

# Illustrated News

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A GYPSY MAID.

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. VASTAGH.

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TEMPERATURE

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

Table with columns for 'THE WEEK ENDING' and 'Corresponding week, 1881'. It lists temperature data for March 5th, 1882, and compares it to the corresponding week of 1881, showing Max, Min, and Mean values for each day of the week.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 11, 1882.

THE WEEK.

The alarming news of the attempt upon the Queen's life which reached us on Thursday last, was fortunately accompanied by the assurance that Her Majesty had not only escaped the assassin's aim, but had suffered no serious results from the shock. It has been generally felt that the recent mania for assassination of those in power predicated a state of things which might threaten danger to our beloved sovereign, and unusual precautions for her safety have been taken of late. It was not so much the deliberate attempt of an assassin that was feared, but the influence of the terrible events of the past year upon the unstable mind of some crank. Probably, however, in this case, effect and cause had widely different relations. The examination of MACLEAN seems to have fully satisfied people of the genuine insanity of the unhappy boy, who has thus added one more to the series of providential escapes which Her Majesty has had at the hands of lunatics. Four times in all during her long reign has the Queen's life been attempted, in every case providentially without harm. In every case, too, the would-be assassin has been unmistakably insane. OXFORD, the young carpenter, who in 1840 shot at the royal carriage as it passed down Constitution Hill, was imprisoned for many years in the criminal lunatic asylum at Broadmoor, where the present writer has seen him peaceably employed at his bench. His recovery has been lately pronounced as complete, and since his release he has over and over again expressed his sorrow for the "wicked piece of foolery" which marred his life. The assault which followed was by a hopeless madman of the name of FRANCIS, who attacked Her Majesty in 1842, and struck her a blow in the face, without, however, serious results.

The boy O'CONNOR, who levelled a pistol at the Queen in 1869, but without firing it, was pardoned by Her Majesty's intercession, and sent to Australia. But his case was another of undoubted lunacy, and when caught a year after lurking in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, he was identified and conveyed to a lunatic

asylum, after which he was sent to New Zealand.

Previous to the last-mentioned attempt, an Act of Parliament was passed providing the punishment of flogging for attempts or threats against Her Majesty's person. This seems to have had the same effect as a similar provision undoubtedly did in the putting a stop to garotting. This law still exists and may be enforced in MACLEAN's case, should not a more merciful view of his irresponsibility be taken.

One thing is certain, that the present incident will do much to accentuate the necessity already felt of taking some efficient measures to protect society against the insane, or that even more dangerous class, to whom of late the epithet of "cranks" has been applied. What those measures are to be will be one of the great questions of the next few years, side by side with the temperance question, with which it is in many respects closely allied.

AMONGST the telegrams relating to the attempt on Her Majesty comes one which, if true, deserves notice. The Eton boys are said to have made an attempt to "lynch" the unhappy creature who fired the shot. We say, if true, advisedly, for not only is such a suggestion easily made, even without foundation at all, but we can readily imagine that a crowd of school-boys might be eager to lay hands on the criminal, and to hustle him roughly after the manner of boys, without such ulterior views as the reporter assigns them. Eton boys must have been greatly changed in manner and discipline during the last few years, if any deliberate attempt at lynching was even thought of. Still, the very report leads us to notice how, so far from dying out, the American idea of mob law is actually gaining supporters where least we should expect, and that appeal from justice to force, which a few years since we classed as distinctively American, and stigmatized by uncomplimentary epithets, is now spoken of as the not unnatural result of an attempt on the life of the most constitutional of Sovereigns.

THE latest reliable news from Ireland is the most satisfactory that we have had for some time. The Land League are fairly beaten, and the "ladies," whose status must be taken on the authority of Mr. REDMOND, are doing little in their cause. Mr. SEXTON's anticipation that fewer rents will be paid in March than in October last bids fair to be falsified. Law and order, in short, are beginning to recover their lost prestige, and the Government measures are bearing their fruit. Rents, we are told, are being paid as they have not been for the last two years. As the so-called "ladies" hold the purse-strings of all the funds known to be devoted to the "cause," it would be interesting to know what connection there exists between this fact and that elicited by the Mill Street examinations relative to the money and PARNELL medals furnished the maimers of cattle and mutilators of peasants by a central organization in Dublin. If this be proven against the committee in question, it will be a comfort to those who still attach some meaning to the old-fashioned word "lady," to find that with the exception of the Hon. Mrs. DUGMORE, and possibly Miss PARNELL, there is scarcely one to whom the term in its conservative sense could be fitly applied.

PARIS has been celebrated in all times for her causes célèbres, but a queerer lawsuit than usual is in store for the lawyers of the French capital. The great, the divine SARAH, it appears, took it into her head two years or more ago to be photographed reclining at full length in that celebrated coffin, which the world knows is her favored *compagnon de voyage*. MÉLANDRI, the photographer, by her desire, obtained some excellent proofs of the actress, who simulated death with the

greatest success, artistically. The artist was, however, somewhat taken aback by the fair one's demanding of him an undertaking not to sell any of these photographs until after her death. On his pointing out the delay which would in that case possibly supervene, he was assured that the BERNHARDT had made up her mind to die within a year from that time, so that the delay would not be so very great after all, and that, besides, if she failed to complete this part of the agreement, MÉLANDRI should be at liberty to sell the prints so soon as the year had elapsed. The time passed, however, and some time after the expiration of the year SARAH received a letter while she was in New York, pointing out her negligence in remaining still in the world, and suggesting some more satisfactory arrangement. "Patience," telegraphed she to the impatient photographer. "At end of American engagement will fulfil engagement with you." The idea of March, however, came and passed, and, to make a long story short, SARAH is still alive, and the unlucky MÉLANDRI, after several unsuccessful attempts to make her take a proper view of the matter, has referred his case to the *Tribunal de Commerce*.

Two rivals in prophecy will have their catastrophic predictions of the end of the world put to the test during the ensuing quarter of a century. Mr. PROCTOR's erratic comet will, he anticipates, in 1897 make it exceedingly warm for those of us who are alive at that date, but no less a person than NOSTRADAMUS will have to be heard first. Eleven years earlier will take place a remarkable religio-meteorologic conjunction, in which, according to the elder prophet, we are specially interested. The end of the world is foretold by him in the lines:—

Quand Georges Dieu crucifera,  
Que Marc le ressuscitera,  
Que Saint Jean le portera,  
La fin du monde arrivera.

In other words and simple English, when Good Friday falls on St. George's Day, Easter on St. Mark's Day, and the *Corpus Domini* on St. John's Day, the catastrophe foretold is to happen. The Calendar shows that in 1886 this rare and almost unprecedented conjunction will take place, Easter Day falling that year on the 25th April, St. Mark's Day. Curiously enough, when examined by the side of Mr. PROCTOR's scientific prediction, it appears that the dates only differ in 1897 by a single day,—Easter falling upon the 24th of April, instead of the 25th—and in the many changes of the calendar since the days of NOSTRADAMUS, a day may easily have been missed one way or the other. On the other hand, comets are slippery customers, and it is just possible that Mr. PROCTOR's comet may have the good taste to see the difficulty of reconciling the rivals without some concessions on its own part, and may put in an appearance eleven years earlier than the astronomer calculates, if only to show its good will towards so devout an astrologer as the worthy NOSTRADAMUS.

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Ottawa, March 4th, 1882.

Last Saturday, tobogganing and skating party at Government House. The scene was a pretty one and purely Canadian; our "native talent," about which we hear so much, need not go any further for a striking tableau. A background of forestry lit up with Chinese lamps, skaters flitting about like swallows on the lakelet, toboggans rushing by like arrows shot from a Tartar's bow, pretty girls in white, blue and red blanket coats, and a glorious bonfire throwing its ruddy glare on the whole, such are the materials. His Excellency wore an Indian buckskin jacket richly embroidered in silk, and aided by his staff, did as usual his best to make people feel at home and enjoy themselves.

St. Alban's Bazaar is flourishing and is the bazaar of the season. It has been called "Church and State," Lady Macdonald representing the latter.

Commander Cheyne's lecture drew a large assemblage. He is ever interesting, and people here are getting quite enthusiastic about his balloon scheme, so much has he the power of carrying his hearers with him.

Dinners are the order of the day. The Ministers of Public Works and Militia and Defence are giving a series of them. Another ball has been evolved out of the inner consciousness of a local scribe at Madame Caron's, yet none took place.

"The Sorcerer" was fairly rendered, public opinion praising in a special manner Miss Anmond as Lady Sangraze, Miss Poetter as Aline, Mr. Robt. Sinclair as Sir Marmaduke and Mr. M. Dunlevie in the title role. Vice-Royalty was present. The company have been asked to repeat the performance, and it is to be hoped they will. Ottawa owes a great deal to its amateur musicians and vocalists. "Patience" was introduced here by ladies of the St. Alban's Church choir some time ago, and one can only hope that the professionals who are to present it shortly will do as well.

Commander Cheyne's lecture was given under the auspices of the Ottawa Literary and Scientific Society. An interesting paper was read on Friday at the Society's rooms by Senator Allan, entitled "Some Notes on the Physical Geography and Archaeology of Palestine."

Another tournament in the House on Tuesday, on the occasion of Sir Charles Tupper's comments on the budget. From the gallery, where the chiefs are taking notes, or where, as others say, the Scribes are looking down upon the Pharisees, one could spy Lady Frances Balfour's Kilmarnock, which has become an "institution" in Ottawa. Sir Charles laboured to show that the tax of fifty cents on coal made it cheaper to the consumer; a wag suggests that when the duty will be \$5, coal will a fortiori cost nothing.

It is now an open secret that there is to be a dissolution and a general election for the second week in June. Those who know say so. Sir Charles made a regular election speech and amused the galleries by the picture he drew of Sir Richard Cartwright's career. It sounded awful, and was delivered in virtuously indignant tones. Sir Richard, disclaiming personalities, replied briefly, and then the Hon. T. W. Anglin bored the House until one a.m. next day, the monotony of the proceedings being relieved by interruptions from the Niagara band, who is ever in his element at that pastime.

Sir Richard Cartwright had drawn Sir Charles' ire upon by commenting on the ungrammatical phraseology of Sir "N. P." Tilley.

Sir John created a joke, during the afternoon, saying that the Opposition did not like surpluses, as they were Low Church.

Friday being a Government day, Mr. Boulton resumed the debate on the Budget. As a matter of course he put on another coat of fat and a few more feathers on those unfortunate individuals the members for Centre Huron and Gloucester. It is time we had something new.

During the course of the afternoon, that curious being, whose duties consist in making a right angle of his body a few times during the session, and of issuing invitations on opening and prorogation days, on which latter occasions he is himself peculiarly fussy and overbearing entered the House

"Under the shade of melancholy bow,"

(Shakespeare, slightly altered), and summoned the Commons to the Senate, where His Excellency gave the Royal assent to a couple of bills.

Madame Rivé-King's second concert was less attended than the first. All present enjoyed and appreciated her splendid playing.

A local critic complains that Mendelssohn's concerto in E minor, which she played on Thursday, "is not at all suited for the piano," adding "we missed the violin." Perhaps so; but so would one miss the piano, were a violinist to play it as a solo; as a matter of fact, Mendelssohn originally wrote this concerto for two pianos.

It was hard to drag oneself away from Madame Rivé-King's concert to resume one's position aloft in the gallery and listen to the land-jubbers down below. Her charming selection was faultlessly executed, Chopin, Mendelssohn and Liszt being among the chosen composers; but the audience remained cold. Miss Carrie E. Mason, the fortunate possessor of a good mezzo-soprano voice, was the vocalist, and was accompanied by Mr. Ernest Whyte, a young pianist of this city. The house was a poor one in numbers. Montreal was once called "the showman's graveyard." Ottawa may not inaptly be dubbed "the artist's despair." Rensselaer passed by us the other day, and well he might, whilst Madame Carreno has played to the four walls.

We are promised a treat, viz. Miss Geneviève Ward for the 22nd and 23rd inst. Meanwhile we must be thankful for an invasion of minstrels, black and otherwise, and "Patience" by the Boston Opera Company alias the Holmans.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

On our front page we give an engraving of the beautiful picture of the gypsy girl by M. Ernest.

DR. RYSESON'S portrait will be found fully described elsewhere. Owing to an accident this portrait, which should have appeared in our last issue was delayed until the present. In the half page underneath the portrait is depicted a quarrel amongst Bavarian mountaineers over the old bone of contention, "woman," to which the artist has given the appropriate title of jealousy, and which explains itself.

THE carnival which took place on Tuesday at the Victoria Rink was one of the most successful ever given, although the directors promise for that to come on Wednesday next even greater attractions. Seldom have a gayer crowd been collected on the ice, even in that home of gay crowds, and the dresses were even more than usually handsome. The names of those who took part in the carnival have already been published in the daily papers, and many of the principal costumes will no doubt be recognized in the illustration which our artist has made of the scene. In the foreground may be recognized the figure of the deservedly popular President of the rink, Mr. F. C. Henshaw, while Mr. Weston, who designed the very beautiful decorations and ice effects, may be recognized in the Hamlet who soliloquizes in the top corner. "Oscar ye Wilde" and "Oscar ye Wilde's brother" with their sunflowers and other appropriate "aestheticisms" are also there with many other figures whose identity our readers must puzzle out for themselves. The decorations, already alluded to, were very beautiful, the play of the electric light, with its prismatic changes of color on the beautiful ice obelisks was a sight which none could afford to miss, and reflected great credit on the designer and the directors as well as much radiance on the scene itself.

THE illustrations on and near the Coulonge River come to us from Pere Paradis, the indefatigable Roman Catholic missionary, whose travels amongst the shantymen would make a book of themselves. He describes them as follows:—"View on the Coulonge River nine miles from its mouth. At this point are found the highest of the mountains which skirt this great river. These peaks, once covered with venerable pines, now only present to the view arid rocks on which remain but the traces of their majestic forests in the bare trunks left by the ravages of axe and fire. Porcupine Lake and Mountain, near the Coulonge River, two hundred miles from Ottawa. This view was taken from the cabin of Noui Teipaiatik. The sleighs which are crossing the lake on the ice, are laden with hay and provisions for the shantymen of Messrs. Perley and McLaughlin. The cost of conveyance is very great, as a ton of hay which sells for \$10 at Fort Coulonge on the Ottawa, is worth \$40 by the time it is delivered at its destination. In order to avoid being put to such expenses, Mr. McLaughlin has resolved to abandon shantying on the upper Coulonge until he shall have got into working order a farm sufficiently large to supply all these necessities, a task for the completion of which probably four or five years will be required. The McLaughlin shanties are the most distant on the missionary route. They are situated 250 miles north-west of Ottawa, and while in that town we left but six inches of snow, on the upper Coulonge we found five feet. Winter Quarters of Noui Teipaiatik, native town Algonquin. This cabin is situated upon Porcupine Lake (Coulonge R.) There are in this place 3 families of Algonquins, occupied in hunting cariboo, beaver, etc. The cariboo hunting was very successful this year, as many as four having fallen in a single day on more than one occasion.

THE loss of the *Bahama* and the fate of its unhappy crew is fresh in the memory of all our readers. According to the account given by one of the passengers rescued by the *Glenmorag* the *Bahama* was abandoned on February 10th in a heavy sea, and two boats were lowered. The captain's boat contained seventeen persons. It was swamped shortly after leaving the ship

and two or three persons were seen to swim back to the vessel, but it was impossible to tell if they succeeded in getting on board. Three of the crew refused to leave the ship, preferring to take their chances by remaining on board, as the two boats were so heavily loaded. At five p.m. we sighted a barque, but do not think she saw us. On leaving the ship the captain gave us our course and said we were about 550 miles from New York. On the 11th, at 12.30 p.m., we saw a ship, which proved to be the *Glenmorag*, and we were taken on board. The *Bahama* was a large brig-rigged screw steamer of 1004 tons, built at Stockton, Eng., in 1861, and owned by the Quebec and Gulf Ports Steamship Co., and plying between New York and the West Indies. She was formerly on the route between Halifax, St. Johns, Nfld., and New York, her last trip from the first named port being on the 3rd ult. Capt. Astwood was formerly in command of the *Catima*.

THE scene on the arrival of an emigrant ship at Castle Garden is such as can be seen weekly in New York. The artist has given several characteristic phases of the scene from the landing of the strangers to their selection by various employers, who, armed with proper recommendations, without which no one is allowed to make engagements with the new-comers, pick out those suited for their purpose and bargain for their services.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

MESSES. S. M. Pettengill and Co., newspaper advertising agents, were amongst the sufferers by the late fire in Park Row, but have resumed operations at No. 263 Broadway, with every facility for the transaction of their business.

THE frontispiece portrait of Mr. Cable in the February *Century* is followed in the present number by a half-length of Mr. W. D. Howells, painted by Mr. F. P. Vinton, and engraved by Mr. W. B. Crossen. "Broken Banks and Lax Directors" in the subject of a paper of the widest commercial interest by John Burroughs. The illustrated material is especially noticeable. Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's third paper on Mexican life is entitled "From Morelia to Mexico City on Horseback." It is illustrated in a refined and striking manner by the author. "A Ramble in Old Philadelphia" (Miss Elizabeth Robins) includes seven picturesque and delicate etchings by Pennel. — Mr. Lelands contributes an original ballad in Roman and in English—"To Trinali." Mr. Richard Grant White, in his first paper on "Opera in New York," in a readable style and with much interesting anecdote, trace the beginnings of the musical drama in America. Winter sports are the subject of two illustrated papers in this number: "The Black Bear," by Charles C. Ward, an experienced bear-hunter of New Brunswick, and "The Danish Skate-sail," by T. F. Hammer, who gives practical directions for the manufacture and management of this spirited means of locomotion, which will probably be adopted on American ice. A portrait of Leigh Hunt (engraved by T. Johnson) accompanies a wholesome paper by his friend, Mary Cowden-Clarke, including some unpublished letters of the poet's. Some excellent architectural drawings of the Union League Club Decorations are given, with a short critical paper.

The unillustrated papers include a scholarly and unpartisan study of Lord Beaconsfield, by Professor James Bryce, the historian and member of Parliament, which is a solid contribution to political biography. Under the caption "Bryant and Longfellow" are reprinted some early letters of the two poets, showing the literary relations existing between them—"Brother Sesostris," Julia D. Whiting, is a vigorous character-sketch of New England farm life. In Mrs. Burnett's novel, "Through One Administration," the reader obtains characteristic glimpses of Washington life—a suggestion of the heroine as a possible member of the lobby, etc. The poems of the number are by Margaret J. Preston, Mary W. Plummer, W. F. Smyth, David L. Proudfit, and Ella C. White.

SWITZERLAND\* has had many historians, but of all the books written and printed upon that wonderful little republic we can not call to mind one which can be classed as a popular history. Some them are too elaborate in detail, others, are too strongly interlarded with political dissertations and others still are partial or imperfect in their treatment. What has been needed is a bright, well written story of the country, not too wide in scope or diffuse in treatment; a work which should give an idea not only of the various and succeeding stages of historic development through which it has passed, but a fair account of its present condition. For the past fifty years Switzerland has been overrun in the travelling season by visitors, a large number of whom are Americans, and the letters which are written home find place in hundreds of American newspapers, descriptive of its scenery, climate and people have made all these familiar to those who have been obliged to remain all their lives on this side the water. But Switzerland has something more to recommend it to those who read than its more physical features, its waterfall-and lakes, its mountains and glaciers. There is as great a charm in its political independence, and in the history of the

\*Switzerland. By Harriet Stidel-Mackenzie. Lothrop's Library of Entertaining History. Arthur Gilman, editor. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50.

causes which led to it. As has been remarked, Switzerland may be considered an epitome of civilized Europe; all the parties, the theories, the expectations and the pretensions which agitate larger States may be seen here, making it a country as remarkable among the States of the Old World for its moral as well as its physical peculiarities. Miss Mackenzie has its physical student of the history of the country, and her volume deserves a prominent place in our literature. It is very fully illustrated, and bound uniform with the previous issues of this series, India and Egypt.

We take pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement in our columns of the mammoth Seed-house of D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich., the most extensive seed dealers in the country, whose business has been built up entirely through the quality and purity of the Seeds they supply, and who have thus obtained the confidence and patronage of the public as reliable Seedsmen. Their Annual Catalogue for 1882, containing a vast amount of useful information suited to all who have a flower or vegetable garden, can be obtained from them free on application.

ONORATA RODIANA.

There is a very interesting story told of an artist of Cremona,—Onorata Rodiana,—who, while still a young maiden, acquired such fame as a painter that she was summoned by the Marquis Gabrino Fondolo, called the "Tyrant of Cremona," to decorate some rooms in his palace.

One day, as Onorata was mounted on a ladder, working at a wall-painting, a young courtier passing through the room began to tease her; but, his banter degenerating into rudeness, she came down from the ladder and tried to run away from him. He pursued her, however, and caught her, when, in her flight, she drew a dagger from her belt and stabbed him fatally. Seeing what she had done, and fearing the wrath of the Marquis Fondolo, she hastened to put on the disguise of a boy's dress, and fled to the mountains. She there fell in with a band of *condottieri*; the life of these men, half-soldier and half-brigand in its character, so fascinated Onorata that she at once consented to become one of their number, glad of the chance afforded her to make herself acquainted with the grand mountain scenery and the careless jollity of life in its wilds. She soon showed so much daring and skill, that she was made an officer in the band and held a post of command.

When the "Tyrant of Cremona" heard of the affray between the courtier and the maiden, and of her crime and flight, he was furious, and threatened to hunt her to the very death; but so skillfully had she concealed her identity as to baffle all his efforts to track her. After a time, as he could find no other suitable artist to complete the paintings which Onorata Rodiana had begun, he declared a full pardon for her if she would return to the palace and finish her works. The news of this pardon was spread throughout the surrounding country, and when Onorata heard of it, she gladly laid aside her sword to resume her palette and brushes. She completed her task, but the exciting life she had led among the mountains had taken such a hold upon her fancy, that she returned to it and to the outlawed companions who had learned to respect and love her.

Again and again she left them, only to return each time, for her heart and life were divided between her beloved art and her romantic soldiering. At last, when her native village of Castellone, near Cremona, was laid siege to, Onorata led her band to its relief, and drove away the enemy. But she rescued her birthplace at the cost of her life; for she was mortally wounded in the conflict, and died soon after, within sight of the home of her childhood. I believe that she is the only woman who has ever been successful as both an artist and a soldier; and I am sorry that I can find no works of hers of which a picture may be given here. Her story is well authenticated in history, and she died about the year 1472.—*St. Nicholas*.

NOTES ON READING.

It is said that it is hard to select books to read now on account of the number written on almost every conceivable subject. But there seems after all to be little difficulty in the selection of books, if our purpose is clear. Before beginning to read, every man should inquire what he really has need of. Perhaps it would be best at first, if there is some book about which he is curious, to obtain it, especially if he is in a strait about his choice. When he gets such a book he is most likely to improve by it, for curiosity lends an additional stimulus to study. Yet, above all things should a man be careful to cultivate good taste. He must make a distinction between true and false taste, and abide by that distinction. There are some books which will lead a man over a universe of thought in a few pages, there are some which minister to sensual feelings, and there are some which tempt him to swallow spiny things, instead of good solid matter; all alike are to be rejected. Let him read those books which, by the judgment of the best critics and the opinion of those best educated, are most worthy of consideration, and he is almost sure never to go wrong. But always read with a purpose. Without it reading is but sauntering and not exercise. More good can be got from a book on which time and thought are expended for a definite end, than in skimming over a whole library with a wandering eye. Be

accurate, and remember that familiar acquaintance is often mistaken for thorough knowledge. "Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours."

THE BABY'S AUTOGRAPH.

They gave it to me at Christmas—the pretty new autograph album—and I was very proud of it; the binding was so gay, and the white, gilt-edged sheets so spotlessly pure. I could hardly make up my mind who should dedicate that album, or what verse was grand enough to be inscribed on its pages; and before I had quite decided baby found it! She had toddled into the parlor and taken it down from the table before we missed her, and was sitting cross-legged, like a Turk, with the precious book on her lap. That would not have been worth recording, and I would not value my album beyond price now if were all. But she had a pencil—for she dearly loved to scribble on bits of paper—and she had made her mark on the front leaf (the title page) of my beautiful book. She had made a dozen marks, criss-cross, and zig-zag, and there she sat, her bright hair tossed down over her face, her little demure mouth pursed up, her blue eyes full of mischief, half-shy, half-defiant and we three women looked at her.

"Oh, you naughty, naughty baby!" I cried; "you've just ruined my new album, you bad little thing!"

"Bless her dear little heart," said my mother; "doesn't she make a picture?"

"Whip her!" said Aunt Harriet in a vindictive tone. She had no children of her own and knows just how to bring up other people's. I was angry enough to do so, and had made one step forward intending to wrest the book out of the clasping baby hands, and then—what! beat my own child! I was saved that degradation by my own good mother, who shook her head at me over Aunt Harriet's shoulder.

How long is it since Christmas! Count my heart-throbs, I should say years! It is only a couple of months and to-day I would give, oh! what would I not give to have those little hands doing their sweet mischief. Peace, foolish heart! "He giveth his beloved rest." The baby is gone but when I look at the little short lines that dedicate my album—the sweetest, saddest lines to me that were ever written—soon ended like her little life—I am glad that I took her in my arms, kissed the rosebud lips, and put her in the book away without one reproving word—glad that I caused no angry feelings in that baby heart or left memories of myself that would have power to wound!

That is why all the leaves of my new album are bland—pure, spotless, just like the fair page of her little life was; but you who think these characters on the dedicating page unmeaning, have never had the key to them. Mothers can tell what they are. Angels will be glad over this record without blot or stain. There is no handwriting so fine that I would exchange it for the baby's autograph; as for us:

"Our lives are albums written through  
With good or ill, with false or true.  
And as the blessed angels turn  
The pages of our years,  
God grant they read the good with smiles  
And blot the bad with tears."  
—*Detroit Free Press*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MR. BRADLAUGH has been re-elected for Northampton.

THE Anglo-French commercial negotiations are in a favourable position.

GEN. GRANT has been placed on the retired list of the United States Army.

THE coronation of the Czar of Russia has been postponed till September.

HESSY HELFMANN, the Nihilist, has died in the St. Petersburg fortress.

GENERAL SKOBELOFF intends to join the Herzegovinian insurgents.

HANLAN and Trickett on the Thames on the 1st of May for £500 a side.

THE Jewish Alliance of Vienna is aiding the migration to America of 1,300 Russian Jews.

THE Queen's monument to the late Earl Beaconsfield has been erected in Hughenden Church.

THE trial of persons charged with contributing to the Ring Theatre disaster is fixed for the 2nd of May.

THE Knapper House, Winnipeg, was destroyed by fire early on Thursday morning. Loss \$100,000.

It is announced that the Russian Czar will resign after his coronation unless the state of the country improves.

THE facts elicited at the examination of MacLean at Windsor on Friday, leaves little doubt that the man is insane.

IMPORTANT arrests have been made in connection with the discovery of an immense secret printing house in Odessa.

MR. PARNELL has been undergoing a week's solitary confinement in Kilmainham for endeavouring to smuggle a letter out of the jail.

THE woman Furneaux and her accomplice Gething have been committed for trial for frauds carried on by personating Lord Arthur Pelham Clinton.

**THE LATE EGERTON RYERSON, D. D.**

On Sunday week passed away from amongst us one who had for many years identified himself with the educational and literary interests of the country. For nearly thirty-five years Dr. Ryerson was at the head of the education department of Ontario, having been appointed Superintendent in 1844. To his efficient administration of that important office are due his chief claims to the homage of his fellow-citizens, and were he known by his discharge of those duties alone, he would hold a rank among the highest of those who deserved well of their country. Although Dr. Ryerson, notwithstanding his advanced age, was so busy with his pen almost to the last, yet the end when it came was not wholly unexpected.

For some time his health had been such as to alarm the members of his family and the public generally. Strong hope was entertained to within a few days of his death that he would rally and be restored to health for at least a few years longer, but he became worse and his medical attendants saw that hope must be abandoned. On Saturday afternoon the doctor was in an unconscious state, and the members of his family were summoned. All of them were present and remained in attendance until early Sunday morning, February 19th, when he passed peacefully away. The doctor had died regretted by all who knew him. Surrounded by the members of his family, the close of his life is a fitting sequel of what had gone before—the bright eventide of a life that had been well spent, useful and happy.

Dr. Ryerson was the son of the late Colonel Joseph Ryerson, a United Empire Loyalist, of New Jersey, who served in the British Army in America during the revolutionary war, and after its close emigrated, first to New Brunswick and subsequently to Upper Canada. Dr. Ryerson was born at Charlotteville, in the County of Norfolk, Ont., on the 24th March, 1803. He received a good education, and after teaching for some years entered the ministry of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in the year 1825. For four years he was an itinerant preacher, but in the year 1829 he founded the *Christian Guardian* newspaper, of which paper he was the first editor. In 1833 and again in 1836 he was sent as a delegate to the British Wesleyan Conference, and in the year 1841 was appointed Principal of Victoria College, Cobourg. Three years later he was appointed by the Governor-General Superintendent of the Public Schools of Upper Canada, and the next year made a tour of observation and inquiry in the United States and Europe on the subject of public school education. In 1847 he published a full report of his



THE LATE DR. RYERSON.

tour, and a plan for the organization of a public school system which was adopted, and which the deceased gentleman has since that time zealously striven to perfect.

Incidentally, in his work on the U. E. Loyalists, of which the *English Times* recently published a long and appreciative review, he gives a sketch of his own life, and the part devoted to the hardships and struggles which befel his family before it had secured a peaceful settlement on Canadian soil is not the least interesting portion of it. But the work is of much more than personal interest, it is of national importance, and will furnish the future historian of the Dominion with materials, collected by Dr. Ryerson at no small pains, which will be invaluable for his purpose. Therein a sketch is given of the early colonial history of the United States down to the Revolution, the condition of society under the rule of the Pilgrim and Puritan Fathers (the distinction between whom is carefully pointed out) is fully described, and what the author considers to be the true causes of the estrangement between the mother and daughter countries are clearly set forth. That portion of the work which narrates the sufferings which preceded the establishment of the refugees in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces and the course of Canadian history there, after that large addition to the population, is also exceedingly instructive. The story is continued to the close of the war of 1812-15, in order to show the share which the U. E. Loyalists had in the happy result of that struggle. The chapters of Canadian history contributed by Dr. Ryerson in "Canadian Methodism; its Epochs and Characteristics," though necessarily to a considerable extent denominational in their character, turn largely on events in which all classes of Canadian citizens are interested. The "Essays" include a vivid account of one of the greatest controversies in Canadian history—that on the Clergy Reserves. It was the prominent part taken by Dr. Ryerson in this question, which gradually alienated the heads of the Methodist Church in England, and led to the break already alluded to. It was to prove the integrity of his aims and the correctness and foresight of his opinions and policy in connection with the conflicting claims put forth, that Dr. Ryerson undertook the preparation of the "Essays," at the request of several of the Canadian conferences.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, the 22nd ult., and was attended by a large and sympathetic train of friends and admirers. Dr. Ryerson was twice married, first to Miss Aikman, of Barton, and, in 1833, to his present widow, then Miss Armstrong, of Toronto. He leaves, besides her, three children.



JEALOUSY.—FROM A PICTURE BY E. HAUSMANN.

"BONNY KATE."

A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY  
CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XX.

"It is the little rift within the lute  
That by and-by will make the music mute,  
And ever widening slowly silence all."

The next day is one of great excitement in Arlingtonford. The races are the absorbing topic of interest; and, at an early hour, the town is astir with an unusual commotion. By mid-day, a stream of equipages, horsemen, and pedestrians, are setting toward the race-course, which already presents an animated appearance; and an hour later, when the Lawrence carriage en-

ters the ground, the crowd is dense. The grand stand is packed, the field is gay with carriages, and the shifting crowd is like a sea of human heads in the neighborhood of the track.

The carriage which contains Mrs. Lawrence and Miss Brooke, Miss Vaughn and Janet, enters the space opposite the grand stand, reserved for the equipages of members of the Jockey Club. Following comes a phaeton drawn by two handsome grays. This—a new purchase, at which his friends smile significantly—is driven by Wilmer, with Sophy by his side, while Kate and Mr. Proctor occupy the seat behind. They wheel into line next the carriage, and then, looking over the scene—which is a very brilliant one, with the October sunlight shining upon it, and a great circle of rolling hills and glowing woods afar—begin to recognize acquaintances, criticize equipages and toilets, and discuss the programme. While they are engaged in this manner, a carriage drives into the vacant space next them, from which the faces of the Norton family look.

A running fire of salutations is exchanged, and Carrie Norton asks, gayly, "Are you all intensely interested? I have already made several bets, and expect to make a great many more. Where is Mr. Lawrence—I mean Mr. Will? He has promised to tell me always which is the right horse to bet on."

"He'll be a wonderful fellow if he knows," says Wilmer. "He can easily tell you which is the favorite—but the favorite does not by any means always win."

"I have a dozen pairs of gloves staked on each of Mr. Tarleton's horses," says Miss Norton. "I am sure they will win."

"Cavalier will, of course," says Wilmer. "There is no horse here to compare with him."

"Mr. Vaughn, who seems to know a great deal about such matters, don't agree with you," says Proctor. "He thinks Orion—that horse of Hargood's—will certainly beat him. He offered to bet two to one this morning that he would."

"I hope you closed with the bet," says Wilmer. "I've seen Orion, and, though he is a fine horse, I am willing to bet two to one that Cavalier will beat him."

"Neither of those horses runs to-day," says Sophy, glancing over the programme.

"No, they are entered for the great race to-morrow. But Tarleton's other horses run to-

day. Bonny Kate is entered for the first race—a mile dash."

"Your namesake, of course," says Miss Palmer, turning to Kate. "You must be dying for her to win! I wish somebody would name a horse after me."

"I consider anything of the kind very far from a compliment," says Miss Vaughn from the other side of the phaeton. "One does not fancy seeing one's name figuring on such things as this," touching the programme disdainfully.

"Some of us appreciate the compliment," says Kate. "I am sure I do."

"I am afraid matters are growing very serious. I must take her away as soon as possible."

To the ordinary glance—which is rarely a deep one—Kate, however, bears herself bravely enough. Two or three young men are hanging about the phaeton, and Mr. Braxton has installed himself in Miss Vaughn's vacant seat, so there is a hubbub of gay tongues and merry laughter, and Bonny Kate's feminine supporters soon learn that she is not the favorite for the coming race.

"Virginia Dare is selling ahead in the pools," says one of the gentlemen. "She belongs to Burdock—his jockey wears a green jacket."

"I don't care how she is selling. I shall bet against her," says Sophy, decidedly. "Ah, here they come!"

This exclamation refers to the horses, of which five make their appearance on the track at this moment. Among them Bonny Kate is conspicuous for grace and beauty, while the leading favorite, Virginia Dare, is a larger animal, of lighter color, also very beautiful.

While the preliminaries of starting are taking place, Will appears, and, with a spring, establishes himself on the box-seat of the Norton carriage. "I promised to point out the favorite to you, Miss Carrie," he says. "There she is—that bright bay filly. How heavily will you back her against Bonny Kate?"

"How dare you ask me such a question," says Miss Norton. "You know I won't back her at all. I hope she will be beaten. Now they are off! No; they are not. O dear, how vexatious!"

"Always the case," says Will. "Two or three false starts before they let them go. Now they are off! No; called back again. Look at Bonny Kate! Isn't she fractious!"

"If her jockey does not take care, she will worry herself so that she'll be beaten before she starts," says an anxious gentleman who is balancing himself on the wheel. "Now they are off!"

Yes, they are off—the green colors of Virginia Dare leading. Behind come the other horses, with the different colors of their riders' jackets shifting like a kaleidoscope. Orange, blue-and-buff, cherry (Tarleton's colors), and scarlet-and-blue—for a time they seem to the eyes of the spectators jumbled all together. Then the pace begins to tell, and some of the horses drop behind. Bonny Kate, owing to her fractious behavior, was in the rear when they started; but by the time the quarter is made, she has taken the second place, and is pressing hard on Virginia Dare when they reach the half-mile.

At this point the interest of the spectators grows vivid; and when the two horses sweep round the circle and enter the home-stretch, shouts go up for Bonny Kate. Virginia Dare's jockey plies whip and spur furiously—but in vain. As they approach the judge's stand,

"To do you justice, you always appreciate compliments, Kate," says Janet. "Yonder is Frank, now. I hope he is coming."

"There is no doubt of that," remarks Wilmer, with a smile.

There is certainly no doubt of it. Tarleton has caught sight of the Lawrence equipage, and, disengaging himself from the throng on the quarter-stretch, he crosses the track, and appears at the side of the carriage, before he discovers that Kate is in the phaeton beyond.

He is vexed by the blunder, though most men would think Florida Vaughn's beautiful face, framed by the most becoming of French hats, charming enough to repay it. She smiles, and holds out her hand.

"So you have come for me to wish you good fortune," she says—her clear, silver voice reaching Kate's ears distinctly. "If wishes could bring it, you know that it would be yours."

He utters a suitable acknowledgment, then, after exchanging a few words with the other ladies, makes an effort to move away; but Miss Vaughn calmly frustrates this. "You are just in time to do me a service," she says. "I see some friends over on the grand stand, and I have been wishing to go and speak to them; but the attractions of the pools are so much greater than ours, that we are quite deserted by cavaliers. Will you take me over? I shall not be long."

To refuse such a request is impossible, so Tarleton assists her to the ground, offers his arm, and escorts her over to the grand stand. Here he would fain leave her with the friends whom she had come to seek; but of this she has no idea. She keeps her hand resolutely on his arm, as she stands—a cynosure for all eyes, in her graceful, well-dressed beauty—and talks to the group of ladies, who are a little surprised and much gratified by this attention.

"Upon my word," says Sophy, "I think Frank might have given me an opportunity to speak to him. I wanted particularly to ask him about the horses."

"Perhaps he will give you the opportunity when he comes back," says Carrie Norton. "How exquisitely Miss Vaughn is dressed! What a beautiful woman she is!"

With a pang at her heart, Kate mentally echoes these remarks, as her glance follows the two figures crossing the track, and watches them as they make their way through the crowd covering the tier of seats. When Tarleton reached

the side of the carriage and found that she was not in it, his eyes at once wandered over to the phaeton, and a flashing smile lit up his face as he bowed—a smile which for the moment warmed Kate's heart like sunshine; but what are mere smiles and bows when instead of coming to her, he has gone away with Florida Vaughn? The whole bright scene turns suddenly dull and stale, the sunny light fades from her face, the radiant eyes grow wistful. Miss Brooke notes the change, and thinks:

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"You look a little pale this morning."



"Sorry to disturb you both."

"It was a lucky thought to put her under such patronage!" says more than one gallant gentleman.

Meanwhile, in the excitement of the race, Miss Vaughn and Tarleton have been lost sight of, but one fact is clear—they have not returned. Kate watches and waits in vain—the color paling from her cheeks, her eyes growing more and more wistful. If it is one of the tests of love

"..... to feel, when left by one,  
That all men else go with him."

there can be no doubt what has set all the harmony of the occasion ajar for her. She is not aware that, when the horses appeared, Tarleton unceremoniously left Miss Vaughn with the friends whom she had gone to seek, and that some time after the race elapses, before he is able to return for her. She knows naught of this—she only knows that she has not yet had one word from the lips that yesterday spoke words which still echo in her ears like music.

As time passes, the incessant chatter, the laughter, the noise, the shifting of the crowd, the constant glitter and stir, fill her with a sense of weariness altogether new and very strange. She turns to Mr. Proctor—who, as Will has said, would not hesitate to scalp himself if she asked him to do so—and says: "I am tired of sitting here—I always dislike re-



"You are very kind" says Kate in a cold voice.

Bonny Kate comes to the front, and amid waving handkerchiefs and eager cheers, sweeps by, three lengths ahead of the favorite.

maining long in a carriage, it cramps one so! It will be some time till the next race. Let us get out and walk about a little."

"There is nowhere to walk, Kate—you had better sit still," says Sophy. But Kate is determined, and Mr. Proctor—eager to fulfil any desire of hers—has descended, and is ready to assist her to the ground. She does not observe that at this instant Tarleton and Miss Vaughn are crossing the track on their return, but giving him her hand, she springs lightly down, takes his arm, and turns away.

So it chanced that when Tarleton makes his appearance at the side of the phaeton, he finds, to his great dismay, that the bird is flown. His countenance expresses his dismay so plainly, that Sophy says:

"Kate has not been gone longer than a minute, Frank. I told her that it was absurd—that there was nowhere to go, but she insisted upon getting out, and you know that Mr. Proctor would do anything she bade him."

"They will be back before long," says Wilmer. "Rambling about among carriage-poles and horses' feet can't possibly prove a lively amusement. Tarleton, accept my warmest congratulations on Bonnie Kate's victory."

"And mine," says Sophy.

"And mine, Mr. Tarleton," cries Carrie Norton.

Tarleton makes his acknowledgments rather absently. He is wondering what Kate means. She must have seen him coming, he thinks; so the presumption is, that she went away on purpose to avoid him. "All women are unreasonable alike!" he thinks, a little angrily. "As if by anything short of positive rudeness I could have avoided being taken possession of by Florida Vaughn! She might have known that."

He cannot linger long, for another race is coming off, and he is forced to go away without seeing her. It is now his turn to feel injured. Such an exhibition of resentment, or else such a proof of carelessness, is unlike her, he thinks; while, although he would smile with scorn at the idea of being jealous of Mr. Proctor, it is impossible to forget that the worldly advantages of that most excellent young man are much greater than his own. He has been struck by a something of coldness in Mr. Lawrence's manner whenever they have met to-day, and this, together with the suggestions of his own conscience, gives him a subtle sense of uneasiness.

Meeting Randal on the quarter-stretch just before the next race comes off, he pauses to say:

"It strikes me as a little odd, Randal, that Vaughn should be betting so heavily against Cavalier, when only the other day he was anxious to buy him."

Randal shrugs his shoulders. "It is true he was anxious to buy him," he answers, "but you remember that he didn't think him worth your price, and I am sure he believes Orion to be the better horse of the two. He has backed his opinion too heavily not to believe it."

"I have no doubt he believes it," Tarleton replies; "but he is greatly mistaken."

"Very likely," says the other, carelessly. "I don't profess to be a judge myself."

There are two more races, and then the day's programme being at an end, the motley crowd is beginning to stream from the ground, when Tarleton makes his appearance at the side of the Wilmer phaeton. Here he finds Kate, and has at last the pleasure of holding her hand, and seeing the lovely rose-blush rise to her cheeks, and her eyes grow softly luminous. Both have been vexed, and have fancied ground for injured feeling in the blunders that have kept them apart; but all sense of these things vanishes as if by magic when they find themselves together, hand clasping hand, glance answering glance. For a little while nobody observes them. The devoted Mr. Proctor is absent—having been called upon to escort back to her own carriage a young lady who occupied Kate's seat during her absence—the Lawrence equipage has driven away, Wilmer and Sophy are intent on a conversation with one or two lounging friends. So, Tarleton has time for a few words, and Kate has time to answer them.

The minutes are all too short. Mr. Proctor returns, the horses grow impatient; Wilmer says, "We must be off!" and Sophy adds, "Won't you come with us, Frank?"

Tarleton shakes his head, as Kate's eyes second the invitation. "Impossible!" he says. "I am detained here, but I will see you again to-morrow."

He draws back, and as the carriage drives off, Kate turns—the lingering smile which he has wakened still on her lips—and waves her hand to him. For many a long day he recalls that gesture, and the fair face, with its tender radiance.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

"When the lamp is shattered  
The light in the dust lies dead."

Whatever those few words of Tarleton's may have been, there is no denying their magical effect. The cloud which has hung over Kate for several hours is swept away, the light has come back to her eyes, the color to her cheeks. During the homeward drive, her spirits are at their gayest, and as Mr. Proctor hears her laugh ring out its sweet music, he falls more deeply in love than ever. He is not the first man on whom have overflowed some gleams of a sunshine in which he has no part, nor the first who has mistaken this gladness for a token of encouragement. In truth, he is not greatly to blame for doing so. Such joyousness must deceive a more experienced wooer—for by what sign can he tell that it is in honour of another and an absent man!

The drive to Fairfields is delightful. There is no heat in the brightness of the sun as he slopes toward his bed of glory, the horses travel admirably, the phaeton rolls along the smooth roads as if on velvet, out of the golden west fresh breezes come, far and fair the rolling prospect spreads, melting into purple softness. The pleasant minutes come quickly to an end, however. Very soon the gallant grays turn into the Fairfields gate, and a minute or two later draw up before the entrance to the house. The girls are assisted to alight, and as Sophy pauses on the piazza, she says:

"It has been a pleasant day, has it not?"

"Yes, it has been pleasant," answers Kate, "but to-morrow will be pleasanter."

"Don't be sure," says Sophy. "When we anticipate pleasures, they generally disappoint us."

"I shall not be disappointed," answers Kate, with a laugh. She feels so certain of this, and so light of heart, that as she enters the hall and goes up-stairs, she sings as gayly and instinctively as a bird.

"See true his words, see smooth his speech,  
His breath like caller air,  
His very foot has music in it,  
As he comes up the stair,  
And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak again?  
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,  
In truth I'm like to greet."

This is what rises to her lips, and Miss Brooke, hearing the lilting tones as they pass her room, smiles to herself. "What April moods the child has!" she thinks. "What a very child she is! Surely it will not be difficult to teach her to forget any fancy that she may have conceived here."

"You are certainly an extraordinary girl!" says Janet, as Kate enters the room where she is making her toilet for dinner. "When I left the race-course, you looked as if you had discovered the emptiness of the world and the vanity of all pleasures. Now you are ready for a dance or a fox-hunt! Pray, what change has come over you?"

"Can't one's spirits vary a little?" demands Kate. "I was tired on the race-course. So much glare, and noise, and dust, made my head ache, but the drive from Arlingford has been charming."

"Indeed!" Janet glances at her keenly.

"Has Mr. Proctor been charming, also?"

"Mr. Proctor?—I did not even think of him. He might just as well not have existed for all that I knew to the contrary."

"How pleased he would be to hear you say so! But may I inquire what was engrossing your thoughts?—you are usually well enough aware of the neighborhood of an admirer."

"Am I!" says Kate, indifferently. She is standing before the mirror, looking with starry eyes at her own radiant image, rejoicing in her fair looks not from vanity, but because they have had a share, at least, in winning for her the gift which glorifies her life. "I don't know," she goes on, absently. "I was not thinking of him—that was all."

"And I can tell why you were not thinking of him," says Janet, going up to her, and speaking impressively. "You saw Frank Tarleton before you left the race-course."

A blush mounts to Kate's face, but she tries to smile carelessly. "What if I did?" she asks. "Surely there was no reason why I should not have seen him."

"And I will tell you something else," Janet continues, with her searching gaze bent full on the color-flushed, tell-tale countenance. "You are—O Kate, Kate, don't try to deny it!—you are in love with him."

Silence for a minute. Then Kate flings her arms impulsively round her accuser, and buries her face on her shoulder. Whether she is laughing, or whether she is crying, or whether she is doing both together, Janet cannot tell; but some form of emotion is shaking the slender frame, giving an answer clearer than speech.

Janet is so dismayed, that she is almost driven to cry herself. "Oh, my dear, my dear," she says, "I am so sorry, so very sorry! I was afraid of it from the first—I warned you—you know I warned you—O Kate, it will never do!"

"But it will do!" says Kate, without lifting her face. "Don't—please, don't—ask me any questions, Janet; but I am not so mad as you think. I have not given my heart without—O Janet, it will do!"

"Will it?" asks Janet. "Has it gone so far as that? Has he spoken, and have you answered? Kate, you will surely tell me the truth."

"I will not tell you anything else," answers Kate, lifting now her April face, on which tears and smiles are mingled; "and therefore I shall tell you nothing. Wait a little while—a very little while—and then you shall hear everything."

Janet shakes her head.

"I don't like concealment," she says, "and I am sure you would never think of it if it had not been suggested to you. Remember this—a man worth loving would never woo the woman he loved under any cover of secrecy."

"I think you hardly knew the tender rhyme  
Of 'trust me not at all, or all in all.'"

says Kate, with a smile. "I know it, and if—if I am foolish or mistaken, I shall suffer enough, you may be sure. Let me be happy, then, while I may."

And something in the appeal, or in the eyes which second it, goes so straight to Janet's heart, that she can say no more.

Meanwhile, Mr. Proctor is making up his mind that it will be tempting Providence to de-

lay his declaration any longer. No one, he assures himself, could ask for more encouragement than he has received since his return. His heart warms as he remembers the eagerness with which Kate welcomed him when they met so unexpectedly in the woods, and her enchanting brightness during their drive. "I will speak to her this evening," he thinks, bracing his courage to the venture.

Dinner over, he takes his way to the drawing-room, with the firm intention of executing this resolution. As he smoked a cigar on the piazza, he saw a delicate new moon hanging over the dark crest of the hill behind the house, and it occurs to him that he will ask Kate to come and look at this phenomenon. They will, of course, walk toward the garden, and then—then the matter can be settled. Solitude, semi-darkness, a distant moon—what more could any lover desire to make an effective background for a proposal!

The best-laid plans, however, "gang aft a-glee." While he has been deciding on his line of strategy, Miss Vaughn has taken her seat by Kate's side in the drawing-room, and opens a conversation.

"Are you not tired?" she asks. "I think nothing is more fatiguing than such a day as this has been. The morning was passed in a state of anticipation, then, after we had attired ourselves in our most ravishing costumes, we drove five or six miles over dusty roads to sit in a crowd for several hours, and watch some races in which we felt not the least interest."

"What a summing up of our day's amusement!" says Kate, with a laugh. "But do not races interest you? I think they are exciting."

"They might interest me if I had anything staked on them, and if I knew anything of the horses besides their names. If I were a man, very likely I should be a turf-gambler; but, as a woman, I consider the whole thing a simple bore."

"Then why inflict such boredom on yourself?"

"Because half the amusements of society are bores; but one must endure them if one means to live in society at all."

"Must one? That is not a pleasant prospect."

"Ah, you will not find them bores. You will think them everything that is charming. You are not only fresh and enthusiastic now, but I think you are one of the people who will remain fresh and enthusiastic to the end."

Kate is doubtful whether or not to consider this in the light of a compliment. It is seldom that people who are fresh like to be informed of the fact. When the charm is genuine, it is inclined to be ashamed of itself.

"I hope I am not gushing," she says. "That is very absurd. But I am sure I should enjoy the pleasures of society—if I knew them."

"Why not say, when you know them—for it is plainly on the cards that you are to know them before long?"

"I am not sure of that."

"Not sure!"—the brilliant eyes regard her closely. "Excuse me, but I thought I understood from Miss Brooke that you would accompany her when she leaves Fairfields?"

"Miss Brooke has kindly asked me to do so, and—and I have thought of it," answers Kate, "but nothing is settled."

"I am glad to hear you say so. If nothing is settled, I feel at liberty to make another proposal to you. Don't look so startled! It is not nearly so tremendous as the one with which that poor man yonder is charged."

She glances, as she speaks, towards Mr. Proctor, who, entering at the moment, looks crest-fallen when he sees that Kate's attention is already engaged.

"He will be over here in a minute," Miss Vaughn goes on, "and, since I have something of importance to say, will you come to my room? We shall be safe from interruption there, and I promised not to detain you long."

Kate would fain decline to go, but not being trained to that useful habit of society which is never at a loss for an excuse in an emergency, she can find no reason for refusing. Consequently, Mr. Proctor, on his way to her, with the moon, so to speak, on the end of his tongue, has the pleasure of meeting her in the middle of the room, and of hearing Miss Vaughn say:

"I am going to carry Kate off for a little while, Mr. Proctor. You must forgive me and bear the desolation of her absence as well as you can."

"I hope it will not be a long absence," says Mr. Proctor. "There is a—new moon; and I hope—that is, I thought Miss Kate might look at it."

"Are new moons uncommon in this part of the country?" asks Miss Vaughn, "or is it only another form of 'Come into the garden, Maud?' I can't trust her with you! If she went out to look at the moon with so fascinating a companion as yourself, I fear I should be entirely forgotten. What I have, I generally find it safest to keep."

She smiles, and draws Kate on. When they have crossed the hall, and are ascending the staircase, she says, "I think you owe me thanks for that. The clumsy creature! To fancy that anybody would not know what he meant by talking of the moon! Are you fond of declarations, or do you agree with me in thinking them generally tiresome?"

"I have had no experience—" Kate begins, but stops short, remembering what very late experience she has had.

"I see your conscience will not let you finish that speech," says her companion. "Indeed, I know of one declaration which you have had, and treated very badly, too. Don't fancy that I resent it, however," she adds. "Such things will be while the world is what it is. People call me heartless, but I have found that women injure men very little, in comparison with the injuries which men inflict on women—and, therefore, I reserve any sympathy or compassion of which I may be possessed for women. Come in! Let us make ourselves comfortable, for I have a great deal to say to you."

She opens the door of her chamber as she speaks, revealing a pretty rose-glow of firelight within. "I am an absolute salamander," she says, "and find a fire pleasant on many nights when other people never think of it. Don't you agree with me that this is better than the garden and the moon?"

"I am afraid I am not sentimental enough to answer No," says Kate. "The garden is very well on a warm night, with a pleasant companion; but autumn nights are chilly, and Mr. Proctor is—a trifle tedious."

"Ah, yes, a pleasant companion makes all the difference in life in everything," says Miss Vaughn, drawing a chair forward. She sinks into it, and, gazing into the fire, goes on, with something between a smile and a sigh:

"How large the white moon looked, dear!  
There has not ever been  
Since those old nights the same great light  
In the moons which I have seen.  
I often wonder when I think  
If you have thought so too,  
And the moonlight has grown dimmer, dear,  
Then it used to be to you."

You see I can be sentimental, too," she adds, with a slight, careless laugh. "I suppose moonlight grows dimmer to all of us as we grow older; and very fortunately so. Romance is a pleasant thing at seventeen, but we can't remain seventeen forever; and after a while we learn that it plays a very small part in the business of life. Now, my pretty Kate, I am going to speak to you very seriously; for, besides being your cousin, I am somewhat older than yourself in years, and immensely older in experience. To begin with, tell me frankly why you refused my brother."

"Because I care nothing for him," answers Kate, with uncompromising sincerity.

Miss Vaughn is not able to restrain a smile which rises to her lips—such a smile as might be provoked by the ignorant folly of a child. "As if that had anything to do with it!" her expression plainly says; and Kate is quick enough to catch its meaning.

"You may think such a reason a very poor one," she says, "but to me it seems the best possible."

"Pardon me," says Miss Vaughn. "Your reason is a very good one—at nineteen. But at twenty-five, you will think it a very poor one. How absurd it seems," the speaker goes on, "to put into the hands of a girl hardly escaped from childhood, and full of the crude sentiment of youth, a decision which will affect the whole course of her life—and probably of many other lives! Such affairs are better managed in France. But one must take these things as one finds them, and I hope you will prove that you have more sense than most girls of your age, by listening reasonably to me."

"I will listen to you," says Kate, "but you will never convince me that it is well to marry a man whom I dislike—whom I do not like at all."

"Liking, my dear," says the other, calmly, "is, with most women, a mere matter of association. Their domestic instincts are so strong that they soon grow to love any man whom they marry—and when I speak of love, of course, I mean a rational, sober affection, not a whirlwind passion. Now, there are few men so well fitted to make an agreeable husband, as my brother. His disposition is amiable, his manners are refined, he is a thorough man of the world, and successful in whatever he undertakes. Moreover, he is sincerely attached to you, and, by accepting him, you will gratify every one concerned, and secure a large fortune—which certainly is not a trifling consideration."

Kate listens to the end of this speech, with her lips curling slightly. Then she says, "I am sorry to be obliged to tell you that you are wasting your words altogether. Your brother may be all that you say, but if he were that and ten times more, my answer would be the same—I cannot marry him."

"But why can you not?" persists Miss Vaughn. "Surely not merely because you have a sentimental idea that you are not sufficiently in love with him?"

Kate begins to think that this catechising has gone far enough, and she lifts her head proudly. "You must pardon me if I decline to be more explicit," she says. "I have said enough to assure you that I am in earnest. My reasons—if I have any further—concern only myself."

There follows a moment's silence. Miss Vaughn has yet to say that which she brought her companion away specially to hear; but she pauses—more at a loss how to open the subject than she would have believed possible. The braids drop apart on the earth, the strains of the piano float up from the drawing-room, and Kate moves as if with an intention of rising, before she speaks.

"Pray don't go! I have something else to say, but I fear you may think me presuming. Yet I mean it as a kindness, if you will only believe as much."

A thrill—an instinct of what is coming—shoots through Kate. Her heart seems to rise into her throat; to the very tips of her fingers she feels a tingling sense of sick anticipation. But she has herself under sufficiently good control to answer quietly, "I do not think that I am likely to mistake a kindness for a presumption—nor," she cannot refrain from adding, "a presumption for a kindness."

"Then I need have no hesitation in speaking," says Miss Vaughn, "since my only motive is a sincere desire to warn you. Forgive me if I am a little abrupt—but has not Frank Tarleton made love to you?"

"What right have you to ask me such a question?" demands Kate, indignantly—while over cheek and brow leaps the crimson tide which awakens it.

"I will tell you in a moment what right," Miss Vaughn replies. "Yes, I see that he has—though he denied it when I charged him with something of the kind to-day."

"He denied it!" says Kate, forgetting in her dismayed astonishment all that she betrays by such a question.

"He denied it emphatically," answers Miss Vaughn. "He would not have been likely to admit it to me. I am sorry to be forced to tell you such a thing"—here she takes one of Kate's hands, which Kate is too overwhelmed to withdraw from her grasp—"but he is only trifling with you, and you ought to know it. You may perhaps think that I make this assertion on my brother's behalf, but you are mistaken. I would make it in any event, and Frank Tarleton knows it so well, that very likely he has bound you to secrecy."

This random shaft hits the truth so exactly, that Kate unconsciously catches her breath. Then she snatches away her hand. "Whatever you have to tell, tell it!" she cries, sharply—overmastered by a sense of pain. "Why should Frank Tarleton fear anything that you can say?"

"Simply because I told him when I first came that I would not have you trifled with; for I not only liked you, but I hoped then that you might be induced to marry Ashton. Frank Tarleton knows that I know he is only trifling—and this for many reasons. In the first place, his affairs are in a condition which precludes the possibility of his marrying any but a rich woman. In the second place, he has been my suitor for years. At one time I was engaged to him—for I own that he is very charming—but I was forced to discard him on account of his reckless dissipation. Since then he has amused himself with a series of desperate flirtations—chiefly with the view of making me jealous, as he has more than once confessed. Of course he fails in this. I like him very much, but I can never, as he still hopes, listen to his suit again. My dear child, believe me that I am very sorry to tell you this—"

"Why should you be sorry?" interrupts Kate, impetuously. By this time pride has come to her aid, and she faces the other, her eyes shining and two scarlet spots burning on her cheeks. "I am willing to believe that you have meant kindly—but there is no need for you to be sorry," she says. "I am able to take care of myself, and I shall not let Mr. Tarleton or any other man trifle with me. But it is only an act of justice to ask what proof you have of these assertions?"

"I might reply that my word is proof enough," Miss Vaughn answers, "and that he will not deny anything that I have stated. But to convince you, I will give you as much proof as you want."

She rises, crosses the floor, uncloses a writing-case, takes out a letter, and, returning to Kate, hands it to her. "Read that!" she says. "I think you will find it sufficient."

Uncertain what to do, Kate looks at the envelope which has been placed in her hands. It is addressed in Tarleton's writing to "Miss Vaughn, Fairfields," and, seeing this, she remembers that on the morning of the third day after that young lady's arrival a messenger from Southdale brought her a note—which note this evidently is. Her hesitation is only momentary; she feels that she must know the worst. With trembling fingers she draws the letter out, and finds that the sheet within (which is undated, though she hardly notices this) is filled on three sides with writing. She has not read five lines before the characters swim before her eyes, and fearing lest self-control may desert her, she rises abruptly, and thrusts the open sheet into Miss Vaughn's hand.

"I am satisfied," she says. "It is not worth while to read such a passionate effusion as that to the end. Excuse me for asking any proof beyond your word. Now I will bid you good-night. I am tired."

"One moment," says Miss Vaughn, following her as she moves toward the door. "I must beg that if you speak of the matter at all to Frank Tarleton, you will not mention that I showed you this letter. It seems like betraying confidence—though I had the best of reasons for doing so."

"I shall not mention it," answers Kate. Then she opens the door and goes.

(To be continued.)

A FABLE FROM THE SOUDAN.

Probably there is no form of literature that so much makes mankind feel that they are all members of one large family as folk-tales. The science of comparative mythology has greatly helped forward the feeling of universal brotherhood. When we come in contact with primitive modes of thought and feeling we invariably encounter that one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. Folk-tales give us the true tone of man in his childhood, when as yet, as Carlyle aptly says, "the universe within was divided by no wall of adamant from the universe without." An extended knowledge of this primitive literature is consequently of more value than would at first appear, and every such accession to our information should be eagerly welcomed. As yet Africa—that great Sphinx-land—has been most resolutely closed to us in this respect. We know little of the mental life of her races, especially those that people the interior. Anything therefore is doubly welcome which helps us to see if we can discover in the legendary lore of the Africans the same wondrous touch of unity that breathes through that of other continents, even though, as is sometimes the case, it is disguised in unfamiliar shapes. To the industry and research of an Austrian scholar we owe the first contribution towards the folk-lore of equatorial Africa. Herr Ernst Marno accompanied Colonel Gordon in his expedition (undertaken in 1874-76) into the interior of the Khedive's dominions, far into the Soudan. Of this journey, with the help of the Austrian Imperial Academy of Sciences, he published a detailed account. One chapter relates some of the tales that are disseminated over the whole of equatorial Africa. They are narrated by wandering story-tellers, and are listened to with the same breathless interest that distinguishes Arab and other non-literary audiences. These tales treat chiefly of animals, and more especially of the slyness and craft of the jackal, a near relative to our fox, who is always spoken of under the name of Abu'l Hossein, much as the fox is known in literature as Master Reynard. This peculiarity, as well as many others developed in these stories, would seem to point to a common Indo-Germanic origin. Here is a translation of one of these fables, known as "Abu'l Hossein and the Crocodile."

A large crocodile carefully selected as its lair that spot in the river where he knew men and beasts must come down to drink, and then patiently awaited his prey. When the beasts became aware of this they abandoned the spot, and turned to a more remote watering-place. But Abu'l Hossein did not wish to give himself this trouble. He drew a long reed from out the thicket bordering the river, seated himself on a tree overhanging the water, and drank comfortably and safely out of this tube whenever he was thirsty. The crocodile, who noticed this, was much annoyed at his proceeding, and begged the ant to oblige him by biting Abu'l Hossein from behind when next he came to drink. So when Abu'l Hossein next sat upon his tree and drank out of his reed, the ant bit him hard. This startled Abu'l Hossein; he let the reed fall to scratch himself, and in so doing he overbalanced and fell into the water, where he was seized by the crocodile, who was lying in wait.

"Now I have got you," said the crocodile; "and to-day all is over with you."

"What will you do with me?" asked Abu'l Hossein; "my flesh is so hard and tough that you cannot enjoy it undressed."

"Very well," said the crocodile; "then I will roast you."

So speaking, he seized Abu'l Hossein and gave him to his old blind grandmother. She was to roast Abu'l Hossein, and in return to receive the paw by which she held him; the rest was to fall to the share of the crocodile, who at once went off to seek for firing.

"Abu'l Hossein in this his sore extremity perceived a piece of wood floating down the stream. He grasped it with the paw that was free, and holding it out to the old blind crocodile grandmother he said:

"Take hold of me here by the head, else I shall escape you."

The grandmother seized the piece of wood extended to her, and thus let go of Abu'l Hossein, who ran off as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Why do you hold that piece of wood in your hand, and what have you done with Abu'l Hossein?" said the crocodile, when he returned with the sticks for firing.

"For a long while the grandmother would not believe that she grasped a piece of wood with her hand, and thought the crocodile only spoke thus that she might not have her promised share of the booty. She upbraided the crocodile, he scolded back in return; and so both jangled on till each was deeply angered with the other. At last the crocodile set out across the land to pursue Abu'l Hossein. Fury had made him careless; he wandered too far away from the river, and by and by the unwonted exercise across the arid ground, the heat, thirst, and hunger made him sink down on the steppe quite exhausted. Here he lay a long while, and it seemed as though he must perish miserably."

"Then a man came riding past upon a camel. He saw the half-dead crocodile, and was not a little astonished when he thus spoke to him with feeble voice:

"I pray you be so good as to convey me back to the river, and I will swear to you never again to harm a being of Adam's race."

"The man took pity upon the crocodile, bound him, and loaded him upon his camel. Thus he brought him to the river's bank.

"Shall I release you here?" asked the man. "Take me where the water is deep," replied the crocodile; and the man brought him to deep water, unbound him, and let him free. But the crocodile now seized the man, and said, "So, now I retain you, or else you must give me your camel."

"But you promised never again to hurt a human being," said the man.

"Yes," said the crocodile "but to-day I am hungry. It can't be helped. Either you or your camel."

"At this moment the hyena passed by, and was appealed to by both to decide their dispute. Now the hyena did not wish to fall out with either the man or the crocodile; but in order to compass the escape of the man, he said to the crocodile:

"When you have caught a human being, do not eat him in the water, but bring him out on dry land, or he will disagree with you."

"It so happened that at this moment Abu'l Hossein came by. The hyena told him the story, and asked him what could be done; while both the man and the crocodile begged Abu'l Hossein to be umpire in this matter. Abu'l Hossein called out to them:

"I am rather hard of hearing. Both of you come out on to the shore, that I may cross-examine you and understand the case."

"The man and the crocodile did as he desired; and Abu'l Hossein asked the man how all this had come about, and was told the story.

"Probably you bound the crocodile too tight, and so hurt him and made him angry," said Abu'l Hossein, when he had heard all.

"Yes, yes," said the crocodile. "He bound me so tight that I could not breathe; and all the ribs of my body still ache as though they were broken."

"I cannot decide this matter without judging with my own eyes," said Abu'l Hossein. "Let the man bind you once more as before."

"Good," said the crocodile; "I will consent to be bound, and then you shall decide."

"The man bound the crocodile as before."

"Did the man bind you thus?" asked Abu'l Hossein.

"No; much tighter," replied the crocodile.

"Very well," said Abu'l Hossein to the man, "tie him tighter."

"And the man bound him so tight, that the crocodile screamed."

"Enough, enough! this was how he bound me!"

"Then Abu'l Hossein said to the man,

"You must have been mad to tie the poor crocodile thus. Allah gave into your hands a mass of meat, and you did not kill this son of a dog!"

"The crocodile, when he heard this, saw what Abu'l Hossein was aiming at, and begged for mercy. But the man killed the crocodile, and carried home the flesh."

Might not this fable have emanated from Kriloff, or even from Aesop?

In recent literature readers will be struck by the resemblance of the foregoing fable to the doings of "Brere Rabbit," "Brere Fox," and "Brere Tarrypin," as narrated with quaint humor in the plantation stories of *Uncle Remus*.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Roman Carnival promises to be very gay. Bargossi, the famous man-runner, has offered to run against the Barberi horses. His offer has been declined.

Too fortunate by far was a poor half-starving Vienna artisan, who, having invested his all in a lottery ticket, won the prize of 100,000 florins (£10,000). On hearing of his good luck he was struck dead by apoplexy.

A MR. A. DREHER has patented a process by which he obtains the extraordinary and perfect change of common agate into beautiful onyx. This tampering with the work of nature he fancies is only the commencement of a series of the like successful results.

RUBINSTEIN called to see Mlle. Marie Van Zandt the day before her departure for Monte-Carlo. Not finding the little diva at home he sat down and wrote off half a page of music and signed it, leaving this unique autograph as a characteristic and precious substitute for a visiting card.

THE mania for collecting used postage-stamps still rages, as Baron Arthur de Rothschild has just purchased two postage-stamps which were called in from circulation for some cause directly after their emission during the late reign. The Baron gave for the two stamps 10,000 francs (£400).

A LAUGHABLE incident is the indisposition of a renowned fencing master to meet his engagement for a duel with another fencing master, who has been twice on the field of battle without seeing the shadow of number one. It was looked forward to as a terrible bit of warfare, for both men are desperate—in the fencing salon.

Mlle. VAN ZANDT is singing at Monte Carlo at the rate of £40 a night. The visitors seem to be beyond expression delighted with her, and literally cover her with showers of flowers when she is recalled. Such floral lavishness could not,

London: David Bogus.

at this time of the year, be practised at any other place without denuding the district of its beauty, but at Monte Carlo flowers are the grass.

A LADY has just finished playing a Sonata in a Champ-Elysée house, so difficult and so noisy that the listeners are half deafened. The performer, her strength giving way under the epileptic efforts she has just made, complains of being faint. A gentleman rushes to her assistance, armed with a bottle of *Eau de Melisse*. He administers a few drops on a lump of sugar, then pours the rest into the piano, saying:—"I am sure that deserves some too!"

HERE is style! *Figaro* style! "Carolus Duran, that incendiary who, in a day of happy audacity, stole his fire from Velasquez, has just terminated a portrait which the great master would have probably signed." The picture in question is a portrait of a lady in red on a red background. "The head is a poem—the toilet a casket of molten jewels, reeking with rays of purple and flame around that eternal triumpher called Beauty." Bravo "Etincelle"! Go up top! What a pity "Etincelle" does not write about the American Colony in Paris.

A GYPSY funeral, after the Catholic rite, recently took place at a village in Alsace, and showed how tenaciously these people still cling to their old pagan customs. The body of the defunct gypsy was shrouded in a garment with two pockets, into each of which a twenty franc piece was put. On his right side was placed a bottle of wine, on the left a package of beans, one of which esculents was also put in his mouth. Wax-tapers were burnt round the coffin until the same was carried to the graveyard in solemn procession.

THE list of suicides owing to the recent crash on the Stock Exchange amounts to twenty-three. It is extraordinary that so many should have selected this remedy and shown such a selfish disregard for the families they thus left doubly bereft, doubly suffering. The cases of insanity are said to be twelve—that is, insanity that has bereft them of all reason, for ninety-nine out of a hundred on the Bourse are, in a degree, insane in their wild and reckless pursuit of speedy wealth, which must, as a rule, end in ruin.

ACCORDING to the report of the architect of the Palace of Versailles the basins of the famous *fontaines aux* are now in so deplorable a condition of ruin and decay that the periodical displays so familiar to the Parisians and to all visitors to their city must ere long, if some effort is not made, entirely cease. Many fine effects have for some time disappeared. Meanwhile bas-reliefs in marble of high artistic value are stated to be lying scattered about the park overgrown with grass; and allegorical subjects, some of which are masterpieces of the sculptor's work, are in danger of complete destruction. Among these are mentioned the group known as "France Triumphant," by Tuby and Coysevox, and the Trianon "buffet" designed by Mansart, with the figures of Neptune and Amphitrite.

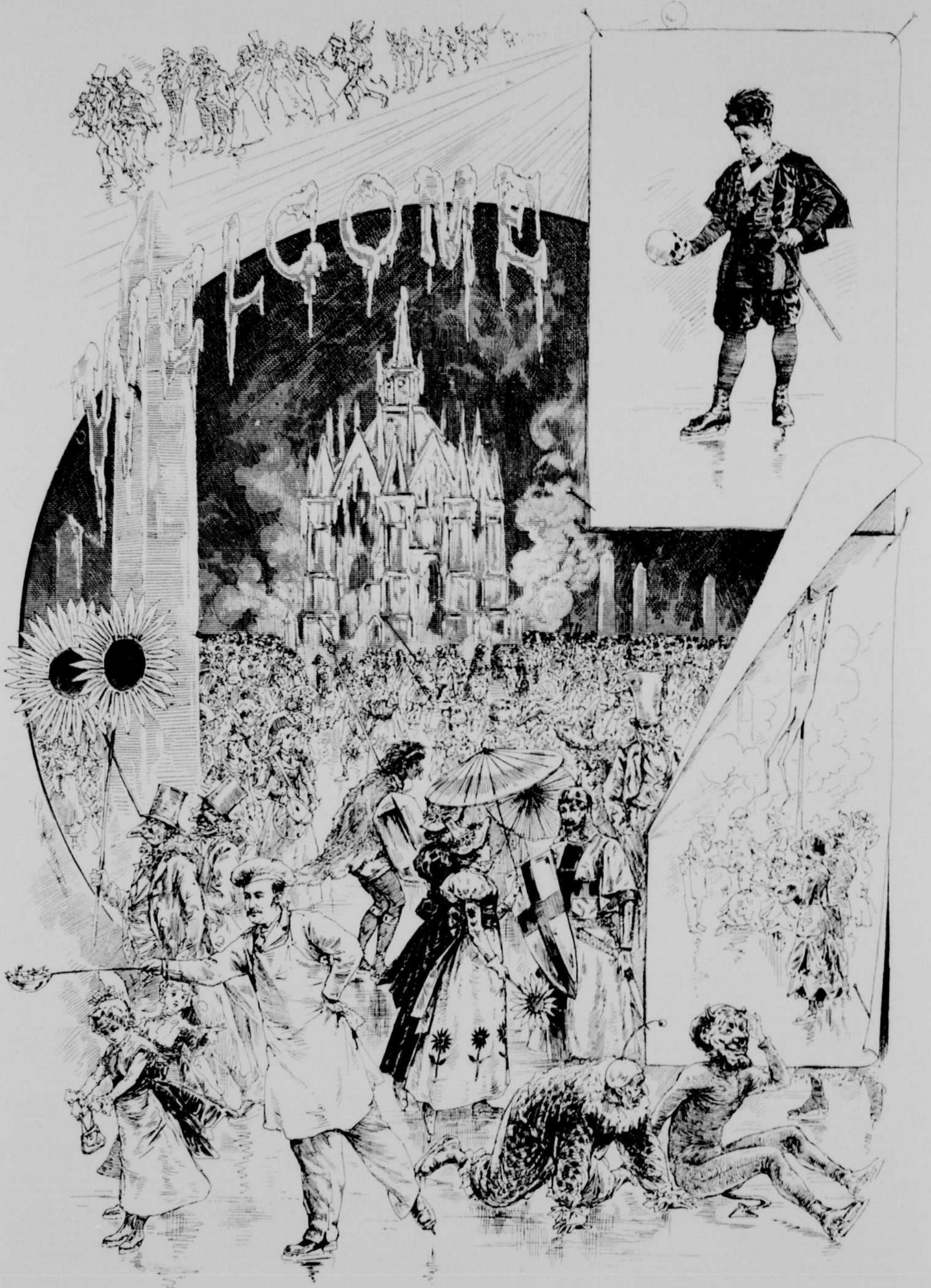
A PHOTOGRAPHER on the Boulevard Montmartre lately drove a thriving trade by professing to present to his customers the photograph of their dead relatives or friends, standing at a short distance behind them. His brisk business was interrupted by the police, who discovered that the deceased spirits were represented by dummies, attired in male or female garb as required. But though the dummies were produced in court, and the photographer was driven to confess the means by which they were manipulated—though the whole fraud was exposed—his clients' faith withstood the shock. Several, including a grey-haired colonel, left the court firmer in their belief that the photographer could call spirits from the vasty deep, and that they would come when he did call for them.

M. DONATO, the magnetiser, assisted by his "subject" Mlle. Lucille, continues to engross public attention in Paris. He not only gives a séance on Tuesdays and Saturdays at the Salle Herz, in the Rue de la Victoire, but is invited out almost every night to show his wonderful skill as a mesmeriser. His programme includes all the marvellous phenomena of the art. Recently at the "Mirlitons" Club, he magnetised M. Fleury, son of the General, and made Prince Murat bring him a glass of water on a plate. Mlle. Lucille is a marvellously good subject, and obeys and follows M. Donato like a being without volition. When he fixes her with his looks, she falls into a trance, and her blue eyes assume a strange, mystical expression, which reminds one of the saintly female heads in Fra Angelico's pictures. His *modus operandi*, simple as it is, may be described as purely scientific, and the results which he obtains, supernatural though they seem, are daily practised by Dr. Charcot at the Hospital of La Salpêtrière, and Dr. Dumont-Pallier at La Pitié.

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.

MR. BLACKBURNE, the great English chess champion, will be entertained at a public banquet by the St. George's Chess Club, on Thursday, March 2nd, the Earl of Dartrey in the chair.



THE GRAND SKATING CARNIVAL AT THE VICTORIA RINK ON TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28.—(SEE PAGE 147.)



PORCUPINE LAKE AND MOUNTAIN NEAR THE RIVER COULONGE.



VIEW ON THE COULONGE RIVER, NINE MILES FROM ITS MOUTH.



WINTER SHANTY ON THE BORDERS OF PORCUPINE LAKE.

A MISSIONARY'S ROUTE IN THE LUMBER DISTRICTS.—SKETCHES BY REV. C. A. W. PARADIS.

**A PUZZLED POET.**

I left sweet Kate last Friday night,  
The twentieth of this month,  
'Twas by the second May-dyke light,  
And—wunth—sunth—bunth—  
Reader, please help yourself to a rhyme for month.

Years are to pass ere we shall meet;  
A wild and yawning gulf  
Divides me from my love so sweet,  
While—ull—dull—sull—  
Stuck again, and must appeal to the public for a lift out of the hole.

O how I sorrowed in my soul  
To part from my sweet nymph,  
While deities should their seasons roll,  
And—lymph—dymph—lymph—  
I am afraid I'll have to let it go at lymph.

Beneath hard fortune's stern decree  
My wearied spirit sunk,  
For I a lonely soul should be,  
And—bunk—wunk—drunk—  
I cert'ly deny that I was drunk on the occasion,  
though I admit I might have had a drop taken.

O, I had loved her many years,  
I loved her for herself,  
I loved her for her tender tears,  
And also for her—well—half—pelf—  
No, sir, I can lay hand on my heart and say the motive wasn't mercenary—in fact, the tin wasn't there.

I took between my hands her head—  
How sweet her red lips pout!  
I kissed her lovingly and said—  
Bout—bout—groat—snout—  
Hang it all, I'll take my oath I didn't say that any-how.

Full dolefully I wring her hand,  
My tears in showers escape,  
My sorrow I cannot command,  
I feel myself a—sape—dape—ape—  
Well, maybe that's as near as any. I'll let ape stand.

I gave the maid a fond adieu—  
Sweet pupil of love's school!  
I told her I would e'er be true,  
And always be a—dool—pool—fool—  
Pon my word, on consideration perhaps I am a fool,  
So I'll turn the blessed thing up.

**HOW SIBYL TEMPLE GOT MARRIED.**

A FRAGMENT.

There lived a quarter of a mile down the road from the Beeches a wealthy bachelor named Goldmore—a man of fifty years or thereabout, tall, pompous, and imposing to look at—a man of great solemnity, who never laughed except in a responsible sort of way, and who kept his coat well buttoned round his ample frame, typifying, it might be, the reserve with which he wrapped his personality from view. He was the sort of a man who, in a picture-book, would look the very image of a respectable great Briton. There was an air of steady solvency about him—a balance at my banker's air—which was very telling. The most timid shopkeeper would have given Goldmore credit for a thousand pounds before even hearing his name. His mien would have carried him. With his majesty, the bigness of his frame, his vast bony features, and the sober color of his attire, he looked rather like an elephant who had cast his trunk, and was going round the world on a tour of solemn survey in a coat and trousers.

Archibald Goldmore, Esq., had a nephew—his heir—who used to come and see him often, and who, being on the look-out for a wife, was struck with the beauty of Sibyl Temple. This Harry Goldmore was a lively young fellow, but no great favorite with his uncle. He was heir, because there was none other forthcoming, but nephew and uncle never quite hit it off. The young man was one of those fortunate or unfortunate people—very much either they are sure to be—who, without being exactly selfish, have yet an inordinate idea of their own claims upon life and their fellow creatures, with a proportionate disregard of other people's feelings. Young Goldmore would always help himself to the best, even before his uncle's eyes, and would never say, "Uncle, won't you try this?" or, "Let me recommend you so and so"—trifling attentions, but by such little acts young men sometimes make their fortunes. The nephew, too, well knowing that his uncle employed an unsurpassable cook and prided himself upon his table, would yet in the most flip-pant style find fault with dishes, and declare that in his club in London the cooking was fifty times better.

"Outrageous sauce this!" he exclaimed one evening as he tasted his boiled mutton; "enough to put one off one's feed."

"At your age," remarked his uncle solemnly, "I got very little sauce at all."

"Gave enough, I daresay!" retorted the witty young man, with a great roaring laugh; after which he finished his mutton and asked for another help, administering the condemned sauce plentifully.

From these few hints every reader of observation can fill up a sketch of this young fellow's character, and it need only be said that he was tolerably good-looking, by no means vicious; and with very passable manners, becoming almost agreeable on the rare occasions when, standing in awe of somebody, he had the sense to curb his frolicsome disposition.

He saw Sibyl Temple. Used as he was to believe the finest horses bred for him, the finest vintages grown for him, the richest dishes cooked for him, he, hearing and seeing that Sibyl was the handsomest girl in Kettlewell,

easily concluded that she had been reared for him. So he began making eyes at her, and having perceived that she noticed his attentions—which she could not fail to do—he treated the conquest as made, and told his uncle on Sunday at lunch that he loved Miss Sibyl Temple, and that he had little doubt that she reciprocated the passion.

Beneath some of our big middle-aged waist-coats there lie strange secrets. This ponderous Archibald Goldmore, elevated, pompous and remote from sentiment as he appeared, had a buried sorrow of his own. Years ago his only brother, Goldmore's father, died. The two brothers had ever been fondly attached. Life's early struggle they had faced side by side, and an affection never to be destroyed had, during those early years, laced their hearts together. The brother died. In dying he put his thin white hand out from under the bedclothes, and, catching Archibald's wrist, begged him not to forget his little son soon to be an orphan. Archibald promised, and that promise, never broken, and reinforced year after year by memories of the dead man, made the uncle merciful to the rudeness and the folly of this rash and uncongenial youth. When the young man spoke of marriage, in some inexplicable way a reminiscence of long ago stole into his uncle's heart, and made him sad and gentle.

"Harry," he said, with unusual kindness, "you are too young to marry, and have little of your own, but I approve of the idea on the whole. I shall make your way plain."

"O, that of course," replied the youth. "I settled that in my mind long ago," and he laughed loudly.

"Suppose we make a call on the Temples to-morrow," the uncle said.

"No, not to-morrow, thank'ee," the passionate lover said, shaking his head. "To-morrow I ride over to Blancourt to see Jefferson. Never hurry after the women. They think quite enough of themselves without our help;" which delicate speech he enlivened with a fresh laugh, loud, hearty and vacant.

The matter dropped. But at dinner that day, after the cloth had been removed, Archibald Goldmore, gravely renewing the subject, said,

"In a curious way your choice of Miss Temple—we say nothing about her view of the matter—"

"O, that's all right enough," young Harry said.

"That we shall see;" his uncle remarked; "for the present, never mind. I was going to say your choice in a curious way approves itself to me; for do you know, Harry, I once had thoughts of proposing to the young lady myself."

"Of what?" screamed the nephew.

"Of proposing to the young lady myself," the uncle repeated.

"Of what?" exclaimed the nephew, again in a scream of undoubted surprise. He could neither believe his ears nor disbelieve them.

"Of proposing to the young lady myself," Archibald Goldmore answered once more with steady solemnity.

His nephew would hear no more. He burst into a roar of laughter, threw himself back in his chair, laughed loud and long, charged the key of his laugh, went high, went low, slapped the table, and in a general way signified that the most comical idea ever heard of since ideas first began had just been let loose upon the world.

"It is perfectly true," the uncle said, used to his nephew's bad moods, and not as yet affronted.

"At your age!" screamed the nephew, "marry a lovely girl like that! Do you think she would look at you?" and so in a variety of phrases he put the absurdity, saluting each fancy with a fresh outburst of ridicule; while the uncle sat fuming over insults which were truly exasperating. But he was a man of great self-restraint, and he said nothing.

All that night the nephew persisted in his ridicule: "Uncle, what kind of a coat would you be married in?" "Where would you have gone for your honeymoon?" "How many bridesmaids would you have had?" "Would it not have been suitable to have sage spinsters of fifty?" and so on in an insane, but offensive, succession. The rude young fellow thought only of his sallies and his amusement; perhaps a little tincture of annoyance lay at the bottom, and made his jests taunts indeed. In any case, he jested to his heart's content; and the uncle, boiling with anger, disclosed nothing of his fury.

The nephew thought of a final witticism. After they had gone to bed, he marched to his uncle's door and tapped; and the uncle hearing his voice, which for wittier effect he pitched low and serious, fancied he was going to apologize. The great man opened his door.

"Uncle," said the nephew in a grave tone, which carried on the illusion.

"Well, Henry?"

"Something has just struck me."

"Well, Henry?"

"I could not go to bed without asking you."

"What is it?"

"Make me godfather to number one."

He dropped his voice lower than ever. And screaming again with rapture, he retreated down the corridor, and left his uncle to go to bed with what appetite for sleep he might.

The next day he rode over to Blancourt, and at night returned to dinner. He was tired, and spoke little beyond a grumble at the fish. But when dessert began, feeling his energies recruited, he thought it time to show something more of his playful ways.

"Thought again about your marriage, uncle?"

"Yes, Henry."

"You could not do a wiser thing than to propose to a young beauty," said this young man of fatal rudeness. "The younger and the more beautiful, the wiser you will be."

Here came the facetious scream. It was always the same: short, shrill, spasmodic, irrational.

"So I think, Henry."

"Only don't propose to Miss Sibyl Temple; she's mine, you know."

"Have you asked her?"

"No; but I shall to-morrow."

"Henry, I asked her to-day."

"What, for me?"

"No, for myself."

"You did?"

"I did."

"Now don't begin with any tricks, uncle," the young man said, rising from his chair with alarm in his face; "I hate practical jokes."

"This is no joke," the uncle answered with calmness. "I asked Miss Sibyl Temple to-day to marry me, and she said 'Yes.' She is my affianced wife, and with her mother's full consent."

Poor Harry Goldmore's face fell as visibly during this announcement as if it had been a house tumbling down story by story. At the end—the speech was slowly delivered by his uncle—he called out in exactly the note in which an angry boy says "I won't play any more."

"Well, it's the shabbiest thing I ever heard of."

"Henry, listen to me," the uncle said severely. "You are a thoughtless young man, and you know well your affections were not engaged; I doubt, indeed, if you have any affections to engage. You have been rude and even brutal in your language to me: I forgive you; you have had a lesson. I would have provided for your marriage with Miss Temple, and still I will provide for it with any young lady I approve of. I am going to my library now, and you had better think this matter over, and ask yourself whether you would not be wise if you learnt good manners. I am not harsh with you, and as long as you are not immoral I never will be harsh, for your father's sake. But I shall marry Miss Sibyl Temple, and you shall not."

He rose and left the room room, majestic, like the Tower of Babel walking off with itself; and the young man, petrified, followed him with his eyes as he departed, and then sank speechless into a chair.

And thus, reader, was the second, the beautiful, Miss Temple engaged to be married.

**AT THE OPERA BOUFFE.**

There was a time when opera bouffe would have been gazed upon very much as the countryman and his wife gazed upon the "Venus of the Capitol." But, things have changed, this monkey theatre of a world has made the stage a gauze-draped mirror of real life, and people now take the French comic opera as they take other diversions. It is best so after all. Who now cares to see a gypsy woman, clad as no real gypsy ever was clad, asleep on a painted cowskin singing

"Al nostri monti"

and a love-tortured *Leonora* posing against a pasteboard tower, striking high C to complete the phrase of the tenor behind the pasteboard, who, between sips of egg and sherry, begs in E flat,

"Non ti scorder di me!"

We remember a delightful rendition of this same "Trovatore" a few winters ago—but the delight was behind the scenes—when the tenor was hoarse, and a friend had mixed something like an egg-nog, and handed it to him just as he took his place behind the tower. The dialogue ran something like this—

"Scotto col sangue mio,"

in a tenor note that could "soothe the souls in purgatory."

"Diavolo, Guiseppe," with a scowl at his awkward servant and a sip of the egg-nog—

"L'amor che pose in te."

Then with a gesture of disgust at the beverage, "è troppo dolce,"

"Non ti scorder!"

"saprissi," shaking his fist at Guiseppe, who was lacing his gaiters (for this unfortunate tenor had been called before his toilet was completed)

"Non ti scorder!"

he threw the egg-nog in his servant's face.

"Non ti scorder di me."

with a kiss of his hand toward a beautiful woman in the wing where he stood,

"Addio—Leonora addio!"

Then he rushed up to us, kissed the hand of the fair girl beside me, swore "loud and deep" against the false tones of the soprano singing out on the stage—an artist by the way whom he hated with all the intensity of his passionate Italian nature—but the next moment he was clasping her to his heart before the audience as if he was quite willing to shed his blood for her.

Stenography is worth the trouble of learning if only to note the fleeting conversations that

fall upon the ear occasionally. We give the result of our efforts recently at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. She was looking at the drop curtain. He at her. "What is that picture all about, those horrid masks; is it a costume furnishing shop?" she asked.

"No," he replied, "it is a Greek theatre."  
"Oh law! I thought it was a circus audience. You've studied Greek at Harvard. Haven't you? Tell me all about it."

He smoothed his downy moustache, and, smiling a smile of superior wisdom, looked pityingly upon the round girlish face raised to his. "It is not a circus audience; they are Greeks assembled under the blue sky—all Greek theatres were in open air."

"Didn't rain spoil the ladies' bonnets," she interposed quickly; "and how could they go at night in winter; isn't it cold there, and did they have electric lights?"

He smiled scornfully at such pitiful ignorance. "The Greek women never wore bonnets, rain—ahem—probably postponed the performances, which were always given in the day time. The sun—you see those awnings spread above the audience—"

"Oh law! I thought they were new asthete rugs or flags flopped down on hips."

"No, they were to shade the audience from the sun's glare while they listened to the tragedy."

"How do you know it was tragedy?"

"Because those two half-kneeling figures you see in the middle of the arena are offering incense, the Greek tragedy was a species of worship and began with religious rites."

"Solemn, wasn't it?" said she, looking awestruck for a moment, "but where's the stage, and is this right-hand side the dressing room?"

"The entrance to the stage is under that large middle arch, this opening through which you see the audience was the antistrophe side for the chorus, the strophe side is at the other end for the other chorus."

"What are strophes and anti-strophes?"

"Like the choir boys who sing antiphonally in some Episcopal churches."

"Oh law! were the old Greeks Episcopallians? I thought they worshipped Venus and Jupiter."

"Aphrodite and Zeus, my dear girl; where did you study mythology?"

We will not give the young lady's answer, for we know the school to be a good one.

After a pause she continued, "I never heard of Zeus; was he a bishop and did those masks belong to the twelve apostles?"

"My dear girl, I really must teach you something; such ignorance!"

"What's the use of knowing about all those old Greeks, they are dead and I'm glad of it."

"Well, I mean the masks; they were used by the actors to enable their voices to be better heard in so large a space. They had some mechanical reverberating properties admirably adapted and eminently successful in acoustic principles—"

"Law, Horace! you have used big words enough, I don't want to hear any more Greek, I like 'Favart' better—now hush!"

And so he did.

OCTAVIA HENSEL.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.**

MDME. NILSSON's husband is dead.

PATIENCE at the Theatre Royal this week.

MDLLE. VAN ZANDT is at Monte Carlo.

MR. SIMS REEVES continues his farewell concerts, and his voice still pleases at sixty.

NOTHING will satisfy New York now but Wagner and opera bouffe. No compromise.

THE QUEEN has sent a handsome recompense to Mdme. M. Rose in return for her singing at Windsor.

OFFENBACH's "La Nuit et le jour" has lost considerably in Farnie's translation, and falls flat.

YOUTH, the last London success, is doing wonderfully in New York under Charles Harris' management.

MDME. RIVÉ KING is doing very well on her Canadian tour, being everywhere received with enthusiasm.

THE scheme for a National School of Music is making real headway at last in London, the Royal Family interesting themselves strongly in it.

**HUMOROUS.**

THE man who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth must have lived in stirring times.

THE aldermen of Chicago serve for the honor of the thing; the same reason that keeps other people out of it.

"ASK no woman her age," says a recent writer on social ethics. Of course not. Ask her next best lady friend. She will never fail to give the information.

IT is useless for physicians to argue against short-sleeved dresses. The constitution of the United States says, "The right to bare arms shall not be infringed."

"DOES it pay to steal?" asks the Philadelphia Times. It does, esteemed contemporary, it does. It doesn't always pay the thief, but just think of the large number of criminal lawyers to whom it furnishes a fat living.

A WOMAN who carried round milk in Paris said a naive thing the other day. One of the cooks to whom she brought milk looked into the can, and remarked with surprise, "Why, there is actually nothing there but water." The woman, satisfied herself of the truth of the statement, said: "Well, if I didn't forget to put in the milk!"

THE SAILOR'S SWEETHEART.

My love he is a sailor lad,  
He says he loves me true,  
For all my wealth of golden hair,  
Because my eyes are blue;  
And while he is upon the sea,  
Where raging billows roar,  
The village lads come wooing me  
At least a half a score.  
I list to what the laddies say,  
Of smiles they have no lack,  
And though I say nor yea nor nay,  
I think I'll wait for Jack.

There's Donald, and there's Robin Gray,  
Oh, you should hear them sigh,  
I smile at them and only say  
I'll answer by and by.  
They bring me trinkets from the fair,  
And ribbons bright like this;  
And oftentimes they humbly kneel  
And plead me for a kiss,  
But then I turn and look away,  
Across the billows black,  
And softly to myself I say,  
I think I'll wait for Jack.

Ye bonnie stars shine out, shine out,  
Ye billows cease your war;  
O south wind rise and blow my love  
Within the harbor bar!  
No other lad can woo as he;  
My smiles are shallow smiles,  
For oh, my heart is on the sea  
Amid the western isles,  
And though I let the laddies woo  
I give no wooing back;  
I only do as lassies do,  
Just while I wait for Jack.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

MISS TWITTER.

Miss Jopp was a stout, dark-faced, sparkling-eyed woman, whilst her friend Miss Twitter was slender, blue-eyed, with a "Burne-Jones" complexion, and a voice which sounded as if she were addressing somebody else a little distance off. Whenever Miss Jopp was bent on having what is known as "a tiring day," she always "sent round" for her friend Miss Twitter. Her mildly-uttered suggestion that the "first day" of the Academy was sure to be a crowded one only served to add to the zest with which Miss Jopp entered upon her "viewing" of the pictures. She dived and ducked, and darted and edged, and wedged herself in, and bobbed and went under people's arms, and separated husbands and wives and lovers and friends, and mortified no end of people who continued their conversation to her under the impression she was their nearest and dearest. Miss Twitter was left stranded. Her only chance of indulging in more than a timid flying glimpse at art was when she found herself in a block. Blocks, however, were Miss Jopp's admiration. She always piroquetted when she found herself getting into the middle of one; and whenever she looked to encourage her friend, Miss Twitter shook her head and smiled, and said something to which Miss Jopp paid no attention. That lady regarded Miss Twitter's admiration of a picture as she would a child's of a toy, her expression implying "There, you can look, my dear—you have been good—I will wait."

"Oh, please—please stop—isn't that one of Mr. Markem's pictures?" exclaimed Miss Twitter, rather loudly for her, a smile of pleasure stealing over her features—pretty features, if they had only had a little more color to set them off. But then Miss Twitter was not in the heyday, she was in the late afternoon, the twilight of life.

"Yes, but I shouldn't say it would be likely to make his mark," returned Miss Jopp, with that sort of snuff which showed she thought she had said a smart thing; and perhaps because Miss Twitter's appreciation of smart things was weak, she said it almost into the face of an elderly broad shouldered man, in a rough suit and a wide awake hat.

"No, I shouldn't say it would," he returned in an equally snuffy tone, "seeing that he has already made it."

Miss Twitter looked up aghast. But then Miss Jopp believed he was "a character," and that characters were exceptions to the general rules of society; so that Miss Twitter began to think she was mistaken, that he must be a friend of Miss Jopp's after all, and she went back to her smiling contemplation of Mr. Markem's picture.

"Your friend tells me you like all Markem's pictures—will you tell me why?"

Miss Twitter started and coloured, and wondered whether Miss Jopp's friend was an American—Americans always were a little free. "My—my opinion is not worth knowing," she stammered, "I only follow my own tastes."

"Delighted to hear it," he observed dryly.  
"Do—do you know Mr. Markem?" And then Miss Twitter blushed, because, like many nervous people, she found she was talking in the very way she had not intended.

"Oh, yes, very well. Why did you say you liked his pictures?"

Now Miss Twitter had not said why at all, but she felt both flattered and flattered, and she went on again, saying more than she intended. "Because I always feel as if I should like to be one of the people in his pictures: they express a good deal of what one misses in one's own life. But, oh!" breaking off suddenly, "where is Miss Jopp? Do you see any daisies anywhere—yellow daisies?"

"Yellow daisies!" he repeated, "Oh, all right—in her bonnet—I see them trembling over there."

Miss Twitter, watching for the omnibus from her sitting-room window, was pondering over

that day a week ago, and how Miss Jopp after all had confessed that she knew nothing about the stranger, and how she had laughed at Miss Twitter's qualms of propriety, and told her that at her time of life she ought to have more enlarged social views. A strange little throb not unlike exultation went through Miss Twitter's heart as she told herself with sudden thankfulness that she was not forty yet.

Another event, too, had happened that week in Miss Twitter's life: the dining-room floor was let—to a gentleman, a very particular gentleman, "who didn't want no stairs," so the landlady told her. Never had Mrs. Jones all the time she was there taken a gentleman lodger! Gentlemen had not figured except as shadows across Miss Twitter's twilight existence.

"Dear, dear! There was the omnibus!" And who should be running after it but Miss Jopp. For a wonder Miss Twitter was the first to grasp the door-rail as others crowded round it. "Keep close to me," she implored her friend, and, putting out her hand to enforce her remark, she found to her blank consternation she was patting the stranger of the Academy. "Full inside," shouted the conductor, and, the omnibus going suddenly on, Miss Twitter would have been precipitated on to somebody's lap had not the stranger put his arm dexterously round her. And there alongside of the omnibus was another omnibus, from the window of which Miss Jopp was nodding and waving her pocket-handkerchief, whilst, to her breathless sensations of excitement, he began to tell her with a smile and a bow that he was no less a person than Mr. Markem himself—her pet artist—the man who painted such sweet domestic pictures of life, as she had told him to his face that very day at the Academy. And further, Miss Twitter learnt in course of conversation that he was actually "the new dining-room floor."

"One way and another Miss Twitter saw a good deal of "the dining-room floor." Her resolution not to come in his way if she could possibly help it was always being broken down and mended again. Contemned by Miss Jopp, he was invited to take tea with her one afternoon. Miss Jopp had to leave early. Mr. Markem stayed on. There was a few moments of silence after she left, moments of embarrassment on Miss Twitter's part, but full of pleasant suggestiveness as to what might follow. What a nice kind rugged face his was! how she seemed to know by heart every line and expression of it! how—A little sickening sensation crept through her heart as he turned towards her.

"I am glad I took these rooms, because you are here. I am glad, not so much for my own sake," he went on, with a pleasant smile, "but because of my dear wife's, who is coming up to town. Poor little girl, she is not very strong: your presence here—the presence of a quiet, gentle woman like yourself, will be an inestimable boon to her. You must come and see her—us—very often, downstairs—you are sure to like each other."

Miss Twitter's pale face grew a shade paler and her lips twitched in a wavering sort of way as she murmured—that she would come—yes, she would come, if "she" would like it.

"If" he repeated; "of course she will like you," he said, heartily. "When my wife has done with the doctors, you must come down to Chislehurst—it will do you good to see some of our goings on there. I tell you what it is, you want a little more sunshine, a little less shade in your life, my dear Miss Twitter."

"Thank you," she said, her expression trembling a little, "I couldn't come; I was meant to live quietly,"—she had not meant it, though, an hour ago, when—well, never mind when. "I shouldn't seem myself at all—Miss Twitter," she added, with a dry little touch of dignity.

"No," he said, "I suppose you wouldn't;" and then he shook hands with her and wished her good bye.

Afterwards, when his wife came, Mr. Markem told her that he was afraid after all that quiet little old-fashioned woman whom he had spoken of to her would not be much good to her in the way of a companion. He had been mistaken in thinking, because she looked so bright and earnest sometimes, that there was more in her composition than she allowed to appear. It was just a trick, a way she had of looking; he was afraid she would find her very dull—just Miss Twitter, in fact, and nothing more.—*London Judy.*

SCIENCE AND SOLDIERING.

It has long been the fashion with the incompletely informed to decry the mental attainments of military men. The average officer is often deemed illiterate, if not crassly ignorant, and is generally supposed to be but half taught even in the subjects he is bound to have at his fingers' ends. The lay opinion is apparently entertained by at least one leading spirit within the profession. Some time back Sir Garnet Wolsey reproached regimental officers with their lack of military knowledge, and his philippic is as yet neither forgotten nor forgiven. And the depreciatory views of both outsider and initiated are greatly exaggerated, if not completely fallacious, might easily be shown. In general culture British officers can hold their own with others of their class. Many are fairly proficient in polite accomplishments; they can paint or play or scribble with the best. Not a few are excellent linguists: some are really well read; and all more or less have seen men and cities, and have gained a wide, often a deeply interesting, experience of life. As to professional knowledge, they may not rise to the

sublime heights of the elaborately-educated German officers with whom they are often so unfavourably compared. They may even be slightly apathetic, unless roused to their best by some supremely important emergency: but they are by no means the shallow-pated simulators, the careless Gallios, and untutored idlers their detractors would have us believe.

The time seems rapidly approaching when it will be impossible to tax British officers with even the shadow of such a reproach. Now, if ever, the schoolmaster is abroad in the army. Long courses of instruction in the many various branches of military science are becoming the rule at garrison and camp. It has been plainly announced that professional advancement, at least up to field rank, will be absolutely dependent upon success in passing certain strictly conducted examinations. To undergo the ordeal is imperative. "Armed science," as it is somewhat irreverently styled by the more unpretending branches of the service, in other words, officers of the Artillery and Engineers, or the two scientific corps, can claim no exemption. The practical gunner, long vowed to the more abstruse walks of his profession, who has invented some new murderous weapon, must descend again to the lower levels of the goose-step and minor movements in drill. Engineer officers, as is well known, are often called to varied and responsible functions, even when very junior in rank. They are selected for Court appointments, are despatched on special missions, are attached for particular duty to various public departments. A man whose services have gained for him the honourable post of Gentleman-in-Waiting to the Queen; another whose merits have made him Surveyor-General of a colony, and have justified his employment in the delimitation of an empire, must yet be prepared to face an ordeal which is only terrible from its insignificance and the ignominy which would follow failure. In any case, these so-called scientific soldiers must undergo the humiliation of going back to school in the very rudiments of their profession. Of course it will be the merest child's play to them to acquire the necessary knowledge under competent coaches; but it will be after a certain expenditure of money and time. Just now they are an edifying spectacle, as they share the class-rooms of militia subalterns about to compete for commissions, or rub up their equitation in London or garrison riding-school, or revive and develop their capacity for commanding a squad under the able tutelage of some smart drill-sergeant of the Guards.

There is obviously much good in a movement which is a reaction against the indifference of the past. It is right and proper that all young officers should be reminded, under penalty of losing promotion, that they must make themselves thorough proficient in the practical part of their profession. They should be skilled in precedent, versed in procedure, prompt to execute in the field what they have assimilated with much pains and patience in the barrack-yard. The danger is lest the new principles be pushed to a ridiculous extreme. To impose a vexatiously minute examination upon men who have already given substantial proof of energy and ability is to drive them into disgust and discontent. Officers of the types already instanced might surely be exposed from these irksome and seemingly unnecessary tests. As regards the great bulk of regimental officers of cavalry and line, the case is perhaps different. Dexterity in handling small bodies of troops, an intimate acquaintance with barrack economy, capacity to impart musketry instruction, and a general insight into military law, constitute the whole curriculum of their professional knowledge. Their usefulness must depend directly on their proficiency in these subjects. The pity is that they are not judiciously led rather than forcibly driven to acquire them. Neither sneers nor carping criticism nor yet the threats of tremendous penalties, would effect so much as pleasantly, yet persuasively, pointing out the value of military learning. At the same time greater pains should be taken to interest officers in their work as well as to increase their facilities for mastering it. One complaint against them is that, unlike German officers, they do not charge themselves with all branches of the elementary instruction of their men. This is not their fault, but that of a vicious system, which from time immemorial has suffered them to wander aimlessly amidst the squads of companies, instead of taking an active part in the drill. Until very lately, again, junior officers have had few opportunities of exercising command. If their tactical skill and knowledge are limited, it is because they have been imperfectly taught, or scarcely taught at all. Nor should it be forgotten that, whatever their scholastic deficiencies, British officers have certain admirable qualities which are peculiarly their own. They are physically fine fellows, active, manly, eagerly addicted to field sports. A muscular ignorance is after all of more practical value as a leader than a spectacled pedant, who may be deeply versed in all military lore, and yet unable to take a fence or win a goal.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Geographical Society has invited Mr. O'Donovan to read a paper on "Merv" next month. He has consented to do so, and it will be a most interesting evening.

It is proposed that Nonconformity shall lay its tribute on the tomb of Dean Stanley. Mr.

Morley has taken the matter in hand, and an effort is being made to raise a subscription to commemorate the remarkable relations which this dignitary of the Church held with his Nonconforming brethren. It is not intended that the Nonconformists shall raise a separate memorial—the money subscribed will be added to the general fund on their behalf.

THE election of Mr. Irving to membership of the Athenæum Club is a compliment which has not been paid to the Stage since the time of Macready, who was the last actor who was allowed to place his feet under its sacred mahogany. Bishops, Judges, litterateurs, statesmen, artists, sculptors, and scientific men of the first rank find a genial home at the Athenæum. Mr. Irving has now been elected where Mr. Walter himself failed to gain admission not more than three years ago.

LORD DUNRAVEN was in the Lobby of the House of Commons on Monday, having marvelously recovered from his "sudden death" in the Western States. His Lordship heard nothing of his demise till he arrived in New York. He was not anywhere near Colorado at the time his death was alleged to have taken place, and surmised that the death was actually that of some person who had been personating him in the States. This he states is so wide a practice in America that he now barely notices it.

At a Conservative election meeting at Taunton Mr. Dawson, of the Oxford University, gave the following impromptu. The Tories when in office were credited with the song, the chorus of which ran:

"We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do,  
We've got the men, we've got the guns,  
And got the money too—"

The Liberal version of the same song was:

"We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do,  
We lose our wits, we lose our men,  
And then for peace we sue."

BLACKFRIARS Bridge is to be embellished with statues. The bridge itself, though its beautiful outline is somewhat eclipsed by the railway bridge running parallel with it, is a fine piece of work, and it will certainly be improved when the statues and designs are erected. The designs for these have now been decided on, and are to represent "The Triumph of the City of London;" "Queen Boadicea;" "India visits England;" "Progress;" "Queen Elizabeth;" and "The Emporium of the World." It would be well if a similar artistic compliment were paid to Westminster Bridge, which is a very noble structure, and which, from its proximity to the Houses of Parliament, is always a spot much frequented by strangers.

THE Meteorological Council has just presented to Parliament an interesting account of the manner in which the registration of sunshine is obtained by the Department. The records consist of lines burnt on cards, of a pale blue tint by the image of the sun formed by a glass sphere and focussed on the card. A single card contains a complete record for a month. The record, however, is not absolutely perfect, for it appears that the heat of the sun is insufficient to make a record for about half-an-hour after sunrise, and for half-an-hour before sunset. The Meteorological Council have it in contemplation to publish, in addition to their present weather reports, records of the weather on a somewhat similar plan, which will admit of exhibiting, on a large quarto page, the entire year's record for two stations.

THE WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

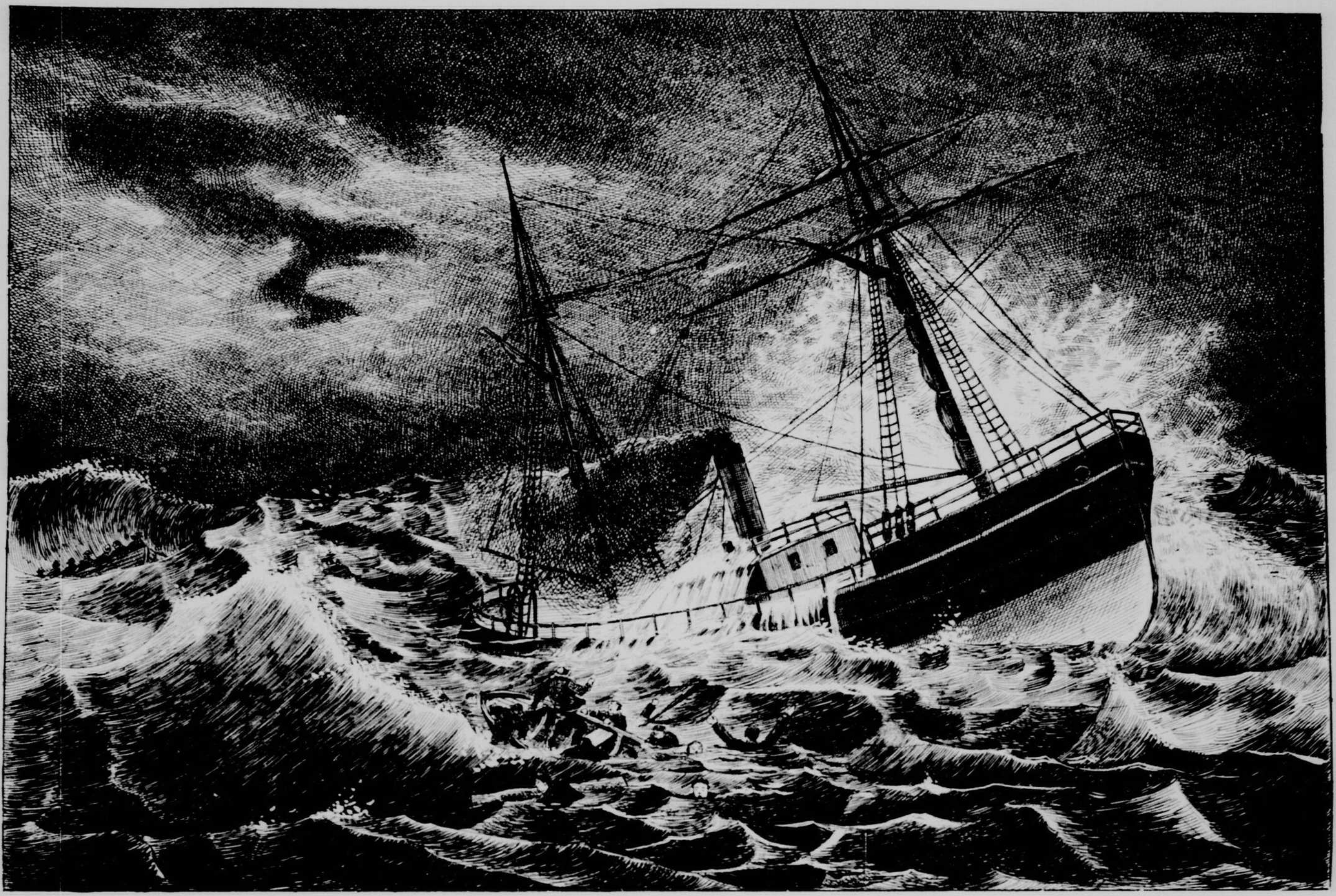
This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

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.

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

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



THE LOSS OF THE S. S. BAHAMA—THE CAPTAIN'S BOAT SWAMPED IN A HEAVY SEA.



EMIGRATION SKETCHES.—ARRIVAL OF A GERMAN EMIGRANT SHIP AT CASTLE GARDEN.

A MARRIAGE HYMN.

By the Author of Chronicles of the Schönberg-cotta Family.

"From henceforth no more twain, but one, Yet ever one through being twain, As self is ever lost and won Through love's own ceaseless loss and gain; And both their full perfection reach, Each growing the full self through each.

Two in all worship, glad and high, All promises to praise and prayer, "Where two are gathered, there am I;"— Gone half the weight from all ye bear, Gained twice the force for all ye do— The ceaseless, sacred church of two.

One in all lowly ministry, One in all priestly sacrifice, Through love which makes all service free, And finds or makes all gifts of price, All love which makes life rich before, Through this great central love grown more.

And so, together journeying on To the great bridal of the Christ, When all the life His love has won To perfect love is sacrificed, And the new song beyond the sun Peaks, "Henceforth no more twain, but one."

And in that perfect marriage day All earth's lost love shall live once more; All lack and loss shall pass away, And all find all not found before; Till all the worlds shall live and glow In that great love's great over-dow.

A FOOT-RACE FOR MONEY.

We make the following extract from the March installment of Edward Eggleston's serial "The Hoosier School-boy," now appearing in St. Nicholas.

Jack, the Hoosier School-boy, has discovered some unencumbered property in Kentucky belonging to Mr. Francis Gray. This he intends to attach for a debt owed his father. His mother having declined an offer of compromise from Tinkham, Gray's lawyer, these latter are discussing the reason of her refusal.

"The've got wind of something," said Mr. Tinkham to Mr. Gray, "or else they are waiting for you to resume payment,—or else the widow's got money from somewhere for her present necessities."

"I don't know what hope they have of getting money out of me," said Gray, with a laugh. "I've tangled every thing up, so that Beal can't find a thing to levy on. I have but one piece of property exposed, and that's not in this State."

"Where is it?" asked Tinkham. "It's in Kentucky, five miles back of Port William. I took it last week in a trade, and I haven't yet made up my mind what to do with it."

"That's the very thing," said Tinkham, with his little face drawn to a point,—the very thing. Mrs. Dudley's son came home from Port William yesterday, where he has been at school. They've heard of that land, I'm afraid; for Mrs. Dudley is very positive that she will not sell the claim at any price."

"I'll make a mortgage to my brother on that land, and send it off from the mail-boat as I go down to-morrow," said Gray.

"That'll be too late," said Tinkham. "Beal will have his judgment recorded as soon as the packet gets there. You'd better go by the packet, get off, and see the mortgage recorded yourself, and then take the mail-boat."

To this, Gray agreed, and the next day, when Jack went on board the packet "Swiftsure," he found Mr. Francis Gray going aboard also. Mr. Beal had warned Jack that he must not let anybody from the packet get to the clerk's office ahead of him,—that the first paper deposited for record would take the land. Jack wondered why Mr. Francis Gray was aboard the packet, which went no farther than Madison, while Mr. Gray's home was in Louisville. He soon guessed, however, that Gray meant to land at Port William, and so to head him off. Jack looked at Mr. Gray's form, made plumply good feeding, and felt safe. He couldn't be very dangerous in a foot-race. Jack reflected with much hopefulness that no boy in school could catch him in a straight away run when he was fox. He would certainly leave the somewhat puffy Mr. Francis Gray behind.

But in the hour's run down the river, including two landings at Minuit's and Craig's, Jack had time to remember that Francis Gray was a cunning man, and might head him off by some trick or other. A vague fear took possession of him, and he resolved to be first off the boat before any pretext could be invented to stop him.

Meantime, Francis Gray had look at Jack's lithe legs with apprehension. "I can never beat that boy," he had reflected. "My running days are over." Finding among the deck passengers a young fellow who looked as though he needed money, Gray approached him with this question: "Do you belong in Port William, young man?"

"I don't belong nowhere else, I reckon," answered the seedy fellow, with shuffling impudence.

"Do you know where the county clerk's office is?" asked Mr. Gray.

"Yes, and the market-house. I can show you the way to the jail, too, if you want to know, but I s'pose you've been there many a time," laughed the "wharf-rat."

Gray was irritated at this rudeness, but he swallowed his anger.

"Would you like to make five dollars?"

"Now you're talkin' interestin' Why did

n't you begin at that end of the subjek? I'd like to make five dollars as well as the next feller, provided it ain't to be made by too much awful hard work."

"Can you run well?"

"If they's money at t'other end of the race I can run like sixty fer a spell. 'Taint my common gait, howsumever."

"If you'll take this paper," said Gray, "and get it to the county clerk's office before anybody else gets there from this boat, I'll give you five dollars."

"Honor bright," asked the chap, taking the paper, drawing a long breath, and looking as though he had discovered a gold mine.

"Honor bright," answered Gray. "You must jump off first of all, for there's a boy aboard that will beat you if he cau. No pay if you don't win."

"Which is the one that'll run ag'in me?" asked the long-legged fellow.

Gray described Jack, and told the young man to go out forward and he would see him. Gray was not willing to be seen with the "wharf-rat," lest suspicions should be awakened in Jack Dudley's mind. But after the shabby young man had gone forward and looked at Jack, he came back with a doubtful air.

"That's Hoosier Jack, as we used to call him," said the shabby young man. "He an' two more used to row a boat across the river every day to go to ole Niles' school. He's a hard one to beat,—they say he used to lay the whole school out on prisoners' base, and that he could leave 'em all behind on fox."

"You think you can't do it, then?" asked Gray.

"Gimme a little start and I reckon I'll fetch it. It's up-hill part of the way and he may lose his wind, for it's a good half-mile. You must make a row with him at the gang-plank, or do somethin' to kinder hold him back. The wind's down stream to-day, and the boat's shore to swing in a little aft. I'll jump for it and you keep him back."

To this Gray assented. The shabby young fellow had predicted, the boat did swing around in the wind, and have some trouble in bringing her bow to the wharf-boat. The captain stood on the hurricane-deck calling to the pilot to "back her," "stop her," "go ahead on her," "go ahead on yer labberd," "and back on yer stabberd." Now, just as the captain was backing the starboard wheel and going ahead around right, Mr. Gray turned on Jack.

"What are you treading on my toes for, you impudent young rascal?" he broke out.

Jack colored and was about to reply sharply, when he caught sight of the shabby young fellow, who just then leaped from the gunwale of the boat amidships and barely reached the wharf. Jack guessed why Gray had tried to irritate him,—he saw that the well-known "wharf-rat" was to be his competitor. But what could he do? The wind held the bow of the boat out, the gang-plank which had been pushed out ready to reach the wharf-boat was still firmly grasped by the deck-hands, and the farther end of it was six feet from the wharf and much above it. It would be ten minutes before any one could leave the boat in the regular way. There was only one chance to defeat the rascally Gray. Jack concluded to take it.

He ran out upon the plank amidst the harsh cries of the deck-hands, who tried to stop him, and the oaths of the mat, who thundered at him, with the stern order of the captain from the upper deck, who called out to him to go back.

But, luckily, the steady polling ahead of the larboard engine, and the backing of the starboard, began just then to bring the boat around, the plank sank down a little under Jack's weight, and Jack made the leap to the wharf, hearing the confused cries, orders, oaths and shouts from behind him, as he pushed through the crowd.

"Stop that thief!" cried Francis Gray to the people on the wharf-boat, but in vain. Jack glided swiftly through the people, and got on shore before anybody could check him. He charged up the hill after the shabby young fellow, who had a decided lead, while some of the men on the wharf-boat pursued them both, uncertain which was the thief. Such another pell-mell race Port William had never seen. Windows flew up and heads went out. Small boys joined the pursuing crowd, and dogs barked indiscriminately and uncertainly at the heels of everybody. There were cries of "Hurrah for Long Ben!" and "Hurrah for Hoosier Jack!" Some of Jack's old school-mates essayed to stop him to find out what it was all about, but he would not relax a muscle, and he had no time to answer any questions. He saw the faces of the people dimly; he heard the crowd crying after him, "Stop thief!" he caught a glimpse of his old teacher, Mr. Niles, regarding him with curiosity as he darted by; he saw an anxious look in Judge Kane's face as he passed him on a street corner. But Jack held his eyes on Long Ben, whom he pursued as a dog does a fox. He had steadily gained on the fellow, but Ben had too much the start, and, unless he should give out, there would be little chance for Jack to overtake him. One thinks quickly in such moments. Jack remembered that there two ways of reaching the county clerk's office. To keep the street around the block was the natural way,—to take an alley through the square was neither longer nor shorter. But by running down the alley he would deprive Long Ben of the spur of seeing his pursuer, and he might even make him think that Jack had given out. Jack had played this trick when playing fox and hounds, and at any

rate he would by this turn shake off the crowd. So into the alley he darted, and the bewildered pursuers, kept on crying "stop thief" after Long Ben, whose reputation was none of the best. Somebody ahead tried to catch the shabby young fellow, and this forced Ben to make a slight curve, which gave Jack the advantage, so that just as Ben neared the office, Jack rounded a corner out of an alley, and entered ahead of him, dashed up to the clerk's desk and deposited the judgment.

"For record," he gasped. The next instant the shabby young fellow pushed forward the mortgage.

"Mine first!" cried Long Ben.

"I'll take yours when I get this entered," said the clerk, quietly, as became a public officer.

"I got here first," said Long Ben.

But the clerk looked at the clock and entered the date on the back of Jack's paper, putting "one o'clock and eighteen minutes" after the date. Then he wrote "one o'clock and nineteen minutes" on the paper which Long Ben handed him. The office was soon crowded with people discussing the result of the race, and a part of them were even now in favor of seizing one or the other of the runners for a theft, which some said had been committed on the packet, and others declared was committed on the wharf-boat. Francis Gray came in, and could not conceal his chagrin.

"I meant to do the fair thing by you," he said to Jack, severely, "but now you'll never get a cent out of me."

"I'd rather have the law on men like you than have a thousand of your sort of fair promises," said Jack.

"I've a mind to strike you," said Gray.

"The Kentucky law is hard on a man who strikes a minor," said Judge Kane, who had entered at that moment.

Mr. Niles came in to learn what was the matter, and Judge Kane, after listening quietly to the talk of the people, until the excitement subsided, took Jack over to his house, whence the boy walked home that evening, full of hopefulness.

Gray's land realized as much as Mr. Beal expected, and Jack studied Latin hard, all summer, so as to get as far ahead as possible by the time school should begin in the autumn.

INDIAN JUGGLING.

A man is now in Calcutta hailing from Delhi, of the name of Burah Khan, who has attained a simply wonderful excellence in the magical art. We ourselves had the pleasure of witnessing some astonishing feats achieved by this man a few days ago at the hospitable residence of the Dutt family, of Wellington Square. We shall mention only one out of several feats performed by Burah Khan and his company, who consist of three females. One of these, a young woman, was tied most securely. Her hands, feet, and body were so fastened that she could only stir, and no more. She was, in fact, deprived entirely of the power to turn her limbs to any use. She was then placed under a conical-shaped cover. People sat close round the skirts of the cloth which had been thrown over the cover. No means of escape was left to the young woman. But yet, after the lapse of five or ten minutes, the cover was removed and the woman was found to have disappeared altogether. When her name, however, was called out by Burah Khan, her voice was heard from the verandah above. This performance took place in the compound of the family residence of our friends, the Dutt, and the verandah is in the lofty second story, forming part of the female apartments. She was there found responding to the call of Burah Khan, to the surprise of everybody present. The woman did not, and could not know the topography of the house. But how she extricated herself and made her way high above to the verandah from within the cover, surprises us to such a degree that we cannot account for the feat on any natural grounds. Even if she was furnished with wings, it is inexplicable how she got out of the cover, unseen and unperceived, except on the supposition that some supernatural agency had been employed. But she herself asserted that she worked the feat by *ilum*. We are sure that, if Burah Khan gives a few performances at the Town Hall in Calcutta, he will draw bumper houses, and astonish the whole Calcutta public, especially the European community. But these people do not unfortunately know how to make money, still less to make themselves acceptable to the European community of the city. Burah Khan holds very valuable certificates from the Prince of Wales, Earl de Grey, the editor of the *Pioneer*, and many European noblemen and gentlemen who have witnessed his feats in different parts of India.—*Indian Mirror*.

A meeting was held at St. James' Palace on Wednesday, presided over by the Prince of Wales, to promote the establishment of a college of music for the British Empire.

MR. GLADSTONE has called a meeting of his supporters to discuss the policy to be pursued relative to the Lord's Committee of Enquiry into the working of the Land Act.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL attempt was made at Windsor Station on Thursday evening to snoot Her Majesty as she was passing from the train to her carriage. The assassin, Roderick MacLean, said he was driven to commit the deed from hunger.

ALBUM VERSES.

I. May no sorrows laden With the care of years, Or the seed of tears, E'er come near thee, maiden.

II. And may Fortune send thee The fairest of her stores, The richest of her ores, And for aye defend thee.

III. May no craft deceive thee, For thy spirit seems Pure as angel's dreams; May angel guards ne'er leave thee.

IV. Should all aid forsake thee, One at least will prove Deep and fervent love, And his idol make thee.

HEARTH AND HOME.

FORGETTING.—We talk of forgetting. As a matter of fact, we never forget anything. An impression made upon the mind remains there for ever. The romance is gone that the young man adored, the illusion has perished that deluded the maiden; but the impress has in each case remained, and will remain beyond any effacing alchemy. Open a long-locked drawer and run your eyes over a letter which you have not read for years, and see how readily the voices of the dead and songs of other years come back to you. In many other ways the impressions of the past are easily reproduced.

COURAGE.—In the average man courage attends good health. Irregular habits, excessive eating and drinking, insufficient sleep, a badly-ventilated dwelling-place, will take the "edge" off of most men, and make them entirely willing to join the army of followers rather than try to be leaders. The man who will get sleep enough, abundant fresh air and exercise, and nourishing food, and will confine himself to habits of sobriety, will find his body expanding, his digestion good, his brain clear, his heart light, and his spirits buoyant; and he will also find himself not disposed to be cast down by trifles, but ever fresh, energetic, hopeful, and courageous.

THE PART OF EACH.—Each can do his part in making virtue and intelligence always and in whatever garb respectable, in making vice, meanness, and hypocrisy always and under whatever gloss disgraceful and disreputable. We can decline to regard or to treat as a respectable man him who lives handsomely at the expense of his creditors, or him who supports a stylish family by oppressing the poor and defenceless, or him who resorts to subterfuges or deceit to keep up an appearance of wealth he does not possess. And we can, on the other hand, give not only the secret homage of our hearts, but every outward token of respect, heartily and openly, to the man who chooses poverty rather than debt, hardship rather than dishonor, and a plain and humble life with sincerity and truth, rather than name and fame and social advancement gained by frauds or shams.

LOVABLE GIRLS.—Girls without an undesirable love of liberty and craze for individualism, girls who will let themselves be guided, girls who have the filial sentiment well developed and who feel the love of a daughter for the woman who acts as their mother, girls who know that every day and all day long cannot be devoted to holiday-making without the intervention of duties more or less irksome, girls who, when they can gather them, accept their roses with frank and girlish sincerity of pleasure, and when they are denied submit without repining to the inevitable hardship of circumstances—these are the girls whose companionship gladdens and does not oppress or distract the old, whose sweetness and ready submission to the reasonable control of authority makes life so pleasant and their charge so light to those whose care they are; these are the girls who become good wives in the future, and, in their turn, wise and understanding mothers, and who have to choose out of many where others are sought of none. The heaven of them keeps society sweet and pure; for, if all English girls were so recalcitrant as some are, men might bid adieu to their cherished ideal, both of woman and home.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is of all earthly unions, almost the only one permitting of no change but that of death. It is that engagement to which man exerts his most awful and solemn power—the power of responsibility which belongs to him as one that shall give account—the power of abnegating the right to change—the power of parting with his freedom—the power of doing that which in this world can never be reversed. And yet it is perhaps that relationship which is spoken of most frivolously and entered into most carelessly and most wantonly. It is not a union merely between two creatures; the intention of the bond is to perfect the nature of both by supplementing their deficiencies with the force of contrast, giving to each sex those excellencies in which it is naturally deficient—to the one strength of character and firmness of moral will, to the other sympathy, meekness, tenderness. And just so solemn and just so glorious as these ends are for which the union was contemplated and intended, just so terrible are the consequences if it be perverted and abused; for there is no earthly relationship which has so much power to ennoble and exalt.

"AH, SI JEUNESSE SAVAIT!"

A. C. GORDON, IN "THE CENTURY" BRIC-A-BRAC.

Had youth but known, some years ago, That freckled-faced small girls could grow In most astounding way...

Had youth but known—my youth, I mean— That you would walk as regnant queen Of hearts in this new day...

Had youth but known the time would come When I should stand, abashed and dumb, With not one word to say...

I little dreamed in those old days Of undeveloped winning ways To wile men's hearts away...

Your pretty nose—ah! there's the rub— I used to laugh at once as "snub," Is now not reticent...

The brief kilt skirt, the legs all bare, The freckled face, the tangled hair— These things are passed away...

You'd plead to be my comrade then, With tearful big brown eyes—Ah, when, My winning, winsome May...

Time turns the tables. It is meet, Doubtless, that I here at your feet, Should feel your scepter's sway...

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. M. J. M., Quebec.—Letter received. Thanks.

The paper warfare which is being carried on between Messrs. Steinitz and Zukertort at the present time is one of those things which we would like to see banished from chess altogether.

A good fight over the board, even if it should lead to defeat, is all the fighting chessplayers ought naturally to look for, and this can be had without any ill-tempered, irritating remarks on either side.

Messrs. Steinitz and Zukertort have acquired so much renown by their talents, that the chess world would much rather know that they were engaged in a contest, which would result in the production of useful specimens of their skill, than that their time was being wasted on unnecessary wrangling.

Of the three well-known chessplayers whose deaths have been recently noticed in the chess journals of the day, Mr. Boden seems to have been the most distinguished.

The other two, Mr. Burden and Mr. Janssens, were, however, according to all accounts, well known to the frequenters of the great chess resorts of London as very strong players.

In opposition to the opinion of Monk Delannoy, who strives to show that the royal game is conducive to longevity, each of the three above mentioned players died at a comparatively early age, Mr. Boden being 55, Mr. Burden 52 and Mr. Janssens 59.

We publish in our Column today a game of chess played recently in London, Eng., between the Rev. W. Wayte and Mr. A. P. Barnes.

Mr. Barnes in his journey from the United States to England passed through Montreal and Quebec, and visited the chess club of each of these cities. The off-hand games he contested with several of the members of these clubs are no doubt still fresh in the minds of these gentlemen, and we imagine that they will feel some gratification in seeing a specimen of Mr. Barnes' play with one of the magnates of the great metropolis.

NEW ZEALAND.—The handicap tourney at the Wellington Chess Club terminated in favour of the well-known English player and problemist, Mr. C. W. Benson; the second prize taker being Mr. Anderson.

The annual meeting of the Canterbury Chess Club was held on 4th October, the President, Mr. H. J. Tancer, occupying the chair. The report showed the club mustered forty-five members, the average attendance being twelve. Two tourneys had been played by members during the year, and a third was in progress. The accounts showed a balance in hand of £13 18s. 8d. Mr. D. R. Hay, formerly the chess champion of Dunedin, is now residing in Christchurch.

A chess club, numbering twenty members, has been formed in Kalapoi, in Canterbury. A match between the chess clubs of Leithfield and Christchurch was arranged to come off on the same evening.—Chessplayers' Chronicle.

La Vie Moderne, a beautifully-illustrated journal, has just started a chess column under the editorship of M. Rosenthal. It contains games carefully, but never tediously, annotated, problems by the best composers, and news of the fullest and freshest nature.—Dramatic News.

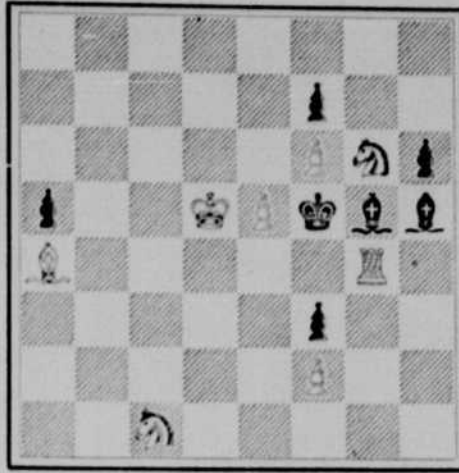
The third annual meeting of the Ontario Chess Association was announced to begin yesterday in Guelph and closing to-day. Ontario has over twenty chess clubs, the strongest being those of Toronto, Hamilton and Guelph.—Cincinnati Commercial, Feb. 13.

From the Quebec Chronicle we learn that the chess match by telegraph between the Toronto and Quebec Chess Clubs began on Saturday, February 26th, at 8 a.m. Twelve players were chosen on each side. All the games were adjourned at midnight. Play will be resumed on Saturday, March 4th, when several games will, very likely, be brought to a close.

PROBLEM No. 371.

By G. C. Heywood.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 369.

White. Black. 1. K to Q 8. 1. Any 2. Mates acc.

GAME 499TH.

(From Land and Water.)

CHESS IN LONDON.

One of two games played recently at the Divan, between the Rev. W. Wayte and Mr. A. P. Barnes, who, as we have mentioned on previous occasions, is not only a most able player, but the best analyst American Chess possesses.

(Sicilian Defence.)

White.—(Mr. Wayte.) Black.—(Mr. Barnes.)

- 1. P to K 4. 1. P to Q B 4. 2. Kt to K B 3. 2. P to K 3. 3. K to Q B 3. 3. P to Q R 3. 4. P to Q 4. 4. P takes P. 5. Kt takes P. 5. Kt to Q B 3. 6. B to K 2. 6. B to K 5 (a). 7. Castles (b). 7. B takes Kt. 8. P takes B. 8. K Kt to K 2. 9. P to Q R 4. 9. P to K 4 (c). 10. Kt takes Kt. 10. Q P takes Kt. 11. K takes Q. 11. K takes Q. 12. B to R 3. 12. B to K 3. 13. K R to Q sq ch (d). 13. K to K sq. 14. P to Q B 4 (f). 14. R to Q 3. 15. R takes B ch. 15. K takes R. 16. R to Kt sq. 16. B to B sq. 17. R to Q sq ch. 17. K to K sq. 18. B to Q 6. 18. P to B 3. 19. P to B 7. 19. K to B 2. 20. P to B 5. 20. R to K sq (g). 21. B to B 4 ch. 21. K to Kt 3. 22. R to Q 3 (h). 22. P to R 3 (i). 23. K to B sq (j). 23. K to R 2. 24. B to Q 6. 24. Kt to Kt 3. 25. B to K B 7. 25. R to Q sq. 26. B takes Kt ch. 26. K takes B.

Drawn game (k)

NOTES.—(Condensed.)

- (a) Black has no very satisfactory move here. 6 Kt to B 3, 7 Kt takes Kt, Kt P takes Kt, 8 P to K 5, Kt to Q 4, though considered theoretically tenable, does not yield a feeling of peace and comfort. 6 B to K 2 means a retarded development, while 6 P to K Kt 3 imparts weakness. 6 K Kt to K 2 is liable to both charges. (b) Very much better than 7 Q to Q 3, which last named move seems indeed rather destitute of point. (c) Against the principle of the opening somewhat, and it also implies the abandonment of castling. However, there is this to be said, that simplifications give the best chance of drawing in inferior positions. (d) 11 B to R 3 would be also good. (e) 13 P to R 5 would give White a tranquil advantage. (f) P to R 5 has still claims. Nevertheless the text move, and indeed Mr. Wayte's whole line of play about here, has a direct purpose, looking far ahead, and creating a position of much embarrassment for Black. (g) A natural looking move, such as anyone might make at first sight, but it should cost him the game if continued as intended, by 21 K to Kt 3, while obviously unsatisfactory with 21 K to B sq, or 21 B to K 3. The correct play is 20 P to R 3, 21 B to B ch, K to Kt 3, 22 R to Q 5, K to R 2, and we doubt there being more than a draw for White. (h) Mr. Wayte points out the win he had here, viz., 22 R to Q 8. The position, as it up thereby presents a most remarkable appearance. Black might then at once resign. (i) Leaving the above said win still on. Both parties are evidently engrossed by the same line of play. Possibly Black saves the game by the second oversight, for 22 Kt to Kt sq is not a very reassuring res. ure. (j) As last note implies, R to Q 8 would win. Even results are now to be expected. (k) The companion game between the same players was also drawn.



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MARCH, 1882.

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	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS
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Arrive at Ottawa.....	7.55 a.m.	1.20 p.m.	9.50 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga.....	10.00 p.m.	8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.45 a.m.	1.00 p.m.	9.45 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	6.40 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 a.m.	9.50 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	5.20 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.....	6.00 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.....	6.20 a.m.	—	—
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