

CANADIAN Illustrated News

VOL. XXV.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1882.

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NOVEMBER, 1875.—THE REV. G.—N L.—G. Loquitur.—They have Numbers on their side, Sir, but they shall not keep those treasures. The strong arm of the law will give them back to us, or I am much mistaken.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND TEMPORALITIES FUND. A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

[The above Cartoon appeared under the title of "The Presbyterian Temporalities" in the Canadian Illustrated News of November 20th, 1875.]

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

NOTICE.

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

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Feb. 5th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 28°	6°	17°	Mon.. 6°	-8°	1°
Tues.. 31°	20°	25°	Tues.. 9°	-6°	1° 5
Wed.. 27°	14°	20° 5	Wed.. 8°	-8°	0°
Thurs.. 37°	16°	26° 5	Thurs.. 2°	-15°	-8° 5
Fri.. 23°	11°	17°	Fri.. 10°	-6°	2°
Sat.. 8°	-5°	1° 5	Sat.. 22°	8°	15°
Sun.. 14°	2°	8°	Sun.. 20°	2°	11°

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

A few weeks before the close of last year we addressed an appeal to those of our subscribers who consider that the fact of their having ordered the paper to be sent to them does not impose upon them any corresponding obligation to pay for it, requesting them to change their opinions upon that subject and forward us without delay the amount of their subscriptions in arrears.

It is an old story, but one it seems that must be repeated until it is taken to heart, that no newspaper can possibly continue long without prompt remittances on the part of its subscribers. We have every week to meet large expenses incident upon the publication of an illustrated paper, and we need large sums of money for this purpose, for which we not unnaturally look to those who owe us money. It is not fair or reasonable to suppose that in addition to the expense of supplying the paper we should be put to the inconvenience and cost of collecting small amounts throughout the country.

Our recent appeal has been only partially successful, and while we thank those who have promptly responded to it, it becomes necessary to warn those who are still in arrears that it will shortly become necessary to discontinue sending the paper to all persons who have not settled for their subscriptions of the past year. This step has become imperative, and we trust that those who wish to continue upon our subscription list will see the propriety of promptly settling their accounts.

This notice is not intended otherwise than as the announcement of a disagreeable necessity,—the impossibility of our going to the expense of supplying the paper to those who will not pay for it. We feel that, as the only Canadian illustrated literary paper, we have claims upon our subscribers which their patriotism should lead them to recognize, and we hope that we shall not be disappointed in our expectations of support from those who owe it doubly to encourage and pay for the paper.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 11th, 1882.

THE WEEK.

THE question of women's rights is again being brought rather prominently before the public. The ladies have, indeed on this continent, experienced of late years very little difficulty in filling many positions which were formerly monopolized by men. We have lawyers and physicians, and clerks by the score, and last week we heard of the appointment of two lady lay readers by a certain Bishop in Minnesota. Nor is that all. ANNA DICKINSON, the actress, appeared in Rochester, a few days since, in the rôle of "Hamlet," a character hitherto (mainly, we should suppose, on "Ophelia's" account) invariably represented by a male creature. After this who shall say but that "the ways of women are wonderful."

The subject has been discussed lately mainly upon the question of the retention of female clerks in the London Post Office, which the *Court Journal* describes as having become "one of the greatest evils of the day." Many and specious are the arguments urged for and against. We are reminded that the women of to-day are placed by the laws on an equality, as regards the commission of crime, of which fact they avail themselves by getting imprisoned and otherwise dealt with as the law directs. In the ancient *regime* the proof given by the revolutionary *sans culottes* of the gallantry of Frenchmen was the fact of the condemnation to the guillotine of women as well as men. This feeling has certainly been satisfied of late in Ireland—for do we not see the ladies of the Land League carried off in batches to prison for all the world like gangs of coiners? And we have ladies brought before the magistrates, condemned without any extenuating circumstances founded on the weakness of their sex, to the full penalty for libel, for shop-lifting, and for every other small offence for which "their small capacity," according to Brantôme, has fitted them. We have, to be sure, female forgers, and even a female burglar. Indeed, we make no doubt that should the ladies take to this latter profession their proverbial delicacy of manipulation would enable them to leave their male competitors far behind. All this, however, is not in disparagement of the Post Office scheme, which has worked admirably, and which we should be indeed most sorry to see dropped.

WHILE the Marriage Law Reform Association are making strenuous efforts for the abolition of the restrictions at present in force against marriage with a deceased wife's sister, the party in England in favor of the movement have lost a powerful ally by the death of Mr. SYKES THORNTON. It appears now, from an investigation of his books, that he spent little short of a million of money during his life towards the furtherance of that end, he himself having anticipated the passing of such an Act by his second marriage. We expressed some time since, in a somewhat lengthy article, our own views on this much debated question, to which we refer such of our readers as take any interest in this matter.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Last year, when the daily papers were loud in their unreserved praise of the doings of the Society under Mr. COUTURE's direction, we were obliged, in all honesty, to point out many defects in its performance. It is the province of musical criticism unfortunately to find fault. Its reward is invariably to make enemies and arouse ill-feeling. Such was, to a small degree, the case last year.

Nevertheless, in writing of the Society's last concert, we expressed the belief that a great improvement was already apparent,

and that work alone, aided by a judicious selection of music within the grasp of the chorus—with perhaps the slaying of one or two members of the orchestra—was all that was needed to bring the chorus into a very different position musically from that which it then occupied.

We do not flatter ourselves that our criticism, however correct, had any direct influence upon the Society's movements. Nevertheless just what we pointed out as needful has been done, and as the result, we have to record a complete success at the concert of last Thursday. We have no hesitation in saying that the chorus, under Mr. COUTURE, sang on Thursday as they have never done before, but as we sincerely hope they will often do again.

The performance consisted of MENDELSSOHN'S 42nd Psalm, in which the Society was seen at its best, so much so that it seemed almost a pity that the two parts of the programme were not transposed. The chorus worked most steadily throughout, and Mr. COUTURE's conducting, with the single exception of the last chorus, which he begins to work up a little too soon, was most admirable.

A great element of strength was the use of the organ for the first time at the Society's concerts. Unfortunately this was less assistance than it should have been, owing to an unfortunate change of organist at the eleventh hour. Still, its effect can hardly be overrated, and without it, once or twice the orchestra would have dragged terribly. The absence of brass, too, was a great boon to many of us, and the orchestra, with this element omitted, and the organ to help them, surprised us all. Mrs. Rockwood was the soloist, and sang with her usual taste, though her voice was a little slight for the work.

The "Oratorio de Noël" of Saint-Saëns completed the programme (with the addition of a couple of songs from Mr. REID-TAYLOR between the parts, which call for no special mention). It is impossible to criticize in detail the performance of this work, the feature of which, perhaps, was the very remarkable playing of the piano accompaniments to the solos by Miss MULLER, especially that to the "Tecum principium." Of the chorus, when we have nothing to say, it is to say that there were no noticeable faults. The Philharmonic has made a great stride, and we are proud and happy to be able to record it. Go on and prosper, ladies and gentlemen, and may your next concert be even better than this your first.

LITERATURE FOR BOYS.

The old-fashioned stories which the unhappy boys of the last generation read have been succeeded by the manly and fascinating criminal novel. In the old story-books it was assumed that truthfulness, honesty, and obedience to parents were virtues, and that the Christian religion was not wholly devoid of merit. If these views were not directly taught in the juvenile literature of our fathers, at all events they were never directly or indirectly attacked. Boys could learn nothing from their story-books except preposterous platitudes—nothing that was of any practical use, or that tended to develop in them manly and brilliant traits. No such complaint can be made of the dime and half-dime novels of the criminal school which are now read by all our boys, either openly or secretly. In these delightful stories new forms of profanity and slang are taught in the most effective way. The pleasures of burglary and highway robbery, the manliness of gambling and fighting, and the heroism of successful lying, are set forth in what is regarded by youthful readers as glowing eloquence; while the great truths that all parents are tyrants, that all religious people are hypocrites, and that disobedience to fathers and teachers is obedience to the nobler instincts of juvenile nature, are sedulously taught. Such stories as these develop all that is manly and lawless in our boys, and teach them lessons that can not fail to be of immense service to them in whatever criminal career they may adopt.

There are a few old-fashioned people who denounce the new juvenile literature in unsparring terms; but that nearly all fathers approve of it is self-evident. They know that their boys are reading novels illustrative of the excellence of crime, but they make no effort to suppress that sort of literature, as they certainly would do did they disapprove of it. Nothing would be simpler than to drive those novels out of existence. All that it would be necessary to do would be to "Boycott" the news-dealers who keep them for sale. The truth evidently is that fathers either do not care what their boys read, or that they have no fault to find with *Jack Harkaway* and

the *Boy Burglars*. It cannot be that respectable gentlemen who dislike crime, profanity, and vulgarity willfully refuse to know what their boys are reading, or weakly hope that by some happy chance their reading will do them no harm.—W. L. ALDEN, in *Harper's*.

LOCAL CRITICISMS.

I have often been greatly amused at the concert reports which appear from time to time in local newspapers. It seems to me that the unfortunate reporter must have a hard time of it, and especially so, when any entertainment is given by residents of his particular town. Even should he be capable of criticising a concert (which is seldom the case), he has no chance to display his ability; he must praise everybody, good, bad, and indifferent, or bring down upon his devoted head a perfect storm of abuse and ill-nature, perhaps even the loss of his situation. People won't hear the truth in these cases, and if they do hear it, they don't believe it; for who so vain as the amateur musician who is thought by his admiring friends to be "so talented;" but who, in reality, hardly knows his notes, and scarcely ever, his time.

I know a gentleman who was once asked to write a criticism on a local concert; he was a good judge, conscientious withal, so he told the truth, sparing no one; but he was never requested to perform the like favor again.

Some of the expressions made use of in these local reports are remarkable for their ignorance and absurdity. For instance, "Mr. A's song was in good time;" "The style in which Miss B rendered her number elicited a hearty encore;" "The rendition (a favorite expression) of the piano duet by the Misses C was very skilful and well in time;" "Mr. D next gave the well-known song," etc., "in his usual voice," (alas, it was often better had Mr. D sung in his unusual voice, methinks); "Mr. E, always so great a favorite, next appeared in violin solo, and showed himself a perfect master of his instrument"—in this case you may be quite sure that Mr. E never has and never will master his special instrument so long as he draws breath. Now, here is a sentence which is a tremendous hit, and the man who invented it is a benefactor to his brother reporters: "Where all did so well it is needless to particularize." If people would only content themselves with this amount of praise, how easy for those amongst the audience who did not enjoy the "well-doing" of the vocalists, to substitute, in their own minds, "Where all did so badly," etc., etc. Some criticisms are immense, such as, "The quartet by . . . was a perfect gem, the deep basso of Mr. F rolling forth like the thunders of Niagara, while the clear soprano of Mrs. G seemed like glancing flashes of vivid lightning!" This is neither exaggeration nor hearsay. I read it myself some time ago, and many a laugh have I had over it. One aggravating feature in this sort of reporting is, that when a good thing really comes in the way, there is no distinction in the criticism. In fact, the praises are, if anything, rather fainter than those given to the "local talent"—another very favorite expression, by-the-bye.

Writing of a well-known German violinist, whose playing is remarkable for energy—sometimes, even, at the expense of perfect accuracy—but who is, nevertheless, a really fine player—I read the following review: "With a little more fire, Mr. H might rank amongst the heads of his profession!" I told an accomplished brother musician of his of this criticism, and he replied, with a hearty laugh, "Why, H. nearly tore himself to pieces with his energetic playing."

A lady friend of mine, a first-rate pianist, played at a local concert Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso." It was thus reviewed: "Miss J. played, in a pleasing manner, that beautiful piece, 'The Song without Words!'"

A young vocalist (I think from Boston), who had a really beautiful voice and pure style of singing, far superior to anything that had been heard for many a long day in the town where she sang, was thus patronizingly noticed: "Miss L. sang very pleasingly; with more cultivation and experience she may attain a good position," etc., etc. Now, if a "local talent" had wailed forth a touching melody, or screeched an Italian scena (not one word of which she understood), she would probably have been described as follows: "The town has cause to be proud of such a singer as Mrs. M., who can favorably compare with many a first-class professional vocalist. Whenever this lady appears she may be sure of a cordial reception."

I might go on quoting for all time, but I desist, and hope no indignant local reporter will challenge me to mortal combat, for I won't fight.

GRETCHEN.

LORD RONALD GOWER has forwarded to the Crystal Palace his masterpiece, the Shakespearean monument which was first shown in the Salon at Paris. The bust of Shakespeare, which forms the central object, is admirably executed, and the figures of Tragedy and Comedy, which present him the trophies of dramatic success, are very happily conceived. The plinth on which these figures are grouped is guarded by four Shakespearean characters—Hamlet, Falstaff, Lady Macbeth and Prince Hal. Of the four, Lady Macbeth and Hamlet are the best; but the whole work is a decided success.

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL.

Ottawa, February 3rd, 1882.

With the approach of the session Ottawa springs into social life. Rideau Hall has opened the season with a skating party, and the Russell House has been "inaugurated" by a dinner and a dance.

The dinner was of a private nature, invitations having been issued to some fifty friends of the Minister of Public Works; no speeches were made, the only health drunk being that of the Queen.

Last night, under the auspices of Col. Ross, intelligently assisted by the officers of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, was given the first public ball this winter. It went off smoothly and to everyone's satisfaction; everything pleased, even "the softly tinted walls, thank goodness not aesthetic in their hues." I am quoting a local scribe who is evidently not a lover of the beautiful. What is more to the purpose, is that the walls were not decorated with "flowers," dancing men being in full force.

One young lady attracted favorable notice by her dress of pale blue satin; her make-up vividly brought to mind Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Little Mischief," who seemed to have stepped bodily out of her frame into the ball-room. At three a.m., a spur and enough tulle, muslin, etc., to dress a bevy of dolls remained to show that there had been a dance.

We are promised a host of American visitors desirous of enjoying the hospitality of Government House. Anent these, the *Herald* informs us that these good folks are coming to "melt the frigidity of the Vice-royal Court" and "introduce Republican refinement," for which we are truly thankful.

By next week, I shall have materials for a longer, and I trust more interesting letter.

C. E. R.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE cartoon on the front page marks a remarkable fulfilment of a prophecy made 6 years ago. We have reproduced the cartoon exactly as it appeared in November, 1875, and we leave our readers to trace the fulfilment in the recent decision of the Courts.

ANOTHER of Mr. Henderson's charming landscape photographs furnished our artist with the motif of the illustration entitled "A Shanty on Rouge River," Ottawa River.

THE lacrosse match on ice is an amusement which so far as we know has been tried this season for the first time, and is represented pictorially by our artist on another page.

THE illustration on page 84 represents the first fancy dress skating carnival of the season held in Halifax, (N.S.) on the evening of January 15th. Although the number of skaters was not as large or the costumes so good as last year, the thousands of spectators who crowded Messrs. Sarres' rink greatly enjoyed themselves. Music was furnished by the bands of the 101st Royal Munster Fusiliers and the 63rd Rifles.

THE BLIND MINSTREL AND HIS DAUGHTER.

A romantic interest, since the time of Homer if not before, has always belonged to the figure of a blind minstrel, or singer, who may be poet; and, if he be accompanied by a young girl, with any sort of musical instrument—harp, guitar, or accordion—we have sixpence ready for the tuneless couple, wherever we chance to meet them. Fancy has great power, in certain moods, to exalt the seeming character of strangers thus unexpectedly encountered; and supposing, as we charitably may, that the maiden is really this old man's dutiful child, our sympathies are touched by their situation, in the wandering life that they lead. We imagine their dependence on one another, and their fidelity to each other; till we wonder how the minstrel would fare by himself, if she were seized and carried away by the minions of a wicked Baron to yonder Castle on the hill. Would she continue to play the accordion, at the window of her cell high up in the western tower? And then, would the blind old father hear it, groping at night in the moat around the Castle walls, in peril of being shot with an arquebuss; and so would he respond with the vocal part, singing a plaintive ditty of their distant native land? Would they speak to one another, or pass letters up and down with a string, and devise means for her escape with a rope-ladder? Would they consent to be aided by the gallant and chivalrous Knight ("which his name perhaps is X") who accosted them yesterday, and who generously gave them sixpence? Ah, and then, wouldn't the gallant Knight have a regular set-to with the wicked Baron, and stick him through with a lance or a rapier, and give his carcass to the rats and mice and black-beetles? And wouldn't we take possession of the Castle, and get it repaired, decorated, and furnished in the most fashionable style, that we might dwell there in the height of chivalry, taking to wife the modest lovely musician, who would prove to be of noble birth? Her father, no longer a poor outcast and peripatetic vocalist, would be relieved from exile, and would be restored to his ancestral title and estate. He is the patriotic Count Bawler,

of Middle-pumpkin, whose unjust and tyrannical Prince, since deceased, drove him out of the country, having first put out his eyes with red-hot crochet-needles. The romance is brought to a happy and glorious consummation in about five minutes, while the dirty old impostor finishes his twaddling performance. But "here, my girl," we say, "I'll give you twopence more; and I hope your shoes are all right, or it will be cold for your feet, sitting there so long in the snow."

THE LATE HARRISON AINSWORTH.

The death of this gentleman, in his seventy-seventh year, was announced last week. He was a native of Manchester; and it is not many weeks since he was entertained with a complimentary dinner, presided over by the Mayor of that city, and attended by many admirers of his literary talent and of his social character. Wm. Harrison Ainsworth, the eldest son of a Manchester attorney, was educated in the Manchester Grammar School, and was articled to his father's profession in his youth. But, at a very early age, he wrote, and determined to devote himself to literature. In 1834 appeared the first of his more popular novels, "Rookwood," in which the highwayman Dick Turpin makes a conspicuous figure. Its success was very great, owing in great measure to the spirit with which the famous ride to York was described. He then turned his attention to Jack Sheppard; and at the beginning of 1839 the first number of his novel relating to that notorious burglar appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*. "Jack Sheppard" was read with avidity by the vulgar and silly; and several different versions of it were played on the stage, one of them, an opera, with Mr. Rodwell's spirited and pretty music. The illustrative sketches contributed to the story by George Cruikshank did something to increase this popularity. But the voice of criticism was not silent in regard to the deleterious effect which such tales might produce; and Mr. Ainsworth having reason to fear that "Rookwood" and "Jack Sheppard" might serve as a stimulus to crime, abandoned what had come to be known as the robber school of romance. In 1840 he succeeded Dickens as editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, but retired from the post at the end of the following year, to establish the magazine issued under his own name. In 1845 he became proprietor and editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Meanwhile he had begun that long series of historical romances, on which his fame chiefly rests—"Crichton," "Guy Fawkes," "Old St. Paul's," "The Miser's Daughter," "Windsor Castle," "St. James's," "Lancashire Witches," "The Star Chamber," "Flitch of Bacon," "Ovingdean Grange," "The Constable of the Tower," "The Lord Mayor of London," "Cardinal Pole," "John Law," and other stories of past times in England. In 1854, Mr. Ainsworth became the proprietor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, in which one of his sketches, "The Spendthrift," was originally published. He had also considerable talent as a writer of verse. In early life, under the nom de plume of "Chevot Tichebourne," he brought out a volume of songs, dedicating them to Charles Lamb. Many pieces in verse are scattered over his prose with excellent effect; but the best proof of his poetical gifts is to be found in his "Combat of the Thirty," founded upon the old Breton legend. Mr. Ainsworth married a daughter of Mr. Ebers, the publisher, and was at one time connected with the publishing trade.

The portrait is from a photograph taken about ten or twelve years since, by the London Stereoscopic Company.

BONAPARTE AND WHAT HE ATE.

That which probably prevented Bonaparte from becoming a gourmand was the idea which constantly pursued him that that toward thirty-five or forty he would become obese. Far from having enriched the gastronomic repertoire, one dish only is due to him among all his victories—the *poulet à la Marengo*. The historic *poulet* was first fried in oil, owing to Napoleon's cook being for the moment short of butter. He drank very little wine, always Bordeaux or Burgundy; he, however, preferred the latter, and Chamberlain above all other growths. After breakfast, as after dinner, he took a cup of coffee. He was irregular with his meals, ate fast and badly; but therein was perceptible that absolute will which he brought to everything; so soon as appetite made itself felt, it must be satisfied, and his table service was so appointed that anywhere, or at any hour, he could find a fowl, entree, and coffee ready for him. He breakfasted in his bedroom at ten o'clock, inviting almost always those who happened to be near him. Bourrienne, his secretary, during the four or five years he was with him, never saw him partake of more than two dishes at a meal. One day the Emperor asked why his table was never served with *crepinettes de cochon* (a ragout made of hashed meat mixed with morsels or fringes of pork.) Dunand, the Emperor's *maitre d'hôtel*, remained for an instant staggered by the question, and replied, "Sure, that which is indigestible is not gastronomic." An officer present added, "Your Majesty cannot eat crepinettes and work immediately afterward." "Bah! bah! idle tales; I shall work for all that." "Sir," Dunand then said, "your Majesty shall be obeyed at breakfast to-morrow." And next day the head *maitre d'hôtel* of the Tuileries served up the required dish, only that the crepinettes were made with slices of partridge, a difference unperceived by the Emperor, who ate with great relish. "Your

dish is excellent, and I compliment you upon it." Napoleon, when campaigning, frequently mounted on horseback early in the morning and remained in the saddle throughout the day. Care was then taken to place in one of his holsters bread and wine, and in the other a roast fowl. He generally shared his provisions with one of his officers still worse provided than himself.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

SOME MORE.

The mantle of Oliver Twist has descended! This time, it is not for pudding, but for Wilde! Our subscribing correspondents, are converted into critics.

"But after all, you did not tell us much in last *Quiz* what Oscar Wilde chatted about. Didn't he say anything more?"

Our attentive readers, and critical correspondents ignore that editors have to "condense." To be sure Mr. Wilde *did* talk about more than beauty and fashion—the aesthetic school and its priestess—America and Western Ozone. He talked of some people that he loved, "dearly" he said, and these people are little children.

(A man can't go permanently astray who loves little children.)

We were talking of flowers, and their healthy influence every day in the home, above all, in the sick-room. Mr. Wilde has spent a great deal of his leisure time in visiting children's hospitals, he loved to take the little sufferers flowers, and he bore earnest testimony to the power that flowers have to cheer the tired spirit and rest the weary eyes—and give respite from the plain square white—one could almost say too white—look of the hospital-ward.

All the members of the flower-missions have the same experience, and if our correspondents will turn to the pages of *Quiz*, of some months ago, they will read the heart of the matter, very sweetly and nobly expressed by one of our contributors, a lady, who has as much practical knowledge of flower missions, and their true power, as any woman in the country. This article was widely copied, and I mention the fact because the parts of it most commented upon, were sentiments so perfectly in accord with Mr. Wilde's expressions.

"One hears," said Mr. Wilde, "the sweetest things in the world said by children. One day, I was taking a lady friend a large bunch of great red lilies, (we have beautiful, rich, red lilies in England; they would never do for a lady to wear, but they are splendid in decoration), and a pretty little girl stopped me, one of the dirty, little street children, very pretty though, saying:

"Lor, Mister, how rich you are!"

I thought it was such a beautiful thing to have said, and a thought so true, that there is so much that we have, so much real wealth in flowers.

Some of the critical correspondents are desirous to know what L. meant by saying Mr. Wilde "said out" that which others have not the courage to say.

Briefly, a great deal: few of us have the courage to run the risk of ridicule, by being well—eccentric enough for a strong stand for what we know is right and proper—but is not usual or customary.

The mission of genius on earth—to uplift. Purify and redeem by its own gracious gift. The world, in spite of the world's dull endeavour To drag down and degrade, and oppose it forever. The mission of genius—to watch and to wait, To renew, to redeem, and regenerate.

But my corresponding critics are saying: "Now you are quoting Owen Meredith—and is Mr. Wilde, the first man in whom this thought has blossomed?"

Certainly not; not by a century; he is simply a popularizer of beauty. Suppose we look about and see if we are such perfect joys forever that we need no preachers in our streets, our homes, to our men and our women—and, oh, Plutarch! our business lives—here in this very country where politics is a trade, statesmanship gambling—and the greed of money—got-any-how—a leprosy.

This very day men blush if they are found doing a sweet, pure kindness to a fellow creature. From modesty! Not a bit of it, because they think it feminine. (So it is, thank God.) A man who has his conception of beauty fully developed, will never degenerate into a mere house-tyrant. He need not be "too, too" "utter," or "intense" as we love chaff now-a-days; he need not roll up his eyes, in ecstasy at the sight of a yellow-crowed flower on a square or lined crash—but he may feel warmed to the very cockles of his heart, when he sees a youth showing promise of genius—let that promise be ever so crude or bizarre.

Beauty means something more than crewel-work and chromos. If Mr. Wilde only sets a few of the people thinking, will he not have done something?

THE annual meeting *Quiz* of the shareholders of the Burland Lithographic Company was held last Wednesday, the 1st inst., at No. 5 Bleury street, Montreal, the President, Mr. G. B. Burland, in the chair. The report presented by the Secretary showed a very prosperous condition of the company's affairs, with prospects of a steadily increasing business during the coming season. The Board of Directors and officers of the Company were re-elected without change for the ensuing year. During the past year the Company has declared two dividends of 4 per cent. each.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

AN American hotel, on a grand scale, is about to be built in Paris.

THE latest freak in fash is a sort of frame-work filled with natural flowers so as to form a sort of flat bouquet.

A MARRIAGE is arranged between Count Camillo P.cci, a nephew of the Pope, and the daughter of the Marchese Giulio Merighi, an enterprising Italian financier.

IN view of the *Bals de l'Opera* the famous cabaret du Lyon d'Or is adding two more saloons to the sumptuous accommodations so well-known to the *gourmets* of every nationality.

THERE are complaints on the part of the members of the orchestra of the Paris Opera at their scanty salary. It will hardly be believed that the sum they received for a whole year's engagement is from £80 to £120.

THE circulation of camels is prohibited in the streets of Paris. Of late several persons had used camels, surmounted by a kiosk and led by a negro, for advertising purposes. The phenomenon attracted attention, but it frightened the horses. The ingenious persons referred to have immediately replaced the camels by donkeys.

THE *Parisian* says that the modern tendency is to latten everything. Forty years ago people used to dine in Paris at half-past five o'clock. Now-a-days you cannot dine at half-past five unless you go to an *établissement* Duval, and you cannot call that dining. The restaurants will not feed customers before six o'clock, and if you dine in society, *en ville* as the phrase runs, you must not expect the soup before half-seven at the earliest. The theatres begin later and later every year. Take the life of a fashionable Parisienne of to-day. She rarely goes to bed before two or three in the morning. During the months of April, May and June, she will be seen galloping in the Bois between nine and ten, fresh as a rose. When does she sleep? If you ask her she will reply, "In the autumn down in the country. The men pass the day shooting; when they come home they are tired and hungry; after dinner they go to bed. Then we women, what can we do? We go to bed too. That is what is called chateau life, *la vie du chateau* c'est mortel, mais reposant."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

GUITEAU was sentenced on Saturday to be hanged.

THE Pope is about to create a Papal Delegate to America.

THE British steamer *Kosmo* has foundered in the Black Sea.

ANOTHER outbreak of yellow fever is reported in Senegal.

THE steamship *City of Limerick* is a week overdue at London.

THE Commercial Elevator in Buffalo was destroyed by fire on Friday.

A WOMAN awaiting trial in Moscow with a great batch of Nihilists has gone mad.

THE billiard match in Paris between Slosson and Vigneaux was won by the former.

SERIOUS collisions are feared between the military and townspeople of Limerick.

IT is feared that 600 fishermen perished at Astrakhan, St. Petersburg, in a terrific gale.

MR. A. M. SULLIVAN has definitely resigned his seat in the Imperial House of Commons for Meath.

THE Government has given a large order for repeating rifles for the army to an Austrian manufacturer.

THE ball given by the Count Sesmaisons, French Consul-General, in Quebec, last Monday, was a grand affair.

THE Bank of England's Directors to-day decided to raise bank rate to 7 per cent. if further withdrawals are threatened.

DR. GRIFFITHS, an employee of the Railways and Canals Department at Ottawa, has been arrested on a charge of bigamy.

SEVEN men belonging to the British ship *Milton*, burned at sea on December 22, were picked up starving on January 15, and have been brought to San Francisco.

EMACIATED, haggard victims of a cough recover health, spirits and flesh, if they are but sensible enough to adopt a remedy which the popular voice, backed by professional opinion, pronounces reliable. Tranquility to inflamed and harassed lungs, vigor to depleted and emaciated frames, quietude and strength to an unrestful and debilitated nervous system, are among the physical benefits conferred by that supreme pulmonary invigorant Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, a chemical combination of the finest lung specific known to the pharmacopoeia with tonics and blood depurants of the first order. Phosphorus, lime and soda co-operate with and render the Cod Liver Oil of this preparation trebly effective. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.



GRAND SKATING CARNIVAL AT HALIFAX, N.S.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. J. HENDERSON.

"BONNY KATE." A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY
CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends."

The household are assembled at luncheon, when Miss Vaughn and Tarleton finally make their appearance—manifestly to the relief of Randal, whose restlessness has been exceedingly great. Even Janet, who has declared herself callous on all matters of sentiment, confides to Kate that she is sorry for him.



"I am glad to know you."

"Not that a man who is so foolish deserves for one to be sorry for him," adds that uncomplaining young person; "but how can one help it? He is jealous of Frank Tarleton, and says he believes that there has been some arrangement between Miss Vaughn and Frank to meet here. Would not that be mean of Miss Vaughn?—to take advantage of Randal's infatuation to come here to meet another man?"

"It would be worse than mean—it would be dishonourable!" cries Kate, indignantly. "But why should you think of such a thing?"

"It is Randal who thinks it, not I. But it is very evident that Frank is one of her victims. They met as if they had known each other since the Flood, and in about half an hour they started to walk, and have not been heard of since."

This conversation takes place when Kate first returns home. A little later, the bell for luncheon rings, and she goes down, meeting Mr. Vaughn in the hall. He is probably waiting for her, since he is engaged in examining a gun, which he puts down as soon as she appears.

"I wonder if you know how unkind you have been this morning, my fair cousin?" he says, advancing. "I have been watching and waiting for you for hours—and bored to death, let me add, for the want of you—and all the while you were snubbing yourself to be selfishly monopolized by Miss Brooke."

"I was very willing to be monopolized," answers Kate. "I have lost my heart to Miss Brooke."



Janet, Kate and Will bring up the rear.

"Indeed! Happy Miss Brooke! But do you not think you might find some one on whom to bestow your heart who would appreciate it more?"

"I am sure Miss Brooke appreciates it very much," says Kate.

"Who could fail to appreciate it? But there are degrees in everything, you know. And I hope the best part of your heart is still in your own possession," he adds, in a lower tone, as they walk across the hall.



Tarleton offers his hand with a smile.

"You looked as if you had no objection to resting indefinitely," responds that lady.

"How could one be anxious to leave such a delightful place?" says Miss Vaughn, no whit discomposed. "Probably you know it"—turning to Randal—"a deep, bosky glen, in which a pretty spring rises."

"Yes, I know it," he answers. "But the proper way to see the country is on horseback; and if you are not too tired to ride this afternoon, there is a very good lady's horse in the stable."

"I shall certainly not be too tired," she replies, graciously; for it is no part of her policy to loosen one link of her chains until she has no further need for the captive they bind.

"Will you let me make the same proposal?" says Mr. Vaughn to Kate. "If you are not too tired, will you ride this afternoon?"

"I am never tired," she answers; "but—" And here there is good reason to suppose that she meant to excuse herself, if she had not at that moment met Tarleton's eyes with the same expression which they have so often worn of late when resting on her face. Why she should resent this expression now, is not difficult to imagine. She meets the gaze one instant full and clear—no drooping of the lids—then turns to Mr. Vaughn. "But I fear there is no mount for me," she says. "Miss Vaughn, of course, must ride Diana."

"Nonsense, Kate!" says Will. "As if you are not able to ride any horse in the stable. There's Harry Lee."



"No, thanks, I won't trouble you."

"You are not going to use him this afternoon, then?"—for Harry Lee is Will's own horse.

"No; I am going shooting. It is not worth while to offer you a gun, I suppose, Mr. Vaughn. But you'll come, Tarleton—won't you?"

Tarleton assents; but, pending the shooting, makes an effort, after luncheon, to see Kate alone; in which endeavour he is frustrated by Fate and Mr. Vaughn, aided and abetted by the girl herself, who, after the information she has received, capped by the scene at the spring, has no desire for a *tit-a-tit*. She fences him off with adroit cleverness, and at last has the satisfaction of seeing Will and himself tramp away, a gun apiece on their shoulders and two pointers in their train.

This satisfaction, however, is not apparent in her face, or her eyes, which gaze rather wistfully after the retreating figures.

"How strange," she observes, addressing Mr. Vaughn, "that you should prefer a stupid ride with me to going with *them*?"

"Allow me," says that gentleman, "to correct your term. 'Stupid' is an expression which is not in the least applicable to the ride as far as I am concerned, whatever it may be so far as you are."

"Oh, I always find riding pleasant; but if I were a man, I should like sport much better."

"I like it as a diversion now and then; but I should not like to make it the staple amusement of my life, as men who live in the country often do."

"Is it more frivolous than many things which make the staple amusements of men who live in cities?" asks Kate, who has in her all the partisan spirit which often accompanies stanch loyalty.

"Perhaps not; but you will admit that there are greater possibilities of culture in a different order of amusements. I think"—here the speaker smiles—"that, when you come to know another form of life, you will wonder how you have ever tolerated these things."

"That shows how little you know of me," says Kate. "No life in the world could ever win my heart from 'these things,' as you call them."

"Pardon me if I say that you have never tried the life of which I speak."

"And in all probability never shall try it; but still I know that I should always love best the life I lead now."

"What! Can you not imagine that operas and balls are better than fox-hunts, and jewels



"Oh," says Kate, "he is a widower!"

even more becoming than autumn-leaves"—glancing at some of the latter which she wears in her hair.

"To many people, no doubt," she answers, "but not to me. Don't try."

To turn a country head
For pastime, ere you go to town.

I know what suits me best."

"But it is exactly on that point we take issue. I am sure you do not know what suits you. Life holds a better rôle than that of Di Vernon for you, or I am greatly mistaken."

"Does it?" (carelessly.) "Well, we shall see. Now I must go and mend my habit, which I was so unfortunate as to tear the other day. I hope you are a good horseman. The last time I rode Harry Lee he ran away with me, and Daredevil is a horse who fully merits his name."

"I will take care of you to the best of my ability," says Mr. Vaughn; "and I hardly think Daredevil will run away with me."



"What, Pierce!" he says, "is it you?"

Having endeavoured in this kind manner to secure the discomfort of her escort, Kate retires to mend her habit. In crossing the hall, she is accosted by Mrs. Lawrence.

"Kate," says that lady, "ask Miss Brooke if her letters are ready for the mail. Your uncle is about to send to Arlingtonford."

This errand Kate willingly undertakes. Running up-stairs, she knocks at Miss Brooke's door, is bidden to enter, and opens it. In the centre of the apartment Miss Brooke is sitting, with a writing-case on the table before her. She looks up and smiles.

"So it is you, Kate," she says. "I thought it was a messenger for my letters. Come in. I will be at leisure in a moment."

"But it is the messenger for the letters," says Kate. "I have come to see if they are ready for the mail."

"Just ready," Miss Brooke answers, addressing one as she speaks. "But you need not take them down. I will ring for my maid."

"Let me ring," says Kate. She does so, and then comes back to the table. "May I look at them?" she asks. "What a clear, firm hand you write!"

"Look at that," says Miss Brooke, pushing one toward her. "It is a name which represents everything in the world to me."

Kate takes up the latter, and finds that the name which represents everything in the world to her companion is "Herbert Fenwick."

"A pretty name," she says. "Who is he?"

"My nephew," answers Miss Brooke. "Perhaps I am a foolish old woman, but he seems to me absolutely perfect. I should like you to know him, Kate. I hope you will know him. I have been trying to describe you to him. Poor fellow! His wife—a very sweet girl—died three years ago, and he has cared nothing for women since then."

"Oh!" says Kate. "He is a widower?"

"Yes, a widower, though not more than thirty. His wife only lived two years. See! here are their likenesses."

She opens a locket attached to her watch-chain, and Kate, full of interest, bends down to look at the faces contained therein. One is the face of a girl—a pretty, delicate blonde, with pearly skin, and the golden hair on which "light drops a diadem." The other is the face of a man—a grave, dark face, refined but not handsome, with deep-set eyes and intellectual brow.

"I like his face," says Kate. "He must be kind, and very sensible. As for the lady, how charming she is!—and yet—"

"And yet the earth is over her!"

says Miss Brooke, with a sigh. "Poor Clara! But life was not given to be spent in mourning," she adds, shaking her head with an air of admonition at the picture of Mr. Fenwick, "and I hope that Herbert will marry again before long."

"Oh, I hope not," says Kate. "It would be so much more poetical to be constant to the memory of this lovely lady until he dies."

"Poetical nonsense!" says Miss Brooke, sharply. "And so you would have him live thirty or forty years alone for the sake—Is that you, Emily?" as the door opens and her maid appears. "Take these letters down."

"If you please, ma'am, I was told to let Miss Kate know that the horses are at the door," says Emily.

"Dear me! and my habit not yet mended!" says Kate, flying from the room.

The mending of the habit does not occupy any considerable length of time, and, not long after, she appears on the portico, where she finds her uncle and Mr. Vaughn in conversation over the horses that stand before the door.

"You seem to be a good judge of horses, Mr. Vaughn," her uncle is saying as she comes out. "I have paid great attention to them," Mr. Vaughn answers, "and have acquired confidence in my judgment. Now, that horse of Tarleton's—"

But here he sees Kate, and stops short to look at her. In truth, she is well worth looking at, for a habit is one of the most becoming costumes a woman can wear—granting that she has any good looks, and if she has not, all costumes are very much alike to her. Kate's good looks, which are pronounced enough on all occasions, are this afternoon strikingly apparent. There is a suppressed excitement about her—of which she is herself only partly conscious—that lends new beauty to her face and new charm to her manner. Mr. Vaughn regards her approvingly, as they ride at an easy pace down the avenue. He is a connoisseur in feminine loveliness, and appreciates many points which would escape a more careful observation. The delicate, shell-like ear turned toward him, the slender neck which bears the head "as a branch sustains the flower of the year's pride," the well-shaped hand and wrist—all these he notes, together with the ivory skin, the radiant eyes, and sweet mouth. "She will do me credit!" he says to himself, with a sense that virtue is, sometimes at least, its own reward. He came to Fairfield in a frame of mind more akin to resigned melancholy than anything else—confident that the heaviest kind of "duty-work" lay before him—and to find that anything like pleasure to be gained from this duty work is a great and unexpected relief.

Kate, on her part, begins to find him not disagreeable as a companion. She has grown more at ease with him, and his evident admiration arouses all the latent coquetry of her nature. Women often take to coquetry as men to strong drink, for the pure love of excitement—and something like this carries her forward. If she were in the least aware of the significance which her tones and glances bear to her companion, there can be no doubt that she would

restrain that "perilous lightnings" of her eyes, and restrict her speech to the simplicity of a schoolgirl's "Yes" and "No;" but the thought that he is doing more than merely amusing himself does not for an instant occur to her, and would be set down as sheer absurdity if it did occur.

So they ride on through the golden afternoon—Harry Lee and Daredevil behaving in an explanatory manner—until Kate is suddenly surprised to observe how near to the horizon the sun has sunk. She points to it as she turns her horse.

"We must go back," she says, "and ride briskly, too, or we shall be late for dinner. The sun will set in half an hour, and we are six miles from Fairfield."

"So far, do you think?" asks her companion.

"Fully that far; but we may shorten the road by making a cut through the Southdale plantation. Do you object to opening a few gates?"

Mr. Vaughn does object, but he refrains from saying as much. He only asks, "Are you sure you know the way?"

"Perfectly sure," she answers. "We turn in here," she adds, pausing before a gate fastened in a manner which makes it necessary for Mr. Vaughn to dismount in the dusty road in order to open it. This necessity is as little as possible to his taste, but he is too well-bred to express his opinion; so they ride in, following a plantation-road through a large cornfield.

"This is Tarleton's land, is it?" asks Mr. Vaughn, glancing round.

"Yes," Kate answers. "This is Southdale."

"It seems a fine plantation—a pity that he should lose it through reckless folly."

She flushes a little. Her heart is hot against Tarleton—hot with pain and resentment—but, nevertheless, she cannot bear such words as these without shrinking. When she is able to steady her voice to a sufficient degree of carelessness, she says:

"I do not think it is certain that Mr. Tarleton will lose it. Though it is heavily mortgaged, he hopes, I believe, to be able to save it."

"Impossible," says Mr. Vaughn, with quiet decision. "I chance to know something of his affairs, and he is hopelessly involved."

"But he means to sell his horses, and by that means, perhaps—"

"He has no horse of remarkable value except Cavalier, and I have the best possible reason for knowing that. As is very much let down in his racing qualities. It is for that reason that Tarleton is anxious to sell him; but he will not get anything approaching the price he asks."

Kate is silent—a silence full of concern. She may have the best reason for believing that Tarleton has been trifling with her, but her nature is too affectionate and too unselfish for her to thereby lose at once all interest in what affects his life. "No doubt it was my fault," she thinks; "no doubt it was I who mistook amusement for something else. I will try not to be unreasonable; and I am sorry—oh, very sorry!—if what this odious man says is true."

The odious man, meanwhile, being rather near-sighted, draws up his horse, saying:

"Is this another gate before us?"

"Oh, no—only bars, and low enough not to trouble about," Kate answers. "Harry Lee will go over them easily."

Before her companion can remonstrate, she puts Harry Lee straight at the bars in question, and that good horse, too well trained to think of any foolishness, goes over beautifully. Mr. Vaughn, whether he likes it or not, has no alternative but to follow. He does this fairly well, and, riding up to Kate's side, says:

"Is it worth while to tell you that you ride more boldly and gracefully than any woman I ever saw! But pray, give a warning next time. I may not be ready to follow so daring a leader."

Kate laughs, but there are no more tempting bars of just the right height. They cross several fields, and presently find themselves near the out-buildings of the house. One large gate which they are approaching leads directly into the stable yard. "We must pass through these," says Kate, "and I wish there was time for a glimpse of the horses. Yonder comes some one to open the gate for us."

The "some one" proves to be the head man—half groom, half trainer—of the stable, who, strolling back and forth near the gate, sees the advancing equestrians, and, coming forward, opens it for them.

Kate nods her thanks in graceful, kindly fashion, as she rides past; but Mr. Vaughn reins up his horse abruptly.

"What, Pierce!" he says, "is it you?"

The tones makes Kate glance back, and she catches an expression on Pierce's face which is singular—an expression that can scarcely be described, but which strikes her as at once startled and crafty. Yet he answers respectfully enough:

"Yes, Mr. Vaughn, it's me. But I wasn't lookin' to see you here."

"I suppose not," says Mr. Vaughn. Then he lowers his voice and speaks for a few minutes rapidly—so rapidly and so low that Kate does not catch one of his words. Pierce answers in the same tone, after which Mr. Vaughn rides on and rejoins her.

"Excuse me," he says. "I did not mean to delay you, but I find that Tarleton's groom is an old acquaintance of mine, and I was asking him a question or two."

"I wished you had asked him to let us see

Cavalier," says Kate, "only it would have detained us so long that we should have lost all benefit from our short cut."

CHAPTER XV.

"Don't thou look back on what hath been!"

Tarleton does not return to Fairfield with Will, and the evening passes in rather dull fashion. Miss Vaughn, exhausted by her ride, or out of sorts from some other cause, declines to exert herself in any manner—is too hoarse to sing, is too languid to talk, and, after looking on at a game of whist for a little while, retires. Mr. Willmer has returned to Woodlands, Mr. Proctor's place has not been filled by any new comer—although, as Janet candidly remarks, "affairs are undeniably stupid."

"You had your new cousin, however, so I don't suppose you found it so," she says to Kate, after they have sought their chamber. "You seem to get on with him very well. I begin to think that you are a born flirt!"

"No, I am not," says Kate. "I only endeavour to extract all the amusement I can out of everything—and everybody. There is no harm in that."

"I don't know. The people out of whom you extract amusement might think there was. Heigho! how very plain one looks after Miss Vaughn!"

"She is very handsome," says Kate; "but she strikes me as a beautiful animal. I am sure, if one could see her soul, it would be very insignificant and ugly."

"I consider that very uncharitable," says Sophy. "What can you possibly know about her soul?"

"And what kind of a soul has Mr. Vaughn?" asks Janet. "Is he also a beautiful animal? I thought Miss Brooke seemed a little uneasy to-night when you were with him at the piano. She looked at you so much, that her mind became quite distracted from whist, and she deliberately trumped her partner's trick."

"Probably she thought my young affections in danger of being trifled with," says Kate, with a careless laugh.

The next morning there is the usual uproar of horn and hounds before the break of day, and at breakfast Randal and Mr. Vaughn are the only gentlemen who appear.

"What, Randal!" says Kate. "Don't you mean to take a single run with the hounds before you leave the country?"

"I am not sure that I shall," replies Randal. "In my opinion, one's pillow is better than one's saddle at five o'clock in the morning."

"I agree with Kate in thinking that rather a singular taste," says Miss Vaughn. "If I were a man, I should like what are called manly sports, and I should certainly desire to excel in them."

Before Randal can answer, Mr. Vaughn says: "You would only desire to excel in them. Florida, if you liked them. Otherwise you would not care to undertake what requires an immense expenditure of energy and time, with little or no return."

"No return!" cries Kate. "You certainly have never enjoyed a chase, or you could not say that."

"And why are you not with the chase this morning, Mademoiselle Diana?" asks Miss Brooke, with a smile.

Mademoiselle Diana colours slightly. "I did not care to go," she says.

"That is something remarkable," observes Mrs. Lawrence. "You usually do care to go."

"One does not always want to leave one's pillow for the saddle at four o'clock in the morning," as Randal remarks, "answers Kate."

"And one displays excellent taste in not wanting to do so," says Mr. Vaughn.

Then it flashes upon Kate, as she sees a significant smile on several faces, that she may be supposed to have remained at home in order to enjoy this gentleman's society, and a hot blush springs to her face in consequence of this reflection—which is taken by two people, at least, as added proof of the fact. Miss Brooke looks at her gravely. Can it be possible that, after all, the girl is likely to fancy Ashton Vaughn? "If so, I must try a stronger warning," she thinks.

Breakfast over, Miss Vaughn slips her hand into her brother's arm and proposes a walk. "I shall not keep you long," she says. "You know I am not partial to exercise of this description."

"Not with a merely fraternal escort," he says. "I have no objection to going, though I should like to light a cigar."

"Light it, then. I don't object to the odour of a cigar in the open air. In fact, I have some idea of learning to smoke, myself."

"Take my advice, and don't. Such things are in very bad taste. You may do what you like so long as you keep decorum and grace on your side. Accept that as a maxim."

"I have heard worse," she says. They have been by this time left the house, and the cigar is lighted, so she goes on: "Accept, in return, my congratulations. Your success is marked, and it has come sooner than I expected."

"I don't see that it is particularly marked," he answers; "but I entertain no doubt that the result will be satisfactory."

"And the girl herself is so much better than we expected. Have you written to Mr. Ashton?"

"No; I shall not write until everything is settled; but you might write, in the meanwhile, and describe her. He would trust your opinion, as that of a woman—women, as a rule, don't exaggerate the good points of their own sex—and he seems to admire you immensely."

"I really think he does; and he is such a fastidious iceberg, that even I am flattered by his admiration. He told mamma that I remind him of the Princess Somebody—a beautiful Russian, whom he had seen in Paris. I have half a mind to enter the lists against you for his fortune."

"You had better be content with gaining a fortune through the 'holy estate of matrimony.' When do you mean to give Merivale his answer?"

"When I like."

"You surely forget that you are playing with half a million!"

"Nor at all; but there are other half millions to be found, and I am not *passé* yet."

He turns to look at her as she walks by his side, her hand still in his arm. You are a very handsome woman, Florida," he says, quietly, "but take care that you don't overrate the power of your beauty, and take care, also—that his voice is very significant here—that you don't go down on the rock which has wrecked many women. I fancy you know what I mean."

"Impossible to say whether I know or not, unless you tell me."

"I mean an infatuated passion. No, you need not draw your hand away. You know, as well as I do, that Frank Tarleton is a ruined man, and yet you cannot let him alone."

"What of that?" (a little defiantly.) "So that I do not marry him, you have no reason to complain."

"It is never wise to play with fire."

"Why not, if one has been already scorched? Don't waste words on me, Ashton. I shall marry to please you and mamma and myself, of course; but I will—I *will* take an hour or two of pleasure first! You are right in thinking that I care for Frank Tarleton more than for any other man I have ever known; but did that keep me from sending him adrift seven months ago?"

"And what good did sending him adrift do, if you bring the affair on again?"

"Set your mind at ease. The 'affair' will never be on again in the sense you mean. I think you ought to trust me on that point."

"But what arrant folly, to put in jeopardy such chances as you have, by deliberately wasting time in fooling with a man you don't intend to marry! What absurd, inconsistent creatures you women are at best!"

"I hope you don't consider me a specimen of women at the best!" she says, with a faint, self-mocking smile.

"Not quite," her brother answers, coolly, "or you would not be here now."

"How oddly people judge one, and how little anybody knows one!" she says, musingly. "You bring me in guilty of an 'infatuated passion,' and Frank Tarleton accused me yesterday of having no heart."

"I hope you'll keep him of that opinion. Now, I must take you back to the house, for I am going to Arlingtonford with Lawrence—poor devil! how well you are treating him!—on business connected with the races next week, and we shall stop at Southdale as we return, to see that horse of Tarleton's. I made an appointment with him yesterday."

"Do you think of buying the horse?"

"If he will take my price. I shall not give his."

While this conversation is in progress, Miss Brooke has been endeavouring to discover why Kate declined to join the hunt—but without success. She can elicit nothing more than was elicited at breakfast. "I thought I should like to sleep this morning," Kate avers. "I am very lazy at times."

"At rare times, then," says Sophy; "and I never heard of such a thing before in connection with fox hunting."

But still Kate is non-committal. Nothing beyond the plea of laziness can be drawn from her. At last she declares that she will hear no more about the matter. "Surely, one may do as one pleases," she says. "There is no law compelling one to go fox-hunting!"

"Especially when one is better entertained at home," says Randal, sauntering in. "I think you begin to consider your new cousin very agreeable—eh, Kate."

"Do you mean Miss Vaughn?" asks Kate.

"Of course, I mean Miss Vaughn; you have been riding and walking and talking with her at such a rate!"

"Don't trust Kate!" says Janet. "She is, considering her age and opportunities, the greatest flirt I know. A month ago poor Mr. Proctor's star was in the ascendant; then, Frank Tarleton had some days of favour; now, it is Mr. Vaughn's turn. 'Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!' seems to be her motto."

"But some kings are crowned for good," says Randal.

Kate catches Miss Brooke's glance at this moment, and laughs. "When I crown a king," she says, "you may be sure he will be of different stuff from Cousin Ashton."

The gentleman thus designated makes his appearance before long, and departs with Randal for Arlingtonford. "We shall not be back till dinner," the latter says to Miss Lawrence; and so the feminine household are left to their own devices.

They support the desolation with commendable fortitude. Miss Vaughn soon goes to her chamber, but the rest gather around Miss Brooke, as she sits in the drawing-room, and listen while she describes, in pleasant fashion, her travels abroad. The girls drink it all in eagerly. Quite one thing is it to read of London and Paris and Rome, and altogether another (in their fresh, simple lives) to talk with one who

has been over this enchanted ground, and who has seen all the famous personages that are to them mere names.

"Surely you did not go alone!" some one presently says.

"No," Miss Brooke answers; "my nephew accompanied me both times when I was abroad. We talk of going again soon, and, if so, we shall not content ourselves with Europe, but shall turn our faces toward the East."

"Oh, how delightful!" cries Kate, clasping her hands.

"You would like to go, then?" says Miss Brooke, looking at her.

"Like to go! What a question! I should like to go everywhere—and then come back to Fairfields afterward."

"How likely you would be to appreciate Fairfields under those circumstances?" says Sophy.

"Do you think not?" cries Kate. "Ah, I wish you would try me!"

"We have not the least doubt that you are perfectly willing to be tried!" says Janet. "Now, dear Miss Brooke, tell us something more."

The morning passes in this manner. At noon the horsemen and the dogs come in, tired and despondent. "A hard chase, and no fox," is the report. "I never saw the hounds more completely baffled," says Will. "They came to a loss on Rocky Mount. The fox was some cunning old villain, with years and iniquities thick on his head."

"Never mind," says Kate, who has gone out to hear this. "Fate means to console you, for the Nortons are here. Come in to luncheon, and let Carrie pour balm on your wounded feelings."

At which Will blushes, and, muttering something about being "not fit to be seen," departs to the upper regions of the house with celerity. He does not remain there, however. Before fifteen minutes have elapsed, he is seated at luncheon by Carrie Norton's side, with all recollection of the old and cunning fox banished from his mind.

In the afternoon there is a game of croquet on the lawn, in which even Miss Vaughn condescends to take part; and while the game is at its height, and Kate, who throws her soul into croquet as into everything else which she undertakes, is vindictively playing upon a ball which chances to be at her mercy, there comes a sound of horses' hoofs, cantering up the avenue, and Miss Palmer cries,

"Yonder is Mr. Tarleton!"

"There, Kate, you missed that finely!" says Will, for Kate's last stroke was indeed pitiable, and she pauses, mallet in hand, with a deeper flush on her face than the exercise warrants—a flush which rises as much from self-veiation as from any other cause.

"You are a contemptible fool!" she says, with uncompromising severity to herself, and she keeps her head resolutely turned away from the direction in which Tarleton is coming over the grass. But, though she may keep her head turned and her eyes averted, she cannot close her ears to the tones of his musical, debonaire voice as he speaks to those near her. Despite herself—despite the conversation she is maintaining with one of the young Nortons—she hears every word, and presently she is obliged to look at him, for he walks directly across the ground to address her.

"Why were you not with the hunt this morning?" he asks. "I looked, and hoped to find you, but was disappointed; and yet, Will told me that he offered to take you."

"So he did," she answers, "but I thought it best to stay at home. My last fox-hunt satisfied me that neither Diana nor myself are capable of following the hounds."

"Granted, as far as Diana is concerned; but as far as you are concerned, I disagree with you. Nobody in the country is better able to follow them; but you need a good mount, and I have come to ask if you will go to-morrow morning if I leave Mignon for you?"

His kind voice, his caressing eyes, his whole manner, seem to Kate so eloquent of sincere desire to give her pleasure, that, feeling it beyond her power to be ungracious, she is about to utter an assent, when two or three voices cry, "It is your turn to play, Kate," and she is obliged to move away after her ball.

Miss Vaughn improves the occasion by turning to Tarleton, and saying, in her bell-like voice:

"I see you still keep Florida, and she is as pretty as ever. You should have brought her over to see me before. I wonder if she will know me, and remember all the lumps of sugar I have given her."

"Hardly, I am afraid," answers Tarleton. "She is as fond of sugar as ever, but it is too much of even a horse to remember the sweets of last year."

"So equine memories are no longer than human ones!" she says, with a soft laugh.

"Such a little while ago, such a little while
At our own inconsistency, should we sigh or smile?"

Is that what you fancy her saying?"

"By no means," he replies. "I am sure she has enough of her sex in her to find no difficulty in knowing that it is always best to smile."

Kate's nerves are strung now, and she sends her ball flying through wicket after wicket with firm, steady strokes, never pausing until she has struck the stake, and cried triumphantly, "out!"

"You are the first rover," says her partner. "Now, come and help me."

But, shaking her head, she throws down her mallet. "I am sorry," she says, "that I cannot play the game out; but I have just remembered something that I must go and do."

Before any one can protest, she turns, and, passing across the lawn, enters the house and disappears.

(To be continued.)

PERSEVERANCE.

On a certain day in the year 1819, Mr. Chitty, an attorney in Shaftesbury, was leaving his office for the day, when he was met at the door by a respectable woman and a chubby-faced boy with a bright eye. He knew the woman slightly—a widow that kept a small stationer's shop in the town.

She opened her business at once.

"Oh, Mr. Chitty, I have brought you my Robert; he gives me no peace; his heart is so set on being in a lawyer's office. But there, I have not got the money to apprentice him. Only we thought perhaps you could find some place or other for him, if it was ever so small." Then she broke off and looked so appealingly, and the boy's cheeks and eyes were fired with expectation.

Most country towns at that time possessed two solicitors who might be called types; the old-established man, whose firm for generations had done the pacific and lucrative business—wills, settlements, partnerships, mortgages, etc.—and the sharp practitioner, who was the abler of the two at litigation, and had to shake the plum tree instead of sitting under it and opening his mouth for the windfalls. Mr. Chitty was No. 2.

But these sharp practitioners are often very good-natured; and so, looking at the pleading widow and the beaming boy, he felt disposed to oblige them, and rather sorry he could not. He said his was a small office, and he had no clerk's place vacant; "and, indeed, if I had, he is too young; why he is a mere child!"

"I am twelve next so-and-so," said the boy, giving the month and the day.

"You don't look it, then," said Mr. Chitty, incredulously.

"Indeed, but he is, sir," said the widow; "he never looked his age, and writes a beautiful hand."

"But I tell you I have no vacancy," said Mr. Chitty, turning dogged.

"Well, thank you, sir, all the same," said the widow, with the patience of her sex. "Come, Robert, we mustn't detain the gentleman."

So they turned away with disappointment marked on their faces, the boy's especially.

Then Mr. Chitty said, in a hesitating way—"To be sure, there is a vacancy, but it is not the sort of thing for you."

"What is it, sir, if you please?" asked the widow.

"Well, we want an office-boy."

"An office-boy! What do you say, Robert? I suppose it is a beginning, sir? What will he have to do?"

"Why, sweep the office, run errands, carry papers, and that is not what he is after. Look at him—he has got that eye of his fixed on a counsellor's wig, you may depend; and sweeping a country attorney's office is not a stepping-stone to that." He added wariily, "at least, there is no precedent reported."

"La! sir," said the widow, "he only wants to turn an honest penny, and be among law papers."

"Aye, aye, to write 'em and sell 'em, but not to dust 'em!"

"For that matter, sir, I believe he'd rather be the dust itself in your office than bide at home with me." Here she turned angry with her offspring for half a moment.

"And so I would," said the young master, stoutly, endorsing his mother's hyperbole very boldly, though his own mind was not of that kind which originates metaphors, similes, and engines of inaccuracy in general.

"Then I say no more," observed Mr. Chitty; "only mind, it is half-a-crown a week—that is all."

The terms were accepted, and Master Robert entered on his humble duties. He was steady, persevering and pushing; in less than two years he got promoted to be a copying clerk. From this in due course he became a superior clerk. He studied, pushed and persevered, till at last he became a fair practical lawyer, and Mr. Chitty's head clerk. And so much for Perseverance.

He remained some years in this position, trusted by his employer, and respected too; for besides his special gifts as a law clerk, he was strict in morals, and religious without parade.

Lawyer Chitty's agent was Mr. Bishop, a judge's clerk; but in those days a judge's clerk had an insufficient stipend, and was allowed to eke it out by private practice. Mr. Bishop was agent to several country attorneys. Well, Chitty had a heavy case coming on at the assizes, and asked Bishop to come down for once in a way and help him in person. Bishop did so, and in working the case, was delighted with Chitty's managing clerk. Before leaving, he said he sadly wanted a managing clerk he could rely on. Would Mr. Chitty oblige him and part with this young man?

Chitty made rather a wry face, and said that the young man was a pearl. "I don't know what I shall do without him; why, he is my alter ego."

However, he ended by saying generously that he would not stand in the young man's way.

Then they had the clerk in and put the question to him.

"Sir," said he, "it is the ambition of my heart to go to London."

Twenty-four hours after that our humble hero was installed in Mr. Bishop's office, directing a large business in town and country. He filled that situation for many years, and got to be well known in the legal profession.

He was now amongst books as well as lawyers, and studied closely the principles of law whilst the practice was sharpening him.

He was a Baptist, and lodged with a Baptist minister and his two daughters. He fell in love with one of them, proposed to her, and was accepted. The couple were married without pomp, and after the ceremony the good minister took them aside, and said, "I have only £200 in the world; I have saved it a little at a time, for my two daughters. Here is your share, my children." Then he gave his daughter £100, and she handed it to the bridegroom on the spot. The good minister smiled approval, and they sat down to what fine folk call breakfast, but they called dinner, and it was.

After dinner and the usual ceremonies, the bridegroom rose and surprised them a little. He said, "I am very sorry to leave you, but I have a particular business to attend to; it will take me just one hour."

He left them, went to Gray's Inn, put down his name as a student for the Bar; paid away his wife's dowry in the fees, and returned within the hour.

Next day the married clerk was at the office as usual, and entered on a two-fold life. He worked as a clerk till five, dined in the Hall of Gray's Inn as a sucking barrister; and studied hard at night. This was followed by a still stronger example of duplicate existence, and one without a parallel in his reading and experience—he became a writer and produced a master-piece, which, as regarded the practice of our courts, became at once the manual of attorneys, counsellors, and judges.

Time rolled its ceaseless course, and a silk gown was at his disposal. Now, a popular junior counsel cannot always afford to take silk, as they call it. Indeed, if he is learned, but not eloquent, he may ruin himself by the change. But the remarkable man, whose career I am epitomising, did not hesitate; he still pushed onward, and so one morning the Lord Chancellor sat for an hour in the Queen's Bench, and Mr. Robert Lush was appointed one of Her Majesty's Counsel in the Law, and then and there, by the Chancellor's invitation, stepped out from among the juniors, and took his seat within the Bar. So much for Perseverance.

From this point the outline of his career is known to everybody. He was appointed in 1865 one of the Judges of the Queen's Bench, and after sitting in that Court some years was promoted to be a Lord Justice of Appeal.

A few days ago he died, lamented and revered by the legal profession, which is very critical, and does not bestow its respect lightly.

—CHARLES READE.

[The person alluded to in the above sketch is the late Sir Robert Lush, one of Her Majesty's Justices of Appeal in England.—Ed.]

TOO LATE.

"Have you brought any witnesses?" asked the Rev. Mr. Wood of Bathgate, of a middle-aged couple, who had come to be married.

"No, we ne'er thocht o' that. Is it necessary?"

"Oh, certainly," said the minister, "you should have a groomsmen and bridesmaid as witnesses."

"What can we get, Jen, do you think?" The bride so addressed suggested a female cousin, whom the bridegroom had not previously seen, and after consultation a man was also thought of.

"Step ye awa' along, Jen, an' ask them, an' I'll walk about till ye come back."

Jen set out as desired, and after some time returned with the two friends, the cousin being a blooming lass, somewhat younger than the bride.

When the parties had been properly arranged, and the minister was about to proceed with the ceremony, the bridegroom suddenly said—"Wad ye bide a wee, sir?"

"What is it now?" asked the minister.

"Weel, I was just gawn to say, that if it wad be the same to you, I wad rather hae that ane!" pointing to the bridesmaid.

"A most extraordinary statement to make at this stage! I'm afraid it is too late to talk of such a thing now."

"Is it?" said the bridegroom, in a tone of calm resignation to the inevitable. "Weel, then, ye maun just gang on."

THE DIRTY WORK OF SCOTLAND YARD.

A scare was caused on the occasion of the Czar visiting the Crystal Palace. The expediency of this visit had been much questioned, and the authorities of Scotland Yard were very nervous about it. Their fear was not so much that the Czar would be assassinated, as insulted. In 1867, while going through the Palais de Justice, in Paris, he had been mobbed by French Radicals, who had shouted in his ears, "Vive la Pologne!" and some demonstration of the sort was to be apprehended on the part of Communist refugees living in London. On the day

before the Crystal Palace fête word was brought to Zarouboff that a Pole, who earned his living as a fencing master intended to throw himself at Alexander II.'s feet and present a petition for the release of his brothers, who were in Siberia. This had to be prevented at all costs. The Pole lived in Wardour street, and the Russians were for getting him arrested out of hand. The English police doubted whether they could do this, as they had no warrant, but they astutely suggested that some charge might be preferred against the Pole. The wretched man's residence was accordingly watched, and in the evening, as he was going out to dine at an eating-house, an English hireling ran against him, collared him, made an uproar, and accused him of having picked his pocket. A broken piece of watch-chain dangling from the Englishman's waistcoat seemed to bear out the latter's accusation, and the poor Pole, despite his indignant protests, was marched off to the police station. On the following day he was brought up before a magistrate, a charge was sworn against him, and a remand asked for. The magistrate granted the remand, refusing bail, and the Pole remained a week in jail, the prosecutor, of course, failing to appear at the adjourned hearing. Zarouboff is very sarcastic at the underhand stratagem the English police countenanced to get this Pole out of harm's way; and he adds that "anything can be done" in England by keeping up a semblance of legality. "In very delicate cases," he remarks, "as when you might wish to kidnap somebody, the official police will not give you overt assistance, but they will get you helped by one of the private inquiry offices, whose agents are often discharged policemen. These agencies do the dirty work of Scotland Yard. They render important clandestine services, and their proceedings, even when notoriously illegal, are winked at.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

HUMOROUS.

"No, ma," said a Harlem maiden, "I don't like Charley Jones coming every night. But I don't want to tell him so yet. He is so fat and heavy that, by placing my arm round his neck, I am getting them nicely pressed."

"We all know," said a cockney school committee man to the new teacher he was examining for her position, "that A, B and C is vowels, but wot we wants to know is vy they is so."

A CHICAGO naturalist stated in his lecture that a black bear could hug seven times as hard as a man, and the next time a menagerie visited that town every girl in the crowd made eyes and waved her hand, kerchief at the black bear, and paid him so much attention that he got confused and blushed.

"You can't add different things together," said an Austin school teacher. "If you add a sheep and a cow together, it does not make two sheep or two cows." A little boy, the son of a Texas milkman, held up his hand and said: "That may do with sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of water, it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it tried."

IRISH LANDLORD (hotly)—"But how will I collect me rents, man; tell me that now!" Jocular Friend (who, owning no land, can afford to be witty)—"Rents, is it? Wait now, me dear fellow; just you go round to the tenants and say you've come for your rents, and sure the very clothes on your back will be full of rents, in less time than it takes me to say it. Begorra, so they will!"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BOUCHAULT will act in New York in March.

ANNA DICKINSON is playing *Hamlet* in Rochester.

NESSLER's "Rattenfänger von Hamelin" is to be produced in English at London.

RUBINSTEIN has been invited by the London Philharmonic to direct the first performance of his "Paradise Lost."

THE directors of the Coffee Music Hall Company are extending their operations in London with great success.

J. C. FREUND's new musical journal is making things lively in the piano trade.

ROSSI is playing "Edmund Kean" in New York.

CARL ROSA's season opened in London with "Lohengrin." The Prince and Princess of Wales were present, and a great success was scored.

A SCHEME is afoot for bringing the Théâtre Français and the Odéon under one administration, at the head of which would be M. Perrin, with M. de la Rounat, the present director of the Odéon, for his lieutenant.

It is stated by an American journal that Mr. Charles Warner is going to make a professional tour through the United States next season. We are afraid this industrious scribbler has evolved this "fact" from his own vivid imagination.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East India missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Threat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English. W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. e-v-w



A LACROSSE MATCH ON THE ICE.—By our SPECIAL ARTIST.



SHANTY IN THE BUSH ON ROUGE RIVER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

AT THE MESS TABLE.

At the mess table brooded silence,
And the fire flickered low,
And the guests seemed thinking sadly
Of home and long ago;
And the General bade the Captain,
Heard and bronzed and hale,
"Come, give us one of your stories,"
And the Captain told this tale:

"THE PHANTOM OF THE PECOS."

"It was a sultry summer, some twenty years ago,
When the emigrant train left Texas, bound for New Mexico.

Strong men and gentle women threescore were in the band,
And nigh as many children left wee foot-prints in the sand.

"Northward they travelled slowly, and bitter was the road.
The sun, a ball of fire, in the brazen heaven glowed;
The sands were like red ploughshares beneath a martyr's feet;
And the thorny spikes of cactus drooped, shrivelled in the heat.

"There was no wind till evening, and then its fevered breath
Like that was of the angel that bears the brand of death;
And the moon, a fiery crescent, swooned in the sky afar,
As it had been the reddened blade of his baleful scimitar.

"And as they travelled northward, within its sandy bed
The river shrank away from them, as if with guilty dread,
And narrower grew the water, and shallower, until
The river had dwindled to a creek, the creek to a muddy mill.

"Then here and there a languid pool in those accursed lands,
And then the river-bed was naught but rocks and arid sands,
And the little water that they found by digging long and deep
Was bitter as that on sea-side rocks when the tide is at the neap.

"And as into the dirty earth the treacherous river sank,
Fewer the following footprints were upon its burning back;
Twenty beheld the red sun rise, fifteen flagged faint at noon,
And only ten went into camp under the lurid moon.

"And twice again the red moon sank, twice rose the copper sun,
And the tea that staggered on were eight, were five, were three, were none,
One man was left of the emigrant train that two short weeks ago
Had left the Texas valley bound for New Mexico.

"And as he tottered northward across the endless sands,
His blood-shot eyes still shading with thin and blistered hands,
Sudden from out the desert, up to the cloudless skies,
A vast and awful figure the traveller saw arise.

"It was the watery mirage. There shimmer to his view
Fleecy cascades down-falling and lakes of deepest blue;
But though he strains to reach them, and desperate staggers on,
Ever a step beyond him the vision is withdrawn.

"Ever before him hovers, and seems to bar the way,
The Phantom of the Pecos, a cloud of dusty gray;
Its smoking eyes glare on him, and through the fervid air
Its voice of doom makes answer to his question of despair.

"The dying wanderer listens the Phantom speak his name,
And moves his cracking lips in vain one piteous prayer to frame;
And the awful vision mutters on the salt sand as he sinks,
'Don't you think that it's a long time—a long time between drinks?'

The General started from his chair

As he had felt a wound.
"Captain," he said, "you're right, I swear—
Send the decanter round."

—G. T. LANIGAN, in *Harper's*, for February.

ETHELRED THE UNREADY.

BY NED P. MAR.

I love the night. I seem just to begin to live when the lamps are lighted. I hate early rising. I never felt the benefit of it, I never saw the good of it. To get up before the world was ready to receive me, before that useful servant of all work, the sun, had quenched the stars that shone with pallid flame, like the wax ends in a chandelier at dawn, before he had swept the cobwebs of night mist from the walls of hills and ceiling of the sky, or dried the dew with which the floor of the world had been liberally sprinkled as an antidote against dust, to me is misery.

What an unsociable meal breakfast is! People come straggling to table one by one. Isn't there something melancholy in the broken egg-shells, and rims of toast, and empty cups, and pushed-aside plates? The man who shall tell me that he thoroughly enjoys breakfast, that he feels genial, or merry, or witty at that repast is to me an arrant humbug.

We can all of us, no doubt, remember happy days, probably more, miserable ones, but are not our most cherished memories connected with the evening and the night? When dinner has imparted a sense of comfort and satisfaction to our being, when wine has brightened our intellect, then first we enter on the true fruition of our existence, then we cast away till the morrow the care and worry and turmoil of the day, and surrender ourselves to society, to pleasure, or to romance.

Who does not love to wander at night through the moon-lit streets of some quaint old city, or to revisit in that soft pale light the scenes of his

earlier life. Are they not invested with tenderest memories, with sweeter melancholies, with purer joys, with loftier lessons, than when viewed in the broad glare of day?

So thought Paul Chester as he sauntered, cigar in mouth, down the steps of the Hotel Cimbric, and through the crooked, gable-shadowed streets of the queer old town of Z—. He had just arrived by the night-mail, which was itself an innovation; there had been no railway here when he had known the place, no other public conveyance than the unwieldy, sluggish diligence that clattered nightly up to the hotel door at a town pace of five miles an hour, but with more fuss, and cracking of whips, and oburgations, and hurrying of hotel waiters, and universal scurrying and pushing, and anxious faces and general excitement, than the arrival of a tidal train makes now-a-days at Dover or London.

Paul wondered whether, if it were day, he should see the old familiar faces at the old familiar windows. The twenty years that had passed since he last had paced the uneven paving stones of the old town seemed but as yesterday, yet in those twenty years people must have died, and been born, and married and been given in marriage. The fair-haired Frauleins with whom he had danced and flirted twenty years since, were doubtless portly matrons now, and the laughing children whose heads he had patted, had taken their sisters' places as belles and reigning beauties. Only he did not realize all this, and as he passed the corner window from which lovely Flora Guldenberg had been wont to beam upon him in the olden time, he mechanically took off his hat in rehearsal of the morrow's low salute. As he strolled on along the Nordenstrasse the old memories came thick upon him. Here was the Dier Konigen whence the echoes of the sweet German songs seemed once again to steal on his ear. The club, where he had tasted to the full the simple pleasures of the kindly German folk, where he had played billiards, and sixty-six, and imbibed beer, and grog and Burgundy and champagne; where he had danced with Flora, and Franziska, and Laura, and last, and least, and charmingest of all, with little Sotchen Rosenkranz—where he had played Kegel with a count, a doctor, a horse-dealer, a tailor, and a riding-master at one and the same time. He passed the Wilhelm's Platz, and saw with loving eyes the spot where the happiest days of his life-time had been passed. The well-known windows seemed to glimmer at him with subdued flashes of recognition. He passed the harbour, where bluff bowed galliots, apple-laden, lay peacefully moored, as of yore, the garments of the crews fluttering, from lines stretched across the rigging, lazily in the soft night wind. He strolled on through the arsenal gardens, where the subtle incense of the sleeping flowers stole upon his senses; under huge trees, that made dark caverns with their clustering foliage, through the interstices of which the struggling moonbeams threw weird streaks and gushes of light upon the sandy path. On till he reached the little rustic bridge across the creek that led down to the baths. Here he paused and leant upon the rail and gazed down upon his own reflection in the water. Presently he became sensible that he was not alone. Some other lover of the lonely night shared with him the solitude, like him puffed the fragrant weed, like him was lost in midnight meditation.

"A beautiful night," was Paul's original remark to this mysterious being.

The mysterious being turned its face toward Paul with a gesture of assent.

The moon, emerging from a cloud, shone out in all the fullness of its pallid glare. The eyes of both became rivetted.

"What! Red!"

"Why, Paul!"

And a hearty hand grasp followed. The only reason they did not embrace was that they were both Englishmen, and continued travel had not eradicated their native phlegm.

"Who'd have thought of seeing you!"

"What the deuce are you doing here, and what brought you to this out-of-the-way hole?"

"What brought me here is a long story. What I am doing here is a short one," rejoined Tom Hinton, better known to his familiars as Red. "If you will come to the hotel I will tell you both; or do you prefer to have the relation *al fresco*?"

"It's too hot to go in-doors. Let us have a jaw here."

"All right; but first I will rout out the barmaid and get something cool to moisten what may prove a dry narrative."

Advancing to a small rustic building he tapped at the window. Presently it opened, and a damsel with black hair, with a crink in it, with black eyes—with a devil in them, with brawny arms—with dimples in them, appeared at the orifice.

"Hand us out a cooler and a couple of bottles of La Rose," he entreated; and appropriating two chairs from the pile of those articles beneath the pent house, the two friends sat down upon the planking of the little wharf, and while the lap, lap, lapping of the stream against the bows of the pleasure boats moored at their feet beat its constant refrain, Tom began:

"What I am doing here is trying to decide whether I shall accept the traffic management of the Holtzenburg line which has been offered me. I have been shilly shallying about it because it will tie me down to a residence in this dull hole, and doubtless, I have already lost my chance by the delay. It is but one more instance in which I have played the rôle of Ethelred the Unready. You have heard, of course, how I

gained that soubriquet! No! Well, it dates back to my childhood almost, to my school boy days at least. Once during the holidays a crowd of us juveniles were having a jollification and shindig at home when forfeits were introduced and I and a certain Polly something or other were turned out of the room to perform some penance or other which, divested of all metaphor, in plain English meant kissing. I shilly shallyed as usual and had just mustered up sufficient resolution when the impatient Polly broke from me and rushed back *coram populo* exclaiming, with a gesture of supreme contempt, that brought a hot flush to my cheeks, 'He didn't do it!' 'Ethelred the Unready' quavered a youngster proud to show his wit and knowledge of English history at the same time.

There was a universal titter, and the nickname, thus bestowed, was of such obvious applicability that it was universally adopted, and abbreviated into Red has stuck to me ever since. I could multiply, till I wearied you, the chances in life I have thrown away through sheer want of decision. The cause of my being here at this moment was one of these. You remember pretty, gentle, winning Patty Riverton? Well, I believe that girl really liked me though I could never believe it, and never understood why, though I got awfully spooney on her. You see I was so different from her, so fond of hunting and shooting, and didn't go in for poetry and music and dancing like some of the fellows she had round her did. Anyway she gave me plenty of chances, and seemed to try to make me understand I might win her if I choose. At last things came to a crisis. One day she had been more than usually amiable all day, and after dinner she followed me into the library where I had gone with a new number of the *Field* in my hand, just come down from town. It was an off night and there was nobody at the house.

"Will you give me the paper knife, please?" I asked; it was near her hand on the table. She looked round beaming, radiant, blushing. 'I will give you anything you ask, Tom,' she said. Then she bent over some engravings at the table but I could see that her neck and the little piece of cheek not hidden by her curls, were scarlet. I slowly cut my paper, with a whirl of thoughts rushing through my brain, with a host of pretty speeches sticking in my throat. Presently she shut the book with a bang. 'Are you going? Isn't your book interesting?' I asked. 'No, it's stupid. As stupid as—you,' and with a sweeping mock courtesy she vanished through the French windows. I didn't see her any more that night. Next day a crowd of guests arrived, among them Harry Dangerfield, with those odious Dundreary whiskers. She danced with him all that night and was as frigid as you please to me. My chance was gone. She has married Dangerfield since. I wondered about the Continent till funds got low and—here I am. I am awfully miserable here. I scarcely know a soul and have not your facility for making friends. Tell me, what is the secret of your popularity?"

"I was not always popular," said Paul. "At one time I had hardly one of my acquaintances intimate enough to be called a friend. But one day I got the blues, and I said we must change all this. I did violence to my nature. I expunged the words 'No, thank you' from my vocabulary. I went in for everything that offered, accepted every invitation, joined every club, attended every tea fight, ball and party. What was the result? After three years of remorseless dissipation, my feet became so weary of the social treadmill, that I longed for a release. I had no rest, no pleasure, and I tell you honestly that if I could have known at an time when I laid my weary head upon its pillow that my sleep that night would be the sleep that knows no waking, I would have closed my eyes with a real sense of relief. At last this state of things became unbearable and I rushed away to seek for peace and solitude and rest. That is why I am here."

The two friends, who had met so strangely, parted presently as the first streak of dawn warned them of the coming day. Tom went up to his pleasant little room in the Bellevue which looked out towards the sea. Paul retraced his steps through the quiet gardens to the quaint old town.

Paul's influence secured his friend the position for which he was in treaty, and prevented his indecision of character from hesitating to accept it.

"Constant occupation is the best thing to reconcile you to existence," said he, "and here, though your duties will be by no means arduous they will increase your happiness, and put you in funds till your finances recover themselves, when you can sell out."

Paul stopped a week in Z— when a restless fit came on again and he wandered away southwards.

"Don't be unready any more, Tom," was his parting advice to his friend. "Don't repress your emotions. Repressed emotion is the cause of nearly all the misery in the world. Act upon impulse, and you will be a great deal happier." "Rot!" muttered Tom to himself. "How am I to act upon impulse when I never have any? That would be equivalent to Paul's plan—doing violence to my nature." But he treasured his friend's words nevertheless.

There were races—heaven save the mark! at Z— every spring. Let us rather translate the native word and call it modestly a "horse running." Next year Tom was there on the grand stand. Immediately before him was a little party of English people. Under the brown straw hat of one of them he discovered

the gentle winning face of the erstwhile Patty Riverton. Dangerfield was dead and the doctors had prescribed change and constant amusement of not too exciting a nature for the young widow. That accounted for her being here, in the charge of friends, out of the beaten track of tourists.

There is no privacy like that of a crowd—so it proved now. Little did the excited spectators wot, while they gazed intently upon the equine contest, of the two lovers in the quiet corner. "Well done, White Jacket," they shouted. "Go it, Green—Blue's ahead. Well done, Red—Red and Blue—Blue's ahead! Well done, Blue! Blue has it! Red and Blue neck and neck. Blue, Red,—Red, Blue. Red's won!"

Red had won. Not unready this time, he had poured out the words he had meant to say years ago, to Patty's not unwilling ear, and they had sealed the bargain with a kiss.

Tom had done violence to his nature. He had permitted himself no hesitation. For once in his life he was up to time.

They were married, he and Patty, in the quaint old red church with the quaint old square tower, and the queer pagoda-like steeple.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF IRVING.

Irving's is a singularly impressive face. He is one of those men who would arrest your attention and excite inquiry wherever you might meet him. The other day, at the house of Mr. William Winter, on Staten Island, New York, I saw a portrait of Edwin Booth which reminded me much of Irving. Great actors have a physiognomy of their own, to be sure, but the face of Booth in the picture had something in the eyes and expression of the mouth so much like Irving, that at first sight it might have been taken for the English actor's portrait. I heard some gossip in New York about the two artists, which was unjust to Irving. It suggested rivalry and jealousy of Booth on his part. "Here is a programme showing *Hamlet* underlined for the Lyceum during October and November! That is the first note of the Englishman's opposition." The truth is, *Hamlet* was underlined for the usual Lyceum morning performances before Mr. Booth's opening part was announced. When the Prince's manifesto came out Irving at once withdrew the announcement of *Hamlet*, leaving the field clear and open to the stranger, in whose success Irving has shown real and practical pleasure. He was one of the first leading artists of London to call upon and congratulate him. He made Mr. Booth a characteristic present of an interesting picture illustrating the play of *Richard III.* and shortly afterward arranged for his appearance at the Lyceum to alternate with himself the two leading parts in *Othello*.

Genius is rarely without a sense of humor. Mr. Irving has a broad appreciation of fun, though his own humour is subtle and deep down. This is never better shown than in his *Richard III.* and *Louis XI.* It now and then appears in his conversation; and when he has an anecdote to tell, he seems to develop the finer and more delicate motives of the action of the narrative, as if he were dramatising it, as he went along.

A notable person in appearance, I said just now. Let me sketch the famous actor as we leave his rooms together. A tall, spare figure, in a dark overcoat and grayish trousers, black neckerchief carelessly tied, a tall hat, rather broad at the brim. His hair is black and bushy, with a wave in it on the verge of curl, and suggestions of gray at the temples and over the ears. It is a pale, somewhat ascetic face, with bushy eyebrows, dark, dreamy eyes, a nose that indicates gentleness rather than strength, a thin upper lip, a mouth opposed to all ideas of sensuousness, but nervous and sensitive, a strong jaw and chin, and a head inclined to droop a little, as is often the case with men of a studious habit. There is great individuality in the whole figure, and in the face a rare mobility which photography fails to catch in all the efforts I have yet seen of English artists. Though the popular idea is rather to associate tragedy with the face and manner of Irving, there is nothing sadder than his smile. It lights up all his countenance, and reveals his soul in his eyes; but it is like the sunshine that bursts for a moment from a cloud, and disappears to leave the landscape again in shadows, flecked here and there with fleet reminiscences of the sun.—JAMES HATTON, in *Harper's*.

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GOD HAS HIDDEN IT.

(From the Norwegian of Jorgen Ingebrigtsen Moe.)

BY NED F. MAH.

I have a child but four years old,
A maiden small and pretty,
With deep blue eyes and hair of gold,
Matchless in all the city.

She stood and watched the sun go down,
Upon the window settle;
The sky, far out beyond the town
Blushed like a red rose petal.

And the blush spread and spread, on high
Toward heaven its arms upraising,
Till all the broad expanse of sky
With red and gold was blazing.

Silent the small one stood, and wrapped
In reverie and musing,
As though the flames before it mapped
The tiny soul were fusing.

She uttered not a word. Intent
Her earnest gaze stilled her;
Until she found the glories spent
Which with amazement filled her.

And awed yet never might appal,
The little one turned slowly;
"Pity at God has hidden it all!"
She murmured, soft and lowly.

Ah! Yes, my child. 'Twill happen so
In life's course very often,
You think to find God's light, and lo!
The more your soul to soften.

He will, quite suddenly, in gloom
The welcome glimmer banish,
And where a glory should illumine
Will all in darkness vanish.

Yet ever let your mind forestall,
As you so quaintly said it—
That God has only hidden it all
And to one side has laid it.

As mother hides your favourite toy
From time to time, and makes it
The herald of a double joy
When from her drawer she takes it;

So, from His loved ones, God will hide
Himself sometimes, and render
All dark but that the light denied
May shine with double splendour.

POPE BONIFACE AND HIS MULE.

Among all the choice sayings with which Provence peasants embellish their discourse, I do not know of a more graphic or curious one than the following:—For fifteen leagues around my mill, when they speak of a spiteful, vindictive man, they say, "He is like the pope's mule that kept her kick for seven years."

He who did not see Avignon in the days of the popes has seen nothing. Never was there such a city for gaiety, animation and *fitz*. See how well the popes of Avignon knew how to govern their people, and why their people have missed them so much.

There was one pope in particular—a good old man, called Boniface, and oh, how many tears were shed at Avignon when he died! He was such an amiable and engaging prince, he smiled at you so sweetly from the back of his mule; and he gave you his benediction so politely, no matter whether you were a poor little madder-picker or a grand city magistrate. He was a true pope of Yvetot—but of an Yvetot in Provence—with something subtle in his smile, a sprig of sweet marguerite in his hat, and not a sign of a sweetheart.

The only sweetheart which this good father had ever known was his vine—a little vine which he himself had planted among the myrtles of Chateaufort, three leagues from Avignon. Every Sunday after vespers he went to pay his court to it. There, seated in the sunshine, with his mule and his cardinals about him, he would have a flagon of native wine—that beautiful ruby wine which has ever since been known as the Chateaufort-des-Papes. This he would consume very leisurely while he looked with tender regard at his vine. Then, when the flagon was empty and the day declining, he would joyously re-enter the town followed by all his chapter; and, as he crossed the bridge of Avignon, in the midst of the tambourines and the farandoles, his mule would be inspired by the music to fall into a little tripping gait, while he himself kept time to the dance with his cap—a proceeding which greatly scandalised his cardinals, but which made all the people exclaim, "Ah! the good prince. Ah! the gallant pope."

Next to his vine the dearest thing in the world to the pope was his mule. The good man was passionately fond of this beast. Every night before retiring he went to see that the stable was securely closed and that there was nothing lacking about the manger; and he never left the table without having prepared a great basin of French wine with plenty of sugar and spices, which he took to her himself, despite the observations of his cardinals. But it must be admitted that the brute was worth the trouble. She was a beautiful black mule with red spots, a glossy coat, large and full hindquarters, and sure of foot; she had a haughty carriage of her little lean head all harnessed with pompons, bows, silver bells and ribbons; she was gentler than an angel, and had a naive eye and two long ears which were always jogging, and which gave her the appearance of a good girl. All Avignon respected her, and when she passed along the streets there was nothing in the way of politeness which was not shown to her, for everybody knew that this was the surest way of standing well at Court, and that she, with her innocent air, had led more than one person to fortune.

Tistet Vedene was an impudent rascal whom his father, a gold engraver, had been obliged to drive from his house because he refused to work and debauched the other apprentices. For six months he was seen dragging his jacket through all the gutters of Avignon, but chiefly alongside of the papal palace; for the rogue had for some time been directing his mind towards the pope's mule, and there was mischief in it, as you shall see.

One day when his holiness was walking with his beast under the ramparts, behold Tistet thus accosting him, with hands clasped in an attitude of admiration:

"Ah! *mon Dieu!* what a noble mule you have there, holy father! Stop a moment while I look at her. Ah! my pope, what a beautiful mule! The Emperor of Germany has not one equal to her!" and he carressed her and said to her, as sweetly as if she were a young lady, "Come here, my jewel, my treasure, my cunning pearl."

The good pope, greatly moved, said to himself: "What a nice little boy; how polite he is to my mule!"

And do you know what happened the next day? Tistet Vedene changed his old yellow jacket for a beautiful lace alb, a camail of violet silk and buckled shoes, and he entered into the service of the pope, where hitherto nobody had ever been received except the sons of noblemen and the nephews of cardinals.

Nor did he stop there. Once in the palace, the rogue continued the game which had proved so profitable to him. He was insolent to everybody except the mule, upon whom he bestowed all his attentions. He was always to be seen about the courts of the palace with a handful of oats or a bunch of French grass, which he would shake gracefully, looking all the while at the holy father's balcony, as if to say, "Hey! Who is this for?"

So well did this trick work that the good pope, who felt himself growing old, finally allowed him to watch over his stable and to take the mule her basin of French wine—all of which did not please the cardinals very much, nor did the mule enjoy it. At the times for serving her wine she now saw five or six little clerks, with their camails and their laces, thrusting themselves into their stable, and then, in a moment, there was a delicious odour of caramel and spices, and Tistet Vedene appeared bearing the basin of French wine.

From that instant the poor beast's martyrdom began. These cruel profligates brought the perfumed wine which she so much loved to her manger and made her fill her nostrils with its odour; then snatched it away from her and poured it down their own gullets. Nor were they satisfied with stealing her wine, for all these little clerks became like so many devils after they had drunk it. One would pull her ears, another her tail. Quinet would mount upon her back, Beluguet would try his cap upon her, and not one of the rogues imagined that with a single kick the poor beast could send them all into the polar star. But, no! one is not a pope's mule, a mule of benedictions and indulgences, for nothing. The boys had done their part well, and she was not angry with them. It was only to Tistet Vedene that she wished any harm. When she felt him behind her, her foot itched for him; and naturally enough, such wicked tricks did he play upon her and such cruelty did he concoct for her after his drinking.

Did he not one day conceive the plan of making her ascend with him in the bell-tower to the very summit of the palace? I am not telling you an idle tale; 200,000 people of Provence saw the occurrence. You can imagine the terror of this unhappy mule, when, after having revolved for an hour in a spiral staircase, and climbed I know not how many steps, she suddenly found herself upon the platform—dazzled with light and looking down 1,000 feet upon a fantastic Avignon, with its market-sheds no bigger than hazel nuts, its papal soldiers like red ants, and stretching across a thread of silver, a little microscopic bridge upon which the people danced and dined.

Ah! poor beast, what a panic she was in. The cry which she uttered shook all the window panes in the palace.

"What is that? What has happened?" cried the good pope, rushing out upon his balcony.

Tistet Vedene was already in the court making a pretence of weeping and tearing his hair.

"Ah! holy father, it is your mule. *Mon Dieu!* what will become of us! Your mule has ascended into the bell-tower."

"All alone?"

"Yes, holy father, all alone. Hold! look up there. Do you not see the ends of her ears moving about like a couple of swallows?"

"Mercy on me," said the poor pope, raising his eyes; "but she has become insane. She is going to commit suicide. Will you not yet come down, unhappy creature!"

Alas! she would have asked nothing better than to come down; but how? The staircase was not to be thought of, she might mount it, but to descend it would break her legs a hundred times. And so the poor animal was roving disconsolately about the platform with her big eyes full of vertigo and her mind full of Tistet Vedene.

"Ah! you ruffian," she thought, "if I escape from here what a kick you shall have to-morrow morning!"

This thought of the kick put a little heart into her legs, and without it she would have dropped. At length the people arrived to bring her down, but it proved a serious affair. It was necessary to lower her with ropes, a jackscrew, and a hand-

barrow. And think what a humiliation it was for a pope's mule to find herself dangling from such a height and working her feet like a May-bug on the end of a thread, and all Avignon looking at her. The unhappy beast could not sleep that night on account of it. It seemed to her all the time as if she were still whirling round on that cursed platform, with the city laughing at her from below. Then, too, she kept thinking of that infamous Tistet Vedene, and of the fine kick which she proposed to send after him the next morning. Ah! my friends, what a kick that was to be! The smoke of it would be visible from Pampeluna.

But while this beautiful reception was being prepared for Tistet in the stable, do you know what he was doing? He was sailing and singing down the Rhone upon a papal galley, on his way to the Court of Naples with a troop of young nobles, whom the city sent every year to Queen Joan to perfect themselves in diplomacy and good manners. Tistet was not of noble birth, but the pope wished to reward him for the care which he had given to his beast, and especially for the activity which he had displayed on the day of her rescue from the tower. So the mule was disappointed the next morning.

"Ah! the ruffian, he suspected something," she thought, as she shook her bells with rage. "But no matter, go along, you wicked fellow; you will find your kick upon your return. I will keep it for you!"

And she did keep it for him. After the departure of Tistet the mule recovered her former tranquil life. No more Quinet and no more Beluguet about her stable. The good old days of French wine returned again, and with them came good humour, long siestas, and the little dancing gait when she crossed the bridge of Avignon.

Nevertheless, a slight coolness was observable in the town since her adventure. There were ominous whisperings along her route; the old men shook their heads, and the children looked at the bell-tower and laughed. Even the good pope himself had less confidence in his friend than formerly, and when he took his little nap upon her back, while returning from his vine on Sundays, he was always haunted by the thought.

"Suppose I should awake and find myself upon the top of that platform."

The mule saw all this and endured it without a word; only when the name of Tistet Vedene was mentioned in her presence, she smiled and whetted the iron of her hoofs upon the pavement.

Seven years passed in this way, and then Tistet Vedene returned from the Court of Naples. He had not served his full time there, but he had heard that the first mustard-maker to the pope had just died suddenly at Avignon, and, as the position seemed a good one to him, he had hurried back to apply for it.

When this intriguer entered the hall of the palace the holy father had trouble in recognising him, so large had he grown. But on the other hand the good pope had grown old and could no longer see well without his glasses.

But Tistet, not at all intimidated, said: "What, holy father, do you not know me? It is I, Tistet Vedene."

"Vedene?"

"Yes; you know me well—he who used to carry the French wine to your mule."

"Ah! yes, yes! I remember. A good little boy that Tistet Vedene. And what is it that he now desires of us?"

"Oh! holy father, it is only a little thing that I have come to ask of you. By the way, have you your mule still? And she is well? Ah! so much the better. I came to ask you for the position of the first mustard-maker, who has just died."

"First mustard-maker! You? But you are too young. How old are you?"

"Twenty years and two months, illustrious pontiff; just five years older than your mule. Ah, *Dieu!* the gallant beast. If you only knew how I loved that mule! How I languished for her in Italy! Would you not let me see her?"

"Yes, my child, you shall see her," said the Pope, greatly overcome; "and since you love her so much I no longer wish you to live far away from her. From this day I make you my first mustard-maker. My cardinals will cry out about it, but so much for the worse for them. I am used to it. Come to us to-morrow, at the close of vespers, and we will bestow upon you the insignia of your rank in the presence of our chapter, and then—I will take you to see the mule, and you shall go with us to visit the vine. Ha! ha!"

I need not tell you with what impatience Tistet awaited the morrow. And yet there was some one in the palace still happier and still more impatient than he, and this was the mule. From the moment of Vedene's return, until vespers the next day, the terrible beast did not cease cramming herself with oats and shooting at the wall behind her with her hoofs. She was also preparing herself for the ceremony.

When vespers were over on the following day, Tistet made his entry into the court of the palace. All the clergy, high and low, were there—the cardinals in red robes, the devil's advocate in black velvet, the abbots of the convent with their little white mitres, the churchwardens of St. Agricola, the papal soldiers in grand uniforms, the brotherhoods of penitents, the hermits of Mt. Ventoux, the scourging brothers, the sacristans in judges' gowns, all, were there, even to those who lighted and extinguished the candles. Ah! it was a fine ordi-

nation, with the bells, the petards, the sunshine, the music, and always those mad tambourines which led the dance down on the bridge of Avignon.

When Vedene appeared in the midst of the assemblage, his noble carriage and beautiful mien sent a thrill of admiration through it. He was a magnificent Provençal, with long fair hair, curled at the end, and a little soft beard, which looked as if it had been taken from the golden shavings which fell from the burin of his father the engraver. There was a story that the fingers of Queen Joan had sometimes played in this blonde beard, and Sir Vedene had, in truth, the proud bearing and heedless look of men whom queens have loved. This day, in honour of his country, he had changed his Neapolitan vestments for a jacket bordered with rose of Provence, and a great stork's feather of Camarque which trembled upon his hood.

As soon as he entered, the first mustard-maker made a gallant salute, then started toward the high steps where the Pope was waiting to bestow upon him the insignia of his rank—a spoon of yellow boxwood and a saffron coat. At the bottom of the stairway stood the mule, all harnessed and ready to set out for the vine. As he passed near her Tistet smiled, and stopped to give her two or three friendly pats on the back, looking all the while out of the corner of his eye to see whether the Pope was watching him.

The position was auspicious. The mule gave a spring.

"Take it! catch it! reprobate! Seven years have I kept it for you"—and she sent after him a kick so terrible that they saw the smoke of it from Pampeluna—a whirlwind of golden smoke in which fluttered a stork's feather, all that was left of the unlucky Tistet Vedene.

The kicks of mules are not ordinarily so dreadful, but this was a Papal mule, and only think how she had kept her kick for seven years. There is not on record a finer example of ecclesiastical spite.

A PROBLEM.

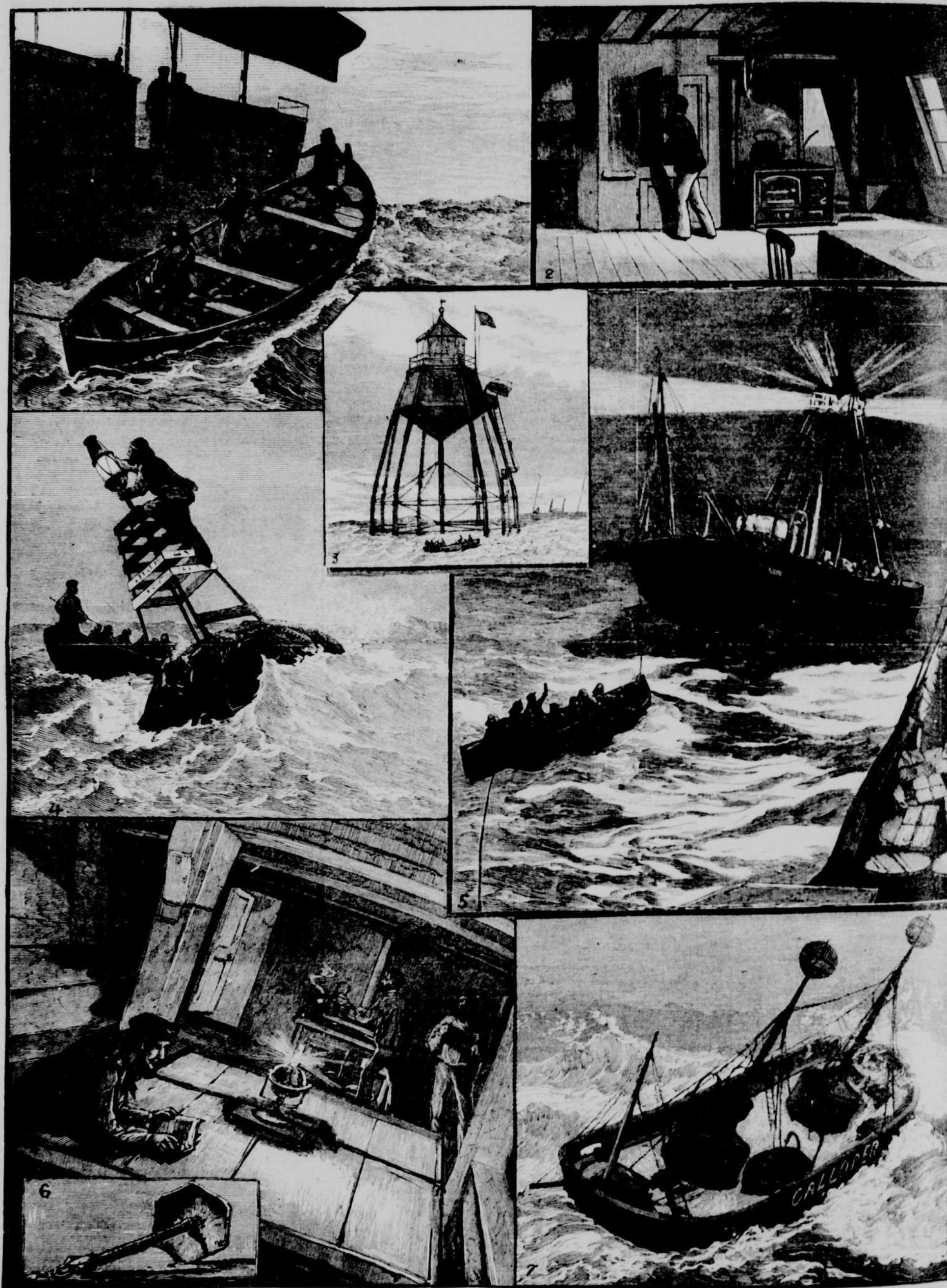
That the standard public morals would be greatly elevated if no one drank to excess on any occasion is a proposition that no one cares to combat. The evils of intemperance have been discounted upon since the day Lot yielded to temptation. The "frightful example" has never been wanting, and the crimes and casualties resulting from excessive drinking, have stood out as danger warnings along the pathway of time for hundreds and thousands of years. Yet people drink, and unfortunately, not a few will drink too much. No one ever saw an advocate of intemperance. No man, no matter what his occupation or profession, delights in the debasement of his fellowmen. No man derives pleasure from seeing other men drunk. The manufacturers and dealers in spirituous liquors are not those who wish to see men in the gutter. Every man deprecates intemperance. There are none who do not detest drunkenness. The problem—and it is a difficult one to solve—is how shall we prevent those who cannot drink in reason from putting an enemy in their mouths that they well know will steal away their brains. Will legislation reach the much desired end? Experience has not demonstrated that it will. It seems as difficult to legislate the passion for drink out of a man as it is to force religion into him by due process of law. The most stringent anti-liquor law fails to prevent the inordinate use of intoxicating beverage. The most enthusiastic advocates of prohibition admit that so far the experiment has not proved a success. It is a contest. One side seeks to remove temptation and the other side insists on being tempted.

Liquor dealers can aid in the solution of this problem, by firmly refusing to sell to any one already under the influence of liquor to excess—by so doing they will accomplish more than all the prohibition laws that have been passed since Adam was a yearling.—*Saturday Review.*

VARIETIES.

MISS BENSON learned that Randall, who was wooing her at Mount Vernon, Ohio, already had a wife. She waited until he made a formal proposal of marriage, and then applied to a justice for his arrest on a charge of bigamy. Being told that a crime of bigamy required a double marriage, she kept her secret, let the engagement result in a wedding, and then triumphantly sent him to jail immediately after the ceremony.

THE BONNET LAIRD'S CAUTION.—In a Scotch country parish church a young and very energetic preacher was officiating for the parish minister. As he warmed with his subject in the sermon, he used liberties with the old pulpit not quite consistent with its rather crazy condition, sometimes throwing the weight of his body on it, as he threw out his arms toward the congregation; at other times, bringing his hand down with a heavy thump. An old laird, sitting in a square table-seat below, had been anxiously watching all this with visions of an assessment for maintenance of the fabric. At last, things seemed to be approaching a crisis, as the preacher, piling his periods, had wrought himself into a state of intense fervour, which would inevitably have vented itself on the rickety pulpit. Just as he was gathering himself for the final burst, he was snuffed out by the warning voice of the laird—"Noo, ma man! mind, gin ye break that, ye'll pay't."



1. Getting provisions into the Relieving Boat.—2. Kitchen of the Maplin Sands Light-house.—3. The Maplin Sands Light-house.—4. Relighting the Gas Buoy.—5. Relighting the Tongue Light Ship by night.—6. Fore-castle of a Light Ship.—7. The Galloper Light Ship in a Gale.

LIGHT SHIPS AND LIGHT HOUSES ON THE ENGLISH COAST.



THE BLIND MINSTREL AND HIS DAUGHTER.

THE SOLO.

I gaze on the blazoned windows,
The columns ashly and cold,
The fretted groins and arches,
The ceiling of azure and gold.

The organ shudders and mutters
Like a monster dying in pain;
The chorus has wailed its parting,
Lamenting, repenting in vain.

Then out of the sadness rises
An angel whose wings are faded,
You lift your voice in the solo,
And I fly from a stricken world.

I traverse the shining oceans
Where melody rimes the skies,
And I pass the islands of glory,
And the headlands of Paradise.

You bear me, I care not whither,
So long as I hear you sing,
For toil and grief are forgotten,
And life is a heavenly thing.

The music ends, and I shiver,
For my soul has returned to earth,
And the silence falls like a sorrow
Which blanches the face of mirth.

J. W. DE FOREST, in *Harper's*.

A DISTRESSED FATHER.

Let me tell you my story. I am a man. I am a father. I have a daughter. She is musically inclined. She has been musically inclined for some time. Sometimes I think she may be much more inclined towards music than is music inclined towards her. But I do not know. I am not a musician of any sort. I cannot turn a tune successfully round a corner. I do not know a musical sharp from a flat, nor a baritone from a soprano.

Sometimes I think that as regards musical ignorance, I should make an interesting curiosity, to be best appreciated by professional musicians, to be labelled as a fine article of musical darkness and hung up in a musical museum. But there is no musical museum, unless it be Steinway Hall on the occasion of one of the Saalfeld concerts.

To recommence. I have a daughter; whether or no a musical daughter time alone will show. She has now been "studying music" for three years. During that period there has been a procession of music teachers through our house—as well as pianos. The girl has been taught by music teachers of the burly Teutonic sort, who seemed to smell permanently of beer and tobacco, the impregnation of which lingered long in the parlour after their absence. There have been dapper, dandified American teachers, and long, lean, bilious instructors of uncertain nationality but certain charges.

As to progress, the girl remains in *statu quo*. When or where that *statu quo* commenced, I don't know. She commenced with running up and down the octaves, and it seems to me she is there yet.

All these teachers have united in saying that my daughter has "musical ability," and that all she needs is "practice." Practice, practice, practice! that is their eternal cry.

Now, the girl does practice. She does not do much else. She practices with an energy and a perseverance worthy, I was about to say, of a better cause. Sir, if the physical strength and muscular energy put on that long suffering piano had been expended in household avocations, we need never have employed a cook or washerwoman, and even then I think there would have been several pounds left over daily, to be put into quadrilles, waltzes, or Broadway promenades.

She is a good daughter. She never seems discouraged. Though to-day she cannot play a tune without stopping, as it seems to me, painfully to rest, or breaking down on an average of seven times to each tune, or running off the track at intervals of sixty seconds, or coming, as it seems to me, into disastrous collision, entanglement or juxtaposition with some other tune, yet she practices painfully, hopefully on, with an air of sweet and patient resignation, filling the house (to my ear) with a jangle of noise and monotonous discord, while our present teacher, who is atmospherically a stronger compound of beer, tobacco and old clothes than any preceding, says that she certainly has "musical ability," and that "all she needs is practice!"

If she has musical ability, where is it? Why don't they get it out of her? Is it to be found with the North Pole? How long in such extreme cases must it require for such a crop of musical ability to come up? I know this. If she has musical ability, she didn't get it from her father. I can't even sing "Home, Sweet Home." Because now, and during all these throes of musical labour, for years I have had no "Sweet Home." I have been brought to that pass that I regard a piano with the dread I would a small-pox coffin, no matter how nicely it smells of varnish, no matter how beautiful its ornamentation.

Nor did she get this asserted musical ability from her mother. My wife cannot turn a tune, neither—unless at a right angle. She seldom sings. I never stay at home when she does sing. When she sings and my daughter is practicing, I adjourn the Court to the nearest beer saloon.

Such is my story. It is not all. The grand question it leads up to, and the question I would ask of you, is this: "Is our present system of teaching music entirely right?" I know what musical tradition will say. I know what the "masters" will say. They will say that music must be taught through certain scientific methods

and formulae—that the scales must be learned thoroughly and so on.

Sir, d—n the scales. Pardon this outburst of feeling from a distressed father. I am not now often profane. I would not be. I disapprove of such methods of expression. But rough was I in my youth and little apt to the set and proper forms of speech, and the force of old and former habit still lingers with me.

The point to which I desire to whittle down my musical question is this, Is it really a necessity, that in order to develop musical ability, this long and dreary mechanical system of pounding must be practiced? Practice which, does it please the ear? Practice which tires body and mind. Practice which drives every one within ear-shot—nearly crazy!

Some months since I heard a lecture from a lady on a new system of teaching foreign languages. She argued in favour of dispensing entirely with the grammar and dictionary, with verbal definitions, and the long and tiresome repetition of grammatical rules. She said: "Let the pupil learn a single sentence in French, Spanish or German. Let him or her learn its pronunciation from the lips of one native born to that particular tongue. Never mind its translation. Let them first get the 'swing of the sound' peculiar to that language. Let them repeat this over and over again until their ears know it perfectly. Let the ear, above all, be first educated. Then, this sentence serving as a base and corner-stone, let them go on and add to it other sentences learned in the same manner."

Is not this the way in which foreign languages are learned by those who best speak them? Is it not substantially the way in which the English or American child picks up its French from the French nurse. And do not those taught in this manner really speak the language as they do their mother tongue, and speak it without that fear and trembling peculiar to the school-taught French of our time?

"Now, how wide is the step between language and music? Both are let into the brain through the same door—the ear, rhythm, melody, intonation and accent belong to both.

Why could not my daughter have been taught a simple air at first—only one tune. I don't know that she's got a tune in her. I doubt if she has. If there be one it must be stowed away in the deepest and most inaccessible recesses of her being. But let us suppose a miracle. Suppose she has that tune, couldn't somehow or other—I don't know how—couldn't this tune have been taught first, and then might it not have served as a basis whereby to convey all this technique which musical science says can only be gained by the long and weary travel through the Sahara of musical practice?

Just as language has been so successfully taught through laying the corner-stone of a single simple sentence, until the ear gets "the swing of the sound?"

I know what musical science will say to this. I can hear its "Pooh to you." That's the way with nearly all science. It's always tying itself to its crowbar of dogmatic method, and insisting that no one can swim in its waters unless this crowbar be strapped to it first.

The martinet who surrounded the youth of the First Napoleon said, "Pooh to you," at his new methods of warfare. He said, "They will burn their books on tactics in six weeks." This was just before the first Italian campaign. They said battles must be fought on the old approved scientific principles. He said, "I will fight battles out of my brain." He did; we know the result.

And in every science and art a man comes along from time to time who cuts away from books and rules and "established principles," and, after being proven by the professionals and martinet to be a fool and an idiot, starts a new ball to rolling, and when it does roll we all say "It moves. It is a success—a wonderful thing." And then we crown him Lord of all, and the world goes on and ties itself to his system till another rebel starts up and improves upon it, or devises a better.

Enough, I can say no more. I am interrupted, I hear my daughter's pounding. She is labouring on the scales. This is the third year. Poor, girl! where can that tune be? Three years, five separate teachers, three pianos, and no tune yet. How long, O Lord, how long!—Music.

ARTS OF THE TOILET.

It is commonly thought that to paint the face, to wear rouge and pearl-powder, is a very meretricious practice. To those who like looking at pretty things, this heightening of the natural beauty only seems inexcusable when it is badly done. Whether it is intrinsically a greater sin than the wearing of Worth's corsets, or of twelve-buttoned gloves, is a question which may be left to those who are casuistically inclined.

The aim of a woman of the world is to look as lovely as Nature will permit and art will allow; and it is easy to forgive her the thousand and one little artifices by which this charming effect is produced. We all know that art is used wherever Nature fails; but what does it matter, if the face is beautiful, whether the delicate flush upon the cheeks be rouge or no? There is a great number of persons to whom what is called making up the face is an evil thing indulged in only by painted Jezebels of the stage and the *demi-monde*. It is fondly believed by the great majority that no lady is guilty of such a thing, and that even if a lady

goes upon the stage she will remain from it. She may refrain, it is true, but the result is always unfortunate. The loveliest woman in the world pales behind the footlights, and the terrible upward-thrown shadows produce deep lines as of illness or sorrow. The painted Jezebel of the stage is seldom or never painted in private life. To her the rouge-pot belongs to her profession as much as the artist's colour-box does to his.

The lady of fashion, on the other hand, puts off her pallor with her morning wrapper; puts on her rouge with her fringe and her figure. Her maid, her *coiffeuse*, her hairdresser, alone share with her the secrets of her beauty. She deceives her best friends, and wears always the artistic make-up with which she appears in society. She is always prepared for inspection, though her visitor may be only some intimate friend—whose loving tongue would be the first to proclaim that which should be unknown.

When you find Amoret asleep in her tea-gown by the drawing-room fire, and she starts from her slumber to entertain you and give you a five-o'clock cup of tea, you imagine that it is the siesta she has indulged in which makes her cheeks so charming a colour and her eyes so bright. You do not stay to argue it out; but you imagine, being a man, that no reasonable woman would make up her face in order to go to sleep by her own drawing-room fire. You go away convinced that Amoret, at least, does not paint. You forget that Amoret was aware of the possibility of your calling; that she knew her dreamy figure and bright eyes, lit by the fire-flames, would make a very pretty picture for your memory; and, above all, that Amoret lives only to be lovely. It is her profession; she has nothing else to do.

It is these women, the women that are in society—whose serious business is visiting, and most important concern to be well dressed—who are in reality the most artificial. It is our wives and daughters who deceive us the most delicately and consistently. And it is to be remembered with them the deceit is genuine. They would have us believe that they possess every beauty which they exhibit. The actress makes no such pretension. To her all the aid which art can give may be vitally important, but only at night. Then she is an artist, and has a right to utilize everything in her power to heighten the effect which she has to produce. When a great actress appears in such a character as Fron-Frou she despises no detail of her appearance; her colour, her hair, the very line of her eyebrows, is part of the artistic whole. The arrangement of the hair alters the shape of the face; the line of the eyebrows changes the expression. No one will sneer at the actress for making up her face who has ever seen the trouble it entails, or has appreciated the experience and intelligence which it requires. A little rouge and powder, such as suffice for the ordinary drawing-room beauty, are to the actress useless. The actress, accustomed to make-up, who thought herself too pale for a party of pleasure, would only put on a little rouge, and then rub it nearly all off again. A dust of rose-pink powder would complete the effect. Whereas in the evening she must go through an elaborate process. First the skin of the face must be delicately coated all over with vaseline. Upon that is rubbed in a coat of pink *crème de l'Impératrice*. Then comes the tug of war—the rouge; and only a clever woman ever really knows where to put it. If it is put in the right place, the more rouge the better. Actresses who appear most delicately and slightly made up, looked at from the front, put on masses of rouge; but they know well where it should go, and how perfectly it must be shaded off. Over that comes any quantity of Fay's rose-powder; and then the eyebrows and eyes must be pencilled. And this has to be done with the touch of an artist. These pencilings are not merely to produce additional beauty, but to give expression and character to the face. The skilled actress knows how much lies in all these details. She will play no tricks with her art; and though her natural complexion may be as lovely as a peach-bloom, she will not make the vain attempt to exhibit it upon the stage.

There is nothing meretricious in this. Acting, like all other arts, is essentially unreal. The actor is for the time not himself, but something entirely different; he is representing; and the greater the illusion, the better the art. An actress is justified in making herself beautiful by false means as much as an artist is justified in lying colours on his canvas. The question becomes a very different one when the lady whom we love and the girl whom we fancy genuine carry these deceptions into daily life. Of course, if we are content to accept a woman off the stage as well as on it for what she looks, not for what she really is, then all is well. But though art is a glorious thing in its place, and artifice well enough on occasions, most of us have a not unnatural preference for the beauty which is fresh and home-grown.—*London World*.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A NEW wrinkle at aesthetic dinner parties is to serve the champagne from large cut glass pitchers, and into the same style of glasses.

THE opening of the electric exhibition at the Crystal Palace has been delayed, but it is expected to be the most perfect thing of the kind seen.

MR. TENNYSON is now accredited with two short plays, one or both of them resembling the old masque comedies. If one is not soon produced they are to be published.

MR. GLADSTONE, by the elevation of Sir John Holker, will secure himself a much easier time in his attempt to introduce Mr. Bradlaugh. Sir John was a determined opponent of the effort.

AN Irish tenant has had the audacity to write to a Wexford paper denouncing as "a false and wicked calumny" the report that he had "either paid his rent or influenced others to pay theirs." This report he "absolutely and emphatically denies."

It is stated that, in the event of the *clature* being established in the House of Commons, the Conservative majority in the House of Lords will, in future, unhesitatingly exercise its undoubted right of freely and promptly rejecting any measure which may have passed the Lower House without fair and adequate discussion.

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.
J. R. Lachue—Score of game received. Thanks.
J. R. Hamilton, Ont.—Letter received. Will answer by post.

Both in the present and the past, we find many examples of men willing "to shun delights and live laborious days" in order that they may be useful to those who dwell around them. It is not so much that they suffer for the carrying out of some high principle, as that they are willing to be miserable that others may enjoy themselves. Among this class chess has its representative.

The Conductor of a Chess Correspondence Tourney gives himself heart and soul to carry on the work he has set his hand to, but although he may expect and, indeed, may rejoice in a reasonable amount of tribulation, he has no conception of the horrors' nest he is certain to have about his ears after the beginning of hostilities. A Tourney of this nature, no doubt, leads to much enjoyment on the part of those who form new friendships, carry on their games with steady perseverance, and carry off their prizes with flying colours; but before the latter can be realized, the unfortunate Conductor has had to encounter his sea of troubles, and when he has got to the end of the whole affair, for it must terminate at last, he vows that all the gold of the Indies would not induce him to undergo such another trial. Here in Canada, we have had two Correspondence Tourneys brought to a conclusion during the last four or five years, the second began almost as soon as the first was terminated. Where is the self-denying chessplayer, who for the love of the game will set on foot another?

There is no knowing what chess enthusiasm may do, but out of a pure desire to save much human suffering we must raise a note of warning.

A chess match between Messrs. Sanderson and MacLeod has been attracting much attention during the past week at Quebec; where, we are glad to say, much interest is taken in the royal game, even by those who are not members of the chess club. The fight, no doubt, will be a tough one, as both players are excellent over the board, and well matched. As far as we have been able to learn, Mr. Sanderson has succeeded in scoring the two games already finished. We hope to give the result of the contest in our next Column.

An interesting match was played on Monday last between the third and fourth classes of the City of London Club, the former giving the latter the odds of Pawn and move. Each side was championed by eleven players, and, after an arduous and exciting contest, the odd-givers were victorious by seven games to four.—*Dramatic News*.

Mr. James Mason writes to us that it is his intention to return to this country at once. Writing on the 10th of January he says that he expects to leave England during that month, in which case he ought to arrive in a few days. He is coming by the Allan Line, and will reach New York by way of Quebec and Montreal.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

A kind correspondent who last week stayed a few days at Toronto sends us the following interesting piece of chess news:—

"The Toronto Club challenged Quebec to a telegraph match of six on each side. Quebec accepted provided the players were extended to twelve on each side. Toronto Club met last night (at which meeting I was present) and decided to fall in with the views of Quebec, so now the match, I imagine, is a settled thing. Considerable interest, I think, will attach to it."

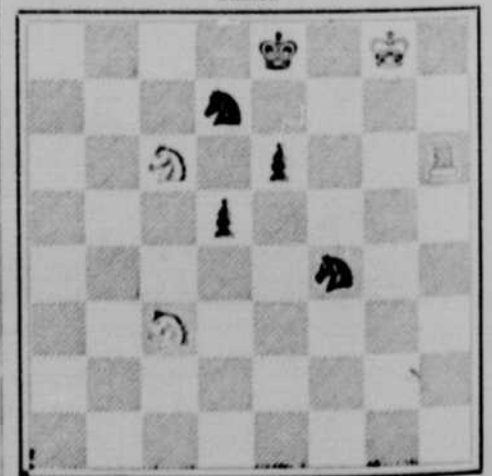
We are sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Boden, the well-known English chessplayer. Mr. Boden's name has been so long connected with chess both as a player and writer, that we feel induced to give a short account of his career in our next Column.

PROBLEM No. 267.

(From the *Globe-Democrat*.)

By G. H. Mackenzie.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 365.

- White. Black.
1. Q to K Kt 5. 1. K to B 4
2. Q to Q B 4. 2. K to Q 5
3. Q to K Kt 5 (mated).

GAME 494TH.

Game played at Quebec in the Canadian Chess Tourney of 1881-82, between John Barry, Esq., of Lachine, and E. Sanderson, Esq., of Quebec.

White.—(Mr. Barry.) Black.—(Mr. Sanderson.)

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

Here Mr. Sanderson proposed a draw, which, after some hesitation, was consented to by Mr. Barry.

Notes by H. Aspinwall Howe, Esq., T.C.D., M.A., LL.D.

- (a) Better to have played the Bishop to Q B 4.
(b) If White won't make an onset, Black will. In this game Black is the first to make the two most attacking moves on the chess board, viz: P to Q 4 and P to K B 4. But instead of bringing his Knights round, *equo animis*, to the King's side, he loses time by the 12th, 14th and 21st moves.
(c) Cramps his pieces. Black could effectually stop the travels of this Knight by playing P to K B 4.
(d) He should first play P to K B 4.
(e) Losing time.
(f) Unnecessary.
(g) With what object?
(h) Better bring round the King's Knight.
(i) One bite of the cherry.
(j) The Bishop would be in a better position at Q Kt 2.
(k) Apprehensive that White would play Q to Q 3, and follow with a raid of the King's Rook somewhere. But for all that, Black should have played the Knight's Pawn two squares up.
(l) The other bite of the cherry.

White should have declined the offered draw and played, Bishop takes Pawn, with a good game.

MR. MAPLESON says that the safety of the London and Paris theatres from fire is the eternal vigilance over them. Two firemen of the department are stationed on each side of the stage and watch for fires as a cat watches a mouse. Little force-pumps throw a small stream a long distance and put out the slightest spark, generally without anybody's knowing it. One night a prima donna came in after singing her part, remarking that if the roof was to leak like that she would have to sing in overshoes. But it was not the leak, but the dripping of the water from above where a spark had caught in the flies and was instantly flooded. She did not know of any fire. In Paris there is a squad of firemen on the stage during the whole of a performance.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DYSPPEPSIA, DROPSY, JAUNDICE, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ERYSIPELAS, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, HEADACHE, AND every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

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TENDERS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Bridge over the Fraser River, B. Columbia

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned will be received on or before the 10th day of FEBRUARY, 1882, for furnishing and erecting a Bridge of Steel or Iron over the Fraser River on Contract No. 1, C. P. R. Specifications and particulars, together with plan of site may be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer, at Ottawa, on or after the 10th day of January, inst.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms. An accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$300.00 must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties, whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfillment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of five per cent. on the bulk sum of the contract, of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
(Signed) F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, January 5, 1882.



NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon on WEDNESDAY, 1st MARCH, 1882, for the delivery of the usual Indian Supplies, duty paid, in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, consisting of Flour, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twine, Oxen, Cows, Bulls, Agricultural Implements, Tools, &c.

Forms of tender and full particulars relative to the Supplies required, can be had by applying to the undersigned or to the Indian Superintendent, Winnipeg.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Cheque of a Canadian Bank for at least five per cent. on the amount of the tenders for the North-West Territories, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

[No newspaper to insert without special authority from this Department through the Queen's Printer.]

L. VANKOUGHNET,

Deputy of the Superintendent

General of Indian Affairs.

Dept. of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 30th Jan., 1882.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1882.

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS
Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa	8:20 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	5:00 p.m.
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	5:30 p.m.	10:10 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.		
Arrive at Hochelaga	8:50 a.m.		

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later than Hochelaga.

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

Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.

Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m.

All Trains Run by Montreal Time.

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Montreal Post-Office Time-Table

JANUARY, 1882.

DELIVERY.	MAILS.	CLOSING.
A. M.	P. M.	A. M. P. M.
8 9 00	(A) Ottawa by Railway	8 15 8 00
8 8 40	(A) Province of Ontario, Manitoba & R. Columbia Ottawa River Route up to Carillon	8 15 8 00
	QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES.	
	Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, Sorel, per steamer	
5 35	Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, &c., by Q. M. O. & O. Railway	1 50
8 00	(B) Quebec by G. T. Ry.	8 00
8 00	(B) Eastern Townships, Three Rivers, Arthabaska & Riviere du Loup R. R.	8 00
12 50	Occidental Railway Main Line to Ottawa	7 00
9 20	Do St. Jerome and St. Lin Branches	4 30
8 00	Do St. Jerome & St. Janvier	7 00
11 30	St. Remi, Hemmingford & Laprairie Railway	2 15
8 00 12 45	St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, Contrecoeur, &c.	6 00 2 15 8
8 00	Acton and Sorel Railway	8 00
10 00	St. John's, Stanbridge & St. Armand Station	7 00
10 00	St. John's, Vermont Junction & Sheffield Railways	2 15
9 00	South Eastern Railway	4 45
8 00	(B) New Brunswick, Nova Scotia & P. E. I.	8 00
	Newfoundland, forwarded daily on Halifax, whence despatch is by the Packet leaving Halifax on the 7th and 21st November	8 00
	LOCAL MAILS.	
9 45	Valleyfield, Valois & Dorval	
11 30	Beauharnois Route	6 00 4 30
11 30	Boisbarnois, Contrecoeur, Varennes & Vechevres	
9 00 5 30	Cote St. Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace	1 45
9 00 5 30	Hochelaga	9 00
11 30	Huntingdon	8 40 1 00
10 00 5 30	Lachine	6 00 2 00
10 30 3 00	Laprairie	7 00 2 00
10 30	Longueuil	6 00 2 15
10 00	New Glasgow, St. Sophie, by Occidental Railway Branch	1 45
10 00	Longue Pointe, Pointe aux Trem. & Charlemagne	4 30
8 30 2 30 6	Point St. Charles	2 00
11 30	St. Cenege	6 00 1 15 5
10 00	St. Lambert	2 15
1 30	St. Laurent, St. Martin & St. Eustache	7 00
11 30 5 30	Tanquerie West (St. Henri de M.)	6 00
10 00	Sault-au-Recollet & Pont Vian (also Bongie)	2 00
10 00 6 55	St. Jean Baptiste Village, Mile-End & Coteau St. Louis	3 30
	UNITED STATES.	
8 9 40	Boston & New England States, except Maine	7 00
8 8 40	New York and Southern States	5 40
10 30	Island Pond, Portland & Maine	2 15 5 40
8 8 40	(A) Western & Pacific States	2 30 8 00
	GREAT BRITAIN, &c.	
	By Canadian Line on Thursday	7 00
	By Canadian Line for Germany on Thursday	7 00
	By Cunard on Monday	5 25
	Do. Supplementary, 13th and 27th December	2 15
	By Packet from New York for England, on Wednesday	2 15
	By Hamburg American Packet to Germany, Wednesday	2 15
	By White Star Line on 16th and 30th December	2 15
	(A) Postal Car Bags open till 8:45 a.m., and 9:15 p.m.	
	(B) Do 9:00 p.m.	

WELLAND CANAL.

Notice to persons skilled in fitting up Electric Lights.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Electric Lights," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails, on TUESDAY, the 21st day of FEBRUARY, next, for Lighting the Locks, &c., on the new part of the Welland Canal by means of Electric lights.

A plan, showing the relative position of the proposed lights, can be seen at this Office and at the Office of the Resident Engineer, Thorold, where a printed copy of general conditions and other information can be obtained, either on application personally or by letter.

Tenders must be made in accordance with the general conditions.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 31st January, 1882.

SONGS, One Cent Each

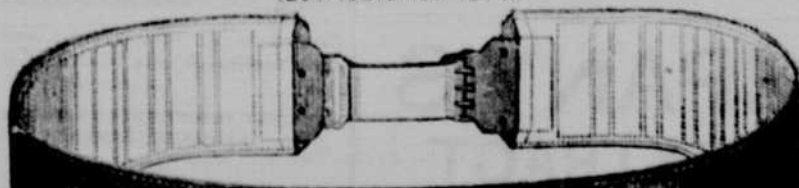
- 1 Baby Mine.
2 The Old Cabin Home.
3 The Little Ones at Home.
4 See That My Grass is Kept Green.
5 Grandfather's Clock.
6 Where Was Moses when the Light
7 Sweet By and By. (West End.)
8 Whom, Emma. (Maggie.)
9 When You and I were Young
10 When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home.
11 Take this Letter to My Mother.
12 A Model Love Letter.—comic.
13 Wife's Commandments.—comic.
14 Husband's Commandments.—comic.
15 Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane.
16 Marching Through Georgia.
17 Widow in the Cottage by the Sea.
18 The Minstrel Boy.
19 Take Back the Heart.
20 The Faded Leaf of Rose. (Night.)
21 My Old Kentucky Home, good
22 I'd be all Smiles to Night Love.
23 Listen to the Mocking Bird.
24 Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still
25 Sunday Night When the Father's
26 The Grapes are Wining. (Fall.)
27 'Tis But a Little Faded Flower.
28 The Girl I Left Behind Me.
29 Little Buttercup.
30 Carry Me Back to Old Virginia.
31 The Old Man's Ironk Again.
32 I Am Waiting, Rosie Dear.
33 Take Me Back to Home & Mother
34 Come, Sit by My Side, Darling.
35 Kiss Me, Kiss Your Darling.
36 A Flower from Mother's Grave.
37 The Old Log Cabin on the Hill.
38 Coming Thro' the Rye.
39 Must We, Then, Meet as Strangers
40 The Kiss Behind the Door.
41 I'll Remember You, Love, in My
42 Prayers.
43 You May Look, but Mustn't Touch.
44 There's Always a Seat in the Par-
45 lor for You.
46 I've no Mother Now, I'm Weeping
47 Masses in de God, Good Ground.
48 Say a Kind Word When You Can.
49 I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.
50 Nearer O' Sea!
51 Waiting, My Darling, for Thee.
52 Jennie the Flower of Kilnash.
53 I'm Lonely Since My Mother Died
54 Telling on the Old Green Ground.
55 Don't You Go, Tommy, Don't Go
56 Willie, We have Missed You.
57 Over the Hills to the Poor House.
58 Don't be Angry with Me, Darling.
59 Piratation of the Fan.
60 Why did She Leave Him? Toher.
61 Thou Hast Learned to Love An-
62 other's Name like a Mother.
63 You Were False, but I'll Forgive.
64 Whispers Softly, Mother's Irving.
65 Will You Love Me, When I'm Old.
66 Annie Laurie.
67 Sherman's March to the Sea.
68 Come, Birdie, Come.

We will send by mail, post-paid, any ten of these songs for 10 cents; any twenty-five songs for 15 cents; any fifty for 25 cents. Or we will send all the above in hundred songs, post-paid for 40 cents. Remember, we will not send less than ten songs, unless you send one or three cent postage stamps. Valuable Catalogue Free. Mention this paper. WORD & MANUFACTURING CO., 122 Nassau Street, New York.

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By order of the Board,

CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.

Montreal, Dec. 1st, 1881.

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