

Illustrated News

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DAY DREAMS.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

| Feb. 29th, 1882 | | | Corresponding week, 1881 | | | | |
|-----------------|------|-------|--------------------------|--------|-------|------|-----|
| Max. | Min. | Mean. | Max. | Min. | Mean. | | |
| Mon.. | 30° | 16° | 21° | Mon.. | 25° | 5° | 15° |
| Tues.. | 24° | 14° | 19° | Tues.. | 33° | 9° | 21° |
| Wed.. | 26° | 16° | 21° | Wed.. | 23° | 19° | 25° |
| Thur.. | 30° | 13° | 21° | Thur.. | 33° | 14° | 23° |
| Fri.. | 30° | 8° | 19° | Fri.. | 14° | -10° | 2° |
| Sat.. | 35° | 4° | 19° | Sat.. | 11° | -5° | 3° |
| Sun.. | 38° | 10° | 24° | Sun.. | 20° | 0° | 10° |

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 4, 1882.

THE SERVANT QUESTION.

While we in Canada are puzzling over the solution of the servant question, and proposing to ourselves schemes of emigration to help us out of the present scarcity of domestic labour, it is interesting to look to the experiences of older nations, and see whether really they are much better off than we.

The servant question is beginning to greatly preoccupy the minds of the residents of Paris, both native and foreign, and so far as the servants of elegantly-appointed and wealthy households are concerned, there is room for their uneasiness. A correspondent of the *Continental Gazette* says:—There is no being on earth more pampered or more pretentious than is the valet, or cook, or ladies' maid employed in one of these magnificently-appointed establishments, where from ten to twenty servants are kept. They are dishonest, presuming, and dis-obliging. Each individual has his or her line of duties sharply defined, and will not step one inch beyond its boundaries to aid his or her comrades or to oblige the mistress of the house. One Parisian lady dismisses every servant in her employ every six months. Her theory is that the constant renewal of her household personnel tends to keep her domestics in good order. She gets the cream, so to speak, of their services, and just about the time that they become lazy and impertinent she gets rid of them. But in less extensively appointed establishments there are plenty of good steady girls to be met with, who know how to work and who do their work faithfully and conscientiously. The worst class of the French servants are to be met with in the grandest of Parisian houses; the best keep on the even tenor of their way in quiet households where two, or at the most three servants are kept. And Marie in Paris has one overwhelming advantage over our Bridget, Gretchen, or Dinah in the United States; whatever she engages herself to do, she knows how to do it. She has her faults and they are grave ones occasionally, but lack of capacity to perform the service for which she engaged herself is not among them.

In England domestic service has been for years an institution to which those, intended for it are brought up from child-

hood, and though the influences brought to bear upon them are gradually weakening, there is yet a class who look upon domestic service as the natural course for their children to pursue when they come of age to earn their daily bread. On this continent unfortunately other influences are brought to bear to the exclusion of the attractions of a good respectable home. The greater freedom enjoyed by children results in a craving for a continuance of that freedom when they come of age to choose for themselves, and the restraints of domestic service are rejected in favour of the freer though less healthy life of the manufactory or the store.

Closely connected too with this is the different relation in which the servant at home and here stands to her employers. Whatever its disadvantages the difference which society and caste have established between classes in England has a distinctly good effect in the case of domestic service. Servants look up to their employers and respect them in a way which is rare indeed in this country. Equality as a principle is very well, but the assumption of equality between servant and mistress never will work in practice. The moral of all which is that what we want in Canada—and for the matter of that in the States—is a better and more correct feeling on the subject of domestic servants amongst the class from which they are drawn. We want to persuade mothers that service with a respectable family is a better and healthier pursuit for their daughters than the excitement and freedom of employment behind the counter or at the factory bench. We want our schools to train their pupils more with a view of the possibilities which may be demanded of them. Lastly we want to teach our young men that good house servants make the best wives. Then and not till then may we expect to see the girls themselves attracted by what now they shun.

THE PREVENTION OF CRIME.

The last of a series of three articles by RICHARD DUGDALE in the *Atlantic Monthly* deals with the prevention of crime in society. The lesson which is intended to be taught by the evidence he brings forward is one which affects us here in Canada no less than in the States. The true remedy for crime has long since been recognized as prevention, and not punishment, and the first step towards such prevention is the removal of such opportunities for the easy commission of crime as are daily offered to criminals. People are far too apt to consider that the prospect of punishment is in itself sufficient to deter from the commission of ordinary crime, and they lay themselves open to be robbed with perfect recklessness.

A case appeared only recently in the city papers, for example, in which a lady, carrying her purse in an unprotected open back pocket, was not unnaturally relieved of it by a passer-by, as she leant over one of the stalls in the market. A similar case to this which occurred in New York was treated by Judge GILDERSLEEVE in a common sense if slightly irregular manner. Without hesitation he discharged the lad convicted of larceny, and publicly censured the lady who brought the complaint because she made herself the wanton instigator to the offence, by carrying valuable property where it was absolutely unprotected. In the article under consideration Mr. DUGDALE calls attention to the culpable neglect evinced in the case of several of the recent bank robberies, notably the Manhattan and Newark banks, the cases of which we cannot go into here.

The ordinary want of precaution exercised daily by those who have valuable property at stake is the more remarkable in these days of the telegraph, the telephone and the photograph, all of which could be made to do good duty in the recognition of criminals and the prevention of crime. MOSIER, the supposed abductor of CHARLIE ROSS, met his death in an attempt at robbery of an empty house at Bay

Ridge, New York. The owner had connected it with his brother's premises in the immediate neighbourhood by an alarm telegraph, which brought the brother and his son upon the scene in time to prevent the robbery. By this simple means the entrance of a burglar into one house might be made to arouse a score of neighbours, or to bring the police directly upon the scene. A thorough knowledge of the criminal class and their movements by the police is another item of security, much neglected amongst us. What we need to do if we are to stamp out crime at all effectively is to make the difficulties of its commission infinitely great. When the habitual criminal finds that all his movements are known and his actions anticipated; when he finds that instant detection follows upon the attempt, and that the chances of success are very faint, then and not till then will he reflect that it is hardly worth the risk.

Like almost all enthusiasts Mr. DUGDALE perhaps carries his scheme a little too far. We question how far it will be possible for the philanthropist of the future to convert one by one the criminal population, and eradicate in the next generation the seeds of evil altogether. Still we believe that the reform will follow shortly upon the recognition by the criminal class of the unprofitable nature of their profession.

The special class of frauds to which banks and other fiduciary institutions are liable are due more than all others to the culpable negligence of directors and employers. In many instances, we may almost say in most, this trouble originates in stock gambling operations. Cashiers and tellers use the money of their bank for their own purposes and when unsuccessful have to resort to frauds of various kinds to cover the growing deficiency. The custom of the well-known house of Balli Brothers has been for generations to make their branch managers partners of the house, and to require them to enter into a contract forfeiting their position the moment they speculate in any way, and recently the New York managers forfeited their position on this account. Such a limitation in the case of all the officers and clerks of a monetary institution seems demanded by common prudence, and a man known to be in the habit of speculating on his own account should suffer instant dismissal.

The moral of all this of course is that "prevention is better than cure," and that the real way to reduce our assize rolls is by making the commission of robbery and dishonesty as difficult as may be.

THE CIVIL SERVICE FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

NO. II.

DEAR SIR,—In my first letter I threatened you with another upon the same subject.

It is a question sometimes debated whether the members of the Civil Service and their families are not too much "stuck up," and whether they should, in any sense, rank higher than a clerk in a grocery or a dry goods shop; whether the endeavors after gentility in appearance and living are not an evil rather than a good; whether there is any reason, in fact, why the artisan and officers of the Army, Navy, and Civil Service should not mingle together in an undistinguishable mass. To many this leveling doctrine is peculiarly grateful, nor do those who think thus lack representatives in Parliament. To how many, besides, are the performances of a Hanlan more worthy of reward than those of a Dawson or a Wilson, and those of a cricketer like Grace, or a jockey like Fordham, furnish a more fitting theme of rapture than those of Tennyson or Huxley? Each of these, in his own sphere, deserves and receives honor, and as long as the world lasts men will decide much according to their own tastes to whose excellence they will give fullest recognition. But, however excellent the fruits or corn of life, let us not hold there is no room for the flowers.

Any class, having to a greater or less extent a fixed position, whether as with clergymen, or officers in the Army or Navy, or members of the Civil Service, or professors or fellows of a university, comes to have a certain degree and kind of social culture. Nor is it, it seems to me, a thing to be deprecated. If it be true, as William of Wykeham declared upon the walls of Winchester College, that "Manners maketh men," it is well to have these schools of culture. Of course asses and bores are found in the ranks

of all those who make offensive parade of, or cannot comprehend the rôle imposed upon them. But the Civil Service of Canada can boast of at least a very considerable proportion of studious men, and men of scholarly and social culture. The traditions of the service handed down for many scores of years have left the latter impress on it. Is it wise to break down all these traditions suddenly? Will the Civil Service be really improved by driving such people out? The Civil Servant likes his little round of society. As a rule, it is by no means of an expensive sort. Even among the Deputy heads and chief clerks, such a thing as a horse and carriage for themselves is almost entirely unknown. Their reunions and banquets are for the most part very quiet and unpretending; yet, because they manage to do their little gracefully, it is made matter of offence and accusation. And chief of all is the scandalous fact that many among them are asked to go to Rideau Hall!

It does seem foolish at first thought, for poor people to do so. And yet it is the last link that binds many of them to "that state of life to which it pleased God to call them." And did not they learn in their catechism to do their duty in "that state?"

Is it the duty of parents to drop out of the position their birth and education entitled them to hold?

They know in the struggle for wealth they are far behind their contemporaries, but that one thing they would like to retain for their children's sake. They may be more fortunate.

Are they not exactly in the same rank, socially, with those who have thousands, when they have hundreds? And, thank God! most Canadian men are still above marrying for mere money.

Another reason is, they can very seldom entertain themselves, and therefore cannot accept invitations from private individuals. Rideau Hall is, therefore, perhaps the only place they go to. There they see all their friends without the feeling that they ought to return the hospitality. While we feel that every one by honest industry and talent is perfectly welcome to rise to any rank in life which his energy and ambition leads him, does it necessarily follow that those who were born in the position he has attained should be forced down into a lower class, without any fault of their own? Surely there is room enough for all in this large country! We are willing to do without all the luxuries that money can buy, but it is hard not to be allowed to retain the society of the refined and educated.

Are two brothers to hold a different rank, because one, who could not pass his university examination, has gone into trade and is now a rich man, while the other became a professional man, and because his profession did not give him a sufficient salary the first two years, took a Civil Service appointment, under the impression that that at least has a certainty?

A man in business may fail for hundreds of thousands, pass through the bankrupt court, and never drop one luxury, for he has settled enough on his wife to ensure him all these; he still drives good horses, lives in a large house, and dresses better than a civil servant can do at his best. He can begin afresh, either make a fortune or fail again under the same circumstances. He seems to take no standing in his society. A civil servant cannot fail. He must drag on from year to year. If sickness or troubles bring debt, law expenses are added to his liabilities, totally preventing him from saving enough out of his salary to pay his way. One expensive year, illness or death in his family, perhaps, the first cause of his embarrassments.

The merchants of Ottawa talk of hard times, and are what they call "down upon the civil servants." They are very foolish. Is not half their prosperity due to them? are not the farmers also paid for their produce by the civil servants?

It is true Ottawa, during the session, is full of strangers. But with the exception of hotels and boarding-houses, few benefit by the influx. The strangers very rarely buy clothing here. Therefore, the better the civil servants are paid, the more prosperous the merchants, tradespeople and farmers in the immediate vicinity will be. If there is not some reform soon, educated people would rather engage in any business than enter the service, when they have little or no hope of advancement. They see men who started in life with them, Judges, Generals, and men of fortune, while they are just as they commenced, or worse, for their money does not buy them half the comforts it did formerly. A dread of being superannuated on a mere pittance, or their children left penniless when they die is perpetually haunting them. If fair pay be not given, the people who take office will be of a lower class, or dishonest, who will rob the Government all they can, to increase their income.

They are not over-worked, it is true; perhaps it would be better if some had more to do. If the country cannot afford to pay proper salaries to such a number, would it not be better to dismiss all the supernumeraries and double the salaries of the efficient ones?

It would seem cruel at first, but would be an advantage in the end, as it would be a poor employment that a young man undertook that would not pay him better in a few years than the one they were leaving.

It is a misfortune for any young man to permanently engage in a monotonous routine. "It knocks the energy out of a fellow," as a young friend said. There is no development of the mind in much of their work (or of the body either, if continually cooped up in a hot room all

day). There is no hope, and without that they soon sink into a listless way of doing even the small amount of work they are expected to do. It is a part of human nature to look for better things. Each year people's wants increase. It is proper that it should be so. The feeling was implanted in our nature by the Almighty, always to look forward to expect something more, and is the feeling in a higher degree that leads them to look forward to a better and higher life beyond the grave. This feeling is what has made the world what it is, instead of its remaining in barbarism. And why should a civil servant never look forward to an increase of his salary, and consequently to more comfort?

I subjoin a table of prices to show that if his salary had been doubled in twenty years service he would be still a poor man, even if his family had remained the same, which it rarely ever does.

| EXPENDITURE. | 1850. | 1860. | 1882. |
|---------------------------|----------|----------|----------|
| Rent per annum..... | \$100 00 | 120 00 | 300 00 |
| Taxes..... | 6 00 | 10 00 | 25 00 |
| Water rates..... | 0 00 | 00 00 | 50 00 |
| Servants (2 females)..... | 84 00 | 108 00 | 150 00 |
| Fuel (15 cords wood)..... | 30 00 | 45 00 | 75 00 |
| Cutting wood..... | 7 50 | 11 50 | 15 00 |
| Baker's bill..... | 20 00 | 28 96 | 42 00 |
| Butchers..... | 34 50 | 65 50 | 80 50 |
| Grocers..... | 100 00 | 114 05 | 203 18 |
| Milk..... | 18 00 | 24 88 | 45 10 |
| | \$437 50 | \$556 14 | \$892 46 |

| MARKET PRICES. | | | |
|---------------------------|----------|----------|----------|
| Apples (per barrel)..... | \$ 1 00 | 2 00 | 4 00 |
| Flour do..... | 3 00 | 4 50 | 7 00 |
| Fresh eggs (per doz)..... | 8 | 10 | 25 |
| Butter (per lb.)..... | 10 | 12 | 35 |
| Bacon (per lb)..... | 8 | 12 | 16 |
| Pork do..... | 7 | 8 | 12 |
| Mutton..... | 2 | 2 | 12 |
| Beef..... | 2 | 2 | 12 |
| Beef (per 100 lbs)..... | 3 00 | 4 00 | 6 50 |
| Pork do..... | 2 50 | 3 00 | 5 00 |
| Mutton (per sheep)..... | 2 00 | 3 00 | 4 50 |
| Potatoes (per bag)..... | 25 | 20 | 1 20 |
| Turnips..... | 10 | 15 | 30 |
| Cabbages (per doz)..... | 10 | 20 | 1 00 |
| | \$ 15 43 | \$ 19 16 | \$ 31 03 |

| PEOPLE EMPLOYED BY THE DAY. | | | |
|-----------------------------|----------|---------|--------------|
| Carpenter..... | \$ 00 75 | 1 00 | 2 00 to 2 50 |
| Mason..... | 75 | 1 00 | 2 00 to 2 50 |
| Plumber..... | 75 | 1 00 | 2 00 to 2 50 |
| Tinsmith..... | 75 | 1 00 | 2 00 to 2 50 |
| Labourer..... | 50 | 75 | 1 00 |
| Charwoman..... | 25 | 40 | 75 |
| Dressmaker..... | 25 | 40 | 75 |
| | \$ 4 00 | \$ 5 55 | \$ 10 50 |

I give the actual expenses of the year from July, 1851, to 1880, as they stand on the old account book. It will be seen that instead of its being an easy year it was an unusually hard one, there having been both a birth and a death; the extra expenses connected therewith amounting to over £30. There was £15 paid for furniture, £20 for insurance and £20 for board for one month's rest. In spite of all there was a balance left of over £20 out of the £200 per annum. With £200 at the present day not half the comforts could be enjoyed, and such a trying year would throw one deeply in debt.

| MONEY PAID DURING THE YEAR 1820 | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------|
| Rent of house..... | \$ 27 10 |
| Furniture..... | 15 00 |
| Taxes..... | 2 10 |
| Schooling..... | 11 9 10 |
| Insurance on life..... | 26 15 |
| Tailor..... | 14 10 |
| Shoemaker..... | 5 10 |
| Dry Goods..... | 25 5 3 |
| Butcher..... | 17 3 4 |
| Baker..... | 7 2 2 |
| Grocer..... | 23 12 7 |
| Fuel..... | 10 17 10 |
| Milk..... | 8 1 1 |
| Wages..... | 22 7 4 |
| Medical attendance..... | 16 3 |
| Chemist..... | 7 6 3 |
| Funeral expenses..... | 4 2 6 |
| Extra wages nurse..... | 2 0 0 |
| Spent for every day expenses..... | 13 00 0 |
| Board for one month..... | 20 00 0 |
| | \$279 1 6 |

The above list has been compiled from actual bills of those dates. The two first were, of course, in pounds, shillings and pence, but for comparison have been put into dollars and cents. Clothing is not included. We must also bear in mind that poor people buy at the dearest rate. A rich man may buy his stores in large quantity at wholesale prices. A poor man, paid by the month, must buy retail and in very small quantities.

Being obliged to live in Ottawa, or its immediate vicinity, is a drawback. An income which would be ample in a small country town, would not be nearly enough for Ottawa.

Again, expenses vary so. The prices of every thing being one year double what it was before, that it is very difficult to calculate exactly. I have given above the average prices of food, but between 1870 and 1880 meat has been as high as 20 cents a lb., and everything else in proportion. In 1875 I find by old bills that cabbages were 20 cents, a fine cauliflower 50 cents, apples 65 cents a peck, turnips 20 cents, carrots 20 cents, onions 30 cents, parsnips 25 cents, prairie hens \$1 a pair. This year servants' wages were very high, because, as an Irish woman said, "The cost of food was so much her wages had to be raised."

If Ottawa was such an expensive place to live in that the members of Parliament were obliged to raise their allowance to \$1,000 for a session of a few weeks' duration, when most of them have good salaries from their own business at home, how could they expect poor people to live here all the year round on very little more than a few weeks costs them.

The bonus once given was a blessing while it lasted, but the unexpected loss of it threw many people so deeply in debt that they have not yet recovered lost ground.

If food or wages are high, a merchant immediately raises the prices of his goods to make his profits cover his expenses; not so the civil servant, he must pay the advanced price for everything.

Once in debt, the civil servant is completely at the mercy of his creditors, and is often induced to buy what he actually does not want, or to give the highest price for the poorest articles.

In the list of the cost of living it will be seen that it is only actual necessities, nothing allowed for luxuries, wines, or confectionary, &c. &c., nor the thousand and one petty expenses that have to be incurred.

If the members at the present session would take all these things into consideration, and vote something towards the higher compensation of those who have spent the best years of their lives in the service of their country, they will confer a great blessing upon a number of care-worn people, and earn the grateful thanks of every woman belonging to the Civil Service.

Ottawa, February, 1882.

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Ottawa, February 24th, 1882.

If princely be synonymous with magnificent, then that epithet is applicable to the entertainment given by Madame Caron, wife of the Minister of Militia and Defence, on Saturday last.

The whole of the house had been thrown open to the invited guests, who were numerous, the Commons, the Senate, the Bench, the Bar, the Civil Service and the military being represented, each by its most distinguished elements. Lady Frances Balfour, Mrs. Russell Stephenson, Mrs. De Winton and the Viceregal staff dropped in during the course of the evening. The upper storey had been transformed into a huge marquee, ornamented with panoplies composed of pistols, swords, bayonets and helmets, and hung with portraits of Her Majesty, of the Viceregal pair, of Sir John and of the late Minister of Militia, Sir George E. Cartier. In the corners stood stacked arms, and flags which had braved the battles of 1812 were dependent by the side of others which, so far, have only faced the breeze. Orderlies taken from the Governor-General's Foot Guards were stationed at the entrance, the foot of the staircase and on every landing. One could have imagined oneself in camp. The musical and vocal programme was excellently rendered. I have already given the names of the performers, and therefore content myself with mentioning that Prume played *La Melancolie*, a composition of his namesake's, and a sonatina by Grieg, arranged as a duo, Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison taking the piano part. Among other numbers, Mlle. Leduc sang *Les roses Topaze*, Mme. Christin, *Tristes Amours*, and Mrs. T. Charles Watson recited *Aux Italiens*. The assembly broke up shortly before midnight, after having spent a most enjoyable evening.

At that party I was almost converted to the sunflower; but then it was worn by a Montreal lady, who is a privileged being, and who appears to advantage in anything she wears. Whilst on the subject of beauty, two sisters, daughters of a military man from Halifax, have attracted a good deal of admiration at various social entertainments this season. They are *petites* and *brunettes*, and would look well in a picture of the Watteau school.

The bazaar held annually in connection with the Church of St. Alban the Martyr will open on March 1st, and continue to remain so until the end of the week. The ladies of the guild are all busy with needle and paint-brush, so that an æsthetic display may be expected. The bazaar is under the patronage of Lady Macdonald, whilst Mesdames Grant, Powell, Borradaile and Patterson constitute a committee of management.

A passing word about my colleagues of the fourth estate. Mr. Carroll Ryan, who has sat in the gallery since Confederation, was unanimously elected President of the gallery, on Saturday. He humorously referred to the fact during the past few years many of us had "gone below." For the benefit of ignorant outsiders I explain that this remark applies to those of us who sit in either House. Mr. Trow has sent us his annual present, a box of cigars; such gifts are never *de trop*.

Our special thanks are due to Sir Hector Langevin, who has personally taken much trouble in ensuring our comfort, besides presenting us with a set of most useful maps.

"The Sorcerer" is to be produced at the Grand Opera House, under the patronage of His Excellency, and for the benefit of the Protestant Hospital, on the 25th inst., by a company of amateurs, whose names follow: Misses Aumont, Poetter, Waller and Haycock; Messrs. Bates, Sinclair, M. Dunleire, Peachy and Chesley, with a chorus of amateurs; the orchestra is to be taken from the Guards' Band, under the conductorship of Professor Dore.

Lady Macdonald's kettledrum on Monday was well attended.

Lady Tilley's ball on Tuesday was, I am told, a most successful affair. Lady Frances Balfour, who, together with the ladies composing the Rideau Hall party, had lunched with the Speaker of the Senate in the middle of the day, graced the ball with her presence, accompanied by Lieut.-Col. DeWinton and Capt. Short, A.D.C.

All day and all night, Ottawa had an insight into what a North-Western blizzard is, and on Wednesday the snowfall continued minus the wind.

Talking of balls, it has become the fashion in Ottawa to "fish" for invitations. Cabinet Ministers and M.P.'s are beset with letters asking them to procure invitations for balls at Rideau Hall and at Ministerial mansions. One Minister recently received some fifty letters from people, many of whom he did not know, requesting him to get the writers admitted to a colleague's house.

Madame Caron will give weekly *conversations* every Saturday during the session.

That dapper and energetic little officer, Commander Cheyne, is in town, and the guest of Captain Allen. He lectures in Peterborough on the 23rd inst., the title of his lecture being "Baffled, Not Busted," or "The Discovery of the North Pole Practicable." On the 27th inst. he lectures here, the subject being "The Great Search for Sir John Franklin." A petition is now being extensively signed in Montreal, Toronto and Cobourg to the Dominion Parliament for a grant in aid of the projected enterprise, but it would almost appear that another year may elapse ere it be carried into execution, the possibility being that in the meantime Commander Cheyne may be sent to Hudson's Bay to examine the state of the ice during the summer months, in view of the proposed making of a route to Europe.

Prume's concert came off on Thursday. It was crowded, and Canada's violinist was at his best. A contemporary claims that musical history will "record his name with those of Vieuxtemps and Paganini." Why not also with Nero and the Royal composer of the Galatea Waltzes? If comparisons are odious, such a juxtaposition of names is meaningless. Mrs. T. C. Watson read in French, and many of our French-Canadian citizens tell me she read *délicieusement et adorablement*.

The same evening there was a masquerade at the Royal Rink, the proprietor of which had without warrant announced that there was to be a reception committee of notabilities, but it turned out to be nothing but a private speculation, in no ways countenanced by the gentlemen named. As a matter of course, His Excellency did not honor the place with his presence.

In the afternoon, Lady Frances Balfour, Mrs. Russell Stephenson and Miss Macpherson occupied seats on the floor of the House. Sir Hector Langevin presented the Civil Service Bill, which provides for competitive examination, that bugbear of office-seekers and their friends. A vote was taken on the second reading of Mr. Girouard's bill; it was carried by a large majority, 103. Mr. Coursol had, in the earlier part of the sitting, presented a petition in favor of the bill, signed by 300 ladies of Montreal. Query: Are these ladies wives of unmarried sisters, or sisters awaiting the demise of the former?

I must conclude with a few brevities, or you will "burke" my aid, Mr. Editor. St. Joseph's Bazaar, in aid of the Orphan Asylum, is now open. The Rev. O. Routhier, V.G., is director of the bazaar, whilst Madame Boucher is president of the ladies, and Mr. Campeau president of the gentlemen entrusted with its management.

His Excellency has placed in the hands of the Ottawa Lawn Tennis Club six prizes to be competed for in a ladies' single-handed tournament which will take place early in March, and will

be held in the Drill Hall, Ottawa. Play will begin on Monday, March the sixth, and the tournament will be brought to a conclusion on the following Saturday. Ladies of Ottawa who intend to take part in the tournament have been requested to send in their names to Mr. Waldo, the honorary secretary of the Ottawa club. The presidents of the various other Racquet and Tennis clubs in the Dominion have been notified of the intended tournament, and asked to forward the names of all ladies in their localities who wish to compete.

A marble bust of Sir John is on view in the Parliamentary Library; it is by Mr. Dunbar, and is life-like, although he has not yet had a life-sitting for it.

The discoverer of "Antediluvian music, or singing stones," is in town. He hails from France, and claims to have discovered that the silix has music within its flinty breast. His instrument is composed of two octaves of stones, weighing from one to eight pounds, and music is extracted therefrom by gently tapping them with a small silix. Crowds are flocking to this novelty.

Mrs. T. Chas. Watson is to read shortly, and Madame Rivé-King is to give a concert. As far as theatrical performances go, they are conspicuous by their absence. Our caterer in this respect is anything but enterprising, and his know-nothingness in matters theatrical is notorious.

Sir Leonard Tilley's Budget speech, which he made on Friday afternoon and night, is considered to be the best Budget speech he ever made. The galleries were crowded, Lady Macdonald and Lady Tilley being, of course, present. At the opening sitting, both ladies kissed their hands to the valiant Knight's below, who returned the compliment *en avare* to the fair dames who had come to witness the tournament.

Sir Richard Cartwright's reply was a poor specimen of oratory. He delivered himself of it in short, jerky sentences, in that painful falsetto voice of his, and wound up with a piece of clap-trap about the "tyranny" of the Conservative party.

A new and original comic opera, entitled "The Boss of Bagdad," written by W. H. Fuller, author of "H.M.S. Parliament," the music composed by Oliver King, late pianist to H.R.H. the Princess Louise, has been accepted by the manager of Booth's Theatre, New York, and will be produced at that establishment on a scale of great magnificence, about the latter end of March. The opera has been partially rehearsed in New York, and has been much appreciated by musical critics. The scene of the opera is laid in Persia; the theme deals with modern social and political witnesses, who are treated in a spirit of good-natured satire, which our American cousins will be keen to appreciate.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WINNIPEG is to have a half million hotel. MADAME CELESTE, a *quondam* French actress, is dead.

The Lord Mayor's Jewish relief fund in London amounts to £50,000.

ANGLO-FRENCH commercial negotiations are at an end for the present.

The criminal record of Havana averages one case to every twenty inhabitants.

SPANISH prelates are endeavoring to revive the abandoned pilgrimage scheme.

The military exchanged shots with an armed mob at Carriek-on-Suir.

The celebrated Jardin de Mabilie in Paris is to be taken for building purposes.

The Metropolitan at Moscow has written to the Czar, urging him to abandon his seclusion.

The Court of Appeals has reversed the Queen's Bench judgment granting Bradlaugh a new trial.

A NEW Credit Mobilier is being formed in Paris with a capital of one hundred million francs.

DISGRAFFFUL revelations of treatment at Sing-Sing prison are made public by an ex-keeper.

A LARGE quantity of gunpowder has been found concealed on board the *Niagara* of the New York and Cuba Mail S.S. Co.

GENERAL SKOBLEFF again declares a great war is inevitable if Austria continues to oppress Bosnian slaves.

The proposal of the Swiss Government to fix the standard of the metallic coinage has been refused by the European powers.

A MILD and not very successful effort has been made to close the Chicago gambling houses and put a stop to Sunday theatrical performances.



MES. LANGTRY AS MISS HARDCASTLE IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

"BONNY KATE."

A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY

CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I never could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me."

"Kate," says Mrs. Lawrence, "I must beg that you will remember that you are no longer a child. As far as age goes, you certainly should have attained some discretion."

"As far as I can learn, there was no necessity for you to have gone through the creek bottom," interrupts the merciless mentor. "Why should you have followed Frank Tarleton into such a place? Why did you not remain with the huntsmen?"
"We followed the dogs."
"You followed the dogs, and yet you lost



The Carriage enters the enclosure.

"I am sorry if you think I have been indiscreet, Aunt Margaret," says Kate; but, despite the penitence of the words, there is the suggestion of an unruly smile about the soft-cut mouth.

them! I must say that such an account is a little too complicated for me to understand. However, the fact remains that, instead of coming home, you went to Southdale, and spent two or three hours there. Now Kate, I don't wish to be severe, but you must understand that such things will not do. When the huntsmen came back without you, Miss Brooke was seriously concerned; and if you do not take care, she will decline to assume charge of a girl who threatens to turn into a fast young lady on her hands."
Now is Kate's opportunity to declare that she does not wish Miss Brooke to assume charge of her; but the words stick in her throat. For the first time in her life she is possessed of a secret, and, in consequence, she feels the blood come to her face in a crimson tide. It is fully a minute before she is able to stammer:
"I—I have changed my mind, Aunt Margaret. I cannot go with Miss Brooke."



A cynosure for all eyes.

"You are always ready to express sorrow," says Mrs. Lawrence; "but I never perceive any signs of amendment. One act of thoughtlessness follows fast upon another; and your escapade this morning has been beyond your usual mark. To leave the rest of the party, and go to Southdale and take breakfast with Frank Tarleton—I am ashamed of you. Do you know that a few more things of this kind, and people will call you 'fast'?"

"But it was altogether an accident!" pleads Kate. "We lost the hounds, and we were dreadfully middy, for we had been all through the creek bottom—"



On the box seat of the Norton Carriage.

"Changed your mind!" repeats Mrs. Lawrence. "You agreed last night to go, after I pointed out how necessary it is that you should do so."

"I know I did," says Kate, dejectedly. "I am very sorry that I should have misled you, but—I cannot go, and that is an end of it."

"That is not an end of it at all!" returns Mrs. Lawrence irately. "Do you imagine that you can vacillate back and forth like this? Why have you changed your mind since last night? What reason have you to give for refusing such an offer?"

Kate hesitates. What can she answer? Surely her aunt has a right to know the meaning of such a sudden change of resolution! Oh, if Tarleton had not sealed her lips! This is what she thinks. What she says is:

"I have no better reason than that I don't wish to go, Aunt Margaret. Please forgive me for making a mistake. I ought to have told you so last night."

"Last night you saw as plainly as I do that it is best for you to go," says Mrs. Lawrence, look-

ing at her keenly. "Kate, you need not try to deceive me. Something has occurred this morning to alter your resolution. What is it?"

Again the betraying crimson flies to Kate's face. Speak false she cannot, break her promise to Tarleton she will not. Between the two alternatives, nothing seems left but silence.

"Very well," says Mrs. Lawrence, after a minute. "You will not tell me, but I can very readily imagine what it is. You are suffering Frank Tarleton to amuse himself by flirting with you."

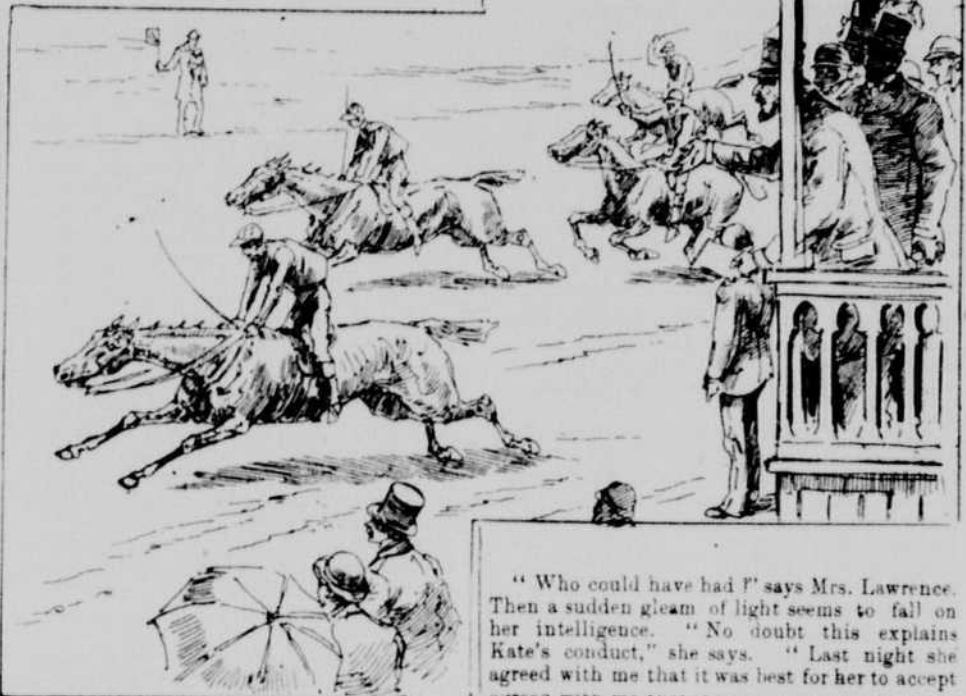
"No—indeed no!" cries Kate, earnestly.

"Then give me a reason for changing your mind," says Mrs. Lawrence, inexorably.

"I don't want to go," answers Kate, blushing like the guilty thing she feels herself to be.

"That would be childish if it were true," says her aunt. "Being not true—at least not wholly true—it is worse. I told your uncle what the consequences of bringing Frank Tarleton here would be. Now I shall tell him what they are."

"O Aunt Margaret, dear Aunt Margaret, don't!" cries Kate, with her eyes full of tears. "You are mistaken, indeed you are! You are unjust to—to Mr. Tarleton and to me."



Bonny Kate comes to the front.

"You must let me judge of that," says Mrs. Lawrence—and putting aside the hand that would detain her, she leaves the room.

Kate stands aghast a moment. Then she covers her face with her hands and bursts into tears. It seems hard to have her happiness dashed with bitterness like this! "Why cannot people let one alone!" she thinks. "Why must they torment and worry one? I don't mean to be unjust—Aunt Margaret thinks she is doing right, but she makes everything so unpleasant! I wish I had never seen Miss Brooke! I wish she had never come here! I wish she had never asked me to go away with her!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Lawrence, breathing vexation if not wrath, has gone to make her report. "Will," she says, meeting that young gentleman in the hall, "do you know where I can find your father?"

"I think you will find him in the library," answers Will. "Where the deuce is my game-bag? I suppose you haven't chanced to see it anywhere?"

Mrs. Lawrence replies that she has not seen that valuable article, and then she turns to the library. As she approaches, the door opens and Mr. Vaughn comes out. He bows, says a few words, and passes on, while she enters the room, where her husband is standing on the hearth looking absently down into the fireplace.

"Margaret!" he says, glancing round. "This is fortunate. I was just coming in search of you."

"And I am in search of you," says Mrs. Lawrence. "I must speak to you about Kate."



"Oh Kate it will never do."

"Indeed!" says Mr. Lawrence. "Mr. Vaughn has just been speaking to me of Kate."

"I think everybody has gone distracted on the subject of Kate," says Mrs. Lawrence. "Pray what had he to say of her?"

"Only that he wishes to marry her."

"To marry her!" Mrs. Lawrence fairly gasps out these words in her amazement.

"Henry," she says, "are you in earnest?"

"Perfectly in earnest," Mr. Lawrence answers. "But you are hardly more surprised than I was. I had no idea of such a thing."



"Who could have had?" says Mrs. Lawrence. Then a sudden gleam of light seems to fall on her intelligence. "No doubt this explains Kate's conduct," she says. "Last night she agreed with me that it was best for her to accept agreed with me that it was best for her to accept



"Read that," she says.

Miss Brooke's offer. This morning she tells me, without giving any reason for the change, that she cannot do so. I confess I was inclined to suspect that Frank Tarleton was at the bottom of the matter; but now I suppose it is Mr. Vaughn."

"Frank Tarleton!" repeats Mr. Lawrence, looking a little startled. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I thought there were strong indications of a flirtation between Kate and himself; and I still do not understand why she should have left the party and gone off in a very improper manner with Frank this morning, if she had accepted—"

"She has not accepted anybody," interrupts Mr. Lawrence. "Mr. Vaughn has not spoken to her yet. He came to me—in a very gentlemanly manner, I must say—and explained his position before offering himself. It seems that Kate's uncle, Mr. Ashton, has expressed his intention of making Mr. Vaughn, who is his nearest male relation, his heir. Not long ago, while visiting the Vaughns, he spoke for the first time of Kate, and expressed a desire—which, like a royal desire, was equivalent, I suppose, to a command—that this young man should marry her. He accordingly came here, and expresses himself charmed with Kate. In the interview which has just ended, he asked my permission to address her. Of course I referred him to her for his answer; but I own to you that it will be a great distress to me if she accepts him."

"Henry!" Mrs. Lawrence can say no more. Words are too weak to express her astonishment

and indignation. "If she does not accept him she will deserve to be put into a lunatic asylum!" she says. "A great distress indeed! For Heaven's sake, don't say anything of that kind to Kate herself. Why, this is a settlement in life which any girl might be glad to accept. Her uncle's fortune—"

"Never mind about her uncle's fortune," says Mr. Lawrence. "If Kate is of my way of thinking, she will not consider that at all desirable. As for Mr. Vaughn, I distrust him. He is too much of a courtier, and unless I am greatly mistaken, there are claws under his velvet smoothness."

Mrs. Lawrence evidently does not esteem this a matter of importance. "The match would be admirable," she says, with emphasis, "and if you prejudice Kate against him, you will incur a great responsibility."

"I shall not prejudice her," says Mr. Lawrence. "She must decide for herself."

Unconscious of the golden opportunity hanging over her head, Kate finishes her toilet (it was while she was laying off her habit that Mrs. Lawrence came in to deliver the lecture already recorded), and goes out for a walk. She desires no companion, and fortunately the coast is clear. Sophy and Janet are with Miss Vaughn, engaged in that lively social amusement known as "paying calls." Miss Brooke is in her own room—probably writing to Mr. Fenwick—the children have taken themselves to parts unknown, and the young men—so Kate thinks—have gone to Arlingford.

She is mistaken in the latter belief. Mr. Vaughn has not gone, and when, from the window of the room where he is smoking a meditative cigar, he sees a graceful figure cross the lawn toward the woods near the house, he rises to his feet, throws his cigar away, takes his hat, and follows.

Naturally he soon overtakes it. Not expecting a pursuer, Kate loiters along her way, enjoying the dreamy beauty of the afternoon; and she has hardly more than entered the woods, when she hears a step on the crisp leaves behind her.

It would be difficult to describe her vexation, when, turning, she sees who is the intruder. No one would be welcome—for she has come out to dwell on the thought of her new-found happiness, and gild it with those dreams and fancies which youth delights to weave—but, after Tarleton's revelation of the morning, Ashton Vaughn is least welcome of any one. Her manner shows this very plainly, and his perceptions are too quick for him not to be aware of it; but his manner does not betray such a knowledge.

"May I hope for pardon?" he asks, lifting his hat. "I saw you—and, seeing you, how could I resist the temptation to follow you?"

"I thought you went to Arlingford," she says, a little curtly.

"No. I went to Arlingford this morning after you deserted me. Leaving the others to pursue the fox, I turned in that direction."

"And did not even search for me?" How kind, when I might have been sinking in a quagmire for aught you knew!"

"You had discarded my attendance and chosen another cavalier. The inference was that you thought him best able to pilot you through any difficulties which might arise."

"I don't know about the inference. The fact was that I wanted to follow the hounds as closely as possible. I acted altogether on an impulse when I followed Mr. Tarleton, and I was very sorry when we lost the dogs and—the rest of you."

If Mr. Vaughn smiles at the order of precedence, who can blame him! "Allow me to return thanks for the dogs, and—the rest of us," he says. "I can answer that to one person at least all zest left the chase when you went away."

"If you mean yourself," says Kate, "I don't fancy that there was a great deal of zest to you in at any time."

"Honestly, such things are not greatly to my taste," he replies. "Now that you have shown me your favourite amusements, I should like to show you some of mine."

"I should no doubt appreciate them as little as you appreciate fox-hunting."

"I hardly think so. I am sure that I should know exactly how to suit your taste."

"I am sure you would not know how to do anything of the kind," returns Kate, ungratefully. "Your tastes and mine are so different that you could not know."

"Two things which differ in order to correspond sometimes form a very harmonious whole," he says, with easy gallantry.

"But ours don't differ in order to correspond," she says. "So your quotation is not applicable."

"I am not sure of that. You must admit that some natures are more sympathetic than others."

"Of course" (impatiently). "And yours and mine are not sympathetic at all."

This is not the application which Mr. Vaughn intended, but he is not disconcerted.

"Perhaps you are not altogether able to decide that point," he says. "I have been observing you very closely, while I cannot flatter myself that you have bestowed anything like the same degree of attention on me."

"No," she answers, with discouraging decision. "I have not bestowed any particular degree of attention upon you."

"I should like for you to bestow some, then," he says, in a low tone—a tone modulated to softness, though, at the same time, he thinks that he has never before seen this maiden of the

woods so brusque and unattractive. All her pretty coquettish manner are gone, all her beguiling smiles. "I should like to win your heart, if it is to be won, my sweet cousin," he goes on, taking her hand.

To his surprise, she snatches it impetuously from his clasp, and looks at him with something very like scorn in her eyes and on her proudly-curved lips.

"I am sorry you should have taken the trouble to say this, Mr. Vaughn," she answers. "As far as you are concerned, my heart is not to be won. You could not touch it if you tried forever! It is impossible that I could fancy you under any circumstances" (this emphatically), "but I am least likely to do so when you come on such an errand as this for no better reason than because you have been sent."

Not probably since he attained to years of maturity has Ashton Vaughn blushed before—but he blushes now. There is something very awkward in being anticipated in this manner, and he inwardly execrates Mr. Lawrence for not leaving him to tell his own story.

"If you will allow me," he says, with a commendable degree of dignity, "I can explain—"

"It is not at all necessary," she interrupts. "I understand one plain fact—which is enough. Is it not true that you have been sent here by my uncle, Mr. Ashton, to endeavor to marry me?"

"Mr. Ashton suggested such an arrangement," he replies, "but you may rest assured that I should not have agreed to it if I had not found, after seeing you, that I could love you."

"You are very good," she says, with a tinge of mockery in her tone, "but since I am not able to reciprocate the sentiment, the arrangement naturally fails. You may, if you choose, tell my uncle that I would not accept his fortune if he offered it to me without condition or incumbrance. He can therefore judge whether I am likely to allow him to dictate to me in the choice of a husband."

Mr. Vaughn keeps his temper admirably. Evidently he has laid to heart the maxim that he who loses temper is extremely likely to lose much more besides.

"Will you listen to me?" he says. "Will you allow me to tell you how the matter really stands?"

"It is not worth while," she answers. "Nothing that you can say will make me change my decision."

"How can you tell that if you have not heard me?" he asks.

"I can tell because I know it!" she answers—and then the crimson flies to her face. How can she help thinking of the pledge which already binds her!—and the expression of her transparent countenance betrays the thought to the eyes fastened on her.

"Ah!" he says. "Is that it? If you know so certainly, my fair cousin, it must be because you have already given your heart away."

"And what if I have?" she asks. "Is it any affair of yours? My answer to you would be the same under any circumstances. I have told you that."

"And perhaps it is my duty to tell you something of the man to whom you have given it," he says, quietly—but there is a gleam of anger for the first time in his eyes.

That the rejoinder which trembles on Kate's tongue would be one of open defiance is not difficult to imagine; but, fortunately, it is not spoken. At this instant the sound of horses' hoofs is heard on the forest road, and turning, they perceive a gentleman riding toward them. He reins up as he approaches, and Kate recognizes Mr. Proctor.

"O Mr. Proctor, how glad I am to see you!" she cries, holding out her hand—which Mr. Proctor instantly springs from his horse to take. "Will said you would be over to-day, but I did not expect you so early."

Could any man, coming with an anxious heart to meet the lady of his love, ask a warmer reception or better encouragement than this? Mr. Proctor is more than satisfied, and his honest countenance fairly glows with delight. He blesses Will's good counsel in his heart, while he crushes the hand which he holds in a mighty grasp, and answers:

"I am a little earlier than I expected to be, but I started from home immediately after breakfast, and the roads are very good. I hope you have been well since I left Fairfield's."

"Oh, I am always well," she answers. "We have had some very good fox-hunts since you left, and Will says the shooting has been capital. But I believe you gentlemen have not met before. Mr. Vaughn, let me introduce Mr. Proctor."

While Mr. Vaughn civilly acknowledges the introduction, Mr. Proctor looks at him distrustfully, and feels that but for Kate's delightful cordiality he should be exceedingly jealous. After this, the three turn together in the direction of the house; for Kate declines to extend her walk any farther. Mr. Proctor, with the bridle of his horse over his arm, saunters along by her side, and they talk of horses and dogs and foxes, until Mr. Vaughn's disgust is for once clearly apparent in his face.

Fortunately they reach the house before long, and, parting with her two escorts in the hall, Kate returns to her chamber. She has not been there long when the door opens, and the face of Beattie (aged twelve) appears.

"Kate," she says, "papa wants to speak to you. He is in the library."

"Oh, dear!" says Kate, clasping her hands. To herself she thinks, "Aunt Margaret has

been to him about my refusal to go with Miss Brooke, and what can I say?"

Finding no answer to this question, she takes her way very reluctantly to the library, where her uncle is sitting, with rather an anxious expression on his face, as she perceives at a glance.

"I sent for you some time ago, my dear, but was told that you had gone out," he says. "I have something important to tell you."

Kate is relieved by this. Something important to tell her cannot possibly, she thinks, mean calling her to account for a mysterious change of mind on the subject of going with Miss Brooke. She advances, therefore, with more confidence, and sinks into a low seat in front of him.

"I went out for a walk," she says. "I did not know you wanted me."

"There was no particular haste," he answers. Then he moves his papers a little nervously.

"Mr. Vaughn has been speaking to me," he goes on. "Can you imagine on what subject?"

"Of course, I can!" answers Kate, with a flash of indignation. "He was not satisfied with my answer, and he has come to you about it."

"Not satisfied with your answer!" repeats her uncle, looking puzzled. "Have you given him an answer? When I saw him, he told me that he had not spoken to you."

"O—h! You must have seen him some time ago."

"I saw him an hour ago."

"An hour!" She pauses to consider for an instant. "I have seen him since then. In fact it has not been more than fifteen minutes since I parted with him. When I went to walk he followed me, and—talked some nonsense equivalent to asking me to marry him. I told him that I would not, under any circumstances, think of such a thing, and that I was least likely to think of it when I knew that he only thought of it because he had been sent here by Mr. Ashton."

"Did he tell you that?"

"No, Miss Vaughn told Mr. Tarleton—who told me."

"Indeed!" A change comes over Mr. Lawrence's face. He looks at Kate keenly. "How did Tarleton chance to tell such a thing?" he asks.

"I suppose he thought it would interest me," she answers. "That is—he thought I ought to know it."

"I don't perceive at all how it interested him," says Mr. Lawrence. "Kate, your aunt has been speaking to me—"

"Oh, dear uncle, pray don't pay any attention to what she said!" interrupts Kate, imploringly. "I don't want to go with Miss Brooke, and you told me that I need not; but Aunt Margaret is vexed with me for refusing her offer, and—that is what it means."

To this coherent speech, Mr. Lawrence does not reply for an instant. Then he takes the girl's face between his hands, and turns it so that he can look fairly and fully into her eyes. "Kate," he says, "if such a thing is possible, I feel a deeper interest and solicitude about you than about my own daughters, because you are an orphan left in my charge. My dear, I would do anything sooner than suffer you to wreck your life as some women do. Now, tell me why you have refused Mr. Vaughn."

"Surely, you know," she answers. "I don't like him—and I would not marry any one whom Mr. Ashton sent. I do not want any share of his fortune."

"Very well," says Mr. Lawrence, in a tone of approval which it is fortunate for Mrs. Lawrence that she does not hear. "And now tell me if your aunt has any ground for her suspicion that some love-affair is going on between Frank Tarleton and yourself?"

Silence follows. What can Kate say? Never in all her life has she spoken falsely, and to begin to do so now, to her uncle of all people, and with his clear eyes questioning her—this is simply impossible. Her lids sink, she feels the blood dyeing her face until it is more like a peony than a human countenance; but her lips seem glued together; she cannot utter one word.

"I did not expect this," says Mr. Lawrence, grave voice, presently. "With all his faults, I thought Frank Tarleton was a man of honor, and I did not think that he would have ventured to trifle with you."

"Then Kate's lips are unclosed. "He has not, dear uncle; he has not!" she says. "Please, trust me that far!"

"Trust you—you don't know what you are asking!" says her uncle, impatiently. "You are a child—you know nothing of life. I must guard you from harm and suffering as far as lies in my power. God forgive me if I was wrong to withstand Margaret, and suffer Frank Tarleton to resume his old familiarity here, for he is not, under any circumstances, a man whom I could allow you to receive as a suitor."

This information overwhelms Kate. The color leaves her face, her eyes dilate as they gaze at him. No words could say more plainly than this change of countenance, "You cannot mean it!"

"Understand this at once and finally," says Mr. Lawrence, firmly, answering the glance.

"He is ruined in fortune, he is reckless in character, he is absolutely undesirable in every respect. If you have any fancy for him—and I own that there is a great deal that is attractive about him—be brave and put it down. Some day, God willing, you may find a man worth giving your heart to—but Frank Tarleton is not that man."

It is on the end of Kate's tongue to say "He is that man, and I have given my heart to him!" but she re-trains the inclination—not from cowdise, but because again she remembers Tarleton's request and her promise; so she is silent, and, after waiting for an instant, Mr. Lawrence continues:

"Under these circumstances, I see that it is best you should go with Miss Brooke—for the winter at least. Such a necessity cannot be harder to you than to me; but it is the right thing, and, therefore, hard or not, it must be done."

"Ob, uncle!" says Kate. She says no more, but those two words are eloquent enough, with two large tears in her eyes to stand for exclamation points.

Mr. Lawrence feels that it is imperative for him to get away before these tears give place to others. He gathers up his letters hastily and rises. "It must be!" he says; "I cannot keep you here with such an affair on hand. My bonny Kate, the sunlight will go out of the house when you leave it, but we must do what is right at any cost." He hesitates an instant, then adds, "I will speak to Miss Brooke," and leaves the room.

Kate looks woe-begone enough for a tragic muse, as she sits for some time staring vacantly at a picture on the wall; but after a short interval rays of comfort began to dawn upon her. Tarleton has said that in a few days he will be in a position to speak openly, so that, after all, her uncle's fulmination with regard to Miss Brooke may prove empty air. Besides, even if the worst comes—if she is forced to go away—she still, as Tarleton has asserted, "belongs to him," and he will assuredly be no laggard in claiming his own.

When Miss Vaughn hears the story of her brother's failure, she is at first incredulous and then indignant.

"To think of her refusing you!" she says. "It is very plain what influence is at work. Randal Lawrence hinted as much to me a few days ago, but I felt no certainty until this morning. Now, I know that he was right."

"I knew it, too," says Mr. Vaughn. "Her face showed it very plainly when I pressed her closely for a reason. I am afraid your spells are losing their power, Florida."

She comprehends his meaning, and the peach-bloom tint on her cheek deepens. "You don't understand, that so far as he is concerned, this flirtation is for my benefit," she says. "The girl, however, I have no doubt, thinks him in earnest."

"And you have no means of undeceiving her?"

"Perhaps—if it were worth while to do so."

"It is certainly worth while. If you prove to her that Tarleton is merely trifling, she has pride enough to make her turn in the manner I desire."

His sister looks at him curiously. "And would you desire her to accept you for such a reason?"

"This is not a matter of sentiment," he answers, carelessly. "She is Mr. Ashton's nearest relation, and probable heir. There is no reliance to be placed on his assurances regarding myself as matters stand at present; but if I married his niece, I might rely on them."

"I will do my best for you," she answers; "but you must be patient. I must have an excuse to speak to her. Will Frank Tarleton be here to-night?"

"No; he has business connected with the races to detain him in Arlingford."

"Wait, then, until to-morrow. Let me observe them together, and I shall know better what to do."

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

It takes a great actor to support Fanny Davidson when she faints.

KATE CLAXTON is now performing to a very small audience. It is a girl.

RUBENSTEIN is to write the music of a comic opera to a libretto by Fels.

THE anniversary of Anber's birth was celebrated in Paris both on Sunday and Monday, January 29th and 30th.

A PLAY called "Piety Flat" has been secured by Mrs and Mrs. McKee Rankin, and will probably be produced by them in Boston.

It is announced that the success of the Drury Lane pantomime this year is such as to preclude the necessity for the contemplated revival of *Youth or The World*. *Robinson Crusoe* will be kept running until the time comes for the spring season here of German opera.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

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

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

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

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

ANSWER TO "A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE."

I hold your message in my hand,
A message sweet to me,
Wherein you promise me your love
To all eternity
You want to know your answer now,
If joy or pain your part,
And whether I as well as you
Am pierced by Cupid's dart?

O darling, you can little tell
How much I love you now;
To you for ever faithful be
Is my fond sacred vow;
Could I but press your hands in mine,
And give you for your own
This heart—this life that lives for you,
And for the past alone.

O love, what joy would then be mine
An ocean wide of bliss,
A perfect sense of calm and rest,
All centred in a kiss!
A joy so deep, so vast, so great—
A joy for me alone
To know that you love me so well,
And want me for your own.

Though, dear one, you are far away,
And leave me here alone,
Yet I am sure for more than this
The future will atone;
When you and I shall meet again,
And meet to part no more,
O, then shall all forgotten be
The time our hearts were sore!

If months would only hasten on,
And fleet this glad New Year,
I would join our lives in one, and bring
Our happiness quite near;
So this the answer that I send,
'Tis all that I can say—
To me the best that time can bring
Will be our wedding day!

FLORENCE.

THE FAMOUS BABY ELEPHANT.

BARNUM'S WINTER QUARTERS AT BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

A right royal infant has been born to the Monarch of Showland. A princess comes to gladden the heart and exchequer of King Barnum, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Elephantina, is as thriving a young elephant as ever promised to blow her own trumpet. The measurements of the youngster were as follows: From the end of the hip to the end of the trunk, four feet; length of trunk, seven inches; height, two feet six inches; circumference, thirty-eight inches; length of fore-leg to first joint, four inches; to second joint, eleven inches; and from there to the top of the shoulder, fifteen inches; circumference of the foreleg, sixteen inches. It was perfectly formed; even the lump at the end of its tail was covered with black, bristly hair about four inches long, and its hide and hair looked and felt very much like that of a black pig. The weight was 146 lbs. The trunk seemed to be the object of special interest and amusement. It seemed to be on a perpetual exploring expedition, and was always followed by the rest of the body. As stated, it was seven inches long, quite large at the top and rapidly growing smaller towards the tip.

Notwithstanding her weight, 146 pounds, she is perfectly formed, sleek and handsome, with a little colla-lily-like trunk on one end and a tail to match on the other. When she lies down she exhibits four of the prettiest, most æsthetic little feet, resembling for the world four beautiful, well-defined sunflowers. Mr. Barnum was asked for a valuation: "Oh, goodness! she (for it is a female) is invaluable. Why, I wouldn't take a hundred thousand dollars for her. I have been offered already a thousand dollar a week for her by New York parties, but I want her myself." One year's insurance of \$300,000 has been effected on the little thing's life, the premium amounting to fifty-two thousand dollars, which was promptly paid.

Her Majesty the Queen is as full of dignity as becomes the situation. If occasionally a little irritable, she must be excused on the ground of maternal anxiety, and the gentlemen of King Barnum's Court have not been over anxious to come within reach of either her tail or her proboscis. Her Majesty will permit no stranger to approach the royal infant, and on a recent occasion, as one of the men who belong to the company, but not to this department, was assisting the trainer to hold the baby, the Queen not liking the proceeding, bit him a severe blow on the head that sent his hat spinning across the ring. She keeps constant guard of her baby, often feeling for her with her foot, trunk or tail.

"Queen," the mother of the babe, is twenty-three years old, weighs 6,800 pounds, and is an Indian elephant. The father, Chieftain, is nine feet four inches tall, weighs 8,800 pounds, and is a huge Ceylon elephant aged about twenty-eight years.

When the consolidation of Barnum's show and Bailey & Hutchinson's "London Circus" occurred in the autumn of 1880, it was found necessary to build, at a cost of \$200,000, a winter quarters for the monster entertainment. There was no building in New York adequate in size in which to store the trains of cars, thirty-three golden chariots, long array of waggons, vans and dens, piles of velvet, broadcloth, gold-lace and bullion-trimmed wardrobe and paraphernalia, used en route in summer for exhibition purposes; and the twenty-two elephants, ten giraffes, twenty camels and hundreds of antelope animals, yaks, sacred cattle and the more dangerous beasts which it is necessary to restrain by hind stout steel bars. Ten

acres of ground belonging to Mr. Barnum, in the suburbs of Bridgeport, were selected, architects made plans, and artisans went promptly to work, and when the two shows finished their respective successful seasons they were speedily domiciled and safely housed in the new buildings, which had risen like magic before the wondering eyes of the Bridgeporters. It is stated that nowhere in the world can there be found such a complete, capacious and perfect show-quarters, which stand in full view of the railway, furnishing a rare sight for passengers as they go by.

The apartments have been laid out and finished with a view to the comfort and safe-keeping of the wild beasts in a condition approximating as closely as possible to their untamed and normal state. The temperature accords exactly to that of their native plain or jungle, thus rendering the captive better satisfied under the restraint necessary to use, and the food employed is, in every case, just what the animal most desires. The elephant-house is 100 feet square, and of lofty height, and supplied with every convenience in the way of feed-bins, huge water tanks, and a practice ring in which the monsters are taught strange tricks and manoeuvres by experienced keepers. It was in this circle, tethered to a large stage, where Queen gave birth to the baby elephant, which is the most valuable animal living to-day. The temperature is kept 70 to 80 degrees of heat, which is what the elephant requires, and at which he thrives best.

The lion and tiger house adjoining contains a great variety of wild beasts, including hippopotamuses, tigers, lions, hyenas, panthers, single and double horned rhinoceroses, black tigers, giraffes, etc., most of which are confined in large and specially built stationary dens, while nearly all of them are broken in winter to perform during the summer tour—making up the largest menagerie ever brought together by any one firm, individual, or corporation, which, with the circus, hippodrome and museum, is travelled at an expense of \$4,800 a day. The arena made for the practice of riders, gymnasts, trick horses, cattle and so forth, is under the same roof in the rear of the animal building. Around the walls are arranged convenient stalls for over a hundred head of stock, dressing-rooms for the people, and overhead, the full length of this and the animal department, is a roomy loft, reached by wide stairways and elevators, in which is stored wardrobe, tents, poles, and a world of show property.

Across a wide avenue is the car-house in which is stored the eighty-five cars of from fifty to six y-five feet in length, which reach it by means of a number of railroad tracks laid the length of the car-house, and intercepting the main line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. The building of new cages and tabernacle chariots and railway carriages is done in large rooms in the rear of this car depot. Another repair and paint house of scarcely less dimensions has been built for this "largest show in the world," which is supplied with tools, furnaces, gold, bronze and material. It is here the finishing touches are given to the gilded chariots and resplendent dens. The office of the company, with telegraphic and telephone attachments is near this latter building. Mr. Barnum and his young partners, Bailey and Hutchinson, expend \$200,000 or more every winter to fit out for the coming year, and besides a dozen managers and superintendents, employ 300 men in the winter months and double that number in summer when the show is on the road. The horses, except the performing stallions and horseback stock, are sent out to good farmers in the neighborhood in charge of grooms, where they are kept till wanted in the spring.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHINESE SELLING OPIUM. — The habit of smoking opium has prevailed for ages past among the nations of Eastern Asia. It is a mistake to suppose that it was first introduced into China by the British Government of India sending thither for sale the superior kind of opium produced in Bengal. Opium-growing for home consumption had certainly been practised, on a very extensive scale, in Szechuen, Yunnan, Honan, Queichoo, and other western provinces, during centuries of past Chinese history; and Consul Baber estimates that the poppy cultivation is not less than a third part of the whole agriculture in the great province of Yunnan. The use of Indian opium, which bears a high price, is confined to the eastern cities and to the richer classes, including mandarins and officials, though formally disapproved by the Imperial Government. It has much the same relation to popular Chinese opium-smoking as the costly luxury of fine Havana cigars, in England, has to the general use of tobacco, which is found to be a cheap indulgence, though non-smokers believe it does nobody any good. On the other hand, while persons excessively addicted to opium are likely to fall into a wretched condition of debility, it does not seem to make them furious madmen, like the drunkards of alcoholic liquor in our own happy country. Gin, brandy, rum, and whisky—to say nothing against beer—are far more demoralizing, in the sense of inciting to acts of crime, than the seductive vapour of that famous narcotic, which the Chinese are so ready to buy and to sell. The unaccustomed traveller, not only in Chinese towns, where its manufacture and sale meet no prohibition, but in other countries with Chinese immigrants among the population, may well be shocked at the miserably degraded aspect of ordinary cus-

tomers frequenting the lowest class of opium-shops. It is probable that a Chinese philosopher, such as the author of Goldsmith's imaginary letters in "The Citizen of the World," if he were led to visit some of the London gin-shops at night, would form a strong opinion of the immorality of all dealings, whether at the tipping bar, or in the jug-and-bottle department, in the way of stimulating drink. The fact is, that the very worst specimens of the population, debased by other vices, are naturally inclined to seek whatever means of intoxication they can most easily procure. They are to be seen, unhappily, among the Chinese and others, wherever opium is sold by retail, as is shown in our illustration, looking more helplessly and hopelessly emaciated than the European victims of intemperance, but not nearly so dangerous to the safety and peace of their neighbours. It should, however, be particularly observed, that there is a great difference between opium-smoking, which Sir George Birdwood declares is scarcely pernicious, and the chewing of opium. A memorandum by Mr. Aitchison, Chief Commissioner of British Burma, dated last May, was accompanied with official reports showing the great evils caused by the sale of a preparation called "Koon-bone," which was supplied to boys of twelve or fourteen years, at one or two pice the packet. This stuff consists of sliced betel-leaf steeped in a decoction of opium, to be chewed; and there can be no doubt of its deleterious effect, more especially upon youth. The Indian Government lost no time in acting upon the information they received, putting the retail trade in Burma under severe restrictions, raising the price of opium, and reducing the number of licensed shops from sixty-eight to twenty-seven. We should be sorry to see the common use of the drug, in any shape, extended to the Western nations.

MRS. LANGTRY AS MISS HARDCASTLE.—The name of this lady has been so long prominently before the public on account of her personal attractions that when, on the 15th December, it was announced that she would take part as Miss Hardcastle in a performance of *She Stoops to Conquer* at the Haymarket Theatre for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund, the doors were besieged by a curious crowd. The general verdict on that occasion seems to have been that, having regard to her inexperience, she acquitted herself remarkably well in what is by no means an easy assumption; and this opinion has been subsequently sustained by her rendering of the less arduous character of Blanche Haye, in Robertson's comedy *Our Critics*, of course, differ. We will select two as specimens. The *Era*, as the recognised organ of the theatrical profession, may naturally be supposed to be a little jealous of those who, owing to their reputed good looks, escape the drudgery which falls to the lot of most beginners, and climb at once to the top of the ladder. The *Era* styles Mrs. Langtry, "a raw amateur;" says "that the fun of the first scene with Young Marlow was greatly lessened by her inadequate acting; and that, as the barmaid, she never rose above mediocrity." The *Saturday Review*, on the other hand, is far more favorable. "Mrs. Langtry's Miss Hardcastle is full of promise, and has already fine points in performance. The want of mastery of gesture and intonation is naturally enough more apparent here than in the part of Blanche Haye, but it is evident that the actress has intelligence and application enough to overcome these faults. In her scenes with Young Marlow there was a true and graceful appreciation of humour."—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street, W.

THE DRESS OF THE CLERGY.

Dean Stanley describes, evidently with infinite amusement, the purely secular and common origin of the present official dress of the clergy, whether in the Anglican or in the Roman Church, and he enforces, with the liveliest illustration, the conclusion that "the dress of the clergy had no distinct intention, symbolical, sacerdotal, sacrificial, or mystical," but originated simply in "the fashions common to the whole community of the Roman empire during the three first centuries." He begins by dressing up a lay figure at the time of the Christian era, and shows how his various garments have survived in clerical costume. His shirt, *ocasia* or chemise, survives in two forms, the alb, so called from its being white, and the dalmatic, so called from Dalmatia, from whence this shape of it was derived—just as certain greateats, to quote the Dean's illustration, are now called ulsters. This shirt, after the invasion of the Northern barbarians, used to be drawn over the fur coat, sheep skin, or otter skin, the *pellisse* of the Northern nations, and hence, in the twelfth century, arose the barbarous name of *superpellicium* or *surplice*, the "over fur." The present Rector of St. George's-in-the-East, the Rev. Harry Jones, told an amusing story of the Dean, which illustrates this point. He came to preach at St. George's one very cold day, wrapped in a fur coat, and Mr. Jones advised him to keep it on during the service. "Yes," said the Dean, "I think I had better do so, and then my surplice will be a true superpellicium." Another form of the same dress survives in the Bishop's rochet, which is the little ruck or coat worn by the mediæval Bishops out of doors when they went out hunting. Similarly the pall of an Archbishop is the relic of the Roman toga or pallium. It is not so certain as the Dean supposes, that cassock is derived from Caracalla, "a long overall, which Antoninus Bassianus brought from France, and

whence he derived his name," for it has also been traced to *kás*—skin, or hide. But there can be no doubt that chasuble comes from *casula*, "a slang name used by the Italian labourers for the capote," which they called "their little house," as "tile" is—or was a short time ago—used for "hat," and as coat is the same word as "cote" or "cottage;" nor that "cope" is another form of overcoat—a sort of waterproof; or that the mitre was an ordinary head-dress worn by women, and still, according to the Dean, to be seen in the museums of Russia as the cap or turban worn on festive occasions in ancient days by princes and nobles, and, even to this day, by the peasant women. The division into two points is, he says, "only the mark of the crease, which is the consequence of its having been, like an opera hat, folded and carried under the arm." The stole, lastly, was a simple handkerchief for common uses. On State occasions such handkerchiefs were used as ribbons, streamers, or scarfs, and were hence adopted by the deacons, who had little else to distinguish them. The Dean mentions a curious modern illustration of the way in which the use of such a slight symbol may arise. When Sir James Brooke first returned from Borneo, where the only sign of royalty was to hold a kerchief in the hand, he retained the practice in England. The process by which these simple garments passed into official use is easily traced. First, the early Christian clergy and laity alike, when they came to their public assemblies, took care that their clothes, though the same as they usually wore, should be especially neat and clean. Next, it was natural that the colours and forms chosen should be of a grave and sober tint. Lastly came the process, which may be easily followed in English society during the last two centuries, of common fashions becoming fixed in certain classes at particular moments, and of what was once common to all becoming peculiar to a few.—*Quarterly Review*.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Mlle. Bernhardt is going to make a tour in Soain, Italy and Switzerland. After the financial collapse of Paris, she may doubt if coin for her is sufficiently plentiful.

M. Brasseur will continue to play in the ravishing opera by Lecocq, entitled *Le Jour et la Nuit*, for a little time longer, when he will produce a new work by the same composer, the words by Leferrier and Vanloo.

After one of the concerts at the Conservatoire someone asked Auber what became of all the multitudes of damsels who *débütées* at that establishment. Auber replied that some few succeeded by "le charme de leur voix," others "par la voie de leurs charmes."

M. Zola's *Nana* promises to have a pendant on the stage in the shape of *La Grande Iza*, a novel of the ultra-realistic school, which was much talked of at the time of its publication some months ago. The principal part is to be entrusted to Mlle. Alice Melcy, a young actress, lately of the Gymnase Theatre, of whose talents the author, M. Alexis Bouvier, and the adapter, M. Busnach, speak in the very highest terms.

M. Henri Casella, the Neapolitan fencer, has been, it seems, in vain seeking, since his arrival in Paris, to get a brilliant French swordsman to cross blades with him in public. At last he has found his man in M. Maufrais, a notable master of fence. Of course a grand gathering is to take place to witness the event, and many masters will give their assistance to make the occasion a great one.

The fashion for wearing furs is becoming more and more widely spread in Paris. The Countess Potocka wears a mantle of otter skin and sable, which it estimated at 40,000fr. In the reign of Louis XV., the Countess de Mailly received as a present from Catherine II. a fur mantle estimated at 200,000. Some very "swell" ladies wear robes de chambre of otter skin lined with rose or blue satin and trimmed with lace. Meanwhile, hardly a day passes in Paris that somebody does not die of starvation.

The Parisians of high life are mourning over finance like the rest, having been induced by the fabulous tales of an easy road to wealth to invest. But they are said to have resolved to drop commerce henceforth and attend to pleasure, especially La Sport. The Countess de Guibert comes to the rescue and offers a pleasant turn to the thoughts of the hard hit by resuming her truly brilliant receptions. After the brief pleasure of a few words of welcome from one of the most fascinating women of the day, the explorers of her salons will meet all the celebrities of Paris, not forgetting art and literature and beauty, such beauty as should be seen in high life resorts.

A RELIABLE FACT.—It is an established fact that Hagar's Pectoral Balsam is the best cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, asthma, croup, bronchitis, and all troubles arising from neglected colds. Price 25 cents.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL is at the head of the list for all purposes of a family medicine. It is used with unprecedented success, both internally and externally. It cures sore throat, burn, scalds, frost bites; relieves, and often cures asthma.



A THREE LEAVED CLOVER.—AFTER A PICTURE BY J. G. BROWN.



“BEG!”

FROM THE PICTURE BY E. K. JOHNSON.

TWO TO ONE.

(A Villanelle.)

Love, you are Utter, I'm Too-too,
Yet we are one in some things. Say
Am I not therefore dear to you?

You love the green that shades to blue;
I like the blue that's somewhat grey—
Love, you are Utter, I'm Too-too!

You and the sunflower are true;
I love the lily, loved of May—
Am I not therefore dear to you?

And I can place myself askew,
And you are plastic-ally play—
Love, you are Utter, I'm Too-too!

And you delight in nought that's new,
And I like nothing like decay—
Am I not therefore dear to you?

And dearer yet that I can woo
In metres of an ancient lay!
Love, you are Utter, I'm Too-too!
Am I not therefore dear to you?

MAJOR ASHTON'S MISTAKE.

(Concluded.)

A very lovely little lady looked Mrs. Roland Ashton, as she stood in the ancient ball-room, gay with lights and colours. She wore a trailing robe of white silk; round her neck pearls glistened, and in the sunny brown hair. The deep gray eyes shone out from beneath their heavy lashes, the pink of the sea-shell glowed on her cheek, and at her breast nestled great sweet white roses. Major Ashton felt proud of his young bride as he noted the looks of admiration cast upon her by many a well-known connoisseur of female beauty, perfectly aware that Sep had eyes and ears but for himself alone, and that only his hand and voice could waken the love-light on her face.

It all came to an end at last; and Sep was stepping into the heavy carriage waiting at the portal, when a shabby-looking young man of twenty-five, or thereabouts, apparently standing on the look-out for a job, seized the girl's hand eagerly, crying—

"Good Heavens, Sep, can it be you?"

Sep, turning, a deadly fear and terror overshadowing her face, would have spoken but for her husband's eyes, which were fixed upon her with an expression of anger she had never seen in them before.

She entered the cumbersome vehicle, and not a word escaped the lips of either on the homeward drive. Roland's face was very dark and stern. Who was this man? Why should blithe-hearted Sep look suddenly so scared and pale and terror-stricken? Why should she not at once tell him the truth about the matter, the truth which he should exact from her?

Major Ashton was not one who gave way to passion headlong, or there would have been very hard words for the girl-wife; his way was to brood over a subject which annoyed him, turn it, twist it, place it before him in all possible shades of light and darkness; and, having given to the matter all his powers of thought and reasoning, and arrived at a fixed conclusion thereon, no earthly force could wreat him from the way in which he had determined to travel.

Poor little Sep sat trembling and sick at heart. Here was trouble; her idol was angry with her, and how might his wrath be appeased? What should she say? What should she do? Roland would be satisfied, she knew, with nothing but the truth; and that truth she might not utter. She was gentle, timid, loving; but she would not betray a trust, break a promise solemnly given, even though it might cost her all. The first tears of her married life glittered on the dark lashes; but it was not till her chattering maid had left her that Sep gave way to the sobs which were choking her. Then she laid herself wearily down on the lace-curtained bed and cried herself to sleep like a child who had been naughty.

An hour afterwards Roland stood at the bedside of his sleeping wife. The soft pale cheek rested on one rosy palm, a look of sadness shadowed the sweet face even in slumber; the rich waving hair was all tumbled on the pillow; pearly drops still glistened around the closed eyes, and the simple embroidery nestling at the white throat rose and fell with the gentle breathing of the sleeper. Bending over her he heard her murmur his name in her troubled dream.

He felt angry with himself as he looked on his young bride thus. Why should he be so contumaciously jealous and foolish? After all, the fellow was probably some old acquaintance of the Damers', and he had been making loving little Sep miserable for nothing. Tenderly he took her in his strong arms, and Persephone woke from a troubled vision of Roland's angry eyes to find her head resting on the beloved breast.

"He—he was only a friend of Martha's," said she, as Roland demanded explanation.

Then the Major reproached himself more deeply, and Sep took heart of grace, and was joyous again. For all that, she started up in the blackness of the night with a cry, and a vague horror clinging round her, which even the clasp of Roland's hand and the sound of Roland's voice could not dispel. Major Ashton was very careful of Sep during the few remaining days of their stay in the little German town.

The sun shone out, birds sang; and Sep was happy again. But there was between the husband and wife just the "little rift within the

lute" that neither could forget, though both strove to bury out of sight.

Then they left the fair little foreign city, and in the sweet Rhineland the much-admired little lady was seen no more.

Sep sat with an open letter in her hand, looking out upon white-crested waves tumbling in from the blue Atlantic. Plymouth town, where Major Ashton's regiment was stationed, lay across the rippling bay, and a tall white lighthouse towered afar off. Roland had found a delicious dreamy village crowning a cluster of rugged rocks, whose green garments trailed into the restless water at their feet, and had taken possession of a fairy-like cottage on the summit of a beetling crag. The Nest this bower was named. A very pearl of housekeepers had the lithe-fingered Sep proved, though the ancient lady presiding over the culinary arrangements of the Nest did take to herself the credit of those little dinners which Roland praised so much. Still it was not the widow Penmaur who danced perpetual attendance upon the lazy young soldier, who poured out his tea, and carried it to him as he lay upon the sofa, who greeted him with eager delight, who was always ready to walk, or ride, or drive, or sail, or sit quietly at home at his bidding, who made his life all sunshine, and who invariably considered whatever he did, or said, or desired the height of perfection. The widow Penmaur did none of these things. "The King can do no wrong," and Roland was wholly sovereign and lord in his wife's heart.

Sep woke from a reverie of her husband, absent for a few hours, and read her letter.

"My very dear Child," wrote Aunt Martha in her old-fashioned hand—and the sad blue eyes came before the young wife as she read—"It gave us much pleasure to hear from you. We received your beautiful present quite safely. Dear Bell desires me to give you her fond love, and presents her best thanks and respects to Major Ashton; and I am to tell you it is the most handsome present she has had. Blue is her favorite color, and Mr. Fedder thinks the coral brooch suits the beautiful dress exactly. The wedding will take place on Thursday. Bell will wear white tulle, and Sophie and Miss Fedder pink grenadines. We shall all think much of you, and I know you will think of us. Your uncle has composed a new sonnet for the occasion. He thinks it his finest effort. Old Mrs. Fedder particularly admires the last two lines—

"When bounding time all rocks hath overleaped,
May beauteous blessings on this pair be grandly heaped."

She says they overcame her with a sense of majesty. Your uncle is not very well, and the scholars have fallen off of late. I am so thankful, dear, for your happiness. How rejoiced your poor mother would have been to know it! Do not say a word about not writing oftener. I know you are quite in a different world now, and have much to think of; but, remember, dear, we always love to hear of you; and, if ever sickness or sorrow should come—which Heaven keep from you, dear child—your old auntie is always ready to do her best for you, though that is but little, for I have been but sadly of late.

"With our united love,

Your affectionate aunt,

M. DAMER."

Sep sat thinking a while of the day when Roland had said, "We must make Bell a present," and had taken her to Plymouth and selected the gift himself, insisting on the purchase of the very brightest blue-silk that money could buy, adorned with wide yellow stripes, adding thereto a massive brooch of red coral; and, when Sep had faintly opposed his choice, he had made answer, "I know Miss Bell Damer's tastes," proving himself right then, as ever.

Here firm footfalls sounded on the garden path. Sep left her seat and flew to meet her.

"I'm awfully done up," said he. "Had to walk all the way from the Mount; and I've promised to go over again this evening to dine with Carlton. He sails to-morrow. It's rather hard lines to leave you all alone, pet, but it's the very first time. Ring for luncheon, and get me something drinkable," he went on, flinging himself upon the sofa; whilst Sep obeyed her lord's behests, bringing him sherry in a crystalline goblet and a glass pitcher of iced water, together with great golden plums.

Enma Mary entering with her tray of good things, Sep ministered yet further to the Major's wants; and then, being desired to come and sit by him, she seated herself on a low stool at his side, and, with her hand in his, he presently fell asleep.

Afternoon shadows lay athwart the grass-plot in the rocky garden ere Roland started up, exclaiming—

"By Jove, I told old Jeffers to have the boat at the foot of the rock at four o'clock, and it's nearly five now!"

So saying, he ran up stairs, and Sep followed him, laying out for him the pretty silver-backed brushes, finding cambrie handkerchiefs and cigar cases, tidily collecting and putting away the numerous articles scattered in his rapid dressing, finally pinning in his button-hole the last sweet white rosebud from the bush under the low stone wall—how often was the poor frail little bud remembered in the days to come! Then she went with her hero down the rocky steps leading to the little creek, where the old boatman awaited the coming of the Major; and, with Roland's kiss on lip and brow, the girl

stood in her simple white dress watching the boat go gliding, gliding over the shimmering water with its precious freight to the town across the bay, where lights were already beginning to tremble in the early October twilight.

Darkness came on apace. The autumn wind came sobbing up the bay, and Sep, retracing her steps, prepared to spend the first lonely evening of her married life. She did not dress for dinner, as was her wont—indeed she did not care to partake of that meal at all, preferring tea, with some of widow Penmaur's far-famed cake.

The housekeeper came and chatted to her a while, after that, of her boy at sea and her drowned "good man." Then Sep wrote her letter to aunt Martha, filled with all her happy simple news.

Then the girl fell to reading of the loves of a certain Viola and Algernon, but soon began to think and to wonder how soon the tide would admit of Roland's home coming, and, so musing, she fell fast asleep.

A low tap at the French window opening upon the lawn awakened her, and she hastened joyously to unfasten it for Roland her husband. Stepping out on to the grass in the clear moonlight, Sep found herself face to face with the young man who had so disturbed Major Ashton's peace on that summer night in the far-off foreign city.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! How could you come here, Dick?" cried Sep.

"Hush!" he said, with a frightened look. "Come here; I must see you;" and he drew Sep into the shadow of the elm-tree. "You're all alone, or I shouldn't have ventured—no fear! The dogs are on my track. I watched the Major out and the maid go down to the village, and the old girl is dead a-deep over the kitchen-fire."

"You shouldn't, Dick—oh, you shouldn't! Do go away!" she urged. "My husband would—"

"Look precious black if he caught me; but he won't. I say, Sep, I'm in awful trouble; I'm hunted about like any wild beast. I got a message to mother—for I'm bound to leave the country—and she hadn't a penny, and sent me word to find you, and you'd help me for her sake, she said, and never peach. For Heaven's sake, Sep, give me some money! There's a vessel goes out with the tide in the morning, bound for New Zealand; help me, Sep, for mother's sake—for the sake of the sons that may stand at your side! If I'm taken, they'll hang me, and mother will die."

"Dick," gasped the girl, "I've only two sovereigns of my own in the world."

"Fetch them then," said Dick; "and give me these"—eagerly snatching the brooch from her neck, the watch from her side, and the gems from the shell-like ears, and thrusting them hastily within the breast-pocket of his ragged coat.

"Oh, Dick, what shall I say—"

"Say! Say you've lost 'em, had 'em stolen—anything. Sep, it's life to me and mother too."

He looked wan and famished in the moonlight, and despite the false hair and red whiskers, Sep saw aunt Martha's eyes in those of her boy.

Unhesitatingly she ran and brought him the money, and such small trinkets as she thought Roland might not miss, and, as she did so, her heart was sick and sore. How could she meet Roland's eyes and tell him a deliberate lie for the first time?

"Suppose—suppose," she thought, "I tell Roland?" But Major Ashton had stern notions as to dealing with evil-doers; he might think it right to deliver aunt Martha's boy into the hands of justice.

So Sep brought the outcast what she dared, stepping stealthily past sleeping widow Penmaur, and bringing bread, meat, and wine, which Dick devoured as one starving.

"Heaven bless you, Sep!" cried poor Dick, drawing her close to him. "I haven't had a kind look or word for months. I'd like mother to know I didn't do it; I swear I didn't! We'd been drinking, and he stabbed himself; but my tale won't hold water, and I shall be hunted about all my days, lucky if I escape the end I fear."

Then the wanderer caught Sep yet closer, folded her in his arms, and kissed her hungrily.

"I've only mother and you. Tell her I'm gone to-morrow. Good-bye, and Heaven bless you again, Sep!" sobbed Dick; and he went away silently over the stone wall, creeping noiselessly down the rock.

A moment later a grip of iron seized Sep's fragile wrists, bruising the tender flesh and causing her to cry out with pain. Roland, her husband, towered above her in the October moonlight, his features livid with rage and his blue eyes aflame with wrath, while a voice sadly unlike his usual clear tones spoke with the dangerous quietude of suppressed anger.

"So you have deceived me all this time with your false love and your lying heart! I leave you with your deceitful kisses on my lip, and I return to find you in the embrace of another man about whom you had already lied to me! Fool that I have been! Never, never shall you look upon my face again! Go—you are no longer wife of mine!"

In his ungovernable rage he struck speechless and terrified Sep, flinging her from him with all his strength. At that instant he had it in his heart to slay the woman he had loved so dearly. He felt maddened by his fury, rushing away and closing the iron gates with a clang that awoke the widow Penmaur from her slumbers, leaving

Persephone prone and senseless beneath the silver moon.

"Well I never! Good gracious! Well to be sure! And the wedding over yesterday! How foolish of me to make such a mistake! To think of your taking such a journey to come and see Bell married! I declare!" gasped Sophie all in one breath, as she discovered her greatly-envied cousin, Mrs. Roland Ashton, standing at the door, which she had opened in answer to a timid knock. "Ma will be vexed!" cried Sophie, as she vehemently embraced wan-eyed Sep, at the same time rapidly considering the value of her cousin's seal-skin hat and jacket. "Ma, pa," she screamed, "here's a visitor!"

Like one in some hideous nightmare, Sep walked into the tiny back-parlor. Faded pink paper roses were festooned above the fireplace, and the glasses and cups set out cleanly washed on the table, waiting to be fetched away by the pastrycook's boy, gave token of the recent rejoicings.

"My dear, dear child," said aunt Martha, coming in, wearing the old familiar brown dress, "how kind and sweet of you to come! How I have missed you!" And fondly did Mrs. Damer welcome her pale niece.

"I've been telling her," said Sophie, "our happy couple are at Dover. Bell will be vexed. She looked splendid, my dear. We'd such fun; and young Mr. Wilkes was so pleased with my dress—mauve Japanese, with white lace, it was; and Bell—Mrs. 'Arry Fedder—went off in your silk, a velvet jacket, and a fizzin' hat with a scarlet plume. For my part, I'd rather have had a bonnet. Bless me! Ma, Mrs. Ashton—"

Sep had stood looking at her aunt and cousin, trying to make sense of what they were saying. A noise as of rushing waters came into her ears, and she fell fainting upon the old couch.

"How strange of the Major to let her travel so far alone just now!" said aunt Martha. "But young men are so thoughtless. Your father—"

"What a foolish young woman!" growled uncle Damer, entering the room. "Get her to bed, Martha—get her to bed." And, with the old man's help, they carried Sep up-stairs and laid her upon the bed in the "best" bed-room, where the two women tenderly undressed her.

After a while the weary eyes unclosed, and Sep threw her white arms round aunt Martha's neck, sobbing hysterically on the breast that had pillowed the head of her dying mother.

"There, there—you'll be better now, dear," said aunt Martha, soothingly. "I'm always better myself after a good cry."

Then she motioned to her daughter to leave the room, which command that young lady reluctantly obeyed, thinking she should find little cause for weeping had she a rich husband and heaps of money.

"Shall we send for Major Ashton, my child?" asked aunt Martha.

"Oh, no, no auntie! He has gone away, and I shall never see him again!" and Sep told her brief story.

"And all this evil has fallen upon you from helping and being true to me and mine!" said Mrs. Damer. "Child, can you ever forgive me? How could I have been so wrong, so selfish, as to ask you to keep a secret from your husband? But Dick was my first baby, and I loved him so."

Tears did not fall from the sad eyes; but there came into them just such a look as may be seen in the great dark eyes of some hunted beast brought to bay.

"And he kissed me—and Roland thought—"

"Oh, aunt Martha, what shall I do?"

"We must pray for help, dear, and I think what is best to be done."

The worn-out girl fell asleep presently; and, while she slept, aunt Martha wrote two letters to Major Ashton, one addressed to Ashton's Manor, the other to his club in London, beseeching him to come to Beachley without delay. But to these tear-stained epistles no replies were sent.

Autumn deepened into winter; and all the tidings that reached the sad heart-broken young wife were contained in a short note from widow Penmaur, who forwarded Mrs. Ashton's boxes, and mentioned that the Nest was let again, and Major Ashton gone abroad—whether she could not tell—and, though Mrs. Damer wrote again to the good woman three several times, the widow chose to make no further communication.

Damer was unbounded in his devotion to his niece when he learned how Sep was suffering from her fidelity and loyalty to those who had been to her as father and mother. Mrs. 'Arry Fedder too was very gracious to her stricken cousin.

"I may have boys of my own some day," she was heard to observe; "and when it is all right again between Major and Mrs. Ashton—which it's sure to be—who can tell what he may do for them?"

Weeks grow into months. Sep became too weak to leave her room. Mr. Black, the young doctor, spoke of great prostration of strength. The April days floated tenderly in upon the land; soft clouds sailed across the sky, and the earth was sweet with the fragrance of blossoms struggling to greet the sun. Sep lay hour after hour very silent on the little blue couch which uncle Damer had bought on purpose for her, looking out over the changeable sea, with a glass of golden daffodils at her side; and aunt Mart a grew more and more sad.

There succeeded a night to one of these balmy spring days when the west wind shrieked discordantly, thunder pealed, and the waves arose and did battle also. The grave quiet-eyed young

doctor stood at Sep's bedside, wrestling valiantly with Death for the fair young life which the King of Terrors endeavoured to snatch from his grasp; and the sweet April morning light, trembling as with repentant tears for the work of the angry storm, fell on aunt Martha seated by a hastily lighted fire, rocking in her arms a bundle of pink flannel, which contained the tiny form of Major Ashton's daughter.

"What do you think of her, sir?" inquired aunt Martha anxiously, resigning her infant charge to Sophie, and following Mr. Black to the door.

Very grave looked the young doctor as he replied—

"There is considerable cause for anxiety, Mrs. Damer—considerable cause. Mrs. Ashton is extremely weak and exhausted."

Mrs. Damer closed the door behind him, and stood in silent speechless agony as she heard Mr. Black's footsteps go "pat, pat" down the freshly-whitened steps. She had killed Sep, she said to herself; the child would die, and it would be her fault. How thin Sep had grown of late!

Old Damer was pacing in gloomy sorrow up and down the stone-floored kitchen. He had written to acquaint the family at Ashton Manor of the birth of Major Ashton's daughter.

"Bad business, bad business!" he muttered to himself, feeling that he was a most miserable man.

Aunt Martha busied herself with a tiny pan on the fire, stirring, stirring, as the hopeless tears rained down her cheeks.

News had reached the old people in these spring days that their firstborn lay sleeping beneath an alien sky. This knowledge had almost brought ease to the sore old hearts; but the ache and pain became deeper as the young life under their roof passed nearer to the dim eternal shores.

Suddenly over went the pan, and aunt Martha darted up the narrow stairs, with a rush that took away old Damer's breath.

Mrs. Willett, next door, thought that surely Mrs. Damer must be mad, as she saw her run out at the garden gate and seize the coat of a tall stately gentleman who chanced to be passing that way.

"My good woman," the gentleman said, as he endeavoured to release himself, "I think—" Then he recognized Mrs. Damer. Very stern and cold grew his face. "Mrs. Damer," he said, "any interview between us would be but painful to both. Had I not been called to the death-bed of an old friend, I should scarcely have visited Beachley."

Major Ashton tried to pass on; but Martha Damer fairly pulled him within her gates.

"Oh, Major, Major," she cried, "it's all my fault—mine and my poor boy's that's dead now; and Sep's as true to you, sir, as the needle to the pole. And she's dying—dying, Major Ashton; and you've a little daughter, and you must see her. You've made a sad, sad mistake, sir; and you must set it right—you must."

So, almost mechanically, Roland followed aunt Martha into the dismal back parlor.

"John—John!" she called; and the old man ponderously climbed the stairs.

"Glad to see you, Major," he began tremulously. "I'll just tell you how it was," and in his slow way the old gentleman told of the sin of his firstborn and of Sep's truth and fidelity. "If—if he had been taken, 'twould have killed us old folk; and Sep knew it—Heaven bless her!—and now she is dying!"

"I loved my wife dearly," said Roland Ashton; and I thought—I thought—Oh, I could not bear it!"

Then Mrs. Damer led him to the chamber in which his wife lay.

"Very softly, please," urged aunt Martha as the fair-haired soldier bent over the form lying so still in the Valley of the Shadow.

Reverently and tenderly his kiss fell upon the marble brow, recalling Sep even from the arms of the grim king.

"Roland, my husband," she said, looking up at him, unutterable love in the fast-falling eyes, in the clinging arms stretched out to greet him. "Thank Heaven—oh, thank Heaven! You shouldn't have thought it!"

"Darling, forgive me!" he pleaded, with soft caresses so sweet to Sep, famishing for the sound of his voice, the touch of his hand and lip.

"It was only aunt Martha's boy, Roland," she tried to say. "And, oh, how I have weariod for your coming!"

"I was very hard with you, Sep. You must forgive me, and we will be happy again."

The girl lay silently drinking in his words, feasting on the beloved face. Aunt Martha brought the pink bundle and showed Major Ashton his little daughter. Sep's white face was radiant with joy; but she was very weak, so weak that the voices sounded afar off, and her eyes were dim.

The young doctor came again, bringing a tall elderly gentleman with him. They spoke softly to Sep, and, drawing Roland aside, whispered in his ear. Choking back the sobs that had not risen since he was a baby, Roland knelt beside the bed and pillowed the gold-brown head once more upon his breast.

"Roland, am I going to die?" she asked.

"No, darling—no," he said, faltering; but she saw the anguish in his eyes.

"Only a falling asleep, and you wake and the darkness is gone," she said to herself.

"Roland, Roland, don't cry so! I'm not frightened with you here; and Heaven knows best. I'm so glad you are here!"

Close to his breast then he pressed the dying girl. Soon there was a shudder through the slight frame. He sent up frantic cries to Heaven for aid; but, with the loving hands stretched out to him, he saw with unspeakable sorrow "a light upon those brows which is the daylight only." The motherless babe broke into sad wailing, and Mrs. Damer led the mourner from the room.

Seven years have passed. Once again Roland Ashton—Sir Roland now—visits Beachley. A blithe little maiden trips at his side, chattering gaily to "papa." They stroll amid the daisies in the old churchyard. Roland stops before a cross of white marble, thinking of his cruel mistake.

"Is there never a chink in the world above Where they listen to words from below?"

he repeats, placing some fair golden daffodils on the grave where Persephone is sleeping.

"Was mamma here like mamma at home?" asks the child.

"No, Sep," he says, thinking of the laughing genial lady who is fond of him after her fashion, but to whom he is not, and never has been, "the first and only love." "Mamma was just like you, dear. Her eyes were just like yours."

He plucks a few leaves from the trailing ivy at the foot of the cross; and, leaving Persephone to her slumber, the two pass out at the iron gates in the spring sunshine. G. F. W.

ANCIENT ART.

We may consider the Art of any period or country, as a reflection of the conditions of life existing at such time or place, and although the object of the artist may have been merely to express his ideas of beauty or to embody in concrete form the symbols of a religious system, there will always be an unconscious impression of local and contemporaneous conditions.

It is possible, therefore, to arrive at an approximately correct conception of the life of the ancient Egyptians by a careful study of their sculpture and frescoes.

How thankful we should be that we were born in another and more comfortable age. Think of the dreary lives led by those Ancient Egyptians, forever marching nowhere in single file procession, in a state of chronic profile, glaring hideously out of one-wall-eye, placed in the sides of the head.

We never see but one side of an Ancient Egyptian. They were made "rights-and-lefts," like shoes; but we shudder to think what the off side must have looked like.

They affected a style of hair-dressing which must have been exceedingly disagreeable to the wearers; it consisted of starching or gluing the hair on both head and face and then running it through a fluting machine.

But worst of all, was their rigid, unalterable stiffness, nowhere do we see an Ancient Egyptian "limbered-up," their joints seem to have been mere hinges, working in one line only; and each individual possessed but four hinges.

When the Ancient Egyptian lay down, which he occasionally did to vary the monotony of his one-sided existence, he did so with the sensuous grace of an iron poker, merely exchanging a miserable perpendicularity for an equally wretched horizontality; and the picture, or statue of an Ancient Egyptian reclining, has merely to be turned half-round, to represent most accurately an Ancient Egyptian standing erect.

Generalizing from the data we possess, we may sum up the character of the Ancient Egyptian as having been one of imperfect development, one-sided doubtless in character as in person, but we may also conclude that they were upright and straightforward in their dealings.

Personal jealousy must have been unknown among them, as every one was the exact counterpart of every one else, and fathers had to label their boys or stamp numbers on them to prevent their being mistaken for their own grandfathers, and thus causing confusion and bad feeling in the family.

The Ancient Greeks were a most afflicted people, they were built all right, to be sure; in fact, they had a decided advantage in that respect over modern men and women; but their own foolish customs made their lives wretched in the extreme.

The Ancient Greek lived entirely on his marble front door-steps, and when he had any writing to do he had to work with one hand while the other was kept busy holding on to several dozen yards of sheeting, in a vain endeavour to keep himself decently covered. We cannot justly blame these poor people for the seemingly indecorous fashion so common among them of leaving off their garments altogether at times, for their hands became fatigued grabbing at festoons all day, especially in windy weather, and when a gust happened to take a fellow's white goods, and whirling it through the air, leave it dangling to a telegraph wire, he would not make a fuss about it, or chase it down, or send a small boy up the pole to fetch it, but making some careless remark about the mildness of the weather, and the bad quality of the lost dry-goods, would walk off leaving his drapery as a legacy of kite tail for the small boy of the period; occurrences of this kind were so common that the streets of Athens on a windy afternoon, had the appearance of a free swimming-bath.

If some of the alleged musicians of that climate and time had left off twanging on their three-stringed harps, and penny whistles, from which

it must have been impossible to extract any music of a higher order than "Shoo fly;" and devoted a little of their spare time to making reefing-jackets, and ulsters for their naked countrymen they would have deserved eternal gratitude.

The custom of sitting around on cold door-steps in all kinds of weather, engendered pulmonary complaints to a terrible extent, and the "hot-toddy," and "rye-and-rock" taken to cure these troubles established habits of intoxication which sometimes led to terrible results. This phase of life is truthfully but painfully illustrated in a story known as "L. A. O-Coon and Sons." It was done in order for an Athenian temperance guild, and represents a whole family, consisting of Papa and an indefinite number of sons struggling with imaginary snakes, in a dreadful fit of delirium-tremens.

It is interesting to note the changes which have occurred in the fauna and flora, the laws of gravitation and mechanics generally, and even in the human form itself, in England, since early times.

The birds then were nearly as large as the trees they roosted upon, and the average man was larger than the oak of that day. Chairs and tables, and all sorts of objects could be left sticking in the air with no consideration as to the angle of inclination or the centre of weight.

The hands of the people then possessed a sort of magnetic attraction which enabled them to hold any tool or utensil by merely placing the outstretched hand flat against it. Fire at that time was governed by different laws than at present. This is shown in all old English pictures, whenever flames are introduced, either from a fire or burning torch, they are represented not mounting upwards as with us, but spread out like a bundle of tobacco leaves.

They had no living quadrupeds then, but contented themselves with wooden ones, made in rough imitation of the wild and domestic animals of other lands.

Many pictures remain representing kings and warriors, and ladies of high degree riding upon hobby-horses, which seems to have been a favorite sport with the early English.

The human form, however, shows the most remarkable change of all.

Hands and feet in those early days were worn several sizes larger than the present fashion. Human joints don't appear to have worked well. In fact, the people of early England seem to have been a dislocated, lop-sided, angular set, and it is truly wonderful that the present existing race and the modern condition of affairs, could ever have been evolved out of that represented by early English pictorial art. But, so it is, and we can only feel thankful for the great changes that the passage of time has wrought in the comfort, symmetry and propriety of our race, and its surroundings, and pity for the imperfect state of the world and its inhabitants in ancient times.

GEORGE KYLE.

INSIDE THE MINT.

There is not much to see inside the Mint, but what there is, is well worth that stinky half-hour allowed to any innocents abroad—four at a time only—who may wish to "prosp'er." I was one of those four last week. A bland gentleman received me in a side room. I wrote my name in a book—then the three other names. I was given to understand that I was responsible for the whole party. I eyed them suspiciously from that moment, and morally turned my own pockets inside out. A genial sort of foreman soon arrived. He did his work well from beginning to end; there was no nonsense about him, and, I may add no delay. We turned at once into a sort of factory-room, in which very little was going on, but that little was of an excitingly costly nature. I watched a small furnace, out of which kept pouring, like a stream of white barley sugar, the molten silver, which was then passed under a roller and flattened into strips, and the strips were soon chopped into bars and piled. The noise was considerable, but nothing to the slam and jingle of the next room, where the bars were further flattened into very thin strips like laths, to about the thickness of the half-crown. They were coining nothing but half-crowns that day. There was a strange fascination about every detail of the process. We had not nearly reached the half-crown yet. The flat strips were cut up into lengths of about three feet; each had now to be "adjusted," or passed between more rollers, which exactly tested the even thickness.

In the next room we saw rounds cut out of these strips. These soon accumulated, 300 being punched out in a minute; then 80 a minute, were shot through a hole, which trimmed the edges; and then they had to be fire-softened, and washed and dried in sawdust, before they were fit to receive the final "die" with the milling and the QUEEN'S head. Even then, all was not over. The weighing-machine was certainly the prettiest thing I saw; each coin fell in a ledge, which according to its exact weight, dropped the coin into one of three boxes beneath; if it were a shade too heavy it went into a box on the left, if too light it went into a box on the right, and if exact in weight it fell into a middle-box. The middle-box coins were ready for circulation; the light and heavy ones were taken away to be melted up again. This machine has been in use since 1852, and is the invention of a bank director named Mr. COTTON. I saw on a table hard by, in the measuring room, some goodly bags. "What are these?" I asked. "Each," said my guide, "weighs 720 oz., and contains

£200 in half-crowns." The propensity to handle the silver was irresistible, and was duly recognized by my official friend, who, however, would let us touch nothing except what he himself handed to us. He handed a blank, and a new half-crown; but I was not allowed to touch the beautifully-symmetrical perforated sheets of silver that lay piled in ornamental patterns ready for re-melting. Silver chips and shavings lay all about, but the least (involuntary of course) propensity to stoop was checked by the gentle admonition that time was short, and another detachment of would-be burglars were waiting in the ante-room to be "personally conducted."

Everywhere ropes prevented us going too near the scene of action; none of the machines could be easily approached, and we were all kept well in hand together, I felt grateful for this, for a man does not find himself every day on such a TOM TIDDLEE'S ground; and temptation always makes my knees very weak, and my fingers twitched several times most unaccountably.

However, we got safe into the coin-room, where all was under glass, and I grew more calm, and asked several intelligent questions—such as, why we had seen no gold or copper? None was being coined. They had coined no gold at the English Mint for twelve months, so I infer that there are no sovereigns with 1881 on them, except, perhaps, a few from the Colonial Mint. These have all a tiny M for Melbourne or S for Sydney on them.

The interesting collection of coins and medals I was hurried through. I saw silver pennies from A.D. 850 to the present day; a gold "noble," value 13s. 8d. (EDWARD III.); a very flat sovereign of HENRY VII.; and guineas which came in with CHARLES II. A large piece, called a petition crown, of CHARLES II. has now a fancy value of £275, the actual price fetched by one three months ago. A noble twenty-shilling-piece in silver of CHARLES the First's reign suggested an enormous pouch; it might just fit into the brim of a common tea-cup.

I hereabouts became decidedly communicative, and began to ask a few historical questions, but this was soon put a stop to by my guide, who observed that the British Museum, and not the Mint, was the place for that. The time was up. I hope my half-hour has not been wasted.—London Truth.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

The commission appointed in Germany to revise Luther's translation of the Bible has held its last sitting and brought its work to a close.

PRINCE RUDOLPH, the heir to the throne of Francis Joseph, has published at the Imperial printing office in Vienna a two-volume description of his Eastern wanderings.—"Eine Orientreise."

THERE is a great "boom" in Longfellow literature, in preparation for the poet's seventy-fifth birthday, which occurs on February 27th, and which is to be celebrated in thousands of schools.

DR. HOLLAND'S family and editorial associates authorize a positive contradiction of the statement that he was the author of the long poem, "Geraldine," which was published anonymously not long ago.

THE second "baby elephant" of this country, and other features of Barnum's menagerie, as it appears in winter quarters at Bridgeport, Connecticut, are illustrated in the current issue of Harper's Weekly.

THE Cathedral at Seville is to be restored upon a comprehensive scale. The Imparcial states that the Spanish Minister of Public Works has just granted sixty thousand pesetas, the sum required to commence operations.

TWENTY years ago, J. P. Mahaffy, M.A., was one of the hardest hitters at cricket in Trinity College, Dublin. He is to-day one of the best living authorities on the literature and history of Greece. His latest volume, now in the press of Harper & Brothers, treats of "The Old Greek Education."

IT has long been known that M. Alexandre Dumas had in preparation a complete edition of his plays. But M. Dumas has resolved that the public shall not be admitted behind the scenes at any price. The edition will be limited to exactly ninety-nine copies, for presentation only to personal friends and to the actors and actresses who created the parts.

ADVICES from all quarters assure us that a successful warfare against lung and throat disease is being waged with Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. By this renovant of strength and pulmonary health, premature lung decay is arrested, asthmatic breathing is rendered clear and deep, bronchial irritation is subdued and the blood enriched and freed from a scrofulous taint. Rarely have the people had more reason to congratulate themselves on the development of a remedy for that class of diseases which in a rigorous climate are peculiarly rife, and never has a medicine more clearly vindicated its claims to be considered a genuine specific than this sterling preparation. To escape imposition, purchasers should be careful to notice that the wrappers and glass of the bottles bear the firm's name. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.

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



The Hat and Bow Costume.

Gentlemen's Fashions for Rainy Weather.

"What a beautiful Carpet. One hardly likes to tread upon it."



The Respirator Necktie.



The Outdoor Dressing Gown.



Inognata.



"So nice to have a Halter round one's Neck."



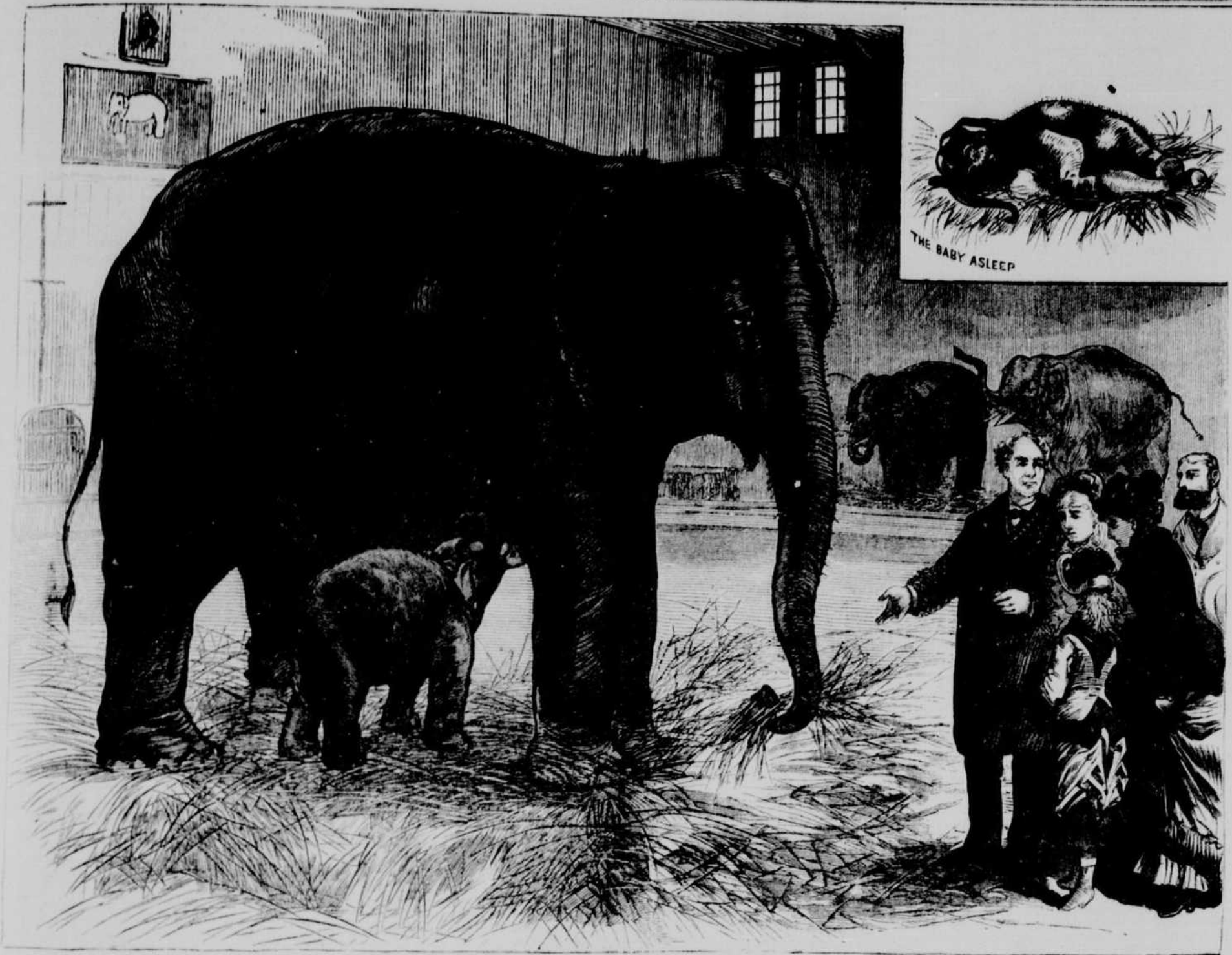
The Anti-adorer Fan.



Which is which?



The Painted Costume and the White Waistcoat.



THE BABY ELEPHANT BORN IN BARNUM'S MUSEUM, BRIDGEPORT



THE OPIUM TRAFFIC.—CHINESE SELLING OPIUM.

A CREED.

BY FRANK H. NORTON.

One thing there is that I do shun—
To grieve o'er evil I have done.

Much that the world thinks sin I know
Shall be the doer's afterglow.

Lighting a life, that else were naught,
By luminous rays from Heaven caught.

We charm our lives by fond deceit
To solve the error that we meet:

And hush us with the ambling song—
"The world shall guide 'twixt right and wrong."

God spurns the trick; Christ turns his back.
And mid the crash and thunder-wrack

From Sinai's peak and Calvary
We hear the falling sinner's cry:

"I am the judge; my rock is here,
If thence I swerve by wrong or fear.

No human laws may make me wail;
Unto my soul I must be leal.

Out of my soul my impulse flows,
And right from wrong my conscience knows.

My guide, my guard, my light, my life,
It only warns me through the strife."

Perish the laws that man gives birth!
From feeble thought, of little worth.

The day of reckoning comes alone
To him whose sor' must needs atone.

When Sinai's tables and the cross
Shall mete for him his gain and loss.

ÆSTHETICS.

A SERIO-COMIC REMONSTRANCE.

DUBLIN, November 1st.

To the Editor:—There ought to be a special Act against people inventing and using words and terms which their respectable middle-aged neighbors do not understand, with double penalties if they do not understand the said words and terms themselves.

I say respectable middle-aged gentlemen, for, as to the rising generation, including the infantry battalion, petticoated precocities of two and three years old, ever since the Infant Schools and the National Board of Education came in, there is no standing them. I verily heard a wee rowley-powley of an urchin, that ought to have been only deep into the philosophy of lollypops, answer the school mistress quite glibly and satisfactorily at once when she asked it, "What was the weight of a column of air of circumambient atmosphere in every superficial inch of its corporeal frame?" I looked with wonder at the little corporeal frame before me. But when the question came, "Why do we not feel the weight of this column of air?" and the answer succeeded as glibly as ever. "Because it presses and preponderates equally on all sides." I fairly took to my heels—I could stand it no longer; the thing was *nae caisne*, as the Scotch say.

It is all very well when Mons. Daguerrre or Mr. Fox Talbot, growing tired of using their own fingers in making sketches from Nature make Nature sketch herself, why then the term Daguerrreotype or Talbotype is allowable enough: "Macadamizing" roads or "Macintoshing" cloaks is all fair and proper. It is, besides, a sort of monumental word-making which is not undesirable, for when these great men are dead and gone, they will form a beautiful etymological Kensal Green, keeping their memory and merits alive till English itself is reckoned among the dead languages.

But, sir, what do they deserve who take a science, a philosophy, an acknowledged something, yet a voted nothing—jostled out of every position—yet pertinaciously pervading everything, as old and older than the time of Aristotle himself, and, just as those nursing mothers of Knowledge—our blessed collegiate institutions—think they have laid it to sleep, or, perhaps, comfortably overlaid it, out it comes as fresh as ever, and is christened ÆSTHETICS, to puzzle the neighbors, without giving them any time for preparation or making their will. I ask, sir, is this to be endured?

Every now and then a word springs up, sometimes in the course of a night; no one knows where or whence it comes from until they break their chins over it, as we have been recently doing over this confounded Æsthetics.

Why, some few years ago, there was the word "normal" popped up or was hooked up; we had normal schools of agitation, normal this, that and t'other—normal everything.

Then came "idiosyncrasy." It was Lady Morgan who first attacked my idiosyncrasy, and only for a sudden access of gallantry and Greek that luckily supplied a safety valve for our friendship at the moment: I was near intimating to her Ladyship, with all respect, "she was another." And now we have Æsthetics meeting us at every hand's turn.

But where I am determined, I am determined. I have traced out the whole mystery, and shall do my best to lay the ghost, or, at all events, prevent it from disturbing any quiet, decent, well-disposed family with its dark lantern and rattle of chains.

Originally manufactured in Germany from a Greek word signifying "sensation," it has been applied to that neglected foundling department of human cultivation, which I have hinted at above as being so shamefully misunderstood and

overlooked in our various systems of education; a department of philosophy which takes the principles of beauty and perfection as its elements of search, as "Right" is that of ethics or morality; Justice of law and government; and Truth of science generally; in fact (only taste is not expressive enough of mental exertion) the Philosophy of Taste.

How "sensation" comes to mean philosophy of taste is an induction pretty similar to that which Dean Swift made when deriving his friend, the Reverend Jeremiah King, from a cucumber; thus, Jeremiah King.—Jeremy King, Jerry King.—Jer King.—Gher-kin—Cucumber. So we may perceive that Æsthetics, or the Philosophy of Taste, depends on reducing, to certain fixed principles, our general conception of Beauty and Perfection in Art and Nature.

We cannot have these conceptions or perfections without IDEAS; we cannot have ideas without Sensation; or Sensation without our Senses. Or take the pedigree the contrary way. From our external organs of Sense proceeds Sensation; from Sensation our Ideas; from Ideas we form our conception of Beauty and Perfection. From certain fixed rules, attaching itself to the conception of Beauty and Perfection, we form a Philosophy of Taste, which graduates from the lower senses, held in common by all animals, to the highest mental faculties possessed only by man, and call it ÆSTHETICS; though it is evident that this new word, from its possessing too strong an applicability to the mere sensuous elements in its derivation, is incomplete, as it does not sufficiently express nor satisfactorily include the higher mental process. But some still higher term must be used to distinguish super induction of the one upon the other, such as, for instance, Hyper-Æsthetics or Eu-Æsthetics.

But bless my heart! What do I find myself doing!—setting out with abusing others for inventing new and strange terms, and concluding by calling out in the end for an extension of the evil! It is time for me to stop.

PETER PLAINSPOKEN.—In Quill.

THE PAWN-SHOP.

As a matter of social history, it is singular, too, that pawnbroking should have sunk to so low a level, both here and in England, when we remember that one of the chief inducements put forward in the original prospectus for the establishment of the Bank of England was, that it would regularly engage in the pawning business, being ready at all times to advance reasonably on such silver-plate and other personal property as its customers should deposit with it, charging for this convenience a much less rate of interest than the gold and silver smiths of the time, who had the monopoly of this business, were in the habit of charging. But to-day, to mortgage one's house, to hypothecate one's bonds, to get an advance upon one's storage receipts or one's bills of lading, is a business operation as respectable as it is general; while to pawn one's watch or any other piece of personal property, though the operations are of precisely the same character, and are undertaken from the same necessity, is considered a somewhat disreputable transaction. This is partly owing to the fact that public attention has not been called to the intelligent and sympathetic study of the matter. The more prosperous classes have, with a careless disregard for the welfare of their more needy fellow-citizens allowed the whole business to fall into unworthy hands. How thoroughly the best interests of the poor have been in this matter disregarded is shown conclusively by the fact that the legal rate of interest allowed the pawnbrokers in our large cities is six per cent. a month, or seventy-two per cent. a year.

Among all the cities of the country, Brston, Massachusetts, is the only one in which any attention has been given to this wholly unnecessary burden placed upon the poor, and where a proper consideration of the subject has led to a practical reform. Several years ago a few rich men in that city, recognizing the importance of organizing pawnbroking in an orderly business way, subscribed a capital of one hundred thousand dollars for the establishment of a Pawners' Bank, as it was first called. This name was soon changed to that of the Collateral Loan Bank, the change being made in deference to the prejudice against the use of the word "pawner."

By the terms of its charter the bank was allowed to charge on its loans one and a half per cent. a month, or eighteen per cent. a year. The dividends to the stockholders were limited to eight per cent., and all excess of profits after the payment of expenses was to be spent in the free distribution of coal to the poor during the months of December, January, and February, under the supervision of the Town Council. The business has been found so large as to justify the increase of the capital; and in their reports the managers of the bank reiterate the statement that the business is one of the surest there is, the security being in all cases deposited with the bank before the loan is made, and being in the immense majority of cases promptly redeemed. A very large proportion of the loans are made for sums less than a dollar, while the borrowers, upon the payment of the interest, are so astonished at the smallness of this charge that they constantly offer to pay more. The bank, while paying to its stockholders their regular dividends of eight per cent., has refused the cost of pawning to those requiring this aid, and at the same time raised the compensation of those who attend to the

details of the business above the rate they at first were paid. Thus all the various classes who are connected with the bank have been benefited.

But excellent and unquestionable as are the benefits this application of intelligent sympathy for the poor has produced in the organization of pawning, yet it is evident that it is not all that can be done in this direction by a further application of the same principle to the economic study of their condition. Why would it not be possible to combine with a pawners' bank a savings-bank, so that these two institutions should work harmoniously together for their common end—the improvement of the hard conditions of the poor? The very necessity of security to-day forces the savings-bank, which gathers its funds from the poor, to limit its investment of them to such securities as pay but the smallest interest. But the pawners' bank offers, as experience has shown, an exceptionally safe opportunity for the investment of large aggregate sums of money at exceptionally high rate of interest. Though eighteen per cent. a year, or one and a half per cent. a month, is evidently ruinous to the ordinary transactions of business, yet it is only a fourth of seventy-two per cent., which is the regular charge for pawnbroking in all of our cities. A pawners' bank, therefore, the capital of which was contributed by the rich, who would be contented with a small interest upon their investment, could induce the poor to deposit their small savings with it by the secure promise of a higher rate of interest than they can get now. The details of such a plan could be easily worked out, if the task were undertaken with an intelligent and heart-felt sympathy with the purposes it should propose and the results it sought to gain, the essential idea of the scheme being that it would enable the poor to lend their savings to the poor.—EDWARD HOWLAND, in *Harper's Magazine* for March.

THE LIGHT LITERATURE OF TRAVEL.

The spy-glass or powerful field-glass is a part of the equipment of every explorer, and as we read by our firesides the large volumes of adventure and research we know that there has been brought to us the game which was taken thus at long range; but there is a literature of travel which grows out of the reverse use of the glass, when the traveler has amused himself by minifying the landscape, and making that which is at hand seem to be leagues away. The most successful book of this class was De Maistre's "Voyage autour de ma Chambre," and Alphonse Karr's "Voyage autour de mon Jardin" was imitative only in title; the matter was original. There was, to be sure, in both of these books, and in the many like ones which have followed, a light fancy, which borrowed its humor from the grave dignity of books of travel; yet, aside from this whimsy, they record exploits in miniature, and the reader, making his tour on small-back rather than mounted on elephant or dromedary, has a delightful sense of journeying with contracted mind.

We can imagine a traveler now making a trip round the world in the wake of those who have brought back mighty volumes, and displaying his treasures in some dainty book big enough to hold only the airy nothings which have floated idly in the air across his track. The very familiarity which we are acquiring with the countries of the world helps such travelers, for they may take much for granted, and leave unsaid all the cyclopaedic matter which a tyrannical literary conscience might demand. It is surprising how a poet or an artist will glean after the harvester of facts, and we shall turn to him as if he were the first discoverer. We suspect that in this field Americans have the best opportunity. The hospitality of their minds, the difficulty of their being insular, the knack which they have of falling in with the mood of the clime where they chance to be, the readiness with which they are pleased,—all these qualities make good light travelers; and when we add to this their haste to discover something new and their equal enjoyment of whatever is hoary, outside of the conveniences of their own life, we easily find reasons for believing the American literature will show a growing shelf of books of light travel.—*Atlantic*.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

House gowns trimmed with feathers are much affected by aesthetic young ladies.

The proposal has been made to have a balloon gathering in London like that which will shortly take place in Paris.

Among the latest secession from the Liberal ranks is said to be that of Lord Melgund, heir to the historic Whig peerage of Minto.

The incomplete member for Northampton had the honor of receiving a note from the Premier, urging him to be in his place on the 7th. Is this slightly sarcastic?

MR. GYZ has an idea of producing M. Massenet's *Héroïade* at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, this year. How will he get over the difficulty of its sacred theme, viz., the beheading of John the Baptist?

THERE is great curiosity at the National Gallery to see the students at work. On students' day a charge is made to the public, and the money obtained in this manner amounted last year to £700.

MR. OSCAR WILDE, writing to a friend in London, is pleased to express himself in commendatory terms of the great American people. He may have been disappointed with the Atlantic, but the United States, fortunately come up to his expectation.

"MANCHON" is the new name for the dainty little affairs that once were called muffs. And now the little hands are tucked away into a "manchon" composed of lace flowers and plush, instead of the good, old-fashioned and substantial muffs.

WE are glad to hear that there is a belief that Madame Nilsson's husband has, after all, not lost his or rather her fortune on the Stock Exchange, though it is a deplorable fact that his mind is seriously affected by the excitement of the wild finance which has reigned on the Paris Bourse.

It is said that when the vote is taken for an allowance to the Duke of Albany, three of the Ministers will walk out of the House. One at least should surely hear the words in sepulchral bass, "where is thy gratitude," and meet the shade of his father who owed his honors to the Prince Consort.

THE Earl of Rosbery will spread the building of his new palace at Knightsbridge over six or seven years. He will thus be able to pay for the building operations out of income. The site of the new house is a large space between the Knightsbridge-road and Hyde-park, lying just behind the French Embassy, and it is now being cleared for building.

THE hour named for the dinner to which the Savage Club have invited His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on the 11th of next month is five o'clock. The locale is Willis', St. James', as the largest room in the club house would not accommodate more than half of the number of members who are anxious to be present on so interesting an occasion. The early hour of five is named in order that members with engagements at the theatres may be enabled to attend.

THE gas companies are now showing us in one or two leading thoroughfares what they might do and could do, if they chose, for the whole metropolis. If every street was lighted as are portions of Oxford street, Piccadilly and Queen Victoria street, we should not be in such a hurry to cheapen the electric light. In Piccadilly especially the difference between the illuminating power of the old lamps and the new is most marked; indeed, it is almost as great as the difference between the best form of the gas light and the best form of the electric light.

THE most devoted admirers of Mr. Irving feel rather doubtful whether he will shine as Romeo, while those who utter unkind things of him as a Shakespearean actor, prophesy that this will crown his misrenderings of the creations of the great dramatist. No one doubts that Miss Ellen Terry will be a success as Juliet. Madame Modjeska had a success last spring at the Court Theatre as Juliet. Mr. Forbes Robertson played Romeo on that occasion, and very well, too, except, perhaps, in the last few scenes, which, being tragic, are those in which Mr. Irving is more likely to succeed.

FOR a blonde fashion proclaims that scarlet gives a delicate blush to the complexion that charmingly enhances its lily whiteness, and there is no hue in the whole range of colors that is so becoming to a brunette as rich scarlet. A blonde can wear blues of all grades, while only the light indigo blue is suited to a brunette, and there is the mode golden dye that is not at all congruous to a blonde's fairness; but fashion declares that the alabaster beauties look lovely adorned in garments from the straw tint to the glowing orange, providing that blue is cunningly and delicately intermixed. Fashion also proclaims that heavy materials, such as velvet and plush, are for brunettes; and why "this is thus" no explanation is given. Perhaps in the world of dress complexion is consonant with weight, since there are plushes and velvets of extremely pale off colors.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

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

HAYWARD'S YELLOW OIL will be found invaluable for all purposes of a family medicine. Immediate relief will follow its use. It relieves pain, cures chilblains, frost bites, scalds, burns, corns, rheumatism, neuralgia, &c. For internal cure it is none the less wonderful. One or two doses frequently cure sore throat. It will cure croup in a few minutes. A few bottles has often cured asthma. Colic has been cured by a teaspoonful dose. It cures with the utmost rapidity, it is really a wonderful medicine.

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand,
Two tender feet upon the untrodden border
Of life's mysterious land.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

J. W. S., Montreal, P. Q.—Papers to hand. Thanks.
W. J. F., New Castle, Delaware.—Postal received.
Will answer by mail.
M. J. M.—Chronicle to hand. Thanks.

From a copy of the Cincinnati Commercial we perceive
that a Correspondence Chess Tourney is shortly to be
set on foot under the management of Mr. W. J. Ferris,
of New Castle, Delaware. As Mr. Ferris is one of the
contestants in the Hamilton Tourney, which is now
very nearly finished, we may reasonably conclude
that he has been led to bring about another contest of
a similar nature from a favourable opinion of its usefulness.

CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE
TOURNEY.

Open to players residing in North America. To open
April 1, 1882.

This Tourney will consist of twenty players, at an
entrance of \$2 each, the amount of the entrance fees (\$40)
to be divided into four cash prizes of \$10, \$15, \$10 and
\$5 for the best scores, and six prizes of a year's subscrip-
tion to Brentano's Monthly (or its equivalent) to—
The lady player making the best score.
The winner of most brilliant Evans' Gambit.
The winner of most brilliant K. Knight's Gambit.
The winner of most brilliant Bishop's Gambit.
The winner of most brilliant Scotch Gambit.
The winner of most brilliant Petroff's Defense.
(This last prize to be restricted to second players.)

RULES FOR PLAY.

- 1. Each player to play one game with every other,
and to conduct 5 or more games simultaneously. Drawn
games to count a half game to each.
2. Persistent and unexcused delay in answering
moves will subject the player to forfeiture of the
game.
3. Should any player withdraw from the Tourney after
its commencement, all his games shall be adjudged as
lost by default.
4. All moves are to be numbered and written in letters
according to the English notation.
5. A player must repeat his opponent's last move
when sending his reply.
6. All appeals from the decision of the Conductor will
be decided by the Chess Editor of the Commercial.
7. The winner in any game and the first player in any
drawn game to send copy of such game to the Con-
ductor of the Tourney.
8. All rules other than those herein mentioned, shall
be carried out according to the Chess Code of the Ameri-
can Chess Association.
9. The prizes for the most brilliant games will be
awarded by a judge hereafter to be chosen.
10. All players desiring of entering the Tourney will
please notify the Conductor by March 15, and remit en-
trance fee by March 25, 1882.

WM J. FERRIS, Conductor.

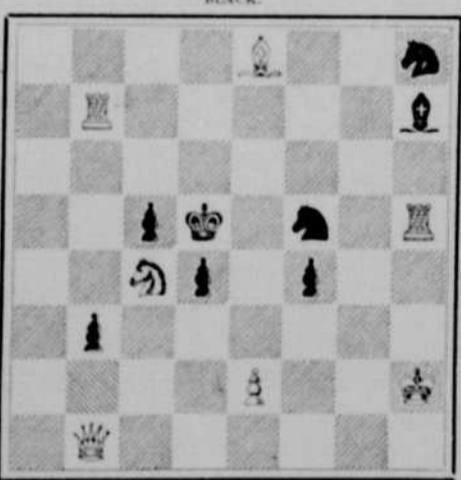
New Castle, Del.

As a notice appeared in our Column two weeks ago to
the effect that Mr. James Mason was about to return to
America, and that in his journey homeward he intended
visiting Quebec and Montreal, we hasten to publish the
following intelligence respecting him, which we copy
from the Dramatic News of Feb. 11th.

Mr. James Mason conducted twenty games simul-
taneously on Monday last, at the City Club, against
twenty players of the fourth class. Mr. Mason won
fifteen, drew three, and lost two games. The winners
were Messrs. E. P. Griffiths, and D. Hamilton Wilson.
The drawers were Messrs. Moon, Marks and Long. The
saloons were crowded throughout the evening, and at the
close of the performance Mr. Mason was loudly applauded.
Mr. Mason, I understand, does not propose to re-
turn to New York until after the International Tourney
in Vienna next May. The American hopes to take part
in the contest and to add another chapter to his laurel
crown.

As Saturday, February 25th, was the day spoken of
for the commencement of the Telegraphic Chess Match
between the Toronto and Quebec clubs, we hope to be
able to give some account of this contest in our next
Column.

PROBLEM No. 370
By F. Healey.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 368.

- White. Black.
1. Q to K 3. 1. R to K B 7
2. Kt to Q Kt 5. 2. Any
3. Mates to K 5.

GAME 497th.

Played between Messrs. Morphy and Boden.
(Philidor's Defence.)

- White—(S. S. Boden.) Black—(P. Morphy.)
1. P to K 4. 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3. 2. P to Q 3
3. P to Q 4. 3. P takes P
4. Q takes P. 4. Q B to Q 2
5. Q B to K 3. 5. Kt to Q B 3
6. Q to Q 2. 6. Kt to K B 3

- 7. K B to Q 3. 7. K B to K 2
8. Kt to Q B 3. 8. Castles
9. Castles (K R). 9. P to K R 3
10. P to K R 3. 10. Kt to K R 2
11. P to K Kt 4. 11. P to K R 4
12. Kt to K R 2. 12. P takes P
13. P takes P. 13. Q Kt to K 4
14. P to K B 3. 14. P to K Kt 4
15. K to Kt 2. 15. P to Q B 4
16. Kt to R sq. 16. K to Kt 2
17. Kt to B sq. 17. K R to B sq
18. Kt to K 3. 18. P to K B 3
19. Q Kt to Q 5. 19. K Kt to B sq
20. K Kt to R 5 (ch). 20. K to B 2
21. Q R to Q sq. 21. K Kt to Kt 3
22. K B to K 2. 22. Q B to Q B 3 (ch)
23. K to B 2. 23. Q Kt to Q B 3
24. Kt takes P. 24. Q takes Kt
25. Q takes B. 25. P to Q Kt 3
26. Kt to K Kt 3. 26. K takes Q
27. R to Q 6. 27. K to B 2
28. R to Q 5. 28. K to K 2
29. R to K B 4. 29. K to B 2
30. P takes P. 30. P takes P
31. K Kt to K Kt 3. 31. K Kt to K Kt 3
32. R to R 2. 32. R to R 2
33. K to K 4. 33. Q R to K R sq
34. Kt to B 5. 34. Kt to K 2
35. Kt takes Kt. 35. K takes Kt
36. P to K Kt 5. 36. K to K 3
37. K R to Q sq. 37. P takes P
38. R to Q 6 (ch). 38. K to B 2
39. K B to K R 5 (ch). 39. K to K 2
40. Q B takes P (ch). 40. K to B sq
41. K R to K B sq (ch).

NOTICE.

OUR Mr. Nolan is about to start this week
on a Western tour for the purpose of collecting
subscriptions and canvassing for the CANADIAN
ILLUSTRATED NEWS. We trust our friends and
subscribers will give him every assistance, and
facilitate his work as far as may lie in their
power.

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AMOUNT OF NITROGENOUS or FLESH-FORMING CONSTITUENTS of the average of other COCOAS which are
mixed with sugar and starch. Beware of imitations, which are often pushed by Shopkeepers for the extra profit

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

FEBRUARY, 1882.

Table with columns: DELIVERY, A.M., P.M., MAILS, CLOSING, A.M., P.M. Rows include destinations like ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES, QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES, LOCAL MAILS, and UNITED STATES.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

The March Atlantic has an unusually large
and varied list of contents, which make it a
popular number. Mr. N. H. Eggleston tells "The
Story of the Hoosier Tunnel." Professor N. S.
Shaler contributes a paper on "Hurricanes,"
which, in view of the experiences of the past
year, will surely find a large number of inter-
ested readers. Rev. E. E. Hale continues his
articles upon the Life and Times of our Lord.
An anonymous paper surveys "The Political
Situation" with no little ability and candor.
An engaging article on "Hymns and Hymn
Tinkers," by A. P. Hitchcock, will very well
repay reading. Elizabeth Robins contributes
another of her very interesting essays on my-
thology, this time devoted to "Loki." Prof.
Joh. Trowbridge, under the title of "Life and
the Dream of Life," discusses with vigor and
great intelligence the relative value of dif-
ferent departments of study. H. H. writes "Among
the Sky Lines," a Colorado sketch. Mary Treat
has an interesting out-door article on "Our
Winter Birds." J. P. Quincy discusses "A
Difficulty in Hamlet," and Gen. S. M. Quincy
reviews recent volumes on the "Campaigns of
the Civil War." Besides poems by Charlotte
F. Bates and Edith M. Thomas, Mr. Whittier
contributes one entitled "At Last," and Dr.
Holmes one, "Before the Curfew." Mr. Stei-
nman has a perfect little poem on "A Great Man
whose Mind is Clouding." Reviews of new
books and the Contributors' Club complete a re-
markably interesting number of this sterling
magazine.

The circus is ever a fascinating subject to
young people, and the second part of Mr. Stod-
dard's article, "Men-and-Animal Shows," in
which he gives a vivid account of one of these
amusement-towns on its travels, is, with its
many elegant illustrations by Jas. C. Beard,
Share, Birch and others, one of the most prom-
inent and entertaining features of the March
St. Nicholas. There is, also, for those who de-
light in the imaginative, a fairy tale by Thomas
Dunn English, and some humorously decorative
verses, illustrated with five clever page illustra-
tions by Walter Satterlee. Poems are contrib-
uted by Rose Terry Cooke and Celia Thaxter.
The present installment of "The Hoosier
School-boy" is of unusual interest, detailing
how Jack and his friends did go to school, spite
of all odds, and giving a thrilling account of a
foot-race, in which the hero runs for a five-hun-
dred dollar prize. "The Drummer-boy," in the
rifle pits before Petersburg, and "Donald and
Dorothy," in a novel fencing match, still close-
ly hold the attention of their friends. Mrs.
Clement, in her "Art and Artists" paper, writes
of the painter Titian, and a beautiful reproduc-
tion of his famous portrait of himself forms the
frontispiece illustration to the magazine. The
poet Wordsworth is the conspicuous feature of
the "Treasure-box," and the "Letter-box"
contains a full report from the President of the
Agassiz Association. The illustrations in this
number are exceptionally fine, and embrace
work by Titian, Walter Satterlee, Allen Red-
wood, Douglas Volk, James C. Beard, Jessie Mc-
Dermott, E. B. Bensell, Frank T. Merrill, J.
G. Francis, George D. Brush, H. P. Share, R.
B. Birch, H. Sandham, Miss R. H. Muller, and
many others.



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O. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1882.

Trains will run as follows:

| | MIXED. | MAIL. | EXPRESS |
|-------------------------------------|------------|------------|------------|
| Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa..... | 8:30 p.m. | 8:30 a.m. | 5:50 p.m. |
| Arrive at Ottawa..... | 7:55 a.m. | 1:20 p.m. | 9:50 p.m. |
| Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga..... | 10:00 a.m. | 8:10 a.m. | 4:55 p.m. |
| Arrive at Hochelaga..... | 8:45 a.m. | 1:00 p.m. | 9:45 p.m. |
| Leave Hochelaga for Quebec..... | 8:40 p.m. | 3:00 p.m. | 10:50 p.m. |
| Arrive at Quebec..... | 8:00 a.m. | 9:50 p.m. | 6:30 a.m. |
| Leave Quebec for Hochelaga..... | 5:30 p.m. | 10:00 a.m. | 10:00 p.m. |
| Arrive at Hochelaga..... | 7:30 a.m. | 4:50 p.m. | 6:30 a.m. |
| Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome..... | 5:00 p.m. | ----- | ----- |
| Arrive at St. Jerome..... | 7:45 p.m. | ----- | ----- |
| Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga..... | 6:45 a.m. | ----- | ----- |
| Arrive at Hochelaga..... | 9:00 a.m. | ----- | ----- |
| Leave Hochelaga for Joliette..... | 5:15 p.m. | ----- | ----- |
| Arrive at Joliette..... | 7:40 p.m. | ----- | ----- |
| Leave Joliette for Hochelaga..... | 6:30 a.m. | ----- | ----- |
| Arrive at Hochelaga..... | 8:50 a.m. | ----- | ----- |

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L. A. SENECA

Gen'l Supt.

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