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# Illustrated News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1881.

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"DOROTHEA,"

FROM THE PICTURE BY EDGAR HAMLRY.

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TEMPERATURE

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

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 19, 1881.

THE WEEK.

THE ignorance of art critics, or rather of the multitude of unlearned who ape the title, is matter of marvel the world over. But Canadian newspapers have we should suppose a monopoly of this kind of thing, which we clip from a leading journal of the Maritime Provinces: "Mr. M., in these studies has adopted the modern English style of water colour work, which employs mixtures of white paint to express what was formerly and tediously produced by working around the white surface background. In this way, though much care in the mixing of the paints is required, a skilful wielder of the brush may avoid the hard stiff edges and furrows of paint formed by the rapidly drying colors, which detract so much from the smoothness and finish of water colour sketching." Comment upon such absolute rubbish is impossible. We can only gasp feebly before the audacity of the man who can sit down and talk in this way without, as we may believe, intending to pose as a satirist, or practising for admission to a lunatic asylum. But our critic is not content even with the above need of praise to Mr. M., who, if he be really an artist, must exclaim with many others, "Save me from my friends!" "Some of his water color sketches," he cries exultingly, "might well be taken for oil, so smoothly have the gradations of distance and light tints been brought out." What would the Institute of Painters in Water Colors say to this, think you? After all the years spent in bringing water color painting to the perfection which it has attained to-day, the highest praise which our Canadian critic can afford a votary of the art is to say that his work "might almost be taken for oil."

ALL this is no less serious than laughable. When will Canadian journals learn to employ none but competent critics in all branches of art, or if they cannot afford the services of such men, to hold their tongues on subjects with which they have no acquaintance. Here in this city of ours, which is daily growing, in spite of the papers, to a knowledge of what is good in Art—in painting, in music, in the drama—here in spite of the enlightenment of the public, the critics still wallow in ignorance far behind those whom they profess to lead. We can count on the fingers of one hand the newspaper critics with even an elementary knowledge of the subjects on which they write, while it would take a calculating machine to reckon up

the articles of the style of our specimen, which appear even in our leading dailies. It is this sort of thing which as much, or more, than any other drags us back, artistically speaking, in Canada. It is the skid upon the wheel of Art progress, which counteracts the efforts of true Art criticism and true Art work the country over. Art is in a critical position to-day in Canada. We are striving after the light, and we look to the press to hold it to us. Woe to those who substitute for the lamp of learning and culture the ignis fatuus of ignorance and conceit.

AND while we are on the subject, here is a gem worth recording, as embodying a comprehensive criticism in the choicest flowers of diction. This of the frontispiece of a popular periodical: "It is really exquisite. There is a combination of life in its full vitality and its profound repose." We are prepared to offer a handsome prize to any of our readers who will send us the solution of this before the first of January next. Communications to be addressed to the Puzzle Editor, and no translation to occupy more than two pages of foolscap. Write on one side of the paper only.

THE stage has been put to various uses in its day, but the ingenious idea of utilizing a theatrical performance as an alternative for a night's lodging appears to have first occurred to the Mayor of Swansea on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' recent visit to that town. The number of visitors to witness the opening of the docks was so great that a large number were unable to find accommodation for the night, and would have been left out in the cold but for the ingenious idea of the Mayor, who, after the usual performance at the theatre was over royally ordered a second to go on all night, in order to provide shelter for the unhappy waifs. The idea was at least original, and strikingly successful.

THE "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," alias Mdlle. Hortense Schneider has not it seems obtained the full terms of her marriage contract. M. le Comte de Bionne, so called, is neither a count, nor even, it would seem, a de. The Henri IV. is down upon him in common with a host of other bearers of titles to which they have no claim. This journal has of late devoted itself to the very desirable task of unmasking all such titled impostors, and *le dit* M. le Comte is one of the first to fall. Poor Hortense! We can only hope that M. Bionne may prove an exemplary husband in other respects.

ENGLISH sportsmen are beginning to cry out against the unsportsmanlike practice of making large presents to jockeys, which has been brought into fashion by a prominent American plunger. The inference of course is that some return is made in the way of information to which he has no right. In any case the practice of "tipping" other people's servants is objectionable in principle, and, in the case of the turf, most dangerous in practice.

IN spite of the theory which has been lately promulgated that Cambridge is growing in numbers at the expense of the sister university, the October returns of matriculation at Oxford show a large increase upon last year. The total number admitted, as given in the *World*, was 545, against 469 last year, while the returns were not quite full, though the omissions were unimportant.

NEW YORK is awakening to the fact that the lager supplied to her thirsty citizens is not all that it should be. Without meddling at all with temperance matters we may consistently argue that good beer is superior to bad, and prefer the beer made in St. Louis or Cincinnati to that which is supplied to patrons of the popular beverage in New York. And now the

murder is out. The revenue officers have unfathomed the mystery. They find there is scarcely any honest beer made in New York. On overhauling the books of the principal brewers, it was discovered that the materials used were glucose, grape-sugar, rice-spirit and corn, but very little malt was employed. This stuff is fortified by some powerful drug which chemistry cannot detect, as it fails in its analysis of vegetable poisons. In Germany, New York lager would be promptly seized by the police and poured into the gutter.

THIS question of adulteration of intoxicating drinks is one over which the fiercest war will have to be waged before the so-called temperance question is decided. If non-abstaining societies would set themselves in the first instance to war against the poisons introduced into the liquor trade they would do far more service than by unreasoning opposition to the use of liquor good and bad. The effect of the prohibition of the liquor traffic in several of the States has been to produce a large increase of adulteration. Here, in Canada, much of the liquor sold is absolute poison. Such horrible ingredients as lye even are introduced to give a "bite" to well watered alcohol. Whiskey *per se* may or may not be a desirable beverage, but lye and water is a deadly poison. For ourselves we believe in encouraging the sale of malt liquors, placing a prohibition duty upon alcohol, and making adulteration a felony in law.

WITH Archbishop McHale a historic name has passed away. In his ninety-second year the ablest and most respected of the Irish prelates has gone to his rest in the fulness of age and honors. He was a boy when Humbert landed at Killala and the Irish of the west flocked to his standard, among them perhaps some of his own relatives. He was a student when Robert Emmet swung from the scaffold, but he was a man full of vigor and intellect when he assisted O'Connell to gain emancipation, and earned from him the title of the Lion of the Fold of Judah. The late Archbishop was one of the few Irish scholars of the century and won for himself a place in literature as well as history, as the translator of Moore's Irish melodies, as well as the author of an Irish dictionary and an Irish grammar. His loss will be deeply felt, and his memory will claim the respect of all men and the gratitude above all of his fellow countrymen.

THE MONTREAL ENGINEERS.

Our illustration represents a few incidents in connection with the annual inspection on St. Helen's Island, last September. As very little is known about this branch of the Canadian Militia, it may be as well to give a brief description of the existing corps. There are now virtually only four engineer companies in the Dominion stationed at Montreal, St. John, N.B., Brighton, and Charlottetown, N.S., respectively; the late Toronto company under command of Lieut. Col. Scoble having been disbanded at that officer's resignation in August last owing to the lack of encouragement given by the Government to his corps, and to the engineer force in general. The Toronto Company, or 2nd District Engineers had been in existence since 1872, and by the strenuous exertions of its Colonel had year by year added to, and improved its equipment, until at the date of its disbandment it held the position of best equipped and organized Company in Canada, and its loss will be keenly felt on that account. The Brighton (N.S.) Company we believe have passed a very creditable inspection this year, the Inspecting Officer having expressed himself highly pleased with their efficiency. The St. John and Charlottetown Corps have yet to commence the rudiments of military engineering.

The Montreal Company dates its existence from December 1861, and is therefore, the senior company, and has seen active service on two occasions, having taken part in the repulse of both the Fenian raids of '66 and '70, in both of which it rendered valuable service as an engineer corps. The Commanding Officer Major Kennedy has been connected with the Company since its organization, and is one of the oldest volunteer Officers in Montreal holding his present rank. It is to his energy and perseverance that the Company is in existence at the present day.

The following is a short report of their inspection. The Montreal Engineers assembled in their Armory on Saturday morning the 3rd of September, under Command of Major Kennedy, and

proceeded to St. Helen's Island where the annual inspection was held in the afternoon. The morning on the island was spent in completing the extensive preparations which had been made for several months past, our illustration representing the different details. At half-past two, Major Walker R. E. of the R. M. C. Kingston, who was the Inspecting Officer arrived on the island accompanied by Lieut. Col. Strawbenzie D. A. G. The usual infantry movements having been performed, the corps paraded on their working ground in undress uniform, where the Sergeants were questioned on the construction and stability of the double-lock bridge, which had been thrown across the moat at the old barracks, a distance of some sixty feet. The bridge as constructed had the appearance of a durable military structure, the strength of which was tested by the men marching over it; a high but well deserved compliment being paid by one of the Inspecting Officers remarking that in his opinion it was the best piece of military engineering he had seen in the Dominion. In our sketch we show the early stages of its construction.

The men were severely questioned on the different earthworks thrown up, a few of which we have sketched, such as the shelter trenches, and double sap, the answers to which were very creditable, showing a fair efficiency for the sappers. The fascines, gabions and other brushwood were inspected and a satisfactory knowledge shown of their construction. A barrel-piercing squad were put through the exercise on the river's bank, and two barrel-piers formed, which were lashed together to make a raft, used in river bridging. This is the center sketch of our illustration. Tracing a four gun battery and signalling two messages at a distance of some two hundred yards brought the inspection to a close when Major Walker addressed the men stating plainly he was much pleased at their efficiency.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR front page this week is occupied by the beautiful head of Dorothea by Frank Hamley, which may well take its place among the types of beauty which we have presented to our readers during the year.

VACCINATION IN JERSEY CITY.—Compulsory vaccination meets with less opposition in this continent than abroad. The people, poor and rich alike, have had so many opportunities for witnessing the preventive labors of State and Municipal Boards of Health, that if vaccination were not forced upon the dwellers in rockeries and tenements there would be a louder cry in favor of the sanitary precaution than there is ever heard by reason of its enforcement. In England and Germany the vaccination has been waged as hotly as the vivisection scheme, and at home we find in isolated cases an indisposition on the part of parents to permit the vaccination of their children. But it may be said that the great mass of poor people and those whose domiciles and modes of life render them peculiarly susceptible to contagious diseases submit with passably good grace to the Health Inspector's lancet and vaccine.

During the past Summer and Fall there has been a prevalence of zymotic disorders in New York and neighboring cities, and if not met with some species of compulsory treatment might have terminated in an epidemic. Small-pox has found many victims in New York and Jersey City, while scarlet fever, diphtheria and typhoid pneumonia have been marked features of a low sanitary condition in those cities and Newark during the intensely hot weather and the drought that succeeded. Without entering into the question of the right of a city to compel vaccination, it may be assumed that the exercise of compulsion as a method of sanitary precaution has confined contagious diseases within bounds that our health officers could readily control. If, with its very complex population, and the hundreds of thousands of strangers passing through or stopping over in the city, compulsion has saved Jersey from an epidemic, the masses will be satisfied; and they will also be willing to leave the medico-legal phase of the subject to the consideration of those who are seldom exposed to the dangers of low sanitation.

WE continue our illustrations of Quebec in 1791. The one given this week is engraved from the photograph of an old steel engraving of that date, and represents the view at the Bishop's palace looking up the hill, the obverse of that of the same building given in a recent number.

FALLS OF THE MUICK.—The Tourist is in Scotland just now, as well as in many other countries, roving about in search of that wholesome refreshment, for mind and body, which comes of free and leisurely travelling, in fine weather, through scenes of natural or historical interest. Deeside, in Aberdeenshire, the Queen's favourite Autumn residence, will be sure, as usual to attract many visitors during this season. The local head-quarters, it is well known, are in the convenient little town of Ballater, little more than forty miles from Aberdeen by railway, and eight miles below her Majesty's Highland mansion, Balmoral Castle. Here is the entrance to Glen Muick, a romantic valley traversed by the Linn or small river bearing that name, which descends from the back of the mountain called Lochnagar, celebrated by some verses of Byron's; the poet having, in his boyhood, passed some months at the farm-house of Ballater, four miles from Ballater. The Linn of Muick, with the Loch of Muick in its upper course and



with the Dhu Loch still higher up, surrounded by dark precipitous rocks, has very often been resorted to by the Queen and the Royal family in their short excursions of one day from Balmoral. Her Majesty's pleasant book, "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," which as been so many times quoted for descriptions of places shown in our Illustrations, occasionally refers to Loch Muick, where a boat was kept and one or two huts were built, thirty years ago for the accomodation of the Queen and the Prince Consort. The Falls of the Muick lower down the Glen, are represented in one of our Engravings this week. Her Majesty, speaking of the stream, remarks that it "falls in the most beautiful way, over the rocks and stones in the glen."

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

If we except the recent public protest of Sir Garnet Wolseley against any attempt to abolish the "silver streak" which is at once the pride and the horror of the sea-sick British passenger, the outside world has lately heard but little of Channel tunnel. The engineers and their valiant little bands of workmen who are steadily cutting their way through the lower chalk from both sides of the Straits of Dover have however, been losing no time, for it is announced à propos of M. Léon Say's recent visit to Calais, that a considerable section of the works is expected to be ready for official inspection at the end of this month or the beginning of December. The work now being so energetically pushed forward is that of a drift way, which, if the boring proves successful, may ultimately be enlarged into the intended great highway for passengers and merchandise between England and the Continent. On the French side the work has, as we stated a few days ago, already reached a distance of 1,800 metres, while on the English side 1,600 metres have been completed. This makes in all 3,400 metres, or considerably more than one-tenth of the entire extent of piercing to be accomplished, the tunnel being rather more than 29 kilometres, or eighteen miles and a quarter long, to which must be added the gradual descent of about a mile and a quarter on either side, rendered necessary by the circumstance that the submarine portion commences at the bottom of shafts some three hundred feet below the surface.

So considerable an amount of progress as this must necessarily go far towards establishing the perfect feasibility of a task which was long regarded as the mere dream of a scientific enthusiast. The truth is that practical engineers who have given attention to the subject have long regarded the problem as simply one of cost and time. The observations of Sir John Hawkshaw long ago, led that experienced engineer to the conclusion that the tunnel could be wholly excavated in the lower bed of homogeneous chalk. This stratum is known to be 500 feet deep on each shore at high water mark, and being identical in character on each side of the Straits there is little reason to doubt that it stretches beneath the sea uninterruptedly, covered only by the familiar sand and shingle of the shores. Such a bed offers to the engineers peculiar advantages. Its great thickness enables them to continue in the same stratum the gradual descent of the tunnel corresponding to the shelving bed of the sea which, about midway between St. Margaret's Bay and the French shaft, a little to the west of Calais, attains a depth of about 180 feet below high-water mark. It is, moreover, very easily worked; for though it is not so manageable as the soft, pure, white upper chalk which is so familiar to the eye in the cliffs of our southern coasts, it still yields readily under the action of an engine on the simple principle of a carpenter's auger. Compared, therefore, with the slow labour of cutting through the hard rock of Mont Cenis, the task is really child's play. In the latter work a yard a day was considered a fair rate of progress; whereas Mr. Brunton's machine has been shown to be capable of cutting through the chalk at the rate of a yard an hour. Lastly, while the slightly greater hardness of what is known geologically as the lower chalk, compared with the more yielding nature of the upper strata, is hardly worth mentioning, its greater resistance to the percolation of water is an invaluable quality. The tunnel five miles long excavated a few years ago by Sir John Hawkshaw along the sea shore at Brighton below high-water mark, was in the upper chalk; hence the work was greatly impeded by fresh water springs—as much as ten thousand gallons per minute having sometimes to be pumped out. But even here the undertaking was not permanently delayed; nor would a considerable percolation in the Channel tunnel probably prove a difficulty too great to be grappled with. It has been said, indeed, that nothing could hinder the ultimate completion of the tunnel but the very improbable existence of open unfilled fissures reaching from the bottom of the sea to a depth of two hundred feet; for the tunnel will at all points be at a greater depth than this beneath the sea bed. No practical miner and excavator, however is prone to despise the difficulty of water; and any large infiltration would unquestionably add greatly to the already great expense of the undertaking. Under these circumstances, it is consolatory to know that the lower chalk has been shown, as far as experiments can show, to be practically watertight. That no great difficulty is found in keeping the workmen supplied with sufficient air may be assumed in these days of large experience in long tunnelling. And though, as the work progresses, it is really carried beyond the experimental stage, the distance along which the excavated chalk must be

removed to either shaft will be constantly increasing, there need certainly be no delay on this score. We need hardly say that every mile of the work successfully executed would increase the probabilities of success in a constantly increasing ratio.

Supposing that it is decided to go on with the work, and that the united twenty millions can be raised, there seems little reason to doubt that the tunnel might be completed in a few years. The original calculation was that it would only require two years to pierce a way of seven or nine feet in diameter from one side of the Channel to the other, a machine being worked from each side. Now that the experiment is proceeding in good earnest there seems every reason to hope that the task might be accomplished within something less than that period from the present date. If so, another four years would probably be required to complete the entire work and render it fit for traffic. Long before then, however, we should have really solved the problem of the possibility of annihilating that sea passage, which from countless ages before the dimmest dawn of historic time, has been the inevitable condition of communication between these islands and the Continent of Europe. Nor would the eventual opening of the Channel line, though it would crown the labour, be the most striking of the events in the history of the undertaking. There is something strangely fascinating to the imagination in the thought of a double band of workers deep down below the bed of the sea quietly pursuing their daily labour, while overhead the hurricane of last week was lashing the waves, and no packet-boat dared to put forth from the shelter of the harbours on either shore. But still more impressive is the thought of the time, now we may almost venture to say approaching, when the excavators, detecting with quick ears a dull echo, as it were, of the noise of their own labours, will pause to listen; and then going forward with a loud cheer and with redoubled energy, will see the thin wall fall, and stand suddenly face to face with their comrades from the opposite shore.—*London Daily News.*

LADIES ON HORSEBACK.

Every one remembers the passage in one of Thackeray's books, in which he remarks on the perennial interest men take in talking about horses. Take any two grooms pacing behind their masters in the park, he says, and you may safely conclude their speech is about horses; racing, or betting, or breeding, or rearing, but still about their favorite animals. Thackeray made no new discovery, in thus saying, but he stated a truism, such as all the world recognizes, and is ready to quote. The interest women take in the same subject is different, and follows a varying line, but it is scarcely less eager. The woman who rides at all in any sense that is further than being placed on the top of a horse, while he canters a couple of times round the row, thinks more about her performances than of any of her other daily achievements. Nothing that can be said or written about the matter is without interest for her. One of the latest contributions to the literature of riding is Mrs. Power O'Donoghue's "Ladies on Horseback," published by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., and a good deal of discussion has followed its appearance. It would seem to the ordinary mind that a lady's opinion on matters wholly feminine should be of paramount value to the members of her own sex. On the question of her seat on horseback, however, this is certainly not the case. The best teachers of riding, or at any rate those most resorted to, are men, though the obvious view would seem to be that no one better than a woman could teach a woman how best to combine security of position in the saddle with grace. The question of the relative safety of the different attitudes of men and women on horseback has never been satisfactorily decided. A woman will always excuse timidity by pleading the insecurity of her balance, while men declare that the third pommel, though dangerous in case of accident, is an absolute assistance to a close seat for those who know how to use it. All this, after all, resolves itself into the point of whether or not the rider is a good one. A bad workman never has good tools, and a naturally loose rider can never hinder daylight from appearing between him and his saddle. Plenty of people, both men and women, ride loosely and awkwardly, yet do not part company with their horses even in getting over rough places. To the astonishment of beholders they appear on the other side still in contact with them if only by the reins. But the human being who makes himself one with his beast, who moves with its movements, bends with its rise and lands over as a Centaur might, is probably born with the capacity, as a *robisseur* is said to be with his peculiar talent. This brings us to what we must consider a singular view held by Messrs. Power O'Donoghue—namely, that it is unwise to put children early on horseback. Two things are absolutely necessary to make a good horseman or horse-woman, and these are nerve and seat. Which comes first in importance may be a matter of divided opinion, but we should have thought no one would have disputed the desirability of cultivating both early. All exercises requiring flexibility and strength of muscle ought to be commenced early. No one would think of taking to acrobatic performances late in life, and even the modified movements of the dance are not to be acquired in maturity with any but the smallest degree of grace and elegance. The physical faculties needed for riding are practi-

cally the same. The unconscious adjustment of the body to unexpected motion, the easy pliancy of give and take between the horse and his rider, which go to make what is called "seat," are surely best learned while the joints are flexible and the muscles supple. The authority in question thinks that children should only be placed on ponies or horses of extreme quietness, and that, being used to such, they will be frightened when they find a spirited animal under them. We do not take this view. The fall of a child from a small horse is not likely to be a serious business, and it is absolutely the best lesson against the recurrence of the same thing. Until one has found how easy it is to fall from a horse, no one has any idea of how unceasing must be the guard against it. This guard becomes in time one of the unconscious habits which help to shield us from all sorts of danger, but we think it very doubtful if it can be acquired after youth is passed. Nerve is of course more a matter of temperament, and also of accidental health and mood. But a naturally nervous child may be trained to a certain amount of self-control, and few modes of doing this can be better than early exercise on horseback. The happy sense of power over another and in one way stronger force gives self-confidence, the free motion in the open air strengthens the system and gives it tone, and if the instructor wisely shows the young beginner how much more pleasant and efficacious gentle friendliness is with his animal than angry violence he will be bestowing upon him a potentiality of future enjoyment little dreamed of perhaps at the moment by either. Not all men cultivate as they should do intimacies with their animals, nor appreciate as they deserve their faithful friendliness.

The stirrup best suited for a lady's use has long been a matter of debate. Her best friend in prosperity becomes her deadliest enemy when she comes to grief. We are glad to find that Mrs. Power O'Donoghue is in favor of the simplest. In point of fact, a lady should never be dependent on her stirrup. She will never have a firm square seat, with her shoulders at right angles with those of her horse, as long as she places her weight on her stirrup-leather. It might be too much to expect a lady riding across country in view of the hounds whose stirrup-leather snaps to continue the pace unchecked, but she certainly ought not to be disturbed in her saddle by the mishap, and she ought to be able to ride to the nearest forge to have it set right. Even with the plain man's stirrup a woman will run great risks if she has the habit of thrusting her foot into it up to the heel of her boot. In case of a fall she will be as little able to disengage her foot as if she rode with one of the dangerous patent slippers. Then we all know what terrible consequences ensue. She should ride with the stirrup lightly caught on the broad of the sole, much as a man does, and she should be able to move her foot in and out of it with perfect ease and going at any pace.

This will not only help to avoid the fearful dangers of being dragged in case of accident, but it will give a firmness, ease, and closeness to her seat otherwise unattainable. Most women who drag on their stirrup hold on by their hands. Miserable is the animal thus managed and piteous is the aspect of the rider. In fact, this is not riding at all but getting on to a horse's back and clinging there. Unknown to such an equestrian is the proud feeling of conscious security, the sense of perfectly attained equilibrium, the delight of guiding and controlling a spirited, intelligent, and obedient steed. Not many sensations are more keenly pleasant, nor more subtly minister to self-complacency than the light touch on the curb by which a too spirited horse is reminded he must obey and the gradual return to the snaffle which tells him that only obedience is required of him. Nothing of this can be known to the heavy-handed individual who keeps his or her seat by holding on the reins and wages a perpetual combat with the aggrieved animal. The ladies of to-day have a great advantage over those who rode twenty years ago in the present fashion of short, tight habits. The long sweeping garment which used to be considered indispensable, and the holding up of which when not on horseback was a studied art in itself, is now very properly regarded as not only useless, but dangerous. How women hunted in it is not easy to imagine. The pictures which have come down to us of ladies on cracoling steeds with long manes and tails, and habits fluttering about the horses' heels, would seem to indicate that they never ventured out of the safe precincts of the Park. On the other hand riding-skirts may be made too short for grace. As hinted before, the interest women take in horses and horsey affairs is largely tinged with a personal feeling. That they bestow more care and anxiety on their get-up for the hunting-field than men do on their oord-tops we are not prepared, nor is it necessary, to say. It is not a question of comparison. But they certainly share the love of the horse and his associations inherent in mankind to their full proportion, and "Ladies on Horseback" is and will remain a popular book.

QUIZ.

THE first of the series of races between the *Atalanta* and *Mischief*, for the American Cup, was sailed over the New York Club course recently, distance 40 miles. The *Mischief* won by 28 minutes 30½ seconds, the *Gracie*, which also sailed over the course, beating this time by 6 minutes, 17 seconds, in 4 hours 5 minutes 46 seconds.

DREAMS.

In a large class of dreams, it is certain that the persons or things seen have been previously well known to the dreamer, but perhaps not lately thought of. If, according to the philosophy generally received such appearances are nothing but the recollected images of the persons or objects seen, they are still wonderful. A beloved and long-lost friend suddenly appears in a dream, so like the waking reality that it is impossible to distinguish between the sensations caused by them respectively. This being so, we may well speak of such things as "wonders," be the explanation of them what it may. Dr. Abercrombie treats of dreams as hallucinations, and in support of his opinion relates the following:—"An eminent medical friend, having sat up late one evening, under considerable anxiety about one of his children who was ill, fell asleep in a chair and had a frightful dream, in which the prominent figure was an immense baboon. He awoke with the fright, got up instantly, and walked to a table which was in the middle of the room. He was then quite awake, and quite conscious of the articles around him; but close to the wall, at the end of the apartment, he distinctly saw the baboon making the same grimaces which he had seen in his dream. The spectre continued visible for about half a minute. If the dreamer, in this instance had ever seen a baboon making similar grimaces, the spectre would justly be called a recollected image; but it is still wonderful that such an image should suddenly start into existence, like the living thing itself. If he had never seen a baboon under similar conditions, but only a picture of one, it is still more wonderful that the picture after having been forgotten perhaps for years should in an instant assume the form and substance of a living creature, and in all respects act as if alive. Look at such phenomena as we will, they are, to say the least, marvellous. To assume that they can be easily explained by the association of ideas is only to urge one mystery in explanation of another. A second wonder of dream-land is the transformation or substitution of one set of ideas for another, but in such a way that the new images are the actual product of the old. One night, for example, the writer dreamed that he was walking by the side of a river, and saw a fair young girl taken out of the water and laid upon the bank. She was dead, but her beautiful blue eyes were wide open, and were fixed upon him, as he thought, with a steadfast gaze. The intensity of the feeling thus excited caused him to wake, and after a few moments' reflection, he was able to trace this dream to its origin. Immediately before going to bed, he had heard the mouse-trap in the pantry shut down with a click, and wishing to set it again, he had drowned the mouse in a pail of water, and had afterwards shaken it out of the trap. He remembered observing that the mouse's eyes were open as it lay dead on the table, and that they were blue. He then re-set the trap, and immediately went to bed. The dreaming sense had transformed the image of the mouse to that of a fair young girl; the pail of water had become a river, to harmonize with the altered conditions of the little drama that was to be played over again; and two or three strange characters were introduced in the shape of the persons who drew the girl out of the water. So far the dream is accounted for; but is it not wonderful when viewed in this light? It is as if a poet, with fine dramatic instincts, had taken a hint from the drowned mouse, and invested the incident with the most touching human interest. Such a transformation did not occur to the writer while he was awake. Why, or rather, by what law of intellectuality did it occur to him when asleep?—*Cassell's Book of Wonders.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

EX-PRESIDENT DIAZ has been married.  
TRANS snowed up and abandoned in Nebraska.  
RUMOURS of Bismarck's intended resignation.  
THE Land Act is being favourable accepted by Mayo tenants.  
RELATIONS between Mexico and Guatemala are said to be very critical.  
THREE thousand operatives are on a strike in the Staffordshire potteries.  
SERIOUS earthquakes have occurred at Chios, and the village is disappearing.  
THE Sheriff of Mecca has refused to permit Midhat Pacha to make a pilgrimage to that city.  
PARNELL has sent in his subscription to the Wicklow Hunt, and hopes hunting will not be stopped.  
A GENERAL amnesty is to be granted by the Russian Government to persons convicted of press offences.  
THE Canada Temperance Act in Picton County, N.S., has been carried by a majority of nearly 1,200.

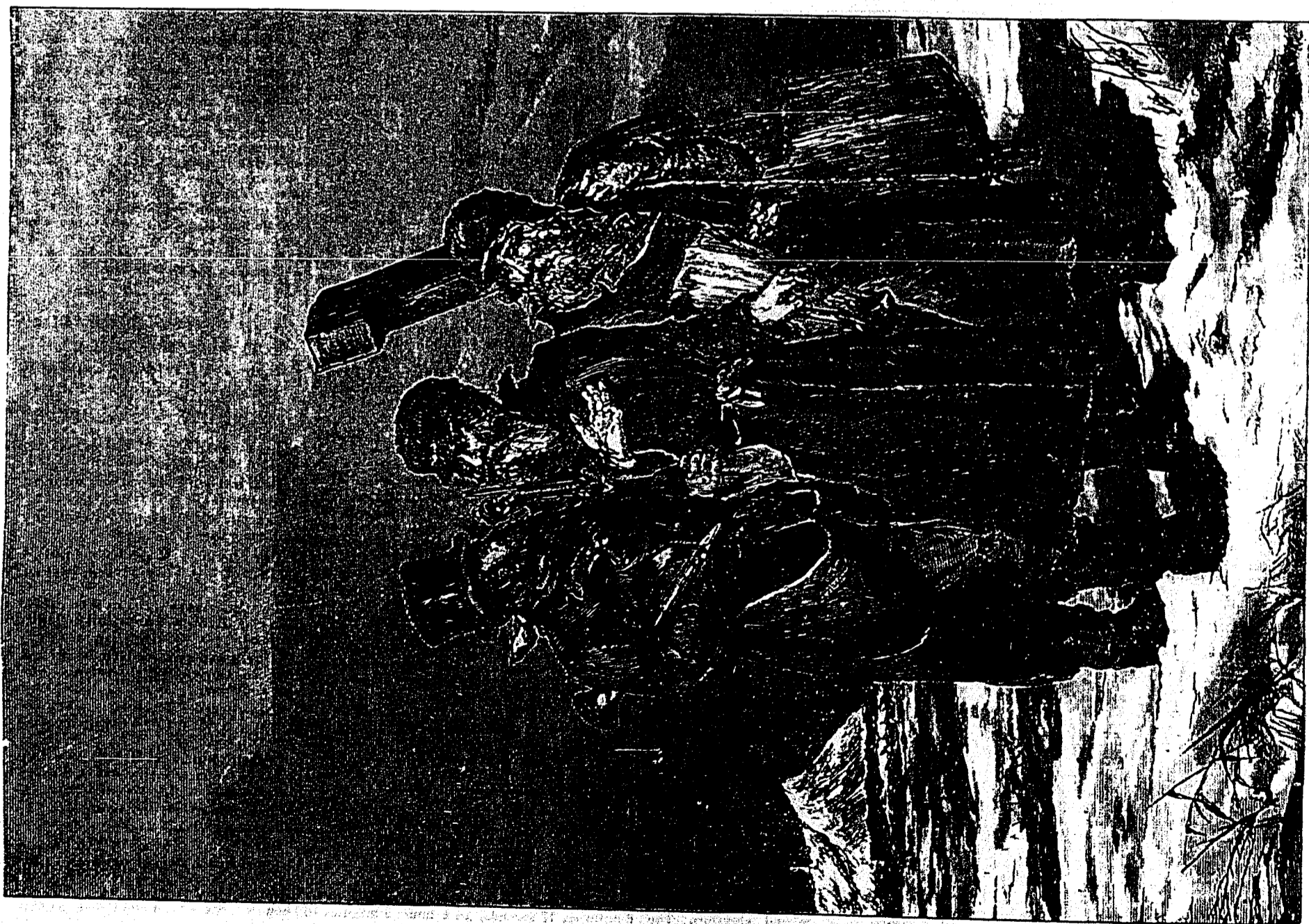
A DESPATCH from Havana says the Government has been defrauded out of \$20,000,000 by the abstraction of the tax records.

THE Allan steamer *Corcan* was successfully floated on Tuesday night, and arrived at Quebec under steam yesterday morning.

A DESPATCH from Hong Kong says a terrible typhoon has ravaged Western Tonquin, destroying 200 churches, 34 colleges and 2,000 houses. Sixty thousand Christians have lost all they possessed.

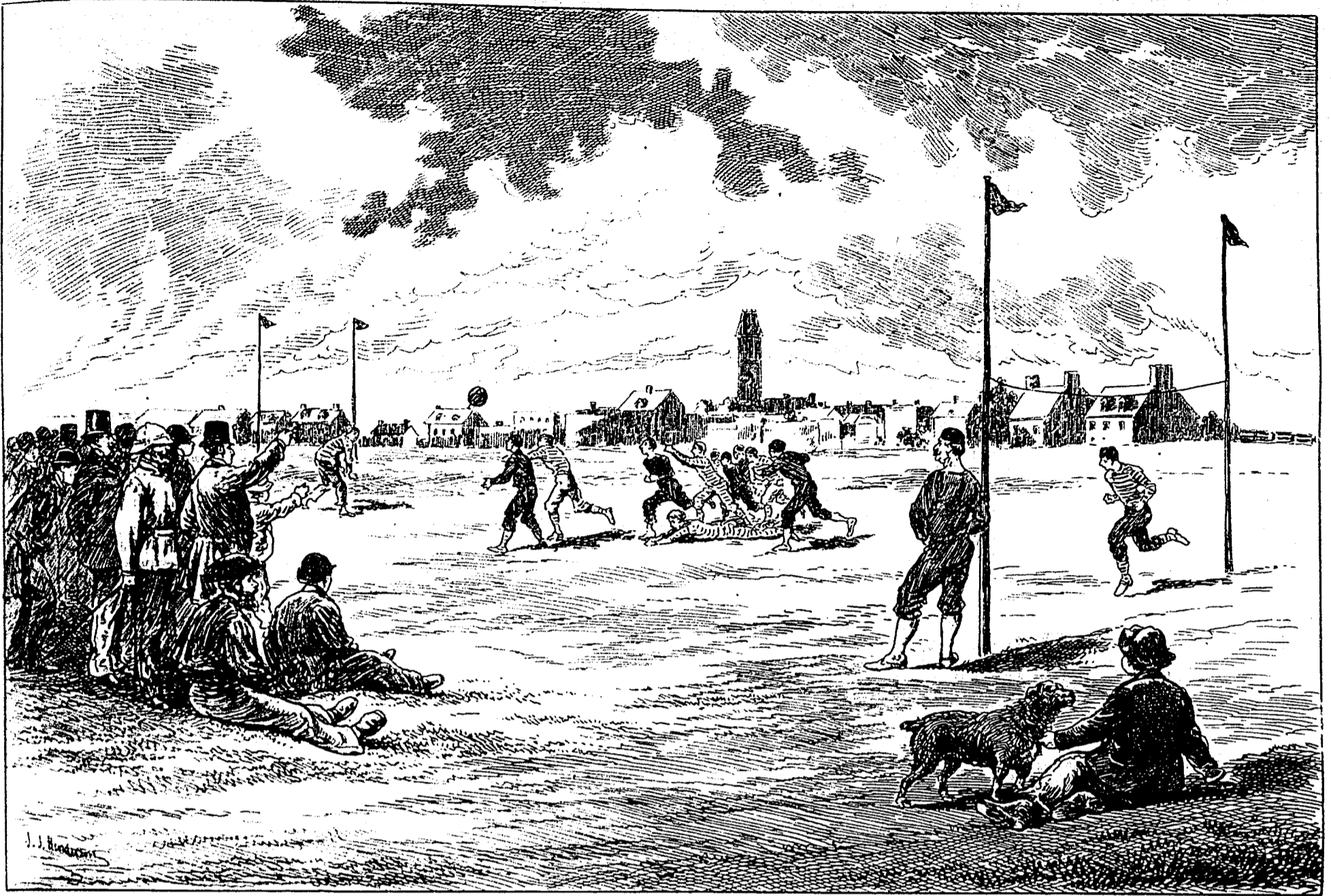


THE SMALLPOX SCARE.—COMPULSORY VACCINATION IN JERSEY CITY.

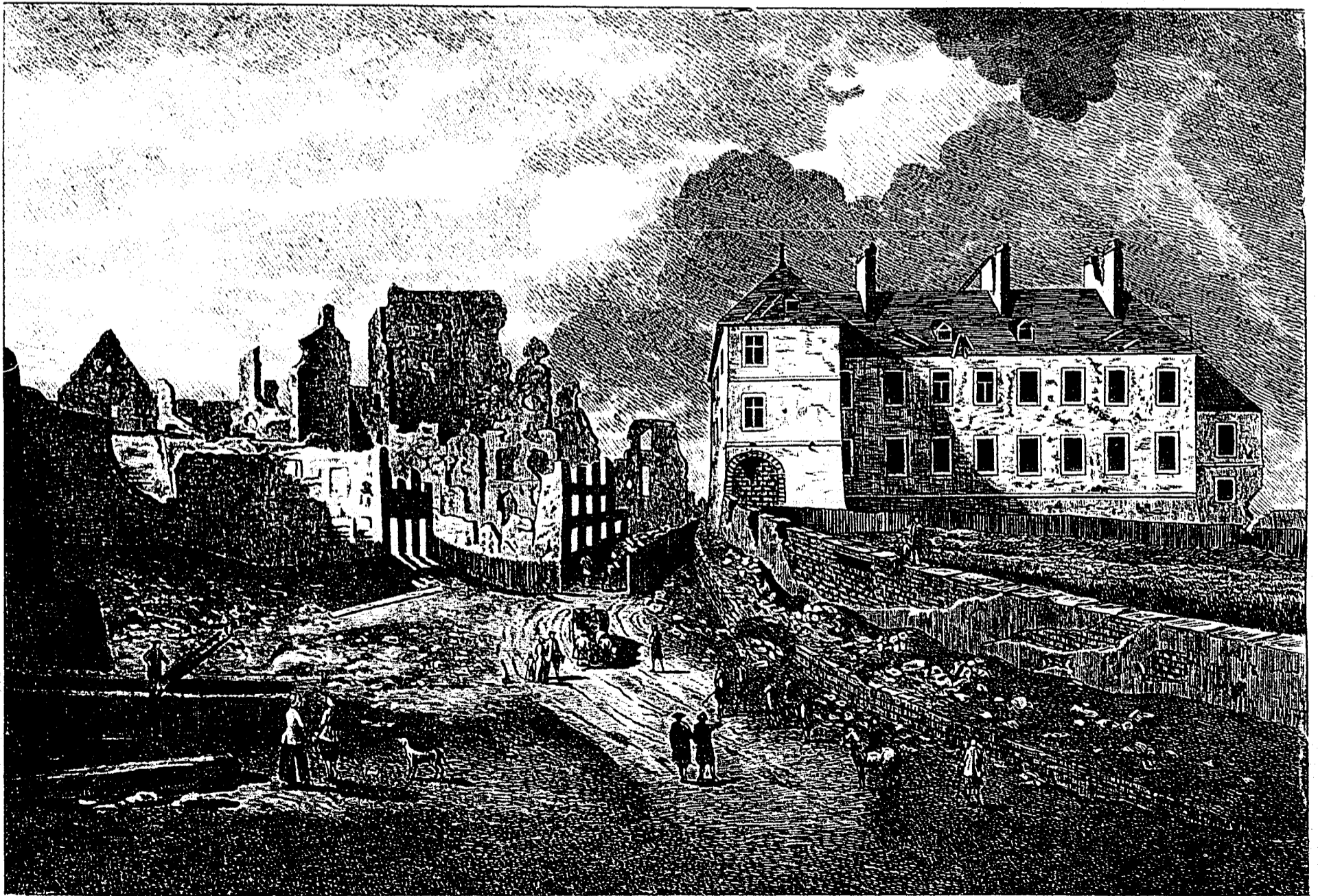


A BAND OF POLISH JEWS.—FROM THE PICTURE BY T. VAN RYBOWSKI.





FOOTBALL AT HALIFAX.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. J. HENDERSON.



OLD QUEBEC.—VIEW OF THE EPISCOPAL PALACE AND RUINS GOING UP THE HILL A. D., 1791.

## THE DEATH SHIP.

## I.

There's a tall, tall ship in the bay,  
She is black as the darkness of night,  
And her cordage and shrouds  
Are as grim as the clouds  
That fold up a tempest's might.  
There is nought of life that the eye can trace  
On her decks above or below,  
No sentinel watch on his lonely round  
To challenge a friend or foe;  
And the murmuring waves as they flow o'er the bar,  
Dash up on her sides with a dismal jar.

## II.

There's a red, red sun in the west!  
And the heavens are crimson and gold,  
And the story of life,  
With its struggles and strife,  
In another short day hath been told.  
And the ship rides still by the bar in the bay,  
Where she rode till the midnight sped;  
When her anchor weigh'd and her pitch black sails  
By invisible hands were spread;  
And the light on the lighthouse tower flash'd blue  
As her shadowy form from the bay withdrew.

## III.

She has gone, gone out to the west;  
Yet never a sail's to be seen,  
Save the fisherman's smack  
That lies in the track  
When the moonlight falls between,  
And I wander alone on the silent shore,  
With the sea-shells down at my feet,  
While a sad, soft wind in sepulchral tone  
Keeps time to my own heart's beat,  
And I wonder if ever a ship were there,  
Or a sun in the west, or a golden air.

## IV.

Oh! the tall, tall ship, and the sun,  
And the sea, were a dream in my brain,  
When the first bright ray  
Of the new-born day  
Flash'd down on my window pane,  
A courier pale and jaded with speed,  
Drew up at my portal door;  
And the news he brought was the death of a friend,  
Whose voice I should hear no more.  
Thus hearts oft feel, through the spell of a dream,  
The quickening touch of events unseen.

HENRY PRINCE.

## A WOMAN'S STRATAGEM.

BY I. RICHARDSON.

## II.

It was a month later, and a truly hot day had brought a pleasant though rather sultry evening.

Toston Court was entertaining a few visitors—the inevitable Mrs. and Miss Sinclair and some more uninteresting friends of Mr. Wills, who were to make the dull place merry for about a week.

Everest Beauclerc was heard to pronounce the merriment a hundredfold worse than the dullness; but perhaps he had become more reconciled to the dullness of late since the new housekeeper had improved everything.

With his cigar alight, he strolled on towards the shrubbery, where he and Miss Smith had met that first evening.

It was a very remarkable thing that they had met there nearly every evening since, and tonight, though the grand piano was shaking and thundering under Miss Sinclair's touch, and though that lady would have been ready and willing to jump up from her operatic performances and accompany Beauclerc had she known that he preferred a moonlight stroll to music, Everest crossed the garden quietly alone, and made for the walk the housekeeper found attractive.

"It is a rest to talk to a woman like Miss Smith after listening to that stupid chatter in the drawing-room," he said, and quickened his steps as he saw the flutter of a gown ahead.

But in another moment he heard the sound of voices, and paused, recognizing Miss Smith's.

She was saying, "Then, if you are quite satisfied with me, sir, we may consider it an arranged thing that I am to stop on. I have tried my best to suit and please you."

"Miss Smith," said the second voice, and the ponderous utterances were Mr. Wills, "I have never been suited as you suit me. My house and everything about it are perfect, I say openly, since you have undertaken their guidance. Let me thank you."

Beauclerc, pressing up behind a tree, saw distinctly his worthy cousin take Miss Smith's small hand, and attempt to raise it to his lips.

"Old rascal!" he muttered.

Miss Smith snatched it away, and put it for safety behind her.

"Clever, sensible girl!" thought Beauclerc, smiling.

"You pay me my wages," said Miss Smith; "that is quite gratitude enough, sir. I will just look after the coffee."

"Miss Smith—ahem!—don't go away yet. I—er—want to talk over—er—a possible contingency with you. You know my cousin, young Everest, is going to be married shortly?"

"I did not know it, sir,"—and there sounded, a faint start in the clear, low tones. "Is it quite—settled?"

"Settled because I choose it shall be. He is going to marry Miss Sinclair. Very nice girl—very nice property. Of course he, dependent on my bounty, does as I bid him, and I am going to direct him to propose to the lady this very evening. That is why I have got her in the house. Well—er—as I was saying, when he is married and settled away—of course I shall settle him away—I shall be rather lonely, Miss Smith—eh?"

He pressed a little closer, and looked about for the small white hand again.

"Don't settle him away, then," recommended Miss Smith, keeping her hands well out of danger, and retreating as her master advanced in a way Beauclerc could not commend sufficiently.

"But I have thought of a way of remedying my loneliness," continued the old gentleman, grinning in the most tender manner.

"Old Cheshire cat!" ejaculated Everest, almost aloud.

"Indeed!" said Miss Smith, very hurriedly. "How dark the moon is to-night—I mean how dark the night is without the moon; is not it?"

"Your eyes are lights I prefer to the moon. Sweeter, fairer orbs by far are they than any world in yonder sky!" began Mr. Wills, with a preparatory clearing of his throat.

"Oh, now you are quoting poetry!" cried the girl, in pretended rapture. "I do so adore poetry! By the way do you chance to know that lovely thing, 'The Old Man to his Evening Toad'?" You're just stepping on a toad; that reminded me of it."

"Toad—where?" ejaculated the old man, darting back; and, taking advantage of the movement, Miss Smith quickly passed him.

But though flight was in her power then, she hesitated a moment to say, in a constrained kind of tone, "You don't suppose that either Miss Sinclair or Mr. Beauclerc will oppose your little plans about them? It is certain to be all settled to-night, I suppose? I ask because, though only a housekeeper, I should not like to be behindhand in my congratulations."

She jerked out the last word as if it had stuck in her throat.

"You are only a housekeeper now, true," said Wills, with the pomposity of an autocrat. You may be only a housekeeper for some little time longer; but, Miss Smith, unless you, by unseemly levity, cause me to change my opinions respecting you—and I hardly think you will be weak enough for that—a grander position floats in my mind for you, my dear."

He stepped up, and Beauclerc set his teeth as he saw the old gentleman grinning meaningfully into the clear, surprised gray eyes. "My little dear, how should you like to be mistress of Toston Court? Does that take your breath away, eh?"

"Completely!" she exclaimed. And, quick as a rabbit, she scudded off down the path to the house.

Old Wills chuckled for three minutes to himself, ejaculated "Pretty dear!" and then, proceeding also to the house, met his cousin.

"Everest," said he, pompously, "you will oblige me by proposing to the lady of your choice—perhaps it may be more correct to say the lady of my choice—without farther useless delay. Miss Sinclair is in the drawing-room, and the evening is clear and balmy. Ask her to circle the garden with you, and arrange all in as graceful a manner as you can. Circumstances have arisen which make me—ahem!—desirous that this marriage of yours should be hastened. Proceed then, my boy."

"To propose marriage, with your fullest consent and approval, to the lady of my and your choice!" said Everest, quietly. "All right, cousin; I will."

Miss Smith, though she had scudded to the house so fleetly, had not gone inside it, after all, nor had she come out again, for Beauclerc, after a very little hunting over lawn and shrubbery, saw her white dress gleaming against the clematis by the study window.

There was no creature nor light in the study. She was leaning against the closed window, with her hands loosely clasped before her, her clear, lovely eyes raised to study the stars; and she just nodded, and did not speak, when she recognized Beauclerc. Presumably she expected him to pass her, and go on to the drawing-room, but he stopped.

"Miss Smith, I feel awfully nervous," he began. "What do you think my cousin just demanded of me?"

"What?" somewhat sharply.

"That, without farther circumlocution or preparation, I shall offer myself in marriage to the lady of my own and his own choice. Now, in your candid opinion, don't you think it is a little precipitate? Or do you think, as he does, it is the very evening for a man to risk his fate?"—lowering his tones softly.

No answer. The white figure seemed to shrink a little more into the shadow of the window, and the hatless, dark head turned away.

"It is the thing of all others I have been longing to do," pursued the young man, coming a step nearer to his silent listener. "I am madly in love with her, Miss Smith, but uncertain of her feelings, and so afraid that she may say no."

"Not likely." The accents were so indistinct he might have mistaken them; but he caught them, and smiled.

"Not likely! Oh, how kind of you! Say something else encouraging, do!"—coaxingly—before I take the plunge."

"Is it her money or herself that you are madly in love with?"

Miss Smith hazarded a little cynical laugh after that strange question, but her voice sounded unlike itself.

"What an insulting insinuation! Herself, of course."

"Oh, I only inquired because I could not remember having seen much of this mad preference for herself during the short time I have had the pleasure of observing you; but one

never knows. She is very lovable, I daresay. She certainly is not handsome!"—spitefully.

"She is downright plain. But what matters that?"

"What, indeed? Beauty is but skin-deep, and money lasts, doesn't it? Oh, by the bye, though"—in affected remembrance,—"you wish it understood that you don't care much for Miss Sinclair's money?"

"I wish it distinctly understood by you"—he smiled as he laid the little emphasis upon the pronoun—"that I loathe Miss Sinclair's money!"

"How nice, and honourable, and all that"—Miss Smith laughed bitterly—"that sounds, does not it? And you are the most docile of cousins, and the most obedient of heirs! Pray do not let me defer this act of amiability, and this offering of a true heart and a ready hand to the lady you have so obligingly permitted your choice to rest upon. Pass on to the drawing-room, Mr. Beauclerc; I hear Miss Sinclair still thumping on the piano there."

"If I could only be certain that the girl I love cared one straw for me! It is so ignominious to be refused, Miss Smith, I hardly dare venture."

"Oh, you won't be refused. Your cousin has smoothed out a nice easy path for you. Just go up in your calm, unexcited manner, and tell her—"

"Tell her," he interrupted, quickly, laying one hand on her arm, and as she glanced in surprise at the movement her eyes for a moment met his, and she turned white, then flushed crimson,—"tell her that I love her with my entire heart and strength; beg her to have compassion on me, and try to care a little, if she can't care much, for if she won't have me, I swear no other woman on earth shall!"

Hurriedly and passionately he spoke; then checked himself, and went back to his usual mocking, careless accents. "Will something of that sort do, Miss Smith?"

"I think so," replied she, very faintly. "Let go my arm, please, Mr. Beauclerc!"

"And when I have said so much may I put my arms round her so?"—smiting the action to the word,—"may I kiss the dear, sweet lips I love better than any in the world, so?—may I?"

"Let me go, let me go, Mr. Beauclerc! How dare you—how can you insult me like this?" cried the girl with tears in her voice. "It is unmanly, ungentlemanly—shameful!"—struggling to free herself in wrathful pride.

"Shameful to tell you that I love you so dearly that I can't live without you? Nay, you encouraged me to the confession yourself, sweetest, remember; you must listen to it now. You, and you alone, are my choice—and my cousin's, too, for that matter, for himself though not for me—that is the only diversity. I could never have married Miss Sinclair if I had never seen you. Having seen you—oh, we are wasting time in talking like this. Put your arms round my neck, darling, and say that you forgive all my impertinence; and that though you know so little of me you like what you have seen so well that you will take the rest upon trust. And, by the way, what is your Christian name?—for I can't call you Miss Smith after this. You do care for me, don't you, dearest?"

"I love you," she whispered, fondly. "In spite of many resolutions to the contrary, I have been just as helpless in the matter as you. My name is Gertrude; but stop a moment, dear. Before you say anything more—yes, before you kiss me again—listen to just a few words I must tell you."

The murmur of conversation went on in the quiet spot. Miss Sinclair in the drawing-room hammered, and yawned, and wondered where Everest was; and Wills, still in the garden smoking, thought of many things; among them how amenable to reason was Everest, and how pleasant and taking a person Miss Smith, only this latent flippancy just discernible in her must be crushed in the bud. Flippancy was a thing the master of Toston Court abhorred. Surely Miss Smith was too sharp to spoil the grand honour looming before her by flippancy.

The gay week at Toston Court came to an end.

The day before the Sinclairs left, Wills whispered to his cousin, with much meaning, "Got through the daring question all right, boy? Will she have you, eh?"

"I took your advice and popped the question straight, and the consequence is we are engaged, she and I." Upon receipt of which good news old Wills went up with many beaming grins to Miss Sinclair, put his hand familiarly upon hers, and said, "I congratulate you, my dear, I do, upon my soul, though perhaps it may not be strictly in my place so to declare myself."

The young lady shrank away from his hand as if it had been a nettle, and drew herself up like a vinegar cruet.

"May I ask what these congratulations so obligingly poured upon me refer to, Mr. Wills?"

"Oh, you coy, playful charmer! What do they refer to? Why, to your engagement with my cousin, Everest Beauclerc, of course. Now don't be cross. He has just told me that he is engaged. Yes, he told me himself, dear Miss Sinclair."

"He did not tell you that I was in that unhappy plight." Miss Sinclair's eye waxed bright with spite, the colour rose in her cheeks, and she grew almost handsome. "He is engaged right enough. Oh, yes—no mistake about that. But you don't mean to say—you can't mean me to think that you are so dense, so blind, so

blundering as not to know to whom he has pledged his affection and life, such as it is, Mr. Wills?"

"Upon my soul, if it is not to you, I don't know anything about it," gasped the perplexed old gentleman.

"Me? I would not have him. Of course he knew that; but when I found out by mere chance this morning that he had promised to marry one of those nieces of yours that you pretend to hate so, I own I was surprised. I have so often heard you say how you detested those people—how you avoided them."

"What people?" asked poor old Wills, staring.

"Your sister-in-law, Mrs. Wills, and her plain, affected, grasping daughters. I thought you hated them."

"And you thought rightly."

"And yet you have let your cousin and heir promise to marry one!" laughing spitefully. "Oh, don't you know anything about it? Well, then, I am glad I have told you, for perhaps it is not too late for something to be done. If anyone can do it, of course you can," smiling beautifully upon him. "This morning, by the merest accident, Mr. Wills, I happened to catch a glimpse of a letter Everest had had from Mrs. Wills, saying how delighted she was about his engagement to her daughter Gertrude. Where he met her I can't think. They seemed to me, from what I could not help just catching in the letter, you know (he sat next me when he read it), to have fallen in love with each other from staying together in the same house."

Mr. Wills gasped and snorted, and appeared on the verge of a fit.

"You are sure it was a letter from Mrs. Wills, my sister-in-law, and that it said Everest was engaged to her daughter Gertrude?"

He turned his crimson visage, with its anger and its surprise, to read his companion's, fiercely.

"I am perfectly certain. I saw the post-mark, the signature, and as much as I have told you of the inside of the letter. Your cousin Everest is engaged to Mrs. Wills' daughter Gertrude," said Miss Sinclair, truthfully.

Old Wills, rushing frantically about to find the young cousin who had so defied, so betrayed, so surprised him, came upon Miss Smith, sitting in the shade picking currants, and she, noting his hair standing on end with excitement, his hat forgotten, his countenance rainbow-hued, and his features twitching fiercely, naturally enough enquired, "What is the matter?"

He stopped, and she looked so cool, so composed, so pleasant there in the shade, with the crimson-hued fruits about her, that he could not resist the temptation of telling her his troubles—just talking it over with her, because she was so sensible.

She listened most sympathetically, letting her basket of currants flow unheeded over his feet, and, raising her large, clear-seeing eyes to his heated, glaring orbs, and when he had talked himself out for awhile she uttered no semblance of flippancy, only said, sweetly, resting her head the while on her hand, "I think I could do something in this matter, Mr. Wills, if you would employ me on your side. I know these people—these daughters of Mrs. Wills. They are intimate acquaintances of mine."

"You ought to be ashamed of your acquaintances, then! Why was this fact concealed from me? You, Miss Smith, whom I have trusted, on intimate terms with those—those—"

But she stopped his imperious reproach with an imploring glance.

"Now, don't say anything unkind, please. It is a lucky thing for you that I can boast of intimacy with those—those—lucky that I happen to have a certain hold over this particular Gertrude. I suppose a—hesitating, and picking a currant or two—"I suppose, Mr. Wills, you would not object to some little reward if I succeeded in making the girl break off her engagement. You would consider me deserving of some small recompense if through my means a letter from Gertrude renouncing Ernest Beauclerc lay in your hands."

"My life-long gratitude and admiration," he suggested, promptly; and leaning over the currant bush, he stretched forth two large, patronizing hands. "Miss Smith—no, don't shrink away in shyness, my dear; you don't know what reward may be yours. Ahem! Well, perhaps we had best now say only this—that bold ideas, reversals of all my hitherto prejudices, lie seething here," touching his disturbed hair. "But you do keep house so cozily, your soups and your curries are so splendid, that I defy any man to blame me if my head gets run away with by my heart."

"Or your stomach!" suggested the housekeeper, softly. "Don't let us wander from the subject, Mr. Wills. Will you give me twenty pounds if within a week this disgraceful engagement is broken off?"

"Twenty pounds! Ahem, dear Miss Smith!—twenty pounds is a large sum!"

"Unless the lady herself releases him, no power you can use will have any effect upon Mr. Beauclerc. I know enough of him to be sure of that. If you promise me now ten pounds—a mere fleabite to you—I promise you that girl shall renounce her lover. If she does not renounce him within a week, don't pay me, that is all! Is it worth ten pounds or not to break this engagement off? You were making more than ten pounds worth of over it just now, I think."

"Say five pounds," suggested the rich man, softly.



"I say ten, or nothing!" maintained the housekeeper, firmly.

"Seven!" he breathed, insinuatingly. "Seven is a nice round sum, Miss Smith."

"For anything under a ten-pound note I won't stir a hand in the matter," returned she, decisively, picking up her fruit, and preparing to go.

"Very well, then," said he, meekly; "we will agree to ten."

Miss Smith was certainly a woman prepared for any emergency. She sat promptly down upon the stool she had just vacated, and drawing out a portable ink-bottle and paper from beneath it, began to write a few lines.

"Just sign that, will you?" She handed the paper to her master. "It only states that in the event of my rendering you such a service, you make me a free present of ten pounds over and above all salary I can in any way demand from you. Just sign it, please, dear!"

The unexpected term of endearment, and the speechful, irresistible glance accompanying it, knocked old Wills metaphorically flat. Helplessly, he took the pen and paper held out to him, and inscribed upon the latter, "Henry Wills."

"You are an obliging old darling!" the housekeeper said, emphatically; and, leaning over to pick up a stray currant, she left a tiny kiss upon his hand; but before he had time to take advantage of such weakness, she had gone, flitting away, currants and all, and leaving him to soliloquize.

"I shall have to marry her—I shall, indeed, for, upon my word, she is getting awfully attached to me; and then, too, there will be such a feeling of rest when I know she can't upset my house at any moment by a month's notice. And yet, and yet"—he pondered, starting on another train of thought—"marriage is a lottery and a plunge, and oftentimes a snare. Perfect housekeeper as she is, there are traits about Miss Smith I could wish absent in a wife—that flippancy now and again discernible, and a certain decision too marked for a woman. If there were but any means of binding her to Teston Court without binding myself in hymeneal bonds! But she won't take a yearly engagement, and the idea of that month's notice in her power is agony to me."

Acting on Miss Smith's advice, Mr. Wills forebore to mention the subject of that untoward engagement to Everest until he should have received answers to letters he had written at his housekeeper's suggestion to Mrs. Wills and her daughter, asking them in a friendly way to give up the young man they had so adroitly caught, as he, Mr. Wills, disapproved of their retaining him.

By return of post these two scheming women acknowledged his sovereignty. They both wrote in the meekest, most commendable way, to his surprise, asking pardon for having entangled Everest Beauclerc, and releasing him forthwith, wholly and unequivocally.

Gertrude went on to say that she had written a similar letter to her lover, and that, unless he was resolute in adhering to it, her engagement with Beauclerc was at an end.

"Did not I tell you so?" asked a silvery voice behind the old man, as he folded up the pleasing letter, with a smile.

"Eh! what?" started he, turning quickly.

Leaning over his chair, and quietly reading over his shoulder, stood Miss Smith, smiling, and cool and composed, as usual.

Miss Smith was one of those rare women who look their best in a morning and in domestic occupation. Though evidently just emerging from the kitchen, her head was as sleek and smooth, her cuffs and collar as dazzling, her dress as spotless as that of any lady fresh from the hands of her maid.

Wills regarded her admiringly.

"I can't stop a minute," said she, briskly, "for I have some pastry in the oven; but I saw the post coming in, so just ran round to know if you had had an answer to your letters to the Willses. Now, is this not splendid?" taking his sister-in-law's writing unceremoniously out of his hands. "Have not I managed it perfectly for you? You see the girl gives him up without a struggle."

"You are a wonderful woman!"

His small, green eyes took a tender expression as he turned to survey her, and he put one of his large, flabby hands caressingly over her small, firm one, resting upon his chair.

But she destroyed all the sentiment of the situation by inquiring, brusquely, "Would it be convenient to you to pay me now, sir? Here is your signed promise, if you would like just to look at it—ten pounds, prompt cash, as soon as you received Gertrude's renouncement."

She drew a paper from her pocket.

Into Wills' face came a look of disgust. Among other valuable papers, there reposed at that moment a crisp bank-note for ten pounds in his breast pocket; but parting from any of his abundant money was never his idea of convenience.

Pressing the hand he held, said he, "Would not you rather talk about that at another time, my dear, or have the money by instalments, perhaps—a few pounds this month, and a few more next—just when you may be requiring it, you know, for a new bonnet, my dear?"

"No time like the present; and I require it now—the ten pounds in a lump, if you please," said the housekeeper.

"She would be almost too self-willed for a perfect wife," Wills thought at that moment.

But she was so decided in mien, tone and word, that he drew forth his pocket-book from

his breast pocket, and, with a sigh, slipped the crisp ten-pound note into her hand.

Five minutes later Beauclerc, with a somewhat moody expression, and with hands plunged deep into his pockets, strolled past the open study window.

"Come in, my boy!" invited Wills, raising his still complacent visage. "I am much gratified," he proceeded, clearing his throat as the young man lightly swung himself in over the sill,—

"I am much gratified by communications I have received from my sister-in-law and her daughter, Gertrude. You, perhaps, imagined me unaware of the iniquitous engagement you and the latter had entered into. How—bless my head, boy!—how you got trapped"—excitedly—"beats my imagination to discover; but those scheming women are equal to anything. However, let that pass"—recovering his wonted pedantic calmness. "I was aware of your movements, but hesitated to interfere with you until certain influence I was bringing to bear upon the women who had entangled you should have due effect. I hold now letters from Mrs. Wills and her daughter, Gertrude, releasing you from all the promises of constancy and marriage you had made to the latter. Boy, I have got you out of the scrape you had so wildly got yourself into, but it has not been without cost to myself. Ten pounds is ten pounds in these days, and ten pounds has passed from my pocket to obtain your release,"—sighing, and touching regretfully the place where that crisp bank-note had reposed.

"You had better have kept it in your pocket," returned the other, taking the letters held out to him, and sinking into an easy-chair. "What made you think I wanted releasing? I don't want releasing; and, what is more, it takes two people to break an engagement, and I swear I will hold Gertrude to hers, if I have to sue her for breach of promise! The foolish girl writes to me in precisely the same tone"—tossing the letters back scornfully—"says that on account of your dislike to our engagement she gives it up. Why, what has your dislike got to do with our engagement, I should like to know! Nothing at all, of course!"

Has not it?" gasped old Wills, whose countenance, gradually reddening and inflating during his cousin's careless sentences, now burned upon him, purple and puffed with fury. "If you keep your precious engagement you lose me, that is all!"

"There are losses supportable and insupportable," moralized the young man, languidly leaning back in his chair. "The loss you mention would not be of the latter order, I think. Now, the loss of Gertrude would."

"If you don't give her up, you shall never have a penny of mine!" thundered the other, foaming and glaring.

"Never! Oh, that sounds bad! Never mind! I must earn some pennies, then, or live upon my wife's. She will have plenty."

Old Wills sat up erect, and returned to his natural colour.

"Have those lying women been gulling you into the belief that this girl has money?" asked he.

"Not has it, but will have it some day; is entitled to it—about ten thousand pounds, I fancy!"

"Falsehood!" thundered Wills. "I know every turn and twist of those women's affairs as I know my own. There is no one of them entitled to ten thousand pence."

"I did not say pence, I said pounds!" returned Beauclerc. "It is all right, cousin. She can certainly claim it from some relation."

"If she has any relation worth half as much I'll eat him. If she can prove the smallest genuine claim to—what absurd sum do you choose—ten thousand pounds, I'll—I'll—I'll—"

"Give your consent to our engagement," suggested Everest, just to fill up the pause.

"I will, indeed, I swear."

"Don't give way to rash oaths," the young man recommended, lazily, from his easy chair.

"It is so easy to forget at your age, or make mistakes about other people's affairs—so awfully easy. I know Gertrude will have the money; it is all right, really."

"I forget? I make mistakes?" beginning to get excited again. "If your head is half as clear as mine at my age, forsooth, you will be a finer fellow by a lot than you are now. If that woman has ten thousand pounds, or the faintest claim to it, you shall marry her with my fullest, freest consent. I can't say more than that. Bless me, man, I know every inch of their poverty-stricken affairs. I am no weak, credulous, stupid boy to be taken in by their deceitful games. I know they have not a farthing."

Into Beauclerc's quiet face stole a smile; into his half-closed eyes came a gleam of part amusement, part triumph, as he said, in his slowest way, "If I may trouble you to touch that bell next you (thanks), I think we can soon settle this little discussion." Then to the servant opening the door, "Ask Miss Smith to be so good as to step this way."

Miss Smith stepped so instantly through the door that she might have been accused of waiting outside for her summons.

She glanced from one to the other of the two men, took a seat without being invited and asked quietly, "Which of you wanted me?"

"We both want you," said Beauclerc, promptly, sitting up, and getting almost animated.

"Wills, do you stick to that rash oath? If I can prove to your and Miss Smith's satisfaction

this ten thousand pounds business, you'll give your free, unqualified consent and approval to my engagement to Mrs. Wills' daughter?"

"If you can prove, poor lunatic, that the moon is green cheese—in other words, that any child of that Wills woman has any claim, or right to, or likelihood of getting ten thousand pounds, you shall have my consent and approval, and everything else you want to make the marriage go off gaily," said old Wills with a fine mixture of scorn and wit in his tones. "Miss Smith, you shall be witness."

"It is very noble of you—uncommonly generous and kind of you, old fellow!" said Everest, tapping him commendingly on the shoulder, as he passed round to Miss Smith. "Gertrude, dear,"—and a softness in the tone in which those words were uttered, even more than that startling name, made old Wills stare round with a gulp,—"Gertrude, dear, just tell him all about it."

Miss Smith hesitated, and for the first time Wills saw her turn very crimson. She got up slowly, and went round to the critically-watching old man, and then suddenly she burst out laughing, put both arms round his neck, and hugged him tight, with Everest looking approvingly on.

"Oh, uncle, dear, forgive me!" she said.

An awful light was stealing into Wills' mind, a light he would not have at any price, but fought ferociously against, as he shook off Miss Smith's entwining arms.

"If you have a tongue in your head, and you are no woman if you have not," he said, roughly, "explain yourself without this foolery, madam!"

"How ungrateful!" she said, still keeping one hand on his shoulder. "It is just this, uncle—you will let me call you uncle, won't you, though I am only a niece by marriage as it were!—it is just this about the ten thousand pounds. In your own writing, and signed with your own name, I hold a declaration from you"—she brought it from her pocket and waved it before him—"that if any creature belonging to your sister-in-law, Mrs. Wills, ever gets ten pounds from you she shall have ten thousand. I, as Mrs. Wills' daughter by her first husband, must legally be considered a creature belonging to her, and I have just received from your own hands—as a free gift mind—this ten-pound note." She also brought that forth and fluttered it before him. "Consequently, I maintain that I am entitled to ten thousand pounds, don't you see? But I don't want to press my claim; I only want to prove it, dear, just to win your promise or consent to my marriage with Everest here." Coaxingly the soft arms began to steal round his neck again, and he thought it useless to resist. "Everest and I are so fond of each other. Miss Sinclair would never make him half the wife I should, and she has so much money she will have dozens of other lovers, while he is my only one. Everest and you and I will all live happily together here, and I'll keep house for you splendidly. What! are you murmuring, darling! False pretences! No, indeed; I always said my name was Smith, and it is Smith; and if it is such a common name that my identity never struck you, well, I can't be blamed for that. Oh, yes, I own I came to try and make you like me! Well, and I have done it, have not I? Now, what do you say? All those other relations of mine sponging upon you, too? They shall never come near this house, dear, unless you grant me invitations for them as a favour. Of course I shall help them a little; oh, yes; but that can be done at a distance. Now do you give your pardon and consent, don't you? Very well, then, I shall just kiss you till you do. Now are you giving in!—now are you giving in! Now?"

And the end of it was that in self-preservation he gave in, and said to Everest still lazily smiling, "She is too clever a strategist for me. Take your wife, boy, and make the best of her!"

THE END.

HEARTH AND HOME.

Does it, after all, pay to be honest? a disappointed young man writes. No, my son, not if you're honest for pay, it doesn't. Not if you are honest merely because you think it will pay; not if you are honest only because you are afraid to be a rogue; indeed, my dear boy, it does not pay to be honest that way. If you can't be honest because you hate a lie and scorn a mean action, if you can't be honest from principle, be a rascal; that's what you are intended for, and you'll probably succeed at it. But you can't make anyone believe in honesty that is bought and sold like merchandize.

WOMAN'S MARRIAGE.—When a woman marries, she realizes that, in order to reach lofty heights in wife and motherhood, she must sacrifice lesser aims. She must be willing to lay aside the delightful occupations which have made her girlhood pleasant; she must know from the hour when her baby is laid in the little cradle, dressed with loving forethought, to that darker hour when the mature man lies down in his last sleep, that she will give full meaning to the words "constant care," that her mind, once fettered, will be at liberty no more, but is bound by ties stronger than life or death to those who have come to her from out the great unknown.

A SMILE.—Nothing on earth can smile but the race of man. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond-flash compared with an eye-flash and mirth-flash? Flowers cannot smile. This is a charm which even they cannot claim.

Birds cannot smile; nor can any living thing. It is the prerogative of man. It is the colour which love wears, and cheerfulness and joy—these three. It is the light in the window of the face, by which the heart signifies to father, husband, and friend that it is at home and waiting. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night; and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and is more bewitching than either.

RESPECT DUE TO WIVES.—Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for, if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company; it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person; the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house and remarkable for sociability elsewhere.

A GOOD WIFE.—A good wife is to a bad man wisdom, strength, and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness, and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision, and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance, and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influences. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He needs a tranquil home, and especially if he is an intelligent man, with a whole head, he needs its moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul renews its strength, and goes forth with renewed vigour to encourage the labour and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and there is met with bad temper, jealousy and gloom, or assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

RISE IN THE WORLD.—You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to gain our livelihood by the sweat of our brow. What reason have we then to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be, as now and then one will be, endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, those powers may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us or to them. Nor does it hence follow that the descendants of labourers are always to be labourers. The path upward is steep and long, to be sure. Industry, care, skill, excellence, in the present parent, lay the foundation of a rise under more favourable circumstances for the children. The children of these take another rise, and by-and-by the descendants of the present labourer become gentlemen. This is the natural progress. It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world. The education which I speak of consists in bringing children up to labour with steadiness, with care, and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible; to teach them to do them all in the best manner; to set them an example in industry, sobriety, cleanliness, and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they never shall be liable to fall into the contrary; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labour, and thus to remove from them the temptations to get at the goods of others by violent or fraudulent means.—*William Cobbett.*

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THERE are at present twenty-five places of theatrical amusement open in New York.

"PATIENCE," Gilbert and Sullivan's latest, is still running at the Standard Theatre, New York.

Mlle. Rhea will begin her American engagement on Nov. 14 at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn.

HENRY IRVING has been requested to deliver the opening address of the season at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, his subject being "The Drama."

His Excellency the Governor-General has consented to become the honorary patron of the Ottawa Choral Society, and has made a handsome donation to its funds.

ONE noticeable effect of the experiment of lighting up the new Savoy Theatre with the electric light is the coolness of the atmosphere.

MR. EDGAR BRUCE has been presented by the Prince of Wales with a scarf-pin, as a memento of the recent performance of the "Colonel" at Abergeldie Castle.

A SERIES of original papers on the course of musical training and general arrangements for students at the various foreign Conservatoires, will shortly appear in *Musical Education*, under the editorship of Sir Julius Benedict.

AN offer has been made by the management of the Globe Theatre to Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Ebenzer Prout to write an original English comic opera for that theatre when the run of "Les Cloches de Corneville" has ended.

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







"FIAT JUSTITIA."

"AN HONEST TALE SPEEDS BEST, BEING PLAINLY TOLD."—RICHARD III.



## A HUNDRED YEARS.

She stands beside the sylvan stream—  
The chief's one daughter, lithe and fair—  
As if, as she stands, a last late gleam  
Of light lies tangled in her hair.

The boughs droop down above her face:  
The grasses kiss her naked feet:  
And one tall reed leans from its place  
To touch her bosom, warm and sweet.

Behind her lies the quiet camp:  
Before her the calm waters flow:  
She sees the firefly light its lamp:  
She hears the night-wind faint and low.

The sunset fades upon the hill:  
The valley lies in deepening gloom:  
But where she stands her presence still  
Sheds on the shadows light and bloom.

She looks away into the west:  
Her eyes brim o'er with happy light:  
A song bubbles from her breast—  
She scarcely heeds the falling night.

But hark! a paddle softly dips:  
A swift hand thrusts the leaves apart:  
The song is hushed upon her lips,  
While sudden tumult shakes her heart.

For lo! he stands before her now—  
Her lover, young and strong and brave,  
Above whose dark and fearless brow  
The plumes of eagles proudly wave.

A hated warrior's valiant son—  
Though years of feud have sundered wide  
His sire from her's—has wooed and won  
The dusky maiden for his bride.

A clinging kiss—a passionate word—  
A lingering, doubtful look behind:  
Low pleadings that are hardly heard,  
And eyes with tears confused and blind.

Then silent steps that do not pause:  
Then long, light dippings of an oar:  
A boat into the darkness draws  
And fades from sight forevermore—

Fades and is gone: a hundred years  
Have passed since that dim summer night,  
When, half in triumph, half in tears,  
These lovers vanished out of sight.

And now beside that self-same stream,  
With many a clustering bough above,  
I lie and dream a world-old dream  
Beneath the eyes of her I love.

JAMES B. KENYON.

## MARY ELIZABETH.

Mary Elizabeth was a little girl with a long name. She was poor, she was sick, she was ragged, she was dirty, she was cold, she was hungry, she was frightened. She had no home, she had no mother, she had no father, she had no sister, she had no grandmother, she had no kitten. She had no supper, she had no dinner, she had had no breakfast. She had no shoes, she had no mittens, she had no hood, she had no flannels. She had no place to go to, and nobody to care whether she went or not. In fact, Mary Elizabeth had not much of anything but a short pink calico dress, a little red cotton and wool shawl, and her long name. Besides this she had a pair of old rubbers, too large for her. They flopped on the pavement as she walked.

She was walking up Washington street in Boston. It was late in the afternoon of a bitter January day. Already the lamp-lighters were coming with their long poles, and gas-lights began to flash upon the grayness—neither day nor night—through which the child watched the people moving dimly, with a wonder in her heart. This wonder was as confused as the half-light in which the crowd hurried by.

"God made so many people," thought Mary Elizabeth, "he must have made so many suppers. Seems as if they ought to be one for one extra girl."

But she thought this in a gentle way; very gently for a girl who had no shoes, no flannels, no hood, no home, no mother, no bed, no supper. She was a very gentle little girl. All girls who hadn't anything were not like Mary Elizabeth. She roomed with a girl out towards Charlestown who was different. That girl's name was Jo. They slept in a box that an Irish woman let them have in an old shed. The shed was too cold for her cow, and she couldn't use it; she told Jo and Mary Elizabeth that they might have it as well as not. Mary Elizabeth thought her very kind. There was this difference between Jo and Mary Elizabeth: when Jo was hungry she stole; when Mary Elizabeth was hungry, she begged.

One night of which I speak, she begged hard. It is very wrong to beg, we all know. It is wrong to give to beggars, we all know, too; we have been told so a great many times. Still, if I had been as hungry as Mary Elizabeth, I presume I should have begged too. Whether I should have given her anything if I had been on Washington street that January night, how can I tell?

At any rate, nobody did. Some told her to go to the orphans' home. Some people shook their heads. Some said, "Ask the police," and more did nothing at all. One lady told her to go to the St. Priscilla and Aquila society, and Mary Elizabeth said: "Thank you, ma'am," politely. She had never heard of Aquila and Priscilla. She thought they must be policemen. Another lady bade her go to an office and be registered, and Mary Elizabeth said: "Ma'am!"

So now she was shuffling up Washington street—I might say flopping up Washington street—in the old rubbers, and the pink dress and red shawl, not knowing exactly what to do next; peeping into people's faces, timidly looking away from them; hesitating; heartsick—for a very little girl can be heartsick—colder,

she thought every minute, and hungrier each hour than she was the hour before. Poor Mary Elizabeth!

Poor Mary Elizabeth left Washington street at last, where everybody had homes and suppers, without one extra one to spare for a little girl, and turned into a short, bright, showy street, where stood a great hotel. Everybody in Boston knows and a great many people out of Boston know, that hotel; in fact, they know it so well that I will not mention the name of it, because it was against the rules of the house for beggars to be admitted, and perhaps the proprietor would not like it if I told how this one especial little beggar got into this well-conducted house. Indeed, precisely how she got in nobody knows. Whether the doorkeeper was away or busy, or sick, or careless, or whether the head waiter at the dining-room door was so tall that he couldn't see so short a beggar, or whether the clerk at the desk was so noisy that he couldn't hear so still a beggar, or however it was, Mary Elizabeth did get in—by the doorkeeper, past the head-waiter, under the shadow of the clerk—over the smooth, slippery marble floor. The child crept on. She came to the office door, and stood still. She looked around with her wide eyes. She had never seen a place like that. Gentlemen sat in it smoking and reading. They were all warm. Not one of them looked as if he had had no dinner, and no breakfast, and no supper.

"How many extra suppers," thought the little girl, "it must ha' taken to feed 'em all." She pronounced it "extry." "How many extry suppers. I guess maybe there'll be one for me in here."

There was a little noise, a very little one, strange to the warm, bright, well-ordered room. It was not the rattling of the Boston *Advertiser*, or the *Transcript*, or the *Post*; it was not the slight rap-rapping of a cigar stump, as the ashes fell from some one's white hand; nobody coughed, nobody swore. It was a different sound. It was of an old rubber, much too large, flopping on the marble floor. Several gentlemen glanced at their own well-shod and well-brushed feet, then up and around the room.

Mary Elizabeth stood in the middle of it, in her pink calico dress, and the red-plaid shawl was tied over her head and about her neck with a ragged tippet. She looked very funny and round behind like the wooden woman in Noah's ark. Her bare feet showed in the old rubbers. She began to shuffle about the room, holding out one purple little hand.

One or two of the gentlemen laughed; some frowned; more did nothing at all; some did not notice, or did not seem to notice the child. One said:

"What's the matter here?"

Mary Elizabeth flopped on. She went from one to another, less timidly; a kind of desperation had taken possession of her. The odors of the dining-room came in, of strong, hot coffee, and strange roast meats. Mary Elizabeth thought of Jo. It seemed to her she was so hungry, that if she could not get a supper, she should jump up and run, and rush about, and snatch something, and steal like Jo. She held out her hand, but only said:

"I'm hungry!"

A gentleman called her. He was the gentleman who had asked, "What's the matter here?" He called her in behind his New York paper, which was big enough to hold three like Mary Elizabeth, and when he saw that nobody was looking, he gave her a five-cent piece, in a hurry, as if he had done a sin, and quickly said:

"There, there, child!" go now, go!"

Then he began to read the paper quite hard and fast, and to look severe as one does who never gives anything to beggars as a matter of principle.

But nobody gave anything else to Mary Elizabeth. She shuffled from one to another hopelessly. Every gentleman shook his head. One called for a waiter to put her out. This frightened her and she stood still.

Over by a window, in a lonely corner of the great room, a young man was sitting, apart from the others. Mary Elizabeth had seen that young man when she first came in, but he had not seen her. He had not seen anything nor anybody. He sat with his elbows on the table and his face buried in his arms. He was a well-dressed young man, with brown, curling hair. Mary Elizabeth wondered why he looked so miserable, and why he sat alone. She thought, perhaps, if he weren't so happy as the other gentlemen he would be more sorry for cold and hungry girls. She hesitated, and then flopped along and directly up to him.

One or two gentlemen laid down their papers and watched this; they smiled and nodded to each other. The child went up and put her hand on the young man's arm.

He started. The brown, curly head lifted itself from the shelter of his arms; a young face looked sharply at the beggar-girl—a beautiful young face it might have been. It was haggard now, and dreadful to look at—bloated and badly marked with the unmistakable marks of a wicked week's debauch. He roughly said:

"What do you want?"

"I'm hungry," said Mary Elizabeth.

"I can't help that. Go away."

"I haven't had anything to eat for a whole long day!" repeated the child.

Her lips quivered, but she spoke distinctly. Her voice sounded through the room. One gentleman after another had laid down his paper or his pipe. Several were watching this little scene.

"Go away!" repeated the young man, irrit-

ably. "Don't bother me. I haven't had anything to eat for three days!"

His face went down into his arms again. Mary Elizabeth stood staring at the brown, curling hair. She stood perfectly still for some moments. She evidently was greatly puzzled. She walked away a little distance, then stopped and thought it over.

And now, paper after paper, pipe after cigar went down. Every gentleman in the room began to look on. The young man, with the beautiful brown curls, and dissipated, disgraced and hidden face was not stiller than the rest. The little figure in the pink calico, and the big rubber, and the red shawl stood for a moment silent among them all. The waiter came to take her out, but the gentlemen motioned him away.

Mary Elizabeth turned her five-cent piece over and over slowly in her purple hand. Her hand shook. The tears came. The smell of the dining-room grew savory and strong. The child put the piece of money to her lips as if she could have eaten it, then turned, and, without further hesitation, went back. She touched the young man—on the bright curls this time—with her trembling little hand.

The room was so still now, that what she said rang out to the corridor, where the waiters stood with the clerk behind looking over the desk to see.

"I'm sorry you are so hungry. If you haven't had anything for three days, you must be hungrier than me. I've got five cents. A gentleman gave it to me. I wish you would take it. I've only gone one day. You can get some supper with it, and—maybe—I can get some somewhere. I wish you'd please take it!"

Mary Elizabeth stood quite still, holding out her five-cent piece. She did not understand the sound or the stir that went all over the bright room. She did not see that some of the gentlemen coughed and wiped their spectacles. She did not know why the brown curls before her came up with such a start, nor why the young man's wasted face flushed red and hot with noble shame.

She did not in the least understand why he flung the five-cent piece on the table, and snatching her in his arms, held her fast, and hid his face in her plaid shawl and sobbed. Nor did she know what could be the reason that nobody seemed amused to see this gentleman cry, but that the gentleman who had given her the money came up, and some more came up, and they gathered round, and she in the midst of them, and they all spoke kindly, and the young man with the bad face, that might have been so beautiful, stood up, still clinging to her, and said aloud:

"She's shamed me before you all, and she's shamed me to myself! I'll learn a lesson from this beggar, so help me God!"

So then he took the child upon his knees, and the gentlemen came up to listen, and the young man asked what was her name.

"Mary Elizabeth, sir."

"Names used to mean things—in the Bible—when I was as little as you. I read the Bible then. Does Mary Elizabeth mean Angel of Rebuke?"

"Sir!"

"Where do you live, Mary Elizabeth?"

"Nowhere, sir."

"Where do you sleep?"

"In Mrs. O'Flynn's shed, sir. It's too cold for the cow. She's so kind, she lets us stay."

"Whom do you stay with?"

"Nobody, only Jo."

"Is Jo your brother?"

"No, sir. Jo is a girl. I haven't got only Jo."

"What does Jo do for a living?"

"She—gets it, sir."

"And what do you do?"

"I beg. It's better than to—get it, sir, I think."

"Where's your mother?"

"Dead."

"What did she die of?"

"Drink, sir," said Mary Elizabeth, in her distinct and gentle tone.

"Ah—well. And your father?"

"He is dead. He died in prison."

"What sent him to prison?"

"Drink, sir."

"Oh!"

"I had a brother once," continued Mary Elizabeth, who grew quite eloquent with so large an audience, "but he died too."

"What did he die of?"

"Drink, sir," said the child, cheerfully. "I do want my supper," she added, after a pause, speaking in a whisper, as if to Jo or to herself, "and Jo'll be wondering for me."

"Wait, then," said the young man; "I'll see if I can't beg you enough to get you your supper."

"I thought there must be an extra one among so many folks!" cried Mary Elizabeth; for now she thought she would get back her five cents.

Sure enough; the young man put the five cents into his hat to begin with. Then he took out his purse and put in something that made less noise than the five-cent piece, and something more and more and more. Then he passed around the great room, walking still unsteadily, and the gentlemen who gave the five cents and all the gentlemen put something into the young man's hat.

So when he came back to the table he emptied the hat and counted the money, and truly it was \$40.

"Forty dollars!"

Mary Elizabeth looked frightened. She did not understand.

"It's yours," said the young man. Now, come to supper. But see! this gentleman who gave you the five-cent piece shall take care of the money for you. You can trust him. He's got a wife too. But we'll come to supper now."

"Yes, yes," said the gentleman coming up. "She knows all about every orphan in this city, I believe. She'll know what ought to be done with you. She'll take care of you."

"But Jo will wonder," said Mary Elizabeth loyally. "I can't leave Jo. And I must go back and thank Mrs. O'Flynn for the shed."

"Oh, yes, yes, we'll fix all that," said the gentleman, "and Jo, too. A little girl with \$40 needn't sleep in a wood-shed. But don't you want your supper?"

"Why, yes," said Mary Elizabeth. "I do."

So the young man took her by the hand, and the gentleman whose wife knew all about what to do with orphans, took her by the other hand, and they all went out in the dining-room, and put Mary Elizabeth in a chair at a marble table, and asked her what she wanted for her supper.

Mary Elizabeth said that a little dry toast and a cup of milk would do nicely. So all the gentlemen laughed; and she wondered why.

And the young man with the brown curls laughed, too, and began to look quite happy. But he ordered chicken, and cranberry sauce, and mashed potatoes, and celery, and rolls, and butter, and tomatoes, and an ice cream, and a cup of tea, and nuts, and raisins and cake, and custard, and apples, and grapes, and Mary Elizabeth sat in her pink dress and red shawl, and ate the whole; and why it didn't kill her nobody knows; but it didn't.

The young man with the face that might have been beautiful—that might yet be one, one would have thought, who had seen him then—stood watching the little girl.

"She's preached me a better sermon," he said, below his breath; "better than all the ministers I ever heard in all the churches. May God bless her! I wish there was a thousand like her in this selfish world!"

And when I heard about it, I wished so, too.

And this is the end of Mary Elizabeth's true temperance story.

## SAVED BY AN ELEPHANT.

An "old showman" tells the following exciting story of his experience when connected with a well-known menagerie during an engagement at Smithland, Kentucky. "After the exhibition was over," he says, "I passed into the menagerie to talk to a watchman. From some cause he was absent from his post, and I walked across the amphitheatre toward my old friend the elephant to give him an apple, for we were the best of friends. He was one of the largest elephants I ever saw, and was as good-natured as he was large. I was about half across the ring when I heard a growl, and backing around, saw to my horror one of the lions out of his cage and approaching me in a crouching manner, ready for a spring. I thought of a thousand things in a moment, and among them I must have regretted perpetrating so many old worn jokes at the performance that night. I had sufficient presence of mind to realize my dangerous situation and to know that it required the utmost caution to extricate myself from it.

One hasty motion on my part and I would be in the jaws of the monster. I felt that my only hope was the elephant, if I could reach him, but he was chained by the foot and could not reach me.

Nearer and nearer came the lion, waving his tail in a manner that meant business. If I turned my back he would spring; if I took my eyes from him I was lost.

It was a terrible moment. I glided swiftly as I dared. I had another fear. I feared stumbling backwards, and I knew if I did fall I would never rise, but that where I fell I would make a meal for the lion.

As I neared the elephant I saw that the lion understood my movements, and fearing he would be balked of his prey, he prepared to bring the matter to a crisis. I then saw that I had but one hope, and that was to rush with all my speed to the elephant.

I think I must have jumped twenty feet when I turned, and I know the lion jumped thirty but he just missed me.

How I completed the race I do not know, I only knew that the elephant's trunk was around my waist and he was lifting me upon his head. I only knew that I was saved.

WHAT the consumptive needs is a medicine which not only relieves irritation of the lungs, but make up those losses of strength always entailed by lung disease. Recovery can never be hoped for so long as the vital current remains watery and impoverished, the nervous system weak and unquiet. It is the union of invigorating elements with a pulmonic of acknowledged potency that gives Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda such a decided pre-eminence over the generality of preparations designed to overcome lung, throat and bronchial affections. The hypophosphites furnish the system with the most important constituents of blood, muscle and nervous tissue, and the highly prepared oil derived from the cod's liver acts a subjugator of throat and lung irritation. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont.

ENFOLDINGS.

The snow-flake that softly, all night, is whitening treetop and pathway;  
 The avalanche suddenly rushing with darkness and death to the hamlet.  
 The ray stealing in through the lattice to waken the day-loving baby;  
 The pitiless horror of light in the sun-smitten reach of the desert.  
 The seed with its pregnant surprise of welcome young leaflet and blossom;  
 The despair of the wilderness tangle, and treacherous thicket of forest.  
 The happy west wind as it startles some noon-laden flower from its dreaming;  
 The hurricane crashing its way through the homes and the life of the valley.  
 The play of the jets of flame when the children laugh out on the hearth-stone;  
 The town or the prairie consumed in a terrible, blinding combustion.  
 The glide of a wave on the sands with its myriad sparkle in breaking;  
 The roar and the fury of ocean, a limitless maelstrom of ruin.  
 The leaping of heart unto heart with bliss that can never be spoken;  
 The passion that maddens, and shows how God may be thrust from his creatures.  
 For this do I tremble and start when the rose on the vine taps my shoulder—  
 For this when the storm beats me down my soul groweth bolder and bolder.

—MARY MAPES DODGE, in the Century.

LEADVILLE.

We left the "Queen City of the Plains" for Leadville with many precautions from our friends. "Wear your overcoat," said one. "Put on your flannels," said another, and one especially inspiring piece of advice was to take some extra pocket-handkerchiefs for the nose bleed. By invitation we joined a party of travelling railroad agents, who were gathered from all parts of the United States, and we found them a jolly party. The Detroit *Free Press* man was there too, and no one contributed more to the pleasure of the occasion than Mr. Chester. The genial agent of the U. P. R. R. took the party in charge and put us over the road in good style. I had heard and read a great deal about the canons (pronounced canyons) of the Rocky Mountains, and was prepared to see much that was grand and beautiful, but the reality exceeded my wildest dream. The Platte Canon, through which the South Park Railroad winds its tortuous course, is noted for its varied beauty, and the first thing to think about was a good position to view it. A friend who "knew the ropes" hinted that the platform of the rear car was the only place to see a canon from, and we accordingly "froze" to a couple of camp stools and took up our position in the desired spot. We saw nothing of special note until reaching the mountains, except the exuberance of beautiful plants and flowers, growing more and more brilliant as we continued our ascent; one plant called "Snow on the Mountains" that is cultivated with much care in the east, here covers hundreds of acres of ground; the Prickly Pear and some other varieties of cacti were also very plentiful. Soon we entered the canon and all eyes were busy conveying the impressions of the moment to the astonished mind. Towering on each side of us rose the rocky walls of the canon, rugged and bare, the deep crevasses in the face of the rocks, and the numerous bold projections, creating a wonderful play of light and shade; now rising abruptly for a thousand feet and more, then suddenly dropping to a few hundreds, and every moment assuming new and fantastic shapes. The terrible grandeur of some portions of the canon is indescribable, the rocks seem to close behind you, above you, and to shut you into the frightful gorge. The busy world is left behind, and but for the two thin steel lines of the little three-foot track stretching behind us, and the snorting of our "Little Giant engine" the awful loveliness of the mighty chasm would be overwhelming. The turbulent Platte river rushes to the plains through the canon, forming a succession of beautiful cascades, sometimes on one side of us and then on the other, as the railroad crosses and recrosses to find a foothold on the rocks. At times the canon walls are hundreds of feet apart; then suddenly narrowing to forty or fifty feet they seem to bar further progress, when "Presto, change!" we dash into a beautiful little park, full of "conifers" of various kinds and teaming with wild flowers. After our senses had recovered somewhat their equilibrium, we began to wonder how it was possible to put a railroad through such a place, and to admire the pluck and enterprise that achieved this difficult feat of engineering. It is said that one of the laborers who was employed in the construction of the road, stated as his opinion that "the Lord didn't make the Platte canon; it was a freak of nature"—a quaint remark and, to a certain extent, expressive. The curves and grades of the road bed will give some idea of the difficulty of its construction, especially if it is kept in mind that the canon was impassable, even on foot, before the construction of the railway. The grades run as high as 158 feet to the mile, and the curvature in places reaches 28 degrees; in one place a "reverse curve" of 23 and 26 degrees makes things lively. In fact, it is a sort of gigantic "whip cracking," with a sleeping-car for a lash. The two ends of the train are continually in sight of each other, and a neat this a good story is told. One of the conductors informed an in-

quisitive tourist that at a certain station the curve was very sharp, and that a passenger at the rear of the train could hand the engineer a cigar. The I. T. kept a keen look-out for the station, but was disappointed to find that though a wonderful curve, the two ends of the train were a long way apart. "Here," said he to the conductor, "didn't you say that at this station a passenger standing on the rear platform could hand the engineer a cigar?" "Certainly," was the answer, there's plenty of time, we stop here for five minutes for water." After passing out of the canon we climbed a succession of hills, sometimes seeing the track in three or four places at once in most astonishing positions. It is the crookedest kind of a railway, and in one place goes ten miles around to reach a point five miles away. Without any warning we saw stretched out below us, on the left, one of the most beautiful panoramas. We were on Kenosha summit, 10,200 feet above sea level, and I think the highest railroad track in the world; beautiful South Park with its 14,000,000 acres of grazing lands lay before us, the Platte river like a silver thread winds through it, while the great Continental Divide with its snow-clad peaks, forms the background to the picture; from some of the mountains surrounding this Park more than 200 peaks over 13,000 feet high, can be seen at once upon a fine day. At Como, a station in South Park, we stopped for dinner and sat down to a square meal made more enjoyable by the cool mountain air. Stoves were in full blast and overcoats not to be despised at all. Towards evening we ran into Leadville and put up for the night. I omitted to state that before reaching Leadville, one of the party was attacked with the "nose bleed" in consequence of the altitude, and received much loud sympathy from the company. The *Free Press* man wanted to put cold water down his back, and altogether he received a good deal of good-humored chaff. The principal mine that I had the pleasure of visiting in Leadville was the "Morning Star," a description of which will suffice for all the rest, as they are so much alike. This mine is on Carbonate Hill, looking down upon and affording a splendid view of the city and the massive mountains in the distance. After interviewing the hole in the ground that it was necessary to descend in order to reach the recesses of the mine, the courage of the majority of our party evaporated. The few of us whose curiosity was greater than our fears put on miners' suits, and taking candles in our hands began the descent. Down, down we went hundreds of feet into the bowels of the earth, and followed our guide through the many drifts of the mine. Here we were in Aladdin's cave, sure enough, minus the glitter, for a dirtier hole in the ground would be hard to imagine, we went from drift to drift, down into caverns and up into caves, until we were utterly bewildered by the labyrinth of passages. Millions of dollars have been taken out of these mines, yet still there seems to be no end. All the passages were lined with heavy timber supporting cross-beams which keep up the roof; tramways run through the passages on which the precious ore is carried to the "eye" of the mine and hoisted to the surface by powerful engines. In every direction men were digging out the "soft carbonates" or blasting out the "hard carbonates." After much hard climbing, crawling through narrow places, etc., we reached a sort of pocket in which some miners were hard at work, and requested the use of a "pick" as we desired samples of ore of our own digging. We were informed that all new workmen paid a footing. Having gone through the ceremony of becoming a miner, by the expenditure of a quarter dollar, we obtained some fine specimens as souvenirs of the occasion. Crawling around a mine by the light of a flickering candle is not very exhilarating, but it seemed to strike one of the railroad agents who accompanied us as being the acme of misery, if we should judge by his anxiety to get out, and his solemn expression of misery, as he capped the climax by suddenly sitting down and moaning, "If ever I get out of here may I be forgiven if I ever go into another mine!" We encouraged him and cheered him up, but his only consolation was that he had paid his insurance policy before he left home. It was a tedious climb to the top, but we arrived at the surface quite satisfied with our trip and with enlarged ideas of the mining interests of Leadville. The "Dump" or waste from the mines on Carbonate Hill forms a series of miniature mountains, from the top of which the best possible view is obtained of the city. When the mines are exhausted (which can occur only in the dim future, for new mines are daily discovered) these dumps will be a new and profitable field for industry, as they doubtless could be worked over with profit. The output of bullion from Leadville for 1880, was something like \$17,000,000, and some single wagon loads of "pay dirt" have been valued as high as \$6,000; although the ore is so valuable the most of it would not be recognized by the uninitiated from common sand or rock, as the case might be. I send you by the same mail as this letter a sample of the celebrated "soft carbonates" of Leadville. It is so soft that I mined it with my fingers. The sample is from the "Morning Star" mine, and is said to be worth ninety ounces to the ton. Gambling in every shape is carried on unblushingly in Leadville; the monotonous singing of the keno caller is heard incessantly, night and day, by every passing pedestrian, and gambling houses for every grade of society, and to suit every pocket are to be found in profusion. A fine-looking but dissipated young fellow, who, I was told, had "made his pile" in the mines

and gambled it away again, heard me express some curiosity about the gambling houses of the city, and offered to "show me around." I embraced the opportunity and was surprised at the facilities afforded the miners and others to lose their money. At the "Monarch" (a second-grade house) we found a large room occupied by eager keno players of the lower classes, who were conning their buttons and cards in hope that they had the winning numbers. In another room three faro tables were in full blast, surrounded by rough miners who placed their money on the table as stolidly as if they were paying for bread, one lucky fellow won \$30 while we were looking on and he immediately wanted to treat the whole crowd. One gambling house we visited was a very swell affair, indeed. It was splendidly furnished and luxuriantly carpeted, and the gambling tons were of the most expensive nature. A magnificent sideboard stood at one end of the room, on which were all sorts of liquor, cigars, etc., free to guests and offered with a hearty "Help yourselves, gentlemen." It was gently hinted to me that "tenderfeet" (i. e. new comers) always were lucky, but I did not bite at the bait. We are all aware that gambling exists in most large cities, but here in Leadville it flaunts itself, and is not at all screened from public gaze. I returned to Denver via the Rio Grande in order to pass through the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas, a terrific chasm with walls over 2,000 feet high, with the bright exception of the six miles through this gorge the scenery is tame in comparison to the Platte canon, and for the last 100 miles is very monotonous. We leave here shortly for Estes Park, "the Gem of the Rockies," and in my next I expect to give you some account of the Park. By the way in my last letter you make me say that Long's Peak is south from Denver and Pike's Peak north. It may be an error in my manuscript, but I think your typo has reversed the order of things. At any rate, Long's Peak is north and Pike's south. Yours truly.

CANADA.

INTEMPERATE SHOPPING.

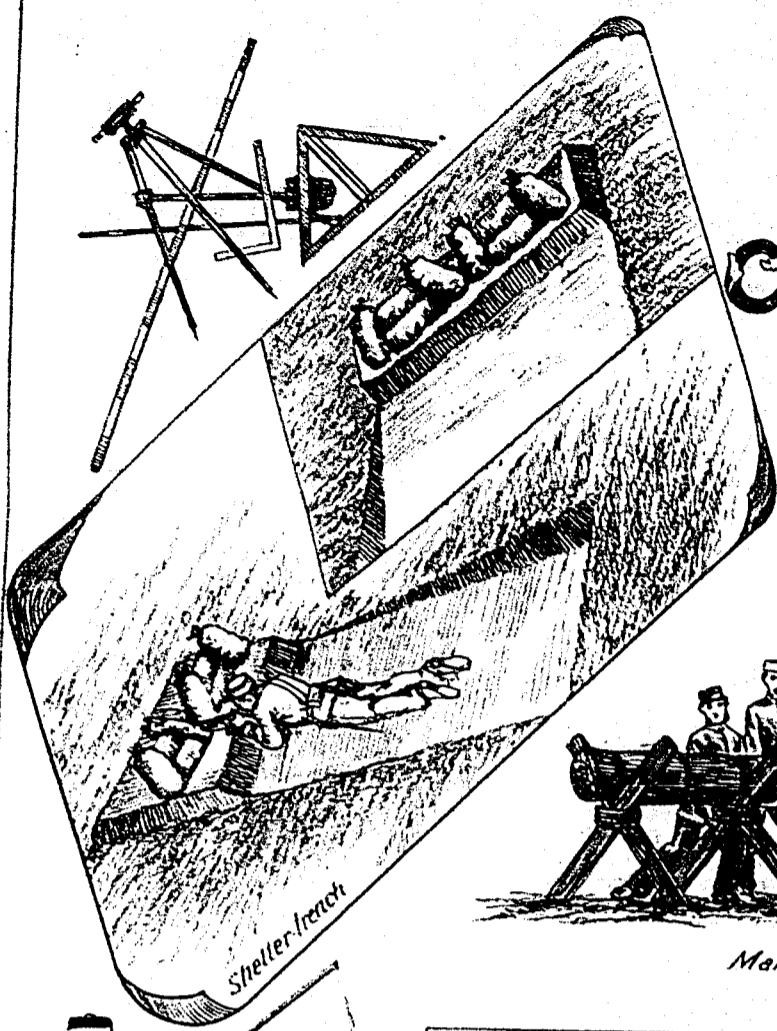
The awful prevalence of the vice of shopping among women is one of those signs of the times which lead the thoughtful patriot almost to despair of the future of our country. Few persons have any idea of the extent to which our people are addicted to this purse-destroying vice. Statistics show that of every 1,000 women between the age of 15 and 45 no less than 693 are habitual shoppers, and of these more than one-half notoriously shop to what would be universally considered excess. Even girls younger than 8 are frequently found shopping. Mothers have actually been known to teach girls of tender years to shop by urging them to "play store" with one another and to go through the ghastly mockery of buying useless things with unconvertible pin currency. When these children grow a little larger and go to school, their mothers supply them with pocket money and abet them in going into shops and openly buying ribbons and things. It is now a difficult task to find, even in a retired country farm-house, a girl who is absolutely uncontaminated by shopping; for, although there may be a farm-house remote from all kinds of shops, nevertheless the tempter, in the shape of the pedler, will search out the innocent farmer's daughter, and with his wily ways lead her to make the steps in a career of headlong shopping. The husbands that have been made desolate by wives whose passion for shopping has mastered them are almost without number. The amount of money annually spent in shopping by the women of America is so enormous that in comparison with it the amount spent by men for whiskey seems too trifling to deserve notice. How to fight this terrible vice is a question to which there has hitherto been no satisfactory answer. We cannot look to legislation for any relief. Neither can we hope for anything from the efforts of professional anti-shopping lecturers. These misguided women take the extreme ground that all shopping is a sin per se, and denounce every shop-keeper as a fiend incarnate. They insist that the moderate shopper is as bad as the woman who wallows in shopping, and that she who buys a calico dress is as bad as she who buys forty yards of trimmings or insertion. If one of these lecturers happens to be an eloquent woman, a reformed shopper, with fund of comic anecdotes and pathetic stories illustrative of the follies and miseries of shopping, she is moderately sure to draw an audience, but she produces little or no effect in reclaiming confirmed shoppers. Sometimes the lecturer may induce a few women to sign the total abstinence shopping pledge, but of the signers nearly every one relapses when the excitement of the lecture has been forgotten. The truth is that people will not be brought to regard total abstinence from shopping in any and all circumstances as a Christian duty. The first ray of hope on this dark matter has been afforded by the organization of the "Shopping Woman's Moderation Society." This society owes its origin to several intelligent and upright women who fully recognize the evils of excessive shopping, but who do not consider that shopping in moderation is necessarily wrong. As is well known, the favorite purchase of the confirmed shopper is "trimmings." After the habit of shopping becomes fixed, calico, berage, hose-ry, and even gloves, cease to satisfy the victim. She craves the stronger stimulants of "trimmings," and on these she squanders her own or her husband's substance. The "Shopping Woman's Moderation Society" pledges its mem-

bers to abstinence from trimmings, except, when ordered by an experienced family dressmaker, and forbids them even to approach a counter where trimmings are sold. The members of the society also agree to indulge in shopping of any kind only in the afternoon, and never as a mere amusement. The funds of the society will be used to aid such confirmed shoppers as show an earnest desire to reform, and for the relief of distressed and impoverished husbands whose wives have ruined them by excessive shopping, and every member promises, in employing servants, to give the preference to those who do not shop. The influence of a society which thus rejects the extreme measures employed by the professional anti-shopping lecturers, and appeals in a reasonable way to the intelligence of the community, ought to be very great. It will receive the support of the very large class of people who are disgusted with the violence and intolerance of the professional agitators. It is really the first organized effort to meet the evil of excessive shopping which has yet been made.

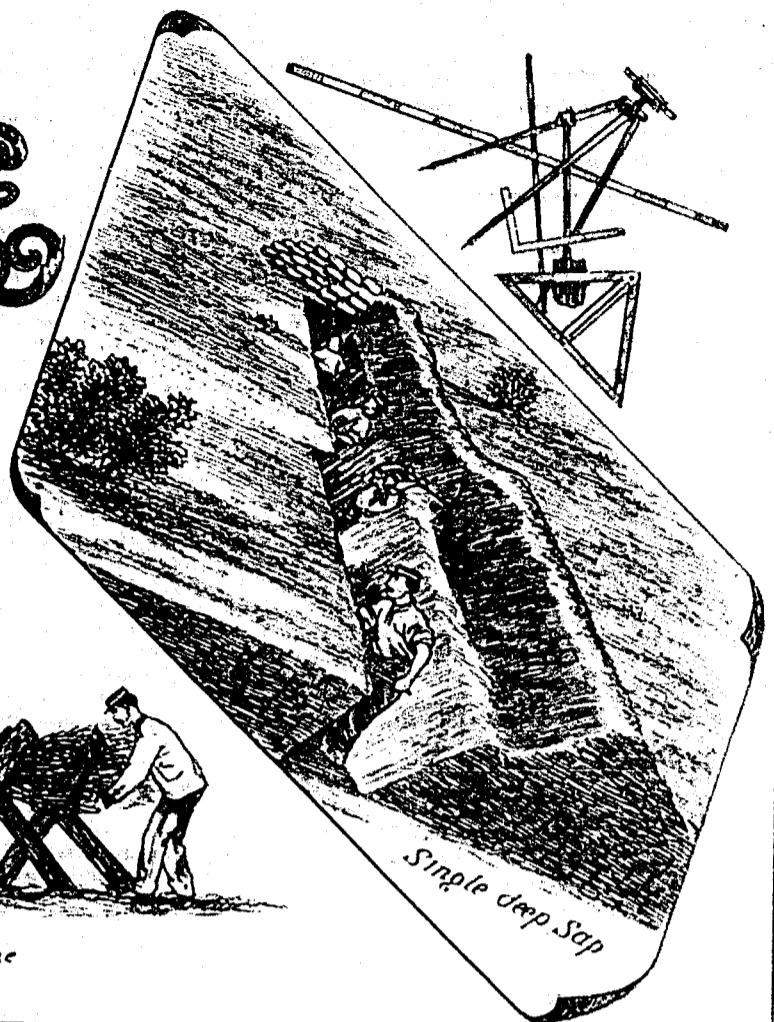
THE PASHA'S HAREM, TANGIER.

We had brought an interpreter, and knowing that European ladies were sometimes allowed to visit the harem of his eminence, we commissioned our man of words to request this favor. The Pasha, a handsome man of apparently sixty years of age, stepped from an arched doorway, and, with many a flirt and flutter of his voluminous muslin draperies, seated himself on the rug-covered divan at the upper end of the apartment. We rose and made a *salam* respectfully, and Antonio, our courier, made known our petition, adorning it with many flowers of his own imagination. The distinguished guests before him, he informed the Pasha, were of the highest nobility of America, intimate friends of Generals Grant and Washington,—the only two Americans, doubtless, with whose names the Pasha was familiar. Our request was granted, and the lady friend of Washington was led away by a diminutive Nubian in the direction of the seraglio. I entered a beautiful court, surrounded by porticoes supported by antique pillars dug from Roman ruins, and used in the construction of this palace just as the Cordovan Moors utilized the columns of the Caesars in their mosque. A fountain occupied the center of the tile-paved court, an old woman was praying devoutly upon a rug beside it, while, from an alcove across the court issued the musical voices of the ladies of the Pasha. Elegantly dressed in Eastern fashion, in purple, green and gold vests, brocade caftans, and variegated scarfs, with silk handkerchiefs knotted about their black braids, they were seated upon a raised divan and engaged in sifting corn-meal, which lay piled in golden drifts upon a sheet stretched across the floor. They received me cordially, a slave bringing a European chair for me to sit upon. Our medium of conversation was a little broken Spanish and a copious use of the sign-language. A beautiful little boy of three came and regarded me wonderingly. His head was shaved, with the exception of a spot behind one ear, from which depended a single curl—the lock of youth of Egypt; to keep the equilibrium, two large hoop ear-rings, adorned with a single turquoise were inserted in the opposite ear. His name, they told me, was Selim. He received a coin with sublime indifference, and continued his inspection of the strange lady's costume. The Pasha's harem consisted of ladies of varying ages. Here were wrinkled crones,—his matrimonial outfit at the beginning of his uxorious career,—comfortable women in the prime of life, devoted to smoke and sweet meats, and the *adulescent* of sixteen, already two years a wife. They pitied the lonely life in a "harem of one," and felt a strong sympathy for the poor American wives, with no sister favorites to share their solitude and aid them about their household affairs. In this princely house, where there was food and finery enough for all, the bevy of wives seemed to live together with a merry good-fellowship, but we heard of poorer families where the state of affairs was not so paradisaical. On the occasion of a new addition to the seraglio, the elder wives are stripped of their jewelry to bedeck the bride, and loud is the cry of lamentation—Badoura bewailing her bangles, and Zimround weeping for her anklets. One of the favorites took me by the hand, and led me over the building—to the Pasha's own apartment, sumptuous with decorated ceiling and rich carpets, to their own plainer rooms, and to the neglected garden, where my guide filled my hands with flowers from the tangled bushes which had covered the walks, and where the bees found the honey with which they had filled the hollow capitals of some carved columns of the arcade. On bidding adieu to the ladies, they exerted themselves with one accord to prevent my departure; the chair was brought forward, I was pushed toward it with gentle insistence, and had quite to tear myself away. As I crossed the pavement, their intention was explained by the appearance of a small Nubian, who darted before me clashing together a pair of tiny coffee-cups, decorated with a red and gold arabesque ornamentation, which gave them a resemblance to Kaga ware. A delicious odor of coffee aided the explanation; they wished me to remain and partake of refreshments. Not wishing to keep the party in the Hall of Judgment longer waiting, and hardly knowing whether it would be etiquette, as it would certainly not be kindness, to eat and drink in their presence during their time of fasting, I declined their courtesy and took my leave.—*The Century*.

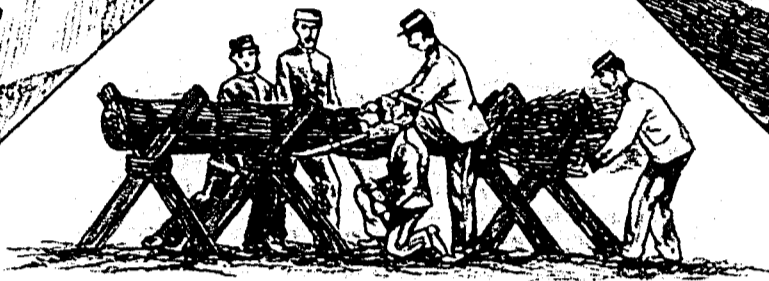




*Shelter-trench*



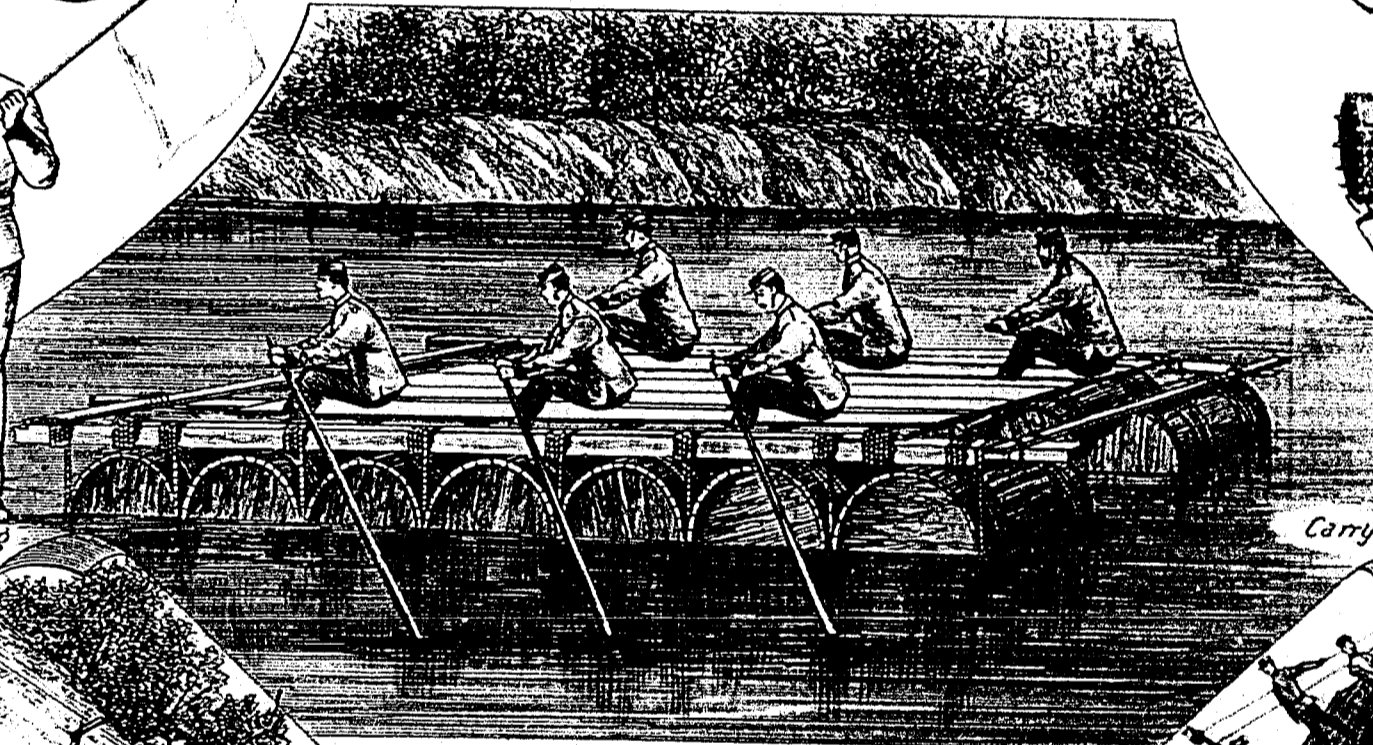
*Single deep Sap*



*Making a Fascine*



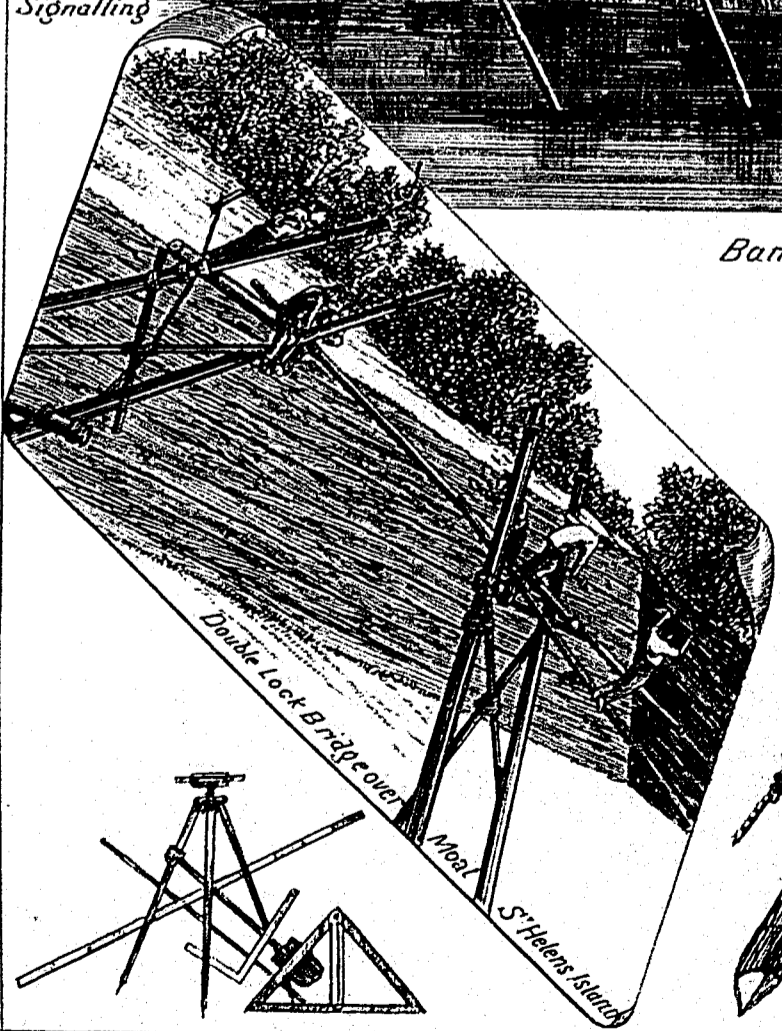
*Signalling*



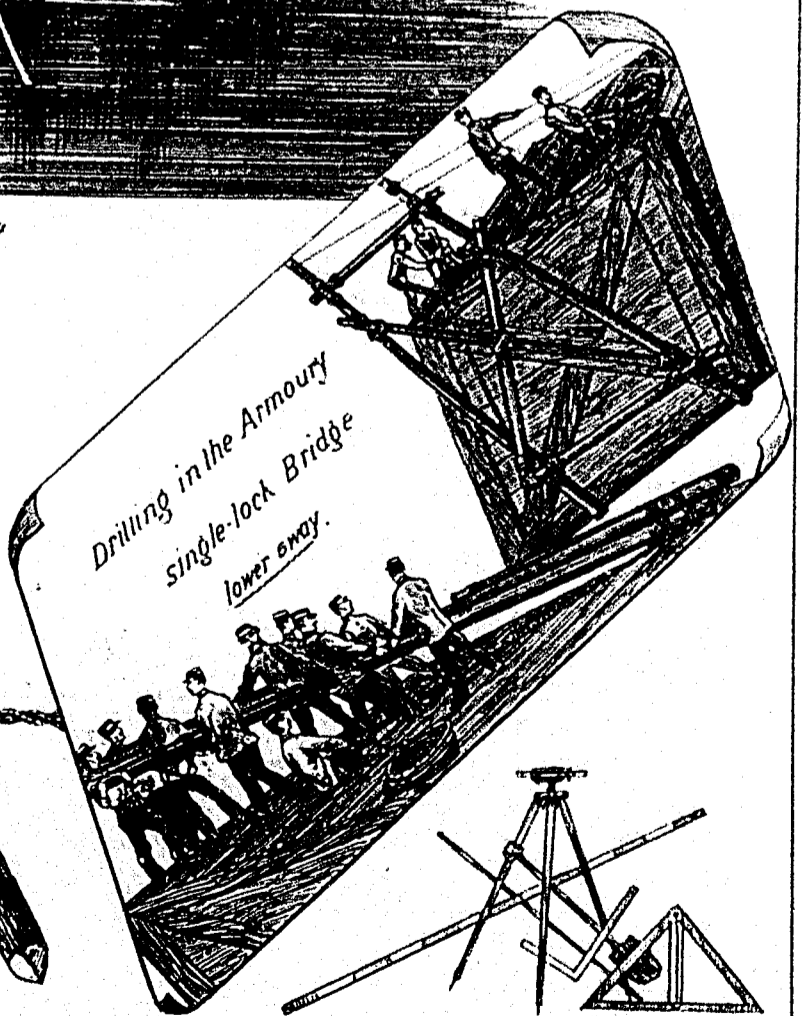
*Barrel-pier raft*



*Carrying a Gabion*



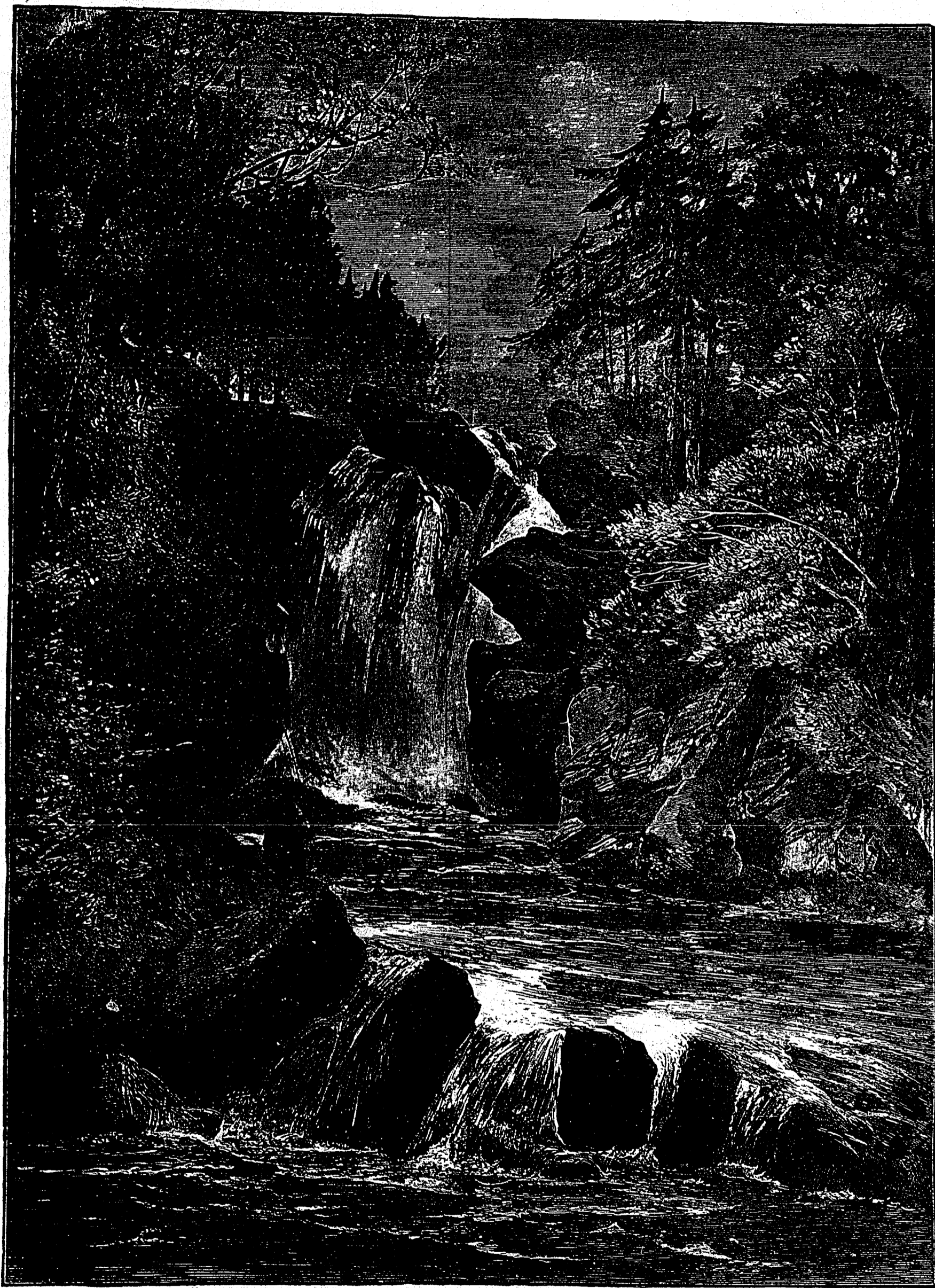
*Double Lock Bridge over  
Meal  
St. Helens Island*



*Drilling in the Armoury  
single-lock Bridge  
lower way.*



*Sheers*



A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.—THE FALLS OF MUICK, FIVE MILES FROM BALLATER.



## HAPPINESS.

BY KATE TAYLOR.

Do you ask me, love, with fond caress,  
What seems to me perfect happiness?  
A golden day, and a sapphire sky,  
An emerald earth, and you and I  
Roaming through woodlands green together,  
That's happiness in Summer weather.

And say 'tis Winter; outside the snow,  
And inside the fire's warm, cheerful glow;  
And we sit by it, cheek touching cheek,  
Silent sometimes, and sometimes we speak;  
So I find, in Summer or Winter weather,  
Happiness means—to be together.

## MASTER COVILLE AS CUPID.

Mr. Coville's niece, an estimable as well as a pretty young lady, has been visiting him for some time. Shortly after her coming, a clerk in one of Danbury's leading stores made her acquaintance, and became at once her devoted attendant, very much to the delight of young Coville. The clerk is very fond of good tobacco, and smokes an admirable cigar. The portion of it that is not consumed when he reaches the house, he leaves on the porch until he comes out again. The third or fourth time he did this young Coville detected the move, and lost no time in possessing himself of the luxury, with which he retired to an out-of-the-way place. When this had been done several times, and several times the clerk had secretly felt for and missed his cigar he began to grow suspicious and uneasy. Perceiving this, young Coville awoke to the fact that something must be speedily done to counteract the smoker's discretion, and the best way to do it was to so completely involve him in the meshes of love as to make the loss of an unfinished cigar a matter of no account whatever. With this view he put himself in the young man's way at the store. The bait took.

"How's Minnie?" asked the clerk anxiously.  
"She's not very well," said young Coville.  
"Why, what's the matter?"  
"I don't know, I guess you know that better'n I do," answered the youth, with a facetious wink.

"I know!"  
"I guess so. Oh, she's gone on you."  
"Sh!" cautioned the clerk, looking around to see if they were unobserved. "What do you mean, Billy?" And he blushed and looked pleased.

"Why, you see, she's as blisk as can be when you're there, but when you ain't she's all down in the mouth. She don't fix her hair, an' she won't see anybody, an' she goes around the house sighing, an' sets on a chair for an hour without sayin' a blamed word to nobody, but just lookin' at the wall. Then there's another thing," added the young man, impressively, "she don't put cologne on her handkerchief, only when you're coming. Oh, I know a thing or two, you bet!" And he winked again.

To say that the clerk was too pleased, not rejoiced, for anything, is but feebly expressing the frame of his mind. In the excitement of emotion he gave young Coville a quarter. Then he sought his cousin.

"Minnie," he said, "I have been up to Charley's store."

"Have you?" she said, trying to look very much unconcerned.

"Yes, and I can tell you, Minnie, he's just a prime fellow,—way up. But he's gone on you."

"What do you mean, Willie?" asked the flushed and pleased girl.

"I mean just what I say. He's gone sure. He got me off in one corner, and he just pelted the questions into me about you. By gracious, Minnie, it's awful to see how he's gone on you. He wanted to know what you're doin', an' if you're enjoying yourself, on' if you're careful about your health. He'd better be looking for his own, I'm thinkin'."

The girl was pleased by these marks of devotion from the handsome clerk, but her heart failed her at the last observation.

"Why, what do you mean, Willie?" she asked, in considerable apprehension.

"Oh, nothing; only if he keeps a goin' down as he is of late, it won't be many months before he is salted down for good," said the young man, gloomily. "He told me that things of this world wa'n't long for him."

And young Coville solemnly shook his head and withdrew to invest the quarter.

A great happiness has come upon Charley and Minnie now. Four times a week he visits her, and four times a week young Coville pensively sits back of the fence, smoking a cigar and speculating on the joyful future opening before his cousin and her lover.

## THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

One of the old-time editors of Michigan was boasting the other day that he had never been sued for libel, or attacked in his sanctum, but he could recall many narrow escapes. Twenty-five years ago he was running a red-hot paper on the line of the Michigan Central Railroad. A man named Carson, who was running for some county office, was given a bad racket, and the editor received a note that if he had anything more to say he might expect to receive a good pounding. He had a still more bitter attack the next week, and the paper was hardly mailed before he walked Carson, the candidate, accompanied by a brother and two cousins. The four were strapping big fellows, and each was armed with a horsewhip. The two compositors and the "devil" got up with all speed, leaving the

editor without support. He realized the situation at once, and began:

"Walk in, gentlemen; I presume you have come to horsewhip me?"

"We have," they answered.

"Very well. Have you thoroughly considered this matter?"

"It doesn't need any consideration," replied Carson. "You have lied about me, and I'm going to lick you within an inch of your life!"

"Just so, my friend; but first hear what I have to say. Did you ever hear of the press being stopped because the editor was cow-hided?"

"I dunno."

"Well you never did. Lick me all you choose, and my paper comes out week after week just the same. The power of the press is next to the lever which moves the universe. It makes or breaks parties, builds up or tears down, plants or destroys. Aggravate the editor and the press becomes a sword to wound or kill. Wallop me if you will, but next week I'll come out more bitter than ever."

There was an embarrassing silence right here, and the face of each horsewhipper had an anxious look.

"It will go out to the world—to America, England, France—aye! clear to Jerusalem, that the Carson family of this county live on roots and Johnny cake; that they stole a dog from a blind man; that they murdered a peddler for a pair of two shilling suspenders; that the women are club-footed, and the men work their ears when they sing; that the —"

"What is the regular subscription price to the Herald?" interrupted Carson.

"Only twelve shillings a year."

"Put us four down."

"Very well—six dollars—that's correct. Run in and see me—all of you—and if any of you want to see any Detroit exchanges I shall be only too glad to serve you."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## MR. COBLEIGH'S HOE.

Tramps calling at the Cobleigh mansion have received something to eat, if there was anything to give them. Mrs. Cobleigh's mother is visiting her son-in-law. When she discovered that tramps called and were fed, she protested against the extravagance.

"Why," said she, with a pitying laugh, "I should no more think of feeding tramps for nothing than of feeding an army for nothing. The good-for-nothing lazy things, they can work just as well as you can work. They'd never get anything out of me without doing something for it, I can tell you that."

"Oh, that's well enough in theory," observed the soft-hearted Cobleigh, "but it is too troublesome to reduce to practice. It is only a bite we can give 'em any way, and that's not enough to fool around about."

"That's the way with all men," retorted his wife's mother, somewhat impatiently. "Anything to save trouble is their motto, it matters not what is the cost. But I don't believe that way. I believe that every penny counts, and that if you get a little something in the way of work out of these vagabonds, it is so much gain for yourself, besides discouraging idleness and vagabondism. Now I'll take the next tramp in hand, and you'll see the effect."

Mrs. Cobleigh's mother was as good at her word. The next tramp who came along was a great hulk of a fellow in quest of victuals. The old lady had found out in the meantime that the front walk needed cleaning, and she told him if he would work there an hour she would give him something to eat. He assented, and she armed him with a hoe.

She was very much pleased with the success of her plan, and said to her daughter, in an exulting tone, "There, what did I tell you?"

At the end of half an hour she went to the front to see that he was not fooling away the time, and found that he was not. In fact, he had made the very best use of the time, and was powher in sight. The old lady hastened to the walk and looked anxiously up and down the street, but the tramp was nowhere to be seen.

This made her very sick.

Then she remembered that the hoe was a new one, and the sickness increased.

Every few minutes she would go to the door and cast an anxious glance to the walk, but the object of her longing did not darken its surface.

Such a terribly discouraged old lady has not been seen in Danbury in some time, nor one so prone to rubbing her head and silent meditation.

Mr. Cobleigh has got another hoe, which he has chained to a post in the cellar,—a precaution scarcely necessary.

## THE DOWNFALL OF A NEWSPAPER.

I.

It was morning. The sun shone cheerfully in through the windows of the *Figaro* office. Ten clerks—neatly dressed and natty—were writing at the carved oaken tables. The *Figaro* was the oldest, wealthiest, and most influential journal in the metropolis. It was the organ of the political party in power, and had successfully issued from a vast number of libel suits.

Pierre Buisseant. He is the editor and proprietor. He is very rich in intellect and pocket. He has just fought a duel with an envious rival and has killed him. He looks happy.

"Good morning, monsieur," say the clerks, rising and bowing deferentially.

Pierre Buisseant makes no reply. He lays his gold-headed cane on a mahogany dressing-case, throws himself upon a raw silk settee, and lazily glances over the columns of the *Figaro*.

How proud and scornful he is! Little does he suspect the dreadful storm that is about to burst over his devoted head. But wait!

A man enters the *Figaro* office. It is Jean Jacques Lecouvrier, the haberdasher. He appears excited. He approaches the rosewood counter.

"Stop my paper," he mutters in husky tones that tremble with emotion.

"The thirteen clerks drop their gold pens and look up with sublime horror depicted on their faces. The place seems haunted with the gloom and dampness of a deserted graveyard.

Pierre Buisseant rises trembling from his couch. He comes forward with cold sweat standing out upon his marble forehead.

"Mon Dieu!" he cries in agony, "you can't mean what you say. I pray you reconsider."

"Stop my paper," repeats Jean Jacques Lecouvrier, the haberdasher.

"Why?" asks Pierre Buisseant, quaking in every limb.

"You have slandered Pitou Gaston," says Jean Jacques; "you say he is a barber, when you know very well he is a chiropodist. He is my friend. Stop my paper!"

And Jean Jacques Lecouvrier wrathfully strode out through the massive doorway.

II.

Valerie sat at the rosewood piano. She was essaying the most popular airs of the latest opera. Eugenie lolled listlessly on a cushioned sofa deep in the mysteries of "Les Miserables." Little Francois and Henri were playing marbles on the tapestry carpet.

It was the home of Pierre Buisseant the editor. A lofty, gilded, sumptuous palace where luxury had a bidding place and want had never obtruded its gaunt hideous presence.

Madame Buisseant enters. She wears black velvet and diamonds. That she was an editor's wife you could have guessed by the tiara of pearls and sapphires on her lovely brow.

"Where is your papa?" she asks.

"He has not yet returned," replies Valerie.

But there is, just then, a familiar step on the front stoop. In another moment Pierre Buisseant totters in. He is pale, haggard and breathless. He sinks upon an ottoman.

"Mon cher! mon cher!" cries Madame Buisseant, hastening to his side and seizing his cold, trembling hands, while their children gather tearfully around. "Art sick—or full?"

"The worst has come!" he gasps. "I have tried to be a good husband and an indulgent father. And now, after I have amassed all this wealth, I see it snatched from me and in its place dreary poverty. Listen; I am a ruined man. From these scenes of luxury we are suddenly transported to penury!"

"What is this you say? Whatever do you mean?" they shriek between their sobs.

"Mean?" answers the pallid, trembling, wretched man. "Mean? I mean that Jean Jacques Lecouvrier, the haberdasher, has stopped his paper."

But why pursue the harrowing recital further?

Alas!

## ANOTHER YOUTHFUL TRAIN ROBBER.

It was night.

Night in Arkansas.

It was night in several other States as well, but Arkansas is the one with which we have to deal at this writing.

It being our turn to deal.

A lightning express was booming along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Every car was full, many standing in the aisles with that meekness and patience only seen on an American Railroad to accommodate the fellow who wants four seats all to himself.

The lamps blazed fitfully over the passengers' dusters, which seemed to fit fully as well as travelling dusters usually do.

The conductor had passed through (which was more than he would allow any one else to do without the requisite pass), punching people into wakefulness in order that he might punch their tickets.

The train boy had filled the passengers' laps with books, to keep them from bouncing in their seats while going over rough places.

A brakeman had put his head in and shouted, "The next stopping place is—!" the name of the station being lost in the slamming of the car door.

The boy who is always dry, had made his fifty-second pilgrimage to the water tank.

And the woman who wants air had just torn off her last remaining finger nail in trying to get her window up.

This was on a railroad in the State of Arkansas.

Suddenly the car door opens.

A youthful figure appears, holding something in his hand upon which the light glitters. He presents it in a significant manner and cries:

"Now, gentlemen, your money—"

Fifty men turn pale and cry, "Don't shoot!"

Twenty females scream with one voice and some faint.

There is a hasty thrusting of watches and pocketbooks beneath cushions and into boots.

Strong men fight for a place under the seats where they can secrete themselves.

"Gentlemen," again cries the boyish voice, ringing high and clear above the screams of women and the din of the train (gasps for mercy from some of the men,) "let me sell you some of this tropical fruit," and he extends in his dexter hand—a banana!

It was the train boy pursuing his useful and harmless vocation.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

## SOMETHING IN THE BED.

Judge Pitman has a habit of slipping his watch under his pillow when he goes to bed. One night, somehow, it slipped down, and, as the Judge was restless, it worked its way down towards the foot of the bed. After a bit, while he was lying awake, his foot touched it; it felt very cold; he was surprised, scared, and jumping from the bed, said:

"By gracious, Maria, there's a toad or something under the covers; I touched it with my foot."

Mrs. Pitman gave a loud scream, and was on the floor in an instant.

"Now, don't go to hollering and waken the neighbours," said the Judge. "You get me a broom or something and we'll fix the thing mighty quick."

Mrs. Pitman got the broom and gave it to the Judge, with the remark that she felt as if snakes were running up and down her back.

"Oh, nonsense, Maria! Now turn down the covers slowly while I hold the broom and bang it." Put a bucket alongside the bed so we can shove it in and drown it."

Mrs. Pitman fixed the bucket and gently removed the covers. The Judge held the broom uplifted, and as the black ribbon of his watch was revealed he cracked away at it three or four times with the broom, then he pushed the thing into the bucket. Then they took the light to investigate the matter. When the Judge saw what it was he said:

"I might have known; it is just like you women to go screeching and fussing about nothing. It is utterly ruined."

"It was you that made the fuss; not me," said Mrs. Pitman.

"You needn't try to put the blame on me;" then the Judge turned in and growled at Maria until he fell asleep.

## VARIETIES.

WESTERN reformers now propose to substitute a neat and inexpensive bracelet for the wedding ring, made so as to admit of several modifications of pattern, and thus suited to be used some half a dozen different times. It is to be placed on the bride's wrist the day before the wedding, so as to avoid all chance of its being mislaid, and the wedding service is to be changed in such a way that instead of mentioning a ring the clergyman will merely refer to "the bracelet annexed to the bride and marked Exhibit A."

WHAT MAMMA SAYS.—The following is told of a well-known "beauty lady" who is happy in the possession of a little girl about five years old almost as pretty as her mother. Not long ago an elderly, eminently respectable gentleman made an afternoon call, and, as elderly gentlemen often do, he took up the child and kissed her. "You must not do that," said the child, struggling, "I am a respectable married woman!" "What do you mean, my dear?" asked the astonished visitor. "Oh, that's what, mamma always says when gentlemen kiss her!" replied the artless infant.

A SWEET REMINDER.—Some years ago, as the great Barnum was selling off his menagerie, he noticed that when lot 20, a ferocious female Bengal tiger, was put up several bids came from a quiet ordinary-looking citizen dressed in deep mourning, anything but a showman in appearance, and finally the animal was knocked down to this stranger. After all was over, Barnum approached him, and inquired what on earth he could want with such a quadruped. "Waal," replied the purchaser, with a profound and suggestive sigh, "you see, professor, I was a married man, and my wife died last week, and I miss her; so I've bought this tiger." Barnum silently pressed the widower's hand. A chord had been touched. The two men understood each other, and no more was said.

## HUMOROUS.

THE cry of Egypt—I want my nummy.

"A TRUE American," says a Transatlantic contemporary, "is too proud to beg, and too honest to steal. He gets things on tick."

THERE are some experiences in life which make us feel like the boy who, when he stubbed his toe against a sharp stone, said he was too big to cry and too badly hurt to laugh.

SIX pounds bid, gentlemen," cried the auctioneer at an art sale; "only six pounds for this fine landscape, with its flowers, trees, water, atmosphere—and such an atmosphere! Why, the atmosphere alone is worth the money!"

A GERMAN shoemaker, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, told him when he called for the articles: "Der poets is not quite done, but der beel ish made out."

AN obstreperous individual was making himself generally disagreeable in a beer saloon the other night when a bystander asked the proprietor what his name was. "I do not know vot his name vas," said the irritated Teuton, but his peevishness is a dondering shack-ass!"

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

Now that the chess players in Canada have begun the season of their hostilities over the board, and that the usual interest is exhibited in chess circles, inquiries are made as to what is being done by those upon whom are devolved the management of the affairs of the Canadian Chess Association.

On reference to the report of the last meeting at Ottawa, we find that it was decided to hold the next gathering of members at the city of Quebec at a date to be fixed by the President.

As regards other matters connected with the Congress, we shall be glad to hear that the Secretary has received instructions from the Committee of Management, and that a programme is in course of preparation.

We hear that the members of the Detroit Chess Club have challenged the players of the Toronto Club to a match by telegraph, to take place about the middle of this month. We have no doubt the challenge will be accepted and we will do our best to publish the result in our Column.

The following very interesting sketch of the chess champions during the last forty years is by Mars, the chess correspondent of the Dramatic News.

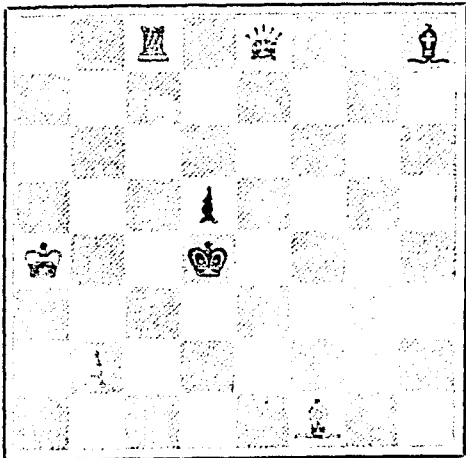
From 1843 to 1851 Staunton was the acknowledged champion of the world. From 1851 to 1858 Anderssen, a Prussian, held that rank, but during that period, Buckle was considered quite of equal strength, and would, no doubt, have tried conclusions with him had not his literary labours prevented him from giving the requisite time and attention to such a contest.

The College Chess Club has been dissolved, and thereby is confessed the failure of an experiment which, besides being well meant, seemed at one time to promise success. In these days of the higher education of women, chess, as a mental recreation, is sure to attract some of them, but how such aspirations are to be satisfied remains to be seen.—Lard and Water.

PROBLEM No. 354.

By F. Healey.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 42ND.

(From the Chessplayer's Chronicle.)

Played at Mephisto's Rooms, 15th October, 1881.

(Scottish Gambit.)

- White.—(Mr. Marriott.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. P to Q 4, 4. Kt takes P, 5. B to K 3, 6. P to Q B 3, 7. B to Q Kt 5, 8. Castles, 9. P to B 4, 10. Q to K 2, 11. Q Kt to Q 2, 12. P takes B, 13. P to B 5, 14. Kt takes P, 15. P to B 6 (c), 16. P takes P, 17. B to B 4 (ch) (d), 18. Q R to Q sq, 19. K R to K B 3 (e), 20. B takes Kt, 21. R takes R (ch), 22. Q to Q 3, 23. K to R sq, 24. Q to Q B 3, 25. Q takes Kt, 26. Kt to K Kt 3, 27. R to K Kt sq, 28. P to K R 3, 29. Kt to K B sq, 30. Q to B 3 (ch), 31. Q to B 4 (ch) (f), 32. Q to Q 3, 33. R takes B. Black.—(Mephisto.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. P takes P, 4. B to B 4, 5. Q to B 3, 6. K Kt to K 2, 7. Castles (a), 8. P to Q 3, 9. Q to R 3, 10. P to B 4, 11. B takes Kt, 12. P takes K P (b), 13. Q to B 3, 14. Q to B 2, 15. Kt to K B 4, 16. Q takes P, 17. K to R sq, 18. B to Q 2, 19. Q Kt takes P, 20. Kt takes B, 21. R takes R, 22. Kt to B 6 (ch), 23. Kt to K 4, 24. Kt takes B, 25. B to B 3, 26. Q takes Kt P, 27. R to K sq, 28. K to K 8, 29. Q to K B 7, 30. K to Kt sq, 31. K to B sq, 32. B takes P (ch), 33. Q takes Kt (ch). White resigns.

NOTES.

(a) The move of Kt to Q sq, introduced by Mr. Gunberg in his match with Mr. Blackburne does not seem to find favour in Mephisto's views.

(b) This is a dangerous move, which might lose the game.

(c) Rather premature; P to K Kt 4 here would be admissible for White.

(d) This is waste of time; B takes Kt might have been better. (e) P to Q 5 was the very obvious move for White. (f) Black's last few moves brought matters to a forcible conclusion. If White played merely to prolong the game for a possible, but not very probable, chance of drawing, then Q to Kt 3 (ch) would have been his proper move.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 353.

- White. 1. R to K B 2, 2. R to K B 8 (ch), 3. Kt mates. Black. 1. B takes B (best), 2. B takes R.

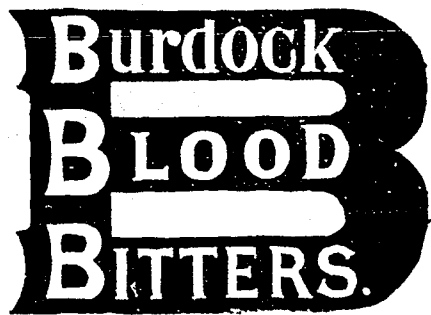
Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 351.

- White. 1. Q to K 3, 2. Mates acc. Black. 1. Any.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 352.

- White. K at Q Kt 5, Q at K Kt 5, Kt at K B 4, Pawn at Q B 6. Black. K at Q 3, B at K B 2, Pawns at K 2, K Kt 3, Q B 5 and Q Kt 3. White to play and mate in two moves.

A SCENE IN THE OHIO LEGISLATURE, EIGHTY YEARS AGO.—Michael Baldwin, the irrepressible and incorrigible, was no more dignified, abstemious, or moral in his position as Speaker of the first Ohio House of representatives than he had been in former years, or lesser stations. He presided over the Chamber in 1803, 1804, and 1805. It is a matter of tradition that for his own pecuniary benefit, and for the entertainment of those among the legislators who had a penchant for gaming, he established in his rooms the game of "vingt-et-un," himself acting as banker and dealer, and as a matter of course winning more frequently than any of the others players. On one occasion, after much drinking, and a late sitting at the gambling table, Baldwin found himself in possession not only of all the money of his companions, but of many of their watches. In the morning the House of Representatives was found to be without a quorum; but Baldwin, accustomed to heavy drinking and late hours, was in his place back of the Speaker's desk. Rapping savagely with his gavel, he demanded the roll-call of the House, and then sent the Sergeant-at-arms out with orders to bring in the delinquent members. After an hour or so that functionary returned, followed by about a dozen members of the Ohio Legislature, whose blood-shot eyes, suffused faces, unsteady, shambling steps, and general air of shamefacedness indicated the late hours they had kept, and their heavy indulgences. With much austerity of manner, Baldwin reprimanded the tardy members, reminded them of the cost to which the infant State was subjected by payment of their per diems, and was proceeding to farther elaborate his censure on their late arrival and the consequent delay of legislation, when one of the delinquents, exasperated beyond control, cried out, "Hold on there, Mr. Speaker, hold on! How could we tell what time it was, when the Speaker of the House had all of our watches?"—ALFRED MATHEWS, in Harper's.



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This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge at the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R."

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881.

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An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which Nations should feel grateful." - See Medical Press, Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only) O. David & Co., 45, Mark Lane, London, England.

CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.

## LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



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 thus—

Lea & Perrins

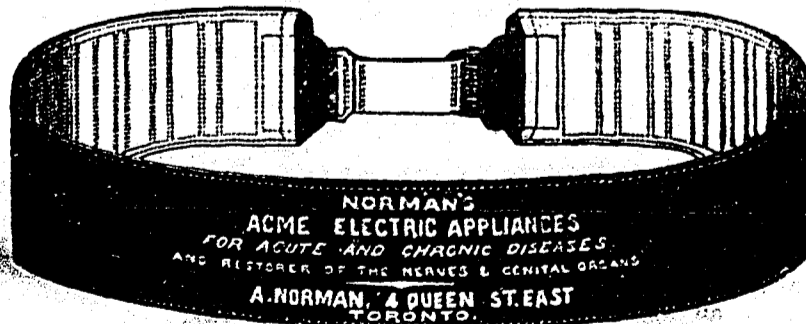
without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.

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

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

## NORMAN'S ELECTRO-CURATIVE BELT INSTITUTION.

(ESTABLISHED 1874.)



A. NORMAN, Electrician, 4 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

CONSULTATION FREE. Large Circulars, with Testimonials, may be had on application.

## CADBURY'S COCOA ESSENCE. PURE, SOLUBLE, REFRESHING.

It is often asked, "Why does my doctor recommend Cadbury's Cocoa Essence?" The reason is that being absolutely genuine, and concentrated for the removal of the superfluous fat, it contains FOUR TIMES the AMOUNT OF NITROGENOUS or FLESH-FORMING CONSTITUENTS than the average of other Cocoas which are mixed with sugar and starch.

CANADIAN DEPOT: 30, RADEGONDE ST., MONTREAL.

Beware of imitations, which are often pushed by Shopkeepers for the sake of extra profit.



## South Eastern Railway

AND Montreal and Boston Air Line THE DIRECT AND BEST ROUTE TO

## White Mountains,

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

## BOSTON

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

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 27th, South Eastern Railway Trains will run to and from Bonaventure Station as follows:—

### LEAVE MONTREAL.

DAY EXPRESS running through to Boston at 8.30 a.m., with Parlor 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 3.00 p.m., and arrive on Mondays at 8.25 a.m. instead of 9.15 a.m.

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

### ARRIVE AT MONTREAL.

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

DAY EXPRESS from Boston at 8.45 p.m.

Express Train arriving at 8.25 a.m. will stop daily at Richfield, Chambly, Canton and Chambly Basin.

The most comfortable and elaborate Sleeping Cars run on the night trains that enter Bonaventure Station.

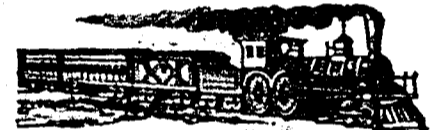
ALL CARS AND TRAINS run between Bonaventure Station, Montreal, and Boston WITH OUT CHANGE. Baggage checked through to all principal points in NEW ENGLAND.

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

For Tickets, apply at 202 St. James street, Windsor Hotel and Bonaventure Station.

BRADLEY BARLOW, President and General Manager.

\$777 a year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.



## Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

### Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, July 25th, 1881.

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa.....		6.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Ottawa.....		1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga.....		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 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....		9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....		10.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....		5.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.		
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....	8.45 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.00 a.m.		
Leave Hochelaga for Joliette.....	5.00 p.m.		
Arrive at Joliette.....	7.25 p.m.		
Leave Joliette for Hochelaga.....	6.00 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.20 a.m.		

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.) Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later than Hochelaga.

Magnificent Palace Cars on all Day Passenger Trains, and Sleeping Cars on Night Trains. Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from 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, } Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec. L. A. GENEVAL, Gen'l Sup't.

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

## Private Medical Dispensary.

(Established 1850), 25 GOULD STREET, TORONTO, ONT.—Dr. Andrews' "Painful" ointment, Dr. Andrews' Female Pills, and all of Dr. A.'s celebrated remedies for private diseases, can be obtained at the Dispensary. Circulars Free. All letters answered promptly, without charge, when stamp is enclosed. Communications confidential. Address, R. J. Andrews, M. B., Toronto, Ont.