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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 3.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1883.

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



VENETIAN FISHER BOY.—FROM A PAINTING BY BLAAS.



The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited), at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

July 15th, 1883.				Corresponding week, 1882.			
Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.
Max. 75	76	78	84	Max. 75	76	78	84
Min. 50	50	50	50	Min. 50	50	50	50
Mean. 62	62	62	67	Mean. 62	62	62	67
50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50
50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50
50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50
50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,  
Montreal, Saturday, July 21, 1883.

THE STATE OF PARTIES.

A curious and important movement is afoot in the political parties of the Province of Quebec. There is a marked division among both the Liberals and Conservatives; and in both cases the difference has arisen out of personal causes.

The old Rouge party was ably represented by *La Patrie*, whose influence was almost exclusive so long as M. Joly continued as leader. But when that gentleman resigned in favor of M. Mercier, *La Patrie* became so lukewarm in its adhesion that the new chief of the Opposition resolved upon establishing an organ of his own. This he has succeeded in doing, despite an array of financial and other difficulties. *Le Temps* will henceforth be pitted against *La Patrie* and a lively warfare may be anticipated. M. Mercier professes to be a moderate, while the other wing is confessedly radical, especially in its democratic ideas. While *La Patrie* has a strong backing, is commercially prosperous, and enjoys the prestige of a purity of occupation in the political field, *Le Temps* is supported by some of the very best men in the Liberal rank, such as M. Marchand, editor-in-chief, Messrs. Laflamme, Laurier, Langelier, Poirier, Tremblay, Christin, and Bouthillier.

The Conservatives are divided in a precisely similar manner. The old governing party is still valiantly represented by *La Minerve* and *Le Monde*, while the secessionists or *Castors* have a doughty champion in *L'Etendard*. The patrons of the latter are by no means insignificant men. M. De Boncherville has been Premier of the Province. Dr. Ross has been President of the Council, and is otherwise a man of ability. M. Beaubien has been Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. M. Trudel is a Senator and a powerful writer. We know less of M. Bellerose, although we believe that his influence is circumscribed and local. The cause of contention is ostensibly the sale of the North Shore Railway, and the subsequent administration of M. Mousseau, but there is reason to believe that the real motive power of the *Castors* is mainly personal.

There are many men in both parties who deplore these divisions, regarding them as signs of pusillanimity and sources of weakness. From our point of view, we do not share that opinion. In so far as they result in stirring public opinion, causing the people to read and take an interest in political questions, these quarrels are a healthful symptom. They show that the electors are willing and able to judge for themselves, that they refuse to be blindly led, and they are not afraid to exact of their chiefs a strict account of

their stewardship. Even if it be proven that the guiding spirits are ruled by personal and selfish motives, the result will be none the less beneficial, because the mass of the people are influenced only by the general argument.

From another point of view, however, these wranglings are singularly out of place at this particular time. The French Canadians are practically omnipotent in this Province. Since 1867 they have had the management of affairs almost exclusively in their own hands. They have to shoulder the responsibility of the present lamentable condition of things in Quebec. The situation is of the gravest character, and it is their duty to face it. They need not expect to get assistance from Ottawa, for that is utterly out of the question, and their leader knows it. Instead, therefore, of branching off wildly into four parties or factions, raking up old issues, debating purely theoretical questions, and tearing up the reputation of their best men on both sides, they ought to tighten their ranks, approach each other in a generous spirit of conciliation, and work together to draw their native Province out of the Slough of Despond. Party ought to give way to country, and politics should be merged in patriotism.

We shall be told that this union is utopian. We are afraid it is. But it ought not to be. The present is not the first time that Canadian administration has been driven into a *cul-de-sac*. It is not the first time that the hard necessity of coalition has been met with and bravely accepted. The history of the McNab-Morin administration should be a standing lesson for our statesmen. The example of George Brown, in 1864, proves conclusively that when there is a great object in view—no less than the salvation of the country—the strongest passions can be silenced, and the greatest sacrifices cheerfully made. The occasion is a vital one. The opportunities of doing a good act are splendid. Let the ultras of both parties go on with their nonsense, but let the moderate, sensible men coalesce, at least for a time, until the old Province is saved.

THE SALMON FISHERIES.

Mr. Whiteher's communication in your illustrated number of the 7th inst., admits that with all the assistance derived from fish-hatcheries as well as protection, our salmon fisheries have not improved to the extent anticipated a quarter of a century ago, when the Government system of protection was initiated. The public officials connected with these fisheries at the time were told and warned that their system would be worse than useless. The existence on the shores of the St. Lawrence within tidal influences of hundreds of fixed weirs,—the use by the permission of the Government in their leases, of mesh nets, anchored in the course of the fish, along the shores to and from their fisheries to the sea, would destroy, as has been done the fish hatched in localities above the tidal flow,—thus there could be no return of the fish produced in the hatcheries of Ontario. The young salmon could not reach the sea, and any that might have escaped, risked capture in these engines on their return; hence the fourteen years operations in Ontario were against nature and common sense. Among other grave mistakes was the leasing of the fisheries in the different Provinces and allowing these destructive nets to be used therein. The leases have been declared illegal, and it is now a fair question whether the local governments can lease these fisheries and allow in "floatable rivers," the anchoring of fixtures which cannot be placed in any position, without impeding the public right of navigation with boats and other small craft. The titles giving leave to fish with any kind of engines originally granted would appear to be abrogated by the recent law changing the tenure, and for which the grantees have been indemnified; however that may be, it is a sound principle that no fixtures can be tolerated that obstruct navigation.

The objection to fixed engines of any kind in the capture of salmon was fully discussed many years ago; all naturalists and men of science condemn them. The gentlemen of the Fish and Game Protection Club in your city have before them in a minute book the most conclusive opinions on the subject, and I would most respectfully suggest to these sportsmen to give the lordly salmon a helping hand, as it must be remembered that the St. Lawrence with its tributaries (including the Ottawa and the Saguenay and their tributaries) forms the connecting link between the great lakes of the West and the tides of the Atlantic creating a fishing ground unrivalled in capacity and extent. Every tributary in this vast field may be restocked, but the obstacles preventing the migration to the sea from the spawning grounds of the young salmon and the return of the fish must be removed, or the spending of public money is useless.

F. W. G. AUSTIN.  
Maple Hurst, 6th July, 1883.

THE MARQUIS OF LANDSOWNE.

The Marquis of Lorne, whose term of service as Governor-General of Canada will be completed in October, is to be succeeded by the Marquis of Lansdowne.

The Right Hon. Henry Charles Keith-Petty-Fitzmaurice, Marquis of Lansdowne, who was born in 1845, is the elder son of Henry, fourth Marquis, K.G., his mother being the Hon. Emily Jane Elphinstone de Flahault, eldest daughter of the Comte de Flahault, and Baronesse Nairne in her own right. He was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford, and was formerly a Captain in the Wilts Yeomanry Cavalry. He succeeded his father in the Marquisate and other titles in 1866. Lord Lansdowne was a Lord of the Treasury from 1863 to 1872, and Under Secretary of War from the latter date till 1874. He was appointed Under Secretary for India when Mr. Gladstone took office in 1880, but retired two months afterwards, owing to a disagreement with the Irish policy of the Government. He is a magistrate for Wiltshire, and also for the County of Kerry. His lordship married, in 1869, Lady Maui Evelyn Hamilton, youngest daughter of the Duke of Abercorn.

THE LATE BISHOP COLENZO.

The Right Rev. John William Colenso, D.D., Bishop of Natal, whose death last week was announced from Durban, was born in 1814. He early gave signs of remarkable arithmetical and mathematical ability, and at Cambridge graduated in 1836 as Second Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman, receiving a Fellowship from his College (St. John's) where he became assistant tutor. He speedily turned his fondness for figures to account by publishing two elementary works on Algebra and Arithmetic, which at once became the standard school works of the day, almost completely superseding the elder textbooks. These were followed by a more advanced Algebra and a work on Plane Trigonometry. In 1846 he was appointed Rector of Forncett St. Mary, and in that little village worked hard for seven years, being offered, and accepting, the Bishopric of Natal in 1853. There he devoted himself to missionary labors with characteristic energy, studied Zulu, and compiled a grammar and dictionary of that tongue, not, however, neglecting the literature of his own country, as, amongst other things, he published a new translation of the Epistle to the Romans, with comments, which excited considerable discussion at the time, for he expressed a fervent hope that the heathen would be saved, and pronounced against eternal punishment. His next work, however, was one of far greater importance, and one which threw all religious circles in England into a fever of consternation, and caused its author in many directions to be looked upon as an absolute heretic. It was entitled "The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua Critically Examined." In this Dr. Colenso, as a recent writer remarks, boldly attacked the Mosaic authorship of the books in question, and pointed out in detail what he considered to be flaws fatal to the historical accuracy of the narratives contained in them. Moreover, his view was that the New Testament, in quoting these books as authoritative, merely went according to the traditions of the Jewish Church, without any examination of their claim to accuracy. As may be imagined, such outspoken opinions raised a theological tempest. The books were condemned by the Houses of Convocation—though only, be it said, by a small majority—and the Metropolitan of the Cape, Bishop Gray, pronounced Dr. Colenso's deposition from his Bishopric. Then ensued a long litigation, which ended in the Privy Council pronouncing that Bishop Gray had no jurisdiction whatever in the matter. Next the Council of the Colonial Bishops' Fund declined to pay Dr. Colenso his stipend, but here again he was successful, and he continued in his see until the day of his death—his admirers and followers presenting him with a purse of three thousand guineas as a testimonial. In 1874 he again visited England, and was inhibited by various Bishops from preaching within their Dioceses. While in England he championed the cause of Langhale, and so impressed Lord Carnarvon that he commuted the sentence on that chief into simple banishment. This action and his pronounced sympathy with the natives of South Africa caused him much unpopularity in Natal, and this was not bettered by the intercourse he held with Cetewayo and the Zulus, by whom he was known as "Father of his people." His correspondence with Sir Bartle Frere and his urgent pleadings on behalf of the Zulus are matters of history too well known to need recapitulation here. When the King became a captive he visited him in his prison at Cape town, and did his utmost to soften the rigors of his confinement. Since that time there is little to record of Dr. Colenso's career, save that he continued his translations of the Scriptures into Zulu, and ever labored for the welfare of the natives, by whom he will be deeply regretted as a staunch and true friend.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM KNOLLYS.

General the Right Hon. Sir William T. Knollys, K.C.B., Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, who died recently, was born on August 1st, 1797. He was the eldest son of the late General William Knollys, who for many years

held the title of Earl of Banbury until the House of Lords decided his claim to the Earldom, and began his military career as a cadet at Woolwich. He entered the army as ensign in December, 1813, and served in the Peninsular War. His regiment did not take part in the Battle of Waterloo, but formed part of the Army of Occupation of Paris, and there Sir William often mounted guard at the Palais Royal and Luxembourg. After passing through the intermediate grades, he became Major-General in 1854, in which year he was also made Governor of Guernsey. In the following year he was appointed to the command of the Division then forming at Aldershot, and under his supervision the camp there was organized. From April, 1861, to July, 1862, he was Vice-President of the Council of Military Education, and he resigned that appointment to enter the service of the Prince of Wales as his Treasurer and Controller of his Household. In 1877 he received from the Queen the appointment of Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and became Groom of the Stole to the Prince of Wales. A few days before he died the *Times* tells us he was gazetted in succession to the late Lord Rokeby to the Colonelcy of the Scots Guards, the regiment in which his father had served, and which he himself had entered seventy years before. The honor thus conferred on him he highly appreciated, and when it was offered to him he is reported to have declared that he preferred it to the peerage which as a youth he had lost—referring in his observation to the Earldom of Banbury. In 1830 Sir William Knollys married Elizabeth, daughter of the late Sir John St. Aubyn.

An association of newspapers in West Virginia are considering the proposal to begin the use of the new spellings which have been recommended by the English and American Philological Societies. The committee does us the honor to ask suggestions on the step. There is little to be said beyond what the intelligence and common sense of the association have already at command. The results of the experiments begun by the *Chicago Tribune* and other papers some four years ago are well known to the public. They are favorable in one point, and not very favorable in another. The acceptance of the reform by the people has been rapid and appreciative, far beyond what there was reason to expect, judging from the history of previous changes in the language. But the support of the press has been inadequate. There are many influential journals that accept the principle of reform, but they delay under various pretexts putting it in practice, and accordingly the newspaper advance is much less than that among the people. To remedy the defect there is needed just the action which the Wheeling Intelligencer and the West Virginia Press Association are contemplating. In beginning such a movement, it is very important that its nature be thoroughly understood. The reader of the associated journals should know, at the outset, that the work they are called upon to take part in is not one for mere personal pleasure, but for the great good of the public. It is undertaken in response to the earnest recommendations of the most eminent scholars and philanthropists of the English speaking countries, and their purpose is not any immediate returns to their individual cash box, but to secure immense advantages for those to come after us. In view of the incalculable gains we may confer on our children and the countless generations of the future by making the language perfect, plain, simple and regular, we are presumed to be willing to incur a slight sacrifice of present comfort, to suffer a little halt in the ease of our reading in order that the millions who are to take up the task after us may be spared the years and years of needless labor which we have wasted on our orthographic chaos. There is undeniably a gain in the very first steps toward a perfect system, but it is so slight compared with the trouble of changing old habits that it is not worth naming. We may at once call the beginning a sacrifice, but we should add that it is a sacrifice which every person of public spirit should glory in making, which every lover of his race should even hasten with impatience to begin. He should take up his paper, magazine or book with its well-considered, well-approved simplifications and he should welcome with the gladness of charity, with the triumphant joy of the martyr whatever crucifixion of old associations the truth may be required to be made. And he will easily do this, if he will but keep in view the noble object of the work, and instead of thinking solely of his own selfish ease will bestow a thought on the benefit and happiness of others. A movement of this character will command, it is to be hoped, the unanimous support of the association. Starting with the force and authority of such a body success will be assured at once. The difficulties which beset the pioneers who entered the path in a straggling sort of way, without complete uniformity of step and concert of action, will be avoided by the members of this association. They will escape the objection of encouraging chaos, every editor with his separate system; their co-operation in the reform will not be mistaken for a mere newspaper sensation, the "boom" of a single journal or the bid of this or that journalist for notoriety. Setting out as one body, following the path which has been clearly marked out by the philological societies of England and America, they cannot fail of a brilliant success. Theirs will be the first association of the kind in the English-speaking world to take a definite step for the reform of the language.

**WHAT THE TRAVELLER SAID AT SUNSET.**

The shadows grow and deepen round me:  
I feel the dew-fall in the air;  
The muzzin of the darkening thicket,  
I hear the night-thrush call to prayer.

The evening wind is sad with farewells,  
And loving hands unclasp for mine;  
Alone I go to meet the darkness  
Across an awful boundary line.

As from the lighted hearths behind me  
I pass with slow reluctant feet,  
What waits for me in the land of strangeness?  
What face shall smile, what voice shall greet?

What space shall awe, what brightness blind me?  
What thunder roll of music stun?  
What vast procession sweep before  
Of shapes unknown beneath the sun?

I shrink from unaccustomed glory,  
I dread the myriad voiced strain;  
Give me the unforgetten faces,  
And let my lost ones speak again.

He will not chide my mortal yearning  
Who is our Brother and our Friend,  
In whose full life, divine and human,  
The heavenly and the earthly blend.

Mine be the joy of sole communion;  
The scene of spiritual strength renewed,  
The reverence of the pure and holy,  
The dear delight of doing good.

No fitting ear is mine to listen  
An endless nothing's rise and fall;  
No curious eye is mine to measure  
The pearl gate and the Jasper wall.

For love must needs be more than knowledge;  
What matter if I never know  
Why Aldebaran's star is ruddy,  
Or colder Sirius white as snow!

Forgive my human words, O Father!  
I say the larger truth for love:  
Thy money shall transcend my longing;  
I seek but love, and Thou art Love!

I go to find my lost and mourned for  
Safe in Thy sheltered goodness still,  
And all that hope and faith foreshadow  
Made perfect in Thy holy will!

J. G. WHITTIER.

**LIES TOLD TO CHILDREN.**

Alexandre Dumas has been coming out in the character of censor morum, and the theme chosen in the paper which he has contributed to the periodical rejoicing in the title of "Nouveau Né," is the familiar one of the neglect shown by parents in the training of their children, especially in very early years. The grand offence of parents lies in shirking the difficulties presented by the curiosity of children. The first beginnings of that inquisitiveness are to be seen, according to Mr. Dumas, in actions not generally attributed to any such cause. "When you see a child spoil and destroy immediately and deliberately the playthings that have been given to it, pull off the petals of the flowers it has gathered, and even the wings of insects which it has caught, you say, 'Children are destructive; childhood is merciless.' It is a mistake. The child is not destructive; it is not cruel. It is curious. It does not want to destroy, it wants to know." But with the very first appearance of this desire for knowledge, with the first utterance of the often embarrassing but inexorable questions "how?" and "why?" the gravest responsibilities fall upon the parent, and these responsibilities he either shirks or seeks to delegate to others. Mr. Dumas's description of the latter process is very forcible. The mother, who has married not knowing why, and brought forth a child not knowing how, makes haste to hand over the care of it to others. The wet-nurse and nurse to provide for the body; the bonne, the governess, and the convent, or in the case of boys, the tutor and the school, to train the mind; the minister, the priest, or the rabbi to look after the soul—each teaching something which the other calls false, and all equally condemned by nature, history and science—these are all instances of that delegation of parental duty against which Mr. Dumas inveighs. "And all this because the man and woman want to have all the pleasures, all the rights, all the recompenses, of paternity and maternity, while transferring as far as ever they can its duties and responsibilities to others." As the children grow up the delegation of parental duties is followed, in the case of the boys at least, by their absolute neglect. The young man's desire to know the world is allowed to lead him into all sorts of excesses, at which the parents wink. "Il faut que la jeunesse se passe," and it is only when the vigor and the freshness of youth have both passed away that the parents intervene to induce him to settle in life, in order that they may enjoy the luxury of being surrounded with grand-children.

As for the girl, she is kept as carefully away from all experience as the young man is recklessly exposed to all, and is allowed to grow up amid her dreams and those of her equally ignorant companions, "until one day she meets, or is made to meet, a man more or less young, more or less intelligent, more or less rich, more or less disillusioned, whose character, antecedents, morals, relations and health are all imperfectly known, and whom she marries because she is of the age to marry." If, after this highly intelligent preparation of the young man or woman to meet the difficulties and temptations of life, these difficulties and temptations prove too much for them, there is a great cry of injured surprise. "How does this come about? I have given him (or her) so much. The child was well suckled by the nurse, well cared for by

servants, taught by masters, well grounded in morality by the priest. I cannot understand it at all."

The difficulty remains that, as has been well said, the stupidest child can ask more questions in five minutes than the wisest man can answer in a lifetime. The lesson of life, if it has a lesson, cannot be imparted. Each human being must learn it by his own experience. The problem in every case is how to give the child a provisional code to guide it while the experience is being gained, and to save it from losing all that makes life worth having in the process of learning to live. And to the solution of that problem Mr. Dumas contributes very little. But there is one point on which he dwells which moralists do well to insist upon. It is the heinousness of the time-honored practice of lying to children. That practice has indeed, we all know, the highest philosophic authority. But the lies that Plato recommended were intended to embody the truth. The lies that most men tell to escape the perplexity occasioned by children's questions are lies that not only do not embody the truth, but render a true and healthy attitude of mind on certain subjects forever impossible. We are not now speaking of disputed questions of faith, but of plain physical facts, of the habit of exciting an unnatural curiosity in children by evading their natural questions, of investing with a halo of unwholesome mystery matters that both can and ought to be kept in a clear daylight of science. The excuse for such lying always is that the children are not old enough to understand. But, says Mr. Dumas, and he says well, "L'enfant a toujours l'Age des questions qu'il fait." "There may," he continues, "be children who, owing to physical causes, are imbecile. But there is not such a thing as a stupid child. A child may have a more or less prompt intelligence. It may develop special aptitudes or antipathies. But you will never hear it say a silly thing (dire une bêtise) as long as you have not deceived it, as long as you have not told it a lie." There can be no doubt that of all the humbug practiced in the world there is none which on the whole is attended with more ruinous consequences than the deceptions to which parents constantly have recourse, and that with a perfectly easy conscience, to evade the troublesome curiosity of children. "I am convinced," says Mr. Dumas, "that the greatest revolutionaries in the world of ideas, those who have most horrified mankind, who have caused the shedding of the most tears, have been children to whose first questions men have not replied as they ought to have replied."

**MÉRY.**

That paradoxical French writer, Méry, tells in his fantastical way how and why Wagner's "Tannhauser" came to be played in the Grand Opera of Paris. It was in 1861, a few days after that musical event, that Mr. Berthelet, a common friend to Thiers and Méry, wanted to know the opinion of the then celebrated author of "Eva" about the new operatic work of the great German composer. Méry was very angry to see the opera, so rigidly closed to French authors, throwing its doors wide open to a foreigner: "I tell you," he said to Mr. Berthelet, "the music of Wagner is a backward movement with ridiculous pretensions to progress, a mere chaos of notes with a soporific tendency, in spite of some flashes of genius which I am honest enough not to underrate."

"But how is it that it forced its way into the opera like a bomb?"

"Ah! that is a state secret, my dear fellow."

"What?"

"Just as I tell you," added the Marseillais, growing very serious. "Entre nous—and to repeat it would be to impair your liberty—the recognition of the 'Tannhauser' at the opera was an additional article to the peace treaty of Villafranca."

"What nonsense!"

"Not at all. It was a mere consequence of the victory at Solferino. Look here, peace was already signed; for the last time the two Emperors had shaken hands and were going to their respective homes, when Francis Joseph said to Napoleon, 'By the way, I request from your majesty an additional clause.' Napoleon frowned at once. 'Don't be afraid,' went on the Austrian monarch, 'my request amounts to very little. I would like your majesty to order that the 'Tannhauser' of citizen Wagner be played in your Imperial Opera as soon as possible. Do you know Wagner?' Not at all; but it is all the same, sire. I am too glad to give your majesty a satisfaction which has nothing to do with my politics. But what may be the motive of your imperial sympathy for that musician?"

"Sympathy!" exclaimed Francis Joseph, "I have none for the man nor for his works; far from it, I abominate both. It was Wagner who, in 1849, tried to reduce to ashes the palace of my dear cousin, the King of Saxony, and would, were he left to himself, blow the coals of discord through all Germany. He has a hand in all conspiracies against my person and my crown; but I must confess the writer enjoys an immense, a powerful popularity. Even Vienna receives with frantic applause his opium-saturated melodies, and such a triumph sends his pride up like a paper kite. A new success would render him a most dangerous man. But in France, they are not fond of cloudy geniuses and incomprehensible masterpieces. They want plain, amusing music. There our cloud-gatherer

will be properly hissed and will commit suicide at once. Do you understand, sire?' 'Admirably well,' answered Napoleon. 'It will be done according to your wishes.'

"And so it was," added Méry with such a composed countenance that Mr. Berthelet took it to be as true as the gospel. The "Tannhauser" fell flat, indeed, in Paris; but Wagner's pride was not as sensitive as Francis Joseph thought it to be. There was no suicide, and Wagner lived to keep the Austrian Emperor angry for twenty years longer.

**H.M.S. "CANADA."**

When the British Navy was in the primary stage of transition from "wooden walls" to ironclad broadsides, many an old "salt" was heard to observe, "They will find that they will have to come back again to the old wooden ships." Such is, comparatively speaking, now taking place, when we examine the class of vessels in course of construction, of which the *Canada* is a fair type. Virtually these cruisers are wooden, the thin "inner skin," composed of iron or steel, being more for strength than defence. Their safety lies principally in their swiftness.

The *Canada* and her sister vessels may be termed iron-wooden-cased screw-steam corvettes, possessing very powerful armaments. The speed guaranteed was thirteen knots per hour, and at the late trials four knots were attained, which must be considered an eminently satisfactory result.

The choice of such a craft for Prince George's initial cruise as a midshipman is a happy one. A sailor's life on board this vessel will be presented to the Royal midshipman in all its phases, from steaming and sailing on the one hand to the practice of gunnery, on the most improved principles, on the other. On the upper deck of this smart little fighting ship every available inch of space is utilized for working the broad-side and chase guns, together with the sundry Gatlings, Nordenfeldts, &c., while below are fitted the most modern appliances for carrying out torpedo warfare. The *Canada* is armed with ten guns, three on each side and two at the bow and stern. The "bore" is six inches at the muzzle, and it is calculated that these weapons will project a shell nearly seven miles. One great advantage possessed by the new gun is the simplicity with which they are loaded and worked. Those in the "sponsons" forward can be worked behind their shields on pivots, to sweep the horizon to the extent of nearly a half-circle with safety, also giving a plunging fire. The desirability of acquiring such vessels to strengthen our Navy is obvious to every one who has watched the passing events during the Egyptian bombardment, as well as the encounter between the *Shah* and the *Huascar*. Although the *Canada* is not invulnerable to shot and shell, she is admirably fitted with water-tight compartments, and as long as she can keep the enemy at a proper distance, yet within her own range, she will be a very powerful antagonist to encounter. The Prince is under the charge of Captain Francis Durrant, of the *Canada*, who is also his governor.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.**

JOE JEFFERSON and C. W. Couidock are fishing in New Brunswick.

MR. ABBEY has made a contract with Madame Sembrich, the prima donna, for sixty nights in this country for one hundred thousand dollars.

SARAH BERNHARDT has just been decorated by the King of Sweden. Jenny Lind and Christina Nilsson are the only artists who have previously been honored with this distinction.

IT is announced that Victor Hugo is preparing a new piece to be played in December at the Odéon. The title is not yet known.

MR. A. RUBINSTEIN, the eminent composer and pianist, has received the third class of the Order of Saint Vladimir.

THE Queen of Roumania, writing under the name of Carmen Silvia, has invited the Swedish composer, Hallstrom, to compose the music for a new opera written by her.

JULES VERNE is pen in hand again, this time for a comedy which is to be placed at the Théâtre de Cluny this winter.

MME. BERNHARDT has made a bid for an adaptation of Zola's novel, or, rather, romance, entitled "Pot-Bouillé." It will, doubtless, become hers as there are few who could or would compete with her for the production.

MR. BOTTCHELL'S last modest assertion is that he "discovered Mr. Irving." If his vanity did not debar his dating himself so far back, the Irish Shakespeare is quite capable of proclaiming that he discovered America.

M. GOUNOD has accepted the invitation of the Birmingham Committee to write a new work for the next festival. It is reported to be a sequel to the "Redemption."

MR. LYTTON SOTHERN will sail for New York on August 6, intending to make a two years' tour through the United States. He will appear in the more celebrated of his father's characters, as well as in the principal part of a new play called "Dundreary's Son."

GEORGE R. SIMS, the author of "Lights of London," it is said, sat upon London doorsteps scantily clothed, in rain and snow, went for a day without food, courted a policeman's club, was shut up in a station-house and in a prison in order to realize what cold, hunger, arrest and detention really signified.

MME. PATTI will be welcome at Swansea with all the hearts of all the natives, for she promises to give them her services gratis for another charity concert. Last year's was a wonderful success; far and near people came to hear, and for once the Welshmen said, "Hang the expense!" The result was something under a thousand to the credit of a useful purpose.

AMONG the plays said to have been received by Madame Sarah Bernhardt at the Porte Saint Martin are two which, judging from their titles, will have some interest for English visitors to Paris. One is "Ireland," a drama by M. Georges Sauton; the second, "Les Contes d'Edgar Poe," by MM. Rosnard and Lesclide.

SALVINI has said, since he returned to Italy, that he made fifty thousand dollars by his last American tour. He was fifty-three on the first of January and means to retire from the stage when he is fifty-five. Until October next he will live in retirement with his family near Florence. Then he proposes a professional tour in Spain; from Spain he goes to Russia, and, having played in Moscow and St. Petersburg, he will return to America and conclude his theatrical career in Mexico.

M. MAUREL, the eminent baritone, has been in London this week looking up operatic stars of the first magnitude, the fact being that he has just become proprietor of the Théâtre des Nations in Paris, and, bigger fact still, has acquired the right of producing Verdi's new opera, "Iago," which, as we have always maintained, was finished, and would be given sooner or later, though not at Milan. Verdi will go to Paris to conduct the opera himself, and it will be a grand event in every sense.

It is said that the splendid collection of pictures now on view in the rue de Séze, and which has cost Mr. Petit much persuasive power to get loaned to him for a time, is worth no less than half a million of money—not silver, not francs, but gold sovereigns. A very small gallery, in these days of exalted prices, soon mounts up to that figure. The Hope Gallery at Amsterdam, which is all in a moderate-sized room, is worth three millions sterling. The city authorities could not for a long time afford to pay the legacy duty on it. It was left to them by Her von Hope.

ALTHOUGH there was not much to laugh at in the recent trial of Louise Michel—both evidence and verdict being sad enough—yet a smile was raised at the revelation afforded by one of the witnesses, who contradicted the Amazon's own statement with regard to her age—Louise gave it out as forty-seven, but the baptismal register asserts it to be fifty-seven. The assertion brought to mind the theory advocated by Vidocq, and which still maintains rule with the French police. "How old is the woman?" was always Vidocq's first question. "Well, she looks about so and so." "But what age does she own to, herself?" "Just forty." "Well, then, put her down as fifty. Women invariably make a reduction of ten years!" And so it always proves. Even the heroic leader of riot and rebellion was not above giving way to the little feminine weakness of endeavouring to conceal her age.

THE electric light proved such a great success at the last ball at Buckingham Palace that it is to be introduced into most parts of the royal building. There is no doubt that the voice of beauty, and all that supposes itself to be beautiful, or even pretty, was distinctly given in favor of the electric light. This recognition ends by its adaptation; but still, as beauty does, it may enchant, and yet depart without a moment's warning, leaving us all in darkness. The light is dependent upon machinery—machinery will stop—the machinery of pretty women and of the electric light.

THE following are the details of the method by which the fairy-like illuminations at Moscow at the coronation was produced:—The Tower of Ivan the Great and its side galleries were lit up by 3,500 small Edison lamps, fed by 18 portable engines, which moved a number of dynamo-electric machines of every existing system. The portable engines and machines were kept at the other bank of the Moskwa. The sheds communicated with the tower by 70 aerial electric wires. On the ramparts of the Kremlin towards the river a high large and ten smaller electric towers threw light over the river. The rest of the illuminations consisted in 200,000 lamps and 30,000 colored glass globes, 50,000 lanterns of Venetian glass, 600,000 tapers, and 15,500 lbs. of fireworks.

**OUR BLUE BLOOD.**

Two centuries and a half ago  
O'erdrugged to work with shouldered hoe  
A woman, barefoot, bronzed, and rouged,  
With pluck of Puritanic stuff,  
Six lusty children tagged behind,  
All hatless, shoeless, unconfined,  
And happy as the birds that flew  
About them. Naught of books they knew,  
Save one they read at twilight hour,  
Brought with them in the staunch Mayflower.

A pretty boy, thin and white,  
In a hammock swinging light,  
Languishes, and in the shade  
Devours rhyme and lemonade,  
While bending near her lover sighs,  
And gently fans away the flies,  
She murmurs, "Tis so nice that we  
Are neither of low family  
But of old Puritanic stock  
That landed upon Plymouth Rock."

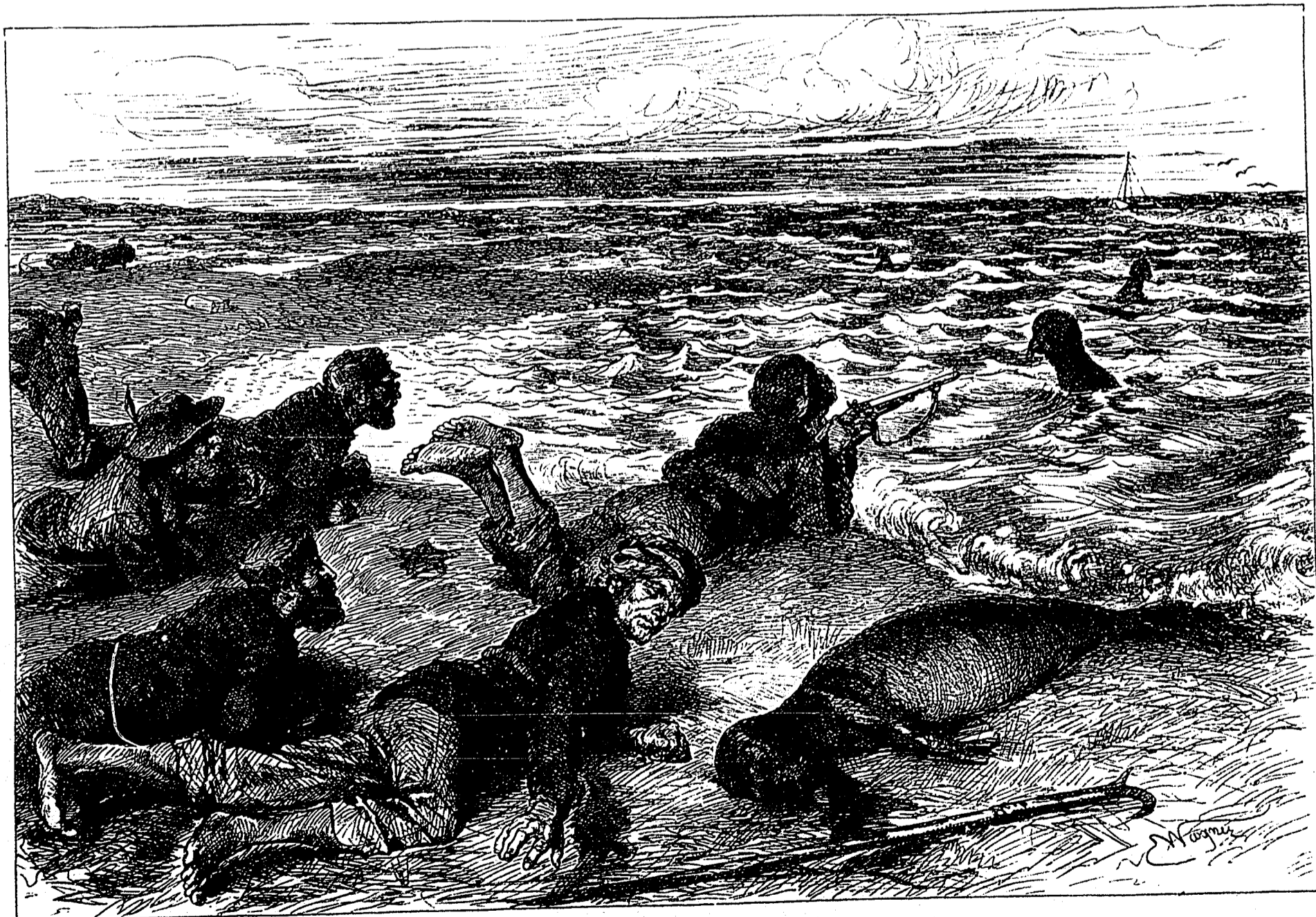
**CONSUMPTION CURED.**

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this number, W. A. Noves 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y. E-o-w





THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, GOVERNOR GENERAL DESIGNATE OF CANADA.



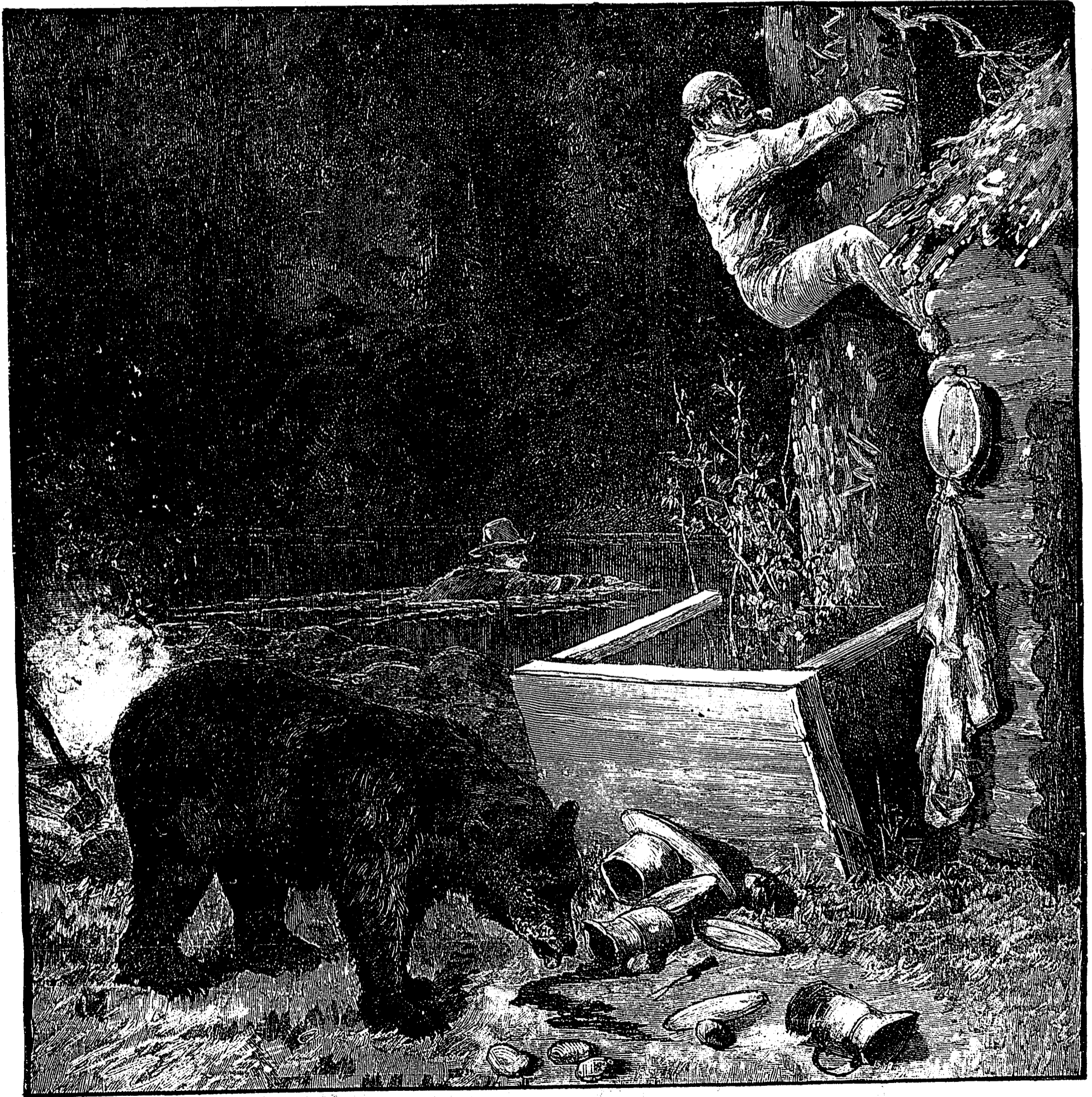
SEAL FISHING IN THE NORTH SEA.



THE LATE DR. COLENZO.



GENERAL KNOLLYS, USHER OF THE BLACK ROD.



TAKING POSSESSION OF THE CAMP.



### CASTLE-BUILDING.

"What are you building darling?"  
I asked of my girle fair,  
As she quietly sat on the hearth-rug,  
Piling her blocks with care,  
While the ruddy glow of the firelight  
Danced in her golden hair.

"I am building a castle, mother,"  
My little maid replied,  
"These are the walls around it,  
And here is a gateway wide,  
And this is the winding stair  
To climb up by the side."

So the busy fitting fingers  
Went on with her pretty play,  
And the castle walls were rising  
In the fading winter day,  
When—a sudden, luckless motion,  
And all in ruins lay!

Ah, merry little builder,  
The years with stealthy feet  
May bring full many a vision  
Of castles rare and sweet,  
That end like your baby pastime—  
In ruin sad and fleet.

Yes, laugh o'er the toy walls fallen,  
For sunshine follows rain,  
And we may smile, looking backward  
At ruined shrine and pane,  
While the heart has shattered temples,  
It may not build again.

### DULCIE.

By the Author of "My Marriage," "Poor Little Kitty," Etc.

A farm-yard basking in the sunshine of a drowsy June evening—a farm-yard that bespeaks plenty, from the glint of the golden straw and hay ricks peeping over the wall from the stack in the rear to the great fat pigs and the fluffy hens and golden balls of chickens.

The calves in the stall are looking out with brown lazy eyes, and the lowing and the grunting and the clucking and the crowing are all pleasant country sounds in harmony with the summer air and warmth, and the scent of uncut meadows fragrant with clover and yellow with buttercups.

In the centre farm-yard, scattering corn with a lavish hand to the chickens crowding at her feet, stands Dulcie Lovel, the mistress and owner of some hundreds of broad acres around. Tall and lithe she is, with a brown face that has been made still browner by frequent exposure to the fresh air, and that is lit up with eyes of deepest blue.

Clad in a light print dress, with a wide hat tied under her chin with blue ribbons, she makes a fair enough picture, with a basket on her strong young arm, out of which she feeds the chickens. There is never a care on her smooth young face, never a trouble in her long-lashed eyes.

Life is a sweet and easy thing to the mistress of Loveleigh. She has health and strength and high spirits, and everything her hand touches seems to prosper. It is her whim to manage everything herself, to be mistress and steward combined, and her reign has been a successful one.

A flock of white pigeons are disputing with the chickens for the crushed maize; Dulcie empties her basket among them, and pays a visit to the calves, stroking their soft noses with her brown shapely hand.

It is very warm; the western sun shines full into her eyes as she leaves the yard and the pigeons, cooing and circling and fluttering, and proceeds slowly through the cool meadow where the cows, knee-deep in the long grass, looking lazy and contented, are standing to be milked.

For a moment Dulcie watches the creamy milk foaming into the pails, and then proceeds in the warm sunshine toward the house, a many-gabled one-storied mansion, a mass of climbers and creepers, with roses peeping in at every window, and jessamine and clematis twining and struggling up to the very top of the red chimneys.

"You dear old house!" said Dulcie aloud, looking up at the red sun on the windows, and pausing to pick a yellow rose.

An old red setter, panting on the hot gravel, raps his tail on the ground as Dulcie passes, and looks up at her, blinking his old eyes in the sunshine.

"Poor Dash, you are very warm! she says, stooping to stroke his head.

And Dash seems to understand, for he gets up and walks slowly where the gable of the house casts long shadows across the grass, and there he finishes his nap in peace.

Dulcie passes into the coolness of the hall, and on into the drawing room, a low-ceiled apartment with a shining oak floor and wide-open windows, a row of quaint furniture very faded and old, and with ancient bowls of rare china full of roses standing on the tables. It is a sweet, cool, fragrant room, and Dulcie appears in harmony with it, as she stands in the doorway in her blue dress, a smile on her fresh, ripe lips, looking the very picture of health and life and beauty.

"Eighteen out of the two sittings of Aylesbury's just out," she says in her clear voice.

"Not bad, is it, Grace?"

"Very good, indeed," returns Grace, Dulcie's sister, who spends all her life on a sofa, as she lies back among her pillows, as Dulcie might look if she were dying.

The faces are the same—both have blue eyes and soft brown hair; but, while one is in the flush of health, the other is very pale and wan, with only the peace of patience to glorify the sad eyes and still sadder mouth.

"It is intensely warm," says Dulcie, untying her hat and throwing it upon a chair. "I have been everywhere—all over the home-farm, the garden and the dairy—and it is such a lovely day! You can't think, Grace, how delightful it all is!"

Grace's eyes glance wistfully out of the wide open window to where the sun is slanting over the meadows and creeping down the purple sides of the mountains far beyond. Once she was like Dulcie, strong and lithe and full of vigor. Now she is a confirmed invalid, and can never again know the pleasures of a free, active life. "She will never walk again," was the verdict pronounced five years before, and since then the sad look has never quite left Grace's face—never will leave it till she lies in her coffin and death smooths the lines away.

The two girls live all alone in their sweet home at Loveleigh. Once or twice Grace has mildly suggested the propriety of a duenna; but Dulcie, in her decisive way, has negatived the idea.

"What is the use of saddling ourselves with a crotchety old woman? It is not our fault that we have neither father nor mother, and if Heaven had intended us to have a natural guardian I suppose one would have been left us; as it is, we are perfectly happy, and I think I am very well able to take care of both you and myself."

So the mistress of Loveleigh goes her own road, and in her busy life seems to have no time to think of a possible future, when a possible somebody may come to claim a share in her warm affections. She is one of the very few girls who can live without thinking that the end and aim of woman's life is matrimony, and is perfectly happy and contented in the present.

By-and-by the two girls are at tea together. Grace's chair has been wheeled into the dining-room, and the table is laid beside the open window. Great masses of crimson roses adorn it—for Dulcie takes care that Grace's eyes shall never miss the sight of each flower in its season. And the meal is a tempting one, with the old "Crown Derby" service, which Dulcie uses every day, with a sweet unconsciousness of its value. The yellow butter is home-made, also the brown loaf; and the golden honey comes from the hives against the south wall in Dulcie's garden, and the fresh eggs come from the farm-yard. All these Dulcie enjoys with a good appetite born of her life in the open air, while Grace pretends to eat to please Dulcie, and with loving eyes watches her strong sister. Dulcie has put on a white dress, with lace at the ends of the elbow sleeves and round her firm white throat. A carlet rose lies against her neck. She looks very sweet and lovely. Grace sighs.

"Are you quite content here, Dulcie?"

"Content?" Dulcie cries, opening her eyes wide. "I am perfectly happy. I am my own mistress, and everything is going well, I think"—with a sweeping glance out of the window at the peaceful scene outside. "To-morrow we are going to cut the ten-acre field."

Grace smiles and looks into the lovely, eager face of her sister.

"Do you never wish for anything more, Dulcie—anything outside the four walls of Loveleigh? Do you never dream of being married?"

"Married?" Dulcie echoes, with laughter-filled eyes. "My dear Grace, that is the last thing I ever dream of. Fancy leaving my dear old home for any man?"

"But you might not have to leave it."

"Then I would have to bring him here—and that would be worse. He would want to be master—and I don't think I could stand that; and"—smiling and blushing—"how would you like a swarm of children breaking everything in the house?"

"I should love your children," Grace said softly.

"What nonsense, dear! I have no time to think of such frivolities. We could adopt a child, if you think it might amuse you; but I certainly cannot promise to go husband-hunting."

"Wait till somebody comes, Dulcie, and then you will change your opinion concerning marriage."

"I see a suitor approaching at this moment," cries Dulcie, laughing—"Mr. Sinclair; and a young man who is with him, a very giant. I wonder who he is? We must give them some tea, I suppose, and offer them something more substantial than honey."

The advent of a stranger flurries Grace, and she looks pale and frightened when Mr. Sinclair enters the room a couple of minutes later.

Dulcie goes forward with alacrity, and shakes hands with the old man who has been friend, lawyer, adviser, ever since Loveleigh came into her hands. And then the stranger is introduced.

"My friend, Mr. Carlton. I took the liberty of bringing him over," Mr. Sinclair says; and after Dulcie has shaken hands, he adds in an aside to her—

"A young fellow in my office," and Dulcie, looking up, suddenly wonders why Mr. Sinclair appears so old and speaks in such a strange hesitating way.

"You will have tea, won't you?" she says pleasantly, and, ringing the bell, gives her order in a simple, unembarrassed fashion; and presently a cold fowl and tongue make their appearance.

And all the time old Mr. Sinclair keeps watching Dulcie furtively from under his bent brows—and Mr. Carlton is watching her too, for that matter. Not indeed that this is surprising, for she is very sweet and comely to look upon.

Mr. Carlton himself is a very fine specimen of manhood, not at all like an old attorney's clerk, and he has a very pleasant face and steady gray eyes. There is, too, something very infectious in his smile; and presently Dulcie finds herself talking to him as if she had known him all her life. He seems to like to talk about Loveleigh and the farm and matters that interest her, and finally asks her if she will show him the place after tea, to which proposition Dulcie assents.

"It is a dear old place."

They have been all through the meadows in the heavy dew, Dulcie walking with the stranger, her white gown thrown over her arm, for the grass is heavy and wet; and Mr. Sinclair, with his gray head bent, follows them through the fields into the quaint old garden, sweet and fragrant with its wealth of summer blossoms, to the farm-yard, where the live-stock are sleeping, and finally up through the fields to the higher land from which Loveleigh can be seen nestling in the twilight shadows, while the gray light of evening steals over all.

The sheep are nibbling away in the dusk. Mr. Sinclair looks at them absently.

"Have you sold these hoggets, Dulcie?"

"Not yet; they are going to the fair on Monday."

Mr. Carlton turns to Dulcie.

"What are hoggets? Young pigs, I suppose?"

The girl's clear laugh rings out with irrefragable merriment.

"Oh, Mr. Sinclair, do you hear that! I am afraid, Mr. Carlton, it is lost labor showing you the farm."

"No; I am very willing to learn," he answers, laughing. "And 'hog, hogget,' sounded all right."

As, laughing and talking, they pass back through the fields, Dulcie points to a streak of silver shining through the trees.

"That is the river," she remarks; is it not pretty? It runs through our lower meadows."

Mr. Carlton looks from the river to the girl's earnest face.

"How fond you are of Loveleigh!" he says softly; and Dulcie answers, with a little tremor in her voice:

"I love it; Loveleigh is home, friends—everything to me."

"And if you had to leave it?" he asks, in a low tone.

"Leave Loveleigh! I shall never leave it until I am carried away to the old churchyard."

"Don't say that!" he cries, quickly. "I sincerely hope you never will be obliged to leave your old home; but it is not as well to look the possibility in the face?"

Dulcie laughs.

"You are as bad as Grace, my sister; she told me the same thing this evening, and wondered I did not look out for a husband"—with a flash of mischievous scorn in the last word.

"I wish to Heaven you were married, Dulcie," Mr. Sinclair puts in suddenly, with a gravity that seems out of place.

"Why?" Dulcie asks, turning a still smiling face to him in the twilight.

They are all three leaning against a gate leading into a wheat field; the evening breeze rustles, like a sobbing wind from the sea, among the wheat. There is silence for a few moments. Dulcie waits for the answer to her question. Mr. Carlton rests his arm on the top rail of the gate and looks away into the purple shadows of the coming night. Mr. Sinclair moves a few paces away and comes back again, and still Dulcie waits; but the smile on her lips is forced now and has left her eyes.

"Can't you tell her somehow?" The passionate interruption comes from Mr. Carlton, who immediately afterward resumes his old position and looks away as before.

Mr. Sinclair takes Dulcie's hand in his.

"My child, how can I tell you?"—his voice sounds full of tears. "When I see you so happy to-night, so proud of it all, it is hard that I should have to make you wretched."

The smile has quite left her face now; but she does not falter as she speaks.

"There are only Grace and I—there is no one else; so what bad news can you have?"

The old man looks all around at the sleeping world, the quiet beauty of the country scene, and Loveleigh with its lighted windows twinkling; and then he fixes his eyes on the face of the girl watching him so intently.

"Tell me at once," she said calmly, with a strong brave wish to hear the worst without further delay.

The old man sighs as he replies—

"My dear, I can tell you to-night as well as to-morrow; so why not now? The rightful owner of Loveleigh has turned up; it is yours no longer," and, as he speaks, he looks beyond her startled face at the young man leaning so quietly against the gate, apparently taking no notice of the conversation going on.

A flood of crimson dyes Dulcie's face, and then leaves her white as marble.

"Loveleigh not mine! The rightful owner! I do not understand."

Mr. Sinclair plunges into explanations; he has got over the worst part, and talks glibly enough now. He tells her rapidly that her father's elder brother, who was supposed to have died in Australia years before, has in reality only recently done so, leaving a son, who has now come home to claim his property and the old home of the Lovels, Loveleigh.

All this at great length the old lawyer relates, while the blank look in Dulcie's face is piteous

to see. It is difficult for her to realize that home, money, everything is gone at one stroke.

"Poor Grace!" she says at last, with quivering lips. "It will be very hard for her. Does this Mr. Lovel take everything?"

"All, except your mother's fortune—about two thousand pounds," returns Mr. Sinclair, wondering at her perfect calm.

"That will be something under one hundred pounds a year," Dulcie says, in the tones of one accustomed to manage and calculate for herself. "Ah, well, we can't starve on that; and I suppose we had better go at once."

Mr. Carlton abandons his reclining position against the gate, and looks into Dulcie's proud, grief-stricken face.

"I am sure," he puts in hastily, "your cousin will not wish you to go until you like; perhaps he might not wish to live at Loveleigh at all—you might rent it from him."

She laughs a laugh that has tears in it.

"Rent Loveleigh, and live on a hundred a year! That would hardly do."

And then all at once she seems to realize a little what the life will be which will be hers in the future, the poor, miserable, struggling life, and a little sob breaks from her lips.

"Poor Grace! How shall we tell her!" she says, with the great unselfishness that makes the girl's nature so beautiful. "It will be worse for her than for me; I, at least, can work"—stretching out her strong young hands and looking at them.

"Grace knows," Mr. Sinclair says, gently. "I told her that evening you were out. You remember?"

"Ah, yes—and that accounts for Grace's headache! Come, let us go to her," Dulcie says, turning her troubled eyes with a dreary smile toward the younger man who is watching the little scene so quietly. "It is not very interesting for you, Mr. Carlton, to have to listen to all these family revelations."

"I am sorry for you," he replies quietly; "and, if I might be pardoned for making a suggestion, I should say it would be as well for you to see this cousin, this Mr. Lovel, before you decide on going away."

"I will never see him, never speak to him!" cries Dulcie passionately. "It is not his fault, I suppose; but why has he staid away all these years, letting me get to love every stick and stone, every blade of grass in my dear, dear old home!"

And then, as if half-sufficed of her emotion she walks swiftly away through the darkening shadows; and the two men follow in silence.

Another day, and the world is all awake again, blithe with song, fresh and bright after the quiet night. Only Dulcie has not slept; never once has she closed her brave, bright eyes all through the long dark hours. She has watched the sun rise this morning and wake the world with his first warm kiss; and now she stands, pale and heavy-eyed, in the warm old fragrant garden where the York and Lancaster roses flourish gaily, and the gaudy old cottage roses and the pale delicate Celeste rose-buds open in the morning sun.

Such a sweet old garden it is, where all manner of old-fashioned flowers grow in wild luxuriance along the borders. To-day she looks at them all, oh, so sadly! They are hers no longer; she has no right to the cherries growing on the wall, to the crimson strawberries gushing amidst their cool green leaves. Yesterday her mind ran on jam-making and the preserving of fruits; to-day she has no right even to the mignonette she has idly plucked and holds in her hand.

"How shall I tear it?" she cries, with a little catch in her voice.

The bees hum among the flowers, and are as busy as they can be, flying in and out of the hives; and Dulcie watches them through rising tears. They are not going to be turned out of their home.

"We must go soon—the sooner the better," the mistress of Loveleigh says to herself, and tries to speak cheerfully of the life to come.

She has got through one painful business this morning—that of breaking the news to the old servants, who have loved the girl with a passionate affection. She is mistress here no longer, and yet, partly from habit, and partly from a desire to give a good account of her stewardship, Dulcie gives her orders as usual, and the whole business of the day proceeds as if nothing had happened. From the garden to the farm, from the farm to the dairy, Dulcie goes through her duties as usual—but it is with a pale face and a sinking heart. The old servants hate their new master already, and think that possession is nine points of the law, and that he has no right to turn Miss Lovel out.

Mr. Carlton, coming up with a note from Mr. Sinclair, is directed to the dairy, where stands the dejected mistress of Loveleigh in a white dress, amid pans of yellow cream and rolls of golden butter.

"Regarding my lost possession," Dulcie says, shaking hands with a wistful smile. "It is so hard to realize that I have no right to anything any more."

Mr. Carlton looks at her steadily for a moment, and a tinge of color creeps up to his forehead.

"What do you think of doing, if it is not rude for me to ask?" he says, after a moment's pause.

She raises her eyes frankly to his.

"We are going to Dublin, and I intend to try to get something to do in a shop, or something of that kind. You see, I cannot leave

to see. It is difficult for her to realize that home, money, everything is gone at one stroke.

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"I will never see him, never speak to him!" cries Dulcie passionately. "It is not his fault, I suppose; but why has he staid away all these years, letting me get to love every stick and stone, every blade of grass in my dear, dear old home!"

And then, as if half-sufficed of her emotion she walks swiftly away through the darkening shadows; and the two men follow in silence.

Another day, and the world is all awake again, blithe with song, fresh and bright after the quiet night. Only Dulcie has not slept; never once has she closed her brave, bright eyes all through the long dark hours. She has watched the sun rise this morning and wake the world with his first warm kiss; and now she stands, pale and heavy-eyed, in the warm old fragrant garden where the York and Lancaster roses flourish gaily, and the gaudy old cottage roses and the pale delicate Celeste rose-buds open in the morning sun.

Such a sweet old garden it is, where all manner of old-fashioned flowers grow in wild luxuriance along the borders. To-day she looks at them all, oh, so sadly! They are hers no longer; she has no right to the cherries growing on the wall, to the crimson strawberries gushing amidst their cool green leaves. Yesterday her mind ran on jam-making and the preserving of fruits; to-day she has no right even to the mignonette she has idly plucked and holds in her hand.

"How shall I tear it?" she cries, with a little catch in her voice.

The bees hum among the flowers, and are as busy as they can be, flying in and out of the hives; and Dulcie watches them through rising tears. They are not going to be turned out of their home.

"We must go soon—the sooner the better," the mistress of Loveleigh says to herself, and tries to speak cheerfully of the life to come.

She has got through one painful business this morning—that of breaking the news to the old servants, who have loved the girl with a passionate affection. She is mistress here no longer, and yet, partly from habit, and partly from a desire to give a good account of her stewardship, Dulcie gives her orders as usual, and the whole business of the day proceeds as if nothing had happened. From the garden to the farm, from the farm to the dairy, Dulcie goes through her duties as usual—but it is with a pale face and a sinking heart. The old servants hate their new master already, and think that possession is nine points of the law, and that he has no right to turn Miss Lovel out.

Mr. Carlton, coming up with a note from Mr. Sinclair, is directed to the dairy, where stands the dejected mistress of Loveleigh in a white dress, amid pans of yellow cream and rolls of golden butter.

"Regarding my lost possession," Dulcie says, shaking hands with a wistful smile. "It is so hard to realize that I have no right to anything any more."

Mr. Carlton looks at her steadily for a moment, and a tinge of color creeps up to his forehead.

"What do you think of doing, if it is not rude for me to ask?" he says, after a moment's pause.

She raises her eyes frankly to his.

"We are going to Dublin, and I intend to try to get something to do in a shop, or something of that kind. You see, I cannot leave

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"Poor Grace!" she says at last, with quivering lips. "It will be very hard for her. Does this Mr. Lovel take everything?"

"All, except your mother's fortune—about two thousand pounds," returns Mr. Sinclair, wondering at her perfect calm.

"That will be something under one hundred pounds a year," Dulcie says, in the tones of one accustomed to manage and calculate for herself. "Ah, well, we can't starve on that; and I suppose we had better go at once."

Mr. Carlton abandons his reclining position against the gate, and looks into Dulcie's proud, grief-stricken face.

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Grace, and we should be happier together. I cannot think of any other plan at present."

"I live in Dublin, too," he tells her, a little eagerly.

"I thought you lived with Mr. Sinclair?" Dulcie says, quietly; but all the time she feels glad that there will be at least one friendly face to see sometimes in the city whither she is going.

"I am only with Mr. Sinclair temporarily," he explains; "and I return to Dublin very shortly—in a few days, in fact."

"We must go next week," Dulcie says, sadly, still utterly unable to believe that she is really and truly leaving Loveleigh forever. "I wrote about lodgings to-day."

So she talks gravely to Mr. Carlton of their plans, and seems to find comfort in the young man's quick, ready sympathy.

In the evening Mr. Sinclair comes with a proposition from Humphrey Lovel; he wishes his cousins Dulcie and Grace to remain at Loveleigh and take care of it as long as they like. Dulcie's cheek flushes hotly.

"I could not stay here on sufferance," she says proudly, yet with sadness in her voice; and then suddenly she leaves the room.

Mr. Sinclair turns to Grace, while Mr. Carlton remains gazing out at the open door through which Dulcie has vanished, with a very grave look on his face. Grace is weeping quietly.

"I wish Dulcie would be reasonable," old Mr. Sinclair says petulantly. "I am sure this young Lovel won't be a bad fellow. She ought not to be so proud."

Grace looks up with sad, wet eyes.

"Dulcie is proud; she would never live on any one's charity, I know; and I think, Mr. Sinclair, we must let her have her own way."

"Humph—allow her to starve in her own way? Pride, indeed! Like most people, she mistakes obstinacy and temper for pride."

Mr. Sinclair speaks all the more crossly because his heart is aching for Dulcie, whose strong, bright nature has never known much real trouble till now. Mr. Carlton, after filletting all round the room, and avoiding looking at the mournful tears chasing each other down Grace's cheeks, has betaken himself to the garden outside; and presently he comes upon Dulcie on a rustic seat, her face covered with her hands, and with a throbbing heart, he sees that she is crying as if her heart will break. He can hear every choking, smothered sob, and he listens and wonders till he can bear it no longer, and comes straight over to where she is sitting.

"How you must hate your cousin!" is all he says; and Dulcie looks up, crimson, tear-stained and ashamed, her breath still coming in little gasping sobs.

"No," she whispers, very tremulously. "I do not hate him; I was only thinking of leaving Loveleigh. I shall not break down again; I was tired to-night."

"But perhaps you are wronging Humphrey Lovel. He can not help being master here, and I think you ought to tell him himself before deciding on going away."

Dulcie shakes her head.

"I will never see him; and I have quite decided. Perhaps—smiling a little through her tears—"we may meet in Dublin—you and I, I mean—not my cousin—and I was going to ask you to give me your advice sometimes, for I have never lived any where but in the country, and I am half afraid of 'pastures new.'"

So they talk of her plans—anything rather than discuss the new master of Loveleigh.

"When you want a friend, come to me," Mr. Carlton says at parting; and Dulcie looks up into his face and replies, simply—"I will."

In the glorious summer sunshine Dulcie drives her ponies out at the gate of Loveleigh for the last time.

"Good-bye, Loveleigh, good-bye," sobs Grace, as they pass down the avenue under the sweeping limes; but Dulcie never speaks, never looks back; her lips quiver—that is all.

At the railway station, when poor Grace had been helped in, Dulcie goes back for a second, kisses the two ponies with a sorrowful gentleness, and turns, to find Mr. Carlton at her elbow. He does not speak; there is an odd distressed look in his face.

"Good-byes are painful," Dulcie manages to say, in a voice unlike her own. "I pity the living things most. Poor Punch and Judy—I wonder what will happen to them?" she adds, watching the gray ponies trotting away in the sunshine, and then turning aside to hide the tears in her eyes.

"How brave you are!" he says. "You are breaking your heart at leaving Loveleigh, and you will not admit it."

"Hearts do not break so easily," she answers. "And I hardly know what I feel now—very strong, I think, for I must work for Grace."

And then they are off, Grace weeping, with a Loveleigh kitten in one basket and a bunch of Loveleigh roses in another, straining her eyes for a last look at the familiar scene. But Mr. Carlton sees only Dulcie, with every scrap of color dying out of her face, and a great yearning sorrow in her eyes.

It is a damp and foggy day. Dulcie Lovel feels the influence of the weather very strongly as she pursues her way through the sloppy streets. She carries her head in the old erect fearless manner, and her face is brave and bright still; but there is an anxious look in her eyes which never shone there at Loveleigh; and she walks straight on, heedless of the passers-by, turning over the old problem again and again how to make money.

It is the month of November; some of the shops are lighting up, and the rain is beginning to descend.

Dulcie has reached her destination, a fancy-work warehouse, and paused with a disappointed face to look at a table-cover and fender-stool, embroidered in crewel-work, hanging in the window.

Grace's work, and not sold yet! It is useless going in, and the girl wearily retraces her steps. She is not a good manager; Mr. Sinclair's regular remittances seem to melt away, and poor Grace requires wine and many little luxuries.

"A pound a week is too much for our rooms," Dulcie thinks sadly. "It leaves so little to live on—and I am in debt already."

As she walks slowly along the streets, her mouth takes its saddest curve. What is to be the end of it all—and poor Grace growing white and thinner every day? With a burning cheek and a beating heart, Dulcie steps bravely into a millinery establishment, and asks timidly if they know of any work she could get.

"I am rather clever at bonnet making and trimming," she says, with a pleading look in her true blue eyes; "and I can do any sort of needlework."

But she is eyed with suspicion, and once more goes out into the rain, tired and disappointed. Grace, working diligently by the fading light, looks up as she enters the dreary lodgings.

"Is my table-cloth sold, Dulcie?" she asks, quickly.

"Not yet, dear," Dulcie answers, wearily, standing limp and draggled in her wet garments.

Grace lays down the cloth she is embroidering. "There is no use in going on with this, as it appears impossible to sell anything," she says, despondingly.

And then there is silence, Grace lying back in her invalid chair, the sole possession brought from Loveleigh, and Dulcie, with her face to the window, looking down at the dreary scene below.

"I think these lodgings are too dear," Dulcie says presently, speaking slowly and painfully.

"Oh, Dulcie, we couldn't go to anything worse, a lower sort of place. It would kill me, sitting there day after day, never going out. It is worse for me than for you," Grace declares, shuddering, and her voice shaking pitifully.

Dulcie looks round the dingy room—at the vases of dried grasses, the glass shade of wax-flowers adorning the table, the horse-hair sofa with its ragged anti-macassar, at all the miserable surroundings—and, in spite of herself, she smiles.

"Fancy fretting at leaving this?"—and she stoops and kisses Grace. "We will stay here, dear; I can easily get something to do."

She speaks more hopefully than she feels; but Grace has implicit faith in her strong, brave sister, and dries her tears.

"Mr. Carlton is coming to tea, Dulcie; he came this afternoon while you were out, and said he would come again."

It cannot be the faint flame from the very bad fire that Dulcie is so vigorously poking which brings the sudden beautiful color to her cheeks. She looks transformed in a second; but only the sickly flame leaping into life sees the smile on her lips, the happiness in her eyes. All these months, he has been her friend; many and many a day have they met, and their poverty has brought them together as no prosperous time would have done. In the old days the proud happy mistress of Loveleigh would have laughed at the idea of her heart beating fast at the sound of a man's voice, the touch of a man's hand; and now if she had to choose between him and Loveleigh, even the dearly-loved old home would stand but a poor chance. Dulcie suddenly gets up from the hearthrug.

"And we have nothing for tea!" she exclaims, aghast. "And you know, Grace, he works so hard all day, he ought to have something substantial."

"Chops?" suggests Grace.

"Oh, we had chops last time!" Dulcie says, her brows knit, her poor little purse in her hand. "I will run out and get something before I take off my things," she adds; and off she goes, singing with the blithe voice of the Dulcie of old.

"What a pity he isn't rich!" thinks Grace, looking into the fire.

Dulcie, coming home with a full basket and an empty purse, looks radiant. She unpacks her basket proudly.

"I had to get the chops after all—there was nothing else; but I got some really fresh eggs, and some cork butter; and—look, Grace—was it very extravagant?—I bought a bottle of Marsala—it is better than bad sherry—and some biscuits; so we can have a little negus before he goes away, the night is so wet." She speaks half apologetically, looking down at her purchases for fear Grace should see the happy light in her eyes. "And now I'll ring the bell," she goes on; "and while the table is being laid, I will run up and change my wet dress."

In ten minutes she is down again, looking like a picture in the shabby room, in a crimson dress and lace ruff.

"Loveleigh splendors," she says, laughing. "Oh, Grace, if we only had some flowers for the table!"

They hear a step on the stairs, and then Mr.

Carlton makes his appearance, also laden with a basket.

"Will you be very angry?" he says, looking at Dulcie. "It is my birthday. I wanted to give a party; but I knew Grace couldn't come, so I brought my birthday feast with me. Mahomet and the mountain, you know."

"Mr. Carlton," begins Dulcie, blushing hotly. "Oh, if you are angry, I shall go! But it is so dreary drinking one's health all by oneself; and I got a lot of presents to-day," putting his basket on the floor and opening it without further comment. "Flowers first—chrysanthemums and a bunch of violets."

"Like the flowers at Loveleigh," whispers Dulcie, and, as he hands them to her, he looks up, and their eyes meet.

Then Dulcie takes the violets to Grace, and gathers up the chrysanthemums in her hands.

"They are just like those in my garden," she says softly.

"They are from your garden," Mr. Carlton says guiltily. "Mr. Sinclair sent them to me, and these birds," holding up a bundle of snipe and woodcock. "Would your landlady dress them for supper, and may I stay the whole evening?"

"You may stay," Dulcie answers gravely. "But why should you give us all your presents?"

"Because they came from Loveleigh," he answers quickly, "and you have the best right to them. And I want you and Grace to drink my health by-and-by," pulling out two bottles of champagne from the bottom of his basket.

"Those did not come from Loveleigh," Dulcie says with earnestness. "Mr. Carlton, you are very extravagant."

"Only for my birthday," he answers, with a smile. "And that comes only once a year, you know."

And all the evening, Dulcie wears some of the Loveleigh violets at her breast.

Three days later, three long November days. It is raining still, an indefatigable mizzle. Side by side, through the slushy streets, walk Dulcie and Mr. Carlton in earnest conversation.

"I will take anything," she is saying—"any situation; but poor Grace must remain where she is." Very gravely the eyes so deeply blue look up into his; the bright young voice is very brave. "I must work. Why should women never be able to make their own way in the world?"

"But you are not suited for this sort of life."

"I must learn to get suited then," she replies; and, as they turn down another street, she adds, "Oh, I hope I shan't see poor Grace's work still hanging in the window! Was it there last night, Mr. Carlton?"

"I am not sure," he answers, evasively.

"I suppose you never gave it a thought," laughs Dulcie, and, glancing up, turns crimson suddenly at the tender look in his eyes; and she turns away again quickly with a fast-beating heart. Was ever any joy in the old days equal to the knowledge of this unspoken love?

They have reached the shop by this time, and with keen delight Dulcie sees that the places where Grace's work hung are empty.

"I will wait here," Mr. Carlton says quietly, and stands with an amused face contemplating a row of children's knitted socks in the window.

In five minutes Dulcie is out again, flushed and excited.

"Three pounds! How glad Grace will be! I wonder who bought the table-cover?"

"What does it matter?" he rejoins, and then adds quite suddenly, "I heard a piece of news that may affect you and Grace."

"What news?" Dulcie asks, still smiling and happy.

"I believe your cousin Humphrey Lovel is going to be married."

"I do not see how that can affect us," Dulcie says, after a moment's silence.

"If he never married, you would be mistress of Loveleigh again," Mr. Carlton remarked quietly, keenly regarding the girl's face.

"Do you not think I can be happy without Loveleigh?" Dulcie asks softly, without looking up.

"Yes," he says with some eagerness. "But, if you heard to-morrow that Loveleigh was yours again, if anything happened to him, you would be so happy, and you would cheerfully go home again, and forget all these dark, miserable days here."

"Why do you say this?"

Only one look from her eyes, but into his face comes a great and sudden joy.

"Dulcie, is it so?" he whispers. "If you had to choose, what would it be—me or Loveleigh?"

"You," she answers, with a proud, shy, sweet happiness on her face.

So in the rain and wet the old, old story is told again.

"But I am so poor," Dulcie falters; "I shall be only a burden to you."

He laughs a low, soft, happy laugh. "It will be happiness working for you, for my wife," he says, proudly and reverently. "May I come home with you to tea, Dulcie?"

"Yes," she answers, with glad eyes.

It is Dulcie who is extravagant to-night, for very little is left of one of Grace's pound-notes by the time the purchases of various delicacies for this tea of teas are complete. And he stands by and watches her, with such a smile on his face that she, turning once and looking at him,

blushes and grows grave at the thought that she alone has brought this joy into his life.

Grace is very glad when she hears the news. "We shall never feel lonely any more," she says, joyously. "And I will work very hard, too, Dulcie, and help to keep the house."

They are a merry party this evening, and somehow go back to Loveleigh; and Mr. Carlton draws Dulcie on to speak of her home, now hers no longer; and he notices how her voice trembles, and once her eyes fill as she speaks of the old days.

"You are not fretting and sorry for Loveleigh still?" he whispers; and she answers—

"I have greater happiness than all I lost." And looking into her face, he is satisfied.

Poor Grace, who will never have a lover of her own, goes to bed early, and leaves them together.

"You will like to talk of your plans," she says, a little wistfully; "and I am very tired, Dulcie."

"Darling!" whispers Mr. Carlton, as he takes his first kiss from her lips. "Dulcie, my own!"

And the poor shabby room seems glorified in Dulcie's eyes. This last regret for Loveleigh has vanished; hers will be a life of poverty, but gilded with such love that all the riches in the world will seem nothing in comparison. And this is the foretaste of her happiness, her lover's arms around her, his kisses on her lips.

"You won't mind leaving Dublin, Dulcie?"

"No; I should be content to live wherever you like."

"Because I have given up my appointment here."

Dulcie does not mind, she sits with her hand in his, looking forward with shining eyes to all the sweet life to come. She sees it all—a poor lodging perhaps in some dingy street; but the wife's face will be alight with love as she watches for her husband's home-coming.

"Shall I picture our home?" he says fondly; and she, looking up at him with a swift beautiful blush, answers:

"Yes."

Gathering her other hand in his, he begins—"It will be in the country."

"I am so glad of that," breathes Dulcie, softly; thinking of green fields and brawling streams.

"And it will be a long, low house, with many gables and chimneys all covered with creepers, and there will be a dear old garden, and on the lawns there will be grand old trees, and far away you can see the river winding in and out."

Dulcie looks up at him, with paling cheeks and wet eyes.

"That is like Loveleigh—and we can never have a home like that."

He takes her face in his hands, and holds it so that he can look right into the shy, troubled eyes.

"Wait, Dulcie, till I have finished. In our room I can see a long room, with oak rafters and oak floor and rare old china bowls full of roses, and my wife coming forward to kiss me, like this—bending his face over hers. But Dulcie burst into tears.

"Why do you talk of a home like that when it can never be?" And then she goes on, with quivering lips. "Dear, you know I want no home but what you can give me."

The smile dies out of his face at sight of her tears, and a great tenderness takes its place.

"Dulcie, can't you guess? Shall I tell you?"

"Tell me what?" she asks, with wondering eyes uplifted.

"Shall I tell you," he whispers, "that the house is waiting for its mistress, the dear old home—Loveleigh?"

Flushed and startled, Dulcie gazes up into his face.

"Loveleigh! What has happened? Is my cousin dead?"

"No, indeed?" smiling gleefully down at her. "But he is going to be married, and to take his wife to Loveleigh."

A tide of color surges over Dulcie's face.

"I do not understand," she says slowly. "And then he takes her in his arms."

"My darling, can't you guess? It will make you happy, won't it? And you will forgive me for having deceived you all these months? You know I should never have won your love in any other way."

Her startled eyes look gravely up into his. All her schemes of sweet poverty come tumbling down as the words pass her lips—

"Then you are Humphrey Lovel, and I—"

"You are mistress of Loveleigh," he says, adding quickly, "Oh, Dulcie, say it won't make a difference!" He has been quick to notice the change in her face, and he thinks he is a shade less dear to her than he was an hour ago. "Dulcie, look at me!"

There is a ring of pain in his voice, and it reaches her heart. One look, and the proud mistress of Loveleigh surrenders at discretion.

"I think Dulcie is sorry she is not to be poor," Grace remarks, smiling, still hardly able to realize that Mr. Carlton and Humphrey Lovel are one and the same person.

Dulcie looks quickly across at her lover's face, a soft blush rising to her cheek, and she smiles a fond response.

Grace keeps talking of the joy of going home to Loveleigh; but to the two whose eyes meet swiftly in question and reply riches and poverty weigh very lightly so long as they have each other.





1. Natural Hair-growth.



2. Classical Style.



3. Persian Style.



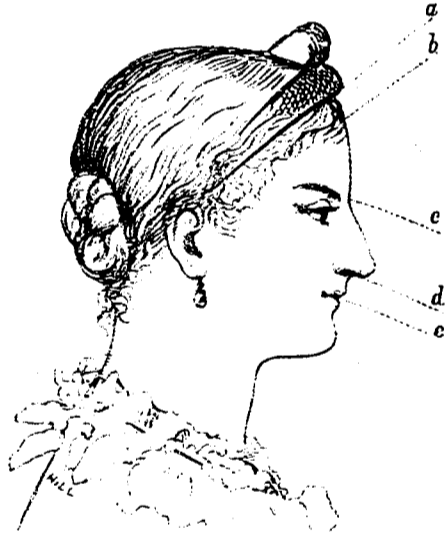
4. Normal Head.



5. Features turned upwards.



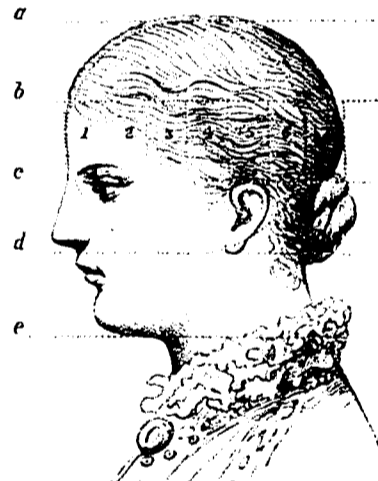
6. Features turned upwards.



7. Features turned downwards.



8. Features turned downwards.



9. Normal Head.



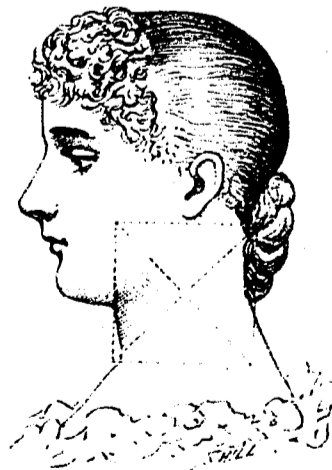
10. Short Neck.



11. Long Neck.



12. Classical Head.

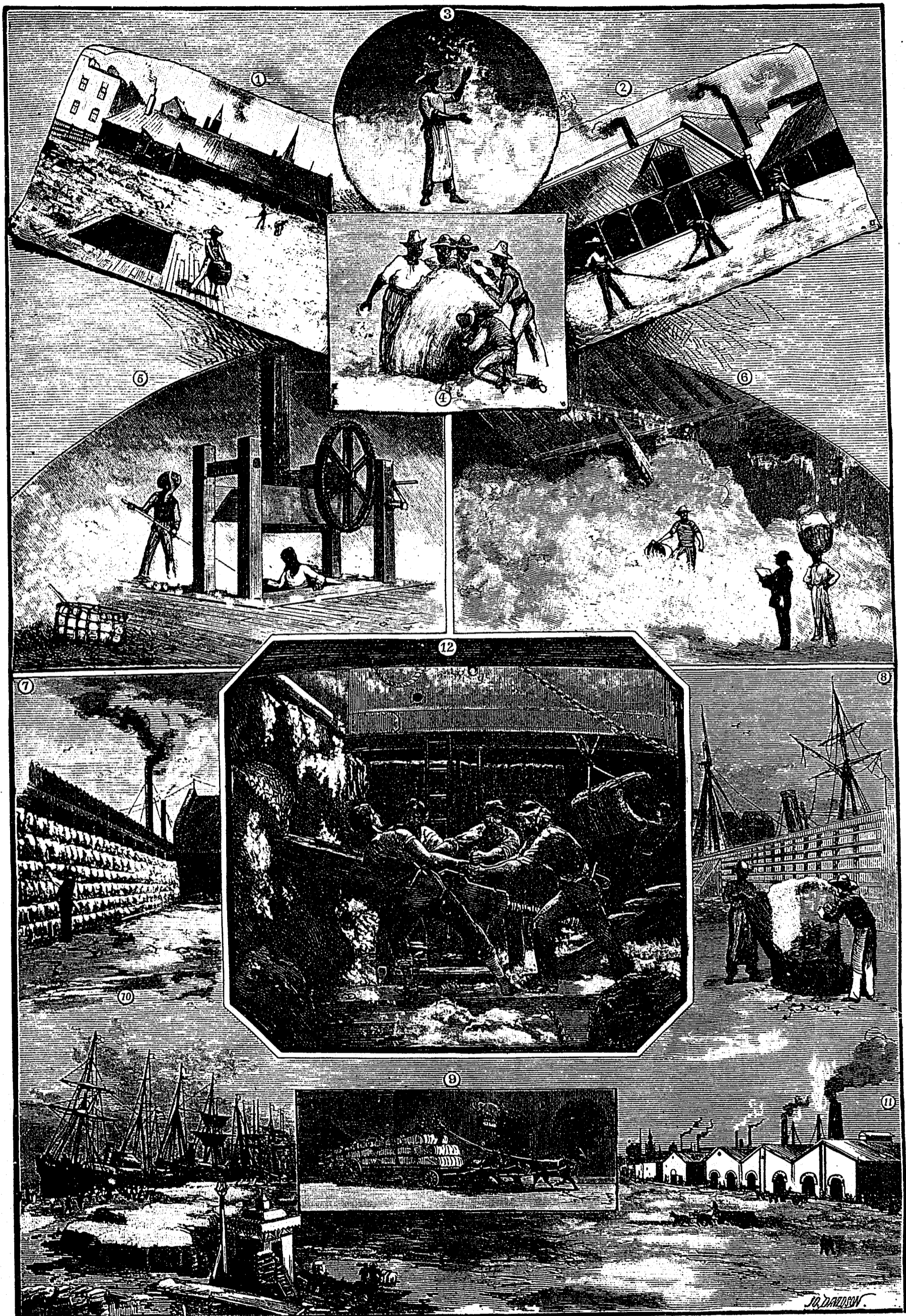


13. Normal Neck.



14. Face with prominent Cheek-bone.

PRINCIPLES OF PHYSIOGNOMICAL HAIRDRESSING.



1. A Cotton Pickery. 2. Drying Sheds. 3. Mixing. 4. Picking or Cleaning a Bale. 5. Making up a Bale. 6. A Lint Room. 7. Sunning Racks. 8. A damaged Bale.  
 9. A Cotton Float. 10. European Steamer loading. 11. Cotton Presses on Levee. 12. Packing Cotton in a Steamer's Hold.

COTTON CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.



## WHY?

I did not love him long ago:  
Instead of "yes" I gave him "no."  
I did not love him, but to-day  
I read his marriage notice. Pray,  
Why was I sad, when never yet  
Has my heart known the least regret  
Over that whispered "no?" And why,  
Reading the notice did I sigh?  
No analyst can guess the cause:  
A woman's reason laughs at laws.  
Sure I am glad to know the wound  
I gave has healed—that he has found  
Love's blessedness and peace, and yet  
A woman never can forget  
The man who once has loved her, and  
To-day I seem to see him stand,  
With every glance a mute caress,  
Still pleading for the ounce-for "yes."  
His early love for me is dead—  
Another lives in that love's stead!  
And if he loves her well, as men  
Should love their chosen ones, why, then,  
He must be glad, that long ago,  
Instead of "yes" I gave him "no."  
Perhaps that is the reason why  
I read the notice with a sigh.

## VILLANELLE TO HELEN.

Man's very voice is stilled on Troas' shore,  
Sweet Naxos and Scamander both are mute,  
Thus have the gods ordained forevermore!  
Springs the rank weed where bloomed the rose before,  
Unplucked on Ida hangs the purple fruit,  
Man's very voice is stilled on Troas' shore  
Where heavenly walls towered proud and high of yore,  
Unharm'd now strays abroad the savage brute,  
Thus hath the gods ordained forevermore!  
And they, the wronged, that wasting sorrow bore,  
Alas! their tree hath withered to the root,  
Man's very voice is stilled on Troas' shore.  
In Lacedæmon, loved of heroes' hour,  
No trumpet sounds, but piping shepherd's flute,  
Thus hath the gods ordained forevermore!  
And thou, the cause through Aphrodite's love,  
Unblamed, art praised on poet's lyre and lute—  
Man's very voice is stilled on Troas' shore,  
Thus hath the gods ordained forevermore!

CLINTON SCOLLARD

## HOW ENGLISHMEN PRONOUNCE ENGLISH.

Do Englishmen or Americans the better speak their common language? Rev. Dr. R. L. Stanton asks the question in the Independent and thus answers it. I have been a sojourner in London for a year and a half. Both houses of Parliament I have occasionally attended, where I had the opportunity of hearing speakers of all parties. I have heard lectures on a variety of subjects at the Royal Institution, where leading scientists and literary men appear; also lectures at University College, London, and at other places. Political meetings, during the exciting canvass of April, 1880, scientific and educational conventions, literary and social science congresses, and conventions for all manner of moral reforms have engaged my attention. Preachers in all churches, and belonging to no church, I have heard, including women as well as men. My conclusion is that if the question were submitted to a jury of a dozen Englishmen and to an equal number of Americans, each body would decide in favor of their own countrymen. Whether this should be set down to prejudice, education, taste, or to patriotic feeling, such inevitably would be the verdict. While sitting at dinner in a hotel in Brussels, I entered in conversation with two intelligent Englishmen on the opposite side of the table. They were making their first continental tour. One of them inquired of me; "How is it that all you Americans have an accent in your speech?" He gave the sound of a about as it is in "ark," with a prodigious emphasis upon the first syllable, equalling what any Scotchman could have done. I replied: "We Americans think you Englishmen have an accent," doing my best to imitate his tone and manner. The two at first stared at me with apparent incredulity, and then we dropped the point with a friendly smile at our mutually patriotic complacency.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," has been in the United States, establishing an American Rugby and doing some lecturing and other platform speaking. I have heard him in this country and in England. In one of his lectures he read extracts from Lowell's "Biglow Papers." He is a miserable reader, blundering and repeating. He illustrated a very common habit, which I have often noticed among some of the best speakers in London, and among both ladies and gentlemen in conversation—that of dropping the letter "g" at the close of such words as morning, evening, talking, speaking, thinking and the like. He used such words so frequently, uniformly "omittin'" the "g" that it began to be almost "digustin'" in a man of such literary "standin'." That he occasionally called Mr. Lowell "Mr. Biglow," I charitably set down to a little absent-mindedness; but when he several times spoke of the "Southern States" as "Sowthern," pronouncing the first syllable as though "speakin'" of a female porker, I gave it up as a bad job. There were other marked blemishes,

some of which have passed from memory. I have heard many of our leading literary men; but I cannot recall one whom I ever heard commit such gross blunders in public speaking as did Mr. Hughes. Mr. Spottiswoode, also, President of the Royal Society whom I heard lecture in Memorial Hall, on "Light," discredited the "g" in "speakin'" with the same facility as did Mr. Hughes, and apparently with the same unconsciousness of the error.

There are, perhaps, no two words which are more commonly supposed to mark the palatable differences in pronunciation between Englishmen and Americans than "either" and "neither." An American is set down as an ignoramus by many Englishmen, if he does not follow them here at least, while the seem to be ignorant of the fact that some of their most distinguished men adopt, in these words, what is called "the American pronunciation." The English are supposed by many to give them uniformly the sound of i long in the first syllable, as though spelled "ither" and "nither"; and the Americans the sound of e long, as though written "ether" and "nether." Some of America's best speakers and scholars, however—as, for example, the late Senator Sumner—follow the supposed English pronunciation, denoting it the standard. But which is the English method with these words? It is by no means uniform. Earl Derby (call him Der-by) ought to be a good example. He is not only a leading statesman and the head of one of the oldest families, but a cultivated gentleman of some literary pretension, and often appears upon the English platform as a popular speaker, on scientific as well as political occasions. At a meeting of the National Thrift Association, held at the Mansion House, London, the Lord Mayor presiding, I heard Lord Derby use both "either" and "neither" in the same sentence and he pronounced them as Americans commonly do.

The Archbishop of Canterbury as the head ecclesiastic of the English established Church, ought to be, from his position, as well as from his abilities and attainments an example in literary as well as in other things. For an archbishop, the late Dr. Tait was a fair speaker, and I have heard him at his palace at Lambeth and elsewhere. But he was by no means a good model in the use of his mother tongue. He spoke at Guildhall, the Lord Mayor in the chair, at the opening of the "Robert Rukes Sunday-School Centenary." He called it several times the "Cen-tee-nary." This provoked some smiling. It was quite so much for Sir Charles Reed, and so, on presiding at a meeting in Memorial Hall, the same afternoon, Sir Charles said: "We are met to celebrate the Sunday-School 'Cen-tee-nary,' as the archbishop calls it." His grace committed other similar blunders at that "Cen-tee-nary" meeting. I mention but one, that of a proper name. He pronounced the name of the Italian city "Milan," several times, and each time wrong. This must have excited surprise in many of his auditors.

The English clergy, as a rule—the Established Church I mean; for only they are called "clergy-men" in England—are miserable models in speaking. Passing by their peculiarities in the pronunciation of single words, their ordinary use of the vowel sounds is such that, unless you give close and painful attention, you cannot understand them; nor always then. Indeed the average Englishman, in parliament and out, on the platform, in conversation, in the pulpit—with, of course, exceptions—never says "No." He is too accommodating for that. He seems incapable of giving the long sound of the letter o, except sometimes in the wrong place. Instead of saying "No" he says "Na-o," almost as though it were in two syllables, the first part of the sound being like a in mark. A Congregational minister said to me, with his infant son in his arms; "This is Willie; we call him 'B-o,' for short." I inquired, "Do you spell it Bough?" He replied: "Na-o; we spell it 'B-o,' Ba-o." I tried my best to maintain my gravity.

Dr. Joseph Parker is one of the foremost pulpit orators in London among Dissenters. He invariably pronounces "chepter" as though it were written "chepter," with e short. Many of the vowels have a peculiar twist as they come from his tongue, which cannot easily be described with the pen, and one has to be educated in his vowel sounds before he can follow him with ease. But the matter of his discourses, with his sententious style and powerful elocution always rivets attention. The English clergy are almost uniformly monotonous, often draw in delivery, and end their sentences most commonly with the rising inflection, generally running them out on a sort of horizontal line at great length, with a little "turn-up" at the end, like a pug nose. This is so in reading the Scriptures, the hymns, the church service, or other meetings in the same way. An almost dead uniformity is observed in all these exercises, which has raised in my mind the question whether they were ever taught the simplest rules of elocution. What I now refer to is something wholly different from "intouing," which more largely prevails in the ritualistic churches. It is a painfully monotonous delivery and often a sing-song drawl or whine. Canon Farrar, while in many respects a popular preacher, has quite too much of it, while his rhetoric is florid and attractive, his manner earnest, though he rarely makes more than an embryo gesture. The Bishop of Rochester is a popular platform speaker, and is freer than any from these faults upon the platform; but when he ascends the

pulpit, as I have heard him in St. Paul's, naturalness seems waully to forsake him and a "holy tone" settles down upon him. Dean Stanley I never heard in this country, nor anywhere in England, except in Westminster Abbey. His delivery there was always of the hum-drum order, illustrating that provision of the liturgy which allows certain things to be "said or sung," ad libitum.

## THE PRIMITIVE DINNER.

At first the flesh of animals was eaten raw, but once possessed of fire, man could cook his food and thus render it easier of digestion, and even make use of a number of animal and vegetable substances unsuited for food unless cooked. Besides, everywhere and at a very early date primitive man was forced to obey the laws of custom and of climate, and to content himself with such nourishment as nature provided for him; thus we know of lotus-eating, fish-eating, earth-eating tribes. Often he was obliged to destroy his fellow-men and feed upon their quivering flesh, a custom which still prevails among the aborigines of New Zealand, Australia, etc.

The dwellers in caves, the Dunes of the kitchen middens, and even the inhabitants of the earliest lake cities of the age of the mammoth and the cave bear, were not acquainted with any of the cereals nor with the mode of cultivating them.

But Robenhuisen and Waugen have furnished not only the cereals caused by the later like dwellers, but also a number of specimens of the bread which was made from them. This bread, which was baked between two red hot stones, is found in the form of little circular cakes, four or five inches in diameter by an inch or an inch and a quarter thick. A whole cake made from the seeds of the garden poppy reduced to a cinder, has also been found. The bread of the lake cities was unleavened, and often contains grains entire or hardly bruised by the hand mill in which they were ground or rather crushed, exactly as in the days of Olyseus, King of Ithaca, when unhappy female slaves crushed the wheat destined for the food of the chaste Penelope and her fifty suitors. A complete hand-mill of the neolithic age was shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

It is probable, not to say certain, that the use of sea-salt as a seasoning was very early known among primitive races. This custom is, moreover, founded upon a law of nature so important, that even animals, at least domestic cattle, cannot be completely deprived of it with impunity. The use of salt, on the other hand, favors their growth, renders the secretion of milk more copious, the milk itself more nourishing, the flesh better and easier of digestion, and the wool of the sheep finer and more fleecy. Sea-salt appears to be also necessary to man. In countries where it is rare, it is used instead of coin as a medium of exchange. Among the Gallas and the savages of the Gold Coast, Liebig asserts that one and even two slaves were given in exchange for a handful of salt.

Primitive man was thus enabled to obtain this seasoning by barter, as he obtained Mediterranean and ocean shells for the adornment of his head-dress, his person, or his clothing. It appears that the ancient inhabitants of Denmark procured this substance by burning the Zostera marina, which abounds upon the coasts of the Baltic, and sprinkling sea-water upon the ashes.

MM. Lartet and Christy found in the caves of Périgord a kind of spatula or spoon, made of reindeer-horn, with a conical handle elegantly carved, and widened and hollowed at the other end for the purpose of extracting the marrow from the bones. There is but a step from this instrument to the use of spoons properly so called. As far as I know, however, none of the latter have ever been discovered in the bone-caves of the stone ages.

We have already said that frequently meat and other aliments were eaten without having been previously cooked, and often also they were roasted upon red-hot coals. The numerous hearths found in the caves and the half-charred bones bear witness to the fact. But it is an open question whether or no mankind during the ages previous to the invention of pottery knew how to obtain boiling water for culinary purposes.

Before coming into contact with Europeans the inhabitants of Tahiti had no conception of boiling water, or of water in the condition of steam. If we may rely upon the accounts of the most trustworthy travellers, among others, Cook and Kotzebue, who all attest that the means used by us for obtaining boiling water are now or were until lately unknown to a number of tribes in all parts of the globe, we have good grounds for returning a negative answer to the above question. Moreover, the complete absence of earthenware vessels throughout the earlier stone period seems to confirm this opinion. It is averred, however, that many savage tribes, and even some in a fairly advanced state of civilization, procured boiling water by dropping red-hot stones into water contained in vessels of potstone, wood, bark, or leather.

The flints blackened by the action of fire found beside the hearths in the bone-caves have perhaps served this purpose. Everything tends to show that this custom was commonly practiced before the invention of clay pottery. The art of boiling water in earthenware vessels exposed directly to the action of fire is a real advance on the employment of red-hot stones for this pur-

pose. The discovery of pottery necessarily put an end to this most inconvenient process.

Before the discovery of the use of metals, knives were merely splinters of flint, of which a remarkable specimen was shown in the Paris Exhibition of 1867, the knife of Pailhac (Gers), about a foot long by three inches wide.

As regards the mode of eating, the incisors of the primitive inhabitants of Switzerland, Aquitaine, Belgium, and Denmark, prove that these people chewed their food in a manner completely different from ours. Their incisors, instead of being shaped like a chisel, presented a flat surface like the molars. The explanation of this peculiarity is perhaps to be found in the fact that roots and coarse bread formed the staple diet of primitive man in the neolithic age.

In the action of mastication the two jaws were placed one above the other in such a way that the incisors of the upper and lower jaws corresponded exactly and did not cross. It appears that the ancient Egyptians ate in this manner, as the modern Egyptians and the Greenlanders still do.

The primitive European races shared an advantage still possessed by savage American tribes in that their teeth were sometimes worn away even to the root without decaying. At least this has been observed to be the case in a great number of human jaw-bones discovered in the caves of France and Belgium. However, there are many exceptions to this rule.

## THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

An interesting discovery, of much importance for geological and archaeological science, has recently been made in a coal mine at Bailly-Grenay, in a French department of Pas-de-Calais. A new gallery was being pierced, when a cavern was broken into, which discovered the fossil remains of five human beings in a fair state of preservation—a man, two women, and two children composed the group. The man measured about seven feet, the women six feet six, and six feet, the children four feet and rather less than this. In addition, some fragments of arms and utensils of petrified wood and of stone, with numerous remains of mammals and fish, were brought to light. A second subterranean chamber enclosed the remains of eleven human bodies of large size, several animals, and a large number of various objects, with some precious stones. The walls of the cave exhibited drawings representing men fighting with gigantic animals. Owing to the presence of carbonic anhydride a third and larger chamber, which appeared to be empty, was not searched. Five of the petrified human remains will be exhibited at the mortality of Lens. The remainder of the bodies which have been brought to the surface are to be conveyed to Lille, there to await a thorough examination by the experts of the Faculté des Sciences. Information has been telegraphed to the representatives of the Académie des Sciences of Paris and to those of the British Museum. If the discovery be a real one, no doubt can be entertained of the value of the find, which would on the face of it seem to show that prehistoric man is anything but a myth.

## FOOT NOTES.

It was expected that on the four hundredth anniversary of the dukedom of Norfolk, which fell on the 23rd of June, there would have been some ceremony of celebration at Arundel, Sheffield and Drent Hill. Nothing of the kind, however, took place, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk being at present on a tour in Bohemia.

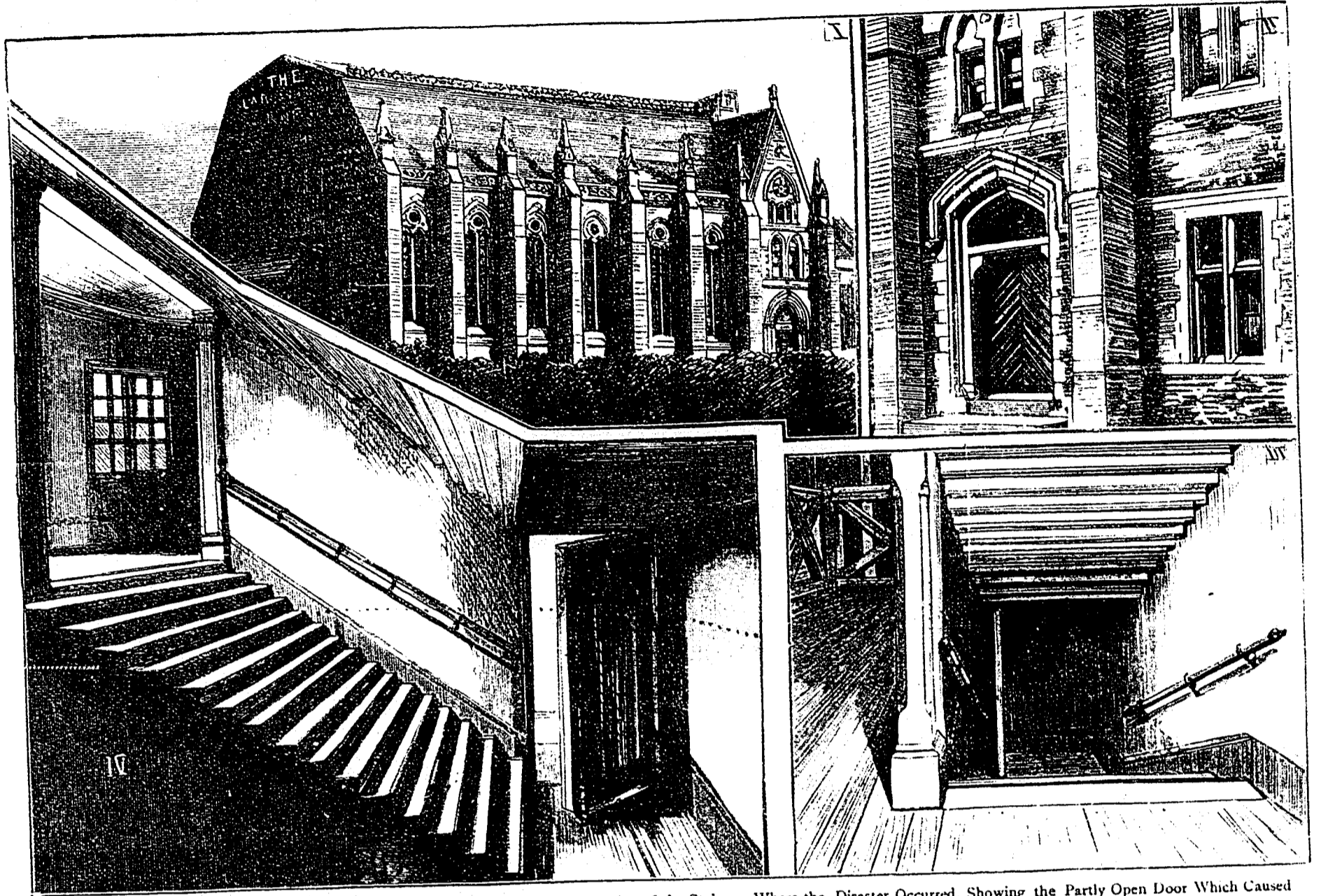
Mr. BYRON says of Mr. Robertson's play "Society," that Mr. Buckstone took the trouble to write to the author, saying that "not only was it unsuitable to the Haymarket, but that it could not, in his opinion, succeed anywhere." On the hundredth night of its performance at the Prince of Wales's Theatre Mr. Robertson sent Mr. Buckstone a private box with his compliments.

THERE was an amusing innovation at a ball in the shape of a spoken quadrille. The mistress of the house performed the part of an inconsolable widow, the Comtesse de Cécineourt that of a gay young married woman; two other ladies were respectively a sentimental old maid, and a very naive young girl. The four men performed the characters of a husband, a young magistrate, a dashing officer, and a philo-sophe des salons. The usual figures of a quadrille were gone through while a lively conversation was being held between these different characters, which were most successfully impersonated.

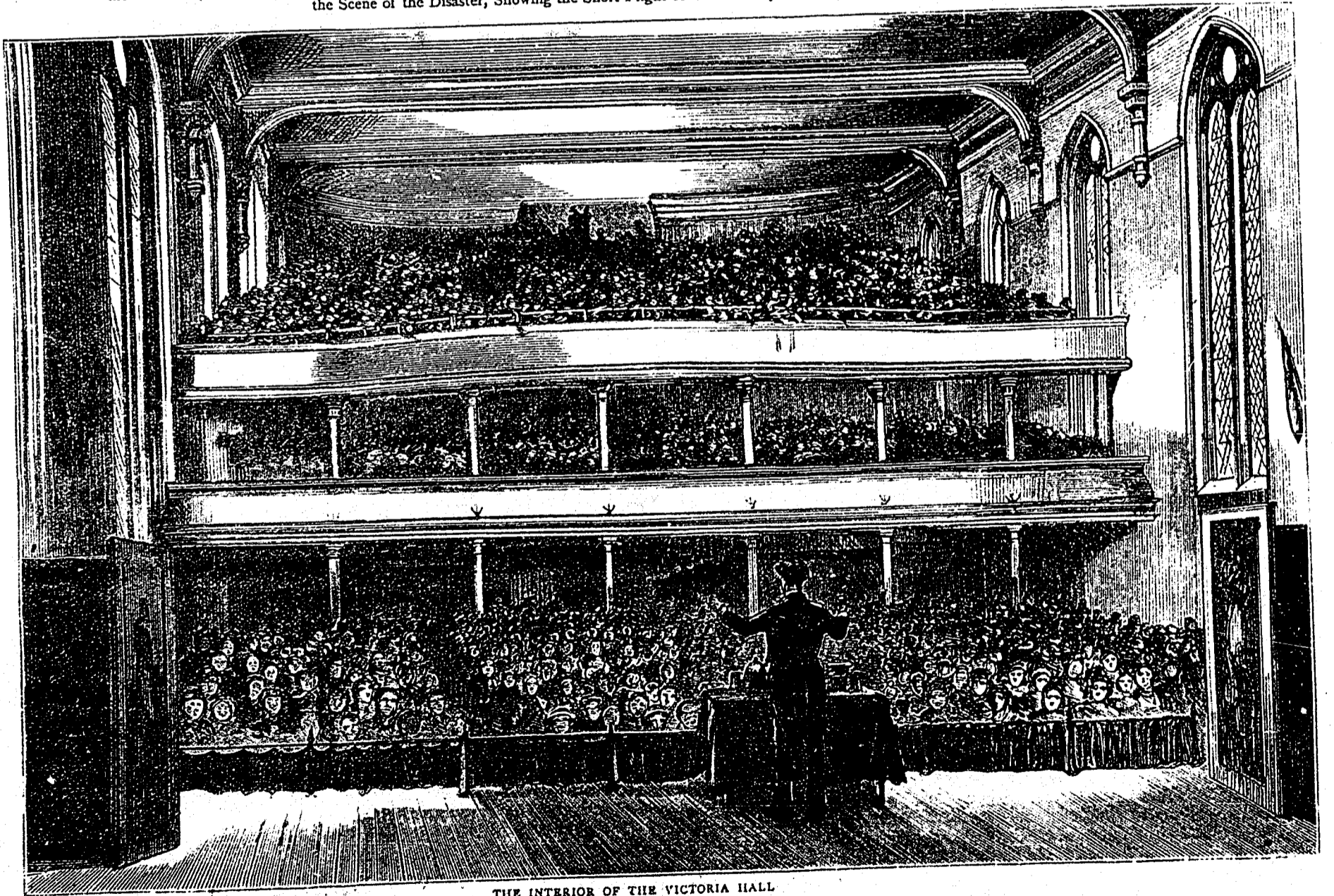
AMONG the archives of the Este family at Modena there has recently been discovered a planisphere dated 1502, which is not only a curiosity in itself, but throws a fresh light on geographical discovery. It was sent to Hercule d'Este by his agent at Lisbonne Cantino, and represented lands newly discovered, more particularly by Gaspard Corte Real, in the New World. Geographers may recognize in the western outlines the prototype of the delineations of the New World remarked in all the editions of Ptolemy up to the middle of the sixteenth century; but they will see with surprise that the coast of the peninsula of Florida and of the east of the United States was discovered, explored, and named by navigators whose names and nationality are unknown, at least a dozen years before the earliest expedition in those regions of which there is any record.





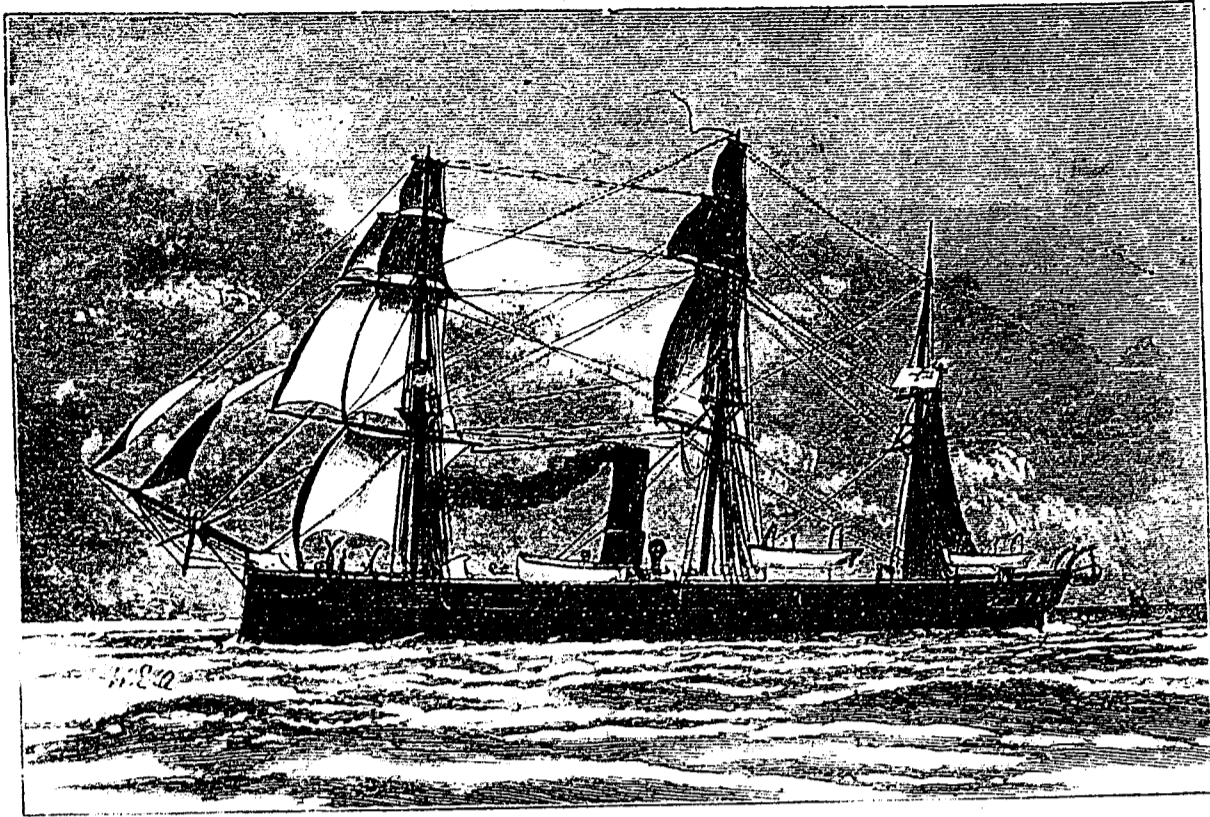


1. Exterior View of the Victoria Hall.—2. External Door of the Hall.—3. The Portion of the Staircase Where the Disaster Occurred, Showing the Partly Open Door Which Caused the Accident (The Dotted Line Shows the Height to Which the Children's Bodies Were Heaped Behind the Door and on the Staircase).—4. Another View of the Scene of the Disaster, Showing the Short Flight of Sixteen Steps Leading to the Fatal Door.

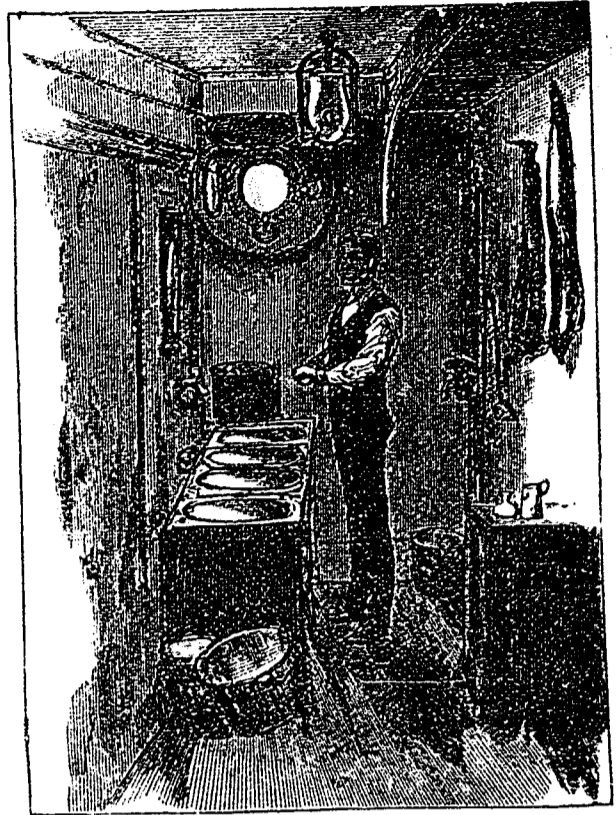


THE INTERIOR OF THE VICTORIA HALL

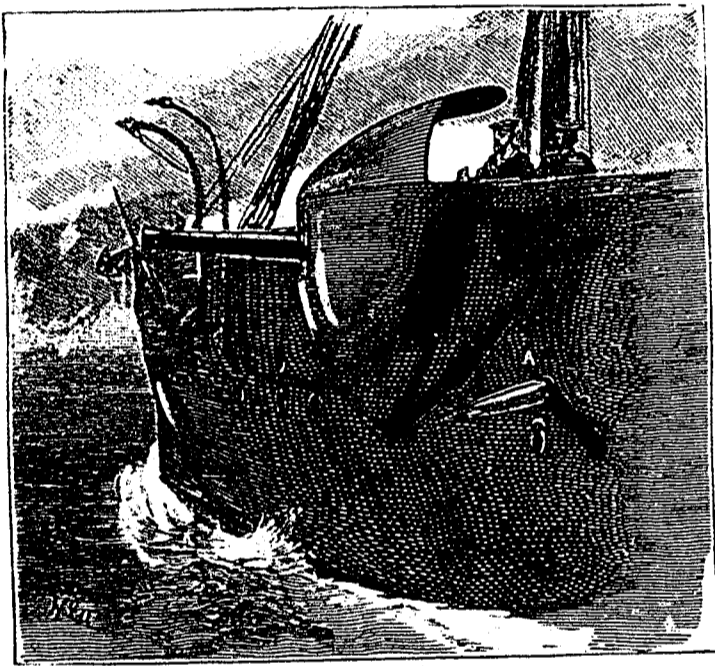
THE TERRIBLE DISASTER AT SUNDERLAND.



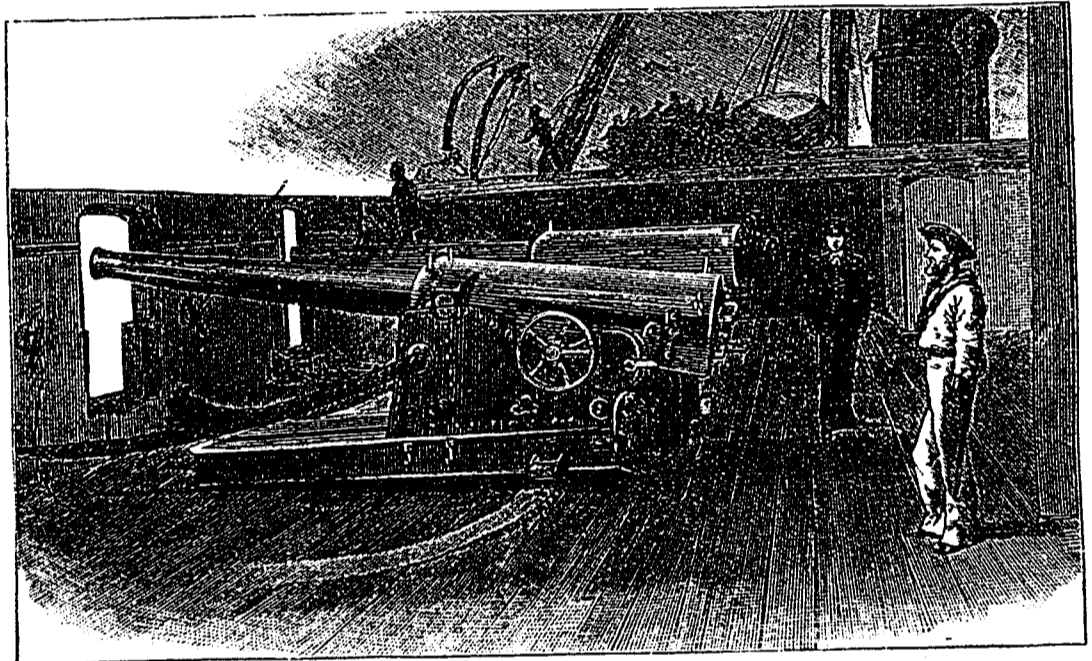
H.M.S. "CANADA"



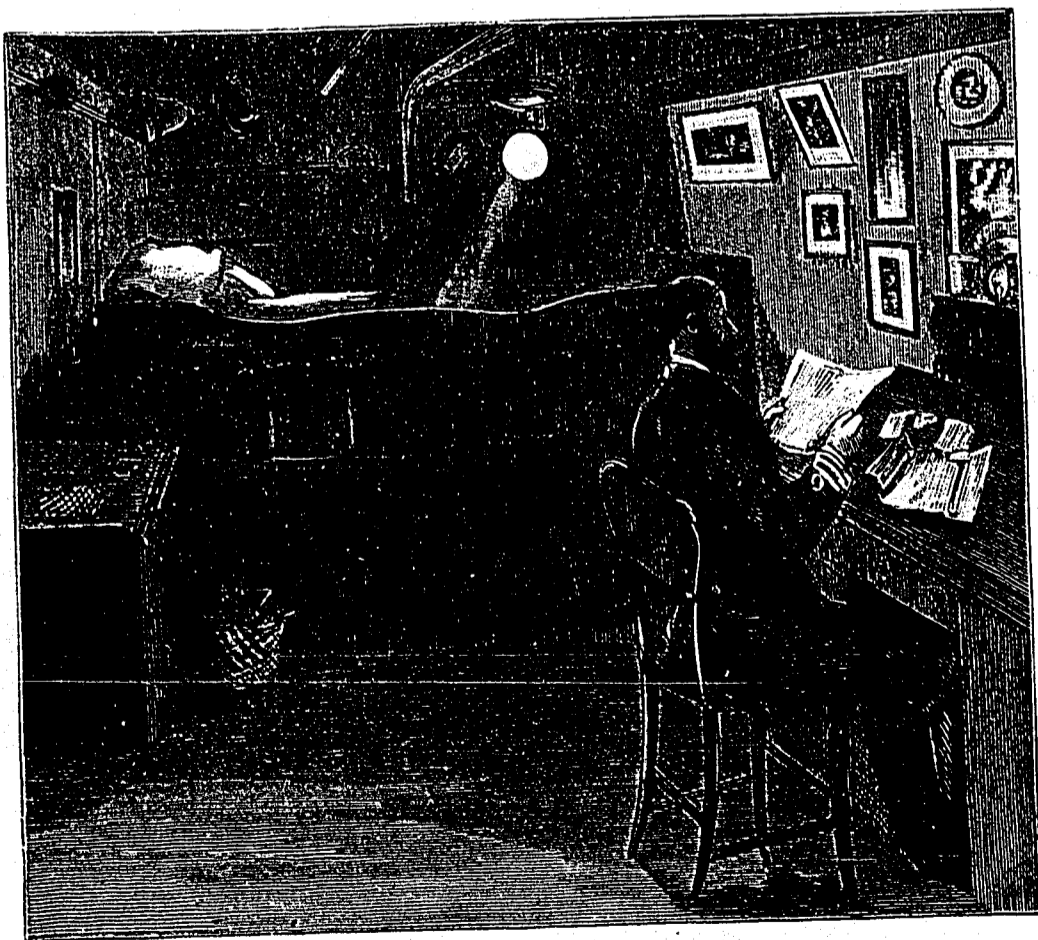
THE MIDDIES' WASH-HOUSE



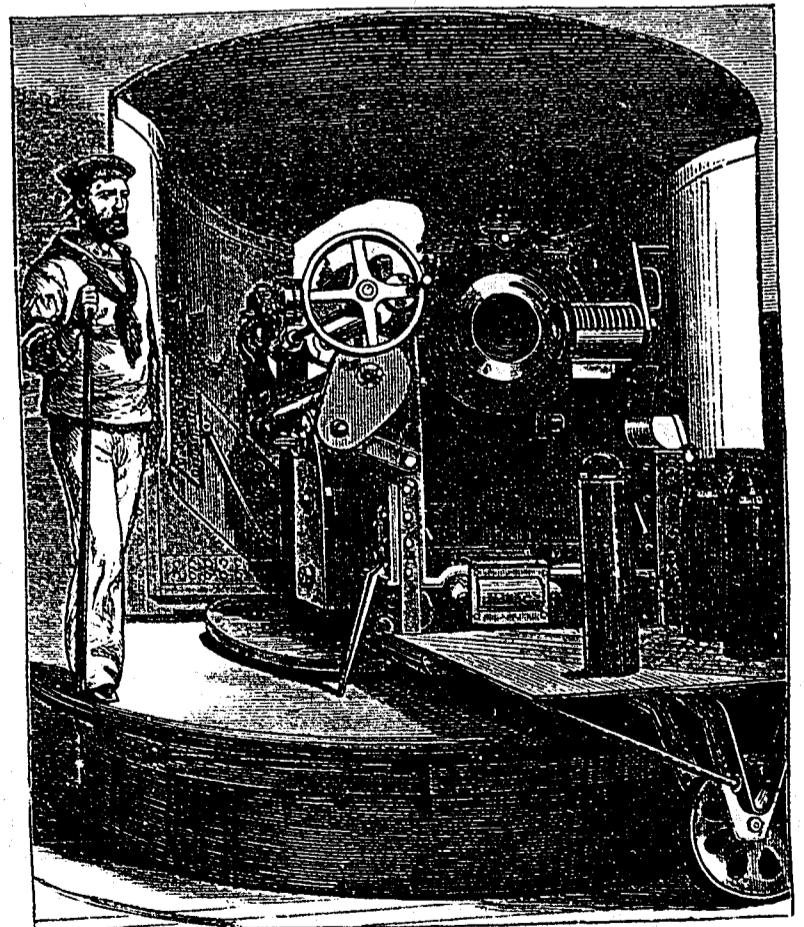
THE PORT BOW. SHOWING THE SPONSON GUN AND TORPEDO PORT



THE UPPER DECK, SHOWING THE NEW GUNS



THE PAYMASTER'S CABIN



THE INTERIOR OF THE TURRET

OUR ROYAL MIDSHIPMAN.



## SOCIETY PROVERBS.

By a loose tongue men show their wit,  
But sense is shown by holding it.

Give of your bounty to a friend,  
But if you want to lose one, lend.

Nobility is power and love combined:  
It needs not title, for 'tis self-defined.

When woman apes the ways of man, and imitates his dress,  
The more she gets like him, be sure, that he'll like her the less.

A costly gem oft lies in costless casket,  
Whilst addled eggs repose in gorgeous basket.

When the tale is all sin and woe  
Woman doth reap what man did sow;  
But when it is all peace and bliss  
The sowing's hers, the harvest his.

With live women and men to be found in the world,  
Live with sorrow and sin, live with pain and with passion.  
Who would live with a doll though its hair should be curled,  
And its petticoats trimmed in the fashion?

Who drowns his grief in waters strong  
Its ghost will haunt him his life long.

Play, church nor opera is worth a pin  
Unless there's such a crush you can't get in.

He oft offends who thinks he pleases most,  
Dark malice lurks in a pleasant toast.

When the summer winds do blow,  
Country friends we oft remember,  
Change the season, bring the snow,  
And who is thought of in December?

## GOSSIP ON GLOVES.

In the "Fair Maid of Perth" Simon Glover, aggrieved at Henry Gow associating his calling with that of a cordwainer or shoemaker, upholds the pre-eminence of the occupation by which he had gathered wealth, and from which, as with many gloves of our own day, he had derived his surname. "B think you," says he, "that we employ the hands as pledges of friendship and good faith, and the feet have no such privilege. Brave men fight with their hands, cowards employ their feet to flight. A glove is borne aloft, a shoe is trampled in the mire; a man greets his friend with his open hand; he spurns a dog, or one whom he holds as mean as a dog, with his advanced foot. A glove on the point of a spear is a sign and pledge of faith all the wide world over, as a gauntlet thrown down is a gage of knightly battle; while I know of no other emblem belonging to an old shoe, except that some crones will fling them after a man by way of good luck, in which practice I own myself to entertain no confidence."

The glove was truly, as Jonathan Oldbuck, the antiquary styles it "a sign of irrefragable faith," and so exemplified truth and trust, that they came to be sworn upon as if they were relics or holy things. This security and its outward sign makes more than ever infamous the prelude to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, when the Queen Dowager of Navarre was believed to have been poisoned by a pair of gloves, given as a pledge of safe conduct. Not the only instance of the kind, for Conan, Duke of Brittany, was also poisoned in 1066 by means of his gloves, at the instigation, as is suspected, of William the Conqueror.

In Brand's "Popular Antiquities" is asked "can the custom of dropping or sending the glove, as the signal of a challenge, have been derived from the circumstances of its being the cover of the hand, and therefore put for the hand itself. The giving of the hand is well known to intimate that the person who does so will not deceive but stand to his agreement. To shake hands upon it would not, it should seem, be very delicate in an agreement to fight, and therefore gloves may possibly have been deputed as substitutes." It is most probable that gloves did thus act as deputies, pledging the hand and binding the action of those who proffered them. To offer the bare hand was formerly a symbol of hostility; the gloved hand of peace and friendliness to which we may trace the requirement of modern courtesy, that the hand in greeting should first be ungloved, even though the observance has been diametrically altered. It was held wrong, and contrary to courtly usage, to wear gloves in the presence of the sovereign. To throw, send, give, or bite the glove have been marks of defiance and challenge from time immemorial. Instances of this association occur very frequently in our literature, and it was often worn by headstrong young gallants, to parade their courage and offer in mere bravado, much in the same way that a Milesian would trail the tail of his coat in a fair. Perhaps the most ancient instance of the custom is where Entellus, in the "Æneid," throws not only one but two

pond'rous gauntlets on the field  
Which mighty Eryx did in combat wield.

Shakspeare in his Henry V. makes the king disguised take a glove as a gage from one of his soldiers. Rebecca in "Ivanhoe" challenges her accusers to wager of battle, through a glove. Bonthron in the "Fair Maid of Perth" attempts to cover his murder of Oliver Proudfe

by offering at the ceremony of the ordeal in the high church of St. John in Perth, "the combat to any man who says I harmed that dead body," and according to usual form, he threw his glove upon the floor of the church. Henry Smith stepped forward, amid the murmured applause of his fellow citizens, which even the royal presence could not entirely suppress, and lifting the ruffian's glove, which he placed in his bonnet, laid down his own in the usual form, as a gage of battle." Champions in these combats were often hired like lawyers, and were indeed properly those who took up and defended another's cause. The authority of a judge was required to allow of substitutes, but once accepted they were taken into custody, and held safe until the day appointed for the battle, when their heads were shaved, they made oath that they believed their retainer's cause to be just, that they would defend it to the utmost of their power, and that they bore no charm or spell about them. After this they proceeded to engage in a combat which commenced curiously with railing, and giving each other ill language, and proceeded to blows at the sound of a trumpet. In case of defeat, both champion and client were in some cases executed. Other ceremonies peculiar to these occasions are recorded in a passage of Booth's "Nature and Practice of Real Actions," relative to a dispute occurring in the first year of Henry VI.: "In a writ of right for the manor of Copenhaw, in the County of Northumberland, battle was joined upon the mere right, and the champions appeared. And it was commanded by the court that the champion of the tenant should put five pennies into his glove—in every finger-stall a penny—and deliver it into court; and so the demandant should do the same, and the judges received the gloves. The champions being on their knees, the council for the parties were asked by the lord chief justice why they should not allow the champions, and why they should not wage battle, who answered they knew no cause why the duel should not proceed.

An old romance of about this date—"Amis and Amoulin"—notifies this custom:—

Yea, sayd the duke, wilt thou so?  
Durst thou into battle so?  
Yea, certes, sayd he the,  
And here my glove give I thereto.

In the "Vision of Piers Plowman," a satirical poem, generally attributed to William Langland, a priest who lived in the middle of the fourteenth century, is a similar reference of the glove being offered to clench a quarrel.

And then gan a wastoure to wrath him, and wold have fought,  
And to Piers the Plowman he profer'd his glove.

Among the northern people the practice had high place, and the gage was held sacred. By the glove actions of their rude life were scrupulously ruled. Did one of them break faith? The surest remedy was for the injured person to appear at the next common meeting place, and ride through the assemblage proclaiming the penalty with a glove borne aloft on the point of a lance. The symbol roused so keen a sense of right, so fervently appealed to their rough justice, that the offender was often slain by his own clan to wipe out the disgrace brought upon them. In the rare "Life of Bernard Gilpin," the fearless border apostle, it is recorded that he observed a glove hanging up high in the church to which he was attached, which was placed there in consequence of a deadly feud prevailing in the district, and which the owner had hung up in defiance, daring any one to mortal combat who took it down. He requested the sexton to remove it. "I dare not," was the reply. Gilpin then called for a long staff, took down the emblem of enmity and placed it in his bosom. In a flourish which followed, he inveighed particularly against the barbarous custom of challenges. "I hear," said he, "that there is one among you, who, even in this sacred place, hath hanged up a glove to this purpose, and threatened to enter into combat with whosoever shall take it down. Behold," producing the glove, "Behold, I have taken it down myself."

Challenging by the glove was continued down to the reign of Elizabeth, as appears by an account given by Spelman of a duel appointed to be fought in Totfield fields in the year 1571. The dispute was concerning some lands in the county of Kent. The plaintiff appeared in court and demanded single combat. One of them threw down his glove, which the other immediately taking up, carried off on the point of his sword, and the day of fighting was appointed. This affair was, however, adjusted by the queen's judicious interference. The last instance of defiance by the glove was made so recently as the year 1818, in a trial (Ashford versus Thornton) which took place in the King's Bench—Michaelmas term. The report runs thus: "Abraham Thornton was attached to answer William Ashford, who was the eldest brother and heir of Mary Ashford, deceased of the death of the said Mary Ashford, etc., of which choking, suffocating and drowning, she, the said Mary Ashford, then and there instantly died. And the said William Ashford, who was eldest brother, and is heir of the said Mary Ashford, deceased, is ready to prove the murder and felony against him, the said Abraham Thornton, according as the court shall direct, and hath found pledges to prosecute his appeal.

"The appellee being brought into court, and the appellant being also in court, the count was again read over to him, and he was called upon to plead. He pleaded as follows:—'Not guilty; and I am ready to defend the same by my body;

and thereupon taking off his glove, he threw it upon the floor of the court.' The trial did not proceed to battle, and the statute permitting the practice was shortly repealed.

R. W. BUCK.

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

London, June 30.

HAD the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill been passed in the Lords, it is said that there would have been a majority of 150 in favor of it in the House of Commons.

ONE of the most *outré* ideas has seized some householders at the West-end, namely to hearthstone their steps in color, the strawberry and cream mixture, of course. Art has some absurdities to answer for of late.

THE Metropolitan Railway Company have decided upon lighting their system from Aldgate to Nottingham-gate by electricity. Various kinds of lamps will be employed, but the majority will be of the incandescent type.

THE announcement from across the Atlantic is that the "Dudine" has put in an appearance; she is the female of the "Dude," and with the like peculiarities. The "Masherine" was never thought of by our brilliantly fast-and-loose people.

THE trustees of the British Museum have decided to have an exhibition—in rooms 8, 9, and 10 of that institution—of coins, medals, and prints. These rooms formerly contained natural history specimens, now removed to the new Museum.

THERE is a good deal of grumbling on the part of Sunday rowers at being kept in such quantities and so long in the Thames locks. When they are locked up they are safest. If they don't like it there are open seats in most of the places, which, we presume, must not be mentioned to them.

SOON the little bit of railway will be complete that links the underground connection between the Tower of London and the station nearest to the Mansion House. It is a most difficult job to do, and being done at an expense which might make a Vanderbilt look aghast, namely, two millions and a half.

SOME ladies have latterly been wearing a gold cross, like an order of knighthood, on their evening dress. With the red ribbon it looks well. Questioned as to the origin, and for what achievement it was given—if for beauty, wit, or sweet benevolence of nature—the reply given was, "They are the fashion, you know."

THERE is no little grumbling about the shabby figure which Ministers have made us play about the Ashburnham collection. The unrivalled assortment will now probably fall into the hands of the Germans or Americans, who are not afraid of the expenditure of a few thousands in matters of enduring historical national interest.

MR. CARNEGIE, the Scotch American of Pittsburgh, who holds one of the biggest fortunes in the world, is taking the Liberal side in politics, and is not unlikely presently to stand for Parliament. Scotch by birth, he makes England his home, and should he elect to remain here, he will be one of our largest capitalists. He is as generous as he is rich, and as true-hearted as he is generous. He goes nowhere without his mother, who shared with him her poverty, and who now is made happy by his wealth.

THERE has been of late a great deal said about the army going, or indeed having gone, to the dogs, and the Government have been alternately implored and commanded to furnish an opportunity for debate. The other night whilst Lord Eustace Cecil was delivering a criticism on the state of the army there were fourteen Conservative members present, a number reduced to five before he had been on his legs twenty minutes, nor did they at any time show signs of flaring up. The House was empty throughout the night, and the consequence was that an unexpected measure of progress has been made with votes.

LORD ROWTON is spending a few days in town, and looks very well. Much notice has been attracted by the remarkable article in the *Times* the other day, from its still more remarkable Paris correspondent *apropos* of the anniversary of the Berlin Conference, retelling a good deal of personal gossip about Lord Beaconsfield and Prince Bismarck at the Conference. This despatch was the outcome of a breakfast conversation the great Blowitz had with Lord Rowton in Paris the other day. Lord Rowton, with the fastidiousness of a literary man, is disappointed at the way in which some of the circumstances are set forth in the glowing pages of Blowitz; particularly there is a long sentence in which Lord Beaconsfield is described as having expressed his preference for assassination as compared with imprisonment.

## ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, June 30.

THE regrettable fact is announced of the sister of the Duke de Morny's death, the young Countess de Corzani. She was only twenty-four years of age.

ANOTHER daily Anglo-American paper is to be brought out in Paris. The gentlemen who run it were on the staff of the *New York Herald*, and some clever business-like arrangements have been made.

THE Countess R. de Salles has issued invitations, for a Sunday in July, to a grand *bal costume*, founded on the principle that the costumes are all to represent one or other of the ancient provinces of France.

THE great difficulty has been settled and no life has been lost about it. The ladies of fashion have agreed that the seas de ornaments for daytime are to be of Arachon mother-of-pearl and lava of Vesuvius, while at night pearls and coral are to be worn.

A BRILLIANT marriage is that of the Prince de Rubempré and the Princess Nathalie de Croz Dalmieu. The three sisters of the princess are married, one to Prince Paul Esterhazy de Galantha, the second to the Archduke Frédéric of Austria, and the third to Count Adhémar d'Outremont de Duras.

A NUMBER of students at the Ecole des Mines will, during the summer, make an excursion to the Arctic regions. A steamer, in charge of a Norwegian Arctic hunter, will bring the party to Thronhjelm and Hammeffest, and thence to Spitzbergen, which will be examined during a fortnight's stay. The Naturalist Museum of Paris sends two *savants* with the party.

MR. and Mrs. Mackay will pay a visit to England, and, it is probable, in the autumn return to New York for a time. The precious art treasures Mr. Mackay has collected in all countries, and latterly in England, and destined for his American home, will alone require some looking after. His residence in New York is advancing towards completion; when it is finished it will be a sight of grandeur, and of lavish outlay on art works which will astonish the "States men."

THERE is a proposal to build a monster American hotel in Paris. It is singular that the U. S.ians cannot be satisfied with the splendid French establishments. The especial wants of our relatives are, we gather, embraced in the following items:—A fixed tariff per diem, with gas in every bedroom, with good American elevators, a spacious public drawing-room, an abundant supply of iced-water, and a choice of American dishes at each meal; buckwheat cakes, waffles, and other such delicacies to figure constantly on the bill of fare.

## VARIETIES.

THE Channel was pitiless towards Mme. Julie when she crossed it recently. The fair actress was so ill that she might have repeated Forrest's famous declaration when he was on his way to New York from San Francisco, namely, "If that kind of thing went on much longer he would throw up all his engagements."

ONE of Raphael's most precious pictures, the Madonna della Staffa, has narrowly escaped destruction by the heated air of the gallery in which it hangs. After belonging to the Staffa family for three and a half centuries, the picture was bought by the late Czar for 12,400*l.*, and given to the Empress, who bequeathed it to the Art Museum at the Hermitage in St. Petersburg. Lately it was found that the heat had split the pine panel on which the picture was painted, and the work has now been successfully restored in most ingenious style. The face of the painting was first supported with linen, backed by a slab of marble, and a Russian artist then gradually rubbed away the panel, first with files and then with powdered glass, finally managing to mount the thin film felt on canvas. He also discovered that the Madonna originally held a pomegranate instead of the book at present seen. Talking of Raphael, the Paris Louvre has bought the "Apollo and Marsyas," belonging to Mr. Morris Moore, of Rome, the work of which the authenticity has been so warily disputed. The pedigree of the picture could not be traced further than 1787, and Mr. Moore bought it in 1850 for seventy guineas, but the work is now widely believed to be a genuine Raphael, and has cost the French Government 8,000*l.* Raphael's initials are to be seen on the quiver at Apollo's feet. The work shows the satyr Marsyas sitting on a flower-grown mound, and playing on a reed to Apollo, who stands listening attentively, and leaning on a long staff. Mountains and valleys fill the background, with a few scattered buildings and a bridge over a stream.

## DON'T BE ALARMED

at Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any disease of the kidneys, liver or urinary organs, as Hop Bitters will certainly and lastingly cure you, and it is the only thing that will.

AT SORRENTO.

Clear, quiet waters, like the pale green sky
That in smooth sunsets spurs from gold to gold:
And when the windy ripple flickers by
It brooks and plashes on the thwarting beach;

JOHN BAPTIST PURCELL, ARCH-
BISHOP OF CINCINNATI.

The death of Archbishop PURCELL, on the
4th inst., removes a notable figure from the
Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States.

Protestantism has grown rapidly in the States
which cover the Ohio Valley, but Romanism
has also advanced with prodigious strides.

In his earlier life Archbishop PURCELL was a
keen controversialist. His most famous debate
was that with ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, the
founder of the Church of the Disciples, on the
"Infallibility of the Church of Rome."

The diocese of Cincinnati was erected into an
archdiocese in 1860, and Bishop PURCELL
was made the first Archbishop. He was, indeed,
almost the first Bishop of Ohio, having had but
one predecessor, the Rev. Dr. EDWARD FEN-
WICK.

tically at an end—a fact recognized by the ap-
pointment in 1880 of a coadjutor with the right
of succession. It has seemed strange to Protest-
ants that the Catholic Church has not assumed
and paid these debts. Pastoral letters were is-
sued by the bishops in this country recommend-
ing collections in the churches, but the proceeds
have not met the claims of the Archbishop's
creditors.

An immense stained glass window designed
and executed by the American artist, John La
Farge, is now on view at M. Deschamps', Bond
street. Mr. La Farge is said to be the greatest
colorist in America, and there are some very
fine greens and blues in this curious design
which represent a chrysanthemum in full blos-
som. The whole is enclosed in a peculiar pale
border more odd than beautiful.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column
should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN
ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

Through the kindness of our correspondent, Mr.
Shaw, who was a week or two ago in London, Eng.,
we have received a copy of the "Times" newspaper
of the 24th ult., which contains a long article of more
than two columns on the late International Chess
Tournament.

This article is a very gratifying sign of the increas-
ing interest which is taken in the game, and forms
a chapter in the modern history of chess, which ought
to be in the library of every amateur. It gives a rapid
sketch of some of the principal contests of a like
character which have been held in Europe since the
Tournament of 1851, which, as some few may remem-
ber, took place at the time of the Prince Consort's
Exhibition. This Tournament of 1851, it calls the
pioneer of a series of chess tournaments which led to the
carrying out of the great Tourney just terminated,
the names of those who took a leading part in its
management, and a list of the names of the great
players who were entitled from their chess standing
to take part in one of the most exciting contests
which the world has ever seen. After stating that the
Committee of Management soon after its first
meeting had decided upon two Tournaments, the first
the Major, or Masters' Tournament, and the other the
Vizianakram Tournament, open to all amateurs, or
players, not included in the Masters' contest, the
writer gives most interesting accounts of each of the
following contestants in the Masters' Tourney—Zuk-
ertort, Steinitz, Blackburn, Tschigorin, Mason, Mac-
kenzie, Rosenthal, Winawer, Bird and Noa.

These accounts include, to some extent, the past
history of each player, and does not fail to notice in-
dividual peculiarities of play as exhibited chiefly in
the great trial of skill just terminated. It is evident
that these remarks are the result of careful observa-
tion, and will not fail to be of deep interest to those
who have now, for more than two months, been
watching the course of events in the recent contest
of chess giants. We intend to make use of some of
these sketches in our Column, should our space un-
derstand us to do so.

There are rumours afloat that Mr. Zukertort has
received a challenge from Mr. Steinitz for a match of
chess for £300 sterling, and that Mr. Z. has declined
on account of previous arrangements of a business
nature. We are inclined to think that this will lead
to much disappointment on the part of many, but it
is only to be expected that some of the players in the
late Tournament will need rest after the long time
that they have been under severe mental strain, and
may come to the conclusion that there are more im-
portant things to be attended to in life than chess
play after all.

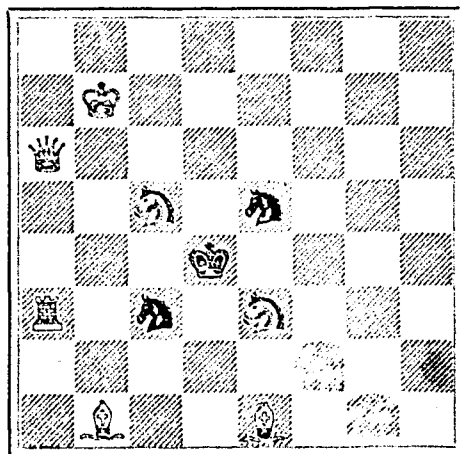
ZUKERTORT DECLINES A CHALLENGER

LONDON, July 8.—Zukertort, the winner of the first
prize in the recent International Chess Tournament,
has declined the challenge of Steinitz, the winner of
the second prize, to play for the championship and a
large stake. The reason given by Zukertort for re-
fusing is that he purposes to make a year's tour.

PROBLEM No. 442.

By Giuseppe Liberali.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 440.

White. Black.
1 Kt to K B 4 1 K to Q 5
2 Q to K 8 2 K to Q B 5
3 Q mates

1 Kt to Q B 3 1 K takes Kt
3 Q mates 2 Anything

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

GAME 568TH.

THE STEINITZ GAMBIT DEFEATED.

Englisch successfully resisted the Steinitz Gambit
and its renowned inventor. This game was played as
follows:

WHITE.—(Mr. S. BLACK.—(Mr. E.
1 P to K 4 1 P to K 4
2 Kt to Q B 3 2 Kt to Q B 3
3 P to K B 4 3 P takes P
4 P to Q 4 4 Q to R 5 ch
5 K to K 2 5 P to Q 4
6 P takes P 6 Q to K 2 ch
7 K to B 2 7 Q to R 5 ch
8 P to K Kt 3 (a) 8 P takes P ch
9 K to Kt 2 (b) 9 B to Q 3
10 P takes Kt 10 P takes R P
11 Q to B 3 11 P takes Kt (Q ch)
12 R takes Q 12 Q takes P ch
13 B to K 3 13 Q to B 3
14 Q to K 2 14 Kt to K 2
15 B to Kt 2 15 P takes P
16 Kt to K 4 16 Q to Kt 3
17 P to B 4 17 B to K Kt 5
18 Q to K B 2 18 Castles (K)
19 R to K sq 19 Kt to B 4
20 Kt takes B 20 Kt takes B
21 R takes Kt 21 Q takes Kt (c)

NOTES.

(a) If White had played 5 K to K 2, Black would
have checked with 5 Q to K 2, and 10 Q to R 5, etc.,
drawing, which, as second player, he would have been
justified in doing, by perpetual check.

(b) An interesting analysis of the alternative move
here, 9 P takes P, will be found in the April number of
the "Chess Monthly."

(c) The game was won by Mr. Englisch after many
more moves.

MISCELLANY

Poor Bismarck is no better; the disease from
which he is suffering is the result, in the major-
ity of instances (and certainly in his case), of
severe mental labor, anxiety and worry, and
affects the middle-aged and the old often more
than the young. Much has been said about Bismarck
growing a beard. He lets his beard grow because
he can no longer bear a razor. A nerve originat-
ing in the brain, and spreading in three
branches over the face, is the source of face
neuralgia. He speaks in a whisper, as if he
feared to waken his tormentor. He is carefully
protected from draughts, for a single breath of
wind is often sufficient to bring on a paroxysm
of pain. Often, when he speaks, tears fall from
his eyes with every word, course down his fur-
rowed cheeks, and lose themselves in his snowy
beard.

The belle of the coronation ball after the
Empress was the Countess de Beauharnais, sister
of the late General Skobelev. This lady was
dressed in a Russian costume, the cut of which
dates from early in the sixteenth century. It
was low off the shoulders, with long hanging
sleeves, plaited to the elbow, with a pointed
stomacher, and skirt opening beneath over the
under petticoat. The fabric, heavily brocaded
and embroidered, looked like chased metal, as its
long train fell round her feet in singular folds.
Her kakoschink was festooned with pearls, dia-
monds and huge round emerald, while round
the entire corsage pearls and emerald medallions
set off her pretty shoulders to perfection; a
simple veil of tulle was fastened with gold
plaques behind the tiara. Other costumes were
equally attractive, without being so perfect in
ensemble.

Now that the International Chess Tourna-
ment is a thing of the past, and the gains and
losses have been counted up by lovers of "the
game of kings," it is interesting to note that,
although this was the most important of all
contests of the kind, no startling development
took place during its progress. Steinitz, in his
endeavor to strike out a new line, lost games to
men it is not disrespectful to call his inferiors;
and this seemed sufficient to prevent any of the
"masters" from following such a dangerous pre-
cedent. Of course this must not be taken as a
proof that no fresh openings are to be looked
for; but it is confessedly somewhat disappoint-
ing that such a tournament as that just con-
cluded should have failed to produce something
more to make it worth remembering than the
astonishing success of Dr. Zukertort.

JAPANESE art in all its branches is still at-
tracting a great deal of attention in Paris; there
have been Japanese fêtes, Japanese exhibi-
tions, &c. The Japanese themselves are, it is
well known, exceedingly quick at assimilating
and reproducing whatever they admire in Euro-
pean life and manners; and now they have de-
termined to make an annual art exhibition,
which is open at present in the Palais de l'In-
dustrie. The exhibition occupies two rooms of
the palace, contiguous to those in which the
salon is held; it consists mainly of fans, screens,
blinds, and other products of Japanese decora-
tive art. All the objects to be seen at this ex-
hibition were forwarded to Paris from Japan,
and are the work of artists of the country; the
drawing are brimful of that peculiar originality
and high artistic spirit which distinguish Jap-
anese works of this kind, and each of the 135
items enumerated in the catalogue of the exhibi-
tion may be examined with admiration and
interest by amateurs.

The Temple Bar Memorial already shows
signs of decay. This is evident in a portion of
the stone-work of the medallion of the Royal
Prince. To many admirers of Mr. Birch this
item of news will be of small moment, when, as
far as can be discovered, the Griffin is at present
as perfect as when it first startled the passers-
by in Fleet street.

At the Savage Club fête there will be a pro-
cession of the members in "barbaric dress"—
that is to say, as Zulus, Red Indians, &c. These
noble savages will be all men of six feet, and
will, therefore, make a goodly show as a guard
of honor for their Royal Highnesses.

No deformity necessarily follows the use of the
side-saddle, says the London Lancet, if the pre-
caution be taken with growing girls to change
sides on alternate days, riding on the left side
one day and the right on the next. The pur-
pose of this change is to counteract the tendency
to lean over to the side opposite that on which
the leg is swung.

QUEEN VICTORIA reads largely, and there is
hardly a notable work which appears that Her
Majesty does not look through. Of the news-
papers the Queen is supposed to read only such
passages as have been marked for her by the
lady-in-waiting. The Queen is particularly
fond of the novels of George Eliot, and keeps a
set of them constantly in the book case in her
private apartments.

The people of Coventry have decided at a meet-
ing to revive in August of this year the ancient
pageant of Lady Godiva. The last celebration
of this kind at Coventry was held six years ago
and was very successful. It is intended that
this year's pageant shall be still more successful.
Great interest has already been taken in it. The
mayor of the town has granted the use of the
ancient armor in St. Mary's Hall.

The Emperor of Austria has inaugurated a
new observatory at Vienna, situated on an
eminence in the outskirts of the town. The new
building took nine years to construct, and
during that time the present director went all
over Europe and America in order to study the
fitting up of the best observatories. It is a two
storied building, with a large cupola over the
octagonal chamber which occupies the centre of
the building, and having smaller cupolas over
the west, north and east halls.

In a western suburb of London exists as fine
a "view of Venice" as can be found in that city
itself. This view lies on the Paddington canal
at Maida-hall. Italian campanile, stone balu-
strades, slow moving barges, one arched bridge
and a verdant island all are there, and the sun-
set is at this season of the year as lovely as can
be seen on the lagoons. Robert Browning, the
poet, Karl Rosa, the musician, Fred. Cowen, the
composer, have all been living for many years
on the banks of the canal.

An amusing incident occurred a few days ago
at a wedding at a village church near Scalford.
The officiating clergyman was about to perform
the ceremony when, chancing to glance up-
wards, he observed in the gallery several wear-
ing billycock shaped hats. Addressing them,
he said, "Gentlemen, remove your hats." There
was no response. The request was repeated, and
again not being complied with, the clergyman
in a great heat directed the clerk of the church
to go and ascertain the names of the offenders.
Before he could do so a lady in the congregation
rose and, amidst laughter, informed the minis-
ter that the persons alluded to were ladies wear-
ing gentlemen's hats. The ceremony was then
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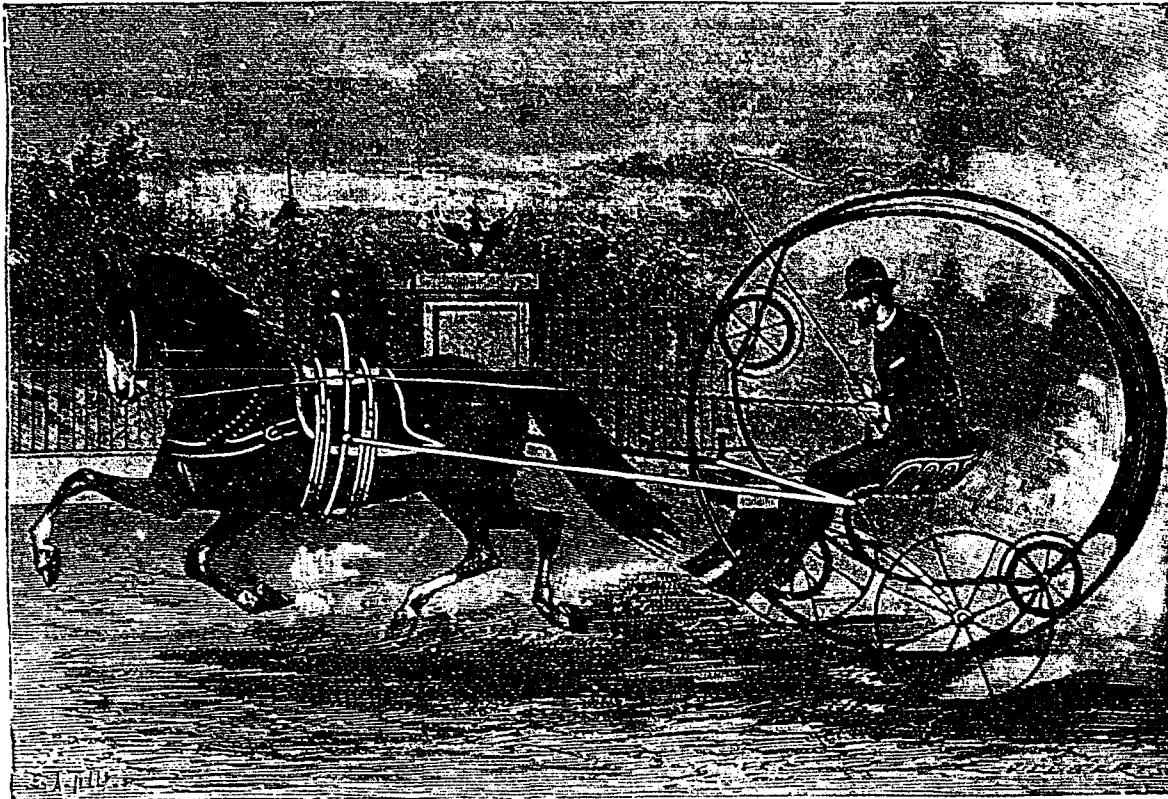
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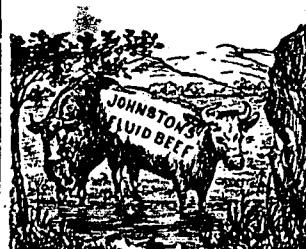
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