doors at about four each morning to the carters and porters of Smith & Sons, who are the chief distributers of the leading journal. In front of these busy rooms, cut off from the heat of the machinery, and having an outlet upon Queen Victoria Street, are the advertising offices and the letter and inquiry department. From the aspect of a manufactory and government bureau in one, the establishment now assumes the appearance of a bank. The similarity is not without point, for here come in "the sinews of war." In this department there is a telephone in communication with the Royal

が、 一般などのでは、 のでは、 ので

Exchange, which can be switched off to the offices of all the leading advertising agents in

the city.

The inquiry department is for the use of persons who choose to have their letters addressed to the Times office, for consulting the files, and other purposes - a convenience which the public evidently appreciates. The Times, with all its ramifications and influences, reaching from Printing-house Square to the uttermost end of the earth, constitutes one of the modern wonders of the world; and nothing about it is more remarkable than the fact that it may be said to have grown up in our day. The art of printing has been literally revolutionized by the present Mr. Walter and Mr. Macdonald.

The Times was started in 1785, under the title of the Daily Universal Register, and adopted its present title three years later. It was originated by Mr. John Walter, grandfather of the present chief proprietor, Mr. John Walter, M.P. for Berkshire, who earned for his paper the sobriquet of "The Thunderer" by his bold and fearless attacks upon national abuses, his defence of the Right, and his defiance of all ob-structions that the Wrong might plant in his

On the 29th of November, 1814, the Time was printed by steam—the first instance of steam being applied to printing. The Book of Days, Mr. Grant's Newspaper Press, and British Manufacturing Industries contain details of this notable change in the production of newspapers and the reader who desires to investigate it is referred to these and kindred works. The Times is still a high-priced journal (3d.), is printed on superb paper, and its staff includes some of the ablest men in Europe. It pays princely salaries to its departmental chiefs and foreign correspondents, and stands by its writers

with a loyal tenacity.
"The Walter Printing-Press," which is capable of printing 22,000 to 24,000 an hour, is the invention of the present Mr. Walter, who supplements his scientific studies and journalistic duties with the onerous labors that belong to a seat in Parliament. The Walter machine was constructed under the superintendence of Mr. Macdonald, who is constantly engaged in working out some new scheme for the reduction of labor and the perfection of the art of printing. It were too great a task upon these pages to say in how many directions the Times management is engaged; but the Walter succession in Print-

ing house Square is wonderfully maintained.
When a stamp duty was enforced upon advertisements, the Times paid £70,600 in one year (1830) to the government. If this exaction had been continued as well as the penny stamp on each paper, the *Times*, on its present sale and its present number of advertisements, would have had to pay the government over £450,000 a year. I am not in a position to say what the income of the Times is, but taking Mr. Grant's figures for advertisements, and a minimum sale of 70,000 copies, its returns amount to quite £1,036,000. Touching the profits divided on the other journals, the following figures, while they are not authoritative, are pretty generally accepted in journalistic circles ar approximately correct: Daily Telegraph, £120,000 a year; Standard, £65,000; Daily News, £30,000; Moraray Post, £10,000. Thirty years ago, the Times, which is not given to boasting, stated in an editorial article that its gross income was equal to that of the most flourishing of the German principalities. - Joseph HATTON, in Harper's.

April 10 to ARTHUR AS A SCHOOL TEACHER.

In the year 1853 the writer attended the district school at Cohoes. The high department did not enjoy a very enviable reputation for being possessed of that respect due from the pu-pils to their teacher. During the year there had een at least four teachers in that department, the last one only remaining one week. The Board of Education had found it difficult to obtain a pedagogue to take charge of the school, until a young man, slender as a May pole and six feet high in his stockings, applied for the place. He was engaged at once, although he was previously informed of the kind of timber he would be obliged to hew. Promptly at 2 o'clock a.m. every scholar was on hand to welconquer the school or forfeit his reputation." Having called the morning session together, he said that he had been engaged to take charge of the school. He came with his mind prejudiced against the place. He had heard of the treatment of the former teachers by the pupils, yet he was not at all embarrassed, for he felt that, with the proper recognition of each other's rights, terchers and scholars could live together in harmony. He did not intend to threaten, but he intended to make the scholars obey him, and would try and obtain the good will of all present. He had been engaged to take charge of that room, and he wished the co-operation of every pupil in so doing. He had no club, ruler, or whip, but appealed to the hearts of every young man and young lady in the rooom Whatever he should do he would at least show to the people of this place that this school could be governed. He spoke thus and feelingly at times, yet with perfect dignity he displayed that executive ability which in after years made him such a prominent man. Of course the scholars, especially the boys, had heard fine words spoken before, and at once a little smile seemed to flit across the faces of the leading spirits in the pas

The work of the forenoon began when a lad of one who administered its government in thor-13 placed a marble between his thumb and fingr, and, with a snap, sent it rolling across the loor. As the tall and handsome teacher saw this he rose from his seat, and, without a word, walked towards the lad. "Get up sir," he said. The lad looked at him to see if he was in earnest; then he east his eyes towards the large boys to see if they were not going to take up his defence. "Get up, sir," said the teacher a second time, and he took him by the collar of the jacket as if to raise him. "Follow me, sir," calmly spoke the teacher, and he led the way towards the Hall, while the boy began to tremble, wondering if the new teacher was going to take him out and kill him. The primary department was presided over by a sister of the new teacher, and into this room he led the young transgressor. Turning to his sister he said, "I have a pupil for you; select a seat for him, and let him remain here. If he makes any disturbance whatever, inform me." Turning to the boy he said, "Young man, mind your teacher, and do not leave your seat until I give permission," and he was gone. The lad sat there feeling very sheepish, and as misery loves company, he was gratified to see the door open and observe his seatmate enter with the new teacher, who repeated the previous orders, when he quietly and with dignity withdrew.

The number was subsequently increased to three, the teacher returning each time without a word to the other scholars concerning the disposition made of the refractory lads. The effect upon the rest was remarkable. As no intima-tion of the disposition of the boys was given, not a shade of anger displayed on the counter nance of the new teacher, nor any appearances of blood noticeable upon his hands, speculation was rife as to what he had done with the three chaps. He spoke kindly to all, smiled upon the scholars who did well in their classes, and seem ed to inspire all present with the truth of his remarks uttered at the opening of the session. At recess the mystery that had enveloped the school was cleared away, for the three lads in the primary department were seen as the rest of the scholars filed by the door. While all the rest enjoyed the recess, the three lads were obliged to remain in their seats, and when school was dismissed for the forenoon the new teacher entered the primary room, and was alone with the young offenders. He sat down by them, and like a father talked kindly and gave good advice. No parent ever used more fitting words nor more impressed his offspring with the fitness thereof than did the new teacher. Dismissing them, he told them to go home, and when they returned to school to be good boys.

That afternoon the boys were in their seats, and in two weeks' time there was not a scholar in the room who would not do anything the teacher asked. He was beloved by all, and his quiet manner and cool, dignified ways made him a great favorite. He taught two terms, and every reasonable inducement was offered to prevail upon him to remain but without avail. His reply was : "I have accomplished all I intended, namely, conquered what you thought was a wild lot of boys, and received the discipline that I required. I regret leaving my charge, for I have learned to love them, but I am to enter a law office at once.'

That teacher was Chester A. Arthur, now President of the United States; the teacher of the primary department was his sister, now Mrs. Haynesworth, and the first of the three refractory boys was the writer. When it was an nounced that our beloved teacher was to leave us, many tears were shed by his scholars, and as a slight token of our love we presented him with an elegant volume of poems.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

In explanation of our front page cartoon we take the following from Lord Lorne's recent

speech at Winnipeg:

"Gentlemen, I believe that Canadians are
well able to take care themselves of their future, and the outside world had better listen to them instead of promulgating weak and mild theories of its own. (Loud applause.) However uncertain these theories may be, there is one thing of which we may be sure, and that is, the country you call Canada, and which your sons and your children's children will be proud to know by that name, is a land which will be a land of power among the nations. (Cheers.) Mistress of a zone of territory favourable for the maintenance of a numerous homogeneous white population, Canada must judge from the increase in her strength during the past, and from the many and vast opportunities for the growth of that strength, how she will in the future become great and worthy. Her position on the earth affords the best and safest highway between Asia and Europe. She will secure traffic from both directed to her coasts. With a hand upon either ocean, she will gather from each, for the benefit of her hardy millions, a large share of the commerce of the world to the east and to the west. She will pour forth of her abundance her treasures of food, and the riches of her mines and of her forests, demanded of her by the less fortunate of mankind. I esteem those men favoured indeed, who, in however slight a degree, have had the honour, or may be yet called upon, to take part in the councils of the statesmen who in this early era of her history are mould-ing this nation's laws in forms approved by its representatives. For me, I feel that I can be ambitious of no higher title than to be known as a supply on hand.

ough sympathy with the hopes and aspirations of its first founders, and in perfect accordance with the will of its free Parliament. (Cheers.) I ask for no better lot than to be numbered by its people as rejoicing in the gladness born of their independence and of their loyalty. I desire no other reputation than that which may belong to him who sees his own dearest wishes in process of fulfilment, in their certain progress, in their undisturbed peace, and in their ripening grandeur. (Prolonged cheers.)

THE FOURTH AVENUE FIRE. -The most exensive and destructive conflagration that has visited New York in many years occurred on the night of October 10th, on Fourth Avenue, near the lower mouth of the Park Avenue tunnel, and directly opposite the Park Avenue Hotel. The fire broke out in the immense stables of the Fourth Avenue Railway Company. A still gale blowing from the northwest spread the flames with great rapidity, and despite the best forts of the brave firemen to arrest them, the entire block bounded by Thirty second and Thirty third streets and Lexington and Fourth venues was speedily consumed.

Within half an hour after the first outbreak

the fire had crossed Thirty-second Street, and seized upon the tall storage warehouse belonging to John H. Morrill, the finest and largest of its kind in this city. Two million dollars' worth of property was stored there. The building was entirely destroyed. Many of the best families of the city, when travelling or out of town, de-posited their valuables at Morrill's, and took their own risks, insuring or not insuring, as they saw fit. Much of the material stored there was consequently uninsured through the neglect of

THE steeplechases of the Montreal Hunt Club, which we illustrate clsewhere, took place on Thursday, the 14th inst., at Lepine Park. Though the weather was not all that could be desired for a day's outing, a large and fashionable gathering was present. Had the weather been more propitions, no doubt a greater number would have been induced to turn out, as the reputation and performances of some of the horses entered caused a good deal of interest amongst those posted on their respective merits and performances. The races decided were the Green steeplechase, which was won by Mr. J. P. Dawes' "Charlemagne;" the half-bred handicap, which fell to Mr. Stuart, with "Pilot"; and the farmer's race, which degenerated into a match between S: Penniston's "Merlin," and C. Penniston's "Nora" both horses being owned by the Messrs. Penniston, farmers on the Lower Lachine Road, who have now won the Farmer's Plate continuously since 1875. The result of this race was disappointing. The Hunt are desirous of encouraging the farmers and their sons to turn out, but hitherto they have not done so as they should. Our illustration is taken from the grand stand, and shows the judges' box and the horses passing the post.

WE publish also one of a series of illustrations of old Quebec, which will undoubtedly prove of interest to our readers in this Province. The photograph from which this view was engraved is taken from a painting of the early part of the century, and shows the descent to the Lower Town with the Bishop's Palace and the ruins going down the hill.

WE give this week some incidents of the celebration at Yorktown of the centenary of Cornwallis' surrender. If we, as English subjects, have no great reason to rejoice at that event, yet we can look to-day upon the results of the war of Independence, and, accepting the new order of things, even recognize the historical event of 1781 as one for which we need not sorrow at any rate. Yorktown was the last scene of the old Revolutionary drama, a fine tableau before the fall of the curtain; but events which preceded it in the same year were perhaps more interesting. The famous "siege" was not of itself a very grand affair. Eight thousand men were hemmed in by sixteen thousand, and surrendered. There was no desperate fighting; the gallant rush of a small assaulting force ended the whole struggle. The terrible wars of the nineteenth century have dwarfed these old skirmishes, and we read with some amusement the hyperboles of the contemporary writers. Good Dr. Thatcher tells us that the scene was " subfr. I natcher tens us that the scene was suc-lime and stupendous," and glows with admira-tion of the racing shells, "with blazing tails most beautifully brilliant." When these fear-ful "meteors" fall and burst, the excavate the earth to a considerable extent, and make dread-When they drop in the York, they "throw up columns of wa'er, like the spouting monsters of the deep." The day of doom has dawned at last for the English. In the midst of this sublime and stupendous storm of meteors and monsters, they are going to wilt away, and vanish from American soil. It is in another spirit that the present celebration is undertaken. and English and Americans can join hands upon the anniversary of the day on which they faced each other as enemies.

WHAT EVERY ONE SAYS MUST BE TRUE.— All unite in praise of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry who have tried its efficacy in curing Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Dysentery, Nausea, and Bowel Complaints, generally in children or adults. Every person should keep

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

ARCHERY is becoming fashionable in French high society. An archery-ground is being pre-pared in the Bois de Boulogue.

SEVERAL foreigners resident in Paris and the departments have been ordered to quit French territory. These individuals are known as "artisans of revolution."

Good partridge-shooting anywhere within sixty miles from Paris is rented at from six to eight thousand francs a hundred hectares, about two hundred and forty acres. No wonder that swallows and larks are classed among the both wild of the French sportsman.

THERE is merriment on the French Boulevards on reading in the Havas despatches the following account of a victory by General Subatier:—
"Our troops found the village abandoned, and returned to Susa, bringing with them a few hens, five cows, and five prisoners. It was a splendid operation, perfectly well conducted, and one which does the greatest honour to Col. Moulin and our young troops."

In a provincial theatre while a stirring melodrama is being played and a prisoner is about to effect his escape under the most exciting circumstances, the theatre is in profound darkness, and the whole audience is in a tremor of expectation. Suddenly the door in the orchestra opens, a burst of sunlight shines into the theatre, and the usher in a high key inquires:
"Is there a man here named Bertrand?" This produces various profound sensations among the

THE first number of a newspaper, conceived of an unusual and original plan, appeared recently. The owner and editor, who is to write the whole of his paper, is the talented M. Alexandre Weill, and the title is Paris-Mensonge. According to the head notes, Paris-Mensonge will appear "each time that I have a falsehood to reveal and a truth to declare; and, more-over, "this paper will be sold at the price of ten centimes. It will take no subscriptions, and will insert no advertisements."

LAST week the habitae's of the Morgue were greatly puzzled by a curious india-rubber leg that lay exposed for recognition on one of the slabs. It appears that the body of an elegantly-dressed woman, apparently aged about fifty, had been found in the Seine, above the bridge of St. Cloud but the body was so decomposed that it could not be kept. It was remarked, however, that the left leg, amputated at the thigh, had been replaced by an ingeniously-constructed india-rubber leg, and was exhibited in the hope that "it might lead to the recognition of its proprietor.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE 52nd Regiment have embarked for Ire-

THE English Government have decided to abolish the India Coungil.

It is said that Mr. Gladstone's next step will be to suppress the League.

TROUBLE is pending between Mexico and Guatemala on the boundary qui stion.

THERE is a general exodus of the railroad labourers in British Columbia.

DISSATISFACTION among the Russian peasantry especting the land question has spread to Poland.

GUITEAU will in all probability be allowed reasonable expenses for witnesses.

PRINCE BISMARCK and the Emperor William have offered Pope Leo XIII, an asylum at Cologne.

The attempt to blow up the steamer Bothonio is said to have been due to private animosity.

A COPENHAGEN despatch says the unigrant ship Thingwall, with 500 passengers, was lost in Friday's gale.

Five hundred lives lost and 300 buildings blown down are the sum of the disasters caused by the recent storm in Mexico.

A LIFEBOAT rescuing the crew of the abandoned British barque Lebue, off the Isle of Man, capsized. Twelve persons were drowned.

THURE fourths of the crops in British Columbia have been destroyed. The farming populabia have been destroyed. tion will be in a bad way.

THE Spanish Minister of Finance is about to lay before the Cortes a Customs Reform bill in the direction of free trade.

Ir is said that the Rothschilds have been authorized to place the Hungarian loan of 300,000,000 florins in the United States.

LONGWORTH Daims, a Westmeath landlord, reduced his rents a fifth and promised to stay upon his estate. The tensutry paid at once and cheered the landlord.

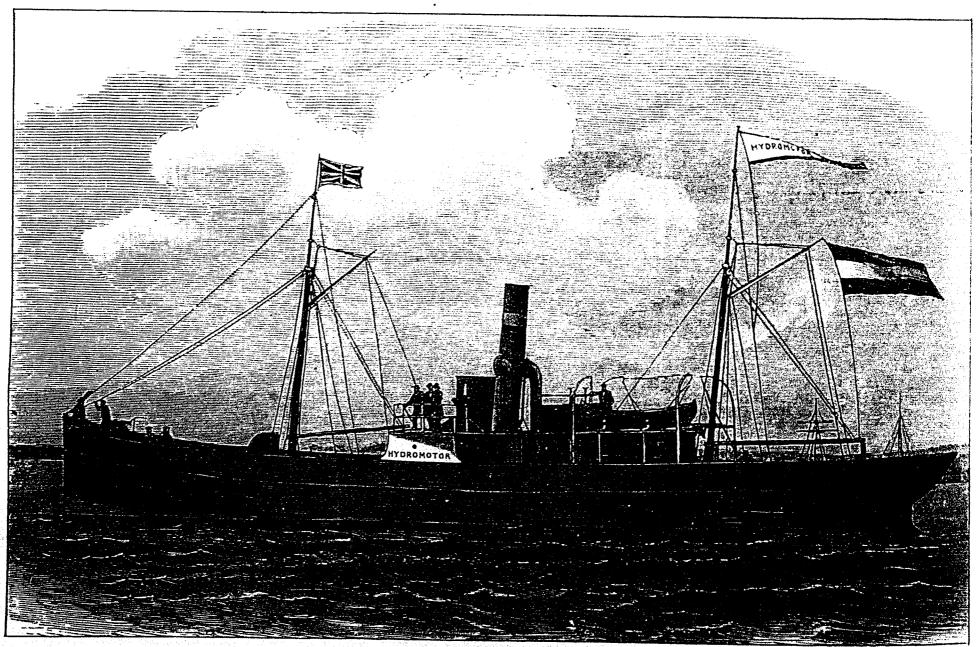
THE latest as to the meeting of the Emperor Francis Joseph and the Cz ir of Russia indicates that the meeting will take place at Granica.

THE Governor General's departure has been postponed for two weeks, by which time the Commander of the Forces will have arrived in Canada, and will act during the Marquis' ab-



Catherine Glasse Holay Tarley Whyladstone Man Pagos

MR. GLADSTONE'S VISIT TO DEAL .-- A GROUP ON THE CASTLE RAMPARTS.



THE NEW HYDROMOTOR OF DR. EMIL FLEISCHER.

ORIOLE FESTIVAL BALTIMORE.

THE grand oriole featural in Haltimore last week, extending over three days, was in every respect a brilliant success. The interest of the flee was enhanced by the presence of the distinguished Fronch guests of the nation, the representatives of Latayette, Rochamboau, De Grasse and others. The first day of the festival was marked by a parade of the inilitary, police and first day of the festival was marked by a parade of the inilitary, police and first day of the festival was marked by a parade of the inilitary, police and first departments, and the formal turning on of the water-power from the new works at Gunpowder River, illustrated in our last issue. The city en that and the subsequent days was dressed in holidayatilre, the public and private buildings lesing decerated with American, French, German and other national ensigns, escutcheous, with the portraits of Washington, Lafeyette, De Steuben and other heroes of the Revolution. All around were the oriole colors; stands were draped with them; they hung in festions around door and window, and, in fact, the colors of Lord Baitimore, taken from the oriole—the orange and black—were to be seen everywhere mingled with the red, white and blue.

The street pageant on the night of October 11th was one of the finest displays over witnessed in this country. It is estimated that not less than probably more than 30,000 people witnessed the parade from the multitude of grand stands, from private residences and public buildings, and from the streets themselves. The entire route of nearly six nites flashed with calcium, electric and varierated lights which gave to the gaudy decorations of flags and gay trimmings a fairy-like appearance. The Freuch guests occupied a stand, erected especially for them, at the intersection of Baitimore and Howard Streets. The pageant, composed of



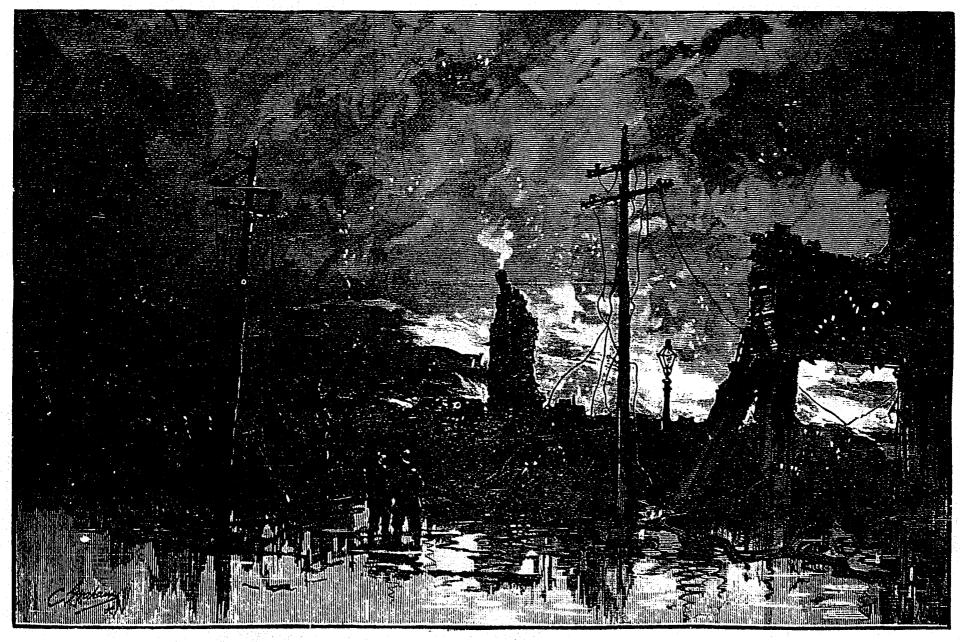
THE "ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA" FLOAT.

about thirty floats, illustrated almost every branch of science, including history—from the building of the pyramids to the present day—commerce, song, mythology and trade.

Each float was drawn by two horses with all the trappings consistent with the design itself. Attendants upon horse-back, knights, conturions, Greek warriors and Persian guards, all bearing torches blazing with colored fire, marched upon either side and in front and rear, wearing the uniform of their time and bearing the arms of their nationality. Heraids and mounted pages served as an escort in front of the procession.

The allegorical conceptions were broad, and the full purpose of the designs was brought out with great vividness. The French representation, which had the lead in the mystic displays, was a remarkably brilliant one, and the triple tableau, "America Supreme," was the most striking and realistic in the entire line of procession. This mystic pageant, or "Time's Enigmas," was notable for the fidelity of the scenic effects to the original of the thing depleted. One of the most effective tableau was "Antony and Cleopatra." This tableau presented to view more living characters than any of the others, there being nineteen all told—Antony and Cleopatra. Fins, Charmian, Enobarbus, Enos, Nieron and Metzan, attendants upon the two royal lovers; a lute-player and ten Nubian oarsmen. The scene was the royal galley, with Antony and Cleopatra reclining in splendid 'luxury in the stern, with attendants ready to do their bidding. The oars or paddied, straining their muscles to excite even a moderate rate of speed with the gorgeous but far from swift vessel. Egyptian devices and forms appeared at all points of the galley.

Another very effective tableau was that representing the influence



NEW YORK.-FIRE IN THE FOURTH AVENUE RAILWAY CO.'S STABLES.

of time upon the four great divisions of the globe. A hooded and winged sphinx reclined upon an elevated pedestal of dark Egyptian stone, at the side of which stood Time, represented as the typical old man with scythe and hour-glass. The square, an entirely unornamental pedestal, rested upon a base of the same sort of stone, at the corners of which were draped female figures, representing Europe, Asia, Africa and America. Europe was represented by a Caucasian, Africa by a negro, America by an Indian and Asia by a Mongolian. At the feet of the latter there was an enormous elephant's head. Each of the figures was en gala. The border of the float was ingeniously arranged and made to represent a massive base of Egyptian granite.

In memory of Lafayette and other distinguished foreign generals who fought for the liberty of America and in honour of their illustrious descendants who are now the honored guests of the whole nation, an appropriate ta-bleau of statuary was arranged. It represented general Lafyette thanking the ladies of Baltimore for clothing for his destitute army. The float was twenty-four feet long, twelve wide, and eighteen high. On the extreme front, at both sides, were two thrones, seated on which were young women representing the goddesses of France and America. At their feet were the insignia of both countries-the American shield and fent de lis shield. Between these two fig-ures stood a soldier in Continental dress keeping guard. On an elevation higher than this portion of the tableau, and a little in the rear, was a group of soldiers, poorly dressed, lounging around a camp-fire, portraying the condition of Latayette's army during the Continental war. Surmounting the whole was a magnificent top, in crimson and gold, finished inside in pale-blue silk, studded with stars. The flags of France and America were displayed on each side of a large eagle with outstretched wings. Beneath the canopy stood Lafayette attired in his Court dress, and standing in a graceful position, with his right hand extended in the act of thanking the ladies of Baltimore, who are represented by a female figure dressed in oriole colors and seated on the throne. In the background were stands of arms, ammunition, cannon-balls, drums and other materials of war.

NEMOROSA.

111.

Through forty years of ever-increasing prosperity it had been Madame Vanne's rule to sell for poultry, fruit and vegetables at a stall in Fontainebleau market. Some of her friends and neighbours thought this practice a little beneath the dignity of a well-to-do person; but she said that what had been good enough for her mother and grandmother before her was good enough for her, and she clung to the old custom partly bacause it was an old custom, but principally because she loved noise and bustle, chaffering and haggling, and because the delight of driving a hard bargain was a pure delight to her still Sometimes Marguerite used to accompany and assist her, standing in the background among the heap-d-up melons and figs, while the old woman shricked at her customers and shook her tingers in their faces; but latterly Madame Vanue had had to get through the Lusiness as best she could by herself.

To Fontainebleau Marguerite would not go. In vain she was entreated and appealed to; she was determined that nothing should induce her to run the risk of an encounter with De Valmy. Also she dreaded being seen in public, for she had a morbid impression that everybody must know or guess at her secret. Nevertheless, there came a time-September being on the wane and busicess at Franchard showing signs of approaching slackness—when she saw fit to modify her resolution. M. de Valmy had evidently forgotten her, if indeed, as seemed highly probable, he had not gone away altogether; and even if he should be still in the place, and she should see him, what had she to fear! It was he, not she, who ought to be embarrassed by such a meeting. Besides, her imprisonment was fast becoming intolerable to her, and she yearned to escape from it, were it only for a few hours. Influenced by these considerations she informed her aunt that she would meet her at Fontainebleau on the following Saturday; and Madame Vanne, delighted at this good news, which she took to be the first step toward a capitulation, immediately decided in her own mind that

Not a word did this wily old woman say to the young man about her niece; but when, in answer to her question, he confessed that he had never been to the market in Fontainebleau in his life, she threw up her wrinkled hands in mingled amazement and indignation. Never been to Fontainehleau market! And he an artist! But he ought to be ashamed of himself! Certainly he could have no idea of how picturesque it was. Purple grapes and white grapes, melons yellow and green, and bright red toma-toes and pumpkins and encumbers—not to speak of the great umbrellas, some crimson, some striped, and the women with their blue gowns and checked kerchiefs, and the soldiers with their scarlet trousers. "Colours! Why, there are colours enough in our market to make a dozen pictures!" cried Madame Vanne, whose notion of the Alpha and Omega of art was the

Victor Berthon should be there too.

chanced that Madame de Valmy, who had been out riding with her husband and M. de Chaulnes, in the early morning selected that day of all others to dismount as she passed the busy scene, and to make herself acquainted with what she had been informed was one of the prottiest sights to be witnessed in Fontainebleau. Victor did not at first recognize the lady in the dark green riding-habit whom he accidentally jostled and apologized to in the throng; but she remembered him, and after a few words of very amiable greeting introduced him to her husband. Victor bowed to the pale, weary-looking man with the lack-lustre eyes, and scowled at the hussar, who smiled pleasantly in return; and the whole party moved on slowly to-

Either to serve some purpose of her own, or out of sheer caprice, Madame de Valmy chose to be exceedingly gracious to the young artist-so gracious indeed that after a time M. de Chaulnes grew uneasy and jealous, and showed his jealousy so plainly that even Berthon could not but notice it. In this unexpected fashion the respective attitudes of the two young men became inverted; and Victor, for the first time surmising the true position of affairs as regarded the countess and her attendant cavalier, felt his heart throb with a delicious hope. What if he had made a stupid mistake, after all! What if the Némorosa of his dreams were Némorosa still! On a sudden, as if in answer to his questions, there was Marguerite before him, dressed all in white, as she had been when be had first seen her in the woods. She was standing in the shade of a rough wooden booth; in front of her were piles of fruit and vegetables: her face was as white as her dress, and she was gazing at him with an odd, fixed stare. Was she gazing at him, or at some one beyond him? His haste and confusion prevented him from taking in such details. He removed his hat, stammering out something about his joy at seeing her again; and she answered him scarcely less incoher-

Madame de Valmy meanwhile was orderine supplies of grapes and peaches which caused Madame Vanne to open round eyes of estonish ment. M. de Valmy, standing a few paces off, with eyes east down, was tracing semi-circles in the dust with the tip of his riding-whip.

"You are still at Franchard, are you not !" asked Victora little tremulously. "If I walked out there to-morrow morning, might I hope to

see you!"
"You would certainly see me," answered Marguerite, who was now almost herself again; but I should hardly be able to speak to you I am very busy all day. The evening is my free time; and then I generally walk to the Roche qui Pleure and refresh myself with a little pure Have you ever seen the Gorges de Franchard by moonlight!" she continued with a touch of her old animation. "You ought to see that. Sometimes I think the forest is even more beautiful by night than by day."

"Moonlight!" cried Madame de Valmy, who had caught the last words; "how lovely these woods must be by moonlight! I must positively make an expedition into the forest the next time there is a full moon. M. de Chaulnes, when will there be a full moon ?

De Chaulnes answered something in a low voice, and the two strolled on. "Shall you go to the Roche qui Pleure to-night!" Victor asked hesitatingly.

I go there every night," answered Marmerite.

And then De Valmy looked up suddenly, and as their eyes met a faint tinge of colour spread itself over Marguerite's pale cheeks. De Valmy moved away instantly; but that one glance had sufficed to throw Marguerite into a state of agitation which she was powerless to conceal What could be have thought of her! she wondered. Now that it was too late, she would have given anything to recall her thoughtless speech. At the moment she had only intended to say something kind to that poor M. Berthon, and to create an opportunity for the renewal of their intimacy upon altered terms; but M. de Valmy could not be expected to have understood that; and, although she might have been willing enough to let that gentleman see that his approval or disapproval was a matter of indiffernce to her, she did not exactly wish him to think that she was one of those persons who console themselves for the loss of an admirer by promptly putting another in his place.

Victor, not unpardonably, accepted the blush and the subsequent confusions as tributes to himself; and murmuring "Till this evening, then," passed on with the crowd in a jubilant frame of mind. It is needless to say that he walked all the way from Montigny to Franchard that night; nor is it necessary—except for the benefit of such persons as may be wholly unacquainted with the ways of lovers-to mention that he reached his destination a full hour before the moon rose. He knew he would have to wait; but under some circumstances the delight of anticipation is so great that waiting itself becomes almost an enjoyment; and it was very pleasant among those still, fragrant groves in the darkness. All those small noises which belong to the woodlands-whisperings in the branches overhead, stirrings in the dead leaves underfoot, and sublued creakings of the old elmboughs—fell soothingly upon Victor's ear as he paced to and fro building all manner of airy castles. The frogs on the brink of the adjacent

left covert, and emerging upon an open space of rocks and juniper bushes, cast about him till he struck the sandy track which leads to the lloche qui Pleure and the jutting promontory whence the far-famed Gorges of Franchard can be surveyed in all their length and breadth. The moon was not yet visible; but upon the hilltops, and on the level open country in the distance, there was a silvery haze, showing that she was already above the horizon and would soon illumine the shadowy depths upon the verge of which Victor had taken up his station.

All of a sudden he became conscious of the nuwelcome fact that he was not alone in his vigil. A red spark, which could be nothing but the end of a cigar, showed itself a few yards away from him; and closer inspection revealed the presence behind it of a dark form which was evidently that of a fellow-creature. Victor promptly placed a large rock between himself and the intruder; but presently, curiosity overcoming caution, he put his head out from his hiding-place just in time to see the head with the eigar attached to it protruding from behind block of sand-stone corresponding to his own. Both heads were instantly withdrawn; and both, after a short interval, popped out again simultaneously. This was undignified and ridiculous; and Victor, having no cause to feel ashamed of himself, stepped boldly forth. A similar view of the situation apparently presented itself at the same moment to the other dissembler; for he also emerged from his concealment; and, a stray moonbeam falling upon the silver lace of his uniform, his identity was no

longer a secret. De Chaultes at Franchard! And obviously waiting for somebody too! Victor's heart died within him. His first impulse was to spring at his supposed rival's throat; but nobody, who has not altogether lost his head, obeys his first impulse; and Victor acted in accordance with his second, which was to retire into the wood again, prop himself up against a tree, and think. His thoughts did not bring him much comfort. There was indeed little room in his mind for anything but profound amazement at Marguerite's audacity and his own simplicity. She had told him to his face, almost boastfully, that she walked to the Roche qui Pleure every night; and he-idiot that he was! -- had believed that she walked hither by herself. He was debating whether vengeance or silent contempt would best become him, when the rust ling of a woman's dress caught his car. The sound drew nearer and nearer, and Victor's heart began to thump. Doubtless his most dignified course would be to let her pass on to her rendezyous unmolested; but one can't be forever thinking of one's dignity, and it is not every day that a man finds it in his power to effect a really telling coup de théatre. Victor was unable to telling coup de théatre. withstand the temptation that presented itself to him. He waited until Margnerite was close to the tree behind which he was concealed, and then sprang out and faced her with folded arms.

Atas! it was not Marguerite at all, but Madame de Valmy; and Victor, apologizing pro-fusely, hat in hand, wished that the earth would open and swallow him. He was so confused, and knewso little what he was saying, that he actually blurted out the whole story of his unfounded suspicions before he could stop himself. And to crown all, he wound up with a piece of awkwardness of which he certainly would not have been guilty, had he been in full possession of his senses. "If you are in search of M, de Chaulnes, madame, you will find him close to the Roche qui Pleure; and you may rely upon my-my discretion. I will not intrude upon you a second time.'

"I assure you, monsieur," answered the lady gravely, but with a sound of suppressed laughter in her voice, "that I am in search of nothing but fresh air and moonlight. You, as I understand, have more exciting anticipations. Do not let me detain you from gratifying them.

Victor had no time to make any rejoinder : for now the silence of the words was once more broken; and this time it was undoubtedly Marguerite's voice, raised in accents of distress, that reached the listeners. Every word that she said was distinctly audible.

" I will not listen to you any longer! If there is any meaning in all that you have said, you must know that the only kindness in the world that you can do me is to go away and never see me again. Why do you persecute me like this !

"Persecute you!" answered a man's voice, which Victor did not at once recognize; " was it persecution to leave you for all these weeks without a word or a sign ! I tell you I have done my best. I have tried to forget you; I have tried to live without you; and I find it is impossible. Némorosa, the Fates are too strong for us; why should we go on striving against them, only to give in in the end ! You confess that you love me, and in the same breath you tell me never to see you again! What sort of a love is that I"

"What sort of a love is yours?" cried Marguerite weeping. "You make me despise you.

"Not until you have heard me out. Listen. Némorosa-"Monsieur, if you do not leave me I will call

for help. "Help from what I Besides, the whole world

is asleep."
"You will not go, then?"

from the shelter of the rock; Madame de Valmy followed more leisurely; and presently four out of a group of five persons, facing one another in a bright patch of moonlight, had assumed attitudes expressive of extreme discomfiture and dismay. The fifth remained mistress of the situation.

"Would one not say," she remarked, with a short laugh, "that we were rehearsing the gar-den scene from the Barbier de Seville!" We have all been playing at cross purposes, and apparently it falls to me to furnish explanations and set matters straight. Happily that is not difficult. M. de Valmy-who I am sorry to say has the defect of being a jealous husband-sees my carriage waiting in the road; he forms his own conclusions, plunges into the wood, catches sight of Mademoiselle, whom in the darkness he supposes to be his wife, and loads her with reproaches she naturally does not understand; so that she just as naturally shricks for assist. ance. In the meantime monsieur here has likewise done me the honour to mistake me for a person much younger and more beautiful than myself, and has frightened me out of my wits by springing upon me from an ambush. As for M. de Chaulnes, I cannot explain to my elt his presence here; but I have observed that it is a peculiarity of M. de Chaulnes' to be present at times when nobedy wants him. It only temains," concluded Madame de Valmy, "for uto wind up the drama after the approved fashion." She seized Victor's hand, placed it in Marguerite's and with a rapid movement gaining possession of her husband's arm, "Come, mon ami," said she; "it is time for us to leave the hero and heroine in sole occupancy of the stage. I regret that there is not room for three persons in my little carriage; but ne doubt M. Chaulnes will enjoy his walk home this time night. It was thus that Madame de Valmy took vengrance upon e clumsy admirer who had very nearly led her into a compromising situation. De Chaulnes has never been forgiven, and if Madame de Valmy's name is mentioned in hif presence now-a-days he pulls a wry face and changes the subject.

It may be supposed that Victor and Mar-guerite did not long remain hand in hand. When they were alone he asked, in a hoursvoice

" Was it true what that man said withat you love him ! She hesitated for a moment and then answered,

"I am sorry for you," said Victor, simply, after a pause.

"It is kind of you to say that. You do not blame me, do you! It was not my tault : i did not know who he was when he when

"I understand. No; I do not blame you Marguerite, you know why I came here toonight I will not key anything about that now; of course there can be no hope for me. hint some day it will be different. I shall go away from Montigny at once, so that you will not be anmoved with the sight of me; but I give up nothing. Time is on my side, and I shall come back again when I can do so without fearing to

She shook her head. "Come back when you are married," she said, " and let me be your wife's friend,"

"There is only one woman in the world who an ever be my wife," he answered.

And so, after a few more last words, they

parted.

IV.

The winter of 1878-79 was a memorable one for the inhabitants of Fontainebleau. It begin early and lasted late; it was signifized by an intensity of cold which went far beyond the ordinary experience of even the dwellers in that high-lying region where all winters are hard, and in the midst of it there occurred a phenomenon so extraordinary that those who witnessed it will remember it to their dying day, and that the traces left by it may be expected to be visible long after they and their children shall have been laid in their grave.

One bitter January morning, when the ground was frozen as hard as iron, and the sky was low and gray and there was a feeling of snow in the air, it suddenly began to rain a slow, chilly rain, which froze as it fell, and re-mained in a crystal fringe of icicles upon the eaves of the houses, upon the telegraph wires. upon the umbrellas of the foot-passengers and even upon the beards and whiskers of such as possessed these adornments. This was about ten o'clock in the morning, and by mid-day the streets were converted into a solid sheet of ice. Traffic of all kinds was suspended; for no horse could have kept his legs upon a surface so slippery that a man had much ado to maintain an upright attitude upon it. Travellers who had arrived by train found themselves unable to reach the town and had to make the best of blazing fires and a state of siege at the railway station; peasants who had come in from the country in the early morning abandoned all hope of returning home that day; and no one, except a few adventurous spirits, who put on skates and enjoyed the novel pastime of cutting figures in the middle of the highway, thought of stirring beyond his own threshold. The people congregated at the windows and in the assembling together of as many brilliant hues as could be crowded upon a canvas.

So Victor went to market on Saturday morning; and by a somewhat strange coincidence, it

And still the rain continued. It continued through the whole of that day and through the night and through the next day, a period of some six-and-thirty hours in all. During the second night the sleep of many a burgher of Fontainebleau was disturbed by the strange. distant din, and not a few, recalling in a state of semi-consciousness the bad times of 1870, sat up in bed, rubbing their eyes and murmuring that the bombardment had begun. Even a broad-awake watcher might have fancied that the little town was being made the object of a night attack. There was the booming of artillery, the cracking of musketry and mingled with these, from time to time, a peculiar crashing sound, like the shattering of innumerable panes of glass. With morning came an explan-ation of this curious hubbub; and it was one which turned the merriment of the honest folk of Fortainebleau into mourning. The evil news flew from house to house; the forest, they said, was doomed. The trees, unable to support the tremendous weight of ice in which their boughs were encased, were falling as fast as their own leaves in autumn. Some were torn up by the roots, others were decapitated, others were mutilated of their limbs; it was doubtful whether, when all was over, a single tree of any siz would be left standing.

The extent of the damage done, though enor-

mous, and from an artistic point of view irreparable so far as the present generation is concerned, happily proved in the sequel to have been greatly exaggerated. At the time it could only be a matter of conjecture; for no man save at the imminent risk of his life, could have penetrated into the forest. In the meantime, a partial than having set in, and the roads being once more rassable accordance roads being once more passable, everybody hastened to the limits of the town to see what could be seen of the catastrophe that was going forward.

There was indeed something worth looking at The pale wintry sun shone down upon a world of pure crystal. Every twig had a coating of ice of three or four times its own diameter; the the great limes in the Avenue de Muntenon, which leads from the chatean, were bent for-ward till their topmost branches met and their lowest rested upon the ground; here and there in the garlens was an evergreen shrub, seen as through a glass shade, the ice having formed round it in a solid dome, through which each leaf could be distinguished; in the forest, through the white mist that bung over the ground, was dimly discernible the large trunk of many a fallen giant, while the opinous crash and thunder that told of other invisible cabamities went on almost incessantly.

The news of what had happened had been telegraphed to Paris, and had the effect of bringing down a few curious sight seers from the capital in the course of the atternoon. Among these might have been naticed a gentheman of care-worn and weary aspect, whose eyes, as he picked his way along the frozen streets, were not directed toward the forest (which is visible at the end of every street in Fontainebleau, but wandered restlessly hither and thither among the ranks of the passers by as if in search of a face that was not to be found there. M. de Valmy had neither seen nor attempted to see Marguerite again since the night when he had been so ignomimously marched oil by his wife from the Franchard woods. Shortly atterward the countess had declared herself satiated with rural delights, and had left for Paris, taking him with her as a matter of course; and for the last few months he had been endeavouring with all his might to stifle an infatuation of which he was more than half ashamed. How far he had succeeded may be judged from the fact that he had seized the first plausible excuse that offered to hasten down to Fontainebleau. He traversed all the highways and byways of the little town in the faint hope of encountering Marguerite somewhere; and in the Rue de France he did at last catch sight of a familiar face. It was not however that which he was seeking, and he dropped his eyes, having no wish to recognize or be recognized by the sturdy peasant woman who was hurrying toward him. But she saw him, and instantly barred his passage.

"Oh, M. de Valmy, is that you? You have come down to see the spectacle ! Ah, monsieur, what a misfortune, what a misfortune !

"It is indeed a misfortune, Madame Vanne," answered de Valmy gravely, a little surprised at so unmeasured a display of grief; "but let us hope things may not be so bad as they seem.

"Oh, the forest—the forest!" interrupted the old woman impatiently; "to hear people talk one would think that the forest was a good Christian who was being assassinated. I have had more than enough of it of that accursed forest! My niece, monsieur-you may remem ber my niece Marguerite-has been in love with it all her life. Yes, you may state; but it is the simple truth 1 am telling you. She has taken the forest for her lover, instead of an honest man who would have made her happy, and now by way of reward, I believe it has brought her her death."

What do you mean?" asked M. de Valmy,

who had grown a little paler than usual. Then Madame Vanne, with many tears and interjections, related how she and her nicco had come into market two days before; how they, with many others, had found themselves imprisoned in the town; and how Marguerite, excited and agitated beyond measure by the reports which had reached them, had been with blood, than Burdock I difficulty restrained from rushing out into the trial bottles 10 cents.

forest to witness with her own eyes the destruc-tion of her idol. "You conceive, monsieur, that such a thing was of the last impossibility the woodcutters told us that one would be safer in the thick of a pitched battle than among those fallen trees. Also I gave Marguerite good scolding, and took care not to let her out of my sight. Ah, and I allowed her to escape of my sight. Ah, and I allowed her to escape me after all, miserable old woman that I am I stopped for a few minutes to talk to a friend not five minutes and when I turned round she was gone. I have not found her -- I knew I should not find her, I know I shall never see her alive again. For months past I have felt that something was going to happen to the girl. She has not been like herself; she has been always sad and silent, and so thin that you would hardly know her again. Eh! monsieur, what is it? Where are you going?"
"I am going," answered de Valmy gravely,

to find your niece.

"Where then? We do not know even the

direction that she has taken."
"But I know," said de Valmy unhesitatingly "It is to the Rocher de Némorosa that she has gone; and it is there that I shall seek her. Let me go; I will not be stopped!" For Madame Vanne had forgotten her good manners so far as

to seize him by the arm.
"What madness! you will only belkilled too. It is a suicide, nothing less; and if I did my duty, I should call the gendarmes. Still if you

are quite determined—"
"I am quite determined," returned de Valmy: and Madame Vanne having relaxed her hold, he marched away for a few paces with quick, resolute strides. Then by degrees his speed slackened; he came to a standstill; finally he faced about and retraced his steps, his head sunk des-

pendently upon his breast.

"Madame Vanne," said he, "I have reflected.
You were right. I cannot claim the privilege of undertaking this sad and sublime quest. More than life is at stake here. If I were to return with Margnerite-nay, even if I were to die with her-what would be said of us ! Alas! we live in a world which loves to think evil Life is much; but good name is more; and it shall not be through me-" Emotion checked shall not be through methe speaker in the middle of his sentence.

Madame Vanne looked at him rather oddly. "Lord forgive me!" she muttered under her breath, "I believe the man is afraid!" She added aloud with that respectful stolidity which the peasant instinctively assumes as a cloak for sateastu, " monsieur is full of delicacy. I have only to thank mousieur for his good intentions.

And with that she dropped a courtesy and hobbled away, leaving De Valmy who had heard the aside sas perhaps he was intended to doto his reflections.

"Was he afraid ! That is precisely the ques tion which he has never been able to answer to himsel in a satisfactory manner, and which it may be hoped, has cost him some uncomfortable half-hours. No one who knew him would ever believe that he had been so, if there were any consolation to be found in that; for he had to glit many duels in his time; had even been quite badly scratched on the arm upon one occa ion, and had besides been under fire repeatedly during the war. There are however degrees of contage; and possibly M. de Valmy, who had little or no belief in a future state of existence may have besitated to resign this pleasing, anxions being after so useless and inglorious a tashoon. Be that as it may, he turned his back upon that awful and mysterious forest, and gloomily made his way to a hotel, where he ordered a room and awaited events.

Margnerite never returned. Two days later one of the search-parties which had been organ-ized found her body, where De Valmy had predicted that she would be found, near the Rocher de Nemorosa. She was lying in the snow, half concealed by the colossal clur-bough which had dealt her death-blow. It was better to have died like that in a moment than to have perished dowly of cold, said those who broke the news to Madame Vanne, and who, like most bearers of ill-tidings, were determined to discover some germs of comfort in their melancholy mission.

A modest cross in the cemetery, close to the borders of the forest which she loved so well, marks the spot where reposes all that was mortal of Marguerite Vanne, "dite Nemorosa, Reine des

"Her soul is with the saints," says Madame Vanne, drying her eyes as she rises from the little mound beside which she has been duly re citing a De Profundis on the jour des morts.
"And where is that?" asks M. de Valmy,

with the mildly satirical smile of a Pilate asking What is truth !"

"Where yours will never join it, mousieur, returns the old woman roused to sudden wrath. M. de Valmy carries a huce wreath of yellow

immortelles tied up with a black ribbon. He is accompanied by his wife, who has commanded him to bear this tribute of respect to the memory of "that interesting and unfortunate young girl."
It may be confidently asserted on behalf of Madame la Comtesse, that she both knows how to chastise the sinner, and will lose no opportunity of turning her knowledge to good account.
Victor Berthon is still unmarried. If he re-

mains so for the rest of his days, his case may at some future date be cited as a rare instance of the triumph of constancy over time.

A HARD TASK .- To find a better remedy for dyspepsia, indigestion, and impurities of the blood, than Burdock Blood Bitters. Price \$1.00,

A FEW HINTS FOR THE TABLE.

We are sorry to see a disposition on the part

of some of our exchanges to make jests of asparagus eating. It is by nature a delicious vege-table, but in build it is designed to prove a decided injury to people of infirm digestion, that is, when cooked in the whole, which is the popular way. A man unused to table-etiquette should, when invited out, or when at a hotel table, decline such articles as he is confident he cannot dispose of with ease. These are, principally, asparagus, green corn on the cob, chipped potatoes, small game, oranges, and stewed fruits whose pits are too large to be swallowed with safety. However, he does not always use this firmness, and his plate comes to be filled or surrounded by things which are designed to build him up, but which threaten to tear him down, and before them he quails in fear and confusion. If he does not have the strength to decline them when passed, he must either leave them about his plate as embossed monuments of his folly, or risk his life, and the garments of his neighbour, in their disposal. To the unitiated a stalk of asparagus is a formi dable object. To get it into his mouth without dropping it inside of his vest requires tact. He observes that the popular way is to use it as a bow with his mouth as the fiddle. It is rarely he ventures on this plan, from an exaggerated opinion of its magnitude. And the caution is proper enough, perhaps, as in applying the bow he may miscalculate the exact location of the fiddle; and to offend in this respect, even in the smallest degree, is to disarrange one's nose or mar one's chin. Then, there is another danger. The stalk may lop down, causing an entirely new effect to be made; or it may part in the middle from too great an enthusiasm in closing upon it, leaving a very small particle in the mouth, with the handle in the fingers, and the most palatable and larger part inside the If taken up as a whole on the fork, and we find that new beginners generally pursue this course, it has to be coaxed and crowded into the mouth with as much demonstration as though it was a dog being put out of doors. And when safely housed there is the indigestible end or handle to be disposed of. It cannot be returned to the plate. To be swallowed at all, it must be chewed very fine, and in this process all the delicate and rich flavour of the balance of the stalk is lost in the deprayed taste of the tough fibres. A man should become thoroughly familiar with asparagus before going into society with it. Corn on the con is rather difficult to Perhaps the better way is to cut off the corn, but to the beginner very unsatisfactory results quite frequently attend this operation. If he beers too hard, and he invariably will, on the top of the cob, the lower end, resting on the plate, will suddenly slip from its place, and plough through the small dishes with awful ferocity, leaving ruin and desolation in its train. Stone fruits should be prepared without the pits, except in the case of cherries, whose pits are so small as to readily permit of their being bolted into the system in great quantities. But with prunes and peaches it is an altogether different matter, and unless a man's osophagus is of a most accommodating nature, a less alarming disposition of the pits than swallowing them must be discovered. This a serious dilemna to the diffident man. In the home circle they may be spilled out on the cloth or thrown under the table. But in society these simple means of scape are frowned upon. If a man has a goodly number of hollow teeth they can be quietly con-veyed to such receptacles for the time being, but in absence of this he must either eject them into a spoon and thence to the plate, as society demands, or carry them banked under his tongue until he can get away from the table and slip them back of the ottoman. Next to asparagus, chipped potatoes are a source of wellgrounded apprehension in the mind of the man who has given no study to table etiquette, If a strikingly tempting appearance, he takes them on his plate without realizing the awful danger he is rushing upon. He does understand that a knife is tabooed in lifting food to the mouth, and he resorts to his fork, and begins to to think that there are some things which are more easily lifted with the latter than with the former article. A chipped potato is such a thing in appearance only. It cannot be speared with-out breaking it, and to get one across the times is only to follow it four times around the circumference of the plate, and to have it roll off nineteen out of every twenty times it is secured. A slice of chipped potato, if untrammelled in its movements, will weaken the most powerful intellect, unsupported by experience. So, really, there is nothing in these things to make sport of, but very much indeed to deplore and grieve

MEISSONIER AND HORSE PAINTING.

Governor Stanford, of California, has a fancy for instantaneous photographs of horses in motion Of the eighty-five hundred views taken of hifine horses, Arabian horses, and pure blooded runners, he has made a choice of some one hundred and fifty views, which he has had hand somely bound and has brought with him to Europe. Meissonier had seen one of the photographs and was desirous of examining the entire collection. He at first supposed that the same sixty photographs on the same plate had been taken on different intervals, and said to Governor Stanford that the one position which we invariably see with the naked eve had been omitted; but when Governor Stanford explained to him that each photograph had been taken in the five-thousandth keep a bottle ready at hand.

part of a second, and that twenty-four had all been taken successively within the space of a half-second, the bright eyes of the little man were filled with wonder and astonishment.
"How!" he said, "all these years have my eyes
deceived me!" "The machine cannot lie," answered Governor Stanford. The artist would not allow himself to be convinced, and rushing to the other room, brought forth a miniature horse and rider made of wax by his own hand. Nothing could be more perfect, more beautiful, than this statuett. The horse was in the position of one moving at a slow gait, but he explained that he was the first to find this position, and when he first painted his horse all cried out against him, denying that such was correct. However, at the present day all horses are painted in the same manner. The artist insisted that there must exist the position which all persons discern of extended limbs when the horse is at full speed, but Governor Stanford explained to him how horses were obliged to sustain a center of gravity, and eventually proved to him that were the horse in the position he described he must necessarily on coming to the ground break in two. It was almost pitiful to see the old man sorrowfully relinquish his convictions of so many years, and tears filled his eyes as he exclaimed that he was too old to unlearn now and begin anew .- Paris Letter to Sacramento Union.

VARIETIES.

A FRIEND writing from Milan tells a piquant anecdote, illustrative of the spread of knowledge through Italy. His little daughter arrived one day from the dancing school full of excitement at her promotion to the class in which the "Siroecio" was danced, which, being considered the most elegant and difficult dance of all, argues the attainment of perfection in the dan-The proud father was delighted, and went to the school to witness the triumph of his child in that new Italian dance. He was astonished at finding that it was nothing but "Sir Roger de Coverly" transformed into "H Siroeand advertised to be taught at all the fashionable academies in Milan!

"WHEN we are married, Lucy," said the our honeymoon shall be passed abroad. will drive in the Bois, promenade in the Prada, gaze down into the blue waters of the Adriatic from the Rialto, and enjoy the Neapolitan sunsets, strolling along the Chiaje." "How delicious," she murmured, "but John, dear, have you money enough to do all this? for pa says I needn't expect anything till he dies." John's countenance underwent such a change that she ouldn't help asking him it he felt sick. darling," he answered faintly. "I am not sick. was only thinking that perhaps we had better postpone the marriage until after the funeral."--Branklyn Engle.

THE ADVENTURES OF A POST-CARD. — A member of a club at Chaux de Fonds, having made a bet that he would send a post-card round the world, addressed one to " Messrs. Maniglet and Co. 13. Rue de la Balance, Marseilles, France: Caro, Egypt: Bombay, India; Hong Kong, China; Yokohama, Japan; San Francisco, California; New York, United States; return to Messrs. Maniglet and Co., at Chaux de Fonds, Switzerland." In one corner of the de Fonds, Switzerland." In one corner of the post-card were the words—"Post-masters are requested to forward." The post-card in question was duly returned at the end of August, bearing the post-marks of Marseilles, April 2; Port Said, April 9; Suez. April 12; Bombay, April 26 and 27; Hong-Kong, May 20; Yokohama, June 6 and 11; and San Francisco, June The card had been stopped at New York, but on the 15th of August it was sent on in an official envelope, accompanied by an intimation that, according to the regulations of the Postal Union, cards of this kind should not be transmitted through the post.

A BOURBON ANECDOTE .- John J. Crittendem used to tell this anecdote to illustrate the fidelity of his people to the "wine of the country":

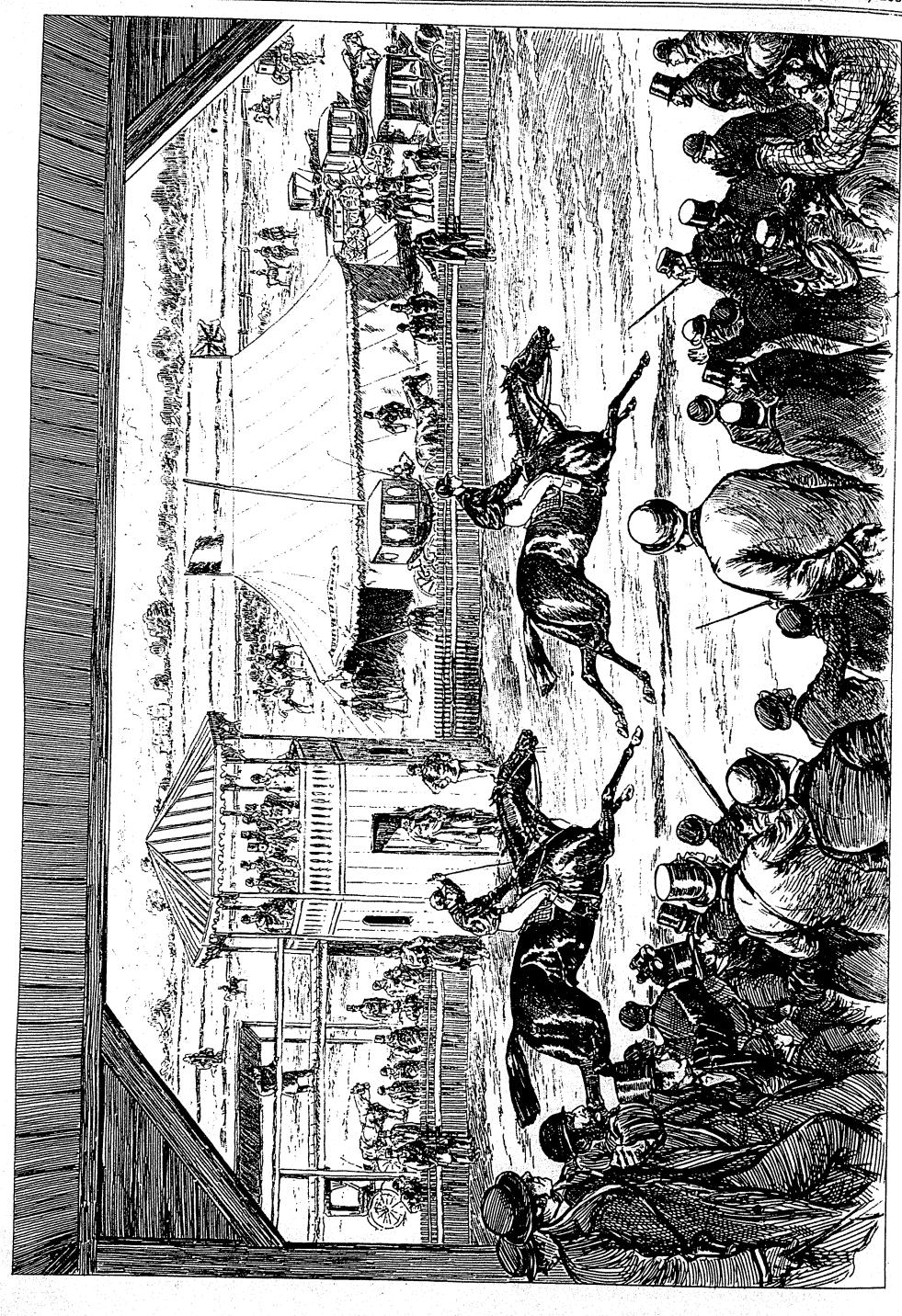
A leading politician of the State (Kentucky), stopping for the night at the house of a countryman in one of the southeastern counties, found the entertainment he got the more satisfactory because of a harrel of very respectable whiskey having been just brought in. Beturning a month afterward from an electioneering tour, and disappointed in not being able to get even a drink, he reminded the host, with some impatience, that only a month ago he had a barrel full in his pantry. The look that preceded the answer to this reminder was composed of surprise and resentment:

"Lookee here, my friend, do you spect one bar'lo whiskey to last always, and 'specially when a man's got a wife and six children, and the cow's gone dry, and they've got no milk?

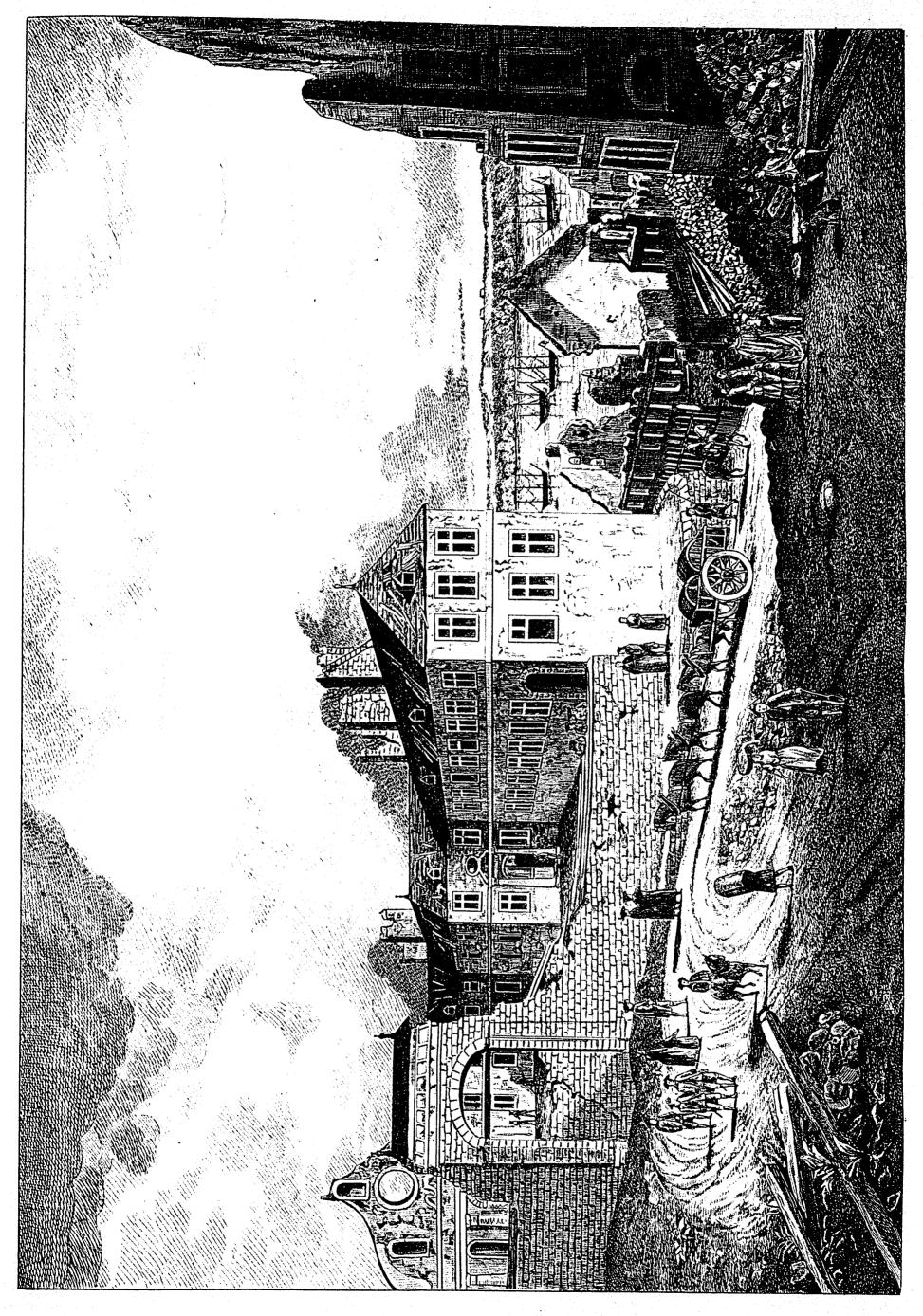
"Never!" answered the candidate—" certainly not. I didn't understand the situation, or I'd never have asked so foolish a question. This molasses-and-water is—well, it's simply—splendid."—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for November.

WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT IT .-- One who has fairly tested Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, though prejudiced against proprietory medicines in general, writes—"I would not rest over night without this reliable remedy for sudden attacks of Cholic, Cramps and Cholera Morbus so prevalent in the summer season. I









A LAY OF THE FINDHORN.

Here, where the dark-watered stream rushes free, Child of the mountain, 'Neath the jut of the rook and the root of the tree, Winding and foaming; Wilt thou not grant a fair tancy to me, Muse of the Findhorn?

Here, 'neath the wreck of the eastle old,
Where high-hearted Comyns
Kept Moray at bay in their rocky hold,
Like lions undaunted;
Wilt thou not tell me of warriors bold,
And beautiful ladies?

Wilt thou not tell me of deeds of renown In times when the brave man
Single-handed bore hundreds down,
By right of the strong arm,
When a strong man was more than a crown,
To him who could wield it?

Wilt thou not tell me of vengeful ire
'Twixt warring class here—
Slaughters red, and murders dire,
And hearts without ruth here;
Smothering smoke and scathing fire,
In dark-winding cave here?

Wilt thou not tell of the wonderful leap Of Alastair Ban here, Where the bank is shelvy and steep, By the dark-flooded Findhorn; There, at a bound, he cleared the sweep And laughed at his foe there?

Or wilt thou tell me of terrible floods, Sweeping the dale here; Tinkling rills in green solitudes, Swelling to river; Crashing of pines in the storm-lashed woods, Wrenching their roots here?

Or wiit thou tell me a tale of love
Tender and true here,
With vows as strong as the stars above,
Plighted and sworn here,
Till jealousy pounced, like the hawk on the dove,
And tore its white plumes here?

Or wilt thou tell me of baunered display
On the green lawn here,
With knight 'gainst knight in gallant array,
Polsing the lance here;
And rout and revel till break of day
In whirl of the dance here?

Thou canst tell me; but I can sing
Not to thy bidding;
My heart is a lyre with a single string
Here on the Findhorn;
Only one name my drooping wing
Can lift on the Findhorn.

Only thy name that dwells with me,
Beautiful Dora,
Sing when the blood of the Comyus in thee
Mounted to greet me,
Bright with love and redundant with glee
And warm-hearted welcome!

Muse of the Findhorn, take greeting from me
To beautifal Dora,
Tell her I see her in every birch tree
That waves on the Divie.
In every burnie that bickers with glee
Down to the Findhorn.

Tell her I see her in every bright face
At Dumphall or Logie—
In every sun-glint that wanders with grace
Through leafy Relugas;
Tell her that she is the soul of the place
To me on the Findhorn!

These are my impressions of the Findhorn. To e reader who has not seen that district, I would say-thou and see likewise, and sing better.

JOHN S. BLACKIE.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

"I never would convict a man on circum stantial evidence if I were a juror—never never!"

The speaker was a distinguished criminal lawyer of nearly forty years' active practice, and whose fame extended far beyond the limits of his own State.

We had been discussing a recent cause celebra in which, upon purely circumstantial evidence, a man had been convicted of an atrocious murder, although many of those familiar with the circumstances of the case entertained the gravest doubts about the justice of the conviction; and he had been swung off into eternity protesting his absolute innocence, with his latest breath, and calling upon God to send his soul straightway to perdition if he were not telling the

As most of our party were lawyers the conversation naturally drifted into a discussion of the dangers arising from convicting accused persons, whose own mouths were closed, upon purely circumstantial evidence, in the absence of any direct and positive proof of guilt, and case after case was cited in which, after conviction and execution, the entire invocence of the supposed culprits had been clearly demon-strated. Most of the laymen present agreed with the distinguished lawyer, whose very positive expression of opinion has been quoted, while the majority of the lawyers contended with that earnestness for which lawyers are noted when advocating their own side of any question, that justice could never miscarry when careful judges guard against the possibility of unsafe verdicts by refusing to permit a conviction except when every link in the chain of circumstantial evidence has been established beyond doubt,, and the whole chain been so perfect and omplete as to leave no room for any consistent hypothesis of innocence.

"The first murder case I ever tried," said one of them, "was stranger than fiction, as you will admit, and is quite as remarkable as any of the cases you have referred to where inno cent men have been wrongfully convicted on circumstantial evidence. It ought to have been reported as an example of the unreliability witnesses who tell what they believe to be the

He then related the main points of what wa certainly a most remarkable and dramatic trial, and which constitutes a fair offset to some of the memorable cases to be found in every work on circumstantial evidence. The narrative produced so strong an impression upon my mind that subsequently, with his consent, I put it into the following shape, having first carefully compared it with his notes of testimony taken upon the trial of the case. It can be relied upon as absolutely correct, with the exception that I have used fictitious names, for reasons which will readily be appreciated when it is known that most of the actors in the drama are still living. still living.

One winter evening, about eight o'clock, the early days of the war, in the quiet little town of _____, while patrolling the streets to pick up stragglers from the camp on the out-skirts of the town, Corporal Julius Fry was shot and killed by one of three men of bad character, who were in company and upon terms of open enmity with the soldiers. The men were arrested, committed to prison and brought to trial at the next term of the court. Two of them were gamblers and desperadoes, and supposed to have more than once had their hands stained with human blood. The third, whom I shall call Short, though bearing an unenviable reputation, was regarded as one unlikely to slay a fellow man, except under compulsion of circumstances. On account of the character of the men and the trouble they had already brought upon the quiet, law-abiding citizens, the sentiment of the whole community was strongly against them.

In order to clearly understand the force of the testimony given upon the trial and the subsequent result it is important to bear in mind the physical peculiarities, dress and general appearance of each of the three prisoners.

Short was a small man of not more than five feet six inches in height, slender, weighing scarcely one hundred and thirty pounds, with bright, fiery red hair and side whiskers, and at the time of the murder, were a white felt hat and an old light-blue army overcoat.

Ryan was fully six feet in height with robust frame, with black hair and moustache, dressed in dark clothes, and wore a black Derby hat.

Grey was a heavy, broad-shouldered man of medium height, weighing fully two hundred pounds, with a full, black beard reaching nearly to his waist. But as the evidence subsequently showed that he had not fired the shot it is processored to the sequence of shot, it is unnecessary to describe his appearance more minutely.

Certainly it is difficult to imagine two men more unlike than Short and Ryan, or less liable to be mistaken for each other, even by strangers, much less by their acquaintances. There was no possibility here for a case of mistaken iden-

Short and Ryan were tried together with their consent—Grey having asked for and obtained a separate trial—and each was defended

After the preliminary proof relating to the post mortem examination, the cause of death and the identification of the body of the deceased as the person named in the indictment, the commonwealth called as its first witness a woman, Mary Bowen. She bore a bad reputation, but nobody questioned her purpose to tell, reluctantly, it is true, the whole truth. The prisoners were all her friends, and were constant visitors to the drinking saloon of which she was proprietress. She was a woman of powerful physique, almost masculine frame, great force of character and more than ordinary intelligence.

From her testimony it appeared that a coloured woman with whom she had had some dispute had hit her on the head with a stone and ran, and the three prisoners, coming up at the moment, started with her up the street in pursuit of the fugitive. Although the night was dark there was snow on the ground, and a gas-lamp near by gave sufficient light to enable one to recognize a person with ease some feet away. After running about one hundred yards the pursuers came to the corner of an alley and stopped under the gas lamp, being challenged by the deceased, who was in uniform, in company with one of his squad. She swore that when the corporal called "halt," Short, whom she had known intimately for years, replied, "Go to _____," and while standing at her side, so that their elbows were touching, both being immediately under the gaslight, he pulled out a pistol, pointed it at the deceased, who was four or five feet from him, and fired and then ran down the alley, the deceased pursuing him. Short disappeared. While the shots were being fired she saw both Ryan and Grey standing at the corner some feet away from her, and after that they separated and she went home. It was also proved that this alley was bounded on either side by high fences difficult to climb, and led down to a stream of water about fifty feet wide and three or four feet deep. No truces of footsteps were found in the snow except those of one man leading down into this stream, and it was evident that the person who had fired had not climbed either fence, but had waded through the stream and disappeared on the other side.

The next witness was the soldier who stood close to the deceased when the first shot was fired, and who, not knowing either of the prisoners, described the person who had fired and

and side whiskers, dressed in a light blue army overcoat and white soft hat, and upon being diected to look at the three prisoners, immediately identified Short as the man whom he had

seen do the shooting.

The testimony of these witnesses was in nowise shaken upon cross-examination.

Then the sworn ante-mortem statement of

the deceased, taken by a magistrate, was read to the jury. He said that he had known Short personally for some time, but had never any difficulty with him. He fully identified him as the man who had fired the first shot and then ran down the alley, firing one shot after another until he fired the last and fatal shot almost in the face of the deceased. He also fully described the clothing worn by Short as it had been described by the other witnesses.

These were all the witnesses to the occurrence, except the prisoners themselves, and, of course, they could not be heard. The case against Short seemed to be as conclusively made out as though a score of witnesses had sworn that they had seen him do the shooting. Neither the judge, the jury nor the spectators entertained the slightest doubt of his guilt, and when the commonwealth at this point closed its case, it seemed as though the fatal rope was already around his neck and escape impossible.

Ryan heaved a sigh of relief which was audible throughout the whole court-room, for he was safe; there was not one word of testimony against him, or any circumstance tending to show any previous arrangement or concert of action between him and Short.

After a whispered consultation between the counsel for the defence, one of them rose and moved the court to direct the jury to forthwith return a verdict of "not guilty" to Ryan, in order that he might be called as a witness for the other prisoner. This was resisted by the district attorney, and after lengthy and elaborate arguments the court decided that it was bound to grant the motion, and, accordingly, Ryan was declared "not guilty," and the verdict recorded.

Then came a scene as dramatic to those preent as anything ever witnessed on the stage. Without any opening speech by Short's counsel. Ryan, in obedience to a nod from his attorney stepped out of the prisoners' dock, looked around the court-room, took up the Bible and was sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." Every head was bent forward, every ear was on the alert, every eye fixed on the witness—something startling was expected. Would he attempt to show that short hed done the shooting in solf defence. Short had done the shooting in self-defence? That seemed the only thing possible. But how could he be believed in the face of the positive testimony of three witnesses, two of them living and in the court-room, one of them deadmurdered !

Ryan stood for a moment looking down, and then slowing lifting his eyes to the bench, in silence in which the falling of a feather might have been heard, he said:

"May I ask the court a question?"
The venerable judge, evidently surprised at being interrogated, looked at him and said:
"Certainly, sir."
"I understand that I am acquitted," said

Ryan, pausing for a moment and then continuing: "I want to know from the court whether anything I may say now can ever be

used against me in any way?"

What did he mean? What need for that question? Every one looked at his neighbour

inquiringly.

The flushed face of the judge showed that he, at leas, understood what it meant—an attempt to swear his guilty companion out of the hangman's grasp. Then, in a tone of unmistakable

indignation, came the answer:
"I am sorry to say, sir, that nothing you may say now can be used against you; that is, on a trial for murder. You have been acquitted."

Ryan's face grew pale and then red, and he said, slowly and distinctly: "It was I who fired all the shots—not Short."

Most of the faces in the court-room work looks of incredulity; some of indignation at the hardened wickedness of the man who had just been declared innocent, and who, by his own statement, had been guilty of murder, if he was

not guilty of perjury.

But quietly and calmly, without a tremor, as coolly as though he were describing some trivial occurrence which he had casually witnessed, Ryan went on, step by step, detailing all that had occurred, and when he had finished his story there was probably not a person present who was not fully convinced not only that Ryan She heard four or five more shots fired, and imhad sold the simple truth, but also that he had mediately the deceased returned wounded, and himself fired the fatal shot in self-defence, or at least under such circumstances of danger as

would have led any jury to acquit him.

He detailed how he had fired the first shot from a small, single-barre:led pistol in the air without any purpose except to give his challenger a scare, and then ran down the alley, and upon being closely pursued by the deceased with sabre drawn and raised to strike, he was compelled to pull out a revolver and fire several shots toward his pursuer, who was gaining on him, to keep him back; and when he had but one shot left he stumbled over a large stone and fell on his knees, and at this moment the deceased struck at him with the sabre, cutting him slightly in the cheek, and being thus pressed, he aimed and fired the last shot, which

through the stream, and finding that he had lost his hat when he fell, retraced his steps, recrossed the stream, found the hat and then went to a hotel, where he was seen by several witnesses to dry his wet clothing. His manner, his bearing and his story convinced his hearers that he was telling the truth.

But, so that nothing might be wanting if any doubt remained in the minds of the judge or jury, witnesses of undoubted veracity were called who corroborated him as to the condition of his clothing and the cut on his cheek within fifteen minutes after the occurrence. Besides, it was shown that, although the man who had fired had waded through the stream, Short's clothing was perfectly dry.

It is unnecessary to say that Short was promptly acquitted and warmly congratulated on one of the narrowest escapes ever made by any man in a court-room. Nothing could have ever the court of the court saved him had the court refused to direct the

acquittal of Ryan and allowed him to testify.

The deceased corporal, the soldier and Mary
Bowen were mistaken. That was all there was about it.

So much for the occasional unreliability of the direct testimony of honest eye-witness

And so much, also, for giving the accused an opportunity to be heard on the witness-

A WEAK STRANGER.

He was a rather peacefully inclined appearing party, standing in front of Danbury's best hotel, with his hands crossed in front of him, and looking benignantly upon the sleighing parties. The other party in this drama was a much differently appearing man. He wore rubber boots, whose tremendous legs went up his own nearly to the thigh. His hair was croppe I very short to his head, and he wore a slouched hat very much to one side, which gave him a gamey appearance. He was drawing a cutter along on the walk, and he was going at a pretty good rate, and hallooing defiantly and offensively for everybody to "clear the track." It was a spirit of mischief of the worst kind that prompted him to hack the game and the to back up against the peaceful man and rudely disturb his pleasant contemplation.

"You should not be so rude, my friend," exostulated the stranger, mildly.

It was a gentle remonstrance, so gentle that it stirred up every bit of the ferocious courage

it streed up every out of the rerocious courage in the carcase of the gamey individual.

"Oh, I'm rude, am I?" he sarcastically uttered in a piping voice, assumed for the occasion.

"I'm rude to the delicate child. Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! Where's your ma, old Beeswax?"

The recognil man turned his back upon him

ho, ho, ho! where s your ma, our December:
The peaceful man turned his back upon him.
"What er you doing that for, you old rip?
Don't you know any better than to turn your
"Who have anyhour?" back on a gentleman. Who be ye, anyhow?"

The speaker dropped the thills of the cutter,

and stepped around to the front of the quiet party. It was evident he meant mischief. He winked to the loungers who were eagerly and expectantly looking on, and if ever a wink said, "Now just keep your eyes open if you want to see me dress him," that wink thus gave utter-

The peaceful man gave no reply to the rude

query. "What's the matter with you? Is your

tongue locked, or don't you know enough to talk when you are spoken to?"

"You had better go along and attend to your own business," said the other.

"I had, had I? Well, I want you to understand, you old rip, that this is my business at present, and I'm going to attend to it at once.

And thus saying, he reached out to take hold of the other's collar. What his object was in thus doing is not known, and perhaps never will be, for at the same instant the right arm of quiet man swung suddenly and swiftly from his body, and the gamey individual left the walk, and flew in a heap into the road, where he arrived in a sitting posture, and with an expres-sion of appalling uncertainty covering his

The peaceful man stepped to his help, and

"I am truly sorry I should have been so hasty. I ought not to be so weak."
"Weak!" gasped the gamey man with great

gasped the gamey man with great indignation, rubbing himself as if in doubt as to what portion of his anatomy needed attention first,—" weak! It ain't enough, is it, to fetch a man such an onchristian lick, without lyin' about it ?"—Danbury News

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument.
Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office

PROPLE 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. 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. of the direct and positive testimony of eye- ran down the alley as the man with red hair how, upon recovering his feet, he ran, waded Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.

RUSSIAN FOLK-SONG.

Why do the dogs how! ?
Midnight strikes from the steeple.
Is it that wier-wolves prow!
Through the village while sleep the people?
Is it that round and bright
The moon comes up to night?

No: in the churchyard dank,
Where the heavy night-daw glistens,
lo her grave the mother listens.
She hears an infant's pitsous cries...
The little, motherless babe that lies
lo its crails and walls for its mother;
Not the heavy clod nor the coffin plank
That sound from her cars can smother.

She rises; over the unbent grasses Through the village street she passes. She lifts the latch, through the house she is creeping Strangers by her habe are sheeping. They have waked not for its weeping.

She lifts it tenderly —

"Lutlaby—
Sleep my own babe on my arm,
Mother will keep then from all harm.
In the night and the gloom,
And in the desonte room, will sing to thre -Lullaby— Till the cock crows from the farm,

Thou art too sweet Thou art too sweet
To wall in the gloom
Of the desolate room;
Thou arf meet
An angel to be—
Lullaby...
An angel to sing where the roses bloom.
To sing where the living mornings rise
On the golden streets of Paradise."

So ever she song Strange songs and new Till the breeze upsprang And the red cock crew.

Then the stranger wakened and said : "Tis dawn in the skies— How still the babe lies, he livelong night it has uttered no cries." They looked—lo! the babe was dead! CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

BEAR SHOOTING IN CANADA.

The forest we had entered was a dense growth of cedars, mixed with spruce and pine. The trees stood close together, with low branches, and were plentifully interspersed with windfalls, lying breast high on rotten branches, and forming an admirable natural abatis against our advancing column of two armed with axe and shot-gun.

George moves on like a shadow straight for the squirrel that still chatters and scolds and swears from the depths of the cedar jungle. I veer to the right. We worm ourselves between the thick trunks, and under the thicker bran-

A low "Sh!" catches my ear. I turn toward George. "Here he is!" is written all over his face. He points directly ahead, then shakes his axe, and points and points again.

I look, stretch up and look, crouch down and look, but see nothing save the tree-trunks George grows impatient. He thinks I do not

understand him.

"Le voici! Here he is!" he hisses. But Bruin hears as well as L. "Non, le voila! There Thear a whine and a grunt that remind me

of a menagerie, and through the thick cedar trinks and the dead branches of a fallen pine catch a flitting glimpse of shambling black-

I fire a snap shot, as I would at a woodcock during through the alder tops. The smoke hangs under the thick branches, and shuts out all before me.

"He's down! Nous l'avons!" yells George. The report of the gan has broken the spell of the forest silence, and George changes from a serpent to a tiger.
"No," he cries; "he's off again. Fire!"

I fire my left barrel through the smoke with "eye of faith," and cranming in a couple of fresh cartridges, George and I rush on, if any mode of progress through a tangled cedar swamp can be called a rush. We kick and wrest off the dry dead branches, scramble over the fallen pine; but the bear! Nowhere a sign of him. Nothing but forest and silence.

George keeps on; I do my best to follow. glides along like a cat, in one hand an uplifted axe, descending now and then to sever an op-posing bough. He gets over the ground two feet to my one.

" Le voilà, qui s'en va! There he goes again! form the speediest coming on of which I am capable. Slow enough it is, though. Every few steps the tangled branches of a fallen cedar must be burst through, but on 1 press and scramble and tumble and crawl till George is reached. He stands on a prostrate tree, axe upraised, head bent forward and to one side-an admirable statue of alertness.

" Ecoutez ! Listen!" he whispers.

A moment's stillness. Then a crackling, loud and near, up the hill-side. George jumps through the thicket, and springs up the slope like a

Follow him? I could as easily flit up to heaven without wings. So I scramble on through the level swamp. It is said "blood will tell ;" I can swear that weight will. The burden of plus a votre fusil."
my two hundred pounds handicapped me in this Taking Bruin by swamp race with a bear. Every thicket I crawled through, every windfall I scrambled over, told on me till at last I was forced to halt. With on me, till at last I was forced to halt. perspiration bursting from every pore, and breath only caught in gasps, I leaned against a tree, Late in the fall, now, she'd go another hundred and imagined the feelings of a losing horse in a sure."-W. Tuomas, Ju., in Harper.

race. My heart beat loudly as the drumming of a partridge, the whole forest seemed to reverberate with its quick thud, thud, thud, and the blood leaped to head and temples till my brain was in a whirl.

Was in a wair.

While the trees were dancing before my reeling sight I thought, "What an unlucky wight am I! After twenty years of small game shooting, to at last actually meet a hear in his haunts in the forest, get within thirty yards of him, on the point of gratifying one of the pet ambitions of my life, and then to bang away a couple of shots like a fool with the buck ague, while my noble quarry coolly makes off, and I am left empty-handed !"

Worse than that, the brute runs away so slowly that George sees him again and again-keens on with him, in fact. Alas, my "too, keeps up with him, in fact. Alas, my 2 too, too solid flesh! Were I a light, nimble fellow like George, I might have shot a bear-yes, a half-dozen times over. And then my gun. What a fool, to bring a little snipe-gun into the woods in quest of the king of the forests, the beast before which all others quail, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and then to fire away at this lordly game as I would pull trigger on a woodcock! One bird missed, up this another than the state of other. But where shall I find another bear, when I have been all my life getting up with this first one? Then, if I had only shot him, what yarns I would spin to my sporting

"Le voici encore! Here he is again!" sounded George's voice, loud and clear, through the forest, and cut short my reverie.

My heart stilled, and my brain steadied in an instart. Again I sprung forward. "I may get him yet; I may retrieve my fortunes," thought I, as I dragged, crawled, and pushed myself shead through the underbrush.

George hears me crashing along, and shouts from the mountain-side, "He's makin down by the lake. Right shead of yer. Look out for

I scramble on, impelled by one single, strong desire-to get one good, fair shot at that bear.

I keep on and on. Not a word from George At my right, through the leaves, I catch bright At my right, through the leaves, I catch bright glimpses of the lake, sleeping in the sunlight. I slacken my pace. All is silent as a sanctuary. "Weil, the bear is off, and George with him. I'll keep on slowly, cool off, and perhaps get my 'second wind' that we read about, whatever that may be." So thinking, I sling myself up on a fallen cedar that lay breast-high across my router swing my least over sit and rest for a my route, swing my legs over, sit and rest for a moment, then leisurely drop down on the other

side.
"Knar-r-r-r-r" And from under a cedar only seven paces away a mass of blackness springs for me, sudden and swift.

I have not time to take a step. allowed, there is no opportunity. The fallen cedar is at my back; I am pinioned between its branches. But no thought of retreat or dodging enters my mind. There is time but for one single impulse, and that is—shoot. My gun is in my right hand, both barrels full cock. Instantly I pitch it to my shoulder, yet in this instant the whole forest scene, with the on-dashing, black brute in the centre, is accurately and indelibly photographed on my sight. I see the beast leaping on all tours, hind quarters high, fore-shoulders low, head down and askew, snout turned to right, lip curled up like a snarling dog, teeth chattering, and black eyes gleaming with a devilish light. On comes the monster with his vibrating, grunting growl. Knar-r r-r-r! As the gun swings up to my face I glance along the barrels, and see the snapping teeth of the leaping brute within four feet of my gun muz-zle. I fire. The beast falls forwari with a heavy thud at my feet.

I lower my gun, and, with finger on the left trigger, press the muzzle against the mouster's head. He moves not. Every fibre of my b ing thrills with a wild, intense delight.
" Dead!" I yell, with savage elec-

And from up the mountain-side comes George's answering shout, "Bravo, mon

And now comes George himself, crashing and bounding down the steep, and swinging his axe aloft. He jumps over our fallen foe, embraces me, dances about like a true Frenchman, shouting, "Bravo, mon frère! bravo, mon frère! Nous avons vaineu notre ennemi Sacre! You old black devil, you! Voici-here you are, mort. Aha!" and grasping me with both hands, words fail us, and we give voice to the wild joy of victory in one long "Halloo!" that wakes the slumbering echoes of the summer lake. The veneer of a thousand years of civil zation dropped from us like a garment, and the original savage, the fighting animal, the true man within, laughed with a zest that civilization knows

Jim hears our shout from down the lake. catches its meaning, gleefully hallooes in reply, and paddles swiftly to us in the pirogue.

"Here he is, Jim," quoth I. "Voici Pours."

Jim peers over the shaggy brute, looks up, takes off his hat, and, howing towards me, says, with the air of a diplomat offering a sentiment at a royal banquet. Cest bien bon, monsieur, beaucoup de pouvoir à votre bras, et même

Taking Bruin by the pays, we slid her down the bank

"She'll weigh about four hundred," said Jim, reflectively, as we lifted her into the pirogue. "But then they're dreadful lean in summer.

COULDN'T FEEL AT HOME.

" Stranger, have you got some bitin' whiskey, sunthin' that takes the innards by the collar, and makes a man think he's brilin for an hour afterwards!" asked a gentleman in a butternut suit and a coon-skin cap, at a fashionable

Brooklyn bar, yesterday.
"I think I've got what you want," said the barkeeper. "Try this."

The stranger smelled it and shook his head dolefully.

"Do you think this would make a man dig up his dead enemies and lick 'em over again? he asked. Would a slug of this pizen get a fellow to induce his mother to murder his wife, and then run for sheriff, so as to hang the old woman for the crime?"

"I know. But is it strong enough to make

a man rob his own daughter and lick daylight out of her for losin' her money? Would it be what you would use if you wanted to salt your wife down and deal her out in a boarding-house for boned turkey, extra prime! Would you drink it if you felt like burning down a church full of children, so as to get the nails out of their boots? That's the kind of liquor I want."

"Here's some terribly bad whiskey, if that's what you are after," said the birke-per, putting out another bottle.

Again the stranger smiled and shook his head sadly

"I am surprised at you, barkeep. You don't understand the finer feelin's. I want suthin' that would make me rob the donation box of an orphan asylum. Suthin' that would make me kick a sick woman overboard and pound her with a board afterwards. I want liquor that makes a fellow bury his mother alive and plow her under for fertilizer. Suthin' that would make a man set his children to stealin' so he could give 'em away and get witness fees for convictin' 'em. Have ye got anything of that sort?

"That's the worst I've got," said the horrified barkeeper. "You can take it or leave it."

"The fact is," explained the stranger, as he poured down half a pint of the material without a shudder, "the fact is that I live in Dakota, and I was feelin' homesick. So I thought if I only could get a taste of the genuine stuff it would raise my spirits But this is not the whis-key I wanted. This makes me feel like lending money, and it don't do me no good. Good-bye, barkeep

And the homesick stranger turned mournfully away.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Duke of Rutland has sent a donation of £100 to the funds of the Fair Trade League.

It is said that no less than forty tons of Miss Braddon's "cutting down" of the Waverley novels have been sent out from the publishers.

THE Conservatives have purchased the Sundan Times, which will for the future be published at a penny instead of twopence.

Mr. EDWARD LEVY LAWSON, of the Daily

Telegraph, has, it is said, purchased the Duke of Westminster's splendid residence at Cliefden for £200,000.

MR.F.C. BURNAND, the popular dramatist and witty journalist, was on the 23rd ult, presented by his wife with a daughter, this making his fourteenth child.

THE benevolent Sir Moses Monteliore, Bart., low in his ninety-seventh year, telegraphed to Palestine to request that prayers might be offered for President Garneld in the synagogues of the four holy cities.

"THE Blindfold Exhibition" of the City of London Chess Club will take place at Mouflet's Hotel, Newgate street, on Wednesday next. Mr. Blackburne will on that occasion play ten games simultaneously without seeing the boards.

Ir is stated on good authority that the prime mover in the cotton "corner" expects to net between £300,000 to £400,000 by his speculation. He is said to be backed by a London financial house. The arms of this gignitic combination are said to stretch across the Atlantic to but the shipment of cotton to Liverpool

THE Conservatives are taking a leaf out of the book of the Lib rals. It will be remembered how effectually the latter worked the pictorial business at the general election, notably the pictures associating the flogging of soldiers with the Conservative candidates. The Constitutional Cartoon Society are about to exhibit a series of illustrations having reference to last session. They will be shown at Derby, Newcastle on Tyne and Edinburgh, during the great political meetings about to be held in those towns.

Some of Mr. Ruskin's friends have begun to fear for his reputation as a writer. He bids them remember that the deterioration of his style is due to that aboundation of civilization the cheap telegram. He says:—"A sentence of Modern Painters was often written four or five times over in my own hand, and tried in

very word for perhaps an hour, perhaps a forenoon, before it was passed for the printer. I rarely now fix my mind on a sentence or a thought for five minutes in the quiet of the morning but a telegram comes announcing that somebody or other will do themselves the pleasure of calling at eleven o'clock, and that there is two shillings to pay." This is truly sad.

Ir is some time since we heard of Dr. Schliemann. He has just come to the front again though. He has, incidentally, written for publication an account of his courtship, which, as he says, was somewhat extraordinary. He met the lady who is now Mrs. Schliemann in Athens, at the home of her parents. "It was," the doctor says, "a Saturday. In the course of conversation I made an astonishing discovery. The voung eighteen-year-old girl recited for me a long piece from the *Iliad* with literal accuracy. We were soon absorbed in the subject, and on the above day I was able to tell her, 'next Taursday will be our wedding day,' and Thursday was our wedding day." This must have been nice reading for the lady.

AMERICAN vernacular, though quaint, is apt under certain circumstances to be misunderstood. For instance, there is a student at one of the largest of the London hospitals who is a Yankee. He was up for a rire rece examination some short time ago, and the worthy examiner, pointing out some bone, asked him what it was. "I guess it's the bone of the nose," replied the Yank. "I must trouble you, sir, not to guess at all, but to state definitely what bone you consider it to be," said the doctor with some severity, not recognizing the nationality of the youth. "Then, doctor, I guess that the next time I guess I'll have to 'pre-sume,'" said the sucking Esculapius—after which there was no need of further explan-

"Cribeing" is looked upon by many school boys with a lenient eye, unless the examination is a competitive one, and the same view seems to have been taken by some young gentlemen who were examined in law prior to their call to the bar. The practice grew so much that the Benchers of the Inns of Court have recently been very severe. It is said that a gentleman was sent back to his studies for a year for this offence, and this has been a serious warning to At one time the examiners were often out of the room during the examination, and only an usher laden with paper and pens was present. A good story is told about an examination that took place upon a dark foggy day. Three students were sitting together at the end of the room cribbing and assisting each other with paper. The usher saw that something was wrong, but did not like to interfere; but at length it struck him that he would take them a light—lawyers and wax candles are inseparable-and accordingly he did so. As he approached the cribs were nastily thrust away, and in his blandest tones he inquired if the gentlemen would like a light. "Oh, no," said one, "we are getting on very nicely in the dark," and the students present roated with laughter at the capital joke.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

GREAT preparations are being made in Zurich or the approaching national exhibition.

DR. CARTER BLAKE is now engaged on a rather large dictionary of the language spoken by the Congo negroes, in Portuguese and English.

THE latest issue of the Spenser Society consists of Wither's "Hymns and Songs of the Church," 1623. This is one of the handsomest reprints the Society has yet accomplished.

AN art studio, under a competent manager, has been started at Calcutta by some enterprising young natives of high social position, existudents of the Calcutta Government School of Art.

It has been proposed to found in Paris a Society of Animal Painters. Some eminent a tists have promised to accept membership of this new body. THE Spanish papers state that the discovery has been made in the Colonial Office at Madrid of a small picture in oils of Columbus, in a perfect state of

THE Wooden Mulshipman celebrated in "Dombey and Son" is being removed to fresh quarters and the old shop of Sol Gills will be pulled down in the course of city improvements.

MR. LOFTIE has reprinted Jenkin Lewis's 'Memoirs of Queen Anne's Son, the Duke of Glouces-er, with some int oductory notes, a view of Campden

House, and a portrait. SINCE Newgate is doomed, it is well to know that Major Arthur Griffiths, who compiled the "Me-morials of Millbank," is preparing for publication chroni-

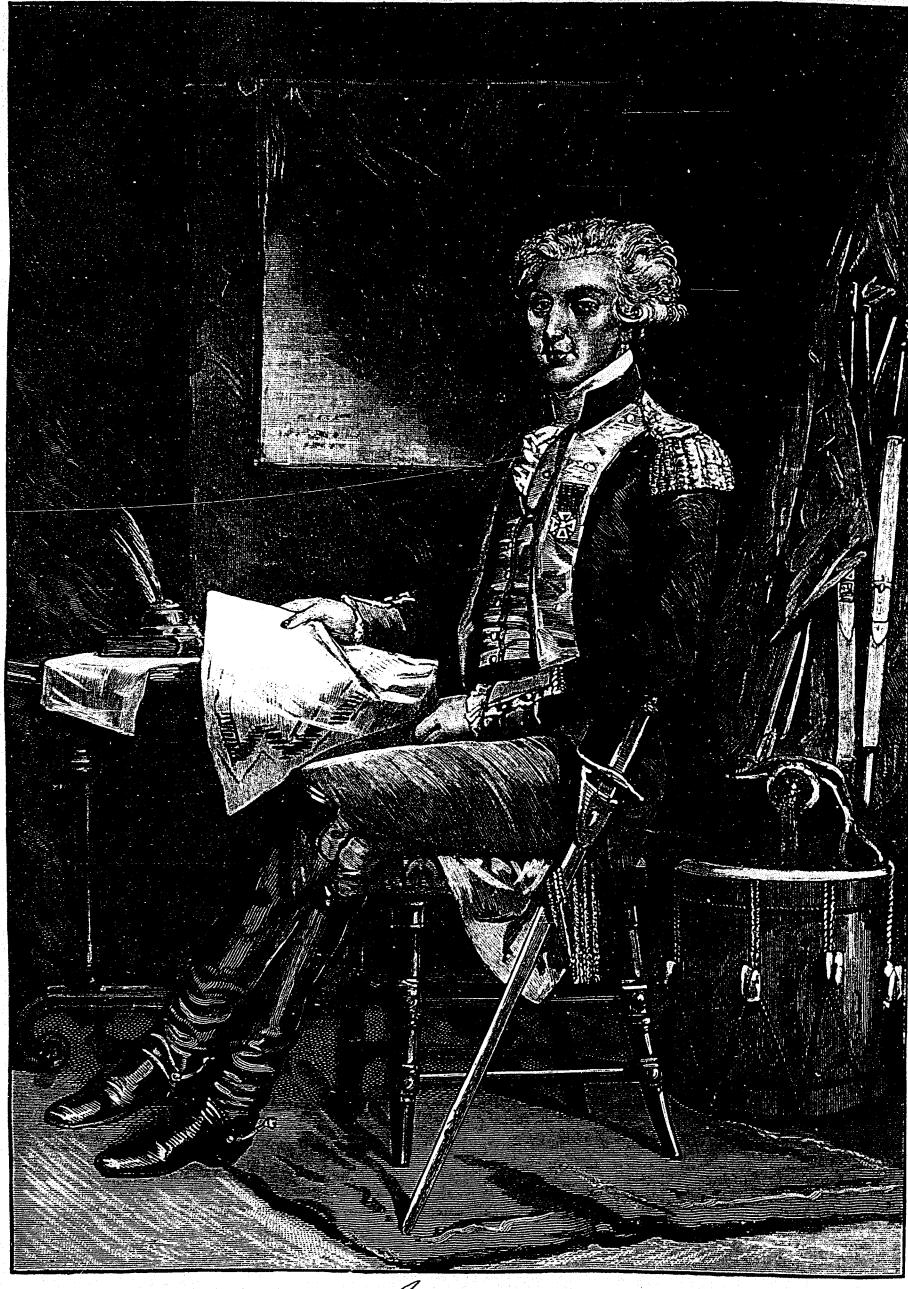
cles of the older prison. A FULL-LENGTH portrait of Her Majesty copied, by permission of the Queen, from Winterhalter's fine pleture—has been purchased by Captain Clerk for H. M. the Nizam of Hydrabad, by desire of the Minister, Sir Salar Jung.

Messas, Remington & Co, will soon publish Living Painters of France and England," a series of ficen etchings with descriptive letter-press, and "A landbook to Italian Sculpture," by Mr. Charles C.

A JURY of experts of authority, having ex-

amined Herr Van Beer's picture, "La Sirène," in pre-paring which the artist had been accused of nefariously employing photography, has entirely exonemated the painter, and explained his mode of working.

MESSES, BELL & SONS will publish shortly "The Thames-Oxford to London," twenty etchings by David Law, with descriptive letter-press; and "The Type and its Tributaries, by W. J. Palmer, illustrated with we demorstrates. with we dengravings.



Lafayette



INCIDENTS AND SKETCHES AT THE YORKTOWN CELEBRATION. -- DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

BY THE RIVER.

River, O River, that singeth all night, Nor waitest for light To pour ont thy mirth
Along the chill earth,
The words of thy song let me know.—
"I come, and I go."

River, O River, with swell and with fall, Thy musical call
Waketh, summoneth me;
What thought is in thee
That lulls me, yet rouses me so?—
"I come, and I go."

River, O River, a word thou must give
To help me to live.—
"Then sing on thy way;
Sing the joy of To-Day—
Time's ripple, Eternity's flow.
I come, and I go."

River, O River, thy message is clear.
Chant on, for I hear.—
"What the mountains give me
Bear I forth to the sea. Life is only thine to bestow. "I come, and I go.

River, O River, thy secret of power
I win from this hour:
Thy rhythm of delight
Is my song in the night:
I am glad with thy gladness; for, lo!
I come, and I go.

· LUCY LARCOM, in Harper's.

HOW MR. COVILLE TOOK IN THE PIC-NIC.

The Sunday-school of the church which the Covilles attend had its pic-nic Thursday. Mr. Coville did not care to go, and would have re-fused his presence on the occasion, had not Mrs. Coville bitterly asserted that she never went anywhere, but had always slaved her life out, and he was always opposed when she wanted to take the least enjoyment as if she was nothing but a common drudge, as she had been all her days, and expected to be as long as she lived, but thanked heaven there was rest in the grave. Then Mr. Coville collapsed, and said he would go. And all during the day before the pic-nic Mrs. Coville baked and roasted, fumed and perspired, and when night came she had cake, And all during the day before the pic-nic pudding, pie, biscuit, and meat in tempting array for the excursion of the morrow. She went to bed early that night, so as to get up early, and at the first streak of daylight she bounced out of bed, and notified her sleeping husband that it was broad daylight, and if he did not turn out at once they would miss the train. As it was then not five o'clock, and the excursion did not start till ten, the necessity for intemperate haste did not become immediately clear to the half-awakened man, and in a moment he was sound asleep. There were four distinct awakenings before he could be got out of bed, and by that time Mrs. Coville was in a condition, using her own beautiful figure of speech, "to flood the house with tears." When Mr. Coville got dressed, he found that he had just two and a half hours to eat his breakfast, go down town to arrange business for the day, and get several articles for the pic-nic, which should have been procured the night before, but which had been pleasantly left to this time.

After breakfast he went to the store. Mr Coville is so constructed physically, as to easily perspire. This he wished to avoid on this day. He knew by experience that sweaty underclothing is a deplorable sensation, and that a starched shirtfront wilted under the juices of the body is about as desirable an object under one's coat as a fresh eel would be. Calmness was to be his watchword to-day. Danbury will never forget the sultriness of that Thursday. The heat was oppressive. It came down in layers, each succeeding layer being thicker and heavier than its predecessor. Mr. Coville hastened to his store, found more to do than he anticipated (as invariably happens), and by the time he was ready for the errands he was in an advanced state of melting. He was surprised at the number of things to get, and at the progress of time, which always moves faster when one is not looking at

By the time he got home he felt the starch in his shirt begin to give, and this created a feeling of uneasiness which was somewhat deepened by the aspect of the two huge baskets which stood in waiting for them.

There was no time for general remarks; so

nerely observing,—
"Thunder and lightning, Hanner! we a'n't going to Niesic!" he picked up the baskets and hastened to the depot, reaching there just in time to get aboard of the train. The cars were crowded. Mr. Coville could get no seat, and in this particular he had plenty of company. He put a basket under each of two seats, and then taking a strong grip on the idea rates where put a basket under each of two seats, and then taking a strong grip on the ice-water tank (which, singularly enough, contained water of no kind), braced himself for the ride. In this position he was pinned in back of the door by the voluminous skirts of a fleshy lady, and every the door was capad which was about time the door was opened, which was about twice a minute, he was jammed farther into the corner. Mrs. Coville was, unfortunately, located at the further end of the car. We say unfortunately, because having much to communicate to Mr. Coville in regard to the location of the baskets, the condition of his shirt, the location of William, who had not been seen since the start, the possibilities of ever getting to the grounds without an accident, the dreadful heat in the air, and much more of equal importance, it necessitated considerable impotent pautomime and extraordinary exertion on her part to convey it to him ever such distance.

And it may be doubted if Mr. Coville comprehended enough of this information to have paid for its outlay. What with holding on to the icewater tank, and dodging the door, and restraining himself from tumbling flat upon the fleshy lady, and staring vindictively at the back of the heads of the openers of the door, Mr. Coville had his mind and muscle fully occupied. To add to the intense interest of the occasion. the perspiration rolled in continuous drops from his face and down his neck, and he having no unemployed hand by which with a handkerchief to stay the current, the same slipped quietly inside his collar and went crawling down the sen-

sitive surface of his body.

In the mean time William having provided himself with a bladder attached to a tube, which, when blown up, collapsed with a most dismal sound, was in the baggage-car with the peaches and another boy, where the bladder and the inviting openings to the crates made the hours golden with sunshine to his appreciative This was a much different disposition of his person than his mother imagined, who having become confident, that he had got under the cars in the start, was now firmly convinced that he had been run over by the wheels, and that portions of his mangled body might now be observed along the track by any one taking the trouble to look for them. This was a dreadful frame of mind to go to a pic-nic in, yet, after all, it was much better than to have no feeling at all, and so Mrs. Coville hugged the appalling delusion with as much tenacity as if it had been Mr. Coville himself, before marriage.

Arriving at the grounds, Mr. Coville found that his anxiety to get there was replaced by a most unaccountable regret that he had got there. The movement of the passengers, to say nothing of the movement of Mrs. Coville's sunshade, which she was vigorously shaking at him over the heads of the people, awakened him to the propriety of immediately securing his baskets. He made a dive for the same, but owing to the rush, at the same time, of the passengers, he was considerably retarded, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in getting hold of his charge. With a basket in each hand, he found himself hemmed in by the masses, who pressed his refreshments against his legs, and came very near to upsetting him entirely several times. Panting, butting, struggling, and squeezing, he finally found himself on the platform outside, but so bruised and wet, and heated and exasperated, that he hardly knew whether he was escorting two baskets or two buzz-saws. Under the guidance of Mrs. Coville, who had been greatly relieved, although very much astonished, by a view of William in a single unbroken piece, Mr. Coville reached the grounds, and got to a table, where he was permitted to deposit his load.

The worry, bother, and annoyance being over, the full enjoyment of the day began. It was a happy sight. The children romped and laughed and halloed; the older people moved quickly here and there, distributing the food upon the tables, and making arrangemenes for cooking tea and coffee; lovers paired off, and strolled away in happy oblivion. It was a scene of un-alloyed enjoyment; and as Mr. Coville looked about him and sighed for a dry shirt, he thought of his childhood.

Presently he was sent after a pail of water. Even he admitted that water was a prime necessity in the performance, but was not as clear in regard to where it was to come from, being an entire stranger to the place. But after a long search, complicated by the advice of parties equally ignorant with himself, he hit upon the happy idea of secluding himself for a suitable length of time, and then returning after some one else had done the errand. With this view Mr. Coville looked about, and soon found a little dell in a clump of evergreens, where he was pretty sure to be free from observation. Here he secluded himself and the pail, and removing his hat, coat, and vest, calmly and peacefully waited for the necessary time to elapse

In the general excitement his absence was not noted, and his plan worked admirably. Other parties, sent out on a similar errand, returned with a supply, and this tended to obliterate from even Mrs. Coville's mind the cause of her husband's absence. Otherwise she might have come to suspect that he had found a well, and was sitting on its bottom with a view to holding it for the exclusive use of his church.

So while the preparations were going actively forward for dinner, he was lying on his back. looking up into the dense mass of green, listening to the soft sound of the swaying brunches, and smiling kindly but firmly to himself.

Mrs. Coville was very busy in setting the tables. Occasionally she caught a glimpse of her hopeful son, who swooped down upon her so frequently with either some new kind of eatable in his fist, or in quest of something of the kind. that his mother began to apprehend that he not only had a tapeworm of his own, but had borrowed a much larger and more active one of

some other boy for the occasion. Mr. Coville was looking up to the overhanging branches of his retreat. There was no smile on his face. The eyes, directed upward, had a strange, startled appearance. He jumped to his feet, rubbed his eyes, then his head, and stared about him in a very hard manner. He snatched up his hat, coat, and vest, and the pail, and started out into the open air. Here he paused a moment, to look around, as if to get the bearings of the place. In reaching the dell he had gone in numerous directions, and was now at a loss to determine the right way back. There was, a feeling in the atmosphere as if

something of moment had taken place, or was about to be precipitated. Oppressed by a fear that he could scarcely define, he hurried forward. Despite this nameless dread in his heart, he was aware that the cravings of u appeased hunger were strong upon him, and he felt a tinge of reproach for having murmured at the supply of food his faithful wife had prepared. As fast as his size would permit he hurried for-ward, without thinking to put on the coat and Suddenly he came upon the tables, but they were bare. A shooting sensation of pain passed through his soul, while the pit of his stomach experienced a shock which nearly deprived him of all power of motion. Rallying in a moment, he dashed madly to the front, dropping the pail in his fright, and came out of the grove in sight of the railroad, and at the same time in sight of the loaded train moving

slowly away.

Then the dreadful truth flashed upon him with sickening force. The change in the atmosphere, which he had experienced on coming out of the dell, was due to the advance of the day. It was now six o'clock, and he had been asleep all the afternoon.

Yelling with all the strength his breast would permit, he tore down the path. No one heard him. The momentum of the train was increasing. His agony was dreadful. The atmosphere threatened to suffocate him. Yell after yell he emitted, as he plunged after the excursion. When about to give up in despair, his cry was heard. The train was stopped, and the unhappy man, more than two-thirds expired, reached the

man, more than two-thirds expired, reached the hind car, and was dragged up into it a pulpy, gasping, shrinking mass of flesh.

What Mrs. Coville thought, and what the passengers thought as they stared at him, was evident enough from the expressions of their faces and their eneeth that the two the start of the careful their eneeth. and their speech; but what Mr. Coville himself thought, as he shrank into a corner of the car, was difficult to determine, although there must have been a great deal of it. He said nothing, but there was a look of sickening apprehension to his face, giving it a greenish hue, which colour remained unchanged during the journey, except when William unexpectedly observed to his mother, in that penetrating spirit adopted by a boy who has something of a confidential and highly disagreeable nature to impart, "Don't pa look hungry?" Then the tint visibly deep-

With a discretion that did her infinite credit, Mrs. Coville made no response.

CHIFFON GOSSIP.

MURRAY HILL, Oct 13.

Manitoba has recently opened its "boite a surprises," and from its contents diffused over the country an assortment of uncomfortable blasts, only differing in degrees of cold. The result is discomfort to the denizens of the East, much indecision in regard to costume and a pre-valence of influenza. The morning sultriness not infrequently betrays the incautious pedes trian into the anachronism of a straw hat in October; but, as the d y wanes, a severe rebuke usually waits on such imprudence, and the heavy plush hats, with broad brigand-looking borders, are not viewed with the same disgust which their evident weight inspires at an earlier period. A successful compromise in the way of hats, a kind of half-way station between summer and winter wear, is reached in the feather toques. They are composed exclusively of variegated plumes, the breasts and wings of pheasants, peacocks, blue and other birds, and so can be easily adapted to the dress of the wearer. In shape too, as they are compact and small, they are more universally becoming than the audacious "Rembrandt" and the pastoral 'Sorcière.''

There is said to be some doubt in the minds of the great Parisian magnates of fashion as to the period of history which shall be illustrated in the costumes of the coming season. Opinion halts between the time of the Directory, the Court of Josephine and the Restoration. The two first are held to be impracticable for general use, and the last not sufficiently becoming. But the position, if difficult to define, is not new. The most striking features of these different periods have been already adopted during the last few years, so far as they have been found in accordance with popular taste and convenience, and it is probable that, without awaiting the nod of Olympian Jove, fashions will continue in the same groove, subject to certain modifications. The ancient and hitherto respected traditions concerning riding habits are partaking of the reigning emancipation of ideas, eambre c enlivened with a dash of colour without exposing the dashing equestrienne who attempts this startling change to a too severe criticism. thick, soft material in pale grey, relieved by a delicate zigzag pattern in blue diffused over the surface, may form the skirt of the habit. A pelisse of cleth is turned back at the panier with blue surah, and bows of the same colour ornament the waist and sleeves. A Grecian cap, with a border of pale blue satin worked with gold thread and variegated silk, or a foundation of white surah, terminating in the back by ruffles of white lace falling low on the neck, is a becoming novelty. Slippers worked in gold thread to represent a buckle surrounded with a galaxy of crimson stars and trimmed on the instep with a knot of lace are much used. Work bags of a cylindrical form, made of red plush and adorned with flowers cut out of some old tapestry or from an india shawl pattern, are effective and fashion-

able. Knit worsted articles of warmth and convenience, such as socks to wear over slippers when stepping into the carriage, and undervests and fichus of the same work, are more known in America than in Europe. The soft, fleecy fabries replace the furs of trans-Atlantic countries, as being more adapted to our peculiar climate.

The chief feminine occupation of these autumnal days is the superintendence of house arrangements and redecorations. The counters where dress goods are piled up in seductive heaps, plush contending with velvet and satins with surah, are not so identified with the presence of the genuine New Yorker. On the contrary, the lifts which lead to regions above—to a Paradise hung with stuffs of Oriental gor-geousness, where no vulgar footfall penetrates the thickness of velvet carpets and Persian rugs to disturb the dream of luxury—are frequently filled with familiar forms and faces. Perhaps the true temptation of the æsthetic New Yorkaise lies in this spot, and personal adornment sinks into insignificance when measured with the delights of decorative art. The babble of shrill voices responding in measured cadence to the joy of bargaining for gloves and fichus is hushed to a tone of reverential awe when hangings and tapestries are discussed. Social life in Gotham is necessarily in a dormant condition. The opera will, of course, unite some of the wandering elements, and marriages will bring from the four quarters of the earth the nomadic witnesses which the occasion demands.

A charming contribution from French society has sought our shores to renew the ties which joined us together a century ago. A wedding of two members of New York families will shortly be celebrated at Grace Church. The rare union of music and money will be allied to beauty and charm of no ordinary degree. A nephew of Mme. Paterson Bonaparte will next week marry a young girl belonging to a New York family. A rural or even provincial New ding is at times fraught with perils which are not to be apprehended in nuptials solemnized at the altar of a fashionable church in a great capital. The exciting air of the country impels capital. The exciting air of the country impels otherwise quiet and unobtrusive people to actions strange and weird. A bride who should drive from the stately proprieties of a leading city cathedral, pelted with rice and mimic horseshoes, would doubtless entail on herself and friends the reproofs of the constabulary force. But in free pastoral air, such eccepforce. But in free, pastoral air, such eccentricities may pass for pleasantry of 1 high order. The experiences of a young married pair, however, who had traversed in safety all the possible safetyll businessed. ever, who had traversed in safety all the possible pitfalls lurking under the nuptial ceremony, are somewhat discouraging to those following in their footsteps. A tall, spirited horse attached to a phaeton was brought to the door to convey the bride and groom to the first station of their wedding journey. The bridegroom proudly took the reins, the horse, conscious of its romantic burden, bounded forward, when some fair damsels, with misplaced zeal, darted from behind an impenetrable barrier of trees from behind an impenetrable barrier of trees and, with a war-whoop of peculiar ferocity; aluted the phaeton and its occupants with a shower of rice and floral horseshoes. The noble steed swerved from his path in abject terror and fled madly from the grounds, leaving the bridgersom impositionally standing on his the bridegroom ignominiously standing on his head and his fair companion sprawling help-lessly on the pathway. Although death did not ensue, it would have been better, perchance, than to have made another start, as did the noble pair, in a humiliating hackney coach, drawn by a lame horse.

ARABESQUE.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Rossi, the distinguished Italian actor, has een playing for the last two weeks in Boston

MADAME PAULINE CANISSA FISHER, well known a few years ago as a prima douns in Italian and English opera, is about to return to the stage. HUDDERSFIELD will, this year, have a musi-

cal festival, to be held in its new town-hall, on the 20th, 21st and 22nd inst.

M. Coquelin, and about half the actors of the Theatre Français will play in London during the second half of June, 1882.

THE popular prima donna, Miss Minnie Hauk, has on the eve of her departure from New York been married to the Chevalier Ernest Von Hesse Wartegg, a journalist of Vienna.

EVIDENCE IS CONSTANTLY ACCUMULATING in favor of the popular remedy for throat and lung disorders, rheumatism, neuralgia, stiffness, soreness, kidney troubles, piles, sores, scalds, burns and the maladies and injuries to which horses and cattle are liable.

Of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, Dr. Beaudoin, Hull, P.Q., says, "I have sold it for over three years and I have never sold a medicine which

has given more general satisfaction."

G. A. Dixon, Frankville, Ont., states that he was "cured of Chronic Bronchitis that troubled him 17 years, by Eclectric Oil.' Joseph Rusan, of Percy, troubled with lameness

for years, writes: "I found it the best article I ever tried. It has been a great blessing to me."
P. M. Markell, of West Jeddore, N.S., who had a horse so lame he could hardly walk," states that "two or three applications completely appeals him."

tely cured him.' But why multiply proofs in behalf of a remedy so widely recognized as efficacious?

Sold by medicine dealers everywhere. Prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE SQUATTERS.

Hughenden has at last found an occupant in Sir Samuel Wilson, the Australian millionaire, who has leased the mansion until Lord Beacons who has leased the mansion until Lord Beaconsfield's heir comes of age. In old times, Mr. Disraeli loved to sneer at successful colonists, who after 'fleecing a thousand flocks,' sought seats in the House. It is hardly likely, as the Lord of Hughenden cast in the cast sidelong glances at Messrs. Lowe and Childers, that he ever dreamt of a sheep-king yawning in the rooms where he had entertained Royalty and hoodwinked squires. However, as report has it that the quondam owner of Ercildoune has paid handsomely for the honour of dating his letters handsomely for the honour of dating his letters from the Mecca of Toryism, there is no likeli-hood that Sir Samuel will be disturbed by the irate wraith of his predecessor. Indeed, so un-compromising a 'Constitutionalist' as the Le-gislative Councilor for the Western District of Victoria may be inclined to continue the traditions of the place by battling for the landed interest in London, instead of Melbourne. Still interest in London, instead of melbourne. Still a middle-aged man—twenty years younger than the Prime Minister—Sir Samuel Wilson has run a wondrously successful career. He is an Irishman, who, thirty years ago, landed in Melbourne, with no better equipment for the battle of life than a slender knowledge of mathematical and the state and a form agont appropriate the state of the s thematics and a four years' apprenticeship to the flax-spinning business. As neither accomplishment was in demand in Australia, the raw ment was in demand in Australia, the raw gossoon from Ballycloughan took to gold-digging. Nuggets fell to his rocker, and with the dust he bought sheep; and no sooner did he buy sheep than the rain fell, and the grain grew, and wool and mutton ran up and kept up, until Joseph bought out his two elder brothers. Investing in real estate in Victoria, and 'run' interests in Queensland and New South Wales, except the part of the results of the rocked turned to money, until everything he touched turned to money, until, having a fancy to play the 'pious founder,' he could afford to toss thirty thousand pounds to Melbourne University, without seriously disturbing his balance at his banker's. A rich man, he is able to amuse himself with hobbies. Indeed, to one of these he owes his knighthood; for had not 'Sir Sam' taken a fancy to a natu ralize the salmon in Australian rivers, and write a book about his wondrous fish-ponds at Ercildotine, the chances are that to-day he would be as far from the Athenæum Club as the Campbells. bells, M'Leans, Tysons, and other pastoral sovereigns, whose fleecy subjects are counted by the half-million, and before whom caitiffs with wretched little flocks of fifty thousand bow humbly in Mocquerie-street and the Riverina.

A squatter was at one time understood to be a

bly in Mocquerie-street and the Riverina.

A squatter was at one time understood to be a disreputable individual, who lived on the outskirts of the penal settlements of New South Wales, and was chiefly employed in stealing the cattle of more law-abiding personages. To-day he is the lessee of immense tracts of Crown land, not immediately required by purchasers, over which graze his wealth in the shape of endless flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. It is the squatter's mansion which the traveller sees the moment he leaves the thinly scattered Australian towns; and before he is long in 'the Cololian towns; and before he is long in 'the Colonies' he learns to regard him as a type of the Antipodean aristocracy. In the club at Melbourne or Sydney he finds him all-powerful; and if he arrives with any kind of introduction, and if he arrives with any account he will at a or, indeed, without that passport, he will at a very early date be asked to share the hospitality of these wealthy sheep-kings; and after staying at one house weeks or months will be passed on to another, until, as his last host bids him goodbye on the wharf at Brisbane, he will hardly remember who first started him on these three thousand miles of visits which he began eighteen months or two years ago at Adelaide or Melbourne. Nor, unless he commits some grievous bourne. Nor, unless he commits some grievous offence, will anybody think it necessary to ascertain the fact. If he can play billiards, eat mutton, and drink unlimited tea, he is at home, and will have horses to ride, carriages to drive in, and kangaroo to hunt. In return he must tolerate much talk about the value of wool, and listen to endless discussions regarding the best way of washing sheep, or vehement tirades against the knavery of 'free selecters' and the way of washing sheep, or vehement trades against the knavery of 'free selecters' and the 'radical mob' led by Mr. Berry, Premier and Publican. In many respects these great sheep-kings are akin to the English squires of last century. For ten, fifteen, or twenty miles, every man they are likely to come across is their dependent, and they are either actually or virtually monarchs of another squatter with a greater run, a huger flock, or a more extensive 'mob' of cattle or horses. In other respects the Australian squatter is widely different even from Squire Western. He may have been a younger son, a successful gold-digger, a butcher, a shepson, a successful gold-digger, a butcher, a shepherd, or even that shady personage whom it is still a Sydney euphemism to describe as 'an old hand.' But in every case he had a sold hand. chitect of his own fortune. A second generation of wealthy squatters is as yet rare, and the chances are that the man whose guest you are in the bush is the first member of his family who was trusted with a cheque-book.

The sheep king leads, nevertheless, an anxious He is almost invariably in debt to the 'merchant' from whom he obtains his supplies, and to whom his sheep are morgaged. may fall from two shillings to sixpence a pound; there may be a dry summer, and, as a consequence of no grass, sheep may be selling at halfa-crown a head; or his fences may be burnt by bush-fires, or wallables and wild-horses may bush-fires, or wallabies and wild-horses may devour the pasture, or dingoes the sheep; or, worst of all, the rabbits may, in spite of strychnine, get the upper hand. Then the squatter is

ruined, and the 'swagman,' who for years has been accustomed to find his mutton and damper secure at 'the hut,' learns that a new man has come, or that the old master is simply the overeer for the bank or the money-lender in Melbourne. The first generation of a squatter family is energetic; the second listless. The girls are lively enough, and lovely too. They are as self-assertive and irreverent as any American damsel. But high intelligence either in them or their brothers is rare. The young squatter is addicted to loafing, and can speak about little save horse-races, women, or the everlasting sheep. He is fond of taking 'a spell' in town, where, 'my word,' he astonishes the 'jackaroos,' as he contemptuously styles the young Englishmen who arrive to gain colonial experience. He is, moreover, bumptious and boastful to an offensive degree, and speaks of England and Englishmen in a manner which would be hardly agreeable to the effusive souls who write bunkum about Australian. loyalty. Still, the squatterocracy are forming a true country party in Australia, possessed of all the prejudices and bitterness of that cultured por-tion of the community. They are building grand houses, and a certain percentage of them swarm off every year to gain a footing among the new men of England. Here, indeed, they supply the place of the old Nabobs, though their manners are healthier than those of the yellow faced people who last century shook the page-da-tree and bought boroughs with the fruit. They are also unlike the shoddy and petroleum magnates of America. For these are usually townsmen, and though purse proud, have rubbed too much against other classes to retain many of their worst angularities. Nor is the successful squatter akin to the successful gold or dia-mond digger, since he has made his money much more slowly than the latter, and thus becomes more thoroughly ingrained with the pecu-liar surroundings of his trade. In Australia, a Cross of Michael and George is his grand ambi-tion; 'at home' he strives for a seat in the House of Commons. He lives in the best Westend houses; and if he does not always attain the best of clubs, he amazes their habi'ues with the strength of his Conservatism—and language. Yet he sometimes wonders why he came to England, and wearies for old times on the Hawkesbury or in Gullgong Gulch. In Geelong, on the banks of the Murray or the Yarra Yarra, on the banks of the Murray or the Yarra Yarra, or in the Verandah up Colins-street, Sir Peter Jobson, M. L. C., was somebody. In Bucks, baronets and people with twenty thousand a year are almost as plentiful as gum-trees in Gippsland.—The World.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF HEALTH .-- In results of a somewhat large acquaintance with the facts held to indicate the state and progress of "human health," I fear my testimony must be given to show that the improvement effected by science consists in a prolongation of the passive endurance of life, rather than an extension of the period of true vitality, or any increase of the opportunity for good work and real intel-lectual enjoyment. We may "live" longer, but our lives are not either happier or more useful for the excessive energy recently devoted to the conservation of health, or the inordinate and laborious means taken to avoid disease and death. It may, doubtless, be possible to raise humanity to the level of one of those scientific toys which approximate perpetual motion, but expend their whole force in moving themselves. Whether longevity purchased at the price of passing a lifetime in running away from death would be worth having, I must leave to be de-termined by the judgment of those who set a value on our so-called sanitary progress, which I, for one, fail to recognize. I think men were happier and better, and lived nobler lives, before the pursuit of health and the yearning for longevity became a craze, almost amounting to madness. What to eat, drink, and avoid, what to wear, where and how to live, by what means to avoid infection, to keep off disease, and to escape death for a few weary and worried years, are questions which so engross the thoughts, if they do not embitter the lives of the multitude, that the proposition, "Is a sanitary life worth living?" has come to be a subject of serious contemplation, and one which the taxed and harrassed community will sooner or later be compelled to entertain.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.
J.B., Lachine.—Letter received. Thanks. You are correct again. There are two solutions to Mr. Black burne's Problem No. 350. Your solution by first checking with the Kt will mate in three moves.

In the October number of the British Chess Magazine, there is a letter from Mr. Wisker on the condition of chess matters in Australia, which ought to be read by every player in the Dominion of Canada. To see what is being done in other parts of the world by those who, like ourselves, have very few among them who can spare time for amusement seems natural enough, and the information furnished by Mr. Wisker is likely to prove as useful as it is interesting. The whole of te last number of this excellent chess periodical is deserving of attention. It contains a large amount of information connected with the Berlin Congress and Tourney, and the scores of some of the best of the games in that contest. We are sorry our space will not allow us to contest. We are sorry our space will not allow us to notice the whole of the contents of this number. The first volume of this magazine, at the end of the year, will make a capital addition to a chessplayer's library.

pointed to begin on Sept. 19th, but Mr. Wittek failed to appear, and the fifth prize was awarded to Mason by default.—Turf, Field and Farm.

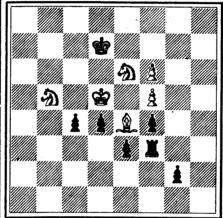
Every solitary old bachelor ought to join a chess club; be will there find all and more than any other recreation can give to meet the wants of his lonely leisure; social enjoyment, friendship and pleasant after thoughts are the three graces of the Chess circle, and in conjunction with these are opportunities for the study of human nature such as nowhere else can be found among things unconnected with the serious business of life.—Baltimore Sunday News.

THE CITY OF LONDON CHESS CLUB.—A special general meeting of the members of this club was held in Moufiet's Hotel on Friday evening. The meeting was well attended, and included nearly all the leading members of the club. The president, Mr. J. F. Lovelock, occupied the chair. An attractive regramme for the coming season was submitted and unanimously approved of. The programme included a blindfold exhibition, to be given by Mr. Blackburne on Oot. 12; a handleap tournament, for which '4 competitors have entered; and a series of simutaneous matches, to be conducted by various chess masters. During the proceedings Mr. Blackburne entered the room, and met with an enthusiastic reception. A vote of thanks was then proposed by the President, and passed by socialmation, to the honorary members of the club, Messrs. Blackburne and Mason, for the great ability with which they had acquitted ary members of the club, Messrs. Blackburne and Mason for the great ability with which they had acquitted themselves at the International Tournament at Berlin themselves at the intercanonal Toursament at Berlin. Hischburns, in responding, spoke very modestly of his own achievement in winning the chief prize, but acknowledged that he had been touched and gratified by the kind reception which he had met with on his return to England.—Glasgov Herald. Oct. 1st.

The Chess season has commenced on both sides of the Atlantic, and already we hear of matches which have been brought to a conclusion, and of others which are to follow in a short time. This is as it should be. The standard of play can only be maintained by such contests. The Province of Outario has just finished a hard fought battle. Five members of the Hamilton Chess Club visited Toronto last week by invitation, and contested a match with an equal number of the members of the chess club of that city. The results were in favour of Toronto, whose score was $8\frac{1}{2}$ games won to their adversaries' $1\frac{1}{2}$ gamesr.

PROBLEM No. 352.

By John Barry, Lachine. BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 479TH.

(From Land and Water.)

THE BERLIN TOURNEY.

Played in the Berlin Tourney between Messrs. Black-ourne and Schwarz.

(French Defence.

White.—(Mr. Blackbut...) P to K 4
2. P to Q 4
3. Q Kt to B 3
4. P takes P
5. Kt to B 3
6. B to Q 3
7. Castles
8. Kt to K 2
9. Kt to K 3
10. B to K 3
11. Q to Q 2
12. Q R to K sq
13. Q to B sq
14. P takes R t
16. K to K t
27. R to R sq
18. B to R 3
19. Q R to R sq
19. Q R to R sq
20. B to K K 5
21. P to Q B 4
22. B takes Q B P
23. R to R 4
24. B to K 4
25. B to B 6
26. Q takes K (a)
27. R takes P Black -- (Herr Schwarz.) White.—(Mr. Blackburne.) 1. P to K 3
2. P to Q 4
3. K Kt to B 3
4. P takes P
5. B to Q 3
6. P to B 3
7. Castles
8. B to K Kt 5
9. Q to B 2
10. Q Kt to Q 2
11. K R to K sq
12. Kt to K 5
13. Q B takes Kt
14. Kt takes Kt
15. B takes P
16. B to Q 3
17. Kt to B sq
18. P to K Kt
19. Q R to Q sq
20. R to Q 2
20. Kt to B 5
21. P takes P
22. P to K R 4
23. P to Kt
24. Kt to B 5 ch
26. B takes Q
Resigns.

NOTE.

(a) The beginning of a brilliant termination.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 350.

White 1. Q to Q R 5 2. Mates acc.

1 Any

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 348. White. Black .-

B to K Kt 2

.1. Anv

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 349.

Wibite. K at Q5 R at Q Kt 5 B at Q3 B at Q8 Kt at Q R 5 P at Q B 3

K at Q R 5

Black.

White to play and mate in two moves.



ST. VINCENT DE PAUL PENITENTIARY.

Tenders for Firewood.

SEALED TENDERS, endorsed "Tender for Fire-wood," will be received at the Warden's Office until noon of the 2nd November, for the following quantities of firewood required for the year 1°82-83, viz: 500 Cords of Hardwood—Maple and Birch, mixed in equal proportions.

400 Cords of Tamarac.

Blank forms of tender will be furnished and conditions made known on application to the undersigned.

HUNTLY B. MACKAY, Acting Warden

October, 1881.

"NIL DESPERANDUM." CRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE



TRADE MY The Great English TRADE MARK. Remedy. An unfalling ours for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhosa, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a sequence offself-Abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Bef ore Taking Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision. Premature Old Age. and many

Bef ore Taking Pain in the Back, AHER Taking Dimness of Vision. Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE CRAY MEDICINE CO.

Toronto, Ont., Canada.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a

HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising alkinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME,
IT SAVES TEMPUR,
IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers, throughout the Dominion and cholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILES

55 College Street

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY

(LIMITED)

CAPITAL \$200,000.

GENERAL

Engravers, Lithographers, Printers

AND PUBLISHERS.

3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET. MONTREAL.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT has a capital equal to all the other Lithographic firms in the country, and is the largest and most complete Establishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada, possessing all the latest improvements in machinery and appliances, comprising:-

12 POWER PRESSES

1 PATENT LABEL GLOSSING MACHINE, 1 STEAM POWER ELECTRIC MACHINE,

4 PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINES,

2 PHOTO-ENGRAVING MACHINES,

BOSSING, COPPER PLATE PRINTING and all other Machinery required in a first class business.

All kinds of ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, ELECTROTYPING AND TYPE PRINTING executed in THE BEST, STYLE

AND AT MODERATE PRICES

PHOTO-ENGRAVING and LITHOGRAPHING from pen and ink drawings A SPECIALITY. The Company are also Proprietors and Publishers of

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, and

SCIENTIFIC CANADIAM. A large staff of Artists, Engravers, and Skilled Workmen in every Department.

Orders by mail attended to with Punctuality; and prices the same as if given personally.

8. B. BURLAND.

MAXAGER.



OPENING of the FALL AND WINTER CAMPAIGN

New styles in Men's, Youth's and Boys Hats. Scotch and Polo Caps in great variety. "Oliveite," the new Corduray Hat, at

R. W. COWAN & CO'S, THE HATTERS AND FURRIERS.

CORNER OF Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets.

CANADA PAPER CO.

Paper Makers and Wholesale Merchants,

374, 376 & 378 St. Paul Street.

MONTREAL, F. 0 -AND-

11 FRONT STREET. TORONTO, ONT-



Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, July 25th, 1881.

_	MIXED.	MAIL	Express.
Leave Hochelaga for			
Ottawa		8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Ottawa		1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Ho			· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
chelaga		8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga		12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for		•	
Quebec		3.00 p.m.	10.00 n.m.
Arrive at Quebec			6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Ho-			
chelaga		10,10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga		5.60 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelage for St.			
Jerome	5.30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome	7.15 p.m.		
Leave St. Jerome for			
Hochelaga	6.45 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga			
Leave Hochelaga for			
Jobetta	5-00 p.m.		
Arrive at Joliette	7.25 p. m.		
Leave Joliette for Hoche-			
lags	6.00 a.m		
Arrive at Hochelaga	8.20 s.m	. ——	
(Local trains between		vlmer.)	
Trains leave Mile-End	Station	ten minutes	later than
Hochelags.			

Hooneings.

Magnificent Palace Cars on all Day Passenger
Trains, and Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and

Own Quebec.
Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m.
All Trains Run by Montreal Time.
GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMES. TICKET OFFICES:

13 Place D'Armes, MONTREAL. 202 St. James Street, Sauch Copposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec. L. A. SENECAL,



The Scientific Canadian

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE

PATENT OFFICE RECORD

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

led to the advancement and diffusion Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics.

THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC

OFFICES OF PUBLICATION,

5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.

G. B. BURLAND General Manager.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, including postage....\$2.00 One copy, six months, including postage... 1.10 Subscriptions to be paid in ADVANCE.

The following are our advertising rates:—For ease monthly insertion, 10 cts. per line; for three months, 9 cts. per line; For six months, 8 cts. per line; For one year, 7 cts. per line; one page of illustration, including one column description, \$30; half-page of Illustration, including half column description, \$20; quarier-page of Hustration, including quarter column description, \$10.

18 per cent. off on cash payments.



SWITZERLAND, - VIEW OF THE SERNPT VALLEY DURING THE LAND-SLIP OF SEPT. 11TH.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S



FINEST AND CHEAPEST

MEAT-FLAVOURING An invaluable and paintable toxic in all cases of weak digestion STOCK FOR SOUPS, debility.

"Is a success and a boom for which Haticas abould feel grateful." MADE DISHES & SAUCES.

"Is a success and a boos for which Haticas should feel grateful." WHAUL DIOTEO & OAUULO.

Bee Medical Press, Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c.

To be had of all Storekeepers, Grooses and Chemista.

Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only) C. David & Co., fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signative Lane, London, England.



In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature

without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.

Ask for LBA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of MESSES. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSES. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL,

CARDS. 10 Lily and imported Glass, 10 Transparent, 20 Motto, Scroll & sngraved, (in colors) in case, & 1 Love Letter, name on all 15c. West & Co. Westville, Ct.

Private Medical Dispensary.

9 (Retablished 1860), 25 GOULD STREET, TORONTO, ONT. Dr. Andrews' Purification, of Dr. A., so celebrated remedies for private celebrated remedies celebrated remedie

40 CARDS, all Chromo. Glass and Motto, in case name in gold & jet 10c. West & Co. Westville, Ct



BURTON'S ALL HEALING TAR

Cures all Diseases of the SKIN in MAN or BEAST. Makes the hands soft and smooth. FOTASK FOR BURTON'S

South Eastern Railway

Montreal and Boston Air Line

THE DIRECT AND BEST ROUTE

White Mountains.

Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell, Worcester, Providence.

and all points in NEW ENGLAND, also to the EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 27th, South Easters Railway Trains will run to and from Bonaventure Sta-tion as follows:—

LEAVE MONTREAL

DAY EXPRESS running through to Boston at 8.30 a.m., with Parlour Car.

LOCAL TRAINS to Knowlton and All Way Stations this side at 5.00 p.m., on Saturdays at 2.00 p.m., instead of 5.00 p.m., and arrive on Mondays at 8.25 a.m. instead

of 3.500 p.m., and arrive on mondays at 5.50 s.m. instead of 9.15 s.m.

NIGHT EXPRESS, with Pullman Sleeper, through to Boston at 6.30 p.m., will stop only at Chambly, Caston, West Parnham, and Cowansville, between St. Lambert and Sutton Junction, except on Saturdays, whose this train will stop at all stations.

ARRIVE AT MONTREAL

NIGHT EXPRESS from Boston at 8.25 s.m. LOCAL TRAINS from Knowlton and Way Stations at 9.15 s.m., on Mondays at 8.25 s.m., instead of 9.15

DAY EXPRESS from Boston at 8.43 p.m.

Express Train arriving at 8.25 a.m. will stop daily at Richelieu, Chambly, Cauton and Chambly Rasin. The most comfortable and elaborate Sleeping Cararun on the night trains that enter Bonaveniure Station.

ALL CARS AND TRAINS run between Bonaveniure Station, Montreal, and Boston W I TH O UT CHANGE. Baggare checked through to all principal points in NEW ENGLAND.

BAGGAGE PASSED BY THE CUSTOMS AT BONAVENTURE STATION, thus saving all trouble to Passengers at the Boundary Line.

Por Tickets, apply at 202 St. James street, Windson Hotel and Bonaventure Station.

Hotel and Bunaventure Station. BRADLEY BARLOW, President and General Manager

A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family. 250, per bottle.

HENRY R. CRAY, Chemist,

Sole Manufacturer, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street

\$777 a year and expenses to accents. Outlit free Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Ma.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of

Four per cent. and a Bonus of One per cent.

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution, have been declared for the current half-year and that the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city. and at its Branches, on and after THURSDAY, the let day December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November next, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.

Montreal, 21st October, 1881.

W. J. BUCHANAN, Gornal Messgre

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

та Ноизкного Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

ia every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, dc., dc., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more directible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME,
IT SAVES TEMPER,
IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and sholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. McLAREN, Union Mills,

19-52-364

55 College Street

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND OF THIS PAPER FILE AT GEO. P. Newspaper Advertising Bureau (D STRUCK STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS NEW YORK.